

FOREPLAY

by

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First Draft Screenplay

INT. THE HAWK'S EYE

Hey, Trish... she's twenty, her hair short and blonde, a gold hoop in her nose, all in black except for the big silver cross around her neck, sweaty, hair greased, eyes gone... out there, somewhere... body lithe, whipping, the mike in her hand, the three guys behind her on the stage, young, punk do'd... her body coiled and then unsprung, her voice barbed wire, a primal shriek... her sweat flies, splatters...

It's T-Rex: "Bang A Gong" like we've never heard it before, the song battering-rammed, cathartic, post Debbie Harry, Chrissie Hynde, Courtney Love..

"Well, you're dirty and sweet, clad in black... Don't look back and I love you... Well you're slim and you're weak..."

EXT. THE DARKNESS - QUICK CUT

A pig... held by a hand wearing rubber gloves... the gloves around the pig's neck... the pig squeals.

INT. THE HAWK'S EYE - NIGHT

She shrieks: "You've got the teeth of a hydra, up on you... You're dirty and sweet and you're my girl..."

The club is full... it's big, classy, moneyed, grunge meets Eurotrash, Armani meets Diesel.

EXT. THE DARKNESS - QUICK CUT

The pig's head, held by the rubber gloves... the butcher knife appears around its neck... the knife gleams... the pig shrieks.

INT. THE HAWK'S EYE - NIGHT

Her silver cross gleams... she shrieks: "Get it on, bang a gong, get it on... get it on, bang a gong, get it on..."

EXT. THE DARKNESS - QUICK CUT

The pig's throat... the knife slashes... the pig shrieks... blood sprays.

INT. THE HAWK'S EYE - NIGHT

Her sweat sprays... "You're dirty and you're sweet and you're my girl... Get it on, get it on."... she climaxes, rigid, her back arched... and then walks off the stage, disgusted, nonchalant.

INT. THE HAWK'S EYE - NIGHT

She walks through the full club... Hey, Trish... a guy tries to talk to her; she shrugs him off... heads toward a back table.

Billy Hawks sits there, watching her, slugging from a bottle of Cristal. He's 40, hair long, wavy, blond, down his back. He wears a white linen Armani suit. He's very tanned, blue-eyed, an extraordinarily good-looking man, his looks almost an androgynous beauty. He's got two young women sitting with him -- Julie and Max, gorgeous, luscious, nymphet-like.

Trish goes right up to his table... her band keeps playing without her onstage... Blue Oyster Cult: "Don't Fear The Reaper"...

She looks at him. He smiles. The two young women smile. A beat -- her face is a mask.

BILLY

You're wet.

She shakes her head, dripping with sweat. Her sweat showers them -- for a split second, it almost looks like a halo.

TRISH

Dry me.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG BEACH, FLA. - DAWN

She is in a phone booth alongside the beach. She dials. Jagged lightning plays in the sky; the palm trees lash and whip in the wind. The beach dazzles the way only Florida beaches can dazzle.

TRISH

(on phone)

The tide is red. There are pigs in the sea.

She hangs up, stands there a beat... heads away. A maroon Lamborghini Diablo is parked nearby. Its windows are tinted black. She goes up to this exotic beast of a car slowly. The window comes down. Billy Hawks sits behind the wheel. A beat, as they look at each other.

BILLY
(smiles)
Ring around the rosie.

TRISH
I don't even like you, Billy.

BILLY
You don't like anybody, babe.
(he smiles)
Are there pigs in the sea?

A beat, and then she nods, her face a mask.

BILLY
(smiles)
Oh, my. They're gonna be happy to
hear that.

A beat, she looks at him and then starts walking away down the sidewalk. He starts the Diablo up, pulls up alongside her. She keeps walking.

BILLY
I can still smell you.

TRISH
Take a shower.

She never looks at him. He smiles, guns it, and the Diablo roars away.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG BEACH - DAY

The beach has been cordoned off with yellow, police crime-scene tape. We see many policemen, both uniformed and plainclothes men, gathered around something in the sand. We don't see what it is.

A battered old Corvette pulls up nearby. Vince Cochran gets out. He is in his late 30's, his hair longish. He wears jeans, sandals, a linen jacket with a tanktop underneath. He is very tanned, but his eyes are very tired, his face unshaven.

Cochran looks at the cops out on the beach and then starts towards them. As he does, a man in his 60's comes up to him. Carl Roberts is a beanpole of a man with horn-rimmed glasses. He wears a shiny black suit on this sizzling hot day that came off the rack at Sear's many years ago.

CARL
(upset)
The chief's here.

4.

VINCE
(quietly)
Christ. Who found it?

CARL
Beachboy from the Holiday Inn,
checking for jellyfish. He didn't
find any jellyfish.

They get to the circle of cops -- Vince looks. We see
what they are looking at. A pig has washed onto the
shore. Its head is missing.

VINCE
(looking at it)
Oh, man.

CARL
Same as the others. Head gone. Blood
drained. What a waste of food.

SOMEONE
(yelling)
Cochran!

Vince looks -- sees two men standing a few feet away --
Joe Baka, known as Bep, is the police chief of St.
Petersburg -- he is in his late 40's, a fiery, short man.
With him is the city manager, Nelson McAllister, early
40's, the classic country club type.

CARL
(to Vince)
Life is a bitch.

VINCE
(quietly)
Oh, man.

And Vince heads over to them.

JOE BAKA
What'd you do -- just step out of the
bottle?

VINCE
Jesus -- I was asleep, Bep.

JOE BAKA
I know you were asleep. You've been
asleep ever since you came down here.

MCALLISTER
(angry)
Do you realize what this is doing to
our tourist inflow? It's worse than
that shark in "Jaws."

5.

VINCE
(getting angry)
We're doing the best we can --

McALLISTER
Everybody's already avoiding Miami --
they know they're going to die there
for sure.

JOE BAKA
(intensely)
Listen to me --

He draws Cochran a few feet away from the others.

JOE BAKA
(quietly, intensely)
Vincent, I love you. Everybody else
froze you out, I said come on down
here and get a tan. But it's my ass
-- you hear me?

VINCE
(after a beat)
I hear you, Bep.

Joe Baka looks at him a long beat.

JOE BAKA
Are you straight?

VINCE
Yeah.
(a little angry)
I was asleep, Bep.

Baka looks at him.

A COP
(yelling urgently)
Chief!

The cop has a cellular phone in his hand.

JOE BAKA
(freezes)
Jesus.

EXT. SUNSHINE SKYWAY BRIDGE - DAY

Underneath the bridge... in a fishing area... we see them
gathered around the body of a young woman next to a tree.
A deputy coroner is looking at the body. Around him are
Vince, Carl, Joe Baka, and other cops.

6.

THE DEPUTY CORONER

The body was positioned, the same way as the others -- legs spread, knees up, hands behind the head. No bruises, no contusions. The pubic hair's shaved and cause of death is a single bullet to the center of the forehead.

VINCE

How long --

THE DEPUTY CORONER

Probably 24 hours, like the others.

Duane Jackson, a black homicide detective in his 30's, comes up to them.

JACKSON

Kid fishing down there for catfish -- he says he saw a blue van driving around here after sunup.

CARL

Can he make the van --

JACKSON

He doesn't know anything about cars -- he knows all about catfish.

The Deputy Coroner is still looking at the body.

THE DEPUTY CORONER

There's some kind of smudge on her hand. I'll run some tests.

JOE BAKA

Do that. I want everybody in my office in an hour.

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - ST. PETERSBURG POLICE STATION - DAY

Vince, Carl Roberts, Joe Baka, the city manager, Nelson McAllister, Duane Jackson -- and two other cops -- Sanders, in her 30's, overweight; and Thipen, a Southern good-old boy in his 40's.

Sitting at the head of the table is a quiet, scholarly looking man in his 50's -- Dr. Hollander.

We see three large glossies on the wall -- two young men and a woman, all of them in their 20's, all of them good-looking. There is a map on the wall marked with X's where the bodies were found.

7.
JOE BAKA

I've asked Dr. Hollander to join us. He's head of psychiatry at Eckard College and did some work with Bundy up in Gainesville. Let's go over it.

VINCE

We've got four bodies, three identified. All in their mid 20's, all here on vacation, all staying in motels along the beach.

JACKSON

William Talbot was here with his girlfriend. He went out for a sixpack and never came back.

THIPEN

Alan Anderson was alone, taking time off from his wife and baby. He hung out at some of the clubs along the beach, trying to score. That's all we know about him.

SANDERS

Julie Baumgold went down to see Pearl Jam at the Civic with her girlfriend. She went back out to their rent-a-car to get a joint.

CARL

We've got no witnesses -- they just disappeared.

THIPEN

There ain't no time pattern to it. The first was six weeks ago -- no same-day-killings or nothin' like that.

VINCE

We know they were killed on land -- there's no water in the lungs. No semen, no drugs, no evidence of sexual penetration, no marks, contusions, ropes, handcuffs.

JOE BAKA

But their mouths were washed out and their pubic hair shaved.

SANDERS

With an undetermined chemical solvent. The shaving was done after death with a straight razor.

DR. HOLLANDER

(continuing)

In my mind, these are stranger-to-stranger homicides with sexual gratification derived from the killings. It's a killer who kills for pleasure and recreation.

Another policeman comes into the room with a photograph. It is the young woman who was found under the Sunshine Skyway.

THE POLICEMAN

Nancy Ann Belknap, 23, of Partridge, Georgia. A secretary. They came down here a week ago -- her and a girlfriend. They stayed at the Don Cesar. The girlfriend reported her missing three days ago. She went for a walk on the beach by the hotel and never came back.

A long beat.

JOE BAKA

(to Hollander)

We've got sex killings but we've got somebody who does both men and women -- is that it?

DR. HOLLANDER

You've got someone who not only does both men and women, but is also doing you.

(he smiles)

It's a multiple orgasm. He -- or she -- not only gets pleasure from killing, but also gets pleasure from telling you that another body will be found. You're dealing with someone very, very interesting... from a psychological point of view, of course.

CARL

(heated)

We're dealing with a really sick sonofabitch... from my point of view, of course.

They look at Carl.

The Deputy Coroner comes in.

THE DEPUTY CORONER

We got lucky. We made the smudge on her hand. She went to a club. The Hawk's Eye.

EXT. POLICE PARKING LOT - DAY

As Vince and Carl are getting into their car... McAllister yells to him.

McALLISTER

Cochran!

Vince turns, sees him, goes to him.

McALLISTER

Billy Hawks owns that club.

VINCE

So what.

McALLISTER

Mr. Hawks is one of the biggest property owners in St. Pete. He is a major contributor to the symphony and last year he underwrote the Sandcastle Contest.

VINCE

So he underwrites the fucking Sandcastle Contest -- what does that mean? We shouldn't talk to him?

McALLISTER

It means we'd like him to underwrite the Sandcastle Contest every year. Talk to him politely.

Vince gives him a look.

INT. THE HAWK'S EYE - DAY

Vince walks in with Carl Roberts -- his clothes look even more bedraggled than before. Trish is up onstage, rehearsing with her band. Her headband is a yellow police crime-scene tape. They are doing Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side."

Vince stands there and watches her -- she is sweating, her body all kinetic energy. She stares out into the empty club, never looks at him.

CARL

We gonna talk to this guy or not? My ears hurt.

VINCE
(watching her)
She's good.

A young woman comes up to them as Vince stares at Trish and talks to Carl. The music blasts and echoes in the empty club.

INT. BILLY HAWKS' OFFICE - DAY

The young woman leads them in. Billy's office is beautifully done -- we see sculptures, gold records -- and many framed photographs of Billy Hawks onstage, singing.

THE YOUNG WOMAN
This is Detective Roberts... and
Detective Cochran --

BILLY
(smiles)
Hey. How ya doin.

He is wearing another beautiful suit. He glances at Vince's bedraggled jacket.

BILLY
(to Vince, grins)
You look like you're out of uniform,
huh?

Carl Roberts takes a glossy of Nancy Ann Belknap out.

CARL
Have you ever seen this young woman?
Billy looks at the photo, then at Carl and Vince.

BILLY
What's this about?

VINCE
(after a beat)
Have you seen her?

BILLY
(after a beat, smiles)
What's this about?

They look at him a beat.

VINCE
She was in your club.

BILLY
A lot of people are in my club. It's
a very successful club.

A beat, and Billy smiles at them -- then --

BILLY
(to Vince)
Have you ever been in?

VINCE
No.

CARL
How come you don't ask me?

BILLY
(smiles)
Sorry.
(a beat, to Vince)
You should come in sometime. You'd
like it. Action, you know?

They look at each other a beat.

BILLY
You like action, don't you?
Vince looks at him.

CARL
I do.

BILLY
(to Vince)
What'd you say your name was?

VINCE
Cochran.

BILLY
(after a beat, smiles)
Right. Vince, wasn't it?

CARL
(to Billy)
You know what? I'm tired of this,
friend. You never answered the damn
question.

Billy looks at Carl.

BILLY
Friend? Well I don't know about that,
pop. We just met. I don't know that
we're friends.

VINCE
(after a beat)
We can do this downtown if you like.

BILLY

(smiles)

It's not smart, Vince. They'd kick your ass for taking me downtown.

(a beat; he looks at Carl)

Yours too, pop.

Carl looks like he wants to hit him.

BILLY

(to Vince)

I'm looking out for you, Vince. I like your clothes, man. We're soul brothers, dig?

He smiles. They stare at him.

BILLY

(to Vince)

Come back tomorrow. Ten o'clock. I'll have my attorney here. Then we'll talk.

(a beat; he looks at Carl)

Bring pop with you. I like him. We're friends.

A beat, and Vince reaches for the glossy of Nancy Ann Belknap. Billy puts his hand on his, stops him -- looks at the glossy a beat. We see Billy wears a ring with a gold skull on it.

BILLY

Nice lookin chick. Good lips. Firm. Good grip.

He smiles -- Vince takes his hand away and takes the glossy.

INT. THE CLUB - DAY

As they are walking out... Carl is ahead; he looks really pissed... Vince lingers, looks at the stage.

Trish is up there -- doing "Walk on the Wild Side" full-throttle now.

She looks right at him now -- gesturing, insinuating her body, talking directly to him: "Hey, babe, take a walk on the wild side... please, babe, take a walk on the wild side..."

From the back of the club, in the darkness, Billy Hawk watches him watching Trish. His face is expressionless.

EXT. THE CLUB

They are heading toward their car. Carl looks very angry.

