

NIGHT VISIONS

CHAMELEON BLUE

PROD. #1705

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TEASE

INT. SALSA JOINT - NIGHT

We're gliding through a forest of legs, a maze of fishnet and leather and swirling skirts. It's a Salsa joint, a Lambada palace, a temple of dirty dancing deep in the heart of the L.A. Barrio where everybody's welcome, because the oil's washing up on the beaches and the tide's clogged with sewage, the Ventura's a parking lot and the Big One is due any moment so keep those legs moving, long legs, short legs, light and dark, chubby and slim...

...and now a clearing in the forest of limbs, and here's the most gorgeous pair of legs yet, belonging to AURA, the Brazilian girl in the red skirt slit up to here, and the red sash which she's using to reel in her Partner until they're groin to groin, whereupon Aura flings her sash into the crowd, where Partner #2 catches it, making it his turn to dance with Aura, who grabs the sash back, teasing him with it, reeling him in, grinding her hips against his to the bray of Tito Puente's horns--

--while RAY BURROWS does a slow burn at ringside table. A Little Blonde is nibbling on Ray's ear, without, however, visibly improving his mood. Ray's Buddies are watching him seethe, making cracks behind his back. Ray catches them laughing and starts to get hot with one of the guys, pushing and shoving, and they all back off--

--as Aura's skirt spins, her legs flash, and once more she flings her sash into the crowd. Hands lunge for the sash, but Ray gets there first, grabs the sash and throws it aside, grinding it underfoot as he strides onto the dance floor and seizes Aura by the wrist and starts yanking her toward a back corridor, away from the crowd. Partner #2 tries to intervene. Ray grabs him by the shoulders, shoves him against a wall. Partner #2 looks down, and there's a knife pointed at his midsection. Partner #2 backs off in a hurry, staring in Aura's wake, as she storms away--

INT. BACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

--and into the corridor. Ray grabs Aura by the hair.

RAY

Come on, darlin, still two
guys you haven't danced with.
A drunk and a dwarf.

Aura pulls free, yanks open her shirt.

AURA
(pointing to her
chest)
Why don't you just carve it
here? Property of Ray
Burrows.

RAY
And that scarf routine. Who
do you think you are, Lupe
Velez?

We're hearing about 80% of this, watching it, through a
square of chicken-wired glass, from behind the kitchen-door
porthole--

Aura storms away down the corridor, toward the parking lot.
Ray, who has started back toward the dance floor, suddenly
has a second thought:

RAY
Hey, how am I getting home?

AURA
(without turning
around)
Get Goldilocks to drive you.

She flounces off toward the parking lot, while Ray turns on
his heels, returning to the waiting arms of the Little
Blonde--

--and now the kitchen porthole swings out, and we hesitate,
looking left, the way Ray went, and now right, where Aura's
glorious gams are just vanishing beyond the door--

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

--her heels click-clacking across the parking lot cement.
We're following her, threading our way among the Lowriders,
the Cherokees, the Mercedes, the odd Bentley, toward Aura's
Trans-Am. We can't take our eyes off her legs.

Aura hears us. She doesn't turn around. Just shakes her
head back and forth:

AURA
Forget it, Ray. Don't even
bother.

She continues toward her car. We stop. We hesitate. We
back off a step. We summon our courage. We rush at her,
headlong, as fast as humanly possible. Aura suddenly
turns--

AURA
I said, forget it!

--as we close in huge on Aura's face, and something whips around Aura's neck, her red sash, it tightens, Aura's trying to scream but she can't, three jerks on the sash, tighter and tighter, and her body slides soundlessly down to the pavement, sinking out of sight among the cars, as Tito Puente's horns blare across the deserted parking lot--

CUT TO:

INT. BEN FRANK'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

--replaced by the keening of a steam whistle. BEGIN CREDITS. We're in a coffee shop on Sunset Boulevard, morning light streaming in the windows, coffee perking, morning news bubbling cheerfully from the radio:

RADIO ANNOUNCER
...We've got an overturned
dairy truck on the Golden
State, so hard cheese on you
if you're heading north. Hey,
do what I do: Walk to work on
the tops of the cars...

At the counter, absently nibbling the last of an English muffin, sits SALLY PETERS, early twenties, innocent and grave, guileless and wary and very very pretty, the Girl Next Door turned Grad Student, studying the Metro section of the L.A. Times as if she's got a test in fifteen minutes and all this is going to be on the exam: DESIGNER DRUG TRACED TO L.A. RESERVOIR...KILLER GRANNY TO JUDGE: "SEE YOU IN HELL"...DOG MOLESTER PAROLED...EAGLE LANDS AGAIN...

The COUNTER LADY is standing over her. On the next stool is a GEEZER.

COUNTER LADY
Was that Decaf, hon?

Sally doesn't answer. She hasn't heard.

SALLY
I'm sorry? No...No more,
thank you.

EAGLE LANDS AGAIN. Sally's staring at the news photo, the day's grabber. A dead woman--we recognize Aura by her hair, her legs, spread-eagled under the slit skirt, arms flung out on the pavement above her head, her four limbs like the spokes of an invisible wheel. The Counter Lady gives a shudder.

COUNTER LADY
Can't think why people read
the Metro section. All it's
good for is swatting flies.

GEEZER
Now see that's where you're
mistaken. The more you know
about these killers, the less
they can hurt you.

COUNTER LADY
(to Geezer)
Sugar, something tells me
you're not on the Eagle's
hitlist.

GEEZER
Eagle, huh?

SALLY
(levelly)
As in spread-eagle.

Sally shows the Geezer the picture of Aura, legs and arms
spread wide.

GEEZER
(reading over
Sally's
shoulder)
Four young women...in three
days? He must be going for
the Guinness Book.

SALLY
(a look at her
watch)
No, the record's 12 in 24
hours. For serial killings,
that is.

GEEZER
Attafact.

SALLY
Carlton Fiddy, the Santa Claus
Killer. December 23, 1986.

GEEZER
Girl's got a memory.

SALLY
For certain things.
(to Counter
Lady:)
Do I pay you?

COUNTER LADY
You pay up front. Have a good
one, darlin.

SALLY
You too.
(to Geezer)
Nice talking to you.

Sally hands the Geezer her paper, leaves a tip, shoulders her bag, heads for the cashier and out, while the Geezer gloms onto the photograph of Aura, the weird four-spoke position of her limbs. The Counter Lady moves off, shaking her head. The CREDITS END, as the Radio burbles away:

RADIO ANNOUNCER
--Spokespersons for the Costa
Roja winery suspect on-site
contamination, so stick to
those out-of-state vintages,
folks...

FADE TO BLACK

ACT 1

FADE UP ON:

INT. POLICE STATION-- HOMICIDE DIVISION-- DAY.

MOVING WITH SERGEANT TOM MACKEY-- 35, raw and muscular, a day's growth grizzling his face, cigarette spraying ashes as he bulls through the station house. He's got the kind of presence that draws looks from the other detectives-- wary, amused, guarded looks.

He's chased by his assistant, LUANNE PERKINS, 30ish, out of breath.

MACKEY
Why the hell wasn't I
notified-- you get a suspect
in the precinct, the senior
officer on the case gets
called-- get on the program,
Luanne!

LUANNE
Sorry, Sergeant-- Captain
Keller thought--

MACKEY
(disgusted)
Keller can't think! He tried
it once and peed in Santa's
lap, for crying out loud.

There's laughter in the background, and something missed by
Mackey-- CAPTAIN STUART H. KELLER himself, rising from
behind his desk like an ICBM.

MACKEY (CONTD)
Now who we got?

LUANNE
The victim's boyfriend-- guy
named Ray Burrows. He
claims--

Mackey's collided with MARTIN-- 29, a good-looking William
Hurt kind of guy in civvies taken off-guard as Mackey
snatches a batch of photos from his hands--

MACKEY
'Bout time, Martin-- thanks.

MARTIN
Mackey-- those were in order!
And they're for the Captain!

Mackey ignores this, rifling through the photos with
abandon-- not seeing that Keller's heading out of his
office, locked in on Mackey. Mackey misses all this,
studying the photographs with incredible intensity.

INSERT ON THE PHOTOS-- FEATURING ONE taken from a high,
wide angle, down on Aura, spread-eagle and dead in the
parking lot.

MACKEY
Judas...

Without knocking he bursts into--

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-- DAY.

Mackey stalks directly across the room-- ignoring completely SERGEANT WALTER STARK, the startled detective doing the questioning. He goes straight to Ray Burrows, the arrogant boyfriend of the victim, drags up a chair and sits, putting his face so close his cigarette makes Burrows' eyes water.

MACKEY

Burrows.

BURROWS

You mind not smoking in my face?

MACKEY

(cocks his head)

You know all that crap about good cop bad cop? Well forget it. There's no good cop here.

(indicates Stark)

He's bad--

(grabs Burrows by the throat--
hisses in his startled face)

But I make his bad look like
Mother Teresa on Sunday
morning.

Burrows arcs backwards in alarm-- Mackey kicks the chair out from underneath him--hauls him back up by the nose--

MACKEY

You smell trouble? I do!

STARK

(hoping he's not)

You on the sauce, Mackey?

Mackey drops the guy-- whips out his gun and wheels on Stark in a blind rage. Martin and Luanne dive out of doorway-- Stark shoots up his hands instinctively.

STARK

Just joking, man, no problem!

Stark has gone white-- and Burrows knows no one's that good an actor.

BURROWS

Jesus-- please!

Mackey slams the gun on the table so hard Stark and Burrows both jump as if stung.

MACKEY

Before I blow his ugly head
off--

Mackey shoves the weapon to Stark, wheels on Burrows and jams the pictures in his face. Burrows, already frightened now, recoils in even greater horror at the images he sees in these photographs.

BURROWS

Oh, man... Aura, baby...

MACKEY

'Aura baby', my hind end!
Some boyfriend you make.
Tired 'a killing strangers?

BURROWS

No!

MACKEY

And this spreadeagle business
--what is it, some kinda joke
with you?

BURROWS

She was my girl-- why would I
joke--

Mackey slaps him across the top of his head with the rolled up photographs--

MACKEY.

