

JADE

by

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FADER IN:

The SCREEN is COMPLETELY DARK for a long beat... and then we hear the thunderous roar of Franz Liszt's "HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY." And then we see:

QUICK CUT -- Very fast, split-second: The blade of a short, carved, bone-handled Dogon hatchet... the blade twice the size of a razor blade... chops into flesh.

The TITLES... white letters over a BLACK SCREEN... BEGIN. Franz Liszt's "HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY" continues.

QUICK CUT -- The blade of the hatchet chopping into a standing knee. Blood.

TITLES and MUSIC continue.

QUICK CUT -- The blade chops into a standing thigh.

TITLES and MUSIC continue.

QUICK CUT -- We see more now... a steamed, black marble room... a standing man wearing only black bikini shorts... another chop of the hatchet into his groin... and the "HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY"... very loud.

TITLES continue.

QUICK CUT -- Longer than the others: The blade of the hatchet chopping... again... and again... and again... into the man's groin... into the black bikini panties... as he writhes. We never see the HAND holding the hatchet... only the hatchet, as it flies.

TITLES continue.

QUICK CUT -- Longer than the others: The hatchet rises into the air... the hatchet chops into the man's neck... into the jugular... blood bursts... explodes... cascades...

And as the MUSIC CLIMAXES... we PULL BACK and see the man against the black marble wall. His hands are chained to the wall by two big brass rings.

INT. THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS - SAN FRANCISCO

The ORCHESTRA, black-tie, large, formal, plays "Where or When." It's the city's "Black and White Ball." Hundreds of couples dancing, wearing tuxes and gowns. Beautiful people, very upscale.

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We SWIRL among the dancing couples, FOCUSING, gradually, on one. MATT GAVIN is 18, tall, built, WASPY. There is an air of in-held strength about him. His wife, KATHENA GAVIN, "TRINA" to her friends, is 35, a woman of grace and style -- an absolutely beautiful and sexy woman -- but it is a sexuality that is soft, that never struts. They smile as they dance, looking at each other.

MATT  
(looking at her)

~~Hummmmm.~~

TRINA  
(after a beat;  
smiles)

Really?

MATT  
(nods; smiles)

Maybe you should cancel your  
Houston trip.

TRINA  
(smiles)

Are you going to cancel your  
trial?

MATT  
The guy'll go to jail for 30  
years.

TRINA  
He probably deserves 30 years.  
(she smiles)  
You always defend the guilty.  
That's what excites you.

He looks at her.

MATT  
You excite me.

TRINA  
(smiles)  
Liar. All lawyers are liars, you  
know.

MATT  
(grins)  
Oh yeah? What about shrink?

TRINA  
(smiles)  
Oh, shrink. We're very good. We  
can even fool the lawyers.

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They look at each other a beat, dancing, smiling -- and a man is suddenly standing next to them, cutting in. DAVID CORELLI is 37 -- dark, intense. He always carries the smell of the street about him. He is the District Attorney of the City of San Francisco.

DAVID  
Excuse me. I like this song.

They look at him, smile.

TRINA  
So do I.

MATT  
I hate it.

TRINA  
Then you shouldn't dance to it.

And she starts to dance with David as Matt steps aside, watches them, and grins.

TRINA  
(continuing)  
That was subtle.

DAVID  
Yeah, I know. I couldn't stop myself. You look so fuckin' gorgeous.

TRINA  
(laughs)  
Stop it.

DAVID  
You ruin my whole life, I can't even tell you you look fuckin' gorgeous?

TRINA  
(smiles)  
I did not ruin your whole life.

DAVID  
(smiles)  
Yes you did.

TRINA  
(looks at him)  
You're hopeless, David.

He pulls her closer and sings softly into her ear --

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DAVID  
We looked at each other in the  
same way then -- but I can't  
remember where -- OF -- when --

MATT  
(suddenly there)  
I can.

They look at him and smile a beat as Matt starts to  
dance away with her.

MATT  
(continuing; to  
David, grins)  
I've got a good memory.

And he and Trina dance away as David just stands there  
watching them with a smile. But the smile is fragile  
and forced.

DAVID  
(to Matt)  
Goddamnit, Matt, you still piss me  
off.

His smile is gone now as he watches them, and a man in  
an usher's uniform comes up to David and says something  
into his ear that we can't hear. David looks at him.

INT. A CLOAKROOM - THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS - NIGHT

David is on the phone.

DAVID  
(stunned)  
How?

He listens a beat.

DAVID  
(continuing; on phone)  
Jesus.  
(a beat)  
Who's on it?  
(a beat; he listens)  
No, I'll be right there.

A beat, and he hangs up, stands there, staring.

INT. THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS - NIGHT

As he is on his way out, hurrying -- Matt and Trina see him.

MATT

(grins)

You don't have to leave. Maybe  
I'll let you dance with her again.  
I like condescending, you know.

He just looks at them, in a daze.

TRINA

Are you all right?

DAVID

Kyle Madford's dead.

TRINA

(shocked)

God, I just saw him.

DAVID

(dazed)

You did?

TRINA

I'm on the board of the DeYoung.

MATT

What the hell happened?

He looks at Matt a beat, then at her, shakes his head slightly and, still looking dazed, heads away.

EXT. A HOUSE IN PACIFIC HEIGHTS - NIGHT

David gets out of his car, still wearing his tux -- the car is a small one. We see lots of police cars outside, their cherries still spinning. Neighbors are behind police lines across the small street. PAT CALLENDAR comes up to David as soon as he sees him. He is in his late 20's -- a yuppie tiger, a walking Armani ad. He works for David; he's an Assistant District Attorney.

CALLENDAR

It's a freak show, David. Charlie  
Hanson must've gotten out.

DAVID

Media?

(CONTINUED)

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CALENDAR

Not yet, but you better duck, the  
shit's gonna fly.

DAVID

Who's in charge?

CALENDAR

Hargrove.

DAVID

We're fucked.

INT. KYLE MEDFORD'S HOUSE - PACIFIC KNIGHTS - NIGHT

It is beautifully done -- wide patio overlooking the  
city and the bay. The art throughout the house is  
African -- stunning, expensive.

David and Pat Callendar walk in -- we see lots of cops,  
FLASHES from cameras going off.

MAREN HELLER, 32, a homicide detective, pretty and  
tough, sees David, comes up to him.

HELLER

Bludgeoned with a hatchet.  
Thirty-two separate cuts, mostly  
in the area of the groin -- two to  
the jugular. We're guessing time  
of death about four hours ago.  
Somebody got frenzied.

DAVID

Who's on it with you?

HELLER

vacko. Hargrove is in charge.

DAVID

I know. Hallelujah.

He starts heading toward the bathroom where most of the  
cops are. Pat Callendar stops him.

CALENDAR

It's a slaughterhouse in there.

David looks at him a beat, and then heads towards the  
bathroom with Callendar and Heller.

He stops dead when he gets inside and we see what he  
saw!

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KYLE MEDFORD, a man in his late 50's, wearing only shredded bikini panties, is chained standing to the wall by two big brass rings. He is covered in blood, as is one of the black marble walls. David stares.

BOB HARGROVE, in his late 40's, a lieutenant, a police executive type wearing a very good suit, looks at David.

HARGROVE

What brings you, Mr. Prosecutor?

DAVID

(after a beat)

You're my favorite police executive, Lieutenant. I heard you were in charge. That's why I'm here.

They look at each other a beat.

DAVID

(continuing; to  
another cop)

What the fuck are those?

The cop he's addressed is PERRY VASKO -- veteran homicide cop, in his 50's, silver-haired with a ducktail haircut. He looks like he could be either a cop or a mob guy.

VASKO

They're African slave rings -- the real thing, antique. He had 'em bolted into the wall.

David looks at the scene a long beat, then --

DAVID

(to Vasko)

What've you got?

HARGROVE

Not much, we're still putting it together. I'll have a report on your desk --

DAVID

(to Hargrove)

I didn't ask you.

HARGROVE

I'm in charge.

(CONTINUED)



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DAVID  
 (casually)  
 I'm in charge.  
 (to Vasko)  
 What've you got?

Vasko glances at Hargrove a second with a hidden smile, then --

VASKO  
 See that little goodie there?

We see the curved, short-handled Dogon hatchet in a plastic bag.

VASKO  
 (continuing)  
 It's some kind of African hatchet -- bone handle, beautiful craftsmanship.

He points to another plastic bag -- inside is a multi-colored wooden mask.

VASKO  
 (continuing)  
 A fertility mask. The maid says he collected 'em. She found him chained up in here, drained, and wearing it. She had the afternoon off. She comes in -- the music's blasting, he's all scrawled up against the wall.

HARGROVE  
 We've got prints on the hatchet and the mask.

DAVID  
 (smiles)  
 We do?

VASKO  
 Smudges. We've got smudges. I'm not sure we're gonna be able to get a print.

David gives Hargrove a look, then --

DAVID  
 (to Hargrove)  
 I want Pety and Keller to stay on it.

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HARGROVE

We make that decision, the  
prosecutor's office doesn't.

DAVID

(hard)

I said I want them on it! You  
hear me? I want everything  
released through my office --

HARGROVE

(smiles)

I forgot. Next year's an election  
year, isn't it?

David looks at him a beat, like he could kill him. Then  
he settles --

DAVID

(calm)

Listen to me, Hargrove. Kyle  
Medford was an institution in this  
town. He made Cyril Magnin look  
like a piker. If we don't clean  
this one up fast, we're all gonna  
burn.

David looks at him a beat, then turns to head out.

DAVID

(continuing;  
to VASKO)

Fatey, make sure you dupe me on  
everything.

(he glances at  
Hargrove)

Everything.

He starts out of the house with Pat Callendar.

DAVID

(continuing;  
to Pat)

Talk to the Chief's office. Get  
everybody on overtime. The  
media's going to turn this into a  
three-ring, X-rated gangbang.

As they go out the door, David sees Callendar smiling.

DAVID

(continuing)

What are you smiling about?

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CALENDAR  
(smiling)  
I'm not.

He tries to wipe the smile off -- David gives him a look.

CALENDAR  
(continuing)  
Well, next year is an election year.

DAVID  
(smiles)  
Is it?

INT. A PORSCHE - DAY

as it drives up to the departure area at the San Francisco Airport. Matt Gavin is behind the wheel -- Trina sits next to him.

MATT  
I'll miss you.

TRINA  
(smiles)  
No you won't.

MATT  
(smiles)  
Yes I will. I always miss you when you're gone.

They get out of the car. We see the black Porsche has a black rubber hood cover over the engine.

EXT. THE PORSCHE

He steps to the trunk, gets her bag. We see that the car's windows are tinted black.

TRINA  
(smiles)  
Are you going to work hard while I'm gone?

MATT  
(smiles)  
I always work hard when you're gone. I'm a hard worker.

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He closes the trunk.

TRINA  
(smiles)  
Sublimation, maybe.

He takes her bag to the curb, puts it down, signals a PORTER.

MATT  
Uh-uh.  
(he smiles)  
Rage.

The Porter is there.

MATT  
(continuing)  
First class to Houston, please.

TRINA  
(deadpan)  
Why are you angry?

MATT  
(smiles)  
Because you're going out of town.

He kisses her quickly, softly on the lips, smiles, and heads back toward the Porsche. She watches him, her face expressionless. And then she turns towards the Porter and her bag.

PORTER  
Here you are, ma'am.

She is staring at a bundle of San Francisco Chronicle on the ground. A banner headline says "PACIFIC WERDERS SOCIALITE BRUTALLY SLAIN."

PORTER  
(continuing)  
Ma'am?

And she turns suddenly to the Porter, looking almost startled.

INT. THE PORSCHE - DAY

as Matt GUNS it through traffic. He hits the phone buttons, talks on the speaker.

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WOMAN (V.O.)  
Mr. Coralli's office.

MATT  
It's Matt, Sandy.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
(too friendly)  
Hi.

MATT  
(smiles)  
Hi.  
(a beat)  
Is he in?

WOMAN (V.O.)  
(after a beat;  
suddenly cold)  
Sure.  
(a beat)  
Hold on.

A beat -- as he waits -- he drives like a racer, cutting in and out -- he likes the edge.

DAVID (V.O.)  
What the fuck do YOU want?

MATT  
I just took Trina to the airport.  
I want to buy you lunch.

DAVID (V.O.)  
I'm having Valium for lunch. You  
seen the papers?

MATT  
(grins)  
Hey, it's the case you've been  
dreaming about. It'll put your  
ambitious ginny ass into City  
Hall. You're going to be the new  
Joe Alioto. This town goes down  
on Italian Mayors.

DAVID (V.O.)  
You're nuts to let Trina out of  
town so much.

That startles Matt a beat, and then he gets his smile  
back.

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CONTINUED:

MATT

(smiles)

Well, when we get divorced, maybe  
you can marry her.

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

David is on the phone. A long beat -- we can tell that  
last line has stultified him.

MATT (V.O.)

Did you hear me?

DAVID

(after a beat)

Yeah, I heard you.

(a beat)

I don't take sloppy seconds. You  
do.

His smile is strained.

MATT (V.O.)

She said you were a terrible  
lover. She said she was...  
unaffected.

David forces the smile, but we can see he is stung.

DAVID

She lied. She protects your frail  
ego.

MATT (V.O.)

She told me that's why she chose  
ME.

DAVID

She chose you because you belong  
to the Bohemian Club. I'm just an  
ambitious ginny.

MATT (V.O.)