CARL

Damn sonofabitch! Who does he think he is?

VINCE

They said politely, Carl. McAllister said politely.

CARL

Hair down to his skinny ass and we gotta kiss it! No wonder this whole country's goin crazy. We got pigs comin out of the damn water, bodies with their legs spread out!

VINCE

(a slight smile)

It's only rock and roll, pop.

CARL

(enraged)

I ain't your damn pop! I ain't anybody's pop! Put a goddamn suit on! What the hell kind of cop are you? You look like him.

VINCE

(grins)

What are you yellin about, Carl?

They are getting into the car.

CARL

(very loud)

I can't hear! You can't even walk into a damn bar anymore! You come out deaf! Jesus, did you see her?! She had a ring in her nose!

INT. THEIR CAR - DAY

Carl drives; Vince sits next to him. They are driving through a neighborhood filled with doctors' and chiropractors' offices and funeral homes. Carl is still angry, but controlled.

CARL

We didn't used to have this damn element here. All we used to have here was retired folks.

VINCE
You gonna retire here, Carl?

CARL
Hell no -- I hate the goddamn sun.
Only reason I'm still here is because
of the catfish.

VINCE
I hate catfish.

CARL
There ain't nothin better than
catfish.

VINCE
(suddenly)
Wait. Stop.

He gets out of the car.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

He walks back a little ways. We see a church. On the
glassed bulletin-board announcing the times of services,
we see these large letters:

THE SWINE RAN INTO THE SEA AND PERISHED.

Mark 5: 1-14.

He stares at it.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE ROOM - DAY

We see copies of the Tampa Tribune and the St. Petersburg
Times nearby -- big, bold headlines say: "Killer Claims
Fourth Victim" and "Panic Spreads in St. Pete."

Vince sits at a desk, reading something. Carl sits at a
desk nearby, eating a sandwich.

Sanders comes into their area excitedly.

SANDERS
Julie Baumgold's girlfriend says they
spent two nights drinking at the
Hawk's Eye. Guess what? Talbot and
his girlfriend were there one night,
too.

THIPEN

(comes in)

Bingo. Nancy Belknap and her friend were down there the night before she disappeared.

JOE BAKA

(behind them)

What the hell does that mean?
Everybody wants to get a look at Billy Hawks when they come down here. Where else can they go to see a real live retired legendary rock and roll star?

CARL

Why don't you just give the sonofabitch the goddamn Chamber of Commerce award?

JOE BAKA

(after a beat)

That's not a bad idea, Carl -- I'll mention it to McAllister.

Vince has his back turned to them.

JOE BAKA

What the hell are you reading, Vincent?

Vince turns, holds the Bible up.

JOE BAKA

(after a beat)

Great. That's just great. I believe in prayer. I'll pray for you too, Vince, how about that?

CARL

That's just fine. He needs all the help he can get.

VINCE

(to Baka)

A man was possessed by a devil. The devil turned out to be a lot of devils. The devils were cast out of the man... and into a herd of swine.

Baka stares at him.

VINCE

(reads from Bible)

"And the swine ran violently into the sea and perished."

They look at each other a long beat.

Devils?

VINCE

(quietly)

Devils.

EXT. VINCE'S HOUSE - THE BEACH - DUSK

He gets out of his Corvette, heads for the house. It is very small, but right on the water -- more like a dilapidated beach shack than a house.

INT. HIS HOUSE - THE BEACH - DUSK

He walks in. He is sweating. He puts the old, overhead fan on. The sun is setting. He grabs a beer from the fridge, pops it open -- then slugs almost all of it in one gulp. He starts to peel his clothes off -- strips down, naked -- and is about to put a pair of bathing shorts on.

BILLY

(behind him)

Nice pecs, V. I'm gonna call you V.
I like the sound of it.

He looks at Billy, sees him looking at his body, puts the shorts on. Billy is wearing a white linen Armani suit.

VINCE

I'm not gay, man.

BILLY

(smiles)

Neither am I.

Vince picks the beer back up, goes out on the deck.

EXT. THE DECK - DUSK

He stands there, takes a long look at the setting sun. A beat, and then Billy comes out with a beer in his hand. They say nothing a beat, look at the sun.

BILLY

I didn't see that chick at the club...
but she was probably there.

VINCE

They were all there.

BILLY

Were they?

(he smiles)

Business has been good.

They don't look at each other.

VINCE

Where's your lawyer? I thought you'd get your lawyer, then we'd talk.

BILLY

(smiles)

What do I need a lawyer for? I've got millions of fans.

VINCE

(looks at him)

John Lennon got killed by a fan.

BILLY

(after a beat)

No he didn't. Yoko killed him.

Vince looks at him, smiles.

BILLY

Did you like my music?

VINCE

It didn't come close to Bowie. That's what you were trying to do, wasn't it? Out-Bowie Bowie.

BILLY

(after a beat, smiles)

You missed your calling, V. You're a shitty cop. I bet you were a better bass player.

VINCE

How do you know I was a bass player?

BILLY

(smiles)

How do I know you're a shitty cop?

VINCE

You don't.

BILLY

(smiles)

Yes I do. NYPD Vice. Hanging out with Eurotrash. Head in the snow. Rock and roll. Bye, baby. Detroit City Vice -- oh, baby. Cochran the Cock-man. He spiked the wrong pussy. Who was she? The chief's daughter?

Vince looks at him. A beat, and Billy heads off the deck.

BILLY

Come on, V. You're coming with me.

VINCE
(after a beat)
Where we goin?

BILLY
We're gonna rock and roll.

EXT. THE DECK - LATER

The sun has set. Billy sits there, waiting. Vince comes out -- he wears a white linen Armani suit identical to Billy's.

BILLY
(smiles)
Double trouble.

They start walking toward the maroon Lamborghini parked at the end of the alley.

VINCE
Why'd you hang it up?

BILLY
Cheap thrills stopped exciting me.
(a beat)
When did being a cop stop exciting you?

VINCE
I'm still at it.

BILLY
You're burned, man.

VINCE
(grins)
Maybe I'm trying to make you think that. Maybe I'm working right now.

BILLY
(smiles)
Work is fun, huh?

They get to the Lamborghini.

VINCE
What is this thing?

BILLY
The Diablo. The Devil's car.

He smiles.

INT. THE DIABLO - NIGHT

Billy drives -- the car roars. He races it, cuts in and out of freeway traffic. He's got The Doors on: "Touch Me."

BILLY

(singing with it)

Come on, come on come on now... touch me, babe. Can't you see... Good song.

He smiles, lights up a joint, hands it to Vince.

VINCE

I'm a cop.

BILLY

(grins)

You're a gypsy cop.

Vince takes the joint, takes a hit.

BILLY

(grins)

Bust me.

VINCE

(grins)

For a joint?

BILLY

(grins)

You got another charge in mind?

They look at each other a beat, their smiles holding.

VINCE

Good stuff.

He takes another hit.

VINCE

Where we goin?

BILLY

The night is young.

(a beat)

The tide is red. There are pigs in the sea.

Vince stares at him. Billy laughs.

INT. HAWK'S EYE - NIGHT

Vince and Billy at the bar, near the stage, watching Trish and her band as she does Spooky Tooth's "Season of the Witch." The club is full, in high-gear... the mood is palpably hot... bodies pressed against each other, sweating, moving... beautiful bodies, flashy, revealed.

She's got her eyes on Vince, her body thrusting, moving, coiling, uncoiling... "When I look over my shoulder, what do you think I see? Some old cat looking over his shoulder at me. And, he's strange, sure, he's strange." Her voice is shrill, cutting, barbed-wire.

Billy looks at him looking at her. Vince has a couple drinks in front of him; he looks a little wasted.

BILLY

You like Trish.

VINCE

I like Trish.

He doesn't look at Billy, keeps his eyes on her.

BILLY

You can't have her. She's mine.

Vince looks at him.

BILLY

(quietly)

Unless we do her together.

Billy smiles. Vince looks at him a long beat.

VINCE

You're sick, man.

The two voluptuous young women we saw with Billy earlier -- Jackie and Max -- come up to them. Jackie has long, flaming-red hair.

BILLY

(smiles)

Hey, Jackie -- you know V?

(to the other)

Hey, Max.

Vince looks at them -- in the background, onstage, Trish goes into a shrill, long, wail... "That it's strange, so... strange." Max whispers something into Billy's ear. He laughs.

JACKIE

(to Vince)

You like candy?

VINCE
I love candy.

22.

JACKIE
Open.

He opens his mouth, laughs.

Trish, onstage: "You've got to pick up every stitch...
you've got to pick up every stitch... oh no, must be the
season of the witch."

Jackie pops a pill into his mouth.

VINCE
What was that?

JACKIE
Ex.

BILLY
Ooh, baby, baby.

They laugh. Onstage, Trish finishes the song. "You've
got to pick up every stitch... you've got to pick up every
stitch... you've got to pick up every stitch."

JACKIE
What do you do, V? You a friend of
Billy's?

BILLY
(smiles)
He's a cop.

Jackie stares at him.

VINCE
(smiles)
I'm a friend of Billy's.

Billy laughs. Trish comes by them. Billy puts an arm
around her, stops her. The music has shifted to a DJ.
It's Kurt Cobain and Jesus Lizard with "Oh, the Guilt."

BILLY
(to Trish, indicating
Vince)
He likes you. His name is V. You
like him?

TRISH
(after a beat, to Billy)
I like you.

Jackie and Max stay there; they wear vacuous smiles.

23.

BILLY
(smiles, to Trish)
I'll share you with him. We'll do you
together.

TRISH
(to Billy)
Why don't you just do him.

BILLY
(smiles)
We're not into that. We're into you.
Trish looks at Vince.

TRISH
I'm not into him.
Vince smiles a little at her. She starts away.

BILLY
(to Trish, smiles)
Liar.
Vince watches her. She stops at a table, sits down with a
very attractive blonde woman in her 30's. Her name is
Dominique. An older man with a shaved head is with
Dominique.

Jackie puts a hand on Vince's thigh. He looks at her,
smiles.

INT. THE HAWK'S EYE - LATER

He and Jackie, dancing... his jacket is off, his shirt is
sweat-stained... his eyes are a little glassy... Jackie
moves against him with her body... he leans in and kisses
her as they dance.

Onstage, above, near them, Trish does Blue Oyster Cult's
"Don't Fear The Reaper."

"Don't fear the reaper... baby, take my hand... don't fear
the reaper... we'll be able to fly... Romeo and Juliet are
together in eternity... (40,000 men and women every
day)... Redefine happiness... (40,000 men and women every
day."

Her eyes are on Billy's, who is sitting at the bar. They
both start to smile slowly.

INT. BILLY HAWKS' ESTATE - NIGHT

A party. The house is a post-hip castle by the sea.
Candles are the only light.

There are a lot of people -- we see the band members, some of the people we've seen in the club.

We see Vince, in a corner with Jackie -- he's got her up against a wall, her arms spread. He's kissing her ear.

Over it, we hear Trish singing Blue Oyster Cult: "All our times have come here, but now they're gone. Seasons don't fear the reaper, nor do the wind, the sun or the rain.

INT. BILLY HAWKS' ESTATE - NIGHT

The party. Trish dances with the blonde woman in her 30's, Dominique. Dominique has her hands on her ass. As she holds her, Trish watches Vince kissing Julie, putting his hands under her skirt.

Two men suddenly run through the room... we've seen them at the club... one man wears only bikini panties, the other grabs for the panties... the panties come down... people squeal, laugh.

Over it, we hear Trish singing: "And we can be like they are... come on, baby... don't fear the reaper... baby, take my hand... don't fear the reaper... we'll be able to fly."

INT. BILLY HAWKS' ESTATE - NIGHT

The party. Billy chops lines of coke on a mirror. Vince, near him, laughs. He has Jackie on one side of him -- she's got her hand in his groin -- he's got Max on the other side. He is kissing Max on the lips.

Billy snorts the coke, offers it to Vince. Vince snorts some. He looks up.

Trish is across from him. Dominique, the blonde woman in her 30's, is kissing her on the lips. Her eyes are open, looking right at Vince. Their eyes meet for a long beat.

And then Vince turns back to Jackie and Max.

Over it, we hear Trish singing: "Valentine is done... here, but now they're gone... Romeo and Juliet are together in eternity..."

INT. BILLY HAWKS' ESTATE - A BEDROOM - NIGHT

There are only candles in the room. The curtains blow in and out; we hear the beating of the palm trees outside.

Vince, naked, is in bed with Jackie and Max. Both women are making love to him.

In the darkness, near the door, Billy and Trish watch them. Billy smiles. Trish's face is a mask. He puts his arm around her, pulling her closer. They keep their eyes on the bed.

Over it, we hear Trish singing: "Don't fear the reaper... baby I'm your man... la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la."

INT. BILLY HAWKS' ESTATE - MORNING

Vince wakes up, naked, looks around. There is no one there. It is very bright sunlight. He covers his eyes, gets up. He sees lines of coke on a nightstand nearby, empty bottles of Cristal. He lights a cigarette. His hands shake.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - THE VERANDA

He comes down the stairs, looking shaky, sees Billy sitting outside, alone. He is wearing a silk Sulka robe and having breakfast from fine china and silver. He looks great.

Vince comes up to him slowly.

BILLY

(smiles)

"The tide is red. There are pigs in the sea." Aren't you going to ask me?

Vince stares at him.

BILLY

(smiles)

Hey, V. You really rock and rolled. You scarfed those chicks.

(a beat)

It wasn't in the papers.

They look at each other a beat.

VINCE

You got a hold of my file, you could've got a hold of all the others.

BILLY

No, man. That's wrong. I know who's been calling you.

He smiles brightly.

Vince looks at him.

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BILLY

Trish -- you know. The one you like.
She's the one calling you.

VINCE

(after a beat)

How do you know?

BILLY

(smiles)

How do I know? She told me. Go talk
to her. Get the facts, dig?

(a beat)

Go easy. She's a witch. She's a
bitch.

(a beat)

She's yours, V.

Vince looks at him. Billy smiles.

INT. HAWK'S EYE - DAY

Vince comes in with Carl Roberts. The club is empty.
They see the band members on stage, doodling with their
guitars.

CARL

(to Vince)

I'm ready this time.

He puts some earplugs into his ears. Vince shakes his
head.

VINCE

(to band)

Trish around?

They shrug, don't answer.

CARL

(loud)

Hey -- I'm a police officer, asshole,
is she around?