Big joke-- ha-ha!

(back in his
face)

You were seen fighting with
her-- threatening her in front
of witnesses!

(whack!)

Think it's funny-- killing
girls?

(whack!)

Whataya got, a pencil for a--

KELLER (O.S.)

That's it, Mackey!

The voice even stops Mackey. Keller fills the doorway, fire in his eye. Mackey takes a step back, shrugs.

MACKEY
Just trying to get at the
truth, Captain.

KELLER
At this point you wouldn't
know truth if it bit you on
the butt. In my office. Now.

And he's gone. Mackey turns and fixes Burrows with a chill
smile.

MACKEY
I'll get back to you. I
always get back.

He snatches up his gun and walks out. Burrows is ghostly
pale, his hands shaking.

BURROWS
He think he's tough or
something?

Stark lights a cigarette and glances down.

STARK
Something. You wanna see if I
can scare you up a fresh pair
of pants?

CUT TO:

INT. KELLER'S OFFICE-- DAY.

CLOSE ON KELLER'S DESK-- as MACKEY'S BADGE & GUN hit.

WIDE-- Keller shoves them back.

KELLER
Spare me the histrionics,
Sergeant Mackey-- I won't give
you the luxury of martyrdom.
But I'd be shirking my job not
to find someplace else for you
for a while...
(evilly sincere)
You feel like working traffic,
maybe?

MACKEY
I thought your job was to let
me be a cop.

KELLER

I wish to hell you'd be a cop!
You used to be one of the
best, but something's popped
inside-- I don't know-- maybe
the divorce, maybe you got an
ulcer--

MACKEY

Maybe I got a case where some
fruitcake is killing at will--
four women so far, for
goodsakes-- and that guy might
be him!

KELLER

He's not our killer and you
know it. Furthermore your
treatment of him is the stuff
lawsuits are made of.

(shakes his head)

You're tap-dancing right on
the edge these days and I
don't think you're in control
of it.

MACKEY

I'm in control, I just like
being on the edge. The view's
better.

KELLER

Not this view.

(even)

You're on the edge of being a
bad cop.

This stops Mackey cold. He shoves the gun and badge back
across the desk, harder.

MACKEY

You know where you can put
those.

Mackey turns and storms right into POLICE COMMISSIONER
NATHAN DOWD, an imposing older man with aristocratic
bearing and steel for a backbone.

DOWD

Mackey. In charge of the
Eagle case, right?
Appropriate you're here.

Mackey takes a step back.

DOWD (CONTD)
Catch him yet?

MACKEY
At this point, commissioner,
I'm not even--

DOWD
Batting five hundred, I know.
(including
Keller)
I don't think you boys are
even in the ballpark.

He waves Mackey away from the door, revealing the pretty girl from the lunch counter. The perfectly innocent face, clothes and mien of a studious college girl. Sally Peters.

Dowd turns to Keller, not bothering with a hello.

DOWD
Stuart, what you need is a
kick in the seat of the pants.

KELLER
Sir?

DOWD
An "aha" experience, a fresh
idea-- the spice of genius in
your stew.
(indicates girl)
Want you to meet a friend of
mine, Sally Peters. Sally,
Captain--

SALLY
Keller. Captain Stuart Harry
Keller. Glad to meet you.

She steps in, offers her hand to Keller.

KELLER
Miss Peters.
(warily)
How the hell'd you know my
name?

MACKEY
It's on your door.

KELLER
Not my middle name. Harry.

DOWD
In fact no one in the
department knows that.

They all find themselves looking at the girl.

SALLY
The sign on your desk-- "THE
BUCK STOPS HERE." Who said
that?

KELLER
Truman.
(looks back at
her)
Harry S.--

SALLY
-- "Give 'em Hell" Truman. I
bet your parents thought he
was the best thing since
sliced bread.

KELLER
(laughs)
That's exactly what my dad
used to...

Keller realizes just how smart this kid is... She looks
back at him without smugness.

SALLY
Just a lucky guess. But maybe
I can help you catch him.

MACKEY
Truman? He's dead.

SALLY
(a little
intimidated)
The killer. I've studied his
type quite a bit.

Mackey eyes her.

MACKEY
You on some kind of field trip
for your Sociology class?

Dowd puts his arm around Sally's shoulder.

DOWD

Maybe I should've introduced her by her full title-- Doctor Sally Peters. Just graduated with a Phd in Psychology-- youngest ever to be awarded that degree at San Jose State-- just 22...

(pointedly)

wrote her thesis on criminal psychopathology...

Mackey looks to Keller.

MACKEY

Uh oh...

DOWD

Sally is expanding her thesis into a book and wants exposure to a real-life case--

SALLY

A case of psychopathological criminality.

Mackey rolls his eyes, seeing what's coming...

DOWD

You boys need help figuring out who the hell the Eagle might be.

(smiles at the
beauty of it)

I think there's a chance for real symbiosis here. I put you together, and maybe we all get what we want.

KELLER

Commissioner--

DOWD

(cutting him off
with edge)

-- I know what I want-- the killer. He's playing for keeps, I'm playing for keeps.
(even)

If you know what's good for you, Captain Keller, you'll start doing the same.

With a glacial glance to Mackey he's gone.

Mackey and Keller look at Sally, two farmers staring at a Martian in their hayfield.

MACKEY

You know how to make Irish coffee?

SALLY

He's going to kill again within twenty-four hours.

Her voice, though flat, is utterly sure. Spookily so.

MACKEY

You got a hotline to god or something? You--

Something's happening in the main squad room. Next moment the door bursts open and Luanne rushes in.

LUANNE

He might've hit again. Beverly Hills woman, twenty four, good looking. Found spread-eagled.

Mackey is halfway to his gun and badge when Keller clamps his hand over them.

KELLER

You've got two choices-- one is you're off the case for ten days, and you work a desk.

MACKEY.

You nuts?

KELLER

Or, you can be this young lady's, um, escort, guardian, what have you, and...

(tossing Mackey a bone)

you can unofficially stay around the case, as her guide.

MACKEY

Captain--

KELLER

As in 'take it or leave it.'

MACKEY
 (beat, then
 instantly
 negotiating)
Officially stay around.

KELLER
 (grants it with a
 nod)
 You come up with an idea,
 fine, tell it to me. You do
not, however, work directly on
 the case or interrogate
 suspects. Stark takes over
 that.

MACKEY
 Stark? He could screw up a
 train wreck!

KELLER
 You need to cool your jets, I
 need the commissioner off my
 back.
 (suddenly
 frightening)
 Or maybe I should just fire
 your ass! Insubordination,
 threatening a prisoner--

Mackey grabs his badge and gun. Keller stops, pleased.

KELLER
 (under his breath
 to the girl)
 Let's see what the books
 didn't teach you, Sal.

He bulls out. Sally looks at Keller, sudden panic in her
 eyes.

KELLER
 Have a nice day.

She runs after Mackey.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET-- DAY.

A BROAD, DEBRIS-STREWN BOULEVARD-- flanked by tenements and
 chainlink. Heaps of old brick-- graffiti walls--

-- FOREGROUND A GANG OF YOUNG PUNKS-- none more than 11 years old-- wail at each other with chains and mop handles, garbage can lids for shields. The APPROACHING SIREN of Mackey's car scatters them to the wind. The car streaks through, sending a lid shield spinning down the street with a dervish racket. Mackey's got to be doing eighty.

INT. MACKEY'S CAR-- DAY.

Sally cranes around at the fleeing kids-- startled by their ferocity--

SALLY

Shouldn't you call for help?

MACKEY

HEEEELP!!!

(listens for
response,
shrugs)

Guess we're on our own.

She turns back and studies him. Reads him, like one of those airport machines does your suitcase. No movement, just a little hmmmm, and Mackey feels like everything down to the comb in his pocket's been cast into stark silhouette.

SALLY

It's only partially true.

Mackey swerves to avoid an echelon of bag people and carts veering across the street.

MACKEY

(out the window)

Get a job!

(to her)

What's true?

SALLY

(gritting her
teeth)

Partially true. That I'm
naive, wet behind the ears,
just off the academic farm.
That part's true.

MACKEY

Took the words right out of my
mouth.

SALLY

But it's not true I don't belong here. I'm not a dilettante, I know what I'm doing. And I've seen violence.

MACKEY

Right, I know, fraternity football can get intense. And that scramble for the Brie at the faculty tea--

She's silent. He gives her a devilish grin.

MACKEY (CONTD)

Cop humor-- don't take it so damn personal. I say something rotten, you say something horrible back, see? That's how we cop types pass the time, between the donuts and dead bodies.

SALLY

I see.

MACKEY

No, not "I see." Say something insulting. Get personal. Tell me I've got a big mouth, a fat head.

She nods gravely.

SALLY

I've seen better heads on a pimple.

Mackey looks at her, startled. Lets out a guffaw. His face lights up for the first time since we've met him. She smiles.

SALLY (CONTD)

My brother used to say that to me when we were kids.

MACKEY

"Better heads on a pimple." Not bad. You should spend more time with your brother.

He checks his map-- missing that her face has gone dead at the suggestion.

EXT. STREET-- DAY.

MACKEY'S CAR slews around a corner, narrowly averting carnage as two joggers hauled by a lunging Doberman on a chain flash by the side windows.

MACKEY

God, I hate joggers. Why run
if you're not breaking the
law?

He slows towards an arc of ornate, high white cement gates fronted by armed guards and a striped barrier pole. A blue neon sign above reads "BEL AIR-- A Haute Security Community."

INT. THE CAR-- DAY.

As they wait for the car before them to be admitted, Sally spreads the city map on her knees, jabbing it with a Magic Marker.

SALLY

What's the address?

MACKEY

525 Coronado Heights.

Sally makes a new mark. A guard sticks his head in the window.

GUARD

Community passport?

(sees Mackey's
badge, Sally)

What, this family day at the
precinct?

(jerks thumb)

Two streets up and a left. No
sirens, this is a quiet
community.

He waves them through. Mackey flips on the siren with fierce glee. As they roll into the lush green of this protected place, Sally draws a line between three points.

MACKEY

(shouting over
siren)

Whatcha you doing to my map?

Sally now has her fingers in her ears. Mackey rolls his eyes and punches off the siren.

MACKEY (CONTD)

Might as well be out with my
ex-wife.

SALLY

(very quietly)

These three murders line up.
geographically.

(draws two more
lines, making an
"X")

So do these three. It makes a
kind of "X", see? Or two
triangles, touching at their
vertexes. Maybe an hour
glass.

Mackey gives it a quick look. His face lights up with
comprehension.

MACKEY

Oh, yeahhh.

(points to the
sky suddenly)

Oh my god, and see that cloud
up there? Looks just like a
cow, don't it? Look, see the
horns? And that big bump--
that must be the udder!

Sally folds the map.

SALLY

Maybe your ex-wife knew a
pimple when she saw one.

Mackey slams on the brakes.

MACKEY

Get out of the car.

His voice is suddenly lethal, his face hard, almost brutal.
Sally's frozen. He makes a quick move-- throws open her
door. Sally bolts out of the car, jumps to the sidewalk.
Mackey's already out of the car on the other side.

CUT TO:

EXT. A MANSION-- DAY.

Mackey hitches up his pants, and without looking back
crosses to the other side, SHOT ABRUPTLY WIDENING TO REVEAL
THE CRIME SCENE-- CARS, COPS, REPORTERS, the works. Mackey
ducks under the tape and heads for the door, ignoring
Sally.

CLOSER ON SALLY-- shaken. Much more than we think she might have been-- face downright stricken. Then, as if by some incredible exertion of will, she reels herself back in. It's a remarkable transformation in the span of a few seconds, from frightened little girl to tough young woman. And even a little beyond. Armored.

As she starts across the street she hitches up her slacks. And for an instant, she looks exactly like a female Mackey.

ON MACKEY-- ARRIVING AT THE HOUSE'S FRONT DOOR. A YOUNG BIG COP steps in front of him, blocking his entrance.

YOUNG BIG COP

Sir-- don't think you should go in there.

MACKEY

You talking to me?

YOUNG BIG COP

Orders, sir. Sergeant Stark's. He's in charge of the case now, you know?

MACKEY

And you're...?

YOUNG BIG COP

Patrolman Higgins, sir. Sergeant Stark's driver.

Mackey sizes the guy up. Smug. And roughly the size of Rhode Island.

MACKEY

Higgins.

HIGGINS

Yessir.

MACKEY

How'd you like one of your kneecaps for a paperweight?

Higgins gives a really nasty little smile, then looks down, and his mouth gapes open ever so slightly. Mackey has something inside his coat pocket pointed right at the guy's patella. The cop looks from that to Mackey's eyes. A feral radius of madness round their irises.

Nearby cops back away.

HIGGINS
 (not at all sure)
 That's your finger. Right?

There's the unmistakable CLICK OF METAL AGAINST METAL from inside the pocket. Higgins visibly pales.

MACKEY
 On my mother's grave this is not my finger. The only upside I can see for you is you're gonna have access to all those terrific blue parking spaces.

Higgins snaps a look over his shoulder and to his immense relief sees Stark hove into view-- accompanied by several other cops. Word has spread fast.

STARK
 You're off the case, Mackey. You got a problem with that, take it up with Captain Keller.

But he stops at a safe distance. Doesn't know how hard to push it.

Into this impasse walks Sally.

She sails right past Mackey, Higgins, past Stark and his frozen cops, into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM-- DAY.

Sally takes it in like a fan touring the star's house.

SALLY
 (to Mackey)
 Where's the body?

This has a weird effect on this standoff-- no one knows what the hell to make of it.

MACKEY
 (indicating Stark)
 Ask him.

STARK
 Who the hell are you?

Sally wavers a moment, then suddenly is a bashful kid. She comes back to Stark and produces a piece of paper from her pocket. Unfolds it. A letter on somebody's letterhead.

SALLY

Sorry, wasn't thinking.
This's a note from the Police
Commissioner, Nathan Dowd, you
know him? Really a sweet guy.
(points out the
name)

At least he has been to me,
though I've been told he can
be horrible if he's crossed.
(taps text)

Gives me permission to come
along and take a look. See
this part, about all officers
are to allow me full access...
(sticks out her
hand)

Name's Sally Peters. Hi.

Stark shakes it carefully, parroting her greeting like it
was in Swahili.

STARK

"Hi."

MACKEY

(starting to see
the up side of
this)

Doctor Sally Peters. And I'm
assigned by Captain Keller to
see Doctor Sally gets wherever
she damn well needs to get.

STARK

(to Sally,
dismayed)

That true?

She nods, wrinkles up her nose.

SALLY

Captain Keller sorta made us a
team.

Mackey reaches into his coat pocket. Higgins jumps back.
Mackey snaps open the Zippo and lights a cigarette.

MACKEY

(low, fraternal)

You know Captain Keller? He's
such a nice guy--

(walks on by)

-- when he's not crossed.

Mackey catches Sally before she makes it into the next room.

MACKEY

Wait here. You don't want to see this.

She starts after him, then abruptly lets him go on alone. There's a pall in the air, emanating from the next room. It's in no way inviting. And suddenly there's that distinct nuance of personality change here again, the bashful, cocky kid vanishes, and in her place is the sober college girl again. But this time afraid. Really afraid.

CUT TO:

INT. A MEDIA ROOM-- DAY.

Big screen TV, state-of-the-art audio, a lot of books, cassettes and CDs. Forensics is there, two studious DETECTIVES dusting, putting tiny bits of meticulous whatever into evidence bags, generally sniffing around like dogs that've lost the trail.

In the center of the room, like a piece of abandoned furniture, is the body. A woman in her twenties, dressed in the best Rodeo Drive and American Express can provide. Sprawled on her back in rough spread-eagle, eyes staring dully at something she could not comprehend in a thousand lifetimes.

Martin, the department photographer Mackey plundered outside the interrogation room, is the only one with her. Now in his element, intense, professional, thorough. The strobing of his FLASH marks off the hundred visual ways this crime will be hashed over for weeks to come. Mackey leaves him alone.

MACKEY

(to the
detectives)

What you got?

DETECTIVE-1

Zip.

(turns, sees who
it is)

Thought you were off this.

MACKEY

Absolutely.

(to other
detective)

Prints, Gerry?

DETECTIVE-2/GERRY
 (shakes his head)
 Two glasses, one scotch, one
 Perrier. Her prints on the
 water, scotch clean. Figure
 if she was drinking with him
 she knew him. Got her from
 behind-- no sign of a
 struggle. I don't think this
 is our boy, y'want my opinion.

Mackey goes to the glasses. Sniffs around. One has the
 last of ice in it, the water no. Mackey lifts the water
 glass to the light.

MACKEY
 Ice in the water when you got
 here?

DETECTIVE 1
 Just in his. Puts her death
 within half an hour of us
 getting the call.

Mackey goes to the body as Martin finishes.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROOM-- Sally steps into the doorway.
 Eyes big, absorbed in the tableau.

IN HER POV TO MACKEY AND THE BODY. Mackey is studying the
 woman so intently we sense a sort of photographer-of-the-
 brain flashing off inside his skull, recording each detail
 no matter how inconsequential. Emotionless. Complete.

BACK ON SALLY-- as she's met by Martin, on his way out. He
 notes the look in her eyes with some concern.

MARTIN
 Hi, Martin Corrin. You sure
 you want to be in here?

Shakes her head.

SALLY
 So young.

MARTIN
 (guessing her
 thought)
 Your age. Can't look for
 sense in it. Isn't any.

Pats her shoulder in a brotherly sort of way.

MARTIN (CONTD)

Ever need to talk, I buy the coffee. God knows, this and Mackey in the same day is no picnic.

He heads out. Sally looks back to Mackey.

Mackey's oblivious of Sally or anyone else now. He's leaning over the woman like a man wondering at his sleeping lover.

CLOSER, LOW, WITH MACKEY AND THE WOMAN. He smells her hair, runs his hands under the edges of her body. And by god, he comes up with something-- a tiny red crescent.

VERY CLOSE ON IT. What the hell is it? SALLY'S HAND COMES INTO FRAME.

CLOSE ON MACKEY'S FACE, SALLY'S MOVING IN NEXT TO IT-- every bit as focused and intense as his.

CLOSE ON HER HAND NOW WITH THE RED CRESCENT-- AND MOVE WITH IT as she fits the crescent to the end of the woman's right little finger's nail. Perfect fit on a clean break.

WIDER-- Mackey, intrigued even more. He takes the shard of fingernail back. Licks it, eyes still on Sally. Tastes. Sally's lost in this... what's he doing?

WIDER STILL-- Mackey and Sally stand as the CORONER'S MEN move in to bag the body. Unnoticed by Mackey, Sally moves back fifteen feet behind, unable either to stay near or to look away from the corpse. She's weaving slightly now, and as the zipper shoots closed Sally's eyes flutter closed with it.

Mackey and the detectives follow the body out. Sally is forgotten.

INT. LIVING ROOM-- DAY.

Mackey rejoins the rest of the cops, whistling slightly under his breath.

STARK

Sorry you got here so late, Sherlock. 'Fraid we got it covered.

MACKEY

(matter-of-fact)

You got it covered she used?
Coke. She didn't know the
guy. There was a struggle--
she broke a nail. He sat down
and had a drink after it was
over, at least half an hour
after she was dead. You get
all that covered?

Stark looks from the forensic guys, who give him blank
stares, back to Mackey. Defensive.

STARK

I'm sure the lab'll cover all
that.

MACKEY

What she do for a living?

STARK

Real estate.

MACKEY

(shakes his head)
Working girl.

STARK

A hooker?

MACKEY

Your lab'll fill you in.

INT. MEDIA ROOM-- DAY.

TIGHT ON SALLY-- drifting in, not looking at all now like
the girl we've met. And a WEIRD MUSIC CUE sneaks in with
her.

TIGHTER STILL ON HER FACE-- covered by a sheen. HER EYES--
terrified.

A CHOP OF MUSIC-- AND FLASHCUT in GRAINY, SATURATED COLOR
OF A HAND-- smearing a wall in red-- and PICTURE INSTANTLY
DEGRADES TO BLACK & WHITE. ANOTHER FLASH-- IN COLOR-- of
SALLY'S EYES-- in the crime-scene room.

IN HER POV-- TO THE VICTIM-- sprawled spread-eagled on the
floor-- staring right back with horrific intensity. The
IMAGE OF THE BODY VANISHES, leaving only the taped
OUTLINE-- ZOOMING IN ON IT -- HARD CUT TO--

XCU-- SALLY'S EYES-- ANOTHER HARD JAB OF MUSIC-- ANOTHER VIOLENT INTERCUT OF RAUNCHY, CINEMA-VERITE PANDEMONIUM-- some terrible, panic-drenched scramble of wild-eyed P.O.V. FOOTAGE-- and the RASPING BREATH of a WOMAN struggling in desperation.

CUT SUDDENLY TO

INT. LIVING ROOM-- DAY.

MACKEY-- ready to leave, missing Sally now. He turns back to the media room. Reacting...

INT. MEDIA ROOM-- DAY..

CLOSE ON MACKEY-- easing INTO FRAME. Looking down towards the place where the body was.

MACKEY

Holy...

REVERSE IN HIS POV-- TO SALLY-- dazed, shaking, tears smearing her eyes, lying down in the taped outline of the body, as if that was her place, her dread and mortal bed. Then she suddenly grabs her belly and lets out the most blood-chilling cry of pain imaginable. Just as suddenly she's silent, twisting around.

There's a moment of stunned paralysis in the room-- then Mackey springs for her.

MACKEY (CONTD)

Jesus!

(hauls her up)

You nuts?! What the hell you think you're doing?!

She turns, and Mackey's stopped cold. Her face is utterly transformed-- by what they called in Nam the Thousand Mile Stare. Eyes that have seen too far into the heart of darkness. Her voice comes from deep within that abyss.

SALLY

She was raped.

Blood courses down her upper lip. She puts her fingers to her nose, retches, and runs for the bathroom.

MACKEY'S FACE-- on the SLAM OF THE DOOR. He thought he had seen and heard it all, but he's never seen a look like that, nor heard a voice quite so chilling. Or so sure.

HIGH OVERHEAD SHOT, STRAIGHT DOWN ON MACKEY-- standing next to the spread-eagled outline.

FADE TO BLACK:

ACT 2

FADE UP FROM BLACK:

INT. KELLER'S OFFICE - DAY

In Keller's office, an argument is in progress--Keller, Mackey, Stark:

KELLER

Who in the world would rape a dead callgirl?

STARK

You know how it is. Some guys will do anything for a freebie.

MACKEY

She says he may have stabbed her afterwards.

KELLER

(skeptically)
And then put her panties back on.

MACKEY

She's not real sure about the sequence.

KELLER

And how does she come by this knowledge? Tea leaves? Tarot cards? Did she fondle the victim's handkerchief?

MACKEY

No...

INT. OUTSIDE KELLER'S OFFICE/INT. KELLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Outside Keller's office, Sally is listening. She can hear every word, she's still distraught, and she's waiting to hear what Mackey's going to reveal about her bizarre behavior.

MACKEY (CONTD)

...She had a hunch, is all.

Sally relaxes a notch, and a flicker of gratitude crosses her face.

KELLER

Mackey, I know that look.
What is it you're not telling
me?

MACKEY

Okay, but you made me say it.
Your socks are on inside out.

Keller looks down at his socks. Mackey heads out.

KELLER

Come back here! I'm not
finished with you yet!--

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUADROOM - DAY

Mackey blasts past Sally, who manages to catch his eye.

SALLY

Thank you, Sergeant.

MACKEY

Don't thank me. Don't ever
thank me.

Mackey keeps right on going--

INT. MACKEY'S OFFICE - DAY

--into his office. He starts tearing through his desk,
looking for God knows what, flinging out drawer after
drawer of his file cabinet. Suddenly, he whirls. Sally is
in the doorway. Mackey turns, a caught look on his face,
slams the drawer shut.

MACKEY

Why did you freak out like
that? Have you figured that
one out yet?

SALLY

No.

There's an honesty in her tone, and a helplessness, that
strikes a chord in Mackey.

MACKEY

(realizes:)

You don't even remember doing
it, do you? Ever lose it
before?

MACKEY (CONTD)

(as Sally turns
away)

Hey, it happens to the best of
us. I'm trying to help you
here.

(Sally looks at
him)

Look. You screw up in public,
Keller's got an excuse to boot
you out of here, and I lose my
ticket to be around this case.
Bad for both of us, you agree?

(Sally nods)

Were you ever raped yourself?

Sally shakes her head no, turns away. There's Luanne in
the doorway.

LUANNE

(to Mackey)

The Captain wants a few more
words with you.

(private
reference:)

I said you were looking
through your files.

MACKEY

Yeah, I bet you did.

(privately, to
Sally)

Next time you start to lose
it, try yelling your partner's
name. Loud as you can. See
if that helps. Here's my home
phone.

SALLY

Thank you, Mackey.

(Mackey holds up
a finger--what
did I say?)

I mean, no thank you.

Mackey has headed out the door, toward Keller's office--

INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

--and now Sally emerges, more slowly, looking gratefully in
Mackey's wake, confidence returning...Luanne comes
alongside, nods toward the phone number slip Mackey just
gave Sally.

LUANNE

Mackey knows a place to stay?

SALLY

No. No, I'm living at the
Sunset Ramada.

Her eyes lock on something--Martin, coming in with a folder
of photographs. Martin's eyes lock back, until they both
have to smile.

LUANNE

What, the one that overlooks
the 405? Doesn't the gunfire
keep you awake?

SALLY

Until I get my own place.
(to Martin)
Do you mind if I take a look
at those?

Sally leafs through the contact sheets, stops at a high-
angle wide shot of the spread-eagled callgirl. Blinks.

MARTIN

You okay?

Sally nods yes, shoves the photographs back at Martin.
Their eyes lock again, and Sally glances toward Keller's
office, where Keller's and Mackey's voices are rising.
Luanne steers her toward the elevator--

LUANNE

Come on. Before they start
throwing chairs.

--as the door to Keller's office opens, and Mackey comes
out, followed by Stark.

MACKEY

The rats deserting the ship?

LUANNE

She's coming with me. She's
had enough of you for one day.

They go. Mackey reaches for the photos.

MARTIN

Actually, I was told to give
these to Sgt. Stark--

MACKEY
 (ignoring him;
 leafing through)
 What about the lab report?

He spots a Forensics Technician headed into Keller's office with a folder, grabs it, gives it a quick glance, and looks up to see Stark and Keller. Keller holds out his hand and Mackey surrenders the report. Keller reads, smiles.

KELLER
 No semen. Anywhere.

STARK
 What did I tell you? Send her
 back to her own planet.

MACKEY
 (reading over
 Keller's
 shoulder)
 But wait, there was forcible
 entry.

KELLER
 What, the guy pulled out?

MACKEY
 (abstractedly)
 Safe Rape.

STARK
 Or maybe it wasn't a guy.

Mackey lifts his eyes from the report, toward the
 elevator--

--which is closing. Sally's smiling back at Mackey. Then
 she's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Luanne's Civic pulls up outside a two-story horseshoe
 apartment building in the Fairfax district, multi-ethnic,
 Los Lobos and Jimmy Cliff fighting for possession of the
 airspace, children actually playing in the street, a
 tethered goat chewing on an Armed Response sign, a small
 island of courage in a sea of justifiable paranoia.
 Sally's rented Omni pulls up a moment later.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A key turns in a lock, and Luanne comes in, followed by Sally, who's carrying a small suitcase and a laptop computer. It's a decent apartment, bedroom, den, kitchen off the main room, affordably furnished, Breuners Rents with a touch of Goodwill, large-screen TV, biker trophies on the mantelpiece, and enough disarray to suggest whoever lived here left in a hurry. Sally takes it in with one radar-sweep.

SALLY

What if your friend decides to come back?

LUANNE

He won't. Roger woke up one morning with his shoes on, decided it was time to split for Vermont.

SALLY

How long were you two together?

Luanne shoots her a look, and sees Sally examining a photo of Luanne and ROGER, a cheerful cherub in a not entirely flattering leather jacket. Moving away, Sally proceeds to check out the rest of the apartment, soaking in every corner with a glance, Luanne following along, during:

LUANNE

Depends what you mean by together. Roger wouldn't move in with me, I wouldn't move in with Roger. Same apartment building, that's as close as we ever got.

SALLY

What about Mackey?

LUANNE

Mackey? Strictly Plutonic.

SALLY

How long has he had a drinking problem? . . .

LUANNE

(after a blink)

I don't know, how long has it been since--

SALLY
--since his divorce.

LUANNE
You know what? You are
totally spooky.

SALLY
(explains)
He complained to me about his
ex.

Luanne smiles, gives her a sisterly pat.

LUANNE
Look, I gotta go feed my cat,
I'll let you burrow in. You
need the slightest thing, call
me. It's the third number on
Roger's auto-dial.

SALLY
(guessing)
After his office...and his
Mom?

LUANNE
(going)
Yeah. I'm better off, right?
(smiles)
I'll see you later.

Luanne goes. Sally sinks into a chair, makes another
radar-sweep of her surroundings, fighting off a chill...

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S SUBLET - NIGHT - LATER

Now alone, several hours later, Sally sits at the kitchen
table, laptop up and running, Chinese takeout eaten, a map
of L.A. spread out before her.

A FLASHCUT OF A WOMAN'S THIGH, A HAND CARESSING IT, LEAVING
A SMEAR OF BLOOD--

Sally sits bolt upright, breathing rapidly, blinking,
dazed--

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sally splashes water on her face, at the bathroom sink, raises up, runs a hand across her eyes, makes eye-contact with her reflection.

Abruptly she takes a bath towel and hangs it over the mirror, covering the glass completely.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sally crawls into bed, slowly, like a child trying not to wake the monsters sleeping in the closet. Lies back on the pillow. Salsa music drifts in from beyond the blinds. A dog barks. Sally reaches for the night table light--

EXT. SALLY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

--and we see the light go off in a second-story window of the apartment complex. We're craning down through a jacaranda...an unseen presence homing in...

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

...as Sally, in bed, closes her eyes. Opens them again. Rolls on her side. Headlights splinter through the blinds. Sally turns on her back again. Hears something...a muffled sound...somebody struggling for breath? Then silence. She swings her legs out of bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sally comes into the living room. Her computer is on. She turns it off. THUD. Then silence. A PILLOW-MUFFLED SCREAM.

Sally backs down the hallway, past the picture of Luanne and Roger, turns at a doorway, stiffens--

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

--because there, across the room, draped across the bed, are two bodies, a man and a woman, both in their thirties. The bedsheets are soaked with blood. Sally backs out of the room--

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

--and down the hallway--until she comes to another door, grips the jamb, forcing herself to turn and look--

INT. STILL ANOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

--at the body in the bed, a teenage boy with his arm hanging limp over the side, red dripping from his fingertips. Sally tries to scream. Can't. Backs out of the bedroom--

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

--and hears footsteps behind her, and runs, down the corridor, toward a mirror. Ahead is her reflection, in the mirror, dark, enlarging as she runs toward it. Sally stops, staring at her reflection--

--which is the reflection of a girl in her early teens. Behind, in the mirror, a figure is coming toward her, a looming silhouette, beckoning to her, taunting her, laughing at her-- come-here-little-girl, male or female, the voice so grotesquely slowed-down it's impossible to tell, light glinting off a knife--

The 13-year-old girl runs toward a bedroom, and we're following her, stalking her, past furniture we haven't seen before, the decor changing from Present to Past or Future, no way to tell, the girl turns and runs, we run at her as fast as we can--

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

--as the girl slams the door, and locks the hasp-lock. The hasp-lock starts to splinter. The girl turns, heads into the closet--

We rush headlong at the closet door--

INT. SALLY'S CLOSET - NIGHT

--and as the girl closes the closet door, a stripe of light blinks on below, and now the girl squeezes herself into the back of the closet, pulls up a board--a tiny crawlspace below, a strongbox, girlie mags, a B-B gun, a boy's secret treasures--

INT. CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

The girl pulls the board down over her head, wedging herself into the tiny tiny space--

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

--as the closet door opens and a bloody hand starts to pry up the board--

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

--and Sally's eyes open. She's in bed. It's dawn. Sally lies blinking at the ceiling, the kernels of whatever nightmare she's just been through still popping, in a series of ONE- and TWO-FRAME FLASHCUTS reminiscent of the flashbacks she suffered at the callgirl crime scene. The ordinary neighborhood noises drift in, dogs barking, kids calling to each other, somewhere a phone rings faintly -- Sally gets out of bed--

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

--and comes cautiously into the living room. The computer is still on. The phone rings louder. Still louder. Then--

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Who are you and what do you want?

Sally whirls--

MAN'S VOICE CONTD (V.O.)

This is Roger and if I like your tone I might get back to you. Here's my tone.

The answering machine beeps and then, on the phone:

MACKEY

Sally? This is Tom Mackey. It's about, what is it, 8 o'clock, and Captain Peabrain would like to see us both at ten. Come on, I know you're there, Luanne wouldn't lie to me...Hello?

Sally snatches up the phone--

SALLY

I'm here, I'm here...I heard you, ten o'clock. I'll try and be there...

INT. MACKEY'S APARTMENT/INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - DAY
(PHONE INTERCUT)

On the other end is Mackey, naked except for his boxer shorts, talking on his wall phone, puffy-eyed, bachelor disarray in the kitchen--

MACKEY

The word try does not apply here. We need to download your brain into the Captain's, you understand? Little ceremony we all go through, because today's his day to Meet the Press. Hello? Sally?

Dead phone. Mackey looks at it, shakes his head, hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS CONNECTION - DAY

--as Sally, at the wheel of her rented Omni, swings into a parking space. Sally sits at the wheel, staring out the windshield. Outside the car, in the parking lot, Women in Spandex scanties, Men in undershirts and shorts, carrying gym bags.

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTS CONNECTION FOYER - DAY

Sally comes into the Sports Connection foyer. At the front desk, the SIGN-IN GIRL is checking membership cards, stamping parking validations. Sally hangs back, her face blank, podlike. The Sign-in Girl turns to a Girl next to her, resuming a conversation:

SIGN-IN GIRL

--He goes, "Guess what I drive." I'm like whoa what a pinhead. I wasn't even curious.

OTHER GIRL

Where the hell is Kathy?

SIGN-IN GIRL

So listen. I go, "A green Volvo?" He's like What? He goes, "No, a vanilla Porsche--" It's like, now I'm supposed to go outside and lick it. . . .

OTHER GIRL

God, I pray I don't have to teach Kathy's class again.

Sally, during this, slips through the turnstile, unnoticed, around the corner--

INT. SPORTS CONNECTION LOBBY - DAY

--into the lobby, smiling to herself--

SALLY

(to herself)

"Where the hell is Kathy?"

--in a good impressionist's not-bad first attempt at the Other Girl's voice. Her smile, too, is eerily like the Other Girl's. Hearing herself, she turns in a little circle, confused, starting to lose it, fighting the urge to trance out. She looks around wildly, spots a pay phone, her lips forming the word "Mackey"--

--as a Woman in tiger-striped tights goes by. Sally watches the Woman's legs. She's on automatic now, no longer fighting the trance, as she heads into the Sports Connection Shop across the lobby.

CUT TO:

INT. AEROBICS ROOM - DAY

A low burst of Janet Jackson--an aerobics classroom, mostly women doing stretches, waiting for the teacher. The door blasts open and in comes Sally, in full Spandex, on hyperalert, tuning in:

WOMAN #1

Why don't we chip in, get
Kathy an alarm clock?

WOMAN #2

Or a live-in boyfriend.

The volume on the music suddenly rises. Sally, who has just turned it up, is getting up on the platform.

SALLY

Looks like Kathy got lucky
again last night...I apologize
and the management
apologizes...

Perky, but all business, and completely in the persona of the Other Girl, the girl whose voice she imitated in the lobby. She starts conducting the class--

SALLY

...and take it to a lunge!--

Sunny and up, though still a little shaky on the transitions--she's watching a girl at the back, ALENE, more adept than the others, great legs. Sally's look darkens. Alene sees. Sally falters briefly, gets back into rhythm, absorbing Alene's moves...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - KELLER'S OFFICE - DAY

...as across town, Keller's pacing in his office. There's an empty chair where Sally should be, media people grilling Keller:

REPORTER

--And this woman you have working on the case. What exactly is she doing?

Keller shoots a help-me look at Mackey, who, during this, has been on Keller's phone, hears:

ROGER'S VOICE

(on machine)

Who are you and what do you want?--

CUT TO:

INT. AEROBICS CLASSROOM - DAY

--as Sally, a fine film of sweat all over, builds to a finish:

SALLY

Three more...two more...and shake it out. That's a wrap.

She alights from the platform, heads out into the corridor, pursued by Alene--

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

--who catches up with Sally.

ALENE

Excuse me...Are you going to be teaching this class from now on? Cuz I've been looking for a trainer....

Sally rounds a corner into the main Weight Room--

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

--where a Beautiful Amazon is doing free-weight squats, assisted by two male admirers. The Amazon has drawn a crowd. She's in a sweat shirt and bikini pants, and what everybody is noticing, including Sally, is her incredible She-man legs. Alene is chattering in Sally's ear:

ALENE

--My problem is, I start working out, I reward myself with junk food. I'm my own worst enemy.

SALLY

You're lucky. Some of us have real enemies.

Alene, taken aback at her tone, gives a little shudder. The Amazon is heading out of the weight room. Sally follows her--

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

--as the door to Sally's apartment bursts open, and in come Mackey and Luanne, looking for Sally--

No one here, so Mackey checks--

INT. THE BATHROOM - DAY.

No one here either. Just a mirror, covered completely by a towel...

MACKEY

What the hell...?

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTS CONNECTION CORRIDOR - DAY

Sally is standing in a corridor, coming or going, fleeing or following, we can't tell which, and from the claustrophobic, lost-in-a-maze look of panic on her face, neither can Sally. So frightened she doesn't even hear the scream.

People are suddenly running past her down the corridor, the Sign-in Girl comes backing out a side door, hands over her mouth.

SIGN-IN GIRL

Ohmygod...it's Kathy!...

Sally doesn't know whether to go to her or run for her life. She lets the tide carry her down the corridor, to the doorway, and looks in--

INT. MESSAGE ROOM - DAY

--through a screen of confusion, into the message room, candles guttering, surfsound washing from a boombox, and there on the table, KATHY, a towel over her torso and her legs spread apart, the headrest soaked with blood. Sally backs out of the room, dazed, bumped by the people going in--

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

--and flattens herself against the wall. The sound of recorded surf rises in her ears. The Thousand Mile Stare is back.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT 3

FADE UP ON:

INT. POLICE STATION/MACKEY'S OFFICE-- DAY.

TIGHT ON MACKEY'S DOOR as he slams in, that same hard, possessed look on his face we saw earlier here. CAMERA FOLLOWS WITH HIM as he moves to the file cabinet, as MARTIN ENTERS--

MARTIN

You in this meeting?

MACKEY

Oh yeah.

Mackey finds what he's been looking for, a bottle of Wild Turkey.

MARTIN

I heard you were on the wagon.

Mackey presents the bottle to him in taunting toast.

MACKEY

Welcome wagon.

He takes a long slug. Spits it out in disgust--

Luanne sticks her head in the door--

LUANNE
You're late for your meeting.
(smiles sweetly)
Enjoy your Coke?

She vanishes.

MACKEY
(furious)
Nothing's sacred any more!

Mackey slams the bottle in the file and storms out.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLER'S OFFICE-- DAY.

TIGHT ON SALLY-- in the Captain's "guest chair", pale and motionless. She looks like she's just had a nightmare that took her straight back to the darkest corner of her childhood.

MACKEY IS THERE, AS IS MARTIN, STARK AND KELLER. Keller paces like a tiger, his tone as impersonal and driven as Mackey's with Ray Burrows.

KELLER
Let's go over it again. What were you doing there?

SALLY
I told you, I went there... on a hunch.

KELLER
You were supposed to take Mackey with you wherever you went on this case.

SALLY
(unable to meet Mackey's eyes)
I know.

Mackey is stone silent. Stark gives him a snide glance, then zeros in on Sally.

STARK
You gotta admit it seems a little funny you just happened to be tuned so well into the first two murders you work with us on...

Sally looks at him carefully. Says nothing. But Mackey's hackles are starting to raise.

MACKEY

What you saying?

STARK

Just making an observation.
It's my job. Connect the
dots.

Mackey looks at Sally. Thinks.

MACKEY

The maps.

She blinks at him, not knowing whether she's being attacked or what.

MACKEY (CONTD)

The maps-- you been fooling
around with maps since you
been on this-- maybe you got
something there.

She decides to come out of herself a little, despite her confusion. It's the least she can do.

SALLY

I noticed yesterday certain
geographical correlations
between the locations of the
murders to date, that's all.

Beat.

STARK

You happen to speak English as
well?

SALLY

They line up. I thought at
first they were spelling out
the letter "X". But I don't
think that's it now. I do
think they're at least a
series of locations that
conform to others in a
straight line.

She goes to the map. Draws a line past three of the map
pins locating murders.

SALLY (CONTD)

See? And these three line up
as well...

(she draws a
second line
through the four
remaining
murders)

This line is longer-- four
murders so far. In the mind
of this kind of criminal,
there's so much internal
chaos, rationality
overcompensates by imposing
rigid pattern.

She shrugs, as if that's nothing at all to have seen. But
Martin, at least, is intrigued.

MARTIN

Is that why you went there?
You have some kind of map in
your head?

SALLY

I just knew.

MACKEY

(losing it)

Well then dammit, if you knew
you were supposed to tell me!

SALLY

Maybe I was afraid it would
look like a cow to you.

Mackey flushes--

MACKEY

I would have checked it out--

KELLER

You mean you would have told
me, like I told you, dammit,
and I would've been out there
with a dozen men. We might've
saved that girl's life.

Sally has no answer to this-- it's clear she feels the
weight of that possibility herself.

Keller looks at her a long moment.

KELLER

I'm releasing you on your own recognizance. Go home and get some sleep, or have a soda, whatever the hell you do to unwind. Just stay away from the department for a day or two.

She looks to Mackey.

MACKEY

I never realized it was so hard to tell a genius from someone just plain stupid.

Sally flinches visibly. She walks out without another word.

MARTIN

Telling stupidity from genius is easy.

(eyeing Mackey)

The difference is, genius has its limits.

He goes out in disgust.

STARK

Well at least she has one fan.

Mackey wheels on him.

MACKEY

Do you seriously think she's the killer? What she doing working with us, then? Helping us to find herself?

STARK

"Stop me before I kill again."

KELLER

You really think she did it?

STARK

Could've. She's smart enough.

MACKEY

Smart enough, yeah. Weird enough, even. But mean enough? No way.

Keller, his face a mask, makes his decisions.

KELLER

(to Stark)

Maybe she did, maybe she didn't. Right now I think you're leaning on a thin reed. Hit the street and get back to basics.

He turns away. Stark plods out; Mackey is halfway out as well when Keller's voice nails him.

KELLER (CONTD)

Mackey, one last chance. if you can't keep track of a school girl, which is the simplest thing I can think of to give you, you're off the case, pure and simple. No if ands or buts.

Mackey hasn't looked at him, he hasn't looked at Mackey. But Mackey closes the door as if the whole place was sitting on a pan of nitro.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATION-- DUSK.

Sally comes down the stairs to the relative privacy of a shade tree and stops-- the tears streaming down her face. Then Martin appears. Comes over, low key, solid, there.

MARTIN

You okay?

SALLY

No.

He just stands next to her, letting his presence comfort her.

MARTIN

You ever need a shoulder to lean on, here it is.

She looks away for a moment, then, without looking at him, lets her head sink to his shoulder, forehead first. Snuffs. Martin unfolds a handkerchief and holds it to her nose.

MARTIN (CONTD)

Blow.

She does.

MARTIN (CONTD)
So you follow your instinct,
big deal. I think that's neat.

SALLY
I don't know if it was
instinct. I just... went
there. Don't know why...

MARTIN
Everyone does stuff like that,
it's no big deal.

SALLY
Oh, sure.

MARTIN
It's true. Sometimes I just
find myself in a Häagen-Dazs
store, a glazed look in my
eyes, muttering 'Rum Raisin,
Rum Raisin,'... We all have
our loose ends.

She gives a little laugh despite herself. Sally is subtly
changing here, becoming more and more the "fragile
female"-- a side to her we haven't quite seen before.

Martin puts his arm around her shoulder.

SALLY
Thanks.

MARTIN
Come on, let's get out of
here.

CUT TO ANGLE AT THE BUILDING'S ENTRANCE-- as Mackey exits,
looking like hell, stopping dead in his tracks--

MACKEY'S P.O.V.-- TO SALLY AND MARTIN-- heading off
together arm in arm.

BACK ON MACKEY-- his face a wasteland.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTERN MELROSE AVENUE-- DAY.

For a change the city looks decent here, a block or two of
refinement and taste occupied by antique stores,
restaurants and art galleries. Martin stops outside a
gallery.

MARTIN
Interested in photographs that
don't have "evidence" stamped
on them?

SALLY
(shyly curious)
Sure.

He leads her in with an air of great mystery.

INT. GALLERY-- DAY.

Not knowing quite why, Sally's drawn to one wall of the gallery. Martin follows her, just the suggestion of pleasure lifting the corners of his mouth.

SALLY
These are great.

CLOSER-- as she looks at these pictures, lyrical, gauzy, almost sentimental in their tenderness. Then she looks at a title card at a picture's corner, and catches her breath.

SALLY (CONTD)
These are yours!
(turns to him in
wonder)
Martin...

She sweeps up and down the wall, entranced. As for Martin, he looks like he could levitate.

SALLY
What a difference from what
you do... I mean, for work.
(looking back to
him with new
appreciation)
You've been doing this a long
while, haven't you? I mean,
this kind of picture.

He shrugs.

MARTIN
Taking pictures for myself for
a long time, yes. Taking
pictures like these, just
since I started paying my
bills working for the
department.

SALLY
Before that?

MARTIN
My pictures were harder-edged,
darker, crazier. Trendier.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE-- MELROSE-- DAY.

His conversation continues unbroken, only now he's opening, more animated, happy to have found a kindred spirit. And Sally, too, is relaxed, leaning in to him, a million miles away from her own anxieties now.

MARTIN
Near where I live is a
dangerous intersection.
Accident there at least once a
month. So I did a series of
post-crash pictures, which I'm
now thoroughly ashamed of,
incidentally.

SALLY
Why?

MARTIN
Chic voyeurism, let's face it.

SALLY
Maybe they made people think.

MARTIN
(smiles)
They did put up a stop light.

She laughs. They look at each other. A new way now.

SALLY
I can't remember the last time
I felt so... happy.

MARTIN
Not at the university?

SALLY
(shakes her head)
All work and no play.
Youngest one in my program,
couldn't let them see me as a
kid. Besides, the subject
matter...

MARTIN
Psychopathic killers, I heard.
Why that?

Sally shrugs.

SALLY
They're fascinating to me.
Sort of the Byronic figures of
the late Twentieth Century,
don't y'think? I mean,
autonomous, above the law,
following their own forbidden
stars. Richard Speck, Manson,
the Hillside Strangler, the
Nightstalker-- sort of dark
geniuses...

She stops, catching Martin staring rapt.

MARTIN
You ready for this?

SALLY
For what?

MARTIN
I know how this sounds, but
I'd like to photograph you...

SALLY
Me? Why me?

MARTIN
Because,
(takes a breath)
I swear to god this is not a
line, but you have a face an
artist would kill to paint. A
face a camera would love.
Would you? Let me?

She blushes.

MARTIN
Well think about it.

• He lifts an invisible camera and squeezes the shutter.

MARTIN (CONTD)
Perfect.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT ENTRANCE HALLWAY-- EVENING.

Sally enters, her face unreadable. As Sally reaches her door, Luanne sticks her head into the hall.

LUANNE

Where do you think you're going, young lady?

She darts out, grabs Sally.

LUANNE (CONTD)

Details-- I want all the gory details or it's bamboo under the fingernails!

INT. SALLY'S PLACE-- NIGHT.

The women enter like schoolgirls, already deep in the gossip.

LUANNE

What's he like-- I've always had a crush on him!

SALLY

Nice. Real nice.

LUANNE

That's it? Nice? Kittens are nice. Men should be-- argh!

Sally laughs at the animal sounds, puts the tea kettle on.

SALLY

Nice is just fine with me, first time out.

She tosses off her coat and flops onto the couch. Luanne turns on the TV and does the same. Notes Sally's long exhale.

LUANNE

Some day, huh? Some day for you.

SALLY

Guess so.

LUANNE

Know what I think? I think you're the Jeanne Dixon of homicide.

SALLY

Oh, please.

The old TV comes up to picture and volume, right in the middle of NEWS COVERAGE of a drive-by machinegunning of Valley surfers by skinheads firing from stolen speedboats. It seques into another L.A. Bizarro report, only this one is the Sports Connection killing.

TV ANNOUNCER

...and there are persistent rumors there was a police operative at the scene at the time of the killing, though police are remaining close-mouthed about why--

Sally turns it off.

LUANNE

Sorry...
(looks around)
Y'got a call...

Sally punches the answering machine. The familiar voice rasps out--

MACKEY (FILTER)

This is Mackey, it's nine dammit thirty. Where the hell are you?

(Sally zips fast-forward,
catches--)

-- Mackey again-- it's ten o'clock, for petesake-- what I gotta do, give you wake-up calls? Hello?

She fast forwards harder to a later message, this quite different in tone. Mackey's drunk.

MACKEY (CONTD)

Well, while you're out doing the town with Martin the artiste, you got me put on Keller's crud list. If you wanted to screw me up, you get a gold star for it right on your perky little forehead. So much for partnership-- you did it all yourself-- and I dedicate this next beer to you!

End of message. Sally slams down the phone. Stares at it like it was a snake. Then snatches it back up-- livid--

LUANNE
(fascinated)
555 3488.

Sally has it punched out almost before Luanne says it. Mackey picks up on the second ring.

MACKEY
What?

Sally sails into him as tough as Mackey has ever been in her presence--

SALLY
Don't you ever try to blame me for your drinking, you self-pitying weenie-- I am not the cause of that, you are-- you egotistical lame-brain!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MACKEY'S PLACE-- NIGHT.

Even more of a dump now, with Mackey looking right at home-- rumpled, hungover, caught off-guard by her ferocity.

MACKEY
We had an agreement--

SALLY
I do not intentionally keep things from you, dammit-- if I could've known what I was doing I would've called you but I didn't because I couldn't--

Her voice breaks. Mackey jumps in, now trying the Voice of Reason--

MACKEY
Okay now, let's just calm d--

SALLY
You calm down, I'm too mad! And you can take that gold star and shove it--

SALLY (CONTD)
 (struggling for
 an appropriate
 Mackeyan way to
 put it)
 -- where the moon doesn't
 shine!

MACKEY
 (beat)
 Sun, for crying out loud.

SALLY
 That too!

She slams the phone down with both hands.

Mackey holds his ear. END INTERCUTTING.

ON SALLY AND LUANNE. Luanne looking at her in stone
 amazement.

LUANNE
 Wow...

SALLY
 Gold star my foot!

Then Sally just stands there, like she was put on freeze
 frame.

LUANNE
 Sally?

SALLY
 Star... Foot...

She's rapidly altering, growing somehow restless, abstract.
 She jerks a nervous glance at Luanne, then digs her map out
 of her purse and gives it a quick look.

LUANNE
 You want a Valium or
 something? Uh...

Now Sally's over at the closet, pulling out the ex-
 boyfriend's old clothes. Leather jacket heavy with studs,
 leather vest, etc. Luanne gamely tries to make the
 conversation fit the increasingly weird vibes here.

LUANNE
 Roger was into leather. He
 saw himself as a sort of
 Brando of the accounting firm
 where he worked...

She stops. Sally's look is just too odd.

SALLY
I'd... like to be alone for a
while. You mind?

LUANNE
Oh. Oh, no, jeez, it's been
some day, huh? I'm history.

She backs for the door. Sally follows her-- almost stalks
her

LUANNE (CONTD)
Nite!

Luanne gets the hell out. Sally shuts the door. Locks it.
Her look is much darker now, almost possessed by something,
something hard and driven.

Then the "old" Sally shakes herself out into view for a
moment-- she struggles to the telephone and dials shakily.
Mackey's voice comes screaming back at her off his
ANSWERING MACHINE--

MACKEY
Don't even think about leaving
a message-- EAT DIRT AND DIE!

The BEEP. This throws some final switch in Sally-- her
face goes hard. She dumps the phone and goes to the
shelves near the TV-- runs her fingers down the stack of
cassettes there. Sure enough finds it, jams it into the
VCR, punches on the TV.

THE WILD ONE comes on half-way through, a ragged line of
choppers raging into town.

Sally begins ripping the arms off the jacket.

CLOSE ON THE TV-- a YOUNG GIRL stares in wonder at Brando.

GIRL (TV)
What you rebelling against,
anyway?

SALLY/BRANDO (TV)
Whattaya got?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RATHOLE ROCK CLUB-- NIGHT.

A BLARE OF TRICKED-OUT HARLEYS-- hogs, choppers, boulevard monsters-- REVVING and preening at the curb, KIDS, hard-core BIKERS, WOULD-BE SYLVESTER STALLONES looking for a little flash in their lives. From inside the place comes the low thump of hyper-amped ROCK MUSIC. There's a definite electricity here-- hormones and octane and two-stroke chrome.

CLOSER ON THE CROWD-- checking each other out, watching the arrivals and departures. Then there's a DEEPER ROAR, and one by one the heads turn, the eyes lock in.

REVERSE IN THEIR P.O.V. TO--

-- A FEMALE BIKER-- pulling up on the meanest, baddest Harley you ever laid eyes on. The scooter's low and slick and as far from a Honda as you can get-- and the rider tough and sexy enough to melt the cylinder heads of a full-blown hog. She's dressed in black leather hand-cut and fitted dangerously skin-tight, laced snug up the long, lithe legs, slashed heart-stoppingly low in front.

She kicks down the stand and strides to the door. She owns the place and knows it. And it's Sally.

There's a huge line of people waiting to get in, but the DOORGUARD waves her through with one look.

INT. THE RATHOLE.

This is the sort of place where the Circle Jerks would be Easy Listening. A neo-Nazi BAND is slashing out power chords, the walls are awash with a throw-back LIGHTSHOW-- writhing OIL BLOBS mixed with slides of dementia scraped up out of the news. The band sees Sally and does a neck-snapping 180 into a truly possessed cover of the old Hendrix classic-- Foxy Lady.

AT THE BAR-- Sally checks the LESS-THAN-ZERO TYPES out, restless. She heads for the dance floor.

A Superbad ROCKER levers himself out from the bar. Drifts after her.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR-- MOVING WITH SALLY. We sense the shark drifting in on the scent, and we're struck by the extraordinary difference between this woman-- this virtual stranger-- and the Sally we've known before. Now she's all two-lane blacktop and sexual grease, without softness or innocence, staring down anybody who looks back at her too long, moving to the music without bothering to dance-- just absorbing it and putting it back out there like an erotic aura. The rocker is getting closer, behind.

CLOSER ON HER FACE-- HER SHIFTING EYES.

HER P.O.V.-- TO YOUNG WOMEN-- especially to those with exposed midriffs...

THE ROCKER-- a really big, dangerous looking guy, is watching her hard now. His eyes as cold as a hidden blade.

CUT TO THE PLACE'S ENTRANCE -- TO MACKEY-- shoving past the DOORMAN/BOUNCER with a flash of badge. We instantly get the feeling he's been following her.

BACK ON THE DANCEFLOOR-- Sally homing in on a girl with a bikini top and low-slung leather pants-- an outfit leaving her belly exposed. Cher would kill for that stomach. Sally heads for her. But just at this moment the Rocker makes his move--

ROCKER

Hey, Wild Thing, lookin' for some lovin'?

Sally turns and sizes him up. This guy could be real trouble.

SALLY

I have trouble remembering names. Can I just call you "maggot"?

ROCKER

C'mere a minute-- got somethin' I wanna show you.

He drags her from the floor. Given the nature of the place, it doesn't draw much attention.

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT.

The Rocker slams Sally against a wall, shoves his face into hers.

ROCKER

I might not be so smart, but I can handle a zipper real good.

His hand starts over her jacket -- she grabs it and twists it backwards in a skillful wristlock -- vise-like. He's immobilized, and not a little intrigued.

ROCKER (CONTD)

You got a grip, mama. Oww, easy.

He tries a smile. She doesn't smile back.

SALLY
This all you want?

ROCKER
What else is there? You got
dope?

Sally shoves him backwards hard.

WIDER-- as he hits the far wall and goes down among garbage cans. Sally stalks back for the door. But the Rocker comes up fast-- this time with a knife-- and lunges after her, spins her around.

ROCKER
You--

That's about all he gets out before her foot comes up hard and drops him like a sack of steer manure. Sally picks up the knife, checks her makeup in its blade, turns and heads back inside towards the music.

INT. RATHOLE ROCK CLUB.

OUT ON THE DANCE FLOOR AGAIN-- Sally, cold and focused as a torpedo, finds the girl in the bare midriff-- sees her just leaving into another, darker room. Heads for her while--

MACKEY-- spots Sally at last--

MACKEY
Hey! Sally!

But Sally's not responding to the name right now-- there's absolutely no recognition in her eyes for him-- she's running for the girl and the rocker's knife is in her hand--

MACKEY-- runs for her-- knocking dancers flying--

MACKEY
HEY, DAMMIT!

He grabs her-- and like lightning she comes round with a vicious right and clubs him to the floor. Mackey's gun goes skittering away.

MOVING WITH SALLY -- as she starts to run. WE SEE --

FLASH-INS of blood on the walls, SALLY-AS-LITTLE-GIRL running from the attacker --

MACKEY -- lurching up, pursuing Sally at break-neck speed

Next second the MUSIC STOPS with a terrific RIP OF NEEDLE ACROSS RECORD-- the most BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM imaginable cuts through the place like a laser-- and the LIGHT SHOW RUNS RED! Sally tears through the door into the other room-- Mackey after her-- bursting into--

THE SOUND ROOM -- gun ready, eyes wide at what he finds there.

A YOUNG GIRL -- the one with the bare midriff. Sprawled in fetal position over the light gel. Dead. And Sally, standing over her.

MACKEY

Oh, Jesus...

ON SALLY -- or whoever she is now -- staring back like a trapped predator inside the wire. Mackey comes over, hardly able to believe his eyes. There is absolutely no recognition in her face for him. It's downright spooky.

MACKEY (CONTD)

What the hell are you doing here? Why you dressed like this?

She seems panicked, afraid, desperate. And then she simply buckles -- crashes out of her assumed character -- disintegrates into a wail of terror at her bottomless confusion and loss.

Mackey holsters his gun and stands, stunned. He's seen and felt all sorts of pain in his life. But nothing like what he sees on this girl's face right here and now.

He looks over his shoulder-- sees back by the entrance-- a bunch of cops pouring in, led by Stark himself. Mackey looks back to Sally, on the fence.

MACKEY

Hey. That you, or still Marlina Brando?

She looks up at him, frightened, but Sally.

SALLY

Me.

Mackey swallows.

MACKEY

Then we're outta here.

He pockets her knife and drags her on the run out the back door of the place.

EXT. THE ALLEY -- NIGHT.

Mackey races with her down the alley towards the street.

MACKEY

Around the corner, across the street is an all-night diner-- Take a back booth and wait for me-- go!

She looks at him, dazed--

SALLY

Mackey, I didn't do--

He just points.

MACKEY

Be there!

She turns and runs around the corner.

Mackey turns back just in time to have two cops barrel out the door on him, guns drawn. Mackey flips the badge, walks right past them back inside.

MACKEY

Alley's clean.

INT. RATHOLE.

MACKEY ENTERS-- walks up to Stark, Keller and several other detectives.

KELLER

Well, well, look what the cat dragged in. You're supposed to be babysitting, aren't you?

MACKEY

She's tucked in for the night. What ya got?

STARK

(jerks his thumb towards light booth)

Maybe our boy again. Nobody here's much into talking, though the doorman says there was some cop here just before it happened.

(eyes Mackey)

MACKEY

That was me.

STARK

What the hell were you doing here?

MACKEY

Dancing. Settles my nerves after a hard day babysitting.

Stark and Keller stare at him. Mackey keeps deadpan.

STARK

You see it happen?

MACKEY

(shakes his head)

In the head at the time.

(seeing Keller
staring at his
fat lip)

Someone tried to get fresh with me in there, we had a little disagreement.

(trying to keep
it casual)

Victim stabbed to death?

STARK

Brained with a blunt object.

MACKEY

Really?

STARK

Really. You can take off, Mackey. I'm on this-- you can read all about it --

MACKEY

In your report, right...

He turns and heads off.

KELLER

One thing, Mackey-- somebody said a biker type girl went in there just before the victim was killed.

(Mackey stops)

Any idea who that was?

Mackey looks back to them with the most honest face in the world.

MACKEY
Not a clue.

FADE TO BLACK:

ACT 4

FADE UP ON:

EXT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

Edward Hopper could've painted this, and the surrounding gloom, suddenly broken by Mackey charging into view, heading toward the diner where he told Sally to meet him--

INT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

--and enters the diner in full stride, looking around for Sally.

No sign of her. Up the aisle, around the corner to the back booths, no Sally. Mackey abruptly collars a grumpy WAITRESS on her way to a table.

MACKEY
Did a gir. come in here in the last five minutes? Ratted-out hair, kind of hard-looking?

WAITRESS
What? No, I never look at nothing.

MACKEY
Aw, jeez--

WAITRESS
That's the only girl I saw come in.

Mackey looks where she's looking, towards the back booths. There's Sally, coming out of the Ladies Room, and very much not answering Mackey's description. Hair down, hand wrapped in a napkin.

MACKEY
(to Waitress)
Two coffees.

Sally slides back into the booth, looking up, shyly, wanly, and a shade apprehensive, as Mackey sits down opposite her. She sees his bruised lip, winces--

SALLY
I'm sorry.

MACKEY
No, we're both sorry. You
were on your way to warn that
girl, weren't you? When I
tackled you?

SALLY
(nods; and
realizes, knows)
She's dead.

MACKEY
(nods)
It's time you started sharing,
don't you think? Now that we
know you're not the killer.
What about these trance
states?

SALLY
Fugue states--

MACKEY
Whatever--

SALLY
How was she killed?

MACKEY
Blunt instrument. How often
do you have them? Why don't
you want to talk about them?
Cause you can't control them?

SALLY
That's not true. I can
control them.

MACKEY
Yeah, we've seen a lot of
evidence of that.
(to Waitress, as
she comes up
with the
coffees)
And bring me some cottage
cheese. With a little mustard
in it.

WAITRESS

(unfazed by the
order)

You put your own mustard in.

(soul of
impatience:)

Anything else, while you've
got me here? No? You sure?

Then maybe I can go home.

Mackey fishes up a couple of bills, the Waitress glares, Mackey adds another one. Sally waits till the Waitress is gone, and then--not in the Waitress's voice exactly, but uncannily dead-on in attitude, like a daughter mimicking a mother:

SALLY

"Yeah, can't you see I've been
working all day? I gotta go
home, cook dinner for a sick
husband. I swear to St. Pete,
I never met anybody didn't
take me for granted."

Mackey looks at Sally. Blinks. A quick look over at the Waitress. Then back at Sally, and if Mackey ever looks at anyone in all innocence, it's now.

MACKEY

Is that true about her?

SALLY

Sometimes it is, sometimes it
isn't.

MACKEY

Sick husband and all?

Sally nods. Mackey, nonplussed. Then:

MACKEY CONTD

But back in that club--you
couldn't snap out of it.

SALLY

No, but--

MACKEY

Come on. You didn't even
recognize me!

SALLY

I was looking for a killer.

MACKEY

No, you weren't. You were
looking for the victim.

Sally blinks. Charged word.

MACKEY

You know what I'm thinking?

SALLY

Yes. You're thinking...Who is
this crazy girl and why did
God send him to me?

MACKEY

I think you're a victim.

SALLY

(too insistent)
I'm not a victim. I'm a
survivor. Excuse me, I've got
to go to the restroom--

Mackey grabs her, pulls her back--but gently.

MACKEY

You've been to the restroom.
Now...what were you thinking
before you...y'know, went into
this...

(indicates the
leathers)

Sally, shaking, sinks back into the booth. Can't or won't
talk. She just looks off, eyes now weary and rimmed with
despair.

MACKEY

Okay, I'll go first.

He digs through his memory, winces, says it anyway.

MACKEY (CONTD)

Why I Got Divorced. It wasn't
my idea. Cop's Wife Syndrome?
Not Karen. Totally
supportive. Sex? No problem!
Oh, sometimes we'd get stuck
for a finish, but you know,
frequency was not an issue.

(MORE)

MACKEY (CONTD)

So one day she says to me..."You know the trouble with us?" Out of left field, we were on vacation, for Crissake..."I like to make love. You like to make war."

So this is a virgin when I married her, what's her basis for comparison? Right. She's got this guy on the side...one of those little guys, you know, you never see except they're with a woman? Usually a big woman? I guess they do know how to make love...

He runs out of words. Sally looks at him. The guy's actually dropped his armor and is sitting there naked. Mackey gives a lopsided grin.

MACKEY

And there was nothing I could do about it. Except maybe kill the guy.

SALLY

You're still living with that anger.

MACKEY

(pointedly)

No, I'm trying to use it. Your turn.

Sally takes a deep breath. Struggles to remember.

SALLY

Earlier tonight...when you said Gold Star for my forehead, on the phone? That's when I started to lose control.

MACKEY

Why then?

SALLY

I don't know why. Maybe the intersecting lines...from the killings...maybe they form a star...

MACKEY

You were starting to think
like the killer. That's good.

(off her
look--"good"?)

That's what a homicide cop
tries to do. So then what?
After you hung up on me.

SALLY

I said, "Gold star my foot."

MACKEY

Foot?

SALLY

That's all I
remember...except...

THREE-FRAME FLASHCUT--FROM HER DREAM--THE BOY MURDERED IN
BED--

SALLY

Stop!

MACKEY

What is it? What are you
seeing right now?

ANOTHER FLASHCUT--THE MAN WITH THE KNIFE--

SALLY

Don't!
(gulps last of
her coffee,
struggling to
control herself)
Just don't. Okay?

Sally gets up, heads away, Mackey after her--

MACKEY

Is it something to do with the
case?

SALLY

No.

MACKEY

(doesn't believe
her)

Sally?

SALLY

Please. I've told you all I know. Just please let me go home now.

She's out the door, ahead of Mackey, who nearly collides with the Waitress, sidesteps, out the door--

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

--into the night, looks left, right, sees Sally running away. He starts after her, toward the rock club, which Cops are zoning off. We're seeing this from a distance, from the window of a car, a limo, which now heads toward Mackey, down a street adjacent to the rock club, and stops ahead of him. The DRIVER, a young cop, gets out, blocking Mackey's way.

MACKEY

Later. Whatever it is.

Mackey starts past him, then hears, from the limo:

DOWD (O.S.)

Sergeant Mackey?

Mackey turns, sees Commissioner Dowd getting out of the limo.

DOWD

Don't push her too hard. Let her get some rest now.

And gestures toward the open limo. Mackey hesitates. Dowd gestures again. Mackey gets into the limo.

INT. DOWD'S LIMO - NIGHT

Mackey slides over on the limo seat. Dowd gets in beside him. Hands Mackey a folder.

MACKEY

What's this?

Dowd says nothing. Mackey starts to look through the file. His face tells us it's not a pretty story.

DOWD

I've known Sally Peters for nine years. I met her when she was thirteen, the youngest in a family of four--mother, father, older brother. I met her because around four one morning Sally awakened to strange sounds, got up to look, and stumbled in on her parents being slaughtered. I was Chief of Police in San Jose then.

Mackey looks at him. Then back at the clippings in the file--police photos of Sally's dead parents, dead brother--news clippings--SOLE SURVIVOR--the 13-year-old girl from Sally's dream--

DOWD CONTD

She ran to her brother, to warn him--he was already dead. The man saw her, came after her, laughing, calling to her. She runs into a closet. Somehow she gets into a little space, where the brother had pried up a loose board, to hide things--you wouldn't think a human no matter how small could squeeze in there, but she did, just out of reach--him clawing and reaching till he heard the sirens. We tried to coax her out of there for two hours--in the end we had to pry up half the closet floor.

MACKEY

You catch the guy?

Dowd shakes his head no.

DOWD

I swore I'd do everything I could to help her. Wherever I was, as long as I lived.

MACKEY
 (looking at a
 picture--Dowd
 and Mrs. Dowd,
 with Sally in
 cap-and-gown)
 You put her through school?

DOWD
 No, she put herself through
 school. She never did ask for
 our help--until after she got
 her psych degree. By that
 time, of course, I was working
 down here. Which is what she
 wanted to do. Some instinct
 telling her to face some real-
 world demons...instead of
 hiding from the ghosts of her
 past. And I trust this girl's
 instincts.

MACKEY
 (agreeing)
 They're uncanny.

DOWD
 Just don't let her get too far
 out of sight. All right,
 Sergeant?

Dowd takes the file back, nods toward the door. Mackey
 gets out of the limo. Dowd signals to his driver and the
 limo pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON A HAND, drawing a star on a piece of paper--the
 five lines that form five outer triangles and an inner
 pentagon.

SALLY. Looking at the star she's drawn. Frowns.