You admit that?

DAVID

(smiles)

Fuck you. Meet me at four. I'll  
kick your ass.

He hangs up. SANDY, his secretary, comes into the  
office as he sits there, lost in his thoughts. She is a  
very attractive blonde in her 20's.

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SANDY

They're ready, Mr. Coralli.

A beat, and he nods.

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

In the room, sitting around the big table, are Lt. Hargrove, Patey Vasko, Karen Heller, Pat Callender -- and two other detectives, JONES and LOCKLIN.

David walks in.

DAVID

Have we got anything on the prints?

HARGROVE

Smudges. The FBI is still running them.

JONES

We've sent them down to L.A., too, they've got a computer down there, I think it's better than the Bureau's.

DAVID

Any other physical?

KELLER

We found a single strand of red hair -- eight inches long -- on the floor of the bathroom near the body.

LOCKLIN

Fralin says it's off a wig.

DAVID

That's it? That's all we know?

HARGROVE

We also know that Kyle Medford was pretty much broke. He invested in foreign currency. Three years ago he lost seven million dollars on the yen.

VASKO

That's what he gets for betting the yen. I stick to the Niners.

(CONTINUED)

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They give him a look.

HARGROVE

In the last two years, he's made five trips to Geneva. He stayed overnight, came back the next day each time.

DAVID

Swiss banks.

VASKO

Maybe.

DAVID

That's it?

CALLENDAR

(mildly)

There is something else.

HARGROVE

It's not relevant to the investigation.

CALLENDAR

You can't say --

HARGROVE

At this point there is no indication that it's relevant to the investigation.

A long beat.

VASKO

We found a roll of film in Hadford's safe.

DAVID

So?

A beat, and Pat Callendar hands him a manila folder.

CALLENDAR

So check it out, David.

He hands him a folder. A beat, and David opens it. We see glossies -- a beautiful, young, dark-haired woman having various kinds of sex with a silver-haired man in his 40's. David stares.

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DAVID  
(stares)  
Christ.

HARGROVE  
I told you it's not relevant.

A beat and, still stunned, David looks at them.

DAVID  
What was Kyle Medford doing with  
this?

VASKO  
(looking at Hargrove)  
Well, I guess that's a...  
relevant... question.

Hargrove looks at him a beat, then away. David looks at  
the glossies, looks at the dark-haired young woman.

DAVID  
(to Vasko)  
Find her.

HARGROVE  
We don't know anything about her.

VASKO  
We know one thing.  
(a beat)  
She's not a nun.

David looks at him and smiles.

EXT. THE BAY OUTSIDE THE DOLPHIN CLUB - DAY

We see two men swimming hard through the cold water  
outside the club. As we get CLOSER, we see that they  
are David and Matt. They swim hard, next to each other,  
towards a finish line. And then, suddenly, Matt spurts  
ahead and wins.

David stops in the water, looks at him like he could  
kill him. Matt sees the look and laughs.

INT. THE DOLPHIN CLUB - THE SAUNA - DAY

They are alone, taking in the thick steam. They talk  
quietly.

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MATT  
You're kidding me.

DAVID  
I wish I were.  
(a beat; he smiles)  
He's pretty well hung for an old  
guy.

MATT  
What are you going to do about it?

DAVID  
I'm seeing him tomorrow.

MATT  
(after a beat)  
He can turn you into roadkill.

DAVID  
I'm not saying I'm going to let it  
come out.

Matt looks at him and smiles slowly.

MATT  
You're going to let it get you his  
endorsement.

DAVID  
(after a beat;  
smiles)  
I'm not running for anything.

A long beat. Matt looks at him, and then lies down.

MATT  
Be careful, palson, your dream  
case can blow your brains out.

David looks at him a beat, then leans up against the  
wall.

DAVID  
What's all this divorce stuff?

They don't look at each other.

MATT  
Oh, that.  
(he smiles)  
I was just yanking your chain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID  
(after a beat)  
You guys okay?

MATT  
(after a beat)  
Yeah, we're fine.

A beat, and then Matt looks at him.

MATT  
(continuing)  
Don't look so disappointed.

A beat, and then Matt starts to laugh.

A beat, as David watches him.

DAVID  
You're such a cynical sonofabitch.

Matt looks at him and smiles.

MATT  
That's why we're friends.

INT. AN AUDITORIUM - HOUSTON - NIGHT

There are hundreds of people in the room, corporate suits. A tweedy, middle-aged MAN stands at the microphone. Trina sits on a chair behind him. She wears a simple but very feminine dress and a single strand of pearls.

MAN  
Dr. Gavin is a clinical psychologist who specializes in the causes of workplace violence and psychopathic behavior. Her findings have been published in the Harvard Review of Psychiatry. Ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Katrina Gavin.

She gets up to APPLAUSE.

INT. THE AUDITORIUM - LATER

Trina stands at the speaker's podium. She wears reading glasses, reads from her notes, looks scholarly.

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TRINA

I conclude that the people who commit these acts -- people who much of the media dismiss as madmen -- are in many ways no different than you and me. But they are no longer able to control their urges. They disassociate themselves from their own actions, often even experiencing what I term a hysterical blindness. They are blind to the darkness within themselves.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - HOUSTON - NIGHT

Trina sits in the darkness, a cigarette in her hand, a bottle of scotch next to her, looking out a window at the Houston skyline. A long beat, and she picks up the phone. She dials.

PHONE (V.O.)

You have reached the offices of Matthew Gavin and Associates. Our office hours are ten a.m. to six p.m. At the sound of the beep, please leave a message.

TRINA

(clears her throat)

Hi. I thought maybe you were working late, but I guess not.

(a beat)

I'm so tired of these things, I feel like I'm disassociating myself from my own actions.

INT. MATT'S LAW OFFICE - NIGHT

He sits on a couch in the darkness, listening to the machine. He is bare-chested.

TRINA (V.O.)

Maybe I'm approaching hysterical blindness.

(a beat)

Be careful, one of these days I'll give in to an uncontrollable urge.

(a beat)

I miss you.

And the message ends.

(CONTINUED)

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A beat, and he sits there, his face expressionless.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Don't you even feel bad?

He turns to her. It is the first time we are aware of her presence. She is on the couch next to him, naked. It is Sandy, the pretty blonde secretary from David's office.

MATT  
(smiles)  
It's not my fault she works too hard.

SANDY  
(after a beat)  
You just don't give a shit, do you?

Matt moves towards her.

MATT  
(quietly)  
Hey -- don't get carried away. I love my wife.

SANDY  
Sure you do.

He moves atop her on the couch.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - HOUSTON

Trina sits in the dark room at the window, staring out, smoking.

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE - SACRAMENTO - DAY

as David walks in. He carries a briefcase. He looks nervous.

A SECRETARY comes up to him.

SECRETARY  
Governor Edwards will see you now.

INT. GOVERNOR EDWARDS' INNER OFFICE - DAY

GOVERNOR LEM EDWARDS is a silver-haired man in his 60's, a big, rawboned man -- the same man we saw in the glossy photograph having sex with the young, dark-haired woman. He sits behind his desk. He is in his shirt-sleeves; his tie is loose.

Standing near him is his administrative assistant, BILL BARRETT -- in his 40's -- wearing a simple dark suit.

David walks in with his briefcase.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

David -- it's good to see you --  
(he looks at  
Barrett)

I always like seeing our rising young stars, even if they're plotting headaches for my incumbent friends.

They shake hands.

DAVID

(grins)  
I'm not running for anything, Governor.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

(smiles)  
Yeah, I know. None of us ever do. We just allow the party faithful to draft us. You know my A.A., Bill Barrett?

David and Barrett shake hands.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

(continuing)  
Sit down, David.

He gets up from behind his desk.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

(continuing)  
I don't know how the hell I can help you with Kyle -- the poor bastard, I liked him.

(he looks at  
his watch)

I've got a budget meeting in ten minutes, the damn Republicans still think they're playing pattycake with Deukmejian.

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DAVID

(after a beat)

I was hoping to see you alone,  
sir.

Governor Edwards looks at him a beat, then --

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

I've got no secrets from Bill --  
he not only knows where the bodies  
are buried, he buries all of 'em  
himself.

He grins. David and Barrett look at each other,  
Barrett smiles.

DAVID

(after a beat)

I'd like to show you something,  
sir.

Governor Edwards looks at his watch again.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

Show me. Quickly.

A beat, and David unsnaps his briefcase and hands him a  
manila folder. A beat, and then the Governor takes the  
folder, opens it, looks at the glasses of himself with  
the young, dark-haired woman. Then he looks at David a  
long beat. His face is expressionless. And then he  
smiles.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

(continuing;  
to Barrett)

Push the fucking budget meeting  
back a half-hour.

Barrett looks at him, surprised.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

(continuing;

looks at David)

I'd like to be alone with David...

(he looks at Barrett)

With the distinguished Mr.  
Coralli, please.

Bill Barrett gives David a look, and then leaves.  
Governor Edwards turns away from David, stretches, and  
looks out a window.

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GOVERNOR EDWARDS  
(continuing)  
Where did you get these?

DAVID  
(after a beat)  
Kyle Medford's suite.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS  
(quietly)  
The sonofabitch. The miserable,  
cock-sucking sonofa...

He is still looking out the window, then turns to David.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS  
(continuing)  
Who knows about them?

DAVID  
A couple of my people, the  
investigating officers.

They have their eyes on each other.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS  
And you, of course. The  
distinguished -- and ambitious --  
Mr. Coxelli.

DAVID  
(after a beat)  
And me.

They have their eyes on each other. Governor Edwards  
steps closer to him. A beat, and then quietly --

GOVERNOR EDWARDS  
If you drag me into this  
business... David -- if my name  
even shows up on the periphery of  
this... David --  
(he smiles)  
You better get the fuck out of the  
State of California. Because  
you're going to have as much of a  
future here as Jerry Brown.

His smile is gone now -- he and David look at each other  
a long beat.

DAVID  
Who's Jerry Brown?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

A long beat, as Governor Edwards looks at him, and then smiles.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS  
Wouldn't it be just a goddam  
awful shame, David -- if one hairy  
little pussy and a thimbleful of  
sperm -- affected the future of  
this great state?

David looks at him a beat, then nods slightly as they look at each other.

DAVID  
One question, Governor. Off the  
record.

They look at each other; Governor Edwards nods once.

DAVID  
(continuing)  
Was he blackmailing you?

A long beat as Governor Edwards looks at him -- and then --

GOVERNOR EDWARDS  
(quietly)  
I don't get blackmailed, Mr.  
Cornelli. I do the fucking; I  
never get fucked.

David looks at him a beat. The door suddenly opens. Bill Barrett is there. He gives David an icy look.

DAVID  
(gets up)  
Thank you, Governor.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS  
Anytime, David. I enjoy  
dispensing advice... to those who  
listen.

David reaches for the manila folder -- Governor Edwards puts his hand on it.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS  
(continuing)  
You've got other copies, I  
presume?

A beat, and David nods. Governor Edwards still has his hands on the file.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

(continuing)

Then I'll just hold on to these.

He and David look at each other.

INT. THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

David walks in -- he looks disturbed. He goes by Sandy, his secretary, on the way into his inner office.

DAVID

No calls.

SANDY

Detective Vasko's in there.

He walks in. Patey Vasko is there, waiting. As soon as David walks in -- Vasko puts a glossy mug shot on the desk. It is a younger photograph of the dark-haired woman we saw in the photos with Governor Edwards.

VASKO

She's seventeen here. I had to get into the juvenile files to get it.

DAVID

(grins)

How did you do that?

VASKO

I didn't. You know it's illegal to do that.

(a beat)

Patrice Jacinto -- 21, dancer. She's in a bit part in "Carousel" at the A.C.T. One prior, one arrest -- soliciting, when she was a juvenile.

DAVID

Have we talked to her?

VASKO

She's in L.A. for a tryout. Her bank account shows three \$10,000 deposits in the past six months.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID  
(after a beat;  
smiles)  
That's a lot of money for a hairy  
little pussy and a thimbleful of  
sperm.

VASKO  
(disgusted)  
You must've been in Sacramento.

DAVID  
(grins)  
Why?

VASKO  
(grins)  
They talk shit like that up there.  
We made the smudges on the hatchet  
handle, but we couldn't print the  
ones on the mask.

DAVID  
Tell me they match our dancer's.

VASKO  
They don't. But we got lucky. It  
came off an arrest in Palo Alto in  
1980. Some kind of animal rights  
protest at Stanford. No charges  
ever filed, but that L.A. computer  
held the prints.

He puts a mug shot down on the table. David freezes.  
It is a very young Katrina.

VASKO  
(continuing)  
Anna Katrina Maxwell. We're  
trying to locate her through the  
Stanford people.

DAVID  
(after a long beat)  
Thanks. Let me know.

He stares at the mug shot of Katrina.

VASKO  
You okay?

David looks at him, forces a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Yeah. Good work.

VASKO

I try to stay out of Sacramento myself. They got funny stuff in the water up there. Personally, I think it's Malathion.

And he goes out. A beat, and David turns back to the bag shot of Katrina, picks it up, and stares at it -- almost as if hypnotized.

INT. DAVID'S BMW - NIGHT

He drives through big iron gates in Belvedere... up a hillside to a magnificent estate... we see the twinkling lights of the bay below. He gets to a long, circular drive in front of the house. Near the garage area, we see a black Porsche, a white Porsche, a Mercedes 500, and a Ferrari. The black Porsche has a rubber hood cover over the engine.

He gets out, heads up the long stairway to the front door. He uses the antique gorgon knocker.

An English BUTLER, middle-aged, opens the door.

BUTLER

Mr. Corall:, how nice to see you, sir. Are yew expected?

DAVID

No. Is Mrs. Gavin in?

BUTLER

I'm sorry, Mrs. Gavin is not, sir. But Mr. Gavin's here --

MATT (O.S.)

(from inside)

That you, David?

He comes to the door. He's wearing a Guika robe, slippers. He looks at David.

MATT

(grins)

What's up?

DAVID

Well... somethin'.

They look at each other.

INT. MATT'S DEN - NIGHT

It is beautifully furnished; we see a Picasso on the wall. We see dozens of ornately framed photographs of Matt and Katrina -- sailing, playing tennis, laughing.

Matt sits, watching David, who has a drink in his hand and is looking out a bay window at the twinkling lights below.

MATT

So?

DAVID

(after a beat)

What do you mean so?

MATT

So she told you she'd seen him that day. She said something about a new Matisse, didn't she? You heard her.

David takes a few steps in the room, sees a framed photograph on a shelf. It shows the three of them at Stanford graduation -- Katrina is in the middle, her arms around both Matt and David. David looks at the photograph a long beat.

DAVID

Her prints are on the hatchet.

MATT

So -- she probably looked at his stuff while she was up there.

David says nothing, stares at the photograph of the three of them.

MATT

(continuing)

a little cool)

What are you saying... exactly?

DAVID

I've got to talk to her.

He still hasn't looked at Matt.

MATT

Fine. Talk to her. She'll be back from Houston tomorrow.

Now David turns to Matt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Officially.

They look at each other a long beat. Matt shakes his head.

MATT

You can't think...

He lets it trail; David says nothing. They look at each other.

MATT

(continuing)

quietly, intensely)

Come on, David. You know her. You know her as well as I do.

DAVID

I knew her a long time ago.

MATT

(hard)

You were in love with her, for Christ's sake. You're still in love with her --

DAVID

(hard)

Bullshit. It was a long time ago --

MATT

(hard)

You think she could take a fucking hatchet to somebody and slice them up like a Sunday roast? Give me a fucking break, David. It's Trina!

David looks at the photograph of the three of them again, turns away from Matt.

DAVID

You're right.

He turns back to Matt.

DAVID

(continuing)

But I've got to talk to her.

MATT

(easily)

I'll bring her in tomorrow morning.

(CONTINUED)



EXT. A HOUSE ON THE MARINA - NIGHT

It overlooks the yacht club -- it is two-story -- a little jewel jammed very close to houses on either side.

As David gets out of his BMW, Patsy Vasko is waiting for him outside. We see other unmarked police cars around.

They walk towards the house.

VASKO

Medford's had the place for two years. His investment company leased it. I've got Heller talking to the neighbors.

INT. THE HOUSE

We see other plainclothes officers around, searching the place, taking photographs.

The place is tasteful, done impeccably in the Santa Fe style -- there are Beckney prints on the walls.

David looks around.

VASKO

(grins)

I'll bet you just can't wait to see the bedroom.

INT. THE BEDROOM

They walk in -- there are other policemen here, searching. A California king water bed is in the middle of the room, a mirror above it.

On the headboard, mounted to the wood, are two handcuffs.

VASKO

The guy had style. I'll give him that. The cuffs are sterling silver, Tiffany's.

David looks at it, sees a bunch of objects that have been put on a counter and tagged.

VASKO

(continuing)

Toys for the playpen.

He picks some of them up as he talks, looks at labels.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

VASKO

(continuing)

"Deep-Seated Massage Oil, Delay Spray" --

(he picks up a

box, reads label)

"Harmony Pillow. This pillow allows deeper penetration by positioning both partners most advantageously. It raises the female hips, facilitating male entry. You can inflate the pillow to varying degrees of hardness or softness while enjoying the thrill of rotary and floating action." Plus your other basic rattles and boy toys.

He touches some whips, vibrators -- looks at one carved vibrator for a beat -- shakes his head. He points to a nightstand drawer,

VASKO

(continuing)

Three grams of coke in the nightstand, peppers, assorted children's vitamins -- I'm guessing Ecstasy.

He points to a small refrigerator near the wall.

VASKO

(continuing)

The fridge is empty except for Cristal, Beluga, and Wolfgang Puck Santa Fe style pizza. I gotta try it. I bet it's good.

DAVID

(looking around)

It's a fuckhouse.

VASKO

It's not just a fuckhouse.

He moves a painting aside at the wall near the foot of the bed -- and we see a camera mounted inside. He hits a button, the camera springs out. David looks at it.

VASKO

(continuing)

There's another one up there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VASKO (CONT'D)

(he points to the  
mirror above the  
bed)

One near the jacuzzi. Sony 7 RR,  
high definition, low-light. Very  
expensive, very hard to find.

DAVID

You're right, it's not just a  
fuckhouse.

VASKO

It's a Venus fly-trap.

VOICE

Sgt. Vasko?

Heller comes in.

HELLER

(in a flurry)

The neighbor next door --

VASKO

(grins; to Heller)

Did you check out those Jammin  
Jelis and Cliterrifics? I was  
thinking about you.

He starts heading out. David and Heller follow him

HELLER

(to Vasko)

If I were you, I'd rip off a few  
butt plugs. They're designed for  
the perfect asshole.

Vasko heads down the stairs, David and Heller in tow.

VOICE

(yelling)

Sgt. Vasko?

VASKO

(to Heller)

What about the neighbor next door?

HELLER

He never saw Medford here, but he  
did see women occasionally.

DAVID

Could he identify them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELLER

I think he took a closer look than  
he's letting on. His bedroom  
faces this one.

VASKO

(to David)

Let's go talk to him.

A plainclothes COP stands at the fireplace, digging  
through ashes.

COP

(when he sees

Vasko)

Look at this.

He holds it up -- it is a videotape -- it looks like  
it's burned.

VASKO

(to Heller)

You think the lab can do anything  
with that?

HELLER

(smiles)

They can recycle it.

VASKO

(disgusted)

Great.

INT. THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR ON THE MARINA - NIGHT

David, Vasko, and Heller -- talking to an old man --  
JUSTIN HENDERSON. He is in his 40's, a white-haired  
bird. He wears a yachtsman's cap.

JUSTIN

Well, I never snooped on them or  
anything like that.

DAVID

We know that, Mr. Henderson.

JUSTIN

I never did talk to any of them --  
except for the redhead.

HELLER

How did you speak to her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

JUSTIN

She parked in my spot. I may be getting up there, but I still drive. She put that fancy white little car into my spot.

HENDERSON

What kind of car was it?

JUSTIN

I don't know, but it was a fancy one. She was nice about it, though. Nice young woman, long red hair, big sunglasses.

DAVID

How many different women did you see over there?

JUSTIN

I don't know -- five or six maybe.

VASKO

Was she one of them?

He shows Henderson the mug shot of Patrice Jacinto, the dark-haired woman who was with Governor Edwards.

JUSTIN

Yes, indeed. I saw her.

He smiles a little bit, almost in fond memory.

VASKO

How about this one?

He shows Henderson the mug shot of Trina taken at Stanford. David seems surprised that Vasko is showing it to him. Henderson takes a long look at it.

JUSTIN

(after a long beat)

She looks sort of familiar...

(a long beat)

... but I can't say I ever saw her.

David looks at him.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

It is in front of the Marina house -- David is starting the car up. He looks disturbed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he starts it -- Vasko is suddenly at the window.

VASKO  
You didn't say you knew her.

DAVID  
(after a beat)  
Who?

VASKO  
(smiles)  
Anna Katrina Maxwell. Katrina  
Gavin.

DAVID  
Yeah, I know her.

VASKO  
I know you know her. I even know  
how well you know her. -- know  
her -- past tense, right?

DAVID  
Right. I didn't think it was --

VASKO  
-- relevant.  
(a beat; he smiles)  
I love that word.

DAVID  
(after a beat)  
She's coming in tomorrow. You'll  
read her rights and we'll take  
it wherever it leads.

VASKO  
(after a beat)  
But you don't think it'll lead  
anywhere, right?

DAVID  
(after a beat)  
Right.

VASKO  
But you could be mistaken. You're  
open to the possibility, however  
small, right?

DAVID  
(after a beat)  
Right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

VASKO

(after a beat;  
smiles)

I'll get on the lab about that  
tape.

And he walks away.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

David drives -- like Matt, he is a fast driver -- he  
cuts in and out -- he is on Broadway, heading west.

EXT. DIVISADERO HILL - NIGHT

The BMW cuts around another car and makes a hard, fast  
right onto Divisadero at the top of the hill. (This is  
the sharpest drop hill in San Francisco -- three long  
blocks straight down -- at the bottom is Lombard.)

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

David drives -- Divisadero is two lanes in each  
direction -- straight up and down the hill. There is a  
car in front of him -- he pulls around it -- another car  
heads toward him... he brakes... brakes again... the  
brakes don't work.

EXT. DIVISADERO HILL - NIGHT

The BMW swerves wildly, gaining momentum as it heads  
downhill.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

David pumps the brake wildly without success.

EXT. DIVISADERO HILL - NIGHT

The car is a crazed bullet streaking down the ski-slope  
like road -- he cuts in and out of cars -- hits the  
sidewalk.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

He bounces off the sidewalk wildly, careening, trying to  
control the wheel -- sideswipes a car.

EXT. DIVISADERO HILL - NIGHT

He bounces off the other car, which swerves and jumps the sidewalk and CRASHES into a house. The impact throws the BMW into the oncoming lane.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

He swings the wheel wildly -- we hear a CRUNCH on his side of the car -- gets it back into the right lane -- then has to swing out again -- there is a car in front of him.

EXT. DIVISADERO HILL - NIGHT

as the BMW hits the bottom of the hill -- literally bounces into the air -- and onto Lombard -- a very busy intersection. It swerves wildly as it hits Lombard.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

as the car swerves and plays crazed, spinning dodge'em with cars going in either direction on Lombard -- David spins the wheel and the car is suddenly on its side.

EXT. LOMBARD AVENUE - NIGHT

The BMW is on its side, and then completely flips, still spinning.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

David is upside down -- the car is spinning -- there is a terrific amount of SCREECHING, HONKING... and as the ear-splitting NOISE CLIMAXES, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. AN EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

He is sitting on the side of a stretcher, groggy. DOCTORS are there and a Nurse. He has a bandage across his forehead. Vasko and Heller are also there.

DAVID

(groggy)

What the hell happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VASKO  
You lost your brakes.

DAVID  
(groggy)  
How did I lose 'em?

VASKO  
I don't know. Maybe somebody took 'em.

We see Lt. Hargrove there for the first time.

HARGROVE  
We've got your car. They tell me it's a faulty brake.

VASKO  
(to David)  
We're still looking at it.

HARGROVE  
(to a Doctor)  
Don't tell me he's going to live.

DOCTOR  
Bruises and contusions. He's got a cracked rib. We'll hold him a couple days.

HARGROVE  
(smiles)  
Rest up.

DAVID  
Forget it. I'm out of here.

And he starts to get dressed.

DOCTOR  
It's not smart. Take my advice -- stay here.

HARGROVE  
(smiles)  
He's not smart. He doesn't listen to advice.

David looks at him a beat.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - MORNING

Trina comes out of the airport, holding her bag.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED.

Matt is waiting for her in the black Porsche. He gets out of the car when he sees her, grabs her bag.

TRINA  
You didn't have to pick me up.

MATT  
(smiles)  
Yes I did.

TRINA  
Why?

MATT  
You won't believe why.

TRINA  
(a slight smile)  
You'd be surprised what I'd believe.

They get into the car.

INT. THE PORSCHE

As they get in --

MATT  
It's David.

TRINA  
David? What about David?

MATT  
He wants to talk to you about Kyle Medford.

He starts the car up, starts to drive.

TRINA  
What's there to talk about?

MATT  
They found your prints on the hatchet that killed him.

TRINA  
Does David think I killed him?

MATT  
I don't think so.

## INT. THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

She sits there calmly with Matt next to her. Around her are David, Vasko, Heller, Pat Callendar, Lt. Hargrove, and two other cops we've seen before, Jones and Locklin.

HELLER

-- will be held against you. You have the right to an attorney --

MATT

I'm here as her attorney.

Trina looks at Matt.

TRINA

I don't need an attorney. You're here as my husband.

MATT

I can't be here as your husband.

They look at each other.

DAVID

(to Matt)

If you're not here as her attorney, I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

MATT

(after a long beat)

I can't believe you're doing this, David.

DAVID

I'm doing my job.

(he smiles)

I don't have to explain the law to you, do I?

Matt looks at him a beat.

MATT

No, you don't, David. That you don't have to explain.

He gets up, kisses Trina on the cheek gently, quickly, gives David another look, and then leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA  
What did you do to yourself,  
David?

DAVID  
I had an accident.

TRINA  
I hope you're all right.

DAVID  
I'm fine.  
(he smiles)  
I'm very resilient.

HARGROVE  
Where do you two know each other  
from?

TRINA  
From college. David was... a  
beau.

She smiles.

TRINA  
(continuing;  
to David)  
That's not going to compromise you  
in this investigation, is it?

DAVID  
No.

TRINA  
Good.

HARGROVE  
We'll have to get a ruling on  
that.

CALENDAR  
We'll get one.

TRINA  
Shall we begin?

They look at her a beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

How would you characterize your relationship with Kyle Medford?

TRINA

I'm on the board of the DeYoung Museum. Kyle was the chairman. He felt the DeYoung too conservative in its acquisitions program. I supported his efforts to make us more active.

HELLER

Did you have social contact with him?

TRINA

No.

JONES

You had no contact with him?

TRINA

I had no social contact with him. My husband and I saw him at various boring functions. We move among the same people. I don't consider that social contact.

CALENDAR

Did you ever see him alone?

TRINA

Once. The day he died. He called and wanted to talk to me about the possibility of acquiring a new Matisse. I was going out of town for a conference. He said it was important that we move quickly. I agreed to meet him at his house.

HELLER

When did you go to his house?

TRINA

Last Saturday afternoon. I arrived about four and left around five-thirty. He poured me a glass of sherry and showed me some of his art objects.

LOCKLIN

Was he alone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

TRINA

Yes. He told me that he had given his maid the day off.

HELLER

Did anyone see you?

TRINA

I don't know. I'm not a policeman. You should inquire.

They look at her a beat.

DAVID

What art objects did he show you?

TRINA

He showed me an awful mask from the Cameroons -- a fertility mask, I think, and a ritualistic hatchet that he said was more than a hundred years old. He was proud of it. It was a crudely made object.

JONES

Did you touch these objects?

TRINA

I touched the hatchet. He handed it to me. He held the mask up, but I may have touched it. I don't remember.

VASKO

Did you tell him what you thought of these objects?

TRINA

Of course not. I told him how much I admired them.

VASKO

(smiles)

You lied to him.

TRINA

Of course I did. I believe in courtesy -- don't you?

VASKO

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

I see that.

They look at her a beat.

LOCKLIN

What did you do after you left?

TRINA

I went home. I had to prepare for my Houston conference.

HELLER

Was your husband at home?

TRINA

No. He was working at the office.

JONES

Was anyone else at your home -- staff -- ?

TRINA

No. Our butler had the day off, too.

HELLER

Did you speak to anyone on the phone while you were home?

TRINA

I had the machine on. I told you. I had to prepare for my conference.

(she smiles)

I have no alibi until about nine o'clock -- if that's what you're asking me. I met Matt at the Black and White Ball.

VASIO

Your husband didn't drive you?

TRINA

He was working late. It would've been silly to have him come from the city all the way to Belvedere and then back.

HELLER

Where did your husband dress for the ball?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

My husband keeps a tux at the office.

VASKO

Did you ever visit Kyle Medford's house on the Marina -- 1275 Marina Drive?

He glances at notes.

TRINA

I visited him once at his house in Pacific Heights. I didn't know he had a house on the Marina.

DAVID

(suddenly)

Did you have a sexual relationship with Kyle Medford?

She looks at him a beat.

TRINA

I told you I had no social contact with him. I do consider sex to be a social contact.

They have their eyes on each other as she speaks.

TRINA

(continuing)

And, as you know, I'm married.

A long beat, as they look at her again.

HELLER

Did you kill Kyle Medford, Mrs. Gavin?

TRINA

I'm a clinical psychologist. I specialize in the causes and effects of violent pathological behavior. I'm a healer. I'm not a killer.

A beat, as they look at her.

DAVID

You didn't answer the question.

They look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA  
(after a beat)  
No. I did not kill Kyle Medford.

They look at her a long beat.

TRINA  
(continuing,  
directly)  
Is that all, David?

DAVID  
(after a beat)  
Yes.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - DAY

Matt and Trina, walking down the corridor of the building.

MATT  
It wasn't smart. I could've  
helped you in there.

TRINA  
I've got nothing to hide.

MATT  
(grins)  
It's what I do, Trina.

TRINA  
They were just playing head games  
with me. I do that better than  
you do.

MATT  
(grins)  
Oh yeah? Well, maybe one day I'll  
really surprise you.

TRINA  
(smiles at him)  
Not a chance.

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

David, Vaska, Heller, Lt. Kargrove, Jones, Locklin,  
Callender -- they are still sitting there, thinking  
about it.

{CONTINUED}



CONTINUED:

VASKO  
(to David)  
What do you think?

DAVID  
We'll see where it leads.

HELLER  
I think she did it.

DAVID  
why?

HELLER  
She's manipulative, she's a  
control freak -- she's got no  
alibi --

CALENDAR  
That's just all typical shrink  
behavior. They pull the strings.  
They always pull the strings.

MARGROVE  
(to David)  
She was pulling YOUR strings  
pretty good.

David looks at him. A BUZZER goes off -- Vasko answers  
a portable phone.

VASKO  
Yeah.  
(a beat)  
Hold her.

He hangs up.

VASKO  
(continuing)  
We've got our dancer.

INT. THE PORSCHE - AFTERNOON

Matt drives; Trina sits next to him. They are heading  
across the Golden Gate to Marin.

MATT  
(casually)  
We had to talk to you. Look -- he  
had a relationship with you. He's  
got to bend over backwards. He's  
just covering his ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

(smiles)

Did he ask you to put in a good word with me, Matt?

MATT

(grins)

Yup. That's exactly what he did.

TRINA

(looks at him)

We're friends, aren't we?

She turns away from him, looks out the window. She lights a cigarette.

MATT

This thing's gonna blow in a whole other crazy direction.

TRINA

(casually)

What crazy direction?

MATT

(casually)

There's sex in it -- hookers maybe -- I don't know. That's what I hear. Pictures.

TRINA

(after a beat,  
casually)

Pictures?

MATT

Photographs -- sex, powerful guys. Maybe Kyle was running some kind of shakedown.

TRINA

Where did you hear that?

MATT

(after a beat)

I've got my... sources.

He looks at her, smiles, puts an arm around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT  
(continuing)  
Maybe we could just sort of...  
hang out.

She looks at him, a slight smile on her face.

MATT  
(continuing)  
You too tired?

TRINA  
(smiles)  
Not me.

INT. A LITTLE ROOM - POLICE STATION - DAY

David stands at a two-way mirror, watching FAIRICE JACINTO talking to Vasko, Heller, Lt. Hargreave, Jones, Locklin, and Pat Callandar. We can't hear what they are saying.

Jacinto is a very sexy young woman, dressed in a hip, punkish style. Her sexuality is out there -- in your face. There is nothing refined about her; she is a complete contrast to Katrina.

A beat, as David watches, and then Vasko comes out of the interrogation room and into the little room he is in.

VASKO  
(to David)  
Zero. She didn't know Kyle  
Medford. It's not her in the  
photograph. She doesn't even  
~~recognize~~ the guy in the picture.  
And she wants her lawyer. Now.

DAVID  
(after a beat)  
Get everybody out of there.

VASKO  
(after a beat;  
grins)  
What are you gonna do -- fuck her?

DAVID  
(after a beat)  
She's not my type.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vasko starts to head back in the room. David turns back to watch her.

VASKO  
You didn't have any brake fluid.

DAVID  
What?

VASKO  
(grins)  
Your car. You ever put brake fluid in it?

DAVID  
It's a new car.

VASKO  
Sus 'em.

And he heads back into the room.

David watches Jacinto as the others clear out. She sits there, very cool.

A beat, and then he goes into the room.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

He walks in. He doesn't look very good -- the bandage on his head, bruises on his face -- he moves very stiffly. Jacinto looks him over.

JACINTO  
You look like shit.

She almost smiles.

DAVID  
I'm David Corelli. I'm the prosecutor for the City of San Francisco.

JACINTO  
(after a beat;  
smiles)  
Congratulations.

He sits down opposite her, smiles.

DAVID  
You want something to drink, hon -- you want a cigarette?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACINTO  
They said I couldn't smoke in  
here.

DAVID  
(smiles)  
You can if I say you can.

JACINTO  
(smiles)  
Oh yeah?

DAVID  
(smiles)  
Yeah.

JACINTO  
(after a beat)  
I don't smoke... hm.

DAVID  
Let me tell you what's gonna  
happen here, hen.

JACINTO  
I know what's gonna happen here.  
I'm gonna call my lawyer.

DAVID  
Yeah, you are. You know what  
you're gonna tell him? You're  
gonna tell him there's a witness  
who can identify you going in and  
out of Kyle Medford's house on the  
Marina. You're gonna tell him  
I've got a bunch of nice, clear  
photographs of you fucking the  
Governor of the State of  
California. You're gonna tell him  
I'm giving those photographs to  
the papers. You're gonna tell him  
these photographs are going to  
destroy the Governor's career.  
You know what's gonna happen then?  
Your lawyer's gonna tell you to go  
fuck yourself and leave him out of  
it.

She just stares at him, deadpan. David gets up.

DAVID  
(continuing)  
You know what else is gonna  
happen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at him, doesn't say anything.

DAVID  
(continuing)  
The Governor's not going to have  
warm and fuzzy feelings about you.

They look at each other a beat. He reaches into his pocket, throws a quarter on the table.

DAVID  
(continuing)  
Go call your lawyer, hon.

And he starts out of the room -- she watches him. As he gets to the door --

JACINTO  
Wait.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM - BELVEDERE

Matt is in bed, alone. He sips a glass of wine. A sheet covers him to his chest. It is light in the room. The curtains are only partially drawn.

He waits, sips, his face expressionless. Katrina comes out of the bathroom. She wears nothing but simple white bra and panties. Her body is beautiful.

MATT  
(smiles)  
Hello.

They look at each other a beat.

TRINA  
(shyly)  
It's too light in here.

MATT  
(after a beat)  
I like to see.

PATRICE JACINTO

She is talking, directly INTO THE CAMERA. She speaks slowly and quietly.

JACINTO  
I met Kyle at a party at the ACE.  
(NGRE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACINTO (CONT'D)

He knew I was broke. He offered me ten grand a pop. I've fucked guys for less.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM - BELVEDERE

Trina, still standing in her bra and panties, looks at Matt in bed. He puts his hand out -- a beat, and she takes it. She looks shy.

MATT

I've missed you.

She looks at him a long beat, then steps to the window, closes the curtain. He watches her.

PATRICE JACINTO

She is talking, directly INTO THE CAMERA.

JACINTO

I'd go to the Marina house. The guy would come in and spend the night. They never knew who I was. I said my name was Faith. I was a piece of ass.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The curtain is closed; the room is dark now. Trina stands at the bed wearing her bra and panties, looks at Matt.

TRINA

(smiles)

That's better.

MATT

Aren't you going to take those things off?

She looks at him, takes her bra off shyly. Their eyes are on each other. Her breasts are beautiful.

PATRICE JACINTO

She is talking, directly INTO THE CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACINTO

I did it three times. Two of those creeps didn't even want me. They wanted one of the other girls. They'd fucked her before. Jade.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM - DAY

She is in bed now. He is above her. He lowers her panties. He lowers himself to kiss her there. She holds his head. Her eyes, wide open, are on the ceiling. She is passive; she hardly moves.

PATRICE JACINTO

She is talking, directly INTO THE CAMERA.

JACINTO

The fuckin' Governor. I recognized him. Jade rocked his world. He even wanted me to put on a red wig. He wanted me to turn around.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Matt makes love to her... he is inside her... above her... he moves... she lies there, hardly moving... we see her eyes... they are wide open... she is crying.

PATRICE JACINTO

She is talking, directly INTO THE CAMERA.

JACINTO

I don't take it that way. Jade took it any way. Jade did anything. Jade loved it. Jade couldn't get enough of it.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM - DAY

As Matt climaxes --

MATT

(in a whisper)  
I love you. I love you so much.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Her eyes are closed. She holds him. There are tears on her face.

PATRICE JACINTO

She is talking, directly INTO THE CAMERA.

JACINTO

(smiles)

I never met her. I'd like to. I'm into women mostly. I like redheads. She could rock MY world. I saw her once, leaving Kyle's house. I think it was her -- she had long, red hair. She looked... really cool.

And the SCREEN TURNS TO SNOW.

INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY

And we see that David and Vaske have been watching Jacinto on a videotape machine. A long beat, as they stare at the SNOW on the set, and then David shuts it OFF.

VASKO

I'd sure like to meet her. Did any broad ever rock your world like that?

DAVID

(after a long beat)

No.

His phone RINGS. He picks it up.

DAVID

(continuing)

Okay.

INT. THE POLICE LAB - DAY

There are three TECHNICIANS in the dark room, along with David and Vaske. They stand in front of a large screen. On the SCREEN, we see, BLURRED, a man and a woman in had, naked. The film is in color, but the color is very diffused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TECHNICIAN

We've got about nine seconds. The rest is too burned.

We see the woman from the back -- the footage has been shot from the foot of the bed. She is on top of the man, straddling him -- he is inside her. We see the man's face -- he is Oriental -- but not here. There are gleaming silver handcuffs hanging off the headboard.

The Technicians adjust dials to make it SHARPER -- as they do, we see the woman has long, red hair.

David and Vasko stare.

ANOTHER TECHNICIAN

Sho-no.

They keep turning knobs.

We watch the woman atop the oriental man as she moves... straddling him... her body beautiful... her movements wild, almost frenzied.

VASKO

(in awe)

She's gonna fuck him to death.

As they move toward climax, she arches her back... throws her head back... farther... farther... into almost a grotesque contortion... her red hair cascades down her back... as she keeps pumping.

DAVID

Freeze it right there.

They FREEZE THE FRAME -- with her head completely tilted back... her neck severely arched... her breasts completely out-thrust. They stare.

VASKO

Can you flip it upside-down?

A Technician hits a button -- the freeze-frame FLIPS upside down... but we still can't see her face.

ANOTHER TECHNICIAN

Magnify it.

They keep zooming in on the face... adjusting the frame... CLOSER -- CLOSER... and we suddenly see her face. Her face is sweating, her makeup is running...

{CONTINUED}

CONTINUED:

But there is no doubt it's Katrina. David stares, his eyes huge. He looks riveted.

VASKO  
(in a whisper)  
Jesus.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - POLICE STATION - DAY

David stands at a water fountain, drinking deeply. He lets some of the water hit his face.

He straightens up -- Vasko is standing there, watching him.

VASKO  
What are you gonna do?

DAVID  
We'll bring her in.

Vasko looks at him.

VASKO  
I'm sorry.

He looks at Vasko.

DAVID  
We don't have a motive.

VASKO  
(after a beat)  
I'll bet you a buck we'll find one.

David looks at him a long beat. Vasko turns and walks away.

David turns to the window, dazed, lost in his thoughts. It is on the second floor, overlooking a police parking lot.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - DAY

Lt. Hargrove stands, talking to a man who is about to get into a black Ford. The car door is open. There is a black rubber hood cover over the car's engine. The car windows are tinted black. We can't see the man's face for a beat -- and then he turns. It is Bill Barrett, Governor Edwards' administrative assistant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks in, still looking like he's been poleaxed. Sandy, his secretary, stops him as he heads into his inner office.

SANDY

She called three times. She wants to meet you at Dooley's at five o'clock. She said it's very important.

She hands David three pink phone slips. He looks at them.

SANDY

(continuing)

Governor Edwards would like you to call him.

(a beat)

And Matt Gavin called.

He looks up from his phone slips, looks at Sandy like she isn't there.

SANDY

(continuing;

looks at him)

You want some Tylenol or something?

A beat, and he shakes his head, still looking dazed.

INT. DOOLEY'S - LATE AFTERNOON

It is a bar at the St. Francis Hotel. Union Square is across the street. Floor-to-ceiling windows face the square. David sits at a table next to a window. He has a drink in front of him. He glances at a clock -- ten minutes after five.

He looks out the window. Across the street, he sees Patrice Jacinto getting out of a cab. She wears another very hot, post-punk outfit.

Jacinto jaywalks across the street. She looks nervous -- she looks carefully at traffic -- and gets to David's side of the sidewalk. She stops a moment, looks at him through the window. He watches her as she walks toward the door that leads to the bar.

And suddenly there is an explosive, whooshing ROAR... and we see the ROARING, fleeting shape of a black Porsche... on the sidewalk...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... right outside David's window... people scream... as it hits Jacinto... hurling her body high in the air... and it CRASHES through one of the big glass windows... into the bar.

Chaos. Pandemonium. Screams.

David runs wildly... to the door of the bar... and out into the street.

EXT. POWELL STREET - DAY

He sees the black Porsche... in the street now... caught in traffic ahead... it desperately shifts into reverse, trying to get to the sidewalk again... turning in the street... and we see the black rubber hood cover on the engine.

David runs towards it... for a moment the Porsche looks like it is coming right at him... the man running head-on towards this hellacious black machine, its windows tinted black... and then it swerves onto the sidewalk and farther ahead.

David runs after it... by a row of taxis... stops, grabs a CAB DRIVER sitting in a cab by the neck, pulls him out of the car.

CABBIE

(screaming)

What are you doin'! What the fuck's goin' on?

DAVID

(screaming)

Get the fuck out!

And he jumps into the cab and GUNS it... the black Porsche is up ahead now, on the sidewalk, ROARING ahead... people leap and dive out of its way.

INT. THE CAB - LATE AFTERNOON

David GUNS the cab onto the sidewalk, behind it at a distance... as people jump out of his way. He lays on the HORN... desperate, intense, trying not to hit anyone or anything... the cab sideswipes a storefront -- the window SHATTERS and EXPLODES out onto the street.

## EXT. POWELL STREET

The Porsche, up ahead, makes a wild turn onto a small street. David's cab makes a wild turn behind it. The Porsche is farther ahead now.

And they are suddenly in the little streets of Chinatown on a warm, sunny day at rush hour, teeming with tourists and merchants. Fruit and vegetable stands line the narrow sidewalks.

And the Porsche makes another wild turn into a very narrow little street... David has closed the gap a little now... and up ahead, coming towards the Porsche, David sees... a parade.

We see majorettes up front -- they are lovely Chinese elementary school girls. The Porsche heads straight towards them... closer and closer to the front row of girls... some of them start to scatter... ranks of grade school kids are behind them...

## INT. THE CAB - LATE AFTERNOON

DAVID  
(screams)

NO!

## EXT. THE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

And, at the last moment, the Porsche veers wildly... away from the kids... onto a sidewalk again... the small sports car barely fits on the sidewalk between the storefronts and the parked cars... fruit stalls EXPLODE... people dive... but it gets through... and GUNS ahead down the sidewalk.

## INT. THE CAB

David finds himself heading right for the rows of kids... he swerves wildly towards the sidewalk after the Porsche... and realizes that he won't fit through between the storefronts and the parked cars.

He jams on the brake, and the cab comes to a SCREECHING stop.

He sits there behind the wheel of the cab with Chinese people screaming at him in Chinese and thumping the car.

INT. POOLEY'S - NIGHT

Police are all over the place -- both inside and outside it. The area has been blocked off.

David stares at Patricia Jacinto's body -- it has landed across a table; her head is nearly decapitated.

VASKO

(next to him)

Somebody knew she was talking to us.

He looks at Vasko, and then, behind him --

HARGROVE

Well, we don't have a talking head anymore.

David looks at him; Hargrove is looking at Jacinto's body.

HARGROVE

(continuing)

Aren't you glad you convinced her to talk?

David looks at Hargrove like he could kill him.

HARGROVE

(con' inuing; smiles)

I mean -- at least we know what was going on. We don't have to start from scratch.

DAVID

(after a beat;

to Hargrove)

I didn't know you knew Governor Edwards.

HARGROVE

I don't. I know his A.A., though -- Bill Barrett. Why? You want me to introduce you? Maybe he can give you some tips on your campaign.

DAVID

(after a beat;

smiles)

No thanks.

HARGROVE

(smiles)

He's good. He always wins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David looks at him. He starts away.

MARGROVE

(continuing)

You know about the meeting  
tomorrow at seven?

DAVID

What meeting?

MARGROVE

Katrina Gavin. I've got everybody  
working all night.

DAVID

(after a beat)

I'll be there.

MARGROVE

(a slight smile)

Thought you'd be.

DAVID

(to Vasko)

Issus na a waspon.

Vasko looks at him a beat, nods.

MARGROVE

(smiles)

You're not getting paranoid, are  
you?

EXT. MATT AND KATRINA'S HOUSE - BELVEDERE - NIGHT

The white Porsche pulls into a circular driveway and  
pulls next to the Ferrari. Matt gets out. He is  
wearing sweat-clothes. The Butler is washing the  
Ferrari.

BUTLER

Did you have a nice run, sir?

MATT

Yes I did -- thank you, Alan.

BUTLER

Mrs. Gavin called from the city,  
sir. She wasn't sure when she was  
getting back. She said you should  
eat without her, sir.

We hear the ROAR of another car engine.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BUTLER

(continuing)

Oh, I think she's here now, sir.

And we see the black Porsche come into the circular driveway. Katrina drives it. She stops. Matt steps to her window. We see the car does not have the rubber hood cover over the engine.

MATT

Where'd you get?

TRINA

I had to get some papers at the office. Hungry?

MATT

(smiles)

Starved.

She smiles.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It is a small bachelor apartment in the Sunset District.

David lies in bed, fully-clothed, with only a single light on next to the bed. He has a photo album that he is looking at. His face is expressionless. We see the photographs as he pages through the album slowly.

We see him with Trina... they are both in their early 20's. We see them on the Stanford campus, their arms around each other, mugging for the camera... They are at an animal rights protest, posters in their hands... They're in bathing suits, kissing, on the beach at a spring break... and then we see a photograph of David and Matt, their arms around each other, smiling.

And then he turns the page, and we see three color photographs of Katrina in her early 20's. She is kneeling on a bed, looking right into the camera. She is wearing lacy black underwear and smiling coyly, sexily into the camera. Her hair is very long and flows down her back.

David stares at the page a long beat, and then he leans his head back and closes his eyes.

KATRINA

She is wearing reading glasses and a simple dress with a single strand of pearls. She stands at a speaker's podium.

TRINA

But they are no longer able to control their urges. They disassociate themselves from their own actions, often even experiencing what I term a hysterical blindness. They are blind to the darkness within themselves.

INT. D.A.'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Detective Locklin hits a button, shuts the VCR off. We see David, Pat Callender, Lt. Hargrove, Vaske, Heller, and Jones in the room.

LOCKLIN

It's a speech she made in Houston.

HELLER

(looks at notes)

Her father's dead. Her mother lives in Paris -- her mother's twice remarried, the last one's an Italian actor. She's never been close to her mother.

JONES

She was an only child. She grew up in Switzerland, New York, and Newport, Rhode Island. She went to Bryn Mawr and then Stanford, where she met Matthew Gavin and married him the year after graduation.

VASKO

She's personally worth four to five mil in trusts. Her husband's one of the Hillsborough Gavins -- 20 to 30 mil in trusts, and he pulls down another three a year from his law practice. She makes \$50 grand a year from her psychiatric practice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELLER

(looks at notes)

They own two homes -- the one in Belvedere and a ranch in St. Helena. They own four cars. She drives a white Porsche; her husband drives a black one. She's active in Marin charities and animal rights groups. She has a reputation for being devoted to her work and to her husband.

VASCO

(grins)

And for taking it any way and loving it. She's the perfect yuppie.

David looks at him.

HARGROVE

What was that Stanford arrest about?

LOCKLIN

I'm still trying to get more detail --

HARGROVE

(to David)

Did you know her then?

DAVID

(after a beat)

Yes.

HARGROVE

(smiles)

Well, are you gonna tell us? Is it relevant?

DAVID

(after a beat)

She went in and trashed a research lab. He'd been involved in... she'd been involved in a protest. One night she lost it and trashed the place. She had to pay the damages.

Locklin hits the video button again. We see photographs of the Oriental man who we saw in the video making love to Jade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOCKLIN

Hamura Toshiko, 56, chairman of the Takahita Corporation, Japan's third-biggest computer firm, very heavy in Japanese political and industrial circles.

He shuts the video button off.

VASKO

(smiles)

she might take it in any way, but not from any body, that's for sure. She fucks big bucks.

A long beat, they think about it.

HARGROVE

(after a beat)

You know what I say? We've got her prints on the hatchet. We've got her lying to us in her statement. We've got her in Hedford's house just before he died. She's got no alibi. I say we stop dicking around. We've got a case.

CALENDAR

We don't have a motive.

HARGROVE

Sure we do. She spends her time studying nutcases. She's a wealthy, socially prominent married woman who gets off hooking on the side. What was it she said on the tape -- "Blind to the darkness within themselves"? She lost it -- just like she lost it at Stanford.

VASKO

Whoever killed Hedford lost it -- that's for sure.

David just stares ahead, says nothing.

CALENDAR

What do you think, David?

He looks at Calendar a long beat, says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vaske reaches into a briefcase and hands him a holster with a gun in it. A beat, and David takes it.

BARGROVE

(smiles)

Be careful. You don't want to shoot yourself in the foot with it.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

He walks in, goes to the window, looks out.

VOICE

(behind him)

David -- how are ya?

He turns, startled, sees Governor Edwards' A.A., Bill Barrett, sitting there.

DAVID

How did you get in here?

BARRETT

When the Governor of the State of California calls, most people return the phone call.

DAVID

I've been busy.

BARRETT

(a slight smile)

So I've heard.

They look at each other a beat.

BARRETT

(continuing; quietly)

Those photographs you left in Sacramento. I thought maybe now that you won't be needing them, you could help me find the negatives.

David looks at him a long beat.

DAVID

(quietly)

Get out of here.

Barrett looks at him a beat, then gets up and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRETT

What do you need them for, David?  
They're not relevant anymore.  
Dead pussy tells no secrets.

He starts to walk out.

DAVID

I like your car, Barrett.

Barrett stops, looks at him a beat, then smiles.

BARRETT

Did you hear what happened? You  
won't believe it. I drive into  
town yesterday, see some old  
friends. I stop for an Irish  
coffee at the Clift after --  
somebody steals it right out of  
valet parking.

DAVID

(after a beat,  
smiles)

Did you report it stolen?

BARRETT

(smiles)

See? I told you you wouldn't  
believe it.

(a beat)

Hell yes. Not that it's going to  
do me any good. I called Hargrove  
as soon as it happened. He  
reported it for me.

(a beat)

See ya.

He starts out again -- at the door, turns back.

BARRETT

(continuing)

Hey, I heard you had some car  
trouble too. I heard you were  
lucky.

And he's gone.

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE - BELVEDERE - DAY

David, Lt. Hargrove, and Vasho get out of an unmarked  
police car. They walk up the steps to the front door.

(CONTINUED)\_

CONTINUED:

They see a black Porsche near the garage, along with other cars. Hargrove hits the door hard with the heavy gorgoi knocker. The Butler opens the door.

BUTLER  
Mr. Corelli, sir --

HARGROVE  
Is Katrina Gavin here?

The Butler looks at them a beat.

BUTLER  
She's in the study.

INT. KATRINA'S STUDY - DAY

She is sitting at a desk, wearing her reading glasses -- papers are spread out in front of her. She wears a very expensive, softly sexy robe. She is smoking a cigarette.

She sees David and the two others coming towards the study. She watches them, looks at them a beat when they get there.

A beat, and she blows smoke towards them.

TRINA  
Hello, David.

Her face is expressionless; so is his.

HARGROVE  
We'd like you to come downtown with us. Mrs. Gavin.

TRINA  
(after a beat)  
Am I under arrest?

VASKO  
We can do it that way, if that's the way you want to do it.

TRINA  
I've told you all. I know about Kyle Medford. What's this about?

She and David look at each other a beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID  
(quietly)

Jade.

They keep their eyes on each other for the longest beat. There is a worldful of pain in his eyes.

TRINA  
(evenly)  
I don't know anyone named Jade.

HARGROVE  
Would you like to change and call  
your attorney, Mrs. Gavin?

She still has her eyes on David. He turns away from her.

TRINA  
Yes.

EXT. THE BELVEDERE HOUSE - DAY

David is looking at the black Porsche. He sees some scrapes on the front bumper, but nothing more. There are other plainclothesmen examining the car; we see other police cars, too.

As he is looking at it -- Trina comes down the steps with Hargrove and Vasko. She wears a simple black dress. She wears dark, wrap-around sunglasses.

As they pass the Porsche --

DAVID  
Didn't you have an engine cover on  
the hood?

TRINA  
It's Matt's car. Ask him. I  
don't drive it... much.  
(a beat)  
They call it a bra.

DAVID  
What?

TRINA  
The cover. It's a bra.

They get into the unmarked police car.



## INT. THE UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

as they cross the Golden Gate Bridge. Hargrove drives, Vasko sits in the front seat next to him, David sits in the back behind Hargrove, Trina behind Vasko.

Hargrove glances at them in the rearview mirror. Their eyes are straight ahead; their faces expressionless.

And then Trina puts her left hand on David's right knee, her eyes still straight ahead, hidden by the sunglasses. He doesn't look at her. A long beat as her hand rests on his knee. And then he puts his right hand on her hand... and moves her hand off his knee.

Hargrove glances at them in the rearview mirror.

HARGROVE

Who's your attorney?

TRINA

My husband's meeting us downtown.

DAVID

(after a beat)

You might consider having someone else represent you.

TRINA

He's always intimidated you. If I really need an attorney, he's the perfect person to represent me.

David sees Hargrove looking at him in the rearview mirror. Hargrove hides a smile.

## INT. THE POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The room is bare and cold. It is the same room Patricia Jacinto was questioned in. The wall-sized, two-way mirror is at the end of the room. There are a few bright lights in the room.

(NOTE: Much of the scene should be SHOT as REFLECTED in the angles, shadows, and spotty brightness of the mirror.)

The conference table is no longer here; there are only chairs in the room. She sits on a chair, facing them in her simple black dress. She looks almost dazed. She wears her dark, wrap-around sunglasses. There is a small stand not far from her chair. On separate chairs in different parts of the room are David, Lt. Hargrove, Vasko, Pat Callendar, Heller, Jones, and Locklin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks perfectly composed.

HARGROVE

Can you remove your sunglasses,  
please?

TRINA

May I have some Evian water?

DAVID

(smiles)

We'll get you some tap water if  
you like, that's all we've got.

At that moment, Matt Gavin comes into the room. He  
wears an impeccable Brioni suit. He looks upset.

MATT

What's this about?

He kisses Trina softly, quickly on the cheek.

HARGROVE

Sit down, Counselor.

Matt gives Hargrove a look, takes a chair, moves it next  
to hers.

DAVID

Let the record show that Matthew  
Gavin is here as Anna Katrina  
Gavin's attorney.

We see a stenographer in the corner.

Sandy, David's pretty blonde secretary, the young woman  
we saw earlier having sex with Matt, comes in... with a  
paper cup of water... and hands it to Trina.

TRINA

(smiles)

Thank you.

Sandy looks at Trina, glances at Matt, and leads out.  
Matt glances furtively at her as she is leaving.

DAVID

Let's begin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARGROVE

Can you remove your sunglasses,  
please, Mrs. Gavin?

A beat -- she takes them off and smiles a thin smile at Hargrove. Heller hits a button. On the TV set in the corner, we see Patrice Jacinto.

JACINTO

Two of those creeps didn't even want me. They wanted one of the other girls. They'd fucked her before. Jade. The fuckin' Governor -- I recognized him -- Jade rocked his world.

We see Katrina and Matt watching Jacinto. Trina shows no reaction.

JACINTO

(continuing; on tape)

He even wanted me to put on a red wig. He wanted me to turn around. I don't take it that way.

We see David watching Trina watching Jacinto. He is holding a set of keys in his hand nervously as he watches her. The keys have a silver key ring.

JACINTO

(continuing; on tape)

Jade took it ANY way. Jade did anything. Jade loved it. Jade couldn't get enough of it.

The tape ENDS.

MATT

(bard)

What is this? What does this have to do with Katrina? I'm not going to let her be a part of a fishing expedition!

David nods to Heller. She hits a button and, on the TV SCREEN, we see the grainy, color-diffused tape of Katrina having sex with the Oriental man. It goes into SLOW MOTION as it begins to clear.

Matt stares at the screen. Katrina is expressionless. The tape ends with the climax... her back arched almost grotesquely, her breasts out-thrust, her head thrown back, her red hair cascading... and then we see the freeze-frame on Katrina's face... and then the freeze-frame turned right side up.

(CONTINUED)

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The tape ENDS. The screen is dark. A very long beat.

Matt's eyes are wide open, staring at the dark screen. He is frozen. Then he finally blinks... his eyes still on the dark screen. He starts to look at her and stops... it's like he can't turn his face to her.

She sits there, expressionless, poised, composed.

DAVID

Mrs. Gavin -- is that you in that videotape?

She looks at David a beat, expressionless.

MATT

(suddenly, emotionally)

It could be anybody! That woman vaguely resembles her! What the fuck is this? That's not her --

TRINA

(quietly)

Yes it is.

She looks at David. Matt looks at her a beat, then --

MATT

(explosively)

She doesn't know what she's saying!

(to Trina)

She's acting against the advice of counsel --

She puts her hand on Matt's and holds it.

TRINA

(to Matt, softly)

I'm sorry.

She looks at him. He looks away from her. She keeps holding his hand -- and then he takes his hand away. David watches her.

A beat, and then Matt looks at David. If looks could kill... David looks away from him.

DAVID

I'm sorry... Mr. Gavin... You're her attorney. There was no other way. I suggested she have other counsel represent her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

(in a whisper)

Fuck you, David. Don't do me any favors.

A long beat. as they look at each other.

BARGROVE

(enjoying this)

Can we get on with it?

David looks at him. We can tell BARGROVE is enjoying this. He looks at Katrina.

TRINA

(quietly; hesitantly)

I met Masuru Toshito at a fundraiser for the museum. I liked him. I liked him very much.

(a beat; with difficulty)

I'd never... cheated on my husband before.

(a beat; with difficulty)

He took me to a house. I spent the night with him.

She looks like she's going to cry. Matt can't look at her -- his eyes are on the ground. She reaches out for his hand again -- he won't give it to her.

TRINA

(continuing; quietly)

I'm sorry.

(a beat)

I'm so sorry.

Matt doesn't look at her; David watches her.

A beat -- BARGROVE looks at David. He looks like he's in utter disbelief.

BARGROVE

Are you kidding me? Are you saying you weren't hooking?

MATT

What did you say?

He looks at BARGROVE as though he is coming out of a trance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

(continuing; hard)

Are you accusing my wife of  
hooking? Do you know who you're  
speaking to?

HARGROVE

(hard)

No, Counselor, I'm accusing your  
client of hooking.

A long beat as Matt and Hargrove glare at each other.

TRINA

(quietly)

I cheated on my husband, but that  
doesn't make it hooking.

She is completely calm. They stare at her.

VASKO

You weren't hooking for Kyle  
Madford?

TRINA

I beg your pardon?

DAVID

(hard)

Answer the question.

MATT

(quietly)

Jesus. I don't believe this.

TRINA

Of course not.

HARGROVE

(hard)

You never called yourself Jade.  
You never --

TRINA

(calmly)

No.

They look at her a beat.

HELLER

Did you have sex with other men --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

(hard)

I did not! I cheated on my  
husband once --

(she looks at Matt)

-- to my great... shame.

(a beat)

I knew it was wrong... but I  
didn't know I could be arrested  
for it.

A beat. as they look at her.

CALLENDAR

You're not under arrest, Mrs.  
Gavin.

A long beat. She looks down.

TRINA

(continuing)

That young woman on the  
videotape... I'd be happy to meet  
her... She could tell you I'm not  
this person... she was referring  
to.

DAVID

(after a beat)

She's dead.

A beat; she looks at David. He puts the keys he's been  
playing with on the stand near her.

VASKO

Did you ever fuck the Governor of  
California?

She looks at Vasko like he's nuts. Matt gets up.

MATT

Okay, that's it. We're out of  
here. She told you she's not this  
person --

TRINA

No. Did you?

Vasko looks at her, grins; he likes that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

TRINA

(continuing)

If you don't believe me, why don't you ask Governor Edwards?

(a beat)

Ask Hamuru if I'm telling you the truth... I've got his number in Tokyo.

(a beat)

Please be discreet. He's married. I'm sure he regrets what happened between us as much as I do.

They stare at her.

VASRO

Why did you wear the red wig?

TRINA

He asked me to. He took it out of his briefcase. I don't know why. Ask him.

LOCKLIN

Where was the house that Mr. Teshito took you to?

TRINA

I don't remember. It was somewhere in the Marina.

David is pacing right in front of the two-way mirror at the end of the room.

JONES

Have you been in that house on other occasions?

TRINA

No. I was only there that night.

David has his back to her. He is staring right into the two-way mirror.

DAVID

Would it surprise you if I told you that house was owned by Kyle Medford?

TRINA

Yes, it would. I didn't know Hamuru knew Kyle.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

David turns to her.

DAVID

What if I told you I had a witness  
who saw you enter and leave that  
house on several occasions?

They have their eyes on each other.

MATT

She's already answered the  
question. It's the only time she  
was there.

TRINA

I'd tell you your witness was  
mistaken.

DAVID

Where were you yesterday afternoon  
between five and seven?

TRINA

(thinks about it)

I was in the city. I met Matt for  
a fast drink at the Clift around  
three. I had to go to my office  
to pick some papers up and return  
some phone calls. Then I drove  
home. I got stuck in traffic on  
the bridge for a while. I got  
home around eight.

MATT

How does this relate to Kyle  
Madford?

DAVID

(to Trina)

What were you driving?

TRINA

My Porsche.

(a beat)

No -- I'm sorry. I drove my  
husband's.

DAVID

The black Porsche?

TRINA

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

What are you accusing her of?

DAVID

Nothing. She doesn't have to answer any question she doesn't want to.

A beat, as they look at each other.

DAVID

(continuing)

Why did you drive your husband's Porsche?

TRINA

Sometimes we switch.

They look at her.

TRINA

(continuing; quietly)

I've committed no crime. If you have no further questions, I'd like to go.

They look at her a beat.

BARGROVE

Can you be available for a lineup tomorrow?

MATT

(hard)

Forget it! Enough is enough. She's not going to be put through any more of this. If you're going to charge her, charge her. But let me tell you -- if you charge her falsely -- this city is going to pay her more money than L.A. paid Joe Morgan. Think about that.

(to Trina)

Let's go.

TRINA

(to Bargrove)

I've got nothing to hide. I'll be available when you need me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They look at her a beat.

TRINA

(continuing; to David)

What you did to my marriage here  
today was unspeakable.

(a beat)

May my husband and I go now?

DAVID

(after a beat)

Yes.

Their eyes are on each other.

They start to head out. As they are almost out the  
door --

MATT

(quietly, intensely)

You happy now, David? Is this  
what you wanted?

He turns to go out.

DAVID

Whatever happened to the bra on  
your Porsche?

Matt turns back, looks at him a beat, shakes his head in  
disbelief.

MATT

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

And they're gone. A long beat as they sit there. David  
stands in front of the two-way mirror, facing it.

VASKO

(grins)

Well, I think she had some  
uncontrollable urges and is having  
hysterical blindness.

As David stares at the two-way mirror, he thinks he sees  
something. Maybe he saw the tiniest flicker of a shadow  
there; maybe he imagined it.

DAVID

(to Vasko)

Is anybody in there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He indicates the little room on the other side of the mirror.

VASKO  
Where?

HARGROVE  
No.

David looks at Hargrove a beat -- and he heads out of the room. They stare at him.

INT. THE CORRIDOR

He walks to the next door and tries to open it. It is locked. He tries again. It won't open. A beat -- he stands there. And then he heads back down the corridor.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

He walks back in. They stare at him.

DAVID  
It's locked.

HARGROVE  
Well yes, it's locked. It's always locked when we're not using it.

David looks at the two-way mirror again suspiciously.

VASKO  
You want to call maintenance and get a key?

David looks at them a beat, shakes his head. Hargrove gives Vasko a look that says: He's losing it. David sees the look. Hargrove smiles a little and looks away from him. A beat.

HARGROVE  
(after a beat)  
She's lying. She's one of the best I've ever seen. She knows this guy in Tokyo isn't going to get involved... she knows Sacramento... isn't going to get involved... she knows the other hooker's dead --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLENDAR

How did she even know Jacinto was talking to us?

HARGROVE

I don't know how she knew. But she knew somehow. She's dangerous. She's a sociopath. She killed Medford and is covering herself. She's studied her crazies too well. She's as warped as they are.

A beat, as they look at him.

INT. THE LITTLE ROOM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MIRROR - DAY

Someone is watching them through the glass.

HELLER

(to David)

You know her. You think she's lying?

David is looking right into the mirror.

DAVID

(after a beat)

Yes.

We see who is watching them now. It is Bill Barrett. He smiles.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - DAY

Matt and Trina are standing by their Mercedes 600. He pushes the automatic door opener. It won't open. He pushes it again. It won't open. He suddenly hits the door with his fist. A beat, and then he looks at her in pain and anger.

TRINA

(calm)

Don't. Please.

MATT

(after a beat;

hard)

Don't? You mean I can't even ask you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

(flat)

Don't.

A beat, as they look at each other.

TRINA

(continuing, quietly)

Do you think I don't know?

(she smiles)

I must strike you as stupid.

MATT

(after a beat)

Know what?

TRINA

(calm)

Their names. The places you take them to dinner. The suite in the Fairmount Towers.

(a beat)

Of course, it was usually the office.

(a beat; she smiles)

You work very hard, don't you?

MATT

(after a beat)

You've had me watched?

TRINA

(after a beat)

Not for the last year.

(a beat)

I don't like wasting money.

He looks away from her.

TRINA

(continuing)

I've cheated on you once. How many times have you cheated on me?

A long beat, and then he looks back at her.

MATT

(quietly)

Do you want a divorce? Is that it?

His voice is choked up. She looks at him a long beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

Do you?

MATT

(after a beat)

No.

He looks away from her. He is more choked up.

MATT

(continuing)

I love you.

He doesn't look at her when he says it. She watches him.

TRINA

(flat)

I love you too.

He looks at her. Her face is expressionless. There is a coldness about her.

TRINA

(continuing)

Will you open the door for me, please?

A beat, as he looks at her, and he opens the Mercedes' door for her.

INT. THEIR BEDROOM - DAY

He sits on the side of the bed, still wearing his Brioni suit. He stares at nothing. The door to the bathroom is open. She is in the shower -- there is steam in the bathroom. She comes out of the shower, naked, and starts to dry off with a towel.

He watches her from the side of the bed... watches her body.

He comes into the bathroom slowly, still wearing his suit. She watches him come towards her in the mirror.

He suddenly grabs her by the hair, pulls her head back. A beat -- she winces in pain.

She suddenly grabs the scissors on the bathroom counter and slashes at him with the scissors. He jumps back -- his hand is slightly cut. There is a trickle of blood.

She stands there, holding the scissors, her eyes wild.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

Did the tape turn you on, Matt?  
Is that what happened?

He looks at her a beat -- the blood trickles down his hand.

MATT

(after a long beat)  
Put 'em down.  
(a beat)  
Put the scissors down, Trina.

She holds them.

TRINA

(smiles)  
Why? I like holding them. I like  
that they frighten you.

MATT

(after a beat)  
Please.

A long beat, as she looks at him, and then puts them down. They look at each other a long beat.

MATT

(continuing; quiet,  
hoarse)  
You never made love to me... like  
you fucked that guy.

TRINA

(after a beat;  
smiles)  
Maybe you never brought that side  
of me out.

MATT

(after a beat)  
Did David?

TRINA

(smiles)  
David? I told you the kind of  
lover David was.

MATT

To protect my frail ego? That's  
what David said.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He looks away from her, down at the counter... and picks the scissors up casually. She looks at him with the scissors in his hand. He is not exactly threatening her with the scissors, but he is holding the scissors between them.

TRINA  
Is your ego frail?

He is still looking at the scissors in his hand.

TRINA  
(continuing)  
I would have thought all these young blondes would have built it up.

He looks at her now, the scissors in hand... and for a moment we think he is going to lash out at her. But he puts the scissors down on the counter... and turns away from her.

She turns back to the mirror. Her hair is wet. She has no makeup on. We see shadows under her eyes. She looks almost... feral.

INT. THE BATHROOM - LATER

She stands in front of the mirror. She looks hot. It isn't the restrained, in-held sexuality we've seen throughout. She sizzles. She has more makeup on than we've ever seen her wear. She wears a very tight and revealing red dress. And she wears a long blonde wig. She looks at herself and smiles. She turns and walks into the bedroom.

INT. THE BEDROOM

The curtains have been drawn. The bedroom is dark. He is lying in the darkness on the bed, still wearing his Brioni suit. He looks at her as she walks in -- heading right out.

MATT  
Where are you going?

She looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

Out,

(a beat)

Do you like my dress?

He says nothing, looks at her.

MATT

(hard)

Where?

TRINA

(icy)

To the office.

(she smiles)

I've got work to do.

They look at each other.

MATT

(quietly)

You're dressed for it.

TRINA

(after a beat)

Yes, I am.

And she goes. A beat, and he gets up and goes to the bathroom door.

He looks at himself in the mirror a beat. He looks awful. And he looks at the counter... the scissors are gone.

INT. THE POLICE GARAGE - DAY

David and Vesko are looking at Matt Gavin's black Porsche -- with them are two or three police FORENSICS MEN.

FORENSICS MAN

These two scrapes here --

He indicates the scrapes on the front fender.

FORENSICS MAN

(Continuing)

-- They're new -- but the tests show no blood. There wouldn't necessarily be blood here from an impact -- the blood could have flaked -- right here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He taps the hood of the car.

ANOTHER FORENSICS MAN  
But no blood here, either. Not  
even a trace.

ANOTHER FORENSICS MAN  
There ARE a lot of paint traces on  
the front and rear bumper and  
sides.

DAVID  
What does that mean?

FORENSICS MAN  
It either means they take it to a  
car wash that's not very good, or  
it's been in the kind of chase you  
described.

DAVID  
What if there was a bra on the  
engine?

FORENSICS MAN  
Then the blood would be on the bra  
and not the body.

A beat -- David nods and he and Vasko start walking  
away. One of the Forensics Men standing at the Porsche  
yells to them.

FORENSICS MAN  
Can we release it?

Vasko looks at David; David shrugs.

VASKO  
(yelling)  
Yeah.

As they walk through the garage, they see Hargrove and  
Bill Barrett standing at another black Porsche...  
identical to Matt Gavin's... that's been completely  
trashed. It looks like a truck hit it.

BARRETT  
(to David)  
Hey -- did you see my car?  
Somebody drove it off a cliff.

David looks at the car, sees Barrett grinning at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRETT

(continuing)

You know the good news? The insurance company got me a brand-new one.

MARGROVE

(to David)

It helps to have powerful friends.

(to Barrett)

Am I right?

BARRETT

(to David)

You're right.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As he is about to open his door, he hears something move inside. He listens -- he hears it again. He draws his gun. He opens the door very slowly.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He steps into the darkness -- warily, his gun drawn. He sees a shadow in the kitchen.

DAVID

Put your hands up and come out slowly.

He aims the gun carefully with both hands, pulls back the hammer. A long beat. And Katrina steps out. She wears the very tight and skimpy red dress and the long blonde wig. David takes a long look at her, runs his eyes down her body.

TRINA

Are you going to shoot me, David?

DAVID

(hushed)

What are you doing here?

TRINA

I had to talk to you.

She comes closer and closer to him. Her movements are suggestive, overtly sexy. We've never seen her this way. Even her voice is different -- low, almost a husky, intense whisper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

(continuing, coy)

Don't you want to talk to me,  
David? Aren't you going to put  
the gun down?

She is very close to him now. He looks at her a beat  
and puts the gun down.

DAVID

I can't talk to you, Trina.

TRINA

(coy)

Yes you can.

She is almost touching him now.

DAVID

You're a suspect in a --

TRINA

(a slight smile)

I came here to confess, David.

DAVID

(hard)

Cut the shit, okay?

(a beat; hard,  
loud)

Get the hell out of here, Trina!

She is taken aback by his fury. She turns away from  
him. She starts to cry softly.

TRINA

(softly, crying)

I'm scared. Help me. Please.

He looks at her a long beat. He... and we... wonder if  
this is an act. She stops crying, is still turned away  
from him.

TRINA

(continuing;  
quietly)

I didn't know Kyle was filming any  
of it. I knew they were powerful  
men, but I didn't know he was...  
using them. He told me they were  
friends of his.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

(cold)

How many of 'em did you fuck?

TRINA

(quietly)

Fifteen, twenty -- I lost track.

She doesn't look at him.

DAVID

(intensely)

Why? Why not just cheat like everybody else does? Why did you turn yourself into a --

She looks at him.

TRINA

(after a beat)

I've always... been... a whore.  
You ~~know~~... I've always been... a  
whore.

A long beat, as they look at each other, and she smiles.

TRINA

(continuing)

You knew it was me when you saw  
that tape... before you saw my  
face... didn't you? Didn't you?

He looks at her, and then he closes his eyes a beat.

DAVID

Do you fuck Matt that way?

She is still smiling.

TRINA

You don't fuck your husband that  
way. You make love to him.

DAVID

What did you tell your husband?

She turns away from him again.

TRINA

Nothing. All he knows is that I  
cheated on him with that man on  
the tape.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA (CONT'D)

(a beat)

What's so wrong... with what I  
did?

DAVID

(after a beat)

Who were they?

TRINA

Man with money... empires...  
families... reputations.

She turns to him with a wild intensity.

TRINA

(continuing;

in a whisper)

I can ruin them. They know I can  
ruin them. They killed Kyle.  
They killed that girl on the tape.  
If you charge me... if they know  
Katrina Gavin is Jade... they  
won't risk letting me live.

She turns away from him again and starts to cry softly.  
He watches her. A very long beat.

TRINA

(continuing; to

herself, quietly)

God, David -- won't you ever  
forgive me for leaving you?

He looks at her a beat... and then he goes to her... she  
turns, crying... and puts her arms around his neck...  
pulling herself close to him.

TRINA

(continuing;

whispering)

I've missed you.

DAVID

(whispering)

Don't. Please don't.

She is still crying.

TRINA

(whispering)

I've missed you so much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID  
(whispering)  
Trina.

TRINA  
(crying, whispering)  
I loved you so much.

And she kisses him on the lips -- he backs to the couch -- she falls on top of him.

TRINA  
(containing;  
whispering, urgently)  
Please.

DAVID  
(whispering)  
Trina, don't.

TRINA  
(whispering)  
Please, David, please.

And they roll onto the floor. She is on top of him. She crouches low over him... her long, blonde hair falls over his face... her tongue is in his mouth now... he pulls the scanty dress up... she wears no underwear... his hands are on her butt, feeling her... as she unzips him... he pulls the red dress over her head -- she is naked.

He moans... she starts to move the same way that she did in the videotape... we see them from behind her... it is the same angle as in the videotape.

She is on top of him, moving... her head is back... her back is arched... her breasts are out-thrust... her head goes farther and farther back, almost grotesquely, her hair cascading down her back... as they come together.

A long beat... as she freezes herself arched backwards... and then she lets her head fall forward and she slumps on top of him. His eyes are closed.

A very long beat as they lie like that -- he puts his arms around her.

DAVID  
(quietly)  
You're lying, Katrina.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

We see her open her eyes. He still has his arms around her as she is slumped atop him.

DAVID

(continuing; quietly)

You're good. You're really good.  
But I think you killed Kyle and  
you killed that girl and I think  
you planned what happened here  
very carefully.

A beat... and she sits up... and looks away from him.  
She is naked. Her face is expressionless.

DAVID

(continuing;

cold, quietly)

But you see -- nothing happened  
here except that I had my brains  
fucked out by a hooker named Jade.

He gets up and looks at her. She is turned away from  
him, her face expressionless.

DAVID

(continuing)

I knew Katrina Gavin a long time  
ago. I don't know her anymore.

He looks at her a beat and the phone RINGS. He reaches  
for the phone. And as he does -- we see her reach for  
her purse. She reaches slowly inside her purse. Her  
face is a mask.

DAVID

(continuing;

on the phone)

Okay.

He hangs up and looks at her. There is a look of horror  
on his face. And she takes her hand out of her purse.  
We see a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. She lights  
the cigarette, doesn't look at him.

DAVID

(continuing)

I have to go.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (CONT'D)

(a beat)

My poor Trina. You're so fuckin' sick.

She looks at him again.

TRINA

What if you're wrong, David? If you're wrong, I'm dead.

He looks at her a beat.

DAVID

Can I have my keys?

TRINA

(after a beat)

How would I have your keys?

She smiles.

DAVID

You took them off the stand in the interrogation room.

A long beat, and she reaches into her purse again -- and throws him his keys. The smile is gone now. She almost looks angry.

INT. A HOUSE ON THE MARINA - NIGHT

The body of Justin Henderson lies on the bed, his mouth open... he's the old man who lived next to Kyle Hedford's fuckhouse, who said he'd met and once spoken to Jade.

We see Vaske, Heller, Locklin. Photographs are being taken by Forensics Men. A DEPUTY CORONER is there.

David comes in, takes a long look at the body.

VASKO

Well, that's the last link to Jade. Everybody who ever saw Jade is either dead or suffering from penile amnesia. Jade doesn't exist anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELLER

(to David)

I tried to call Toshiko in Tokyo.  
I think we'd have better luck if  
she'd done the Pops.

David smiles a thin smile suddenly, looks at Justin  
Renderson's body.

DAVID

Let me guess. Time of death three  
or four hours ago.

A long beat, and then --

DEPUTY CORONER

Sad guess. This guy's still warm.  
He died in the past hour.

David looks at him a beat, then --

DAVID

(hushed)

What?

His eyes are huge. He looks like he's been struck by  
lightning.

LOCKLIN

He died...

(He looks at  
his watch)

... 50 minutes ago.

DEPUTY CORONER

Somebody put this pillow over his  
face.

DAVID

(to Locklin)

How do you know that?

LOCKLIN

The houseboy was out getting  
groceries at Safeway. He came  
back. He hears a scuffle. He ran  
back here. He heard somebody  
running out the backyard.

David stares at him.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT

It is a lecher -- a standard Dodge. It has started to rain. He starts it up. He looks desperate. He steps on the gas and ROARS down Marina Drive. His face is stone.

He glances in the rearview mirror. He sees a black Porsche suddenly behind him.

And then the Porsche makes a sudden, wild turn down another street.

David FLOORS the car -- keeps going.

INT. THE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

He runs up the stairway of his apartment building at a breakneck pace.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

He runs down the corridor of his apartment building. He gets to his door. It is open.

He bursts in.

                  DAVID  
                  (loud)  
                  Trina?

                  voice  
                  (behind him)  
                  She's not here.

He turns. It's Matt. He wears a stylish bomber jacket, jeans, and tennis shoes. He looks out of control.

                  MATT  
                  You fucked her, didn't you?

                  DAVID  
                  (loud)  
                  Where is she?

                  MATT  
                  You fucked her, didn't you? I can  
                  smell her on you.

David grabs him by the lapels and slaps him against the wall, hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID  
(loud, hard)  
I didn't touch her!  
[a beat]  
Call her!

MATT  
(after a beat)  
Why? What's wrong?

DAVID  
(hard)  
Call her!

A beat, and Matt goes to the phone and dials quickly.

MATT  
She's not picking up.

DAVID  
(hard)  
Who's in the house with her?

MATT  
No one. Alan's on vacation.

DAVID  
Come on!

He starts rushing out of the apartment. Matt stands there, staring at him.

DAVID  
(continuing;  
yelling)  
Come on!

And he runs out -- Matt follows him.

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - NIGHT

Trina is asleep in bed.  
We hear a window BREAKING.  
She wakes.  
She listens.  
We hear a NOISE downstairs.

She picks up the phone.  
The phone's dead.  
She gets up quietly.  
She looks very frightened.  
She goes to the door.  
She hears FOOTSTEPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She closes the door.  
 She turns the lock.  
 She listens.  
 The footsteps come CLOSER,  
 And CLOSER.  
 And CLOSER.

INT. MATT'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

as it hurtles at a high speed across the Golden Gate Bridge. The rain has gotten heavier. The fog has swept in.

Matt drives -- David is next to him.

DAVID  
 (on speakerphone)  
 Are you the dispatcher for the  
 Belvedere Police Department?

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - NIGHT

She is at the door, listening.  
 We hear nothing.  
 And then we hear a NOISE in another part of the house.

INT. MATT'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

It is pouring rain now. The fog is very thick.

As Matt drives down a two-lane road along the bay, a Belvedere police car passes them, its siren spinning, its siren off.

As they follow the police car at a high speed, David sees, at the side of the road, parked near the tree line, hidden by the fog:

A black Porsche, its windows tinted black, its parking lights on.

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - NIGHT

She stands at the door.  
 She hears FOOTSTEPS again.  
 They are coming up the stairs.  
 They come CLOSER.  
 And CLOSER.  
 And then STOP.

EXT. THE IRON GATE - THE GAVIN HOUSE - BELVEDERE - NIGHT

The iron gate is closed. The Belvedere police car, its cherry spinning, is stopped in front of it. The rain is coming down in sheets. The fog is pea soup.

INT. MATT'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

He pulls behind the police car, hits a remote control, the gate opens.

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - NIGHT

She sees the doorknob move.  
She stares.  
She shrinks against the wall.  
It moves again.

And then, suddenly, she hears CARS outside.  
She hears RUNNING footsteps.  
They RUN FARTHER away.  
DOWNSTAIRS.

EXT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - NIGHT

Matt and David jump out of the Mercedes -- rain pours, fog envelops them, the wind starts to HOWL.

MATT  
(screaming)  
Emma!

He runs towards the front door of the house.

A figure jumps off a deck at the side of the house and starts running for the hillside behind the house.

BELVEDERE POLICEMAN  
Hold it right there!

The figure runs up the hillside -- David runs after him followed by one of the Belvedere Cops.

The fog is very thick -- David can barely see -- the rain pours.

The hillside ends at a plateau lined with eucalyptus and oak. The plateau leads to the cliffs and a drop to the beach.

David draws his gun, runs into the tree line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sees nothing -- the wind HOWLS, the big eucalyptus make a CRASHING, BEATING noise.

And then we see movement near the cliffs.

David runs towards the cliff, his gun drawn. He sees a figure dart through the trees.

DAVID

Don't move!

He sees the figure darting toward the cliffs.  
He FIRES.

And the figure falls to the beach below.  
David looks down -- he can't see anything in the rain and the fog.

He sees a very long flight of wooden steps nearby. The steps lead from the cliffs to the beach below. He runs down the steps, the Belvedere Cop behind him.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

He runs through the wet sand. There is a body ahead. He gets to the body. He turns it over. The Belvedere Cop beams his flashlight on the face.

It is Lt. Hargrove. He is dressed all in black -- a black turtleneck, black pants, a black jacket.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAWN

The sun is coming up. The rain has stopped. We see Vasko, Heller, Jones, Locklin, the Deputy Coroner, and other policemen around Hargrove's body.

David watches them. He looks bedraggled and drained.

DEPUTY CORONER

The shot hit his right arm. It was the fall that killed him.

David takes a long look at Hargrove, then looks up... and sees a black Porsche, its windows tinted black -- at the bottom of a road nearby that ends at the beach.

He starts walking towards the Porsche. The car's motor is on. He goes to the window. He can't see who is inside. The window comes down. Bill Barrett, Governor Edwards' administrative assistant, sits there.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BARRETT  
My boss wants to see you.

DAVID  
Where?

BARRETT  
There.

He indicates Angel Island, just out in the bay across from Belvedere.

A boat, and David smiles.

DAVID  
Angel Island.

BARRETT  
Does that amuse you?

DAVID  
He's got a sense of humor.

BARRETT  
Yes he does.

EXT. A YACHT - ANGEL ISLAND - DAY

It is a beautiful, sunny day. David sits on the deck of the yacht with Barrett. He looks very worn. A long boat, as they sit there... and then we hear a HELICOPTER. The helicopter lands near them. David watches it.

Governor Edwards jumps out of the helicopter and comes to the boat. He jumps onto the deck from the boat dock.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS  
Mr. Corelli. It's nice to see you.

DAVID  
You belong in jail, Governor.

He looks so drained, it's like he's expended all of his energy.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS  
(smiles)  
Maybe, but I'm not going there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Kyle was shaking you down. You killed Kyle, and then the locker, and then the old man.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

(smiles)

Me? I live in Sacramento, Mr. Corelli. I don't even get to this great city much.

DAVID

You... and Barrett... and Hargrove.

BARRETT

(icy)

Prove it.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

(grins)

You're really screwed up, you know. Kyle never even tried to shake me down. He knew me better. The first time I saw those pictures was when you brought them to me.

DAVID

What was Hargrove doing here then?

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

(grins)

It beats the shit out of me.

BARRETT

(after a beat)

Maybe he was looking to see if she had any more pictures of the Governor. He was a big fan of the Governor -- a good voter. I'll bet he wasn't going to hurt her.

DAVID

That's why he cut the phone lines -- because he wasn't going to hurt her.

BARRETT

Maybe he cut the security system and the phone line was tied into it. I don't know. I'm just hypothesizing here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Barrett smiles; David looks at them a beat.

DAVID

(to Edwards)

If anything happens to her, I have  
a roll of film of you and a dead  
hooker.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

What if something happens to you?

DAVID

Something is going to happen to  
me.

(he smiles)

I'm going to run for Mayor next  
year.

Barrett smirks at him. Governor Edwards looks at him a  
long beat with frost in the look... and then he smiles.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

Well, sir -- you've got MY  
endorsement.

David looks at him -- it's his turn to smirk.

EXT. THE GAVIN BOAT DOCK - BELVEDERE

He gets off the yacht, walks down the dock. He sees  
Katrina sitting on a rock, looking at the water. He  
walks up to her. She doesn't look at him. A long beat,  
as he watches her.

DAVID

I'm sorry.

She looks at him a long beat.

TRINA

What's going to happen to your  
investigation?

DAVID

It'll be inconclusive.

(a beat)

Another homicide goes unsolved.

She looks at him.

DAVID

(continuing)

Don't worry. They'll leave you  
alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

She looks at him a long beat.

TRINA

Thank you.

They look at each other.

DAVID

What are you going to do?

TRINA

(after a beat)

Try to heal my marriage.

A long beat.

DAVID

Why did you pick him?

She looks away from him.

TRINA

You're as crazy as I am, David.  
We're too much alike. Matt's like  
a rock.

(a beat)

I'll see you.

She starts away.

DAVID

It was nice to see you.

She turns back to him -- she smiles.

TRINA

Me or Jade?

DAVID

I don't know anyone named Jade.

A beat, and she walks away. He watches her.

She starts walking up the long wooden steps leading to  
the house.

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE - DAY

She walks into the foyer. It is completely quiet in the  
house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

Matt?

There is no response. A beat, and she walks up the stairs.

INT. THE STAIRWAY - THE GAVIN HOUSE - DAY

When she gets to the top --

TRINA

Matt?

She hears nothing. A beat, and she starts to walk down a hallway.

INT. THE HALLWAY - THE GAVIN HOUSE - DAY

As she walks, we see that the door to the bedroom is open. She is about to pass it. She stops suddenly and stares at something in the bedroom. We can't see what it is.

A long beat, and she goes into the bedroom slowly.

INT. THE BEDROOM - THE GAVIN HOUSE - DAY

She walks slowly to the bed.

And then we see what she is looking at:

The bed is covered by glossy, colored photographs. She goes closer to look at them. They all show Trina, as Jade, wearing her long red wig, having different kinds of sex with different men -- among them, we see Governor Edwards and Hamuru Toshiko.

She stares at the photographs. She seems very frightened.

MATT (O.S.)

In here.

His voice startles her badly. She turns. He is in the bathroom. The light is on in the bathroom, but the door is closed.

MATT (O.S.)

(continuing)

It's okay. Come on in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long beat, as she stands there, frightened -- and then she steps to the bathroom door and opens it.

INT. THE BATHROOM - THE GAVIN HOUSE - DAY

He stands at the mirror, bare-chested, shaving. He has a long straight razor in his hand.

He looks at her in the mirror. She looks at him. They say nothing. He shaves. The razor gleams. He suddenly nicks himself on the cheek.

MATT

Damn. Can you grab me a Kleenax?

He stands at the mirror, watching her. A beat -- and she steps closer to him and reaches into the Kleenax box.

MATT

(continuing)

Can you just -- dab it on?

He still has the razor in his hand.

A beat... and then, almost hesitantly, she steps very close to him and dabs the Kleenax onto the cut.

He puts his arm around her neck -- his hand is holding the razor. It is very close to her cheek.

MATT

(continuing)

Thank you.

They look at each other, very close to each other -- his arm is around her neck, the razor in his hand.

TRINA

(quietly)

Where did you get them?

A long beat, as he looks into her eyes, then --

MATT

(casually)

Kyle Medford showed them to me the day before I killed him.

She stares at him, open-mouthed, in utter disbelief. He still has his arm around her neck, the razor near her cheek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRINA

(quietly)

You... knew... you... killed...  
all of them.

MATT

Yes.

A beat -- as she stares at him... and then he suddenly takes his arm away, puts the razor down, looks at himself in the mirror.

MATT

(continuing;  
into the mirror)

But I don't remember any of it.  
You know what I think it is?  
 hysterical blindness.

She stares at him. He smiles a little and goes into the bedroom.

INT. THE BEDROOM - THE GAVIN HOUSE - DAY

She follows him in slowly, stares at him as he is putting a shirt on.

The color glossy photos are on the bed between them.

Finished with his shirt, he unzips his briefcase and tosses her something.

She catches it, looks at it. It is a long red wig.

He snaps his briefcase shut and starts out of the room with it. He kisses her quickly, softly on the cheek.

MATT

Do me a favor, will you, Trina?

She looks at him.

MATT

(continuing)

The next time we make love...  
introduce me to Jade.

And he's gone.

She stands there with the red wig in her hands. She looks at it a long beat and then looks up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... and she smiles.

INT. A DETECTIVE'S CAR - DAY

David, parked near the house, sits in the car listening to a tape recorder.

On the tape, we hear Matt's VOICE:

MATT (V.O.)  
Do me a favor, will you. Trina?  
The next time we make love...  
introduce me to Jade.

He stares at the tape recorder a beat, then hits a button, and we hear Matt's VOICE again.

MATT (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
Introduce me to Jade... introduce  
me to Jade... introduce me to  
Jade... introduce me to...

He stares out the window at the house, his face a mask, as the tape keeps replaying the same phrase...

As we...

FADE OUT.

THE END