They grin, shrug again.

TRISH

(behind them)

You looking for me?

She smiles. She wears a tanktop and very tight jeans.
She's got a beer bottle in her hand.

TRISH

(to Vince)

I hope you didn't catch AIDS.

He looks at her.

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CARL
(to Vince)
AIDS? Who'd you fuck?

VINCE
(to Trish)
We'd like to ask you some questions.

TRISH
(smiles)
Yeah? You want my phone number, V?

CARL
What in hell would he want your phone
number for? He's talking to you right
here. Who's V?

VINCE
(smiles)
No, I don't want your phone number,
Trish.

TRISH
What do you want to ask me then?

VINCE
(after a beat)
The tide is red. There are pigs in
the sea.

A beat, and she suddenly smashes him across the face with
the beer bottle and runs like a wild animal towards the
back door. Carl grabs the earplugs out of his ears. A
beat -- Vince recovers, his face bleeding and runs after
her.

CARL
(to himself, loud)
What the hell is going on here?

EXT. THE BACK OF THE HAWK'S EYE - THE BEACH - DAY

Trish runs headlong across the sand towards the water.
Vince is at a distance behind her, after her.

She tries to run along the water, sees Vince gaining
ground on her, about to cut her off.

She runs straight into the water. Vince runs into the
water after her, lunges for her, tackles her.

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EXT. UNDERWATER

She flails at him, trying to get away. He grabs her by her hair and pulls her up.

EXT. THE SEA

As her head comes up from underwater, she is staring right into the gun that Carl Roberts is holding.

CARL

One more move, young lady, and I'm gonna blow that ring right outa your nose.

INT. THEIR CAR - DAY

Carl drives; Vince sits next to him. She sits in the back, handcuffed, wet.

TRISH

Billy told you, didn't he?

Vince says nothing.

TRISH

He's sucking you in. You're too blind to see.

VINCE

What's he sucking me into?

He doesn't look at her.

TRISH

(smiles)

He doesn't have to suck you in. You like it. You're a... volunteer.

VINCE

What am I volunteering for?

CARL

What the hell are you talking about?

TRISH

(smiles)

Foreplay.

Carl looks at him, looks at her, shakes his head.

TRISH

You porked those two good. We watched you.

Vince turns, looks at her.

CARL

(upset)

What two? Who'd you pork? What's she talking about?

TRISH

(smiles)

I'll never tell.

Trish and Vince look at each other. Carl watches her in the rearview mirror.

INT. A BOOKING ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

They walk in with her. She is handcuffed.

TRISH

(getting upset)

What is this?

VINCE

You're under arrest.

TRISH

(upset)

For what?

VINCE

For assaulting a police officer.

TRISH

(upset)

You grabbed my hair. You assaulted me.

CARL

(uncuffing her)

Just put your thumb on there.

She stares at the fingerprint pad.

CARL

Just put it on there.

A beat, and then she suddenly... wildly... spins from them and tries to run, flailing at them. Uniformed cops run to them.

CARL

(loud, to himself)

Jesus Christ!

He rolls his eyes; it is a plea to the gods.

Vince and the others try to restrain her. She is a whirling dervish. She kicks, bites, spits... and as she struggles, for a split second, we see her fingers touch the fingerprint pad.

Then she breaks away, gets to the door, flings it open. They are on top of her... and she starts to beat her head... once... twice... three times... against the side of the door. Blood explodes from her nose... until they finally pull her off.

Vince stares at her, at the blood all over the door.

INT. A HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Vince and Carl Roberts are watching her from a distance as she sits, handcuffed -- a doctor is working on her face. Uniformed cops are nearby. The doctor removes the gold hoop from her nose -- her nose looks damaged.

CARL

(smiles)

I'm glad she did it. She looks better without it.

Vince gives him a look.

CARL

(watching her)

I've never seen anything like that in my life. She wasn't in any pain.

VINCE

What?

CARL

You saw her. She didn't feel any pain.

Vince stares at her. A beat, and she turns her head and looks right at Vince.

Sanders comes in.

SANDERS

(to Carl)

We matched her prints. You're not going to believe it.

CARL

I'll believe anything nowadays. If you tell me she's one of them space people come off of a UFO, I'll believe it.

SANDERS

She's Patricia Sturdivant.

Vince and Trish still have their eyes on each other.

CARL

(after a beat)

You're right. I don't believe it.

VINCE

Who's Patricia Sturdivant?

His eyes are still on hers. She suddenly smiles at him.
Her face is a mess.

EXT. THE HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Joe Baka is sitting in his car, a phone to his ear.
Gathered around the car window are Vince, Carl Roberts,
and Sanders.

Vince is looking at a photograph of Trish as a fourteen-
year-old. She has long blonde hair and a dazzling,
girlish smile.

JOE BAKA

Okay.

He hangs up.

JOE BAKA

The governor sent his plane for her
parents. They'll be here any minute.

SANDERS

I don't get it. She runs away when
she's fourteen from one of the
wealthiest families in Palm Beach.
She's the most famous milk-carton kid
in America. Six years later, she
turns up in the middle of a murder
investigation.

CARL

She sure doesn't like fingerprints.

JOE BAKA

(looks at something)

According to her driver's license,
she's Patricia Daniels of 1234
Patterson Lane in Passa Grande. Have
we got a warrant for her place?

SANDERS

We're getting it.

Joe Baka starts getting out of the car.

JOE BAKA

Let's talk to her. Once her father gets into this -- he makes so many political contributions we're gonna have to go through walls of lawyers just to see her.

VINCE

Let me talk to her.

JOE BAKA

Why you?

VINCE

She likes me.

CARL

How do you figure that?

VINCE

(after a beat)

I like her.

CARL

(to Vince)

You're as crazy as she is.

Joe Baka looks at Vince a beat.

JOE BAKA

(to Carl)

You're right.

(to Vince)

Talk to her.

A beat, and Vince walks away towards the hospital door.

CARL

He porked two of them while she watched him.

JOE BAKA

(after a beat)

What?

CARL

That's what she said.

JOE BAKA

(after a beat)

Who did he pork?

CARL

I don't know. I don't understand anything anymore. I can't even catch any catfish anymore. He's your friend. Ask him.

Joe Baka stares at him.

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

She is on the phone. Vince walks in. She hangs up as soon as she sees him. He takes a long look at her.

VINCE

Your parents are on the way.

TRISH

I don't have any parents.

They look at each other.

VINCE

(indicates her face)

Doesn't that hurt?

TRISH

What are you -- high? Doesn't it look like it hurts?

VINCE

(after a beat)

Yeah.

He smiles.

TRISH

You are really weird.

VINCE

How did you know about the killings?

TRISH

I didn't.

VINCE

Yes you did. We can match your voice to the tapes.

She looks at him a long beat.

TRISH

You won't believe me.

VINCE

(smiles)

Try me.

TRISH

(quietly)

I keep having this.. vision. I see
it... The tide's red. There are pigs
in the sea.

They look at each other a long beat.

TRISH

You believe me?

VINCE

(after a beat, smiles)

Are you kidding? What do you think I
am -- high?

They look at each other a long beat.

The door suddenly opens. We see Phillip and Andrea
Sturdivant, her parents. They are in their late 40's,
good-looking; their clothes are WASPy Palm Beach. They
are surrounded by McAllister, Joe Baka, Carl, Sanders,
other cops.

Phillip and Andrea look at her. Andrea starts to cry.

ANDREA

Oh my God.

She moves towards her. Trish cringes away in the bed.

TRISH

(quietly)

Don't touch me.

Andrea freezes, stares.

TRISH

(to Phillip, quietly)

You take one step into this room, I'm
going to tell the whole world.

Andrea starts to cry.

PHILLIP

What are you talking about, Patricia?

He starts to come closer to her, puts his arm out --

PHILLIP

We love you so much, Pa--

TRISH

(in a hiss)

You forced me. You made her watch...
while you...

35,

ANDREA

(sobbing)

Oh my God -- no, oh my God...

TRISH

(to Vince)

Get 'em away from me.

Phillip looks t her a long beat.

PHILLIP

(to the others, sadly)

She's ill. I'll arrange the best
psychiatric --

TRISH

(hard, loud)

You're not gonna force me again!

You're not gonna make her watch!

(she screams)

Get 'em away from me!

As the cops lead her parents out of the room, she screams
after them like a wild animal.

TRISH

(screaming)

You can't do it anymore! You can't do
anything to me anymore!And she starts to cry. Vince, left alone in the room with
her, watches her a long beat as she cries uncontrollably,
turning away from him on the bed, towards the wall,
curling up into a fetal position.

INT. A HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Phillip and Andrea Sturdivant, sitting, looking broken up,
with McAllister, Joe Baka, Sanders there. Phillip has his
arm around his wife, who is crying quietly.

Vince comes into the room looks at them.

PHILLIP

(broken up, hoarse)

She was always... moody... strange.

She burned her dollhouse once when she

was little... She made things up...

Imagination, we thought...

He speaks slowly, as though in a trance.

PHILLIP

We tried... she had everything... any child... could want... When she... when she... disappeared... we felt like we... died. Now this... this is worse... this... filth.

Vince stares at the parents. Carl comes into the room, whispers something to Vince that we can't hear as Vince stares.

EXT. A STAIRWAY - DUSK

Vince and Carl head up a stairway to a small apartment on the beach.

INT. THE APARTMENT - DUSK

It is very small, but very neat. They walk into the living room. We see rock posters on the wall: Mud Honey, Hole, Courtney Love, Chrissie Hynde, Eddie Vetter. All around the rock posters are crucifixes -- hundreds of them of different types, some very garish.

Jackson and Thipen are in the room, searching it -- there are other cops, as well.

Vince stares at all the crucifixes.

JACKSON

Check out the bedroom

INT. TRISH'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Vince and Carl walk in. We see framed photographs on the walls.

JACKSON

(points to one)

Ted Bundy.

He points to another photograph.

JACKSON

This guy's that guy in L.A., isn't it?
That devil dude. What was his name?

VINCE

Ramirez.

He stares at Ramirez's framed photograph.

On another wall, we see dozens of framed photographs of the same man. In some he is young, in others he is in his 40's, with long hair and a ponytail.

CARL
(staring)
Arliss.

THIPEN
(staring)
Arliss.

CARL
Jesus.
(to Vince)
Arliss Radley. Fifteen years ago,
across a bridge in Tampa, he killed a
bunch of girls. All teenagers.
(a beat)
He played with 'em first.

VINCE
Where is he?

CARL
Up the road in Redfield. Life without
parole.

Jackson pulls something out of a drawer. He looks at it.

JACKSON
Letters.
(he reads)
My dearest Trish.
(he pages through them)
Love, Arliss.
Love, Arliss.
Love, Arliss.

CARL
(after a beat)
I knew we should've fried him.
(to Vince)
It's like catfish. It's always a lot
more trouble when you don't fry 'em.

Jackson takes something else out of a drawer, looks at it,
hands it to Vince.

It is an old milk carton. On its side, in big letters, it
says: MISSING -- PATRICIA STURDIVANT. The photograph
shows her as a fourteen year old with long blonde hair and
a dazzling smile.

Vince stares at it.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

38,

Vince heads down the corridor to her room. A uniformed policeman is sitting outside of it.

As he approaches her room -- Billy Hawks comes out of it.

BILLY

She's tired, man. She's had a day.

VINCE

Who let you in there?

THE COP

I did.

VINCE

She's not supposed to have any visitors. She's in custody.

THE COP

(to Vince)

Don't you know who he is?

BILLY

(smiles)

Yeah -- don't you know who I am, V?

VINCE

Yeah -- you run the Sandcastle Contest.

THE COP

My little boy went to that. He loved it.

BILLY

(grins)

Thank you.

VINCE

(pissed)

Fuck you.

He starts to open Trish's door -- Billy stops him.

BILLY

Come on, V. It'll wait 'til tomorrow, won't it? She didn't want to see those people. Her worst nightmare was seeing them again. Give her a break.

They look at each other a beat.

BILLY

Tell you what -- I'll tell you all
about her.

(a beat)

Do you want to do some blow?

Vince glances at the uniformed cop sitting there.

VINCE

No.

BILLY

(grins)

But you will, won't you?

Vince glances at the cop again.

THE COP

(suddenly)

Can I have some?

BILLY

(casually)

I don't have any on me.

THE COP

(smiles)

That's all right. I guess I'll just
stick to my coffee.

EXT. BILLY HAWKS' MANSION - NIGHT

They are sitting on a veranda overlooking a lighted pool
and the gulf. Coke has been cut on the table in front of
them. Billy snorts some -- hands the hundred to Vince,
who shakes his head.

VINCE

I don't do any blow when I'm working.

BILLY

I admire your work ethic.

There are two beautiful young women we haven't seen before
playing in the pool. They are naked.

Billy and Vince watch them.

BILLY

(grins)

She's nice, huh?

VINCE

How'd you meet her?

BILLY

Her?

(he indicates girl in pool)
I haven't met her, I just had sex with her.

VINCE

Trish.

BILLY

Oh -- her.

(a beat; he smiles)

She was hangin out on the beach. She had a git-tar. She was a mess, man. She'd been with some bikers. She was doin a lot of crack. She was aneroxic. I cleaned her up.

He smiles, looks at the naked girls playing in the pool.

BILLY

I let her come over and use my pool.

(a beat; he smiles)

Taught her some things.

VINCE

What'd you teach her?

BILLY

(smiles)

She'll show you. I told you, V., she's yours.

VINCE

She's a suspect in a murder investigation.

BILLY

Well, hell, hoss. That woman in Detroit City was the chief's daughter -- that didn't stop you. I saw you with those two. You're a hoss.

Vince looks at him, looks at the girls in the pool -- one of them is smiling at him.

BILLY

You want to meet her?

Vince shakes his head.

BILLY

(smiles)

You want to have sex with her?

Vince shakes his head.

VINCE
She ever say anything to you about...
visions?

BILLY
(after a beat)
Yeah. Way before the pigs, man.
She's like... psychic. She sees. I
told you. She's a witch.

Vince looks at him.

BILLY
That's what you like, though. That's
why you want her.

VINCE
(after a beat)
I like her sound, man. I like her
music.

BILLY
(smiles)
Uh-huh. That's what I mean.

EXT. THE HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

He sits in his Corvette, smoking a cigarette, watching her hospital room. It is late at night -- most of the other room lights are off. Her light is on. She stands at the window, looking right at him, silhouetted by the light.

INT. THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

He walks down the corridor to her room, sees the chair in front of it -- empty. The uniformed cop isn't there.

A nurse walks down the corridor.

VINCE
Where's the room guard?

NURSE
I think he went to get some coffee.
He drinks too much coffee. I told him
it was bad for him.

He shrugs and walks away.

He goes to Trish's door slowly, listens. He draws his gun. He opens the door slowly. It is dark inside.

INT. TRISH'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

He steps inside slowly, the gun in his hand -- he sees what looks like a figure on the bed.

VINCE
(quietly)
Trish?

TRISH
(behind him)
Hi.

And she hits him hard with the patrolman's gun... we see the uniformed cop on the ground now as Vince falls... and she runs out of the room.

Vince recovers, woozy, and runs out after her.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

He hears a door slam, runs towards it.

INT. A STAIRWAY

He hears footsteps running on the stairway below, starts running down the stairs breakneck, stumbles, recovers, keeps running. We hear a door slam open.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

As he bursts out the door... and sees her running, a few hundred feet away. She hurls herself into Billy Hawks' maroon Lamborghini Diablo. (We don't see who's driving the car.) And the Diablo roars off.

He runs to his Corvette, jumps in, guns it -- and takes off after the Diablo.

INT. HIS CORVETTE - NIGHT

He drives. He smiles... the Diablo is ahead, it makes a wild left turn into a small street.

EXT. A SMALL STREET - NIGHT

The Corvette makes a wild turn after the Diablo, dodging other cars.

INT. HIS CORVETTE - NIGHT

As the Diablo, up ahead, heads onto the Sunshine Skyway Bridge... the wrong way.

VINCE
(to himself)

Shit.

And he guns it, dodging oncoming traffic on the bridge.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Diablo is ahead, dodging oncoming cars... it is pell-mell dodge'em.

It almost gets creamed, head-on, goes off to the side, careens off the railing as sparks fly... it's a beast: it keeps roaring.

INT. HIS CORVETTE - NIGHT

A car heads head-on for him... he careens off to the side, off the railing... sparks fly... another car is suddenly heading for him... he ducks... gets by... but the right side of the Corvette is shorn away.

He stares at the missing right side of his car a beat.

VINCE
(screams)
You motherfucker!

The Corvette somehow keeps going.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Diablo is like a fleet halfback going downfield, zigging, zagging, spinning once, spinning again, somehow still going.

INT. HIS CORVETTE - NIGHT

He swerves wildly to get out of the way as, behind him, a truck jackknifes and rolls and then explodes. We see the explosion in his rearview mirror.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Diablo swerves off the bridge, taking an off-ramp, and guns, hurtles high off the bridge onto an access road.

INT. HIS CORVETTE - NIGHT

His car broncos wildly and bucks... as it chases the Diablo onto the access road... as the Diablo careens into another bridge parallel to the Sunshine Skyway.

EXT. THE OTHER BRIDGE

There is no traffic at all here... no cars... just fishermen on the sides. The Diablo is far ahead on this bridge now.

INT. HIS CORVETTE - NIGHT

And as he heads down this bridge -- the car rocking, bucking -- it sounds like an axle has broken... the Diablo is closer now...

He suddenly realizes that it is roaring... at him... in reverse... a guided missile aimed right at him.

He swerves to avoid it -- it is onrushing in reverse...

EXT. THE OTHER BRIDGE - NIGHT

And suddenly his car is going off the bridge, headed towards the water below. (It is a bridge to nowhere ending in mid-span, damaged years ago by a shipping accident.)

INT. HIS CORVETTE

As it goes off the bridge, into the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

As he struggles to swim out of the hole in the car, does finally --

EXT. THE WATER - NIGHT

-- And comes to the top. He spits water, tries to clear his head... and sees her...

Trish stands up on the bridge, where it ends, illuminated by the Diablo's headlights.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

He struggles to shore. He deep-breathes, gets up, and moves in the pitch-black towards a long slope leading to the bridge.

He stumbles on something... looks down... and recoils.

It is a headless pig.

EXT. THE BRIDGE TO NOWHERE - NIGHT

He stumbles out of breath off the slope onto the bridge. The fishermen stare at him like some kind of apparition. He sees one of them has a cellular phone.

VINCE

Let me use your phone.

THE FISHERMAN

Say what?

VINCE

I'm a police officer. Let me use your phone.

A beat, and the fisherman hands him the phone warily. Vince dials.

VINCE

(on phone)

It's Cochran -- I'm on the bridge to nowhere --

(he stops)

What?

A long beat, and then he hits the off button on the phone and hands it to the fisherman. The fisherman just keeps staring at him. A long beat as Vince stares off, then --

VINCE

What kind of fish is that?

THE FISHERMAN

(after a beat)

Say what?

VINCE

That fish you caught -- what is it?

The fisherman looks at him a wary beat.

THE FISHERMAN

(hesitant)

Catfish.

Vince's face is expressionless.

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EXT. VINCE'S HOUSE ON THE BEACH - DAY

He gets out of a police car, heads towards the beach -- we see police lights, the area cordoned off... it is right in front of his house.

CARL

(looks at him)

You look like somebody pissed on you.

Vince goes to the lights, stares. We see Joe Baka here, Thipen, Jackson, Sanders, other cops.

Down in the sand, right in front of his house, is the body of a young woman, her legs spread, her knees up, her hands behind her head. We recognize her. It is Jackie, the young redhead he had sex with at Billy Hawks' party.

Vince stares at her a long beat.

DEPUTY CORONER

Same as the others. Single shot to the head. Same positioning.

THIPEN

That's some fine piece of flesh there.
No cottage cheese.

Joe Baka sees him staring at the girl's face.

JOE BAKA

(to Vince)

Tell me you don't know her.

VINCE

(after a beat)

I know her.

He keeps staring at her.

CARL

I'll bet he porked her.

JOE BAKA

(to Vince)

Tell me you didn't have sex with her.

A beat, and Vince looks at him.

CARL

(laughs)

I knew it!

He is sitting at his kitchen table, drinking a beer. It is hot, sweaty, mosquitoes are all around.

Joe Baka and Carl and Thipen and Jackson and Sanders are there with him.

JOE BAKA

(angry)

You have sex with her at Billy Hawks' house and she shows up planted in front of your house with her legs spread in the sand. Beautiful. I can see the headlines. Cop suspect in serial killings.

VINCE

(after a beat, quietly)

They're playing with me, Bep.

(a beat; then loud, angry)

I lost my Corvette! I loved that Corvette!

JOE BAKA

(after a beat)

Who's playing with you?

VINCE

Billy Hawks... the girl.

CARL

(loud, angry)

Let's go arrest that skinny long-hair sonofabitch.

A long beat, as Joe Baka hesitates.

THIPEN

She's probably with him.

JOE BAKA

She didn't plant that girl out there in the sand, that's for sure. She was in the hospital.

SANDERS

(indicates Vince)

Should I take his statement?

JOE BAKA

(to Jackson)

Stake Hawks' house out, stake the club, too.

CARL
(upset)
Stake it out? That's all you're gonna
do? Stake it out?

SANDERS
(indicates Vince)
Should I take his statement?

JOE BAKA
Yes.

VINCE
Jesus, Christ -- you gotta be shittin
me, Bep.

SANDERS
(to Joe)
Do you want me to read him his rights?

JOE BAKA
Hell yes -- read him his rights.
Check the neighborhood. See if
anybody saw a blue van.

Vince rolls his eyes as --

SANDERS
(begins)
You have the right to remain silent,
you have the right to an attorney --

JOE BAKA
(almost to himself)
I've got a cop being read his rights,
a bimbo planted in the sand outside,
and our only lead, who resurrected off
a milk carton, doing reverse off the
Bridge to Nowhere.

CARL
You forgot about Arliss.

JOE BAKA
Oh yeah. That's right. And I've got
another serial killer in prison
writing love letters to the girl off
the milk carton, who claims her
father, one of the most powerful men
in the state of Florida, diddled her
with her mama watching.

Carl Roberts starts to laugh like a hyena.

JOE BAKA
(hard, to Carl)
What the hell are you laughing about?

JACKSON

(casually)

Carl has deluded himself into believing that the world has gone crazy.

Joe Baka just looks at Carl as he laughs.

INT. REDFIELD PRISON - DAY

Vince and Carl are walked down a corridor of cells by Henry Bubba, the assistant warden. Bubba is in his 50's, a fat man with a crewcut.

BUBBA

He works out. He praises Jesus. He's even stopped smoking. Last year, he won the prisoner of the year award. He even got married last year, did you know that? Fine-looking young woman, too.

CARL

Maybe I ought to kill some folks and move on in here.

BUBBA

Well, if you do, we'll take good care of you. We'll give you a productive life.

They get to a cell door.

BUBBA

Arliss, these folks would like to speak with you if you ain't busy.

Arliss Radley is turned away, his back to them, reading a book. A beat, and he turns. He is in his 40's -- a strong, good-looking man. He wears a ponytail. He wears black jeans and a black T-shirt. He has dark, wrap-around sunglasses on. Around his neck is a silver cross identical to Trish's.

Bubba leaves.

VINCE

I'm Detective Cochran, this is Detective Roberts. We're with the St. Petersburg Police Department.

ARLISS

(smiles)

I don't know anything about those killings.

VINCE

Do you know Patricia Daniels?

As he speaks, Arliss keeps his eyes steadily on Vince -- it's like Carl isn't even there.

ARLISS

I correspond with a young woman named Trish Daniels. I correspond with a great many young women. They write to me for... advice... mostly. They seem to think I have a... special insight ... into the human condition.

(he smiles)

Some of them even send money and candy.

(he smiles)

I have a sweet tooth for sweetmeats.

VINCE

What did she write you about?

ARLISS

(smiles)

I can't tell you that. Her letters are her legal property. You're asking me to violate her civil rights by betraying her confidentiality.

CARL

(laughs)

That's good. Yes sir, that's real good.

Arliss looks at him a long beat.

ARLISS

(to Carl)

Would you mind leaving us alone?

CARL

(after a beat)

What was it? Something I said? I ain't said nothin yet. I got a lot to say, though -- you sonofabitch, you get a free ride in here, act like you own the damn place, if it was up to me --

VINCE

(sharp)

Carl.

Carl shuts up.

ARLISS

(to Vince)

I sense our channels are tuned to each other. I sense a special communication to be possible. The Lord sent me to you.

CARL

He sent me, too. He said go see that sonofabitch --

ARLISS

I don't think He did, Carl.

They look at each other a beat -- then Carl looks at Vince, shrugs.

CARL

Enjoy yourselves.

And he walks away. Arliss looks at Vince, takes his sunglasses off. We see he has very intense eyes.

ARLISS

(quietly)

Repent, V.

Vince stares at him.

ARLISS

There's still time. The Lord beckons you.

VINCE

(after a beat)

Why did you call me V?

ARLISS

I had a friend named Vincent. I always called him V.

Vince seems captured by the intensity of his eyes.

ARLISS

Life is a continuum along which we are constantly moving toward increasing degrees of goodness or increasing degrees of evil. Those who succumb become slaves to their own vices and passions. Free yourself from bondage, V.

VINCE

(after a long beat)

I'm not into bondage. I'm just an old-fashioned meat and potatoes kind of guy.

(he smiles)

Do you know Billy Hawks?

Arliss looks at him a long beat.

52.

ARLISS

Our channels have scrambled their signals. May the Lord bless you and keep you.

He puts his sunglasses back on, turns away, and starts to read again.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - DAY

Vince walks down the corridor. He has a smile on his face. Carl, who's been sitting on a chair down the hall, gets up and joins him as they walk together.

CARL

What'd the sonofabitch say?

VINCE

He told me to repent.

CARL

Are you gonna do it?

VINCE

Would you.

CARL

Hell yes... but I'm older than you are. I wouldn't repent at your age.

(a beat)

I'd make damn sure to wear a rubber all the time, though.

VINCE

(smiles)

I do.

CARL

(smiles)

I'm happy to hear that.

INT. HENRY BUBBA'S OFFICE - DAY

They are sitting with the assistant warden.

BUBBA

(shocked)

I can't do that.

VINCE

Yes you can. Just let him go out into the yard and take his walk.

53.

BUBBA

He can sue us. He can sue me.

CARL

(upset)

He killed ten young women!

BUBBA

You bet he did. That's how he got
real good lawyers. He's famous.

VINCE

Henry, listen. We've got people being
killed down there. He could be tied
into it somehow.

BUBBA

(after a beat)

I thought he was retired.

CARL

(after a beat)

Well, hell. He didn't get a gold
watch or anything.

Bubba looks at him.

INT. ARLISS'S CELL - DAY

Vince and Carl are searching it. Bubba is there with them
-- he is nervous..

Carl finds a neatly marked file. It says: Trish Daniels.
There are a bunch of letters inside.

CARL

Look at this.

Vince glances at them.

VINCE

(to Bubba)

Can we get these xeroxed?

BUBBA

Ten cents a copy.

Carl opens a file drawer. It is jammed with cash.

CARL

(astounded)

There must be thousands of dollars in
here.

BUBBA

They send it to him. It comes from
all over the world. He's always
checking on how the yen is doing.

CARL

Nobody ever sends me any money.

BUBBA

Why should they? You didn't kill
anybody. You're not famous.

Carl gives him a look. Vince sees a framed photograph
next to the bed. It is Dominique, the young blonde woman
in her 30's we saw at Billy Hawks' party.

QUICK CUT - THE PARTY

Dominique kisses Trish on the lips at the party.

INT. ARLISS'S CELL - DAY

Vince looks at the photograph of Dominique.

BUBBA

That's his wife.

(a beat)

They sit there at the glass, lookin at
each other. They can't even touch.
They just look. They keep it up for
hours.. Sometimes, their jaws tighten,
their eyes get wide, then they blink.
It's enough to break your heart.

Vince sees a stack of CDs -- they are all Billy Hawks'
albums.

CARL

(quietly)

Whoo boy.

Vince goes to him. Carl has a stack of photographs. They
are all young women -- naked, posing for the camera. We
see Arliss's wife in several -- then other young women --
and then we see several of Trish, naked.

Vince stares at the photographs of Trish.

BUBBA

(grins)

You want xeroxes of them, too? Ten
cents a copy.

INT. THE PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Arliss is marched back to his cell by two guards. He goes into the cell, looks around, and smiles. The guards lock the cell and walk away.

Vince stands there suddenly. He's been watching.

VINCE

(smiles)

The Lord sent me back.

Arliss turns, smiles.

ARLISS

Did the Lord tell you to toss my cell?

VINCE

(smiles)

The Lord told me you still like young pussy.

ARLISS

Don't you? I'm a red-blooded, American man -- just like you. I've pumped up, I've even stopped smoking. I have my needs, however solitary and pathetic they may seem to you.

VINCE

The Lord told me you take his name in vain.

ARLISS

(smiles)

The Lord knows the Devil sometimes wears his mask... but the Lord also knows the Devil often scoffs at his servants.

(a beat)

I'll pray for you, V. You're doomed.

Vince looks at him a beat.

INT. A POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

At the head of the table is Dr. Hollander, the scholarly looking man in his 50's who's the head of psychiatry at Eckard College. Around the table are Vince, Carl, Sanders, Thipen, Joe Baka, and McAllister, the city manager.

Dr. Hollander has files and xeroxes in front of him.

56,

DR. HOLLANDER

His letters to her are full of details of his crimes.

He reads from the xeroxes in front of him.

DR. HOLLANDER

"I was in a kind of controlled frenzy. I was certainly aware of what I was doing, in control, but inside I was desperate. There was a secluded area nearby. It was a killing site."

He looks at a different pile of xeroxes.

DR. HOLLANDER

Her letters to him are almost technical. It's like she's asking Betty Crocker for cooking advice.

He reads from other xeroxes.

DR. HOLLANDER

"Did you come when you killed her -- at exactly that moment? Or did you come later? Did you ever just come thinking about it -- before or after?"

A long beat as they look at him, horrified.

CARL

I'll bet you a dollar Betty Crocker never felt like that.

SANDERS

How do you know? That's a sexist remark.

CARL

(smiles)

Yeah, you're right. I always did have my suspicions about that old gal.

They look at him.

DR. HOLLANDER

This kind of thing isn't really uncommon, you know. Some people simply want to befriend and understand a killer. Sometimes we've seen people who abhor violence communicate with serial killers.

CARL

What about these porno pictures of her?

DR. HOLLANDER

I wouldn't call them that. Arliss asked her to do it. There's a letter in here somewhere. He was very frank with her about his sexual frustrations. She decided to help him. It shows a certain generosity of spirit on her part.

CARL

(grins)

On all of her parts.

VINCE

Do you think there's a possibility she's really psychic?

DR. HOLLANDER

I've seen people with psychic powers. They often come from dysfunctional backgrounds. From what we know about her, she certainly fits that profile. But from what we know about her, she also fits the serial killer profile.

Duane Jackson comes into the room.

JACKSON

We've got her. She just walked out of Billy Hawks' house.

JOE BAKA

Let's get her.

VINCE

(suddenly)

No.

(a beat)

Let's see where she leads.

CARL

(upset)

We're not gonna arrest her? Jesus Christ, we're cops! Don't we arrest anybody anymore?

SANDERS

(to Joe)

I agree with Cochran.

JOE BAKA

(after a long beat)

Where is she?

JACKSON

Heading north on I-75.

EXT. THE FREEWAY - DAY

58.

From a helicopter, we see Billy Hawks' maroon Diablo heading north on I-75.

INT. AN UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Vince is at the wheel; Carl is next to him. They are parked near an entrance ramp to the freeway.

The Diablo roars by:

CARL
(on radio)
We've got her.

Vince stays behind her as the Diablo roars down the freeway.

INT. THE HELICOPTER - DAY

We see the Diablo coming off the freeway and heading towards an amusement park.

INT. THEIR CAR - DAY

Vince drives; we see the Diablo up ahead.

CARL
(on radio)
She's heading into Lowry Park.

EXT. THE AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

She stands in line for a merry-go-round. She wears a blonde wig -- a simple and short white dress. She has cotton candy in her hands -- (the hoop in her nose is gone).

Vince and Carl watch her from a distance.

CARL
(in awe)
She looks like she did on that milk carton.

Vince watches her. She gets on the merry-go-round, the cotton candy in her hand -- and smiles, her hair back, flowing, holding onto her carousel horse. She looks like a kid having fun.

INT. THEIR CAR - DAY

59.

They are following the Diablo, which is up ahead.

CARL
(on radio)

She's heading into the Sunken Gardens.

It is a five-acre garden containing trees and a variety of tropical and subtropical vegetation. Cages along the sidewalk contain animals and parrots.

EXT. THE SUNKEN GARDENS - DAY

They follow her at a distance through the trees. They see her stop at a bench. A woman is sitting there. The woman gets up and hugs her for a long beat.

CARL
Isn't that --

Vince nods. It is Dominique Radley, Arliss's wife, the young blonde woman in her 30's. She is dressed very classily -- a simple black dress and a strand of pearls.

The two women laugh together and then, holding hands, walk into a building.

INT. THE BUILDING - DAY

Vince is at the back of a long hall, careful not to be seen. He is watching Trish and Dominique. We see that they are in a wax museum depicting scenes from the life of Christ. They have their heads bowed in prayer.

Vince stares.

INT. THEIR CAR - NIGHT

They are following the Diablo. It turns off the freeway at the Civic Center. They see the big, lighted up sign that says: "Tonight -- Soundgarden." There are thousands of cars near the auditorium, thousands of grungy kids heading towards the doors.

CARL
(upset)
I'm not going in there.

VINCE
(slight smile)
What if I need backup?

60.

CARL
(upset)
I don't have my earplugs!

VINCE
(slight smile)
Do you like any music, Carl?

CARL
I like Frank.

VINCE
Frank who?

He hides the smile this time -- Carl looks at him for a beat like he's going to hit him.

INT. THE CIVIC CENTER ARENA - NIGHT

Soundgarden blasts on stage; there are thousands of young people in this huge arena. There is a Pit in front of the stage.

Trish makes her way towards the Pit. She wears the short white dress and the blonde wig. Closer and closer to the Pit, she starts to dance. Vince stays back at a distance watching her.

And then she suddenly starts to hurl herself... and she is on top of shoulders, above the Pit... the moshers throwing her, pulling at her, this beautiful young woman in the short white dress.

As Soundgarden blasts, lighters are being lighted up... pieces of kleenex are put afire and hurled into the Pit at the moshers.

In the Pit, her body above them, they are pulling at her dress... squeezing at her breasts... going into frenzy... the dress is off of her now... she is in bra and panties... somebody spreads her legs... they are trying to pull her panties off... her bra comes off.

We see her face, up high, above the bodies... her wig is gone now... her eyes are closed... she looks to be in some kind of rapture, naked except for her panties... they are squeezing her body, kneading her flesh... and the panties come off.

And Vince suddenly runs into the Pit... shoving through... gouging... fists flying... he grabs her, holds her, fights his way out of the Pit and through the moshers as he holds her naked against himself, draping her around him.

INT. A POLICE CAR - NIGHT

61.

She sits in the backseat, covered with a blanket -- her eyes are closed. We see lots of uniformed cops around, lots of kids from the concert.

Vince opens the back door of the car.

VINCE

Are you okay? We're taking you
downtown.

She opens her eyes, looks at him. She speaks as if in a trance.

TRISH

(quietly)

I saw you die. I saw a blue van.

VINCE

(after a beat)

How did I die?

TRISH

You got shot in the head.

He looks at her a long beat.

VINCE

Why did you do that in there?

TRISH

I did it for you.

He stares at her.

TRISH

I knew you were there.

(a beat)

I wanted you to see me.

He stares at her.

TRISH

Did you get off?

(a beat; she smiles)

I did.

A beat, and he steps back from her, closes the door, and looks at her through the window as she smiles at him.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - NIGHT 62.

Trish is being questioned. The room is bare and harshly lighted. There is a two-way mirror at the end of it. She sits on a chair, wearing a prison uniform, the blanket still around her. She looks very young, very tired, very vulnerable.

Sitting on chairs in different parts of the room are Vince, Carl, Joe Baka, Sanders, and Dr. Hollander.

SANDERS

Why did you escape from the hospital?

TRISH

(after a beat)

I was afraid.

She speaks quietly, keeps her eyes down. She looks almost fragile.

VINCE

(gently)

What were you afraid of?

She looks at him a beat, warmth in her eyes.

TRISH

(quietly)

I don't want to tell you that.

VINCE

(gently)

You can tell me -- it's okay.

He touches her hand with his. Carl can't believe what he is seeing.

TRISH

(quietly, to Vince)

I don't want no more trouble.

VINCE

(gently)

It'll be okay. I promise.

He holds her hand now. Carl looks like he's going to explode.

TRISH

(to Vince, quietly)

I just want to sing, V. All I want to do is sing.

They are looking into each other's eyes.

CARL
(suddenly, loud)
Then sing for Christ's sake! Tell us
the damn truth!

She seems to almost recoil from his tone and manner.

JOE BAKA
Easy, Carl.

CARL
(loud, hard)
Easy? We used to hit 'em with
telephone books. Now we can't even
ask questions?

TRISH
(in a little voice)
Are you going to hit me?

Vince gives Carl a look. He holds her hand.

VINCE
No one's going to hurt you. I
promise.

She looks at Vince, then at Carl -- she looks frightened.
Carl shakes his head.

JOE BAKA
(gently)
What were you afraid of, miss?
Please. You have nothing to be afraid
of. We'll protect you.

Carl looks at him in utter disbelief. He rolls his eyes.
A long beat, then --

TRISH
(quietly)
My father.

Carl jumps up from his chair.

CARL
(loud, hard)
Aw, horseshit! Why don't you just get
some damn violins in here?!

JOE BAKA
(flat)
Carl, I'm going to ask you to leave
this room.

Carl looks astounded at that, then hurt.

CARL

Fine. You and damn Arliss.

And he storms out of the room. A long beat, and then --

JOE BAKA

(to Vince)

What was all that about?

VINCE

(shrugs)

Arliss wanted to talk to me alone.

TRISH

(smiles)

I knew he'd like you. He's a good judge of character.

SANDERS

Why were you afraid of your father?

TRISH

He called me in the hospital. He said he was going to kill me if I told...

JOE BAKA

So you ran...

TRISH

I called Billy. I hit that policeman.

(a beat)

I'm sorry.

She looks like a little girl about to cry.

JOE BAKA

Go on.

TRISH

He came to pick me up. Then, in the car, I saw the pig. V was following us. I led him there.

JOE BAKA

You saw the pig by the Bridge to Nowhere?

She nods.

DR. HOLLANDER

When you have these... visions... do you see the bodies, too?

TRISH

(after a beat, quietly)

Just the pigs. I see the tide red... the pigs in the sea.

DR. HOLLANDER

What do you feel when you have these visions?

TRISH

(after a beat)

All fuzzy... warm... like a mist in front of my eyes... like after Billy and I make it in his sauna.

They look at her a beat. She takes her hand away from Vince.

VINCE

Is Arliss Radley's wife a friend of yours?

TRISH

(to Vince)

Dominique? You know she is. You saw her with her tongue in my mouth. You saw us praying to Jesus.

JOE BAKA

You have an intimate relationship with her?

TRISH

(shrugs)

We do a lot of ex together. We do a lot of sex together.

(she smiles)

I like ex. I like sex.

They look at her a beat.

VINCE

How did you meet her?

TRISH

Arliss wrote me about her. She came to see me. We had some ex. We had some sex.

DR. HOLLANDER

When was the first time you had one of these visions, Trish? Do you remember?

TRISH

(after a beat)

Yes.

She looks scared again.

DR. HOLLANDER

(gently)

Can you tell us?

A long beat -- she covers her face with her hands for a beat -- and then looks at them. She speaks in a hollow voice. 66.

TRISH

When I was little... I had this
dollhouse... I loved that dollhouse...
my father burned it... I cried so
hard... that's when I had it.

DR. HOLLANDER

(very gently)

What was it, Trish? What did you see?

TRISH

(after a long beat)

I saw... I saw...

She starts very softly to cry.

TRISH

It was Donald Duck... at Disneyland?

(a long beat; she cries)

I saw Donald die.

INT. A ROOM NEXT TO THE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Carl watches her through the two-way mirror. His mouth is wide open. And then he calmly starts beating his head against the wall.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

She is crying.

DR. HOLLANDER

(very gently)

How did Donald die, Trish?

She is crying.

DR. HOLLANDER

(very gently)

Please, Trish, tell us. How did
Donald die?

TRISH

(after a long beat)

Mickey killed him.

DR. HOLLANDER

(very gently)

How did Mickey kill Donald?

TRISH

He shot him in the head.

She looks at them. They stare at her.

INT. THE ROOM NEXT TO THE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

We see her through the two-way mirror, still in the interrogation room. She sits against a wall, covered by the blanket, staring off.

In this room are Vince, Carl, Dr. Hollander, Joe Baka, and Sanders. Carl has a bruise on his forehead.

DR. HOLLANDER

Her first vision is consistent with psychics -- it was the result of a deep childhood trauma. Just try to imagine the scar of having your dollhouse burn and seeing Donald Duck die.

Hollander looks moved.

CARL

(suddenly, upset)

He didn't damn die! She's making the whole thing up. He's alive. It's all a crock -- the business about her father, the pig at the bridge. It's all a lie. She's killing people!

DR. HOLLANDER

(quietly)

I don't think so. I think she's suffering. She's deeply scarred, deeply dysfunctional. I think she sees these pigs and feels great guilt for seeing them. I think she somehow blames herself for these murders.

CARL

Blames herself! She's laughing herself silly in there. She's got us shedding tears over Donald Duck!

DR. HOLLANDER

(quietly)

Look at her.

They look at her in the interrogation room. She is slumped against the wall, her eyes closed, curled into the fetal position against the wall.

68.

DR. HOLLANDER

(sadly)

She doesn't look like she's laughing
to me.

JOE BAKA

(to Vince)

What do you think?

CARL

What are you asking him for? He's on
her side.

VINCE

(after a beat)

I don't think she killed anybody.

CARL

What'd I tell you?

DR. HOLLANDER

She needs help. She's a victim.

They're still watching her through the two-way mirror.

CARL

(upset, hard)

We're the damn victims!

SANDERS

We can bust her for hitting the room
guard. We've got nothing else.

VINCE

He's an asshole.

CARL

He's a police officer!

Jackson comes into the room holding a telex.

JACKSON

This is from Interpol. Dominique
Radley is a multi-millionaire. Her
family owns six wineries in France.
Arliss is her third husband. Her
first was a serial killer in Belgium,
her second was a serial killer in
London.

CARL

These damn guys, they get more damn
women than anybody on the outside.

VINCE

Let's talk to her.

CARL

What for? She's just gonna give us another crock of shit and we're gonna wind up thanking her for feeding it to us.

JOE BAKA

(sharp)

I don't like your attitude, Carl.

Carl looks at him a beat, then --

CARL

(angrily)

What are you gonna do with her? Just tell me that!

He indicates Trish in the next room.

JOE BAKA

We're gonna let her go.

CARL

(pop-eyed)

You're gonna let her go? You're not gonna arrest her?

DR. HOLLANDER

Maybe we can give her a ride home. She looks very vulnerable to me.

VINCE

Sure, we'll give her one.

Carl just stares at them wild-eyed.

DR. HOLLANDER

(to Baka)

You need more men like Cochran on this force, chief. I like his humanity.

Vince smiles.

JOE BAKA

(smiles)

Thanks, doc. I brought him down here you know.

Carl looks at them wild-eyed, his mouth wide open. He looks like he is gasping for breath.

INT. THEIR CAR - NIGHT

Vince drives; Carl sits next to him, his face stone, staring ahead. Trish sits in the back, still wearing her prison uniform. She still has the blanket around her.

TRISH
I like this outfit, don't you?

70.

She means her prison uniform. Vince glances at her in the rearview mirror.

VINCE
(smiles)
It looks nice on you.

Carl stares ahead, his face stone, not moving a muscle.

TRISH
(smiles)
I needed a new blanket.
(a beat)
There's a Butthole Surfer concert next week -- Billy can get tickets if you want.

VINCE
(smiles)
That'd be all right.

He looks at her in the rearview mirror. Carl stares ahead, his face stone, not moving a muscle.

TRISH
(smiles)
You can come, too, pop. You'd like Butthole Surfers.

She laughs. Carl stares ahead, his face stone, not moving a muscle.

TRISH
(laughing)
God, pop. You've got to chill.

They stop at Billy Hawks' estate. She jumps out of the back of the car. She stops at Vince's window.

TRISH
(smiles)
Thanks for the ride, V.

He smiles at her and she leans down and kisses him gently on the lips, then runs towards the house. Carl stares ahead, his face stone, not moving a muscle. A beat, and then Carl suddenly snorts some phlegm and spits it viciously out his window.

VINCE
(disgusted)
Jesus, Carl. She's right. Chill out.

Carl stares ahead, his face stone, not moving a muscle.

EXT. A SMALL POLICE BOAT - DAY

Carl drives it. Vince is next to him. They are heading towards a small island in the Gulf. It is a dazzling summer day; the island shimmers ahead.

CARL

(very pleasant)

I didn't know there were any houses on this key. I thought it was all a nature preserve. Isn't it a beautiful day?

He smiles. Vince looks at him.

VINCE

(smiles)

You look pretty chilled out this morning, Carl.

CARL

(smiles)

Yes, sir. I took your advice. I had me eight ice-cold Budweiser beers. I'm probably still drunk.

(he laughs)

But you know what? Everything else is so damn cock-eyed.

Vince looks at him suspiciously. Carl smiles. The boat gets to a dock. Two uniformed security guards stand on the dock holding rifles on them.

CARL

(to Vince, smiles)

See what I mean?

ONE OF THE GUARDS

Hold it right there! This is a private island!

CARL

(big smile)

Yes, sir!

Vince glances at him.

VINCE

We're police officers. We're here to speak to Dominique Radley.

THE OTHER SECURITY GUARD

You got an appointment?

CARL

(to Vince, laughs)

Yes, sir. We gotta have an appointment!

VINCE

(hard)

We don't need any goddamn appointment.
If you don't put those guns down,
we're gonna take all of you in!

CARL

(laughs)

He's just kiddin you about that. We
don't do that anymore.

A SECURITY GUARD

(officiously)

We're Wackenhut Security!

CARL

(impressed)

They're Wackenhut Security. We'd
better go.

Vince gives him a look, then --

VINCE

(hard)

I don't give a shit what you are,
asshole. Put the fuckin' gun down?

A beat, and the guards put their rifles down.

CARL

(smiles, to Vince)

Now that was real humanity for you.

INT. A MANSION - DAY

Another security guard leads them through a gorgeous
antebellum mansion filled with art objects... to a
glassed-in sunroom overlooking the sea.

Dominique Radley sits there. She wears a very sexy, but
very classy dress. She is a beautiful woman. She speaks
with a French accent.

VINCE

Hello, I'm detective Cochran, this is
de--

DOMINIQUE

(smiles)

Yes, I know who you are. Hello.
Trish called to say you would probably
be visiting.

CARL

(looks around)

Some palace Arliss has himself here.

73.

DOMINIQUE

(smiles)

Thank you. I yearn for the day when
he can see it.

CARL

(smiles)

Send him some pictures. He likes
pictures.

Vince glances at him.

DOMINIQUE

(smiles)

I will. May I get you some coffee
perhaps.

VINCE

No thanks.

CARL

(smiles)

I'd like a Budweiser beer.

Vince gives him a look.

DOMINIQUE

(smiles)

Kronenbourg?

CARL

(smiles)

No thanks.

DOMINIQUE

(smiles)

Beck's?

CARL

(smiles)

Stroh's?

DOMINIQUE

(smiles)

I'm sorry. Please sit down. How can
I help you?

(a beat, to Vince)

We've met, haven't we? Yes, at
Billy's party. You were having sex
with Jackie and Max. I remember now.

CARL

(to himself)

Oh boy.

(a beat, to Dominique)

I'll take the Beck's. Two, please.

74.
She smiles, picks up a phone, says something into it in French. Vince gives Carl a look. Carl gives him a vacuous smile. She hangs up.

DOMINIQUE

(to Vince)

I was sorry to hear about Jackie. I had sex with her on several occasions, too. She was quite extraordinary.

Carl starts to laugh quietly.

DOMINIQUE

(to Carl)

Forgive me. Did I say something amusing? My English is not very good.

She smiles -- Carl can't stop laughing.

CARL

(laughing)

It's just me. I'm just all screwed up.

DOMINIQUE

(smiles)

Would you like some aspirin?

CARL

(laughing)

I'll take the bottle.

Vince looks at him. He forces his laughter to stop.

CARL

(smiles)

Just kidding. No thanks. I'm okay.

They look at him a beat. He looks down, has stopped laughing.

VINCE

How did you meet Trish?

DOMINIQUE

Arliss liked her letters so much he wrote me about her. I went down to the club with my brother. She is quite extraordinary. Have you had sex with her yet?

Carl starts to laugh quietly again -- he leans down and covers his face with his hands.

VINCE

No.

DOMINIQUE

Billy told me you would. I recommend
her to you.

A big man with a shaven head arrives with a silver platter
on which are two Beck's.

DOMINIQUE

(to Carl)

Here's your Beck's.

Carl removes his hands from his face, reaches for the
bottles.

DOMINIQUE

This is my brother Viktor. You must
excuse him. He does not like
policemen. He killed three in France.
He was released last year.

Carl looks at Viktor, who gives him an ugly look. He
takes a bottle, puts it into his mouth, and slugs all of
it. He holds the other bottle -- Viktor leaves.

VINCE

Are you intimate with Trish?

DOMINIQUE

Not at the present.

Carl is slugging the other bottle now -- he looks
surprised.

DOMINIQUE

(smiles)

Don't let that concern you. She has
had intimate relationships with men
and women at the same time.

CARL

(to Vince, smiles)

Hell no, that's no problem.

(to Dominique)

Dead soldiers.

He holds the two empty beer bottles up -- Vince looks at
him.

DOMINIQUE

(smiles)

I'm sorry?

CARL

(smiles)

It's a toast -- you know. Dead
soldiers. They're empty.

DOMINIQUE
(after a beat)
Oh, I see.
(she smiles)
In Europe... dead soldiers... not so
funny.

CARL
(smiles)
Yeah, you're right, I'm sorry.

DOMINIQUE
(smiles)
Sure. Thanks.

Vince glances at him. She gets on the phone again, says something in French.

DOMINIQUE
(to Carl)
Would you like some blood sausage with
it? It's quite extraordinary. We
raise our own pigs here.

CARL
(smiles)
Sure. Thanks.

He suddenly pokes Vince in the ribs. Vince winces. She keeps talking on the phone.

CARL
(to Vince)
They raise their own pigs here. Pigs.

VINCE
I heard her.

He looks pissed off.

DOMINIQUE
(smiles)
My brother's a butcher.

CARL
Did he butcher those policemen?

DOMINIQUE
(smiles)
Yes he did.

CARL
(smiles)
Sure. It figures.

VINCE
(to Dominique)
How did you meet Arliss?

77,

CARL

(smiles)

She didn't have sex with him, that's for sure.

DOMINIQUE

(smiles)

No. Arliss and I have a platonic relationship... as I had with my first two husbands.

(a beat)

We have refined looking at each other, however. It is quite extraordinary what you can feel with eye contact. Even with the glass.

CARL

(to himself)

Uh-huh. Here we go.

DOMINIQUE

Sometimes I find myself... flowing... looking at him.

CARL

(quietly)

Flowing?

DOMINIQUE

(smiles)

Yes.

And Carl starts to laugh. They look at him -- he waves his hands at them, can't stop laughing.

DOMINIQUE

(to Vince)

The only other person I find myself so... flowing with... is my brother.

And that's it. Carl can't handle any more. He gets up, laughing harder, waving his hands at them and starts to walk out. As he does, Viktor comes back with a silver tray with two more bottles of Beck's. Carl grabs the beers off the tray, then jumps back warily from Viktor and, laughing, walks out of the room. A long beat after he leaves.

DOMINIQUE

Alzheimer's?

VINCE

(after a beat)

I think he just chilled out a little too much.

DOMINIQUE

Poor man. He is quite extraordinary.

She smiles.

EXT. THE POLICE BOAT - DAY

Vince comes into the boat -- Carl is sitting there in the sun, still laughing.

VINCE

You okay?

He keeps laughing.

VINCE

(hard)

Hey -- you okay?

He stops laughing, nods.

CARL

Did you have sex with her?

He starts to laugh again.

VINCE

(hard)

What the hell is the matter with you?
I don't have sex with every woman that
I see.

He stops laughing.

CARL

You don't?

VINCE

(hard)

No.

CARL

You could've fooled me.

And he starts to laugh again.

INT. A COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Carl is slugging down one cup of black coffee after another. Vince watches him.

VINCE

You all right?

Carl nods. He still looks like he's going to start laughing any minute.

VINCE

You sure?

Carl drinks more coffee, then nods, looks up at him.

CARL

Yeah.

A long beat between them as they look at each other.

CARL

(affectionately)

Thank you.

VINCE

(smiles)

You're welcome.

They look at each other a beat.

CARL

What do we do now?

VINCE

We talk to Billy Hawks. All trails lead to Billy Hawks.

CARL

You sure you want to do that?

VINCE

Yeah. Why?

CARL

Well... you don't want to screw up the Sandcastle Contest.

A beat, and then Vince looks at him and starts to laugh. Carl looks at him and smiles.

EXT. THE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

They are getting into their car.

CARL

You didn't have sex with him, did you?

VINCE

No.

CARL
He didn't have sex with you, either?

VINCE
No.

CARL
(smiles)
Just checking.

They get into the car.

EXT. BILLY HAWKS' ESTATE - DUSK

They hit the door with the brass knocker. The knocker is a skull.

A formally dressed English butler answers the door.

THE BUTLER
(smiles)
Mr. V.

VINCE
Is he around?

THE BUTLER
May I ask you -- are you here
officially or unofficially, sir?

VINCE
Officially.

CARL
Unofficially.

Vince looks at him.

CARL
(smiles)
I thought maybe I could have sex with
somebody, too, if I said that.

THE BUTLER
(raised eyebrow)
I beg your pardon, sir?

VINCE
(hard)
Officially!

THE BUTLER
(smiles)
Follow me, sir.

EXT. THE BOAT DOCK - DUSK

It is behind the estate -- we see two very hot-looking cigarette boats. Billy Hawks is working on one of them. He is wearing only swimming trunks. He sees them coming, grins.

BILLY
Hey, V. How are ya, pops?

CARL
(smiles)
I'm just fine, thank you, son.

Billy looks Carl over, smiles.

BILLY
(to Vince)
What'd you do to pops, give him some acid?

CARL
(smiles)
I chilled out.

BILLY
(laughs)
Well good for you. You want some blow, pops?

CARL
(smiles)
No, thank you. I'm taking it slow and easy.

BILLY
(smiles)
That's the ticket.

VINCE
(hard)
Stop playing with me, Billy.

BILLY
(after a beat)
I'm not playing with you. I'm fixing the fuel line.
(a beat)
Chill, V.

CARL
(smiles)
That's the ticket.

BILLY
(smiles)
How am I playing with you, V?

Jackie. VINCE

82.

BILLY
(smiles)
Jackie? Are you saying I killed
Jackie?

CARL
There goes the Sandcastle Contest.

BILLY
(hard; to Carl)
You betcha.
(to Vince)
Are you saying that to me, V?

A long beat -- as Vince looks at him.

CARL
(to Vince)
Go on and say it -- be a man.
(a beat, then)
No, don't. He's right. Chill.

A long beat -- as Vince and Billy look at each other.

VINCE
What did she tell you when she called
you from the hospital?

BILLY
(smiles)
Jackie didn't call me from the
hospital.

CARL
(smiles, to Vince)
He's playing with you again.

BILLY
(smiles)
I really like you, pops.

VINCE
(hard)
What did she say?

BILLY
She told me her dad threatened to kill
her. I went to pick her up. She had
a vision in the car. We took you to
see the pig.

83,

CARL

If I wasn't chilled out, I'd say
they're lying. I'd say they're all
lying. But I'm not gonna say it. I'm
taking it slow and easy.

BILLY

(smiles)

That's the ticket.

VINCE

(hard)

How do you know Arliss?

BILLY

I don't know Arliss. I know
Dominique.

CARL

(smiles)

Here it comes. You betcha.

BILLY

I don't really know Dominique...

CARL

(smiles)

But...

BILLY

But I've had sex with Dominique.

CARL

(smiles)

Yes siree.

Vince glances at Carl a beat.

VINCE

(hard)

Where's Trish?

BILLY

She's not here anymore.

VINCE

I thought she was afraid of her
father.

BILLY

(smiles)

Not anymore. I took care of it for
her. I called him up and threatened
to kill him.

CARL

Good for you, son. Be a man.

BILLY
(smiles)
Thanks, pops.
(to Vince)
She called you before she left.

VINCE
She did?

BILLY
(smiles)
She said the tide was red and there
were pigs in the sea.

CARL
Batten down the hatches, here we go
again!

BILLY
(quietly, hard)
Hey, V? I don't appreciate you coming
in here with an attitude. I've been
good to you, man.

CARL
(to Vince)
You're in deep shit now, boy.

BILLY
(looks at Vince)
You betcha.

He and Vince look at each other a long beat, then --

BILLY
(to Carl)
You come by, pops, whenever you're
ready for that blow.

CARL
(smiles)
Thank you, son.

INT. THEIR CAR - NIGHT

Vince starts it up. They are parked outside Billy Hawks' estate. He looks intense, pissed off. Carl looks at him, sees he's upset.

CARL
Let's go have us some Budweiser beers,
V.

They start driving.

VINCE
What are you calling me V for?

CARL
Everybody else calls you V. I like
it. It's chilled.

VINCE
I don't like you calling me that.

CARL
How come? I'm chilled.

VINCE
You're my partner, for Christ's sake.

He stops suddenly. They see a blue van up ahead, stopped
at a side entrance to Billy Hawks' estate.

CARL
What?

VINCE
It's a blue van.

CARL
What if it is?

VINCE
What's it doing here?

CARL
They're probably having sex in it.

VINCE
I'm gonna check it out.

CARL
(shaking his head)
Can't you ever get enough?

Vince puts the siren on suddenly... and as he does, the
blue van rockets ahead.

Vince steps on the gas, hard, and pulls alongside it --
the windows are tinted black. The van won't pull over.
And then we see the driver's window come down an inch...

There is a shot and the glass behind Carl shatters.

CARL
Well I'll be a sonofabitch.

He draws his gun.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

The blue van is ahead of them -- Vince tries to pull their
car alongside, but can't.

We see the window of the van come down an inch again and another shot rings out. We can't see who is inside.

86,

INT. THEIR CAR - NIGHT

Vince pulls the car alongside and Carl shoots one of the van's tires out. The van veers wildly and crashes into a parked car.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

Vince and Carl jump out, guns in their hands. We see people on the street... they are in a very touristy area... run for cover.

VINCE

(yelling)

Get out with your hands up!

CARL

(yelling)

Throw that damn gun out here!

They crouch down, ready to shoot. The door of the van opens slowly. They have their fingers on their triggers. A beat, and then a gun is thrown out.

They rush to the van door, hurl it open, guns drawn. A middle-aged fat man sits there, sobbing -- next to him is a middle-aged fat woman, a big brown bag in her hands. She is hysterical.

VINCE

(yelling)

Get the fuck outta the car! Get your hands up!

They take them out roughly, spread them against the van. They see that both the man and the woman are sobbing. They glance at each other.

VINCE

(hard)

Who the fuck are you?

THE MAN

(in thick German accent)

Hans Schwabel, Bremerhaven,
Deutschland -- no hurt, please! No hurt!

VINCE

(after a beat)

What?

THE MAN
Tourista -- come Florida --
Bremerhaven, Deutschland --

VINCE
What'd you shoot at us for?

THE MAN
Florida bad. Gangsters. We buy
pistol -- Miami. Don't hurt. Please
no hurt. I give you money.

VINCE
(quietly)
Jesus.

He looks at Carl.

VINCE
What's in the bag?

Carl opens the woman's bag, holds the fish up.

CARL
Catfish.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

Vince and Carl stand there... we see the Germans being
interviewed by other cops -- the man looks like he's
having a heart attack. Joe Baka is suddenly there.

JOE BAKA
(very angry)
What the fuck? You're shooting
tourists?

VINCE
They shot at us, Bep. It's a blue
van. We had that description of a
blue van --

JOE BAKA
(very angry)
They're tourists! Their travel agent
told them not to come. They came
anyway! They like catfish!

CARL
I'll go tell 'em how to fry it up real
good. They like to eat.

He starts away.

JOE BAKA
(very angry)
You stay right here!

Carl stops, stays.

JOE BAKA
Billy Hawks called McAllister.

CARL
No more Sandcastle Contest.

JOE BAKA
(very angry)
How'd you know that?

VINCE
We talked to him and Arliss' wife!

JOE BAKA
(after a beat)
I hope whatever you found out is worth
McAllister being pissed off at me.

CARL
(casually)
Hell yes. We found out everybody's
having sex with everybody else. She's
having sex with the girl... with her
brother... with Arliss --

JOE BAKA
(very angry)
Arliss is in jail!

CARL
(smiles)
They've got their evil ways.

JOE BAKA
(very angry)
That's what you found out? That's why
we lost the Sandcastle Contest?

CARL
(casually)
Hell no. We also found out Billy's
having sex with the girl... with
Arliss' wife... with the butler
probably... with everybody, I guess.
(a beat)
Did you find any pigs yet? She had
herself another vision?

Joe Baka stares at him, his eyes wide.

CARL

(smiles)

I'll go tell 'em how to fry that
catfish up -- good P-R and all that,
welcome to St. Pete.

And he walks away. Joe Baka stares at Vince a long beat.

JOE BAKA

(quietly)

Jesus Christ, Vincent. A girl you're
with winds up stark-naked dead outside
your house, you cost this city the
Sandcastle Contest, you play cowboys
and Indians with the Germans -- I
can't protect you anymore, Vincent.

VINCE

(quietly, sadly)

I know it, Bep.

EXT. VINCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He gets out of what looks like a battered old detective's
car, something out of Rent-a-Wreck.

He looks down in the dumps. He goes up to his house. He
stops on the deck, looks at the moon and the water for a
long beat.

INT. HIS HOUSE - NIGHT

He goes in. The house is dark. He goes to the fridge in
the darkness, takes out a beer, pops it. He takes a long
slug.

He goes towards his bedroom, the lights still off.

INT. HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

He goes in, puts the lights on, freezes.

There, on his bed, is the body of a young woman -- her
legs are spread, her knees up. Her pubic hair is shaved,
her hands are behind her head.

We recognize her. It is Max, the other girl he had sex
with at Billy Hawks' party.

He stares, his eyes huge.

INT. HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

The room is filled with policemen, forensics people, the deputy coroner, etc. It is harshly lighted with big, bright spotlights.

We see Carl, Sanders, Jackson, and Thipen. Vince stands in a corner, staring at the girl's body, a beer in his hand.

Joe Baka comes in. He looks at the girl's body, then looks at Vince staring at her.

JOE BAKA
(very quietly)
Tell me you don't know her.

CARL
(upset)
What are you asking him for? You know what he's gonna say.

VINCE
(quietly)
I know her.

CARL
(to Joe, upset)
Cut it out -- you know he knows her.

JOE BAKA
(to Vince, very quietly)
Tell me --

CARL
(upset)
Don't ask him. Come on! Have a heart! He's a cop! He's my partner!

JOE BAKA
(after a long beat,
quietly)
Tell me you didn't have sex with her.

CARL
(quietly, hurt)
Oh, man.

A beat, and Vince looks at Joe Baka.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Vince sits on a chair, surrounded by Carl, Joe Baka, McAllister, Sanders, Jackson, and Thipen.

91.

CARL

(upset)

I'm his alibi. He's been with me!

He gets up, starts walking around the room.

SANDERS

He hasn't been with you 24 hours a day.

CARL

(to Sanders)

You're just pissed off that he's having sex all the time.

SANDERS

I resent that. It's a sexist comment. It also implies that I'm not having sex --

CARL

Fine. You're having sex all the time just like everybody else is... except me. I haven't had any in ten years.

SANDERS

(smiles)

That doesn't surprise me.

(to Joe Baka)

Should I read him his rights?

CARL

Come on -- we don't arrest anybody else anymore, but we're gonna arrest him? He's one of us.

JOE BAKA

(after a long beat,
to Sanders)

No.

A long beat, and then McAllister hands Joe Baka a file. Joe Baka looks at McAllister for a beat like he could kill him, then passes the file to Vince.

A beat, Vince opens the file... and we see it. There are photographs showing him at Billy Hawks' party. They show him in bed with the two young women -- Jackie and Max. They show him snorting coke. Carl looks at the photographs over Vince's shoulder. He closes his eyes a beat.

MCALLISTER

Explain that.

Vince looks at McAllister, then at Joe Baka, and shakes his head.

CARL

(sadly)

He had himself a party. Can't a man
have himself a little party anymore?

A long beat, as they look at him, Vince looks down at the
floor.

JOE BAKA

(quietly)

You're fired, Vincent. As of right
now. You're off the force.

A long beat -- Carl turns away, looks at a wall. And then
Vince nods slowly and gets up. He starts for the door.

JOE BAKA

(hard, loud)

Say something, for Christ's sake!

Vince turns, looks at them a long beat.

VINCE

(quietly)

It's only rock and roll --

He looks for a beat like he's going to cry.

VINCE

(quietly)

But I liked it.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Vince comes out, carrying his things in a box. He walks
up to the battered old detective's car and sees Carl
sitting in it.

CARL

Did they take the keys from you?

VINCE

Not yet.

Vince throws his things in the back, gets in.

CARL

They will.

(a beat)

You want to go have a Budweiser beer?

VINCE

(after a beat)

No.

He looks at Carl a beat -- Carl doesn't look at him.
Then, hurt, Carl starts to get out of the car.

CARL
Suit yourself.

93,

VINCE
You want to go have six or eight?
Carl stops, turns to him, and smiles slowly.

INT. A CORNER BAR - NIGHT

It is the place where Carl hangs out. They are sitting at the bar, empty bottles of Budweiser all around them. We see other older guys sitting around -- the bartender is an overweight guy about Carl's age.

CARL
You're better off. We ain't in the cop business no more. We're in the kiss-ass business. Welcome to St. Pete.

The jukebox plays Sinatra's "September Song": "They have little to offer but the songs they sing... And a plentiful waste of time of day... a plentiful waste of time."

Carl looks at Vince, sees he looks depressed.

CARL
What are you gonna do with yourself?

VINCE
I don't know, Carl. Go down to the Keys maybe.
(a beat; he smiles)
Maybe I'll buy myself a bass guitar.
I used to play it.

CARL
(smiles)
There you go. That's the ticket.

CARL
You miss playin it?

VINCE
I don't know. I don't know what I miss. But I'll miss being a cop.

Sinatra sings: "For it's a long long time from May to December... But the days grow short... when you reach September...when the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame... One hasn't got time for the waiting game."

CARL
I miss so damn many things. I miss...
(he laughs)
Richard Nixon.

94,

VINCE
(laughs)
Richard Nixon?

CARL
I do. And Lee Marvin. And car
windows that you roll up yourself.
And basketball games where they don't
slam dunk all the time. And smoking.
I miss smoking so damn much I even
miss second-hand smoke. But you know
what I miss most of all?

VINCE
(laughs)
What?

CARL
(loud)
I miss catching really big catfish!

VINCE
(laughs)
I hate catfish.

CARL
(laughs)
I know you do.

Sinatra sings: "Oh the days dwindle down... to a precious
few... September... November."

CARL
What do you miss?

VINCE
(after a beat)
I miss Elvis, I guess.

CARL
How can you miss him? He's everywhere
you look.

VINCE
(laughs)
I miss John Lennon.

CARL
No sir, I never did like any of those
damn Communists.

Sinatra sings: "And these precious few days... I'll spend
with you... these precious days... I'll spend with you."

VINCE
(quietly)
But more than anything else, I miss
Trish.

Carl looks at him a long beat.

CARL
(quietly)
You dumb sonofabitch. You damn stupid
dumb sonofabitch.

Vince looks at him, smiles a little, then looks away from him.

CARL
(quietly)
Then go find her.

Vince looks at him a beat and smiles slowly. A long beat, and he gets up.

VINCE
Thanks for the beers.

He looks at Carl.

VINCE
I'll miss you, pops.

CARL
(after a beat)
I'll miss you too, son.

They look at each other a beat, smile... and Vince starts to leave. Carl turns back to his beer, takes a long slug off the bottle. He almost looks like he's holding back tears.

INT. HAWK'S EYE - NIGHT

Vince walks in -- he looks a little high. The club is full -- hundreds of bodies, pulsating, moving.

Trish is up onstage with her band. She wears the prison uniform she got when they questioned her. She has the "Police -- Crime Scene" band around her head. The hoop is back in her nose. She is wearing her silver cross. She is doing Warren Zevon's "Werewolves of London."

Vince stops, watches her. She sees him, turns to him, sings to him.

Trish: "Ow woo, werewolves of London... ow woo... ow woo, werewolves of London... ow woo."

Vince keeps his eyes on her, drifts towards the bar.

Trish: "You hear him prowling around your kitchen door... better not let him in... little old lady got mutilated last night... werewolves of London again."

She keeps her eyes on Vince as he drifts towards the bar. 96.

He sees Billy Hawks sitting there, looking gorgeous.
Billy smiles.

BILLY

I heard about poor Max. They found
her in your bed?

A beat, and Vince coldcocks him, knocks Billy right off
the barstool onto the floor.

There is pandemonium, chaos, as security guards and
patrons run there.

Trish: "Owe woo, werewolves of London... ow woo,
werewolves of London."

Security guards grab Vince, drag him towards a back door.
Billy shakes himself off, looks at Trish, smiles, and
follows them.

Trish is trying to see what is happening at the back door.
She keeps singing.

Trish: "He's got a hairy, hairy chest... ran amok in
Kent... lately he's been overheard in Mayfair... you
better stay away from him."

EXT. THE CLUB - THE BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Two security guards hold Vince as Billy Hawks hits him.
Once, twice, three times -- in the gut, the face. Vince
is bleeding -- he slumps to the ground.

TRISH

(behind them, screams)
Leave him alone!

She runs there.

BILLY

(smiles)
Whatever you want, babe.

A beat, and she suddenly claws Billy across the face. A
beat, he looks at her, and then he touches the blood on
his face. Another beat, as he looks at her... and he
licks the blood from his finger and walks away.

Trish gets down on the ground... Vince is bleeding... she
puts her arms around him. She kisses the blood on his
face... and helps him up.

INT. TRISH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

He is standing in front of the mirror. She is cleaning his face, trying to stop the bleeding with a towel. She is still wearing her prison outfit.

TRISH
(smiles)

There.

He looks at himself in the mirror -- he's got a cut above his eye -- his nose looks hurt.

VINCE

Thanks.

He looks at her... and then he kisses her on the lips, very gently. A long beat, as she kisses him, and then --

TRISH
What'd you hit him for?

VINCE
He deserved it.

She looks frightened.

TRISH
He doesn't fight fair.

VINCE
That's why I hit him.

He puts his hands on her butt, pulls her in, starts to kiss her again.

INT. HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

He is taking her clothes off slowly... and then she is naked. The framed photographs of Arliss Radley are on the wall facing the bed. He kisses her, starts lowering her to the bed.

TRISH
We can't.

He stops, looks at her.

TRISH
It's my period.

He kisses her again.

VINCE
I don't care.

TRISH

What about the blood?

VINCE

I don't care about the blood.

TRISH

I do.

He starts to kiss her again. She looks frightened.

TRISH

My father would make me...

VINCE

It's okay. It's okay.

He holds her.

TRISH

Hold me. Just hold me.

And he lowers her to the bed. She is naked -- he holds her tight. He still has his clothes on.

INT. HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

He wakes up. He sees Arliss Radley looking at him from the framed photographs on the wall. He is alone in the bed. He still has his clothes on.

VINCE

Trish?

There is no answer. He gets up.

VINCE

Trish?

The apartment is dark. He moves slowly in the pitch black, looking for her. He hears a strange hiss suddenly, startling him badly, and he sees her.

She is huddled into the corner on the floor. She is shaking, naked. He moves towards her.

TRISH

The tide is red. There are pigs in the sea.

She hisses the words at him, her voice very spooky, her eyes completely dilated.

TRISH

(in a whisper)

I see them.

99.

VINCE
What do you see?

TRISH
(in a whisper)
Two of them.
(a beat)
A butcher knife.
(a beat)
They slashed its throat.
(a beat)
They're in a green boat.
(a beat)
They're bringing it.
(a beat)
They're bringing it to the bridge.

A long beat, as he stares at her... and then he hurries to the telephone.

EXT. THE SUNSHINE SKYWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

They stand under the bridge, down on the shore. It is the middle of the night. There are no boats out on the bay.

And then the police boat comes roaring towards them -- to a dock near the shore.

VINCE
Come on.

TRISH
I don't want to.

She looks frightened.

VINCE
It'll be okay.

He holds her.

TRISH
I'm scared.

VINCE
What are you scared of?

TRISH
I saw you die. You were shot in the head.

He pulls her close, kisses her gently.

VINCE
Come on.

And, as he holds her hand, they run towards the police boat.

EXT. THE POLICE BOAT - NIGHT

They jump aboard. The boat is a large one, fully equipped. We see Carl, Joe Baka, Sanders, and Jackson are there.

JOE BAKA

(to Vince)

You're here as a private citizen.
Give me your gun.

VINCE

I gave it to you already.

JOE BAKA

Then give me the keys to your car.

VINCE

Now?

JOE BAKA

Now.

Vince digs into his pockets -- Trish looks frightened.

CARL

(very warm)

Hello, son. I told you they'd take
your keys.

He smiles.

VINCE

(smiles)

Hi, pops.

He hands Joe Baka the keys.

CARL

Is she all right?

He looks at Trish, who is shaking. Vince puts his arm
around her.

VINCE

(smiles)

We're fine, pops. We're just fine.

CARL

(smiles)

You went and found her, huh?

VINCE
(smiles)
I found her.

He hugs her closer.

JOE BAKA
Let's go! Kill your lights!

The policeman at the helm kills his lights and the boat heads out into the pitch black of the bay. Trish looks scared.

EXT. THE BOAT - NIGHT

They are sitting out in the pitch black, waiting, the motor off. There is a mist out here. It is eerily quiet. Joe Baka looks at his watch.

JOE BAKA
(incredulous)
I can't believe I'm out here.

CARL
Chill out.

JOE BAKA
What did you say?

CARL
(hard, whispering)
Chill! Out!

Joe Baka gives him an ugly look. Vince has his arm around Trish.

TRISH
(suddenly)
I hear them.

She says it in that spooky, hissing voice. They stare at her.

JOE BAKA
I don't hear shit.

Trish looks really scared. A beat -- they listen, and then they hear a boat's motor.

TRISH
I see them. There are two of them.

She says it in that spooky, hissing voice. They stare at her.

VINCE

Who are they?

She looks at him a beat and then she turns away, bends over, and starts to gag. They stare at her...

... and then the motor gets louder... and... in the mist... we make out the outline of a green cigarette boat.

JOE BAKA

(whispering, to cop at helm)

Let 'em get closer.

The green boat gets closer and then kills its motor. A long beat, then --

JOE BAKA

Now!

Spotlights suddenly glare... and in the glare we see... Dominique Radley and her brother Viktor, with his shaved head... they are trying to lift a headless pig over the side of the boat.

JOE BAKA

(yelling)

Go!

The police boat suddenly takes off... and so does the green cigarette boat as the pig falls over the side into the water.

Trish is shaking; Vince holds her.

VINCE

(gently)

It's okay.

The police boat roars after the cigarette boat.

JOE BAKA

(on bullhorn)

Pull over or we will fire!

Pull over or we will fire!

The cigarette boat just keeps going. Joe Baka takes his gun out and starts shooting at it... Carl starts shooting too... so do Jackson and Sanders.

And suddenly the green boat explodes in front of them into a gigantic fireball. Pieces of burning debris fall over the police boat. Vince covers Trish as the debris falls.

CARL

What the hell happened?

103.

JOE BAKA

We must've hit the fuel line.

Trish huddles against Vince.

VINCE

(holding her)

It's over.

INT. THE BARN - DOMINIQUE RADLEY'S ESTATE - DAWN

The barn is lighted up. There are all kinds of cops around. We see Carl, Joe Baka, Sanders, Jackson, Thipen -- even McAllister is here, along with the deputy coroner.

Vince and Trish stand nearby. He has his arm around her.

On a shelf, we see big glass jars. There is the head of a pig in each one.

Jackson is in a different part of the barn.

'JACKSON

There's a lot of dried blood on the ground over here.

Deputy coroner is looking at a small glass jar filled with something.

JOE BAKA

What's that?

THE DEPUTY CORONER

Pubic hair.

JOE BAKA

(quietly)

Jesus.

THIPEN

Here's the razor.

We see a straight razor.

THIPEN

Look at all these mouthwashes here.

CARL

We still don't have a murder weapon.

SANDERS

Yes we do.

She holds up a .25 caliber Derringer.

A uniformed policeman comes in.

THE POLICEMAN

There's a blue van out in the garage.

JOE BAKA

(smiles)

That's it. It's all wrapped up.

CARL

It's like Christmas wrap with Santy
Clauses on it.

McALLISTER

(suspiciously)

What does that mean?

CARL

(after a long beat)

Nothin, I guess.

He sees Vince and Trish in the corner, goes up to them.

CARL

(to Vince)

I just figured something out.

(he smiles)

You know how you make blood sausage?

VINCE

How?

CARL

(smiles)

You start by draining all the blood
out of the pig. Damn. Blood sausage.
We had the clue right in our hands.

TRISH

(to Vince)

Will you take me home, please?

She looks very tired, very wan. Carl looks at Vince,
winks at him.

CARL

Son, take the young lady home and pork
her... have sex with her... love
her... whatever.

He smiles -- Vince looks at him, shakes his head, smiles,
and turns away and heads out, his arm around Trish.

JOE BAKA

(yelling)

Vincent.

Vince turns back.

JOE BAKA

Thank you.

They look at each other a beat and then Vince, his arm around her, walks out with her.

Carl stands there, watching them, and then he sees one of the Wackenhut security guards nearby -- he is one of the two men who held rifles on them when they spoke to Dominique.

CARL

(to security guard)

Didn't you ever come in here?

THE SECURITY GUARD

Yes sir.

CARL

Didn't you see any of this stuff?

THE SECURITY GUARD

No sir.

Joe Baka has overheard their conversation.

JOE BAKA

It figures they wouldn't leave all their trophies out in broad daylight.

CARL

It is daylight.

JOE BAKA

(after a beat)

They thought they'd be back to put it all away before sunup.

(a beat)

You did good, Carl. I'll buy you a Budweiser beer. Chill out.

Carl smiles.

INT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

They walk inside. As soon as they do -- Vince kisses her. It is a long, lingering kiss. She smiles when it ends.

TRISH

I'll meet you inside, I'll put some music on.

He smiles, glances at the crucifixes all over the walls -- the sun glints off of an especially garish one.

INT. HER BEDROOM - MORNING

He takes his clothes off, gets down on the bed. He lies there. Arliss Radley stares at him from the walls.

We hear Lou Reed: "She says, hey babe, take a walk on the wild side... she says, hey babe, take a walk on the wild side."

A long beat... and Trish comes in. She is naked. He looks at her a beat. She smiles. She goes to the windows, pulls the shades down. He watches her body.

She goes to the bed. He pulls her down onto the bed. He turns her -- she is underneath him, he is on top of her. He kisses her.

She moves his head down... he starts to kiss her breasts... then moves down to her stomach. He kisses her stomach.

VINCE

What about your period?

TRISH

I lied.

He is still kissing her stomach.

VINCE

You did?

TRISH

Uh-huh.

Her head is back on the pillow... we see her face... she is smiling... and then --

From her POV, we see... standing at the foot of the bed, naked, behind Vince, watching them... is Billy Hawks.

Vince is kissing her stomach.

VINCE

Why?

He looks up at her. She has the derringer at his forehead.

TRISH

(smiles)

Because it's fun.

And she pulls the trigger.

We hear Lou Reed: "She says hey babe, take a walk on the wild side... she says hey babe, take a walk on the wild side."

There is blood all over the bed.

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BILLY

Enough foreplay.

TRISH

I thought so.

And she rolls Vince off the bed. We hear his body fall and lies there naked... and Billy Hawks moves on top of her.

We hear Lou Reed: "And the colored girls go -- doo da doo da doo da doo da doo da doo da doo da doo da doo"

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG BEACH - MORNING

She is in the phone booth along the beach. She dials. The palm trees lash and whip in the winds.

TRISH

(on phone)

The tide is red. There are pigs in the sea.

She hangs up and heads away. The maroon Lamborghini Diablo is parked nearby. Billy Hawks sits behind the wheel. She goes up to the car. A beat, as they look at each other.

BILLY

I can still smell you.

TRISH

(after a beat, smiles)

What do I smell like?

BILLY

(smiles)

Catfish.

A beat, and then she starts walking away down the sidewalk. A beat -- he watches her, smiles... and then guns the Diablo and it roars away.

INT. THE HAWK'S EYE - NIGHT

Hey, Trish... she's up onstage, the gold hoop in her nose, all in black except for the big silver cross around her neck, sweaty, hair greased, eyes gone... out there, somewhere... body lithe, whipping, the mike in her hand... her body coiled and then unsprung, her voice barbed wire, a primal shriek.

108.
"Well will you... won't you... want me to make you?...
Well do you...don't you... want me to take you... I'm
coming down fast... but don't let me break you. Look
out -- "

And she screams it: "Helter Skelter!"

EXT. THE SUNSHINE SKYWAY BRIDGE - DAY

In the fishing area near the water, we see Vince's body.
His knees are up, his legs are spread, his hands are
behind his head.

Cops are all around him.

THE DEPUTY CORONER
We've got ourselves a copycat.

JOE BAKA
I can't believe it.

INT. THE HAWK'S EYE - NIGHT

Trish, on stage, singing: "Oh, look out, cause here she
comes -- "

A beat, she pauses, and then --

TRISH
(loud)
Helter Skelter!

EXT. THE SUNSHINE SKYWAY BRIDGE - DAY

Carl, staring at Vince's body.

CARL
(loud)
God damn it!

INT. THE HAWK'S EYE - NIGHT

Trish, onstage --

TRISH
(yelling)
Helter Skelter!

EXT. THE SUNSHINE SKYWAY BRIDGE - DAY

Carl, looking at Vince's body --

CARL
(yelling)
God damn it!

INT. THE HAWK'S EYE - NIGHT

Trish, onstage --

TRISH
(screaming)
HELTER SKELTER!

EXT. THE SUNSHINE SKYWAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Carl, looking at Vince's body --

CARL
(screaming)
GOD DAMN IT!

EXT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carl walks up the stairs to her apartment. He knocks on the door. A beat, and she opens it. They look at each other.

TRISH
(quietly)
I heard about V.

She seems to sniffle a little bit.

CARL
(quietly)
That's why I'm here.

TRISH
(quietly)
Come in, pops.

A beat, and she goes in.

INT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - DAY

He follows her in. Her back is turned to him. She turns -- we see tears in her eyes.

He has the .25 Derringer which the police recovered pointed right at her.

CARL
Donald Duck says hi.

And he pulls the trigger, hits her right between the eyes. She goes down. He turns and calmly walks out.

EXT. THE HAWK'S EYE - NIGHT

Billy Hawks comes out in his dazzling white linen Armani suit and heads towards his maroon Diablo. He gets in.

EXT. THE DIABLO - NIGHT

Carl puts the Derringer to the back of his head.

CARL

You miserable, skinny-ass, no-good,
lowlife, pissant, sick sonofabitch!
(a beat)

You're under arrest!

And he pulls the trigger and blows him all over the windshield.

EXT. THE BRIDGE TO NOWHERE - MORNING

Carl stands at the railing, a fishing pole in his hand. He has a boombox near him and lots of beers. The boombox plays Sinatra: It's "My Way."

Carl stares out at the sun, the pole in his hand, listening to the song... and then in a hoarse, scraggly, godawful voice, he starts to sing along.

CARL

"Yet there were times, I'm sure you
knew -- when I bit off more than I
could chew -- "

His voice gets more hoarse and we see he has started to cry quietly.

CARL

"But through it all when there was
doubt -- I ate it up, and spit it out -- "

His line gets a bite -- he starts to reel it in.

CARL

"I faced it all and I stood tall -- "

His voice almost completely breaks now... and he reels the fish in. It's a very big fish.

CARL

"And did it my way."

He looks at his big fish and stops singing... as Frank continues to sing the song on the boombox.

He wipes the tears from his face.

A black fisherman near him comes over.

THE BLACK FISHERMAN

That's about the biggest catfish I ever did see.

CARL

Yes, sir, she sure is.

And he smiles... as Frank finishes the song...

... as we FREEZE FRAME, and...

FADE OUT.

THE END