

"LIPSTIK"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. AN EXPANSE OF COLOR - RED - DAY 1

We don't know what it is, or where. It's not primary red; there are other colors in it. And we don't know the substance; it glows, yet seems moist.

SOUNDS of cruising traffic, but quiet.

And a kind of MUSIC: not much of it; silences in between; avant garde, it includes familiar instruments and "real" sounds, like falling water and jet aircraft.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY RIGHT, ACROSS the expanse of color, accompanied by the HUM of a motor. We become aware of SHADINGS in the color. And at a certain point:

ABRUPT CUT TO:

2 INT. STUDIO - DAY 2

Totally different MUSIC: Pop! Easy.

OPEN CLOSE ON A FACE: dramatic lighting; stagey. The face is a girl named CHRIS.

Undercutting the MUSIC, quietly controlling the face:

VOICE

More. Come on, give me, come on,
come on...

(now)

Yes! Good, like that... more of
that! Yes.

All of this provoking small changes in Chris' face: She tilts, half-turns, her expression brightens, darkens, her lips part, close...

Always the VOICE, intimate, insistent --

ABRUPT CUT TO:

3 EXT. EXPANSE OF COLOR - A DIFFERENT RED - PANNING 3

The odd, spaced, MUSIC.

And the MOTOR HUM -- stops suddenly. Beat. When it STARTS again, CAMERA PANS LEFT -- RAPIDLY -- STOPS.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

As the CAMERA PANS RIGHT -- SLOWLY once more -- the
COLOR CHANGES: as if the CAMERA itself were applying
the color to some flat surface.

4 INT. STUDIO

4

and the studio MUSIC again. CLOSE on Chris' face:

VOICE

Not too much... There! Lovely,
Chris! Let me have more of
that! Yes...

The face and the Voice feeding each other.

INTERCUT WITH:

5 ANGLE ON LENS

5

MOVES, STOPS, MOVES in a new direction, LOWER and
CLOSER now. SOUNDS and VOICE PERSIST.

6 CLOSEUP OF EYES

6

those of the Voice.

7 WIDER ANGLE

7

The photographer -- FRANCESCO -- working with Chris,
talking her through the session.

FRANCESCO

Mm, little more now, make him
move to you, do it... do it
again -- no, no! Like before
... Yes! Look at him! Yes...
yes! Like that...

During it:

8 SHOT - VOGUE LADY

8

in attendance; her eyes riveted to Chris' face, she
makes her own whippers of response: ecstatic sounds
rather than words.

9 SHOT - CHRIS

9

tiring; a jewel of sweat caught in the bright light --

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

FRANCESCO'S VOICE

Damn! Get that!

ABRUPT CUT TO:

10 EXT. EXPANSE OF COLOR - A THIRD RED 10

CAMERA PULLS BACK to ESTABLISH:

11 BILLBOARD - SUNSET BLVD. - DAY 11

A mechanized ad. Two men ride the bucket of a cherry-picker crane, maneuvering it to make adjustments on a colossal MOCK-UP LIPSTIK --

The strange MUSIC... seems to accompany the CAMERA'S MOVE: It lowers, HOLDS on the side of an RTD bus stopped at a traffic signal. There's an ad for a magazine; Chris, smiling on the cover.

CAR HORN. The bus rolls forward, out of FRAME. A fence in b.g. comes INTO FOCUS: rows of POSTERS of the same ad: Chris' face, times 50!

That MUSIC and:

ABRUPT CUT TO:

12 INT. APARTMENT/LOFT IN VENTURA, CA. - DAY 12

CAMERA MOVING PAST a fantastic array of electronics: amplifiers, tapes, Dolby stuff, turntables, enormous speakers... HOLDS now on:

One speaker is on a worktable, its face panel removed, in operation: the source of the odd MUSIC we've been hearing.

ANGLE ADJUSTS to include a young man sitting on a high stool at the worktable. He has a small screwdriver in his hand but does nothing to the speaker; he simply considers its sound. He's a teacher of music; his name is GORDON IVES.

He gets up now, reaches for a control knob; brings UP VOLUME of MUSIC -- but always watching the exposed speakers as if testing how much it can take...

CAMERA ANGLE ADJUSTS SLIGHTLY to include a comfortable chair: the magazine with Chris' cover photo on it.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

13 INT. STUDIO

13

OPEN CLOSE on foam white plastic cup... It's carried up to Chris' mouth. She sips... imprints lipstick on the plastic. ANGLE WIDENS as:

VOGUE LADY
(holding cup)

More?

Chris looks at her own hands: newly painted fingernails.

CHRIS
These are dry, I think.

But when she reaches for the cup:

VOGUE LADY
Give 'em a sec, I don't mind,

As Chris tilts her face for another sip:

FRANCESCO'S VOICE
Here we go.

CUT BACK TO:

14 INT. APARTMENT/LOFT

14

The magazine lying there. Gordon bringing UP THE VOLUME of the MUSIC, HIGHER and HIGHER.

Despite it, we can make out some of:

FRANCESCO (v.o.)
Just easy, the last few... Good,
like that. That's what I want.
Again. Again. Nice. And once
more.

(ending it)
And... fini.

On the word -- Gordon brings the MUSIC DOWN and out. He remains there, his hand on the control knob. CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER, HOLDS on his face. Beat, before:

15 EXT. BEACH - DAY (OVERCAST)

15

A bunch of kids racing toward a formation of rocks that extends 15 or 20 yards out into the surf. CAMERA HOLDING with the kids until they're stopped by:

SECURITY MAN
Close enough, fellas.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

KID

What happened?

SECURITY MAN

Keep back a the tape.

16 SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS - FACES ON THE BEACH 16

looking out toward the end of the rock formation.

17 ANGLE ON KATHY AND STEVE 17

KATHY is Chris' kid sister. STEVE's an agency man, a producer of commercials; he's also the man in Chris' life, at the moment.

They're nearer the end of the rocks, looking at something o.s. Steve's displeased, shakes his head no:

STEVE

I don't like it...

18 ON CHRIS 18

sprawled across the seaweed-softened rocks, lifeless; her almost naked body -- she's wearing a string or bikini of some sort -- lies half-submerged in a tidal pool. Her hair is afloat in the pool. Her still face is perfect; even the few drops of sea water are perfectly placed on her perfectly made-up lips.

The odd MUSIC...

STEVE'S VOICE

... her hair's all wrong.

19 KATHY AND STEVE 19

Kathy knows he's really talking to himself. Besides, she's waiting for someone, looks toward shore -- Suddenly her face brightens, she waves, starts over the rocks toward the beach. CAMERA HOLDS on Steve -- as he moves forward to make some changes. We hear: from behind him, distant:

KATHY'S VOICE

(calling)

-- Mr. Ives!...

20 CHRIS

20

as before: lifeless... until:

FRANCESCO'S VOICE

Breathe for me, Chris.

She inhales. ANGLE WIDENS to include Francesco, directing her.

FRANCESCO

-- Not for air, Chrissie!... to
look the way I want: languid!
 -- is that the word? Slow...
 voluptuous, let the water move
 you, make you... let it come
 into you.

Steve appears in FRAME, behind Francesco:

STEVE

The hair's not right.

21 LONG VIEW - SECURITY CHECKPOINT

21

Too far away to hear, but the pantomime is clear:
 Kathy vouches for Gordon and he's permitted past the
 tapes.

22 TRACKING - KATHY AND GORDON

22

Gordon's careful about a cassette-player he's carrying.
 As they move over the rocks, toward the set-up at the
 end:

GORDON

She still shooting?

KATHY

They're running late.

GORDON

Maybe this isn't the right time,
 Kathy.

KATHY

She wants to hear it.

GORDON

Y'mean you want her to hear it.

KATHY

... She told me.

Gordon smiles fondly at her. They stop, now. Gordon
 is visibly struck by what he sees:

23 GORDON'S POV -- CHRIS

23

her most voluptuous -- despite the mostly inaudible bickering -- Steve and Francesco -- going on over her head.

24 GORDON AND KATHY

24

when Kathy glances up at Gordon... as if he had to explain his interest:

GORDON

... She must be freezing, your sister.

KATHY

The water's warm.

GORDON

This time of year?

KATHY

I mean it's warm water.
(explains; points)
They pump it in... see? From underneath.

25 NEW ANGLE

25

Steve interrupts the argument to call:

STEVE

-- Kathy! Can you get your sister's bag out of my car, please? The small pigskin?

GORDON

(quiet; to Kathy)

He drives a small pigskin car?

Kathy laughs, leaves. Gordon just keeps watching.

26 ANGLE ON SET-UP

26

STEVE

-- I still don't like the hair.

FRANCESCO

It's not about hair today, Steve!
It's about makeup... About how she can drown and look great!

27 SHOT - GORDON

27

watching.

FRANCESCO'S VOICE

She's waterproof!

STEVE'S VOICE

You look uncomfortable, hon.

CHRIS' VOICE

Sorry.

STEVE'S VOICE

Where's the pillow?

28 NEW ANGLE

28

An assistant has jumped to do his bidding. Brings a small foam pad. Francesco wedges it beneath Chris' hips.

FRANCESCO

Feels better?

He seems unaware of how much more provocative it's made Chris' pose.

29 FAVOR GORDON

29

After a moment, Kathy returns; they watch the scene together.

30 ANGLE ON CHRIS AND FRANCESCO AND STEVE

30

FRANCESCO

Save it. Goddamn it. Change the carbon.

And a heavy light goes out. The day is overcast again.

He chews out the gaffer indicating they will never get to the next location if the equipment keeps breaking down.

There'll be a brief delay. Steve helps Chris up, puts a robe around her. They have a brief, sweet moment together -- he's rubbing her warm with the terry robe. During this:

GORDON'S VOICE

Who's the masseur?

(CONTINUED)

KATHY'S VOICE

Huh?

GORDON'S VOICE

... with your sister.

KATHY'S VOICE
(disinterested,
really)

Oh. Steve. He works for the
ad agency.

31 SHOT - GORDON AND KATHY

31

Kathy's aware of Gordon's attentiveness; "explains":

KATHY
They get very friendly.

Gordon just nods.

32 LONG VIEW - CHRIS AND STEVE

32

Chris has become aware of Kathy and Gordon now...
whispers some explanation to Steve and comes TOWARD
CAMERA and them, alone. As she embraces Kathy and
kisses her cheek:

CHRIS
(to Gordon)
I'm really sorry....!

GORDON
It's okay.

CHRIS
No, it isn't, I should've known
better.

GORDON
It was interesting...

CHRIS
Waiting around?

GORDON
Watching.

Beat. Chris knows it was a comment on her sexiness --
oblique, but unmistakable. She chooses to ignore all
but the surface:

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

CHRIS

You're being very nice...

(then)

What can I do? I really want to hear your music but it doesn't look like it's going to be today ... Can I stop by the school tomorrow?

GORDON

I won't be there tomorrow. I only teach Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Chris has HEARD voices from behind her. Francesco is asking assistants to get her ready.

It distracts her. She hurries the thing.

CHRIS

Well... where, then?

She's already backing away. He's steady; calm.

Steve comes in. Kisses her neck, pulls her away with a touch of a command.

33

FAVOR GORDON

33

GORDON

Let's make it easy for you. I can stop by your apartment.

CHRIS

Isn't it out of your way?

GORDON

(quiet, amused)

How could it be? I'm not going anywhere else tomorrow.

Chris stops her retreat for a moment; in appreciation.

CHRIS

You're... just the way Kathy said you were!

He smiles -- to free her to get back to work. He watches her go... but he's talking to Kathy:

GORDON

What's this about me?

(then)

Y'talk to your sister about me?

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

KATHY

She was flirting with you.
To make up for goofing the
appointment.

Warm beat between them.

As CAMERA PULLS UP AND BACK TO A FULL VIEW of the whole scene: onlookers, security men, crew, the mobile generator 's engine racing to keep the lights bright -- all of it, all of them, for one thing: to photograph Chris.

Despite the noise and distraction and distance, we continue to hear the quiet talk of:

GORDON

What's the address?

KATHY

The Towers.

GORDON

Off Sunset?

KATHY

Mm-mm.

We can make out Gordon, turning toward the beach.

GORDON

So long, Kathy.

KATHY

So long, Mr. Ives.

He's working his way through equipment and crew.

... But it's all background; the focus is Chris. CAMERA ZOOMS CLOSE on Chris' pale form lying in the dark pool. Francesco has rearranged the lighting into something lurid, almost unreal.

It's become a STILL PHOTO. The same, odd MUSIC RESUMES, takes over.

34

EXT. A STREET IN VENICE - FULL VIEW - DAWN

34

A row of commercial buildings in a state of rundown charm. Nothing's open yet. Quiet.

Suddenly, from the open second-floor windows of one of the buildings -- variations of the same MUSIC. More melodic now, and somehow at home in this street of warehouses, garages and lofts.

- 35 INT. APARTMENT/LOFT - DAY 35
 Gordon's combing his hair; we sense a special effort.
 And his clothes seem carefully chosen.
 At one point he stops -- studies his image in the mirror; obviously a rare event: he seems slightly surprised. A moment.
- 36 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY 36
 Empty; quiet. Coffee cups; otherwise, orderly. BUZZER.
 Silence. BUZZER again. No one appears. BUZZER.
- 37 BEDROOM 37
 From behind closed bathroom door: SHOWER RUNNING.
 BUZZER.
- 38 BATHROOM 38
 Movement behind shower curtain. Chris pokes her head out, listens... BUZZER.
- CUT TO:
- 39 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY 39
 DOORMAN -- intercom-phone in hand -- presses button.
 DOORMAN
 I know she's up there...
 ANGLE WIDENS to include Gordon, waiting politely. The Doorman's about to ring again when:
 CHRIS' VOICE
 (filter)
 -- Yes?
 DOORMAN
 Gentleman to see you, Miss McCormick.
 CHRIS' VOICE
 (filter)
 Who is it?
 DOORMAN
 -- A Mr. Ives?
 CHRIS' VOICE
 -- Who?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER on:

GORDON

Gordon Ives.

DOORMAN

Mr. Gordon Ives.

CHRIS' VOICE

(filter)

-- Oh.

(half beat)

Ask him to come up, please.

We HOLD a beat longer on Gordon's unreadable expression, before:

40 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - SERIES OF FAST CUTS

40

We watch her break the record for dressing. Trying to get into a terrycloth bathrobe. She's not completely dressed. But with a face and form that can't really look bad. She's terrifically appealing all through the race.

INTERCUT WITH:

41 SHOT - GORDON

41

waiting for an elevator.

42 SHOT - GORDON

42

in the elevator.

43 SHOT - GORDON

43

in the hallway, looking for the apartment.

44 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT

44

SERIES ENDS WITH DOORBELL. And Chris, in a robe, moves to the door and opens it.

CHRIS

Come on in, Mr. Ives.

As he steps inside, carrying his portable cassette player:

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

CHRIS

-- Hey, I'm sorry, I didn't recognize your last name over the squawkbox.

GORDON

You apologize too much.

CHRIS

(looks)

You let me off too easily.

45

FAVOR GORDON

45

reacts to that.

CHRIS

It's just Kathy always calls you Gordon around here... Can I get you something? some tea or coffee?... Beer?

GORDON

Beer is fine.

CHRIS

(indicates bar)

-- Can you help yourself while I get dressed?

While Gordon gets himself a beer:

GORDON

(calling)

-- Want me to open one for you, too?

INTERCUT WITH:

46

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

46

CHRIS

(calling back)

-- No thanks.

The following dialogue is called back and forth between the living room and Chris' bedroom: Gordon sipping beer, looking around the apartment... Chris changing from the robe to a caftan.

GORDON

Kathy hasn't been bugging you, has she? about hearing my stuff?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

No, she's just crazy about it.

GORDON

She's a beautiful girl.

CHRIS

I think so, too.

(then)

Is there anyone in particular
you'd like me to play your
cassette for?

GORDON

How d'you mean?

CHRIS

Somebody who might be able to
help you, maybe publish it or
hire you to write music -- ?

From an angle of mirror, Gordon's just caught a glimpse
of Chris, naked. He turns away, studies still photos
of celebrated people (many photographed with Chris),
that fill a wall or line her bookshelves.

GORDON

-- Oh it's nothing like that, I
just want you to hear it... if...

Chris reappears -- really lovely to look at. He can
barely finish:

GORDON

(continuing)

... if you'd like to --
(quickly; indi-
cating still
photo)

-- How d'you know Cage?

CHRIS

Excuse me?

She barely glances at photo; pointedly, she sits on
sofa, turns cassette player to face her. The fact is:
she has an appointment. She likes Gordon, she doesn't
mind hearing his music... but she'd like to get on with
it.

He seems not to notice, tilts beer bottle toward photo:

GORDON

What were you playing? Chopsticks,
with him?

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED: (2)

46

CHRIS
 (remembers, laughs)
 We were!
 (then)
 He has something to do with...

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSE on Gordon: he realizes she'd never heard of John Cage -- except as the nice man at a party who played Chopsticks with her.

CHRIS' VOICE
 (continuing)
 Something in modern music --
 classical modern music, I mean
 not pop.

47

NEW ANGLE .. FAVOR CHRIS

47

She's not a fool; she's sensed something.

CHRIS
 You must've heard of him, uh?

GORDON
 (nice, modest)
 I teach the stuff.

CHRIS
 Have you ever met him?

GORDON
 No.

CHRIS
 He's nice. And fun.

A memory of his own:

GORDON
 I wrote to him once, I was going
 to send him something I'd done.

CHRIS
 What happened?

He walks toward sofa.

GORDON
 I have what they call absolute
 pitch.
 (then, a brief
 smile)
 Nothing happened.
 (no pause)
 But, I like teaching.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

When he sits:

CHRIS

What's on this cassette?

GORDON

Well I, uh, work with electronics
... and by selecting reverberation
and controlling the dynamics I can
mix natural sounds -- anything! --
with instruments... I like to
think it's something like what
John Cage does, but... Why don't
I play it for you then maybe I
can explain...

He STARTS TAPE. On about the third note -- in the same
key -- the PHONE RINGS.

CHRIS

-- I'm sorry.

(into phone)

Hello... Steve!... Where are you?

... The airport?!... Really?

-- MUSIC still playing. She's distracted by it -- and
by Gordon's close presence. So:

CHRIS

(continuing;

into phone)

Hold on a second, Steve...

(to Gordon)

I'll only be a couple of minutes

-- would you hang this up when

I get it in the other room,
please?

She goes into the bedroom. Gordon's left, silent,
holding the phone.

ANGLE ADJUSTS so we see Chris reach across her bed,
full-length, and pick up the extension. She's having
trouble hearing -- obviously because Gordon hasn't hung
up and the MUSIC CONTINUES from the player right next
to the phone.

CHRIS

(continuing;

calling to

Gordon)

Got it, thanks....!

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

Gordon hangs up. His expression is unreadable -- but we know he HEARS Chris' talk and laughter, warm, intimate, "private" jokes.

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER on Gordon: this time he deliberately looks into the bedroom.

48 GORDON'S POV -- CHRIS

48

She's forgotten about Gordon: she's stretched across the bed, her caftan has fallen open.

49 GORDON

49

turns away, but not flustered by her nakedness this time. He looks around the room... at the celebrity photos again... the whole set-up... suddenly snaps off music.

50 INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE ON CHRIS

50

aware of the sudden silence from the living room, winds up her phone conversation with:

CHRIS
(into phone)
I'd better go... Call me from
Seattle... Anytime. Bye-bye.

She hangs up, turns on the bed -- reacts in some surprise.

51 NEW ANGLE

51

Gordon's standing in the doorway, cassette player swinging on its strap. Awkward moment: she's aware of her accidentally provocative posture -- but she's afraid that covering herself would only call more attention to it. Brief impasse; then:

GORDON
(from doorway;
quiet)
-- You forgot about today,
didn't you?

CHRIS
(off balance)
... I did. I'm... really...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

She tries to get herself together. She sits and would get up -- but Gordon walks closer. Somehow it stops her. And somehow she thinks repeating her confession would help ease the atmosphere.

CHRIS
(continuing)
... I did... just... forget.

He just looks at her.

CHRIS
(continuing)
... There's still time.

No response; he looks.

CHRIS
(continuing)
... I'm sorry, I know how you must feel.

GORDON
-- You don't know me. How d'you know how I feel?

It was like a slap. He won't let her look away... and then he does, begins to look at family photos, etc., on her night table.

She doesn't know how to deal with it -- the embarrassing, even bizarre, turn it's taken. She tries.

CHRIS
... I really would like to listen to your m--

GORDON
(out of nowhere)
-- Y'fuck priests?

CHRIS
-- What??

He's holding up a framed photo: MARTIN, in a clerical collar.

GORDON
-- This guy.

Her embarrassment replaced by clear, rising anger and outrage.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

CHRIS

-- He's my brother and that's
enough! I'd like you to leave...!

She's on her feet -- ready to show him out.

CHRIS

(continuing)

-- Please go now.

Gordon turns, slowly... smashes the photo on the floor!
She can't believe it.

CHRIS

(continuing)

-- What is the matter with you??

She bends down right next to him, to pick up the
photograph --

He suddenly seizes her arm. Twists it behind her and
with the other hand grabs her hair. His hand is in
her hair. He pulls her mouth close and kisses her.
She breaks backward.

CHRIS

(continuing)

This is... crazy! You've...

GORDON

No it isn't.

CHRIS

Get out of here.

GORDON

(has her again)

Shhh.

CHRIS

What're you doing?

(then)

Wait: Kathy'll be home!

GORDON

That's all right.

CHRIS

Hell it is!... Listen. I don't
want this.

GORDON

How do you know?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

CHRIS

I don't want... you, I don't
want to make love --

Wounded -- he stops moving forward for an instant --
suddenly sweeps his arm along the night table -- photo-
graphs crash to the floor! An anguished outcry:

GORDON

What's so hot about you? Your
picture all over the place?

CHRIS

(terrified)

No! Nothing!

GORDON

You got heavy duty friends to
get you anything you want! Well,
maybe you do things I wouldn't
do for them!

He has her again -- pins her arms.

GORDON

(continuing)

Like what do you do?

CHRIS

I don't know!

GORDON

Anything... right?

CHRIS

(in pain)

Owww. Yes!

GORDON

Like what?

CHRIS

(at a loss)

Anything!... Anything!

But she still can't believe this is happening! She
twists in the torture hold so she can look right at
him.

CHRIS

(continuing)

What... happened to you? Gordon?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (4)

51

GORDON

Gordon my ass! You fuck to get
what you want?

CHRIS

(all hope gone)
Help! Please help me!

We see his delight: he slams her against the wall
again! Her head falls to one side, almost senseless.

CAMERA CLOSER: His hand has covered her mouth. As he
rubs his thumb across her lips, now, he's disappointed:
it isn't garish enough.

GORDON

Hey... where's that stuff?

CHRIS

Please let me go, I won't say -- !

GORDON

Where is it?

He's enflamed himself. Frenzied, he looks around, sees
her purse. With one hand clamped beneath her ears in a
controlling grip, he dumps the purse, kicks through its
contents on the floor.

GORDON

(continuing)
Where is it?

CHRIS

What?

GORDON

That new red shit!

She knows he means the new lipstick.

CHRIS

In the bathroom...

52 BEDROOM/BATHROOM - SERIES OF CUTS

52

She's handled like a ragdoll. SERIES ENDS with her
trembling hands searching through tiny bottles of per-
fume -- some smash against the tile -- and then:

CHRIS

Here!... Here it is.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Put it on.

CHRIS

(nods yes yes)

... But please...

She continues to whimper, to plead, as she touches the cylinder of color to her lips, lightly.

GORDON

-- Get it on!He means more of it! As she tries:

CHRIS

Don't hurt me, I have... my sister --

Not listening -- concentrated on the color:

GORDON

-- Hey. Give me!

(grabs lipstick)

Hold still!

He smears her lips with it. She closes her eyes, now.

GORDON

(continuing)

Nice?

(shoves her
at mirror)

Take a look.

(then)

Open your eyes!

She does.

GORDON

(continuing)

Like it?

She can only nod; so:

GORDON

(continuing)

Y'like it, Chrissie?!

CHRIS

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Why?

CHRIS
(lost; almost
inaudible)

... nice...

GORDON

Because it makes y' look good
enough to fuck?

CHRIS

Yes.

GORDON

Didn't hear you.

CHRIS

Yes.

GORDON

... Y'think you're good enough
for me to fuck?

She's trapped and lost and afraid; she just lowers
her head and nods yes, once. Beat, before:

GORDON

(continuing)

Think I'm good enough?

She slowly raises her eyes to his again; very quiet:

CHRIS

I never said...

She doesn't finish. As if it were the cause of this
moment, Chris suddenly brings her hand up to her mouth
and wipes the lipstick --

GORDON

-- No no!

He stops her hand. The lipstick is smeared across her
mouth. And he has the idea now. Quieter:

GORDON

(continuing)

I want it on me.

She doesn't get it: does he want her to paint his
lips? or kiss him?...

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (3)

52

GORDON
(continuing)
I want it on me.

And she knows. Beat. She patches together enough composure for this much:

CHRIS
Please.
(then)
I'll do anything for you but not now. Kathy's coming home. I don't want her to know. Please.

GORDON
... Know what?...

CHRIS
Please. Anything. But not now.

Beat. Slowly, both of them silent, he forces Chris down on her knees.

GORDON
... Y'mean this?
(still quiet)
Hell. This is only the beginning.

He punches the cassette to START THE MUSIC.

CUT TO:

53 INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE ON CHRIS' FACE

53

hands tied to bed with silk stockings. MUSIC CONTINUES.

GORDON'S VOICE
How're you doing, Chris?

Clownish smears of lipstick on her face -- she's sweaty, breathing hard, wide-eyed as a panicked horse. We sense some steady movement, all during:

GORDON'S VOICE
Hm?

CHRIS
(quiet)
Oh, my God.
(then, still quiet)
You're killing me...!

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

GORDON'S VOICE

Nah... That's love.

The use of the word incites her, she rears back --

GORDON'S VOICE

(continuing;
with a smile)

-- What'd I say?

CHRIS

-- Help!

His hand enters FRAME, jams her face into pillow.

54

NEW ANGLE - WIDER

54

We see a certain amount of scene: Chris is face down on her bed, spreadeagled; Gordon's astride her. The sheets are lipstick-stained, and there are red smears on Gordon.

When he pulls her head back now, she gasps for air.

CHRIS

-- No more! Please!

GORDON

Shhh.

CHRIS

(overlapping,
gasps)

-- don't kill me...!

55

SHOT - GORDON

55

He's brought to the brink of it by her pleading -- but he wants/needs more struggle.

CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM, CLOSER: ANGLE includes both their faces... as he starts to whisper into her ear.

Two things are happening to Chris: she's terrified, repelled -- but she's listening to him, too! His urgent, whispered demands -- like Francesco's. She fights him -- but tries to comply! She's an obedient girl!

GORDON

... Ohhhh y'have to let go, let go... have a good time... lay back, come on, lay back, baby, easy... easy!... and... open up -- !

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

She screams! He overrides it with more of:

GORDON
(continuing)
-- Yes... yes!

CHRIS
-- Holy Mother -- !

GORDON
All right... all right...!

CHRIS
-- Jesus!... God!

It's become screaming rather than words. She bites the hand that's stifling her. We HEAR his fist punching into her buttocks.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

56 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

56

Contrasting silence.

OPEN on TV monitors -- part of security system.
#2 DOORMAN punches up pictures of laundry room (normal activity), elevator (empty), etc., checking. Now:

TV VIEW: EXT. ENTRANCE AREA of building. Kathy coming home from school.

ANGLE TILTS UP from TV monitor, HOLDS on entrance: she enters lobby, waves at Doorman.

KATHY
Hiya, Ralph, my sister home?

DOORMAN
I just came on, Kath.

She pushes elevator button. MAN enters lobby, nods at Doorman.

MAN
Afternoon, Charlie.

57 SHOT - #2 DOORMAN

57

DOORMAN
Afternoon, Mr. Boland.

But we read his reaction to being called by the other doorman's name.

58 NEW ANGLE - FAVOR KATHY

58

as she gets into the elevator, turns, holds door for Man hurrying across lobby. He's in... Kathy smiles at the Doorman, waves.

KATHY

Bye-bye, Charlie.

Doors close.

59 ANGLE ON #2 DOORMAN

59

smiling. He turns, punches TV monitor.

60 INT. ELEVATOR - KATHY AND THE MAN

60

riding in silence.

61 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY

61

Kathy exits elevator, walks toward apartment, CAMERA TRUCKING before her.

62 INT. APARTMENT, FOYER

62

SOUND of key. Kathy enters, whistles a couple of soft, calling notes, followed by:

KATHY

I'm home...

Pauses as she HEARS music... tries to ignore it, goes to kitchen.

63 KITCHEN

63

Kathy finds something fast to eat, puts it into her mouth.

64 ANGLE ON KATHY IN LIVING ROOM

64

inquisitive, despite herself.

KATHY

Chris? You home?

No response. Kathy looks about.

65 KATHY'S POV - DOOR TO CHRIS' BEDROOM 65
Closed.

66 KATHY 66
wondering. Maybe her sister's taking a nap. She
moves toward the door, stops. Calls softly:

KATHY

Sis?

FAINT SOUNDS: music she can't identify. She raises
her hand, taps on the door, gently. Nothing.

ANGLE TILTS DOWN... her hand turns doorknob... she
pushes door open, a crack... more.

67 INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - SHOOTING TOWARD THE PARTLY 67
OPEN DOOR

Kathy's face. The instant she sees her sister's
bed. We see the rush of wonder, the welling up!
MUSIC now blasting. Still it isn't clear what's
happening.

Reflex: she slams door shut.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

68 SHOT - CHRIS 68
She's heard the door shut! Twists under Gordon to
look at:

69 CHRIS' POV - DOOR 69
Closed.

70 CHRIS 70
Her eyes close. She lowers her head.

71 ANGLE WIDENS 71
It's after the rape. She's still bound. Gordon
becomes aware of the change in her.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

GORDON
What's the matter?

CHRIS
... Untie me.

GORDON
(teasing)
I don't know.

Carefully controlling her panic and her fury:

CHRIS
My sister was in here.

He turns sharply to the door.

CHRIS
(continuing)
... I heard the door close.

He rolls off her. Punches off tape. Goes to the door, opens it, listens. The silence reassures him. He goes back to the bed. Smiles down at her.

GORDON
Want me to call her in...?

CHRIS
Please untie me now.

GORDON
... have some fun?

CHRIS
Please.

She can't keep her head arched up; she rests it against pillow. Beat. Then, polite and plain:

GORDON
How're you feeling?

CHRIS
(an outcry --
into the pillow)
Will you go! Please! Hurry!
She saw you -- !

GORDON
-- What? What'd she see?

When Chris just moves her head from side to side:

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

GORDON

Y'mean Kath never walked in on
you before?

She twists -- incredulous!

GORDON

(continuing)

You know what she's thinking
right now?

(smiles)

... my sister made it with my
favorite teacher!

Chris surges against her bindings! He presses her
quiet.

GORDON

Shhh...

(then)

A Catholic education can't do a
thing about it: It's on all
their minds.

He takes a small knife out of his pocket. He never did
undress -- and lowers his hand so the gravity blade
drops into place. He cuts the ankle bindings, moves
the blade along her body, along her thighs, her hips
-- impulsively, he kisses the bruises there and:

GORDON

She won't hear me leave.

Looks down at the unresponsive Chris. He's about to
cut a wrist binding -- stops. Kneels close again.
And then, a kind of sweet pleading.

GORDON

(continuing)

Listen, Chris. Don't do this with
anyone else... I'm old-fashioned.

He cuts one of the wrist bindings and leaves.

Chris lies there a moment. Suddenly turns her face as
if she were going to vomit. Doesn't. She steels her-
self, works with her free hand to untie the last bind-
ing but her hand trembles. She's nauseous and weak --
and calls, weakly.

CHRIS

Kathy... Kathy...

She hears nothing. Frantic now, she unties the last
binding, pulls a sheet around her and runs to the
living room... Fearful that Gordon might still be
there.

72 LIVING ROOM

72

The front door is open. But no sign of Gordon. She rushes to the door, closes it and then hears Kathy's SHOWER being turned on.

73 KATHY'S BEDROOM

73

Chris runs to Kathy's bedroom door and shouts over the shower.

CHRIS

Kathy... Kathy...

The door is locked.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Kathy. Open the door! Please!
For God's sake!

She's losing control -- horrified at what might be going on... pounds on the door.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Kathy... Kathy. Kathy!

The lock CLICKS open and Kathy looks through the crack and mumbles.

KATHY

I was going to take a shower...
I... I... I thought you... I
didn't know what was happening.

Beat. Chris looks at her sister -- suddenly gives way, cries out.

CHRIS

Why didn't you help me!

Kathy stares in shock.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Why didn't you help!

KATHY

I... thought... I thought you
wanted it.

Chris suddenly grabs Kathy and hugs her hard.

CHRIS

He raped me! He beat me up! Oh,
God help us, oh, Kathy, he raped
me.

74 EXT. A STREET IN VENICE - NIGHT 74

A kind of music is HEARD. Gordon's kind. Even less melodic now, closer to "real" sounds. Water, perhaps.

75 EXT. GORDON'S LOFT/APARTMENT - NIGHT 75

His second floor windows are open. The MUSIC is coming from the dark apartment.

76 INT. GORDON'S LOFT/APARTMENT - NIGHT 76

He's standing in the dark apartment, smoking a cigarette, otherwise motionless.

77 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 77

PULL BACK from view of large sign -- from Kathy's POV on terrace outside her bedroom. The ZOOM BACK picks up Kathy in f.g. taking her to the glass door leading into Chris' bedroom. Over this MOVE we HEAR:

FEMALE OFFICER'S VOICE

Did he urinate on you?

CHRIS' VOICE

Pardon me?

FEMALE OFFICER'S VOICE

Urinate. Or defecate on you?

CHRIS

No.

FEMALE OFFICER'S VOICE

Did he set fire to your clothes?

CHRIS' VOICE

They do that?

78 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - FULL VIEW 78

Kathy hears the WHISTLE of the teapot in the kitchen; she goes inside.

FEMALE OFFICER'S VOICE

Some of them.

CHRIS' VOICE

(disconnected
laugh)

I'm a lucky girl. He didn't --

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

FEMALE OFFICER'S VOICE

(overlap)
Did he sodomize you?

79 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - CLOSE ON KATHY

79

in kitchen, motionless.

CHRIS' VOICE

Yes...

Beat. Kathy pours boiling water into pot. The SOUND of it. She looks into the living room.

80 KATHY'S POV

80

Police work: a uniformed cop filling out a report; a plainclothesman looking through apartment; a FINGERPRINT MAN collecting broken picture frames, etc.

Fingerprint Man walks TOWARD CAMERA now, smiles.

81 KITCHEN

81

Kathy averts her gaze as Fingerprint Man comes in. He holds up beer bottle on a pencil.

FINGERPRINT MAN

You drink this?

KATHY

No.

(checks pot)

Would you like some tea?

FINGERPRINT MAN

Not while I'm on duty.

CAMERA MOVES -- CLOSE on Kathy, carrying tray -- THROUGH living room, toward Chris' bedroom. During this move:

POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER'S VOICE

Where else did he hurt you, Miss McCormick?

CHRIS' VOICE

He had a knife...?

PHOTOGRAPHER'S VOICE

Are there visible cuts? Would you show me, please?

Kathy's reached Chris' bedroom, stops.

82

CHRIS' BEDROOM

82

Chris has lowered her robe, bared her back and hips and buttocks to be photographed.

CHRIS

He didn't cut me.

FEMALE OFFICER

(note taking)

Did he use the knife to threaten you?

CHRIS

Yes.

(aware of Kathy
now)

May I get dressed?

She's grabbing something easy to wear -- while Kathy pours the first cup of tea for her.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Thanks, hon.

Suddenly puts her arm around Kathy, presses her cheek against Kathy's brow, hard... goes into the bathroom to get dressed. CAMERA FAVORS Kathy, while other activities continue in b.g. of FRAME: A couple of flashbulb flashes; the Police Photographer's working on the messed-up bed.

The Female Officer checks her notebook -- then talks to Chris through the open bathroom door.

FEMALE OFFICER

Does he live at the school?

Kathy freezes.

CHRIS

No. In Venice, I think.

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSE ON:

FEMALE OFFICER

(alert; wondering)

... What address?

CHRIS' VOICE

I don't know.

(then)

The school would know --

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

KATHY'S VOICE
-- Eighteen Indiana Avenue.

Female Officer turns sharply toward:

83 KATHY

83

just looking at the Female Officer -- and Chris, who appears now -- blouse still unbuttoned -- at the bathroom door: a rush of new panic:

CHRIS
... Have you been there?

KATHY
No.
(then)
I looked it up.
(then)
I wanted to know where he lives.

84 FEMALE OFFICER

84

thoughtful, looking at Kathy. Now she looks at:

85 CHRIS

85

looking at Kathy. Moment, before:

FEMALE OFFICER'S VOICE
Where will you stay tonight?

CHRIS
(turning now)
... Pardon me?

Beat: she hadn't considered what it would be like, going to bed... in that bed.

86 ANOTHER ANGLE

86

FEMALE OFFICER
The hospital won't take very long,
a few tests.
(then)
You may not want to sleep here
tonight.

Beat; then, as she starts out of bedroom:

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

FEMALE OFFICER

(continuing)

We'll wait and drive you to the hospital.

CHRIS

(nods thanks)

I just want to clean up and make a call.

FEMALE OFFICER

Please don't bathe.

A brief glance between them. The Female Officer joins other police in living room.

Chris has gone to phone next to bed -- but she takes it as far away from bed as cord will allow. She's checked phone number she'd written on pad earlier when Steve had called and dials now. Waiting for it to ring:

CHRIS

-- Bring me a jacket, will you, Kath?

KATHY

Y'feel cold?

CHRIS

(nods)

I don't know why...

(into phone;

abruptly)

-- Seattle Marina...? Steven Edison, please? Los Angeles...

87 LIVING ROOM

87

Kathy moves past police, wrapping up their investigation... finds a jacket in foyer closet...

88 CHRIS - IN BEDROOM

88

... still waiting... Sudden response to voice:

CHRIS

(into phone)

-- Hello?... He isn't? But he's expected...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

CHRIS (cont'd)
... Yes, would you tell him, please,
to please telephone Chris, it's
urgent, to keep trying! At home
or at her brother Martin's in
Ojai... He has the number. Thank
you... Thank you.

She hangs up -- to see Kathy there with her jacket. A
beat between them. Chris didn't want Kathy to see even
that much of her panic.

KATHY
... We going to Martin's?

CHRIS
What d'you think?

KATHY
Tonight?

CHRIS
Sun'll be up in a couple of hours.

KATHY
(smiles for her)
Sure.

CUT TO:

89 INT. GORDON'S LOFT/APARTMENT - DAWN

89

ON THE CUT: KNOCKING at the door.

Gordon, at a work table, splicing tapes, turns sharply,
calls:

GORDON
-- It's open.

KNOCKING again. He goes to the door, opens it.

PLAINCLOTHES COP
Is your name Gordon Ives?

GORDON
Yes.

Beat.

90 EXT. CHURCH IN OJAI, CALIFORNIA - DAWN

90

It should look like an adobe mission. Chris' blue Alfa is making its way up a hill toward the church... from which we HEAR a swell of incongruous music: the Congolese Missa Luba.

CHRIS (v.o.)

Told you the sun'd catch up with us!

KATHY (v.o.)

The sun and the moon are out together...

The Alfa turns, stops in f.g. of FRAME. As they get out, Kathy hesitates... and:

KATHY

(continuing)

... Chris...? Did they arrest him?

Chris falters, just an instant, walks toward chapel. Kathy following. They are some distance from CAMERA now -- just outside the chapel: Chris tells Kathy something (to find Martin) and when Kathy goes off, we HOLD on view of chapel's open doors. Chris enters. We see her standing just inside for a moment... she sits... and then she kneels.

91 INT. CHURCH - DAWN

91

CAMERA MOVES into large apse of church... FINDS MARTIN on ladder, adjusting a big speaker. MUSIC PERSISTS. Martin turns -- sees Kathy and almost falls. Then he smiles.

92 INT. CHAPEL

92

Martin enters and moves to Chris. He embraces her. (Kathy's alone on the front steps, listening to the MUSIC.) After a moment:

MARTIN

A church should sound like that.

CHRIS

How?

MARTIN

Excited... The Congolese were turned on by the Mass.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

MARTIN (cont'd)
 (then)
 Must've been wild once! Or it
 would never have caught on.

CHRIS
 What, caught on?

MARTIN
 Catholicism.

93 A SECLUDED PLACE - AN OVERLOOK

93

Martin and Chris, walking in the early morning light.
 Martin's aware of his sister's state: distracted,
 nerves drawn too tight, the controls hidden.

CHRIS
 I'm not sure how she's taking it.
Overlap -- he wants to open things up:

MARTIN
 -- Never mind Kath! How do you
 feel?
 (at her silence)
 Do you know?

CHRIS
 (unconvincing)
 I'm angry. I'm... furious.

MARTIN
 -- No.
 (then)
 You wouldn't've come out if
 you were.
 (then)
 ... Fury is not a bad feeling.

She looks at him with admiration: he's some kind of
 priest!

Then, an admission:

CHRIS
 I'm... not angry at him.
 (much more
 difficult)
 I'm... so ashamed... at what
 happened...

He waits. Then, to make it easier, makes it a joke:

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

MARTIN

-- He raped you, isn't that the way it went -- ?

She turns sharply away from him; he puts his arms around her. And then, gently, trying to stop her self-abuse:

MARTIN

(continuing)

Did you want to make love to him?

CHRIS

I don't know him!

MARTIN

He forced you...

CHRIS

Yes!

MARTIN

-- That's the crime: it was unjust. He is unfair, he's a tyrant. A bully! You're entitled to a little honest rage!

He's moved himself, angered himself with graphic thoughts of his sister's rape!

She sees it. Reaches for him. His face:

CHRIS

Hey? Martin. I'm the one he did it to.

MARTIN

(quiets, but)

He didn't do anything to me?

(pale smile)

He rapes everyone.

She embraces her brother. Her eyes close. She nods. Quiet moment between them -- but Chris' anxiety returns, and ends it:

CHRIS

Martin: I have to go back to Los Angeles.

MARTIN

Not right away?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

CHRIS

(nods; then)

If he's been caught, I have to
decide if I want to file charges
to have him prosecuted... And if
he hasn't... been...

(then)

Can Kathy stay here with you for
a few days anyway?

MARTIN

She can stay with the sisters.
I'll go back to Los Angeles
with you.

CHRIS

Martin...

MARTIN

I want to see what he looks like.

Then, as they start back down toward the church, Martin
looks out over this lovely place.

MARTIN

(continuing)

You forget...

He means "living like this"...

CUT TO:

94 EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - SERIES OF CUTS - DAY

94

Meant as a contrast to the pastoral setting of the
church. We CUT CLOSER to one particular building:

95 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

95

OPEN CLOSE on a couple of passport-type still photos
of Gordon.

WOMAN'S VOICE (SHEILA)

No question about it...?

CHRIS' VOICE

(very soft)

... No.

SHEILA'S VOICE

This is the man?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

Sheila's hands enter FRAME, turn photos to face Chris.

CHRIS' VOICE
(very soft)

Yes.

ANGLE WIDENS to include Sheila.

SHEILA
-- What're you so quiet for,
Miss McCormick?

96 NEW ANGLE - SHEILA, CHRIS AND MARTIN

96

CHRIS
Nothing to shout about.

SHEILA
-- But you sound uncertain and
that worries me: are you sure
this is the guy who raped you?

CHRIS
-- How could I not be sure?

SHEILA
You'd be amazed.

CHRIS
... I am sure.

Beat. Sheila looks at Chris. Then, without turning:

SHEILA
Have you ever met him, Father?

MARTIN
No.

SHEILA
(deliberately)
I thought you might've been at
your sister's, sometime, when
he happened to drop by --

CHRIS
-- He never did!

SHEILA
Yesterday afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

96

CONTINUED:

96

CHRIS

I told the police why he was
there.

Sheila glances at a folder open on her desk:

SHEILA

... Yes: you invited him.

CHRIS

-- He's a teacher at Kathy's
school and -- !

Sheila closes folder, dismisses subject:

SHEILA

-- I have all that.

BUZZER. Sheila presses lever on desk intercom:

SHEILA

(continuing)

-- Yes?

INTERCOM VOICE

(filter)

A gentleman here to see Miss
McCormick?

SHEILA

Who is it?

INTERCOM VOICE

(filter)

Steven Edison? Is it okay?

-- Chris is on her feet, moving toward the door, long
before:

SHEILA

It's okay, Charlie.

ANGLE ADJUSTS TO HOLD the moment the door opens and
Chris goes into Steve's arms -- all in b.g. of FRAME.
Sheila -- in f.g. -- watches the reunion. Without
turning to Martin:

SHEILA

(continuing)

... She lives alone?

MARTIN

With our little sister.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

SHEILA
(she's read
the report)

Kathy.

MARTIN

Yes.

Sheila's eyes haven't left the embracing couple; but now:

SHEILA
-- I'll find another chair.

97 CLOSE - CHRIS AND STEVE

97

Chris' face is against Steve's chest; he makes quieting sounds, no words. He seems concentrated on her -- but once, he does glance over her head to see who else is in the room. Just once... but it tells us a little about him.

Steve's hands have been around Chris' back... He raises one hand now, touches her face -- It startles her! She makes a sound, instantly recovers, begins to kiss his hand and, like love talk:

CHRIS
... Was it... raining? In Seattle?

STEVE
-- Let me see...

He means her face: he tilts her chin up for a better look. She closes her eyes, shy to be scrutinized so closely, so soon after! She even turns her face aside. But he's seen enough:

STEVE
(continuing)
Have they got him?

CHRIS
Yes.

STEVE
Where?

CHRIS
I don't know.

SHEILA'S VOICE
-- Mr. Edison?

98

DIFFERENT ANGLE

98

Steve turns to see Sheila standing at her desk, gesturing toward the chair she's brought in.

As they approach and as Martin and Steve exchange brief greetings -- CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER on Sheila:

It must be clear, throughout the following, that Sheila wants to know if she has a good, durable witness, strong enough to take through a rape trial.

SHEILA

(to Steve)

I'm Sheila Ryan.

STEVE

Where've you got him?

SHEILA

Sit down, please.

Awkward silence -- which Sheila lets happen -- as they settle down. Finally:

SHEILA

(continuing)

-- We can hold him for twenty-four hours...

(glance at wall clock)

That's really just a few hours more... then he has to be released.

CHRIS

... What?

SHEILA

-- unless you file charges against him.

(glance at Steve)

Rape, in the first degree.

CHRIS

... Yes...

SHEILA

D'you understand?

She's sensed Chris' vagueness. Chris just nods this time -- but:

STEVE

-- Of course she'll press charges!

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

Sheila looks from Steve to Chris again... and with unmistakable irony:

SHEILA

... Good.

Chris reacts, tries to read Sheila's face.

SHEILA

... A judge in San Francisco -- just last month -- said: "As far as jurors are concerned, rape is no longer a crime."

STEVE

-- Maybe in San Francisco!

SHEILA

(overriding)

-- I happen to think it's almost the only crime... but the judge is probably right about jurors. And here in L.A. County, too.

Beat of silence. Martin -- his interest caught by something -- leans forward:

MARTIN

What'd you mean, Mrs. Ryan: about rape being the only crime?

SHEILA

I think robbery's a kind of rape and breaking-and-entering. Murder certainly is... The unfairness! That's the thing about all those crimes -- the rape in them -- that drives me...!

(checks herself;
brief smile)

... that got me into the D.A.'s office.

CHRIS

... What d'you think I should do?

SHEILA

There is no "should".

(then)

Can you go through it, Miss McCormick...? Because he's going to try to rape you again, in open court.

99 SHOT - STEVE

99

CHRIS' VOICE

What could he do...?

SHEILA'S VOICE

What he did in your apartment...

100 CHRIS

100

-- turns sharply toward Steve. And then down, at once.

SHEILA'S VOICE

... terrify you... degrade you...
control you... humiliate you...

101 NEW ANGLE

101

SHEILA

(outburst)

-- Why d'you think there are only
10,000 rapes reported in California
every year?

MARTIN

(involuntary)

-- Only... 10,000?!

SHEILA

(turns; quieter)

... out of no less than 50,000
committed, Father.

Martin closes his eyes, as if struck.

When Sheila turns back to Chris and Steve -- she notices
something changed about Steve.

SHEILA

(continuing)

What is it, Mr. Edison? D'you
want to ask me something?

STEVE

No.

But his expression remains altered, tentative, troubled.

Moment. Sheila turns to Chris again:

SHEILA

-- They all say you're a sweet
girl.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

CHRIS

Pardon me?

SHEILA

The people you work with, where
you live.

CHRIS

(modest response)

They don't know me very well.

SHEILA

-- I hope not. I need a woman
bitter as hell at getting raped.

(then)

I want a conviction.

STEVE

-- Because you're ambitious!

Sheila turns -- surprised at Steve's new position...
and at so much venom so fast.

SHEILA

... I am ambitious. But I want
a conviction because it would
be fair.

STEVE

-- No matter whose life you
dynamite to get it!

CHRIS

-- Steve...

Steve would continue his attack -- but he sees Chris'
anguished face and knows she can't take much more.
He eases up, manages a reassuring smile, walks to the
window, lights a cigarette.

Sheila turns to Chris again but says nothing. Waits.
And Chris gets up, joins Steve at the window. Beat,
before:

CHRIS

(continuing)

I thought you wanted me to press
charges.

STEVE

I do.

(then)

... I did.

(then; a warning)

This is going to get ugly.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

CHRIS

-- It was ugly...!

He embraces her; eases up.

STEVE

I know...

(then, carefully)

Chris... nailing him, the guy:
what's that going to do for you?

SHEILA

(can't resist)

-- She might feel better! Knowing
he's off the street!

STEVE

-- Chris.(then gentle
but insistent)I know you, Chrissie: you're not
a... vengeful person. You don't
hold grudges. You're going to
win this case -- and feel worse!

-- Sheila's on her feet before he finishes:

SHEILA

-- Excuse me: she doesn't win
the case, the People of the State
of California win it...! To
protect them from a rapist.
Chris McCormick is a witness
-- that's all! -- in the people's
case against Gordon Ives...(throws down
pencil)-- if we have a case.

CHRIS

... What d'you mean?

MARTIN

Surely there's enough evidence.

102 SHEILA

102

starting slow and deliberate:

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

SHEILA

... Gordon Ives is one of the people of the State of California, too. I owe him something: I have to try to see the facts -- all the evidence -- from his point of view. The man's...

103 SHOT - STEVE

103

Something's up: he watches Sheila intently.

104 FAVOR SHEILA

104

SHEILA

... And here's a pretty woman who, let's say, comes on... and on... and then changes her mind.

CHRIS

... What...?

SHEILA

-- All right, she has a right to...

(then)

But still... it's easy to yell rape. I understand Gordon Ives' problem: what d'you do with a cockteaser?

CHRIS

-- I didn't... encourage him!

SHEILA

(smiles)

Did I say "encourage"?

CHRIS

I told him to get out.

SHEILA

That can sound like come on in ... You didn't throw him out.

STEVE

-- The son of a bitch is a man!

SHEILA

Big deal.

(to Chris again)

There are security guards on twenty-four hour duty --

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

CHRIS

-- I was embarrassed!

SHEILA

-- At being raped...? Or at
changing your mind?!

CHRIS

It was too late to call any -- !

SHEILA

(pouncing)

-- When did it get to be too late?
When it began to feel good?

CHRIS

-- It never did!

105 SHOT - SHEILA

105

This is an important fact for her; she watches Chris
carefully during:

SHEILA

... Gordon says you loved it.

106 FAVOR CHRIS

106

CHRIS

-- He's a liar. It was horrible.

Beat. Then, quiet:

SHEILA

... What's so horrible?

107 SHOT - STEVE

107

He sees a chance to have it his way --

STEVE

-- Let's go, Chris!

CHRIS' VOICE

(into it)

... He forced me... down and made
me wipe... lipstick onto his
penis --

Steve falters, physically -- continues:

STEVE

Chris! Drop it! This damned
thing'll ruin everything!

SHEILA

(won't let go...
overlapping)

-- That's what you do, isn't it?
... Peddle lipstick?

STEVE

Get off her!

SHEILA

It's what you do, too: you people
hard-sell her all over town, make
her into a sweet package... easy
open! You count on us to look...
buy... but don't touch! Well,
most of us won't touch... And then
there's Gordon Ives. And that's
all it takes for rape: a man like --

STEVE

-- a madman, a maniac -- !

SHEILA

-- who was provoked!

STEVE

-- Why should Chris McCormick risk
all the good luck she's had... to
punish a psychopath??

SHEILA

-- Because it happened to her!
(then; quieter)
Because she can help.

Chris is bewildered by the conflict over her.

CHRIS

(dazed; almost
to herself)

He wanted to kill me with it...

SHEILA

(relentless)

With what?

STEVE

That's enough, damn it!

But Chris doesn't hear him; she's into the memory of:

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

-- With his... cock! And I hate him, I hate him and I want him to die in jail! I want them to do it to him in jail!

She's breaking down now; incoherent... As Martin shelters her from Sheila and Steve.

CHRIS

(continuing)

... I don't care... what they do... I don't care...

STEVE

(facing Sheila;
quiet)

Not another word.

But Sheila's willing to be silent now, watching Chris:

CHRIS

... I don't care. Do what you want...

(quieter; giving
up)

... don't try him... let him go, if you want.

Beat. Then, almost casual:

SHEILA

What're you talking about? You want him off the streets, don't you?

(then; still
quiet)

You're going to be a terrific witness. Indestructible.

(then)

And we'll get a conviction. He'll do time.

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER on Chris' face, hearing this... She looks at Sheila, then at Martin. Beat. She turns, abruptly, to look at Steve -- as if he'd spoken. But he's silent; not much shows. She hears Gordon's MUSIC now...

CUT TO:

109 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT, BEDROOM - OPEN ON CHRIS - DAY 109

motionless, stopped by some thought. She'd been packing a valise.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

SHEILA'S VOICE

-- They'll probably ask for a
continuance, any kind of delay.
That's routine defense tactic
in a rape --

She's apparently noticed Chris...

SHEILA'S VOICE

(continuing)

What's the matter?

CHRIS

(brought back)

I used to love this apartment.

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE:

SHEILA

You --

(stops herself;
then)

I started to say you will again...
but maybe not. Some women never
get past the rape, they keep...
(circling gesture)
... going back to it.

CHRIS

-- Isn't that what you want me to
do?

SHEILA

-- No. I want you to use it --
the outrage -- once more. At
the trial.

(a friend)

And then I want you to forget
it. And me. And get on with
your act.

CHRIS

(admiring smile)

You're not so tough.

SHEILA

(a different
smile)

Yes I am.

Beat between them. Then:

CHRIS

I was going to be a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

What happened?

CHRIS

I don't know.

SHEILA

You got pretty, that's what happened.

(then)

I was, too. Luckily nobody noticed.

(brief laugh)

All they saw was a girl looking for a fight!

(then)

I was some date.

CHRIS

(beat, before)

Are you married, Sheila?

Sheila steals a glance at Chris, a knowing smile; then:

SHEILA

Take a guess.

CHRIS

I think you are.

SHEILA

(nods)

I was married, my first year in the D.A.'s office -- to another lawyer. For six months we both kept wanting to sum up! -- Like to the jury? Y'know? Neither one of us would just... sit there.

(then)

I live with a fine guy now -- old enough to be my father. Perfect man: he says three words a week. He does what he wants. I love him.

Another good beat between them; their growing closeness has reassured Chris: she seems almost carefree as she looks around and:

CHRIS

There!

(snaps shut valise)

We'll only be staying in Ojai another week or so.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (3)

109

But Sheila's been watching Chris, curious about:

SHEILA

You seem to be pretty tough
yourself...

CHRIS

What d'you mean?

SHEILA

... or cool.

CHRIS

I thought you want me to get
over it.

SHEILA

-- I don't want you to pretend
it never happened! That's not
the same thing.

CHRIS

It happened.

SHEILA

-- D'you know it?

CHRIS

(obedient nod)
I know it happened.

SHEILA

(calculating beat;
then)
D'you ever wonder where he is?

CHRIS

... Yes.

SHEILA

D'you wonder where he is right
now?

CHRIS

... Where?

SHEILA

I don't know. He could be
anywhere.

110 SHOT - CHRIS

110

turns sharply!

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

SHEILA'S VOICE

... He's out...

CHRIS

-- What?

SHEILA'S VOICE

On bail.

Chris visibly falters... rallies:

CHRIS

Is that... normal?

111 FAVOR SHEILA

111

SHEILA

He hasn't been convicted of a crime.

CHRIS

-- He's guilty!

SHEILA

No.

(then)

And since he has what they call "roots" in the community... the judge felt it'd be a safe risk --

CHRIS

-- Safe?

SHEILA

That he'd show up for trial.

(shrugs)

So he's back on the street -- How d'you feel about that?

Chris shakes her head no, she doesn't know -- abruptly heads toward bathroom with:

CHRIS

-- I forgot... makeup and...

112 SHOT - SHEILA

112

wondering about Chris' state; calls toward bathroom:

SHEILA

Want to guess how much he had to raise to make bail...?

113 CHRIS, IN BATHROOM

113

A few toilet articles in her hand -- but she's just staring into the mirror, waiting for:

SHEILA'S VOICE

-- 500 dollars.

Chris' reflected face shows nothing. She puts stuff into toilet kit, a bit somnambulistic -- then takes toothpaste out of kit again, squeezes some onto electric toothbrush, switches it on, puts it into her mouth -- suddenly gags, retches! drops the BUZZING machine into the basin, holds on tight!

SHEILA'S VOICE

(continuing)

... Chris?

But Chris shudders again, bends lower over the basin.

CUT TO:

114 INT. STATE/COUNTY OFFICE BUILDING, CORRIDOR - DAY 114

MOVING with NATHAN CARTWRIGHT -- THROUGH door lettered "OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY".

115 ANTEROOM 115

MOVING THROUGH with Cartwright.

116 ASS'T. D.A.'S OFFICE (SHEILA'S) 116

Sheila looks up at Cartwright's approach, smiles, then pretends deep thought:

SHEILA

-- Wait, let me guess... You want a postponement!

Cartwright just stands at her desk.

SHEILA

(continuing)

How much d'you want? Until next court term?

(at his silence)

-- Won't help you, Nate: this girl remembers your client and what he did to her and a year's delay won't make it fade! Or make her easy to confuse.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

His silence is too conspicuous to disregard now. She stops.

CARTWRIGHT

Finished?

She nods. Briskly, he opens his briefcase on her desk and:

CARTWRIGHT

(continuing)

-- We want to go to trial as quickly as possible, Sheila...

117 SHOT - SHEILA

117

her surprise: What's this?

CARTWRIGHT'S VOICE

What's the calendar like? Is there an opening next week?

SHEILA

(warily)

... What's going on, Nate?

118 WIDER ANGLE

118

as if he weren't facing a suspicious adversary:

CARTWRIGHT

It's a hardship, putting it off.

SHEILA

Hardship?

CARTWRIGHT

For my client. He put himself on voluntary suspension -- from his job at Sacred Heart -- until he's cleared --

SHEILA

-- Voluntary?

Cartwright nods. Beat. Sheila smiles -- without pleasure:

SHEILA

(continuing)

Cute.

(then)

Whose idea was that? Yours?

(CONTINUED)

CARTWRIGHT
He's a sincere, talented young
man, Sheila --

SHEILA
-- Yeah, he was voted Most
Talented Rapist last year --

CARTWRIGHT
(overriding)
-- and you've got nothing but her
word!

SHEILA
-- plus a few photographs.

CARTWRIGHT
-- which can be explained in more
than one way.

Beat. She's still bugged by:

SHEILA
Why are you in such a hurry?

CARTWRIGHT
I explained.

SHEILA
(thoughtful)
If I were defending a rapist...
I'd want a lot of time to pass.

CARTWRIGHT
So would I... If I were defending
a rapist.

SHEILA
(drily)
Somebody got raped that afternoon.

CARTWRIGHT
That's right.

He's smiling. In response to the smile and what it
implies:

SHEILA
-- Are you kidding?
(then)
Come on, Nate...

CARTWRIGHT
The week of the fourteenth, is
that agreeable to the prosecution?
Hm?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2)

118

CAMERA PUSHING CLOSER on the somewhat more apprehensive Sheila.

CARTWRIGHT'S VOICE

(continuing)

... Or is it too soon?

Beat. GORDON'S MUSIC BEGINS, before we --

CUT TO:

119 EXT. A TROUT STREAM - DAY

119

GORDON'S MUSIC PERSISTS.

FOLLOW a trout-fly's flight over the surface -- MUSIC ENDS as the fly settles.

ANGLE ADJUSTS TO FULL VIEW: Chris, in wading boots, fishing. And Kathy, exploring the shallows. Any talk between them is obscured by natural SOUNDS: water and insects and birds. HOLD for a moment, then:

120 EXT. CAMPSITE - FULL VIEW - DUSK

120

A small cook-fire, built among rocks at the edge of the stream, being tended by Kathy.

KATHY

There's some more beans left.

CHRIS

Finish them.

Chris has been collecting her gear and now she's rubbing a rifle with a rag, putting down a light, protective coating of oil.

KATHY

I like them with trout.

CHRIS

No luck today. Sorry.

KATHY

Maybe you should've tried shooting them.

Beat; then an unpleasant subject:

CHRIS

... You ought to get your stuff together, too, Kath.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

KATHY

... What time do we have to leave?

CHRIS

Before light.

Kathy nods; the campsite seems to darken with her mood.

121 EXT. CAMPSITE - ANGLE ON KATHY - NIGHT (LATER)

121

... She opens her eyes. She's in her sleeping bag; it's been a restless night. She looks over at Chris' place -- she's not there; her bag's rolled up and tied. Kathy turns the other way... raises herself on one elbow.

122 NEW ANGLE

122

Chris is poking at the embers of their campfire, stirring up some flames...

KATHY

What time is it?

CHRIS

Four.

Kathy struggles half out of the bag, drags it closer to the fire. Chris smiles at her.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Y'okay?

Kathy nods.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Warm enough?

Beat of silence. Then, without a trace of sleepiness -- and an edge of bitterness:

KATHY

We should've stayed where we were.

Chris looks at her in the flickering firelight; she knows Kathy doesn't mean Ojai... so she waits. And then:

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

(continuing)

... It's always a mistake to come down out of the mountains. Leave where y'grew up.

CHRIS

That's not true and you know it.

KATHY

-- Was a mistake for us.

CHRIS

I had to work. There was nothing home.

KATHY

-- We could've lived off the land, shot game birds and fished -- !

She knows she's being silly. Chris puts her arm around her. They sit this way for a moment, staring at the fire.

CHRIS

(gently, to comfort:)

... It just turned out bad...

KATHY

... He did!

Chris looks at her, says nothing. Then:

KATHY

(continuing)

... He'll be there tomorrow, huh?

CHRIS

... It's today...

(then)

I'm sorry you have to go through it, Kath.

KATHY

(overlapping)

-- I don't want to see him, he's... disgusting!

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

CHRIS

Shhh.

KATHY

-- Why don't they just keep him
in jail?!

CHRIS

He hasn't been found guilty of
anything yet.

(then)

The jury has to believe me. And
not... Gordon.

A new question occurs to Kathy, something she hadn't
thought of before:

KATHY

... What will he say happened?

Chris looks at Kathy -- for only an instant, then looks
around, and:

CHRIS

... I wish we could stay here...

KATHY

Chris? What is he going to say?

CHRIS

I don't know.

(gets up; no
pause)

We'd better get our stuff together.

DISSOLVE TO:

123 EXT. COURT BUILDING - DAY

123

KATHY (v.o.)

Chris? What is he going to say?

CHRIS (v.o.)

I don't know.

124 SERIES OF CUTS

124

WORKING CLOSER to Chris, her arrival for the trial.
Photographers, TV news people, etc.

Glimpses of Kathy: more apprehensive; she's never
been through this with her sister.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

CONTINUING OVER it:

KATHY (v.o.)
How will they know he's lying?

CHRIS (v.o.)
They'll know.

KATHY (v.o.)
He must do it very well...
(then, a kind
of shame)
I liked him so much...!

SERIES ENDS ON:

125 SHOT - KATHY

1

125

-- as someone is pushed against her by a photographer
trying to get a picture of Chris.

VOICE
-- I'm sorry -- !

-- Kathy turns: it's Gordon! That close! An odd,
tentative start of a smile... abandoned. Brief beat
between them -- before Kathy is swept along, after
her sister. We BEGIN TO HEAR INTERIOR SOUNDS:
courtroom procedures --

126 INT. COURTROOM - SERIES OF CUTS - DAY

126

to ESTABLISH JUDGE, defense and prosecution, jury and
alternates, bailiff, court stenographer, etc.
NOTE: Courtroom procedures are being followed, swear-
ings-in, evidence accepted for exhibit, still photos,
etc... but all BELOW AUDIBILITY.

And during it, part of these ESTABLISHING SHOTS --

INTERCUT:

127 VARIOUS ANGLES - CHRIS

127

her head lowered, occasionally listening to some
comment from Sheila, nodding.

SHEILA
-- Did everything but put pennies
in his loafers!

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

CHRIS

Hm?

She's afraid to look anywhere openly, so Sheila tilts her head sharply toward the defense table.

SHEILA

-- Got him dressed up to look like the boy next door...!

Chris has to look: ANGLE ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE Gordon, in b.g. of FRAME. She steals a long look.

CHRIS

... He is.

Sheila reacts; Chris turns back to her.

CHRIS

(continuing)

Besides, I don't usually dress like this, either.

Sheila admires Chris' candor; she nods, and:

SHEILA

We'll just have to win on legal grounds.

-- Interrupted by SOUND of Judge's gavel!

SHEILA

(continuing)

I'm sorry, Your Honor.

128 WIDER ANGLE

128

Courtroom procedures that have been inaudible -- behind the exchanges between Chris and Sheila -- come INTO FOCUS: The Judge turns from reprimanding Sheila, nods at Gordon's lawyer:

JUDGE

Proceed, Mr. Cartwright.

CARTWRIGHT

The defense calls Kathy McCormick.

129 FAVOR CHRIS

129

-- an audible reaction: no!

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

SHEILA

-- What's the matter?

CHRIS

... I didn't... think they'd get
to her so... soon.

Barely audible in b.g.: Kathy is sworn in.

130 SHOT - GORDON

130

watching Kathy take her place in the witness chair.
His expression is difficult to read -- perhaps
regret... but it isn't clear what he regrets.

Cartwright's voice in b.g. before we --

CUT TO:

131 ANGLE ON WITNESS CHAIR AND BENCH

131

Kathy is responding to a question:

KATHY

-- about the time I usually get
home.

CARTWRIGHT

Usually?

KATHY

I sometimes stop at a friend's.

CARTWRIGHT

Quite often, in fact: four out
of five afternoons the previous
week.

(then)

So your sister might easily have
assumed you'd be late --

KATHY

I don't think so.

SHEILA

(at the same
time)

Objection!

JUDGE

Sustained.

(CONTINUED)

CARTWRIGHT

(regroups and)

Kathy, please describe what you saw and heard when you did come home.

KATHY

... It was quiet...

CARTWRIGHT

-- Quiet, did you say?

KATHY

(nods)

... and there was... music coming from somewhere --

CARTWRIGHT

-- Somewhere in the apartment?

KATHY

I'm not sure, Chrissie's door was closed, I thought maybe she --

CARTWRIGHT

-- Was it coming from your sister's bedroom? This music?!

A brief, bewildered beat -- and to simplify it, despite herself:

KATHY

-- He was raping her in there! He was raping her! I opened the door!

She won't look up; she holds on to the witness chair. Cartwright waits for the brief stir in the courtroom to subside, before:

CARTWRIGHT

You identify the defendant, Gordon Ives, as the man in bed with your sister that afternoon?

KATHY

-- Yes.

CARTWRIGHT

Did you see his face?

KATHY

No.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

CARTWRIGHT

How were you able to recognize -- ?

KATHY

-- I know... him.

CARTWRIGHT

How is that?

KATHY

He was my teacher.

He nods; a brief pause -- ended abruptly by:

CARTWRIGHT

-- "He was raping her!"... that's what you testified.

(then)

D'you know what it means? The word "rape"?

KATHY

Yes.

CARTWRIGHT

Did you look it up in the dictionary?

KATHY

Yes.

CARTWRIGHT

-- When?

KATHY

Next day.

CARTWRIGHT

... If your sister hadn't told you she'd been raped -- would you have looked up the word?

SHEILA

Objection!

JUDGE

(to Cartwright)

You know better than that, counselor.

(then)

Objection sustained.

(CONTINUED)

CARTWRIGHT

Kathy... if she'd said nothing to you about that afternoon... would you have thought the behavior of your sister and the defendant in her bed -- constituted a crime? The crime of rape??

SHEILA

(overlapping)

-- Objection! The witness is not competent to determine what constitutes a crime!

KATHY

-- Yes I am!

JUDGE

(at the same time)

Sustained!

His look is a rebuke; Cartwright takes a beat; softer:

CARTWRIGHT

Let me simplify it for you, Kathy: after you peeped into your sister's bedroom... what did you do?

KATHY

... I went to my room.

CARTWRIGHT

Did you close her door?

KATHY

Yes.

CARTWRIGHT

Why?

KATHY

I don't know... Privacy.

CARTWRIGHT

-- Excuse me? I don't think all of us heard...

KATHY

I just... closed the door.

(CONTINUED)

CARTWRIGHT

-- For the sake of your sister's privacy?

Kathy nods yes.

CARTWRIGHT

(continuing)

... Kathy, did you think -- even for an instant! Did it cross your mind? -- That your sister was in danger??

KATHY

I don't know...!

CARTWRIGHT

-- and you ought to run for help??

KATHY

No... I don't know!

CARTWRIGHT

-- Was she quiet...? You testified it was quiet when you --

KATHY

-- She stopped screaming!

CARTWRIGHT

-- Did you hear her scream?

KATHY

-- I don't know!

Cartwright lets the illogical answer land... then:

CARTWRIGHT

... When you opened the door: was she struggling?

KATHY

-- She was tied up!

CARTWRIGHT

... So she was.
(then; changing)
D'you read a lot, Kathy?

KATHY

Yes. I like to read.

CARTWRIGHT

Even books on The List?

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

... Sometimes.

CARTWRIGHT

Have you read a novel entitled
"The Story of O"?

KATHY

No.

CARTWRIGHT

Have you heard of it?

KATHY

... Yes.

CARTWRIGHT

From friends?

KATHY

One friend.

CARTWRIGHT

Then you've heard of women -- no;
of people -- whose sexual pleasure
comes through being restrained
physically? Tied, or even
beaten -- ?

There is time in which Kathy finds it impossible to
answer. Tears slowly welling in her eyes.

KATHY

-- Not my sister!

CARTWRIGHT

But the answer to my question
is...?

KATHY

-- Not my sister!

CARTWRIGHT

(exaggerated
plea)

-- Your Honor...?

JUDGE

Let it pass, Mr. Cartwright:
you've made your point...

Kathy looks at the Judge and says to him:

KATHY

Not my sister!

132 JURY

132

In case Cartwright hadn't -- the Judge just made it for him.

CUT TO:

133 COURTROOM

133

Gordon on stand.

GORDON

There are parents who feel teachers like me don't belong. They always talk about replacing us... But some of our students like the way we teach.

134 SHOT - KATHY

134

135 GORDON

135

GORDON

I'm qualified... I've just got a free-wheeling way of doing it. I get the kids into new music, new sounds, non-objective dance.

He stops himself with a modest smile.

GORDON

(continuing)

All I'm saying is we need all the help we can get.

(then)

So when Kathy's sister suggested I come over to the apartment...

136 SHOT - KATHY

136

She knows that wasn't the way it happened.

137 GORDON

137

as if he read Kathy's expression.

GORDON

Excuse me. I want to be absolutely true to the events.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GORDON (cont'd)
 Kathy told me she talked to her sister about my music and Chris wanted to hear it. Chris even offered to come to school or to my apartment... but then she made it clear it would be more convenient for her if I came to her place. Which I did.

(then)
 She offered me a drink. Some European beer she was proud of.

(pause)
 We talked about Kathy. Not very long, I have to say. I'd brought my cassette but she suddenly had no interest in listening to it: she asked me to leave it so she could play it some other time. And then she asked me -- with no lead-in, really -- if I was gentle with the kids. I told her I am.

(then, more difficult)
 Then she asked me how I was with girls a little older. I told her: the same.

(then)
 She said: too bad. And then she said I wouldn't do. As what? I asked her.

(great difficulty)
 As a lover, she said.

Strong reaction from spectators; he overrides it with:

GORDON
 (continuing)
 ... or as a teacher, either! she said.

138 SERIES OF CUTS - SPECTATORS

138

BACK TO:

139 GORDON

139

as reaction subsides; beat of silence before:

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

... I'm not proud of what happened
... what I did.

(then)

But I love to teach. Sure, I need
the job as a job, too... but it's
the teaching...

INTERCUT WITH:

140 KATHY

140

watchful, listening.

CARTWRIGHT

(gently)

... What did you do...?

GORDON

I said... to Chris: you'll have
to show me what you want.

He seems unable to go on. So:

CARTWRIGHT

What happened then?

GORDON

... She said: it'll be my
pleasure.

(as if surprised;
in disbelief)

-- She laughed! It wasn't her
anymore, she... she'd been fine
and sweet and now she was...
low... raunchy! somebody else!
I don't think she's responsible
for --

CARTWRIGHT

-- Just tell us what happened,
Gordon.

GORDON

... She led me into her bedroom.
She had... silk soft scarves to
tie her with so there'd be no
marks...

(then)

Other places, she... wanted me
to... mark her where it'd be
covered by... her...

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

He looks up -- a helpless gesture.

GORDON

(continuing)

I know: a man with more...
character would've just...

(shakes his head

no; puts it

differently)

... But where is the rape in this?

(then; a plea)

Rape is an act of violence. I
know...! But she wanted this
violence.

(bitter at
himself)

And I wanted my job.

(then)

She is a... lovely, beautiful
woman and I look at her, I'd

... want to make love to her!

... But I mean love... In a...
an affectionate way... She wants
something else.

141 SHOT - CHRIS

141

her head lowered, as if studying the sketches she's
made -- but her humiliation and anger are so deep
she's stopped moving, turned cold.

CHRIS

(quiet; level)

Can't you stop him from lying?

SHEILA

No...

CAMERA PANS, HOLDS on Sheila.

CHRIS

... You can object.

SHEILA

... But I don't object.

We see the smallest smile on her face.

SHEILA

(continuing)

I couldn't've coached him better
myself...!

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

Her last words overlapped by:

CARTWRIGHT'S VOICE

-- Your witness, Mrs. Ryun.

Sheila rises.

142 FAVOR GORDON

142

He knows he's been doing well -- but a shadow of apprehension falls across his face as Sheila approaches.

She stops and looks at him, says nothing for a beat, then nods and without warning:

SHEILA

-- D'you have a knife in your pocket, Mr. Ives?

GORDON

(flustered, but)

I always carry it, I use it for --

SHEILA

-- Just answer the question.

GORDON

Yes. A pen-knife.

SHEILA

May we see it, please?

Gordon produces the knife we saw earlier, hands it to Sheila, who examines it.

SHEILA

(continuing)

... Hardly a pen-knife --

CARTWRIGHT

-- Objection, Your Honor!

SHEILA

-- more like a switchblade.

CARTWRIGHT

(overriding)

This is a shameless attempt to create the impression the defendant is a dangerous man -- a desperado! The fact is: the blade is legal and the use to which he puts it -- if Mrs. Ryun would permit him to explain -- is constructive and peaceful: he repairs -- !

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

-- Not always so peaceful!

The Judge hammers gavel on block, silences them; then:

JUDGE

Mrs. Ryun, are you going to connect this knife directly with the case? If so, enter it in evidence. If not... I suggest you pursue another line of inquiry.

SHEILA

Yes, Your Honor.

She returns the knife to Gordon. Beat; then:

SHEILA

(continuing)

... You seem to love teaching, Mr. Ives...?

GORDON

(relieved)

I do.

SHEILA

And your students?

GORDON

Yes... as students.

SHEILA

-- Of course. I didn't mean to imply you make love to them... You like them.

(then)

And you like Chrissie McCormick...

GORDON

Yes.

SHEILA

You are -- it would appear -- a very loving person.

She seems to be stumped... wanders to a table of exhibits, picks up some still photos, brings them to the witness chair -- seems suddenly to notice:

SHEILA

(continuing)

-- Aren't you going to put it away?

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

-- What?

SHEILA

The knife.

CARTWRIGHT

(long-suffering)

Your Honor...

Gordon flushes... drops the knife into his pocket.
Sheila breathes a mock sigh of relief. A warning
glance from the Judge.

But Sheila's already showing Gordon the still photos.

SHEILA

You recognize this place, Mr. Ives?

GORDON

Her bedroom.

SHEILA

Chris McCormick's bedroom?

GORDON

Yes.

SHEILA

(examining photo)

-- A mess, isn't it?

GORDON

(shrugs)

I don't know.

SHEILA

(showing photo)

... These pictures... on the
floor... how did they get to
be smashed?

Off-balance, Gordon remains silent.

SHEILA

(continuing)

D'you happen to remember?

GORDON

... No, it was... There was a lot
going on.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

(nods; then)

I was just wondering... what part
of Miss McCormick's sexual...
perversion! is satisfied by
smashing family photographs?

GORDON

I wouldn't know.

SHEILA

-- But you smashed them.

GORDON

No...

SHEILA

-- I must've misunderstood:
weren't all the acts of violence
-- sheets ripped, smeared with
lipstick, blood! -- wasn't it all
done by you for Chris McCormick?!

GORDON

No no.

SHEILA

-- Isn't that what you testified?
(at his stubborn
silence)
Shall I have it read back?

He tries to get himself together.

GORDON

... I did do... all that for...
her. I just don't remember
smashing the priest's picture
or --

SHEILA

-- Whose picture...? A priest?

She makes an elaborate study of the still photo.

SHEILA

(continuing)

I can't make out a... priest...

GORDON

(flat)

Her brother's a priest.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA
How d'you know that?

GORDON
She told me.

SHEILA
Why?

GORDON
I don't know; ask her --

SHEILA
-- Did you ask about him?

GORDON
No.

SHEILA
How did he come up?

GORDON
I don't remember.

SHEILA
-- And you don't remember how
his picture was smashed.

GORDON
No.

Beat. Her attack changes with:

SHEILA
... Did you ever consider entering
the priesthood, Mr. Ives?

It provokes a genuine memory -- Gordon is stopped by it.

GORDON
... Yes. Long time ago.

SHEILA
You decided against it?

GORDON
Yes.

(then)
Not exactly.

(then)
Something else... took over,
I guess: the music.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA
(considers him;
then)

... The music.
(briskly)
How are you doing?

GORDON
Pardon?

SHEILA
In music. How far along are you?

GORDON
Y'don't understand: I just
teach music.

SHEILA
You're not a composer then? Or
a player?

GORDON
... No.
(adds quickly)
I do some composing, for myself.

SHEILA
... Terrifically competitive,
isn't it? Not easy to get
started.

GORDON
No.

SHEILA
-- Is that why you wanted Chris
McCormick to listen to your tape?

GORDON
Why?

SHEILA
She might be in a position to
help you.

GORDON
I didn't think about that.

SHEILA
-- Think about it now.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

(admits)

Well... she could get my stuff to
the right people: recording
company executives... conductors,
other composers --

SHEILA

-- Other composers?(then; friendly
smile)

You haven't... quite given up,
have you?

GORDON

... Guess not.

He does a shy smile for the jury.

Sheila walks over to the table; as she does:

SHEILA

... So you brought...

(lifts up tape
player)

... this... over to Chris McCormick's
apartment that afternoon?

GORDON

Yes, ma'am.

Sheila presses a button on the machine -- a cassette
pops partway out.

SHEILA

... to play this cassette?

GORDON

Right.

SHEILA

And this cassette... you made?

GORDON

I did.

SHEILA

What does that mean, exactly?

GORDON

It's my... creation, I put it
together: certain compositions,
some Moog stuff and then there
are natural sounds...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GORDON (cont'd)
... I taped and modified and then
cut into the instrumentals so the
whole outline is mine and it's
like a collage, in painting --

He's getting enthusiastic -- but she's examining tiny
identification label on cassette, interrupts with:

SHEILA
-- Can't quite make out this
name you printed on... here...

She offers it to him -- but he looks straight ahead.

SHEILA
(continuing)
Can you make it out?

GORDON
I know the tape.

SHEILA
What's it called...? I mean,
you named it, didn't you...?
Since it's your own, well,
fabrication, anyway.

Beat. He's reluctant -- but he must answer:

GORDON
_____ (a phrase
in Latin)

SHEILA
-- Latin, is it?

GORDON
Yes.

SHEILA
... What does it mean, Mr. Ives?

GORDON
... Fury's Child.

SHEILA
-- Excuse me?

GORDON
(bit louder)
Fury's Child.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

... Interesting title; is it
from something? A poem -- ?

GORDON

(can't resist)

-- It's from me...!

She nods. Beat; then:

SHEILA

If it please the court: I'd like
the jury to hear some of the
defendant's music...

JUDGE

Any objection, Mr. Cartwright?

CARTWRIGHT

Only to the waste of time, Your
Honor.

SHEILA

-- It's all set up, Your Honor,
just has to be switched on.

Then, as if an afterthought:

SHEILA

(continuing)

-- But it's a small machine so
I've plugged in another speaker
or two, for all of us to hear...

Judge nods. Sheila turns to Gordon -- who's begun to
sweat.

SHEILA

(continuing)

What setting d'you suggest, Mr.
Ives? Six decibels?

GORDON

It was done for eight.

Sheila switches on MUSIC... half-beat of silence and
then a roar of music and sound! More than simply
louder than in Chris' apartment -- the nature of it
is different: it is aggressive and relentless and in
furious protest!

143 COURTROOM - SERIES OF CUTS

143

Reactions: some are surprised, others turn away, even cover their ears. A few are amused, like it.

CUTS WORK CLOSER on Gordon: it's his music; he's defiant!

When the Jurors and Judge seem to've reached the breaking point -- !

144 NEW ANGLE - SHEILA AND GORDON

144

Sheila switches off music. The silence is, of course, stunning. Beat; another, before:

SHEILA

... And that's the music you played for Chris McCormick that afternoon?

GORDON

-- Yes.

SHEILA

What were you doing while it played?

GORDON

-- Listening, what d'you think -- ?

SHEILA

-- Was she listening?

GORDON

-- Yes.

SHEILA

-- All the time?

GORDON

-- Until the phone rang.

SHEILA

-- Who was it?

GORDON

-- It wasn't for me...
(then)
Some man.

SHEILA

-- A business call?

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

-- I don't know what he is to her...

SHEILA

-- How'd you feel when the phone rang in the middle of your... serenade?

GORDON

-- Nothing.

SHEILA

... What'd she do?

GORDON

Went into the bedroom with him.

SHEILA

-- with the phone, you mean.

GORDON

-- No... Yes.

(then)

She took it in the bedroom.

SHEILA

... Couldn't she've asked him to call back, she was busy?

GORDON

Maybe she had to talk to him.

SHEILA

-- Maybe she was glad the call came... Is that possible?

GORDON

That's her business.

SHEILA

... get her off the hook and away from the noise!

GORDON

-- Hell noise! You don't know what you're talking about!

SHEILA

-- Tell me how you felt!

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (2)

144

GORDON

-- Who cares?? The music's good.
If she's tone deaf or doesn't
listen -- it's her damn loss!

There's an odd mix of pursuit and sympathy in Sheila,
now:

SHEILA

-- Yes it is... But I asked you
how you felt!

GORDON

(involuntary)
-- Wild, I felt... wild as hell!
at what... she ran out on...

SHEILA

(quiet)
... You.

Gordon turns sharply to Sheila!

SHEILA

(continuing)
... Didn't she...? Run out on
you?

Gordon slows himself, carefully; regaining control:

GORDON

... Maybe. But none of that...
(new start)
Listen. You can play my music
all day and all night... it won't
make me into a man who would
rape anybody...

SHEILA

-- That's all, Mr. Ives.

GORDON

-- and it won't convict me of rape!

SHEILA

I have no further questions, Your
Honor.

145 NEW ANGLE

145

JUDGE

Anything on re-direct, Mr.
Cartwright?

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

Cartwright looks at Gordon... then at jury. Then:

CARTWRIGHT

Nothing, Your Honor.

JUDGE

You may step down, Mr. Ives.

Gordon stands -- but remains where he is.

GORDON

I don't know the rules here,
Your Honor... who do I tell?

JUDGE

-- Mr. Ives...

GORDON

... it happened... the way I
said it happened.

He suddenly turns, looks toward Chris.

GORDON

(continuing)

... Tell them.

The Judge brings the gavel down once, almost gently.

GORDON

(continuing)

What d'you want to do this for?
We could've been --

The gavel comes down again, harder, ending it.

146 INT. LOFT/APARTMENT IN VENICE - DUSK TO NIGHT

146

OPEN CLOSE on sound equipment: various green and white
lighted gauges.

The MUSIC is Gordon's; a somewhat different mood.

147 SERIES OF CUTS - GORDON

147

at the window, looking down at the street.
Putting together a meal.
Working on equipment.
Lying on his narrow bed.

But always listening to the music.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

148 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

148

At the kitchen table: Chris, Kathy, Martin and Steve... sharing some takeout meal, like Kentucky Fried Chicken.

MARTIN

Wasn't Mrs. Ryun coming over?

KATHY

She's working.

CHRIS

I can't believe she has other cases...!

MARTIN

The office has twelve other rape cases -- in one stage or another. She's handling three herself.

CAMERA FAVORS Steve during above; something's going on...

KATHY

-- Aren't you hungry, Steve?

He smiles at his almost untouched food; and:

STEVE

I tell you... I should be working, too. Tonight.

He talks to all of them but he's most aware -- as we are now -- of Chris' reaction: Careful, guarded... and then, pleasantly:

CHRIS

-- You should go, Steve.

STEVE

(overkill)

I have to edit some copy; the agency hired a new kid, bright but he doesn't always hit it, first time. At thirty-three, I'm the old pro...

Chris is already up to see him to the door.

STEVE

(continuing;
to others)

Goodnight.

149 ANGLE ON DOOR

149

Chris has already opened the door -- Steve closes it, embraces her. Then:

STEVE

Try to sleep.

CHRIS

Will you be there tomorrow?

STEVE

You want me to be, don't you?

CHRIS

(automatic)

Yes.

(but then)

I don't know.

STEVE

Sure you do. I'll be there.

And yet, somehow, it isn't completely convincing, his wanting or willingness.

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSE on Chris' face. Steve brushes his lips against her cheek... and away. SOUNDS of door opening and closing behind him. CAMERA HOLDS TIGHT CLOSE on Chris. A beat of silence -- ended brutally by:

CARTWRIGHT (v.o.)

-- Did he ejaculate into your mouth?

CHRIS (v.o.)

No.

CARTWRIGHT (v.o.)

He didn't come in your mouth?

CHRIS (v.o.)

I said no.

CARTWRIGHT (v.o.)

... How did you feel about that?

Chris whirls sharply!

ABRUPT CUT TO:

149 ANGLE ON DOOR

149

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STEVE

Try to sleep.

CHRIS

Will you be there tomorrow?

STEVE

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CHRIS

(automatic)

Yes.

(but then)

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CARTWRIGHT (v.o.)

Surely you've had oral sexual experiences in the past --

150 INT. COURTROOM - OPEN CLOSE ON CHRIS - DAY

150

staring at Cartwright, her lips sealed against an answer.

151 WIDER ANGLE

151

SHEILA

-- Objection: the witness' sexual history is inadmissible.

JUDGE

Sustained.

Cartwright seems apologetic.

(CONTINUED)

CARTWRIGHT

I hope I haven't given the impression that I believe you to be a... promiscuous person.

CHRIS

I think yes, you did. By your questions.

CARTWRIGHT

Then let me make amends, here and now, to the jury: Gordon Ives' defense does not depend upon your promiscuity...

(then)

If anything, your background was somewhat puritanical, even repressive, am I correct -- ?

CHRIS

-- We were well brought up.

CARTWRIGHT

Precisely!

(then)

... which makes certain... facts of your life difficult to understand...

He's gone to exhibits table, carries several huge photo blow-ups to an easel, sets them down.

CARTWRIGHT

(continuing)

-- This for example.

He reveals the first photo blow-up: Chris, in a most provocative -- abandoned -- pose.

INTERCUT WITH:

152 VARIOUS SHOTS - JURY

152

varied reactions: surprise, envy, shock, disapproval, approval, pleasure...!

CARTWRIGHT

... or this...!

Another blow-up.

CHRIS

-- We didn't use that picture -- !

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

-- Objection!

JUDGE

On what grounds, Mrs. Ryun?

SHEILA

These are work prints, Your Honor,
out-takes that aren't meant for
general distribution --

CARTWRIGHT

-- I dare say!

JUDGE

I'm going to allow it...
(to Cartwright)
Proceed, counselor.

Cartwright sets up another blow-up: this one we may
recognize from the tidal pool film commercial.

CARTWRIGHT

This is a frame from a film
commercial...

(emphasis)

... photographed the day before
the alleged attack.

(to Chris)

Is that correct, Miss McCormick?

CHRIS

Yes.

CARTWRIGHT

Are spectators normally permitted
to watch filming?

CHRIS

No, not from close.

CARTWRIGHT

Was Gordon Ives present?

CHRIS

Yes.

CARTWRIGHT

You must've invited him then?

CHRIS

Yes, he was going to --

(CONTINUED)

CARTWRIGHT

-- Just answer, please: was he there by invitation?

CHRIS

Yes.

CARTWRIGHT

... And you knew he was there... when you posed this way -- ?

CHRIS

-- It's my work! I do what I'm told!

CARTWRIGHT

-- Anything you're told?

CHRIS

-- Yes!

CARTWRIGHT

-- If you were told to perform certain sexual acts then -- you'd perform them?

CHRIS

-- Not anything, no!

CARTWRIGHT

-- Where'd you draw the line, Miss McCormick...? Or is the question: for whom will you do anything!

CHRIS

-- This has nothing to do with that afternoon!

CARTWRIGHT

(overriding)

-- It has everything to do with it!

(then)

This...

(indicates blow-up)

... was the set-up for that afternoon.

CHRIS

No!

CARTWRIGHT

... Look at it...

Cartwright times it; once he feels the jury has drunk its fill, he changes pace.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (3)

152

CARTWRIGHT

(continuing)

... We were speaking of your...
 sheltered upbringing... Can you
 tell us -- we have no experience
 in this sort of... work... How
 does someone like you... manage
 to look as... provocative as this?
 You are unquestionably a pretty
 person. But this is not...
 prettiness. To make a suggestive
 ... seductive look like this --
 surely you must... imagine certain
 things, have certain thoughts...
images! Am I completely wrong?

153 SHOT - SHEILA

153

-- hoping Chris will say "yes, you're wrong"... but
 knowing better.

154 FAVOR CHRIS

154

CHRIS

... Yes.

CARTWRIGHT

You do... think things...?

CHRIS

Yes.

CARTWRIGHT

Fantasies!

CHRIS

Daydreams, sort of.

CARTWRIGHT

-- About men. I assume.

CHRIS

... Yes.

CARTWRIGHT

... And they're meant to... excite
 you, really... Is that correct?

CHRIS

... A little...

(CONTINUED)

CARTWRIGHT
(generous smile)
Very well. Sexy thoughts that
get you a little bit...
(implicit apology
for the slang)

... hot?
(abruptly)
Thoughts of oral sex?

CHRIS
(off-balance)
-- Yes.

CARTWRIGHT
-- Sodomy?

CHRIS
-- No!

CARTWRIGHT
(ridicule:
keeping score)
Oral sex, yes -- sodomy, no!

CHRIS
-- That's true!

CARTWRIGHT
(boring in now)
-- Daydreams of being overpowered?

CHRIS
-- Sometimes.

CARTWRIGHT
The answer is yes then?

CHRIS
-- Yes!

CARTWRIGHT
-- of being raped!?

CHRIS
-- Yes!

CARTWRIGHT
-- So that one afternoon...
(indicates
blow-up)
... you invited a young man to
watch... you go through these
erotic daydreams of rape!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARTWRIGHT (cont'd)
Of being overpowered, helpless!
Drowning, half-naked...! And
then the very next afternoon,
when this young man -- of your
choice, and in the place of your
choice -- !

(new attack; as
if it's all too
much for him)
-- You expect this jury to believe
he had to brutalize you to get you
to perform those self-same sexual
acts??

SHEILA
(more than once)
-- Objection...! Your Honor!

JUDGE
Sustained.

CARTWRIGHT
I really have only one further
question, Miss McCormick... and
I think the jury has only one...
(the kill)
Despite everything else -- were
you sexually aroused -- ?

SHEILA'S VOICE
Objection!

CARTWRIGHT
And did you in fact reach a sexual
climax?

JUDGE'S VOICE
Objection sustained!

But Chris in the furor -- lowers her head into her lap
and moans.

CHRIS
Oh, my God -- Oh, my God --

SHEILA
-- Your Honor, it must be made
clear that there is no admission
of orgasm and in any case such a
reaction would have absolutely no
bearing on the question of whether
or not a crime has been committed!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

SHEILA (cont'd)

A man may have a sexual emission
 -- an ejaculation! -- at the
 moment he's murdered... does that
 make his murder any less of a
 crime...? Or the murderer any
less of a criminal?!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FULL VIEW of courtroom:

Sheila's argument, the Judge's reprimand of Cartwright
 and Cartwright's smiling apology... all FADE. It's
 become a PANTOMIME. And now, a tableau.

Softly, we HEAR Gordon's music. And over it:

WOMAN'S VOICE

We, the jury, find the defendant
 not guilty.

Beat.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

156 NEWS PHOTO OR SKETCH - COURTROOM SCENE

156

Newsmen racing toward the exits. Principals being
 mobbed, trying to get up the aisles and out. Confu-
 sion of questions like:

NEWSMAN (v.o.)

-- How d'you feel about it,
 Chrissie?

157 INT. CORRIDOR

157

Spectators bursting out of courtroom, into corridor.
 We get intermittent GLIMPSES of Chris, Sheila and
 Kathy... Steve close by... Martin trying to get to
 them...

The barrier is made up of news photographers, TV
 cameramen... and TV newsmen and women -- poking
 microphones close. Their primary microphone target
 is Chris but they try Kathy and Steve, too.

158 NEWS PHOTO - CORRIDOR

158

mobbed; hounded.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

NEWSWOMAN (v.o.)

-- What would you like to do now,
Ms. McCormick?

NEWSMAN (v.o.)

-- How's your sister taking it,
Kathy?

NEWSMAN #2 (v.o.)

-- You've been out of school for
a while... will you be going
back now?

159 CORRIDOR

159

CAMERA seems to be SWEPT ALONG with Chris in the tide
of newspeople.

TV NEWSWOMAN (v.o.)

-- What effect d'you think this
verdict will have on your career...?

160 NEWS PHOTO - STEVE

160

Cut off from Chris and the others by a crush of news-
people... as if listening to:

TV NEWSWOMAN (v.o.)

... will it help it? Or ruin it?

161 CORRIDOR - FAVOR STEVE

161

-- He finds a kind of backwater, off the mainstream of
newspeople: maybe a telephone alcove. He waits...
watches Chris, Sheila and Kathy pushed away. He pulls
out a cigarette, lights up.

162 CORRIDOR - MOVING WITH CHRIS AND SHEILA

162

Chris just shaking her head no, by now:

CHRIS

Nothing... I have nothing to say.

NEWSWOMAN

What d'you think happened, Ms.
Ryun?

NEWSMAN

If Gordon's innocent -- what
does that say about Chrissie's
story?

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

SHEILA

-- Not a damn thing.

NEWSWOMAN

Have you had it with the D.A.'s
office...?

SHEILA

-- Maybe... or maybe I've had it
with eighteenth century juries!

Sheila's spotted a door marked:

LADIES - SENORAS

She shoves plenty of people aside, shoves Chris toward
the door, finds Kathy's hand, yanks her --

ABRUPT CUT TO:

163 INT. LADIES ROOM

163

ON THE CUT, all three of them -- Chris, Sheila and
Kathy -- pushing back against the door, holding it
shut against pressure and questions from outside.Kathy finds a latch -- locks the door. Beat. Their
heavy breathing and relief give way to a sense of
oppression as they continue to lean against the steel
door.Chris' head falls back against the door. Kathy rests
her face against Chris' body. Sheila's arm rests
lightly about Chris' shoulders.MOVING CLOSER, we see that Chris is crying -- but
there's no sound; she's spent it all, everything.Kathy -- in a rush of anger -- begins to pound at
the door, to stop the muffled SOUNDS from the
corridor -- !Sheila just shakes her head no, forget it... puts her
other arm around Kathy... who subsides, slowly.

A moment; the three of them.

CUT TO:

164 INT. STUDIO - SERIES OF CUTS - DAY

164

OPEN CLOSE on lens of still camera.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

That pop MUSIC of Francesco's.
Reflector.
Some prop.
GLIMPSE of Francesco, working.
Other background people.

END SERIES ON VIEW of Chris -- in some striking costume
or adornment -- but her face turned away, until

FRANCESCO'S VOICE

-- Look to me, Chris...

She turns-- Her eyes are brimming with tears!

165 SHOT - FRANCESCO

165

-- looks up from viewer... stunned.

FRANCESCO

(softly)

... Hey...?

166 SHOT - CHRIS

166

trying to blink back the tears -- makes it worse. Her
voice breaking:

CHRIS

... sorry...

167 FRANCESCO

167

worried about Chris and her future. Then to Assistant:

FRANCESCO

Save it.

CHRIS

Let me try it again.

But Francesco gestures to the Assistant: kill the
lights... goes over to Chris, who has remained in place.

FRANCESCO

We can get it next time.

CHRIS

There's so much to do.

FRANCESCO

No no, only one more session.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

CHRIS
(lost laugh)
We can't do a whole campaign in
one -- !

FRANCESCO
-- They're going to cool it for
now... The agency.

Chris goes quiet.

FRANCESCO
(continuing)
... Steve thinks it's a good idea,
too.

168 CLOSE ON CHRIS

168

ON THE CUT -- bright lights out. But in the flood of
natural light, we see Chris nod, her pale smile. Maybe
Francesco's hand enters FRAME, touches her, tentatively,
puts a spray of hair in place... and softly:

FRANCESCO'S VOICE
... We start fresh, beginning
of the year. You know?

CAMERA HOLDS on Chris, nodding... at something else.

DISSOLVE TO:

169 INT. LA DESIGN CENTER - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

169

PANNING & TRACKING SHOTS to take us out of Francesco's
studio...

THROUGH the glass and metal maze of the still-unfinished
Design Center...

DOWN the escalator with Chris...

At the bottom, we see Chris disappear into the gigantic
gloom of the vacant lower floor. CAMERA PANS to a big
sign in the lobby:

PRE-OPENING GALA

LOS ANGELES DESIGN CENTER

FESTIVAL OF MODERN DANCE & MUSIC

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING THROUGH the unfinished building's unlighted concrete caverns, past piles of broken glass, rolls of insulation, empty cartons... occasionally lit by a finished shop window, displaying brilliantly colored samples... but the CAMERA always working deeper into the dark building.

DISSOLVE TO:

170 EXT. BEACH - LONG VIEW OF KATHY - SUNSET

170

jeans rolled up, playing in the surf with a dog (Martin's? we've seen at Ojai?). Having a fine time, not unaware of the breathtaking sunset, either.

CHRIS' VOICE

-- Look at her, Martin!

ANGLE ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE Chris and Martin, barefoot, sitting in the sand in f.g. of FRAME. The sunset isn't wasted on them, either.

CHRIS

(continuing)

... Doesn't she look swell? And happy!

He agrees -- but he turns to Chris, because he knows she means more than just what she said.

MARTIN

... You don't have to give up everything else, Chris.

CHRIS

Wouldn't be giving up so much: haven't got any work after tomorrow. They just stopped calling.

MARTIN

Where is Steve?

CHRIS

Canada, I think.

(then)

Kath and I talked about leaving L.A. long ago, before...

MARTIN

What would you do, back home?

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

CHRIS
(smiles, remembering Kathy)
-- Live off the land...!

They laugh together -- then, with enthusiasm and hope:

MARTIN
Y'know what you two should do?
-- Just take off! Right from
work tomorrow. Don't try to
decide anything heavy yet, just
pack the gear for a few days --
a few weeks! -- in the woods,
in high country. You'll feel
better. And you'll find out how
much wilderness you need -- !

ABRUPT CUT TO:

171 EXT. L.A. DESIGN CENTER - DAY

171

Chris and Kathy in the blue Alfa, turning into the
parking lot, looking for a space.

MARTIN (v.o.)
You're too young to be a couple
of hermits!

172 CLOSER ON ALFA

172

-- as it comes to a stop. They're both out of the car,
fast -- but Chris decides to leave her shoulder-bag in
the car. When she releases trunk lid, we see the
backpacking stuff in there: fishing gear, too, and
the rifle. She locks bag away. Apparently she's
late: the two sisters walk briskly toward building
entrance... break into a run.

173 ANOTHER ANGLE - NEAR ENTRANCE

173

Kathy sees a group of teenage kids moving toward the
building from another parking area; she slows.

CHRIS
-- What is it?

KATHY
(nods toward
b.g.)
Those kids, they're from school...

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

CHRIS

Something going on here? School activity?

KATHY

I don't know.

She wonders, for just a moment, before they disappear into the building.

174 INT. DESIGN CENTER - FRANCESCO LOCATION - SERIES OF CUTS - DAY 174

Chris, having her hair, makeup and wardrobe done.

INTERCUT WITH:

175 SHOTS OF KATHY AT LOCATION 175

watching... looking through camera viewer... talking with Vogue Lady and Francesco's assistant, Carlo.

SERIES ENDS with Chris under bright lights in b.g. and Kathy in f.g., finally with not much to do, wandering away from set.

176 INT. DESIGN CENTER - SERIES OF CUTS 176

COVERING Kathy's wanderings: she window shops, smiles at a security guard... an electrician... She turns up a glass-walled corridor -- stops, lost, has to retrace her steps...

... She begins to hear MUSIC -- coming from somewhere above. She stops.

177 SHOT - KATHY 177

gliding up an escalator. MUSIC PERSISTS; she's getting closer to source. She suspects something; her feelings are conflicted.

178 INT. "GREAT HALL" - LONG VIEW - GORDON 178

as he moves among student musicians and dancers, working with them, adjusting microphones, speakers, etc. We're too far away to hear what's being said but we can feel the rehearsal atmosphere, their warmth and happy expectation...

This is all being observed by:

184 SHOT - KATHY

184

looking at him: will I?

But she says nothing, mystified by how casual he is, how much like the way it was before that afternoon nightmare! She doesn't understand it -- or him.

185 SHOT - GORDON

185

working away on the tapes, aware of her gaze...

186 FAVOR KATHY

186

She can't say anything -- starts to leave with:

KATHY

-- Good luck with the show tomorrow.

GORDON

Thanks.

(quickly)

Hey, listen to this...

He's arranging a tape to play for her.

KATHY

-- I don't know, Chris is working downstairs with Francesco... I should...

We see that information register on Gordon -- but an instant later, he reacts sharply to something wrong, MUSICALLY, coming from a speaker behind him.

He gets into it at once, playing soundtracks, one against the other... She can't find an opening to leave...

At some point as he works... listening to a certain track, a strange SOUND:

GORDON

(explaining)

... Contact mike.

(taps his chest)

... hear it?

KATHY

Yes.

He BOOSTS VOLUME on those tracks -- SOUNDS of breathing and heartbeat fill the great hall!

(CONTINUED)

179 KATHY

179

-- hidden on the landing above. We can read on her face a single fact: Gordon has regained his place with his students after the ordeal of the trial. But her own feelings are less clear. Is she bewildered by this outcome? Resentful of it? Or envious?

180 LONG VIEW - KATHY'S POV - GORDON

180

He's putting contact mikes on a 14-year-old girl... then looks directly up AT CAMERA -- and smiles!

181 KATHY

181

caught! But she doesn't cover or smile or run. She keeps looking at:

182 KATHY'S POV - GORDON

182

still smiling. He returns to the finale of the piece and dismisses the group.

183 MUSICIANS AND DANCERS

183

going... and gone now. They don't spot Kathy on the upper level.

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER on Gordon: he's begun mixing various tapes from the rehearsal. At a certain point -- sure the others have gone -- he beckons Kathy down to this intermediate level where his paraphernalia's been set up. Gordon smiles -- almost shyly -- when she approaches.

GORDON

... That was sort of raggedy but it'll come together.

(then)

I'm just patching in these new sounds.

She knows it's just been talk to ease their awkward reunion... until:

GORDON

(continuing)

-- How's the new school?

She just shakes her head no.

GORDON

(continuing)

... You'll have to get used to it, Kath.

186 CONTINUED:

186

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER on Kathy: her own breathing seems to respond to the labored breathing of the miked dancers! And then:

GORDON

-- Here...!

ANGLE ADJUSTS: He very carefully plants a contact mike on Kathy's chest! -- We HEAR the sound of it over all the other sounds! It is hypnotic -- but building with her more and more rapid heartbeat!

She stares at: a green-lighted dial, the needle peaking into the red in response to her input.

Then she looks at Gordon... absorbed in the wild mix of SOUNDS...!

-- Abruptly, she yanks the mike off --

KATHY

-- I have to go!

She starts away. Gordon turns sharply:

GORDON

-- Kathy!

-- A command.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

187 INT. STUDIO

187

as a floodlamp SPUTTERS... brightens.

FRANCESCO'S VOICE

-- Chris?

188 FRANCESCO

188

Last minute check of everything... turns his camera toward -- stops:

FRANCESCO

-- Where's she now?

Someone points. Francesco turns. CAMERA FOLLOWS his gaze: Chris is looking for:

CHRIS

Anybody see Kathy?

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT

She was here...

FRANCESCO

Chris.

It's a quiet order. As she walks back to lighted area:

VOGUE LADY

It gets boring for a child,
Chrissie.

CHRIS

Carlo? Could you phone the
apartment, please?

ASSISTANT

Sure.

FRANCESCO

Shake your head.

Instantly obedient, Chris shakes her head.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

189 EMPTY FOURTH FLOOR - DESIGN CENTER

189

Kathy in b.g., going past the right corridor, moving further away, moving rapidly through the glassy maze of all the empty conversion areas in the vast, gloomy interior. It's like a huge horror house... a hall of mirrors.

190 KATHY

190

beginning to run. Realizes she's come back to something she's passed before. Feeling lost. She hears:

GORDON'S VOICE

(distant echoing)

Kath...?

She runs faster, Starts down an up escalator, lets it take her back up, then runs down a side corridor.

GORDON'S VOICE

(continuing)

Kathy?

191 INT. DESIGN CENTER - DIFFERENT AREA

191

Kathy running through.

GORDON'S VOICE

Kathy!

192 MAZE OF WINDOWS - REFLECTIONS OF KATHY

192

We see her take a few steps, then turn -- and stop.

193 KATHY'S POV - SERVICE TUNNEL

193

A fluorescent-lit, segmented cement tunnel that seems to stretch away into infinity: unreal.

194 CLOSE - KATHY

194

GORDON'S VOICE

-- Come on, Kath!

Her panic is inexplicable -- but total: she lunges into the bizarre tunnel.

195 TRACKING SHOT - KATHY

195

CAMERA BACKING endlessly before her. She's sweating. SOUND of her forced breathing --

ABRUPT CUT TO:

196 INT. STUDIO - TIGHT CLOSEUP - CHRIS

196

A hand enters FRAME, blots her forehead with cotton. SOUND of Kathy's breathing persists...

FRANCESCO'S VOICE

Ready now...? And --

ABRUPT CUT TO:

197 TRACKING SHOT - KATHY

197

mindless, running, eyes fixed to find the end of the tunnel -- if it has an end.

Running. Running.

-- Suddenly she lurches to a stop! Against the curving wall of the tunnel, stares -- !

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

197

GORDON'S VOICE

(quiet)

... What's with you?

(then)

I told you the way it was...And at the same time, we HEAR:

FRANCESCO (v.o.)

-- like that! More... with your
mouth, sexy, more mouth, yes,
like that... beautiful like that,
and... like that! --

And then:

GORDON'S VOICE

(still very
quiet)... I have to...

FOOTSTEPS. Gordon's shadow falls against the grey wall
of the tunnel.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

198 INT. STUDIO

198

Francesco, moving closer to Chris, continuing:

FRANCESCO

-- Yes, good like that... Beautiful!

CUTTING CLOSER. Chris makes bolder moves, more aban-
doned, reckless, sexier! Responding to Francesco's
whispered urgings.

But at the same time we HEAR:

GORDON (v.o.)

(whispers;
urgent)

Come on. Easy... easy.

CLOSER AND CLOSER on Chris.

Francesco has fallen silent. Chris is doing it all on
her own. No sounds now, except for his SHUTTER.
Until --

SOUND of studio door thrown open hard! Chris' head
snaps around.

199 SUDDENLY KATHY

199

-- bruised and swollen. Trembling!

200 FAVOR CHRIS

200

She's entranced! Everything else in the room or in the world disappears from her view. She moves forward. The start of some terrible SOUND, deep in her throat.

201 CHRIS' MOVING POV - KATHY

201

MOVING TOWARD Kathy. She waits.

Quite close to her now. Kathy slowly raises her index finger to her lips: shhh...

-- Too late! We HEAR an enraged, bestial scream from Chris! Kathy opens her arms TOWARD CAMERA.

202 TIGHT CLOSE - CHRIS AND KATHY

202

Kathy almost hidden in Chris' protective embrace, sounds and words muffled:

KATHY

... Gordon...

CHRIS

What... did he do...? What... else...?

KATHY

Nothing. I fought him... I got away...

CHRIS

(level rage;
wrath)

Where is he?

CUT TO:

203 INT. DESIGN CENTER LOBBY

203

Gordon, on his way out to parking lot -- stopped by:

VOICE (o.s.)

-- Mr. Ives!

He turns -- to face a late middle-aged Mother Superior, bearing down on him. It's SISTER MONICA.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

203

SISTER MONICA

-- How splendid you must feel!
(over his bewil-
dered silence)

It went so well; we all thought so!

-- Of course: the festival rehearsals!

SISTER MONICA

(continuing)

Weren't you pleased?

GORDON

Yes. Yes, I thought...

SISTER MONICA

-- Oh, yes, everyone: the parents,
they'll be just... thrilled!

She's become aware of his unresponsiveness.

SISTER MONICA

(continuing)

... Gordon?

Trying to detach himself:

GORDON

-- Yes. Thank you, Sister Monica.

But she won't let up:

SISTER MONICA

You should be so proud of their
effort! And how inspired the
children were by...

(lost, so)

-- Oh, it's going to be a knockout
evening!

CUT TO:

204 FRANCESCO'S STUDIO

204

Kathy's on a cot, Chris and Francesco close by.

CHRIS

... I have to leave you for a
little while...

FRANCESCO

(overlap)

I'll call the police.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

204

CHRIS

-- No.

KATHY

I want to just lie down for a minute, I'm all right...

-- She slips to one side; Francesco eases her down, Chris covers her. Then, as she straightens, to Francesco:

CHRIS

... Don't call the police. Call my brother Martin. And stay with her, will you, Francesco? Until he gets here.

She doesn't wait for an answer -- she goes, still wearing the blood-red dress.

CUT TO:

205 EXT. DESIGN CENTER AND PARKING LOT

205

SHOOTING PAST Sister Monica -- TOWARD Gordon, moving across the lot, toward his car in b.g. (Different parking area from where Chris' Alfa is parked.) Sister Monica waves, calls her good wishes for tomorrow's performance.

CUT TO:

206 INT. DESIGN CENTER

206

Chris moving down the escalator... TOWARD CAMERA.

CUT TO:

207 EXT. PARKING LOT

207

Gordon reaches his car, kicks over engine.

208 EXT. DESIGN CENTER

208

-- Chris emerging, a lurid sight in the heavy beaded red dress -- nothing else, no shoes -- moving across the lot toward her Alfa.

209 GORDON'S CAR

209

backing out of slot, moving toward:

- 210 LONG VIEW - GORDON'S POV - EXIT SIGN 210
MOVING PAST rows of parked cars... trying to find a clear lane that leads toward exit.
- 211 CHRIS, AT ALFA 211
releases trunk lid, pulls out rifle! She's about to slam lid shut -- when she sees something moving o.s.
- 212 LONG VIEW - CHRIS' POV - GORDON'S CAR 212
behind a screen of other cars, maybe a fence or a different paved level.
- 213 CLOSE ON CHRIS 213
Without taking her eyes off her target, she slams trunk shut, moves to door of Alfa, gets in -- stands in the open car for a better look at:
- 214 GORDON 214
in his car -- almost too distant to identify.
- 215 CHRIS 215
ON THE CUT: working the bolt-action of the rifle; she brings it up, rests it on top of windshield of Alfa... presses her eye against "scope".
- 216 THROUGH SCOPE - GORDON 216
his face startlingly close! -- Intersected by the scope's hairline markings... Beat...
-- the left vent window seems to EXPLODE! The rifle's been fired! Car accelerates out of FRAME!
- 217 CHRIS 217
has already dropped behind the wheel, kicks engine over -- burns rubber getting out of slot and away --
- 218 EXT. PARKING LOT - HIGH ANGLE 218
to ESTABLISH geography of situation:

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED:

224

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP INTO FULL VIEW of scene of murder:

A few people have approached, running... then slowing...
A car stops. A bus swerves on to parking area driveway.
A woman runs toward a public phone. Etc.

And OVER all this, we begin to HEAR:

SHEILA (v.o.)

... Rifle fire always echoes.
Beyond the place and the moment.
Even in a small war. There are
no small wars; it's a phrase
meant to fool us into thinking
there can be... unimportant
violence. There can't be. The
violence of sex is important.
The violence of birth. The
violence of murder. And the
violence of rape. They all echo
beyond the time and place. And
so Gordon Ives' violence -- the
rape of which he was found not
guilty! -- echoed beyond that
afternoon...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

225 INT. COURTROOM - FULL VIEW - DAY

225

We see people we've come to know... courtroom procedures... and finally, Sheila rising to address the jury.

But over all of this, we continue to HEAR:

SHEILA (v.o.)

... A minor consequence was my
leaving the District Attorney's
office... A more serious consequence
was what that acquittal did to Chris
McCormick: bewildered by the
injustice of it, a new bitterness
began in her... It had not been
there before... Gordon Ives didn't
think of himself as a rapist.
Most rapists don't. Why should
they? When only two percent of
them go to prison...! Who are
all those... hysterical women who
report themselves raped...? When
another three or four or 500,000
have learned to keep their mouths
shut!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218

Chris must cross into other parking area -- against arrows and traffic pattern -- in order to reach Gordon before he can drive through exit... which he's approaching, fast now!

219 MOVING WITH CHRIS

219

(CAMERA MOUNTED ON ALFA?)... MOVING TOWARD the other area... sharp turns -- confronted by sentry bar at entrance to parking area. A hexagonal red sign looms up:

WRONG WAY
GO BACK
SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE

-- and a row of lethal-looking spikes! She drives into them -- tires RIP. She stops.

ANGLE TILTS TO INCLUDE Gordon's car -- safe on the far side of the barricade!

220 NEW ANGLE - CHRIS

220

rises in the Alfa, levels rifle, steadies -- FIRES!

221 GORDON'S CAR

221

-- He's hit in the upper arm... windshield SHATTERS now with another SHOT. He pushes open door, rolls out. Another ROUND RICOCHETS off roof!

222 CHRIS

222

-- out of the Alfa, working rifle bolt as she moves across barrier toward:

223 CHRIS' MOVING POV - GORDON

223

-- backing against the car, then into the open car, halfway through it, he starts to push out the far door -- he's hit, many times! SOUNDS of it.

224 CHRIS

224

standing tall, close to Gordon's car, in the bizarre costume -- FIRING, working the bolt, FIRING, over and over and over again!

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA (v.o.) (cont'd)

Gordon Ives didn't think of himself as a rapist, no... But he felt weak and furious, frightened of women. And not equipped... And so he went into hiding: in a small, safe school... surrounded by small, safe -- immature! -- girls. And nuns... Sisters! Still, hiding, he hated what he felt about himself... And one day he had to demonstrate that what was true -- was untrue! He had to display a power he didn't have and didn't feel -- by forcing Chris McCormick down on her knees. Why Chris McCormick? Because she was pretty? No, not really. He chose her because she was a mature, reasonably strong, reasonably independent young woman -- who could be intimidated! There is only one way for some men to feel strong and full and good. By rape. Men like Gordon Ives. Near men, like Gordon Ives. And innocent people are made to pay for the sick daydreams they want to act out. A world of innocent people have paid for the fantasies of dictators. Still pay... Chris McCormick paid for Gordon Ives'. And then Kathy paid. And so Chris paid again... Overpaid! She was tired and enraged. Not insane. Not temporarily insane... But pushed too far -- because Gordon Ives was permitted -- by all of us -- to push her too far! She found no other way to stop what was happening... Chris McCormick isn't a threat to the people. She's a victim who got tired -- at last -- of being victimized. And struck back. Let it end there. What she did was no crime. If you ask: Then where is law and order...? Your verdict to acquit Chris McCormick... is law and order.

During above, Sheila has finished her summation.

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED: (2)

24

CAMERA HAS MOVED CLOSER on the people of the trial. We see them in different attitudes, different places in the courtroom, different clothes. The days of the trial have passed.

As we CUT CLOSER AND CLOSER, the real SOUNDS of the courtroom predominate: scuffling of feet... papers... a door swinging shut, now...

The jury has filed back; its foreman has handed their verdict to a bailiff who's handed it to the Judge.

226 CLOSE ON CHRIS

226

-- turning toward the jury, awaiting word.

FADE OUT.

THE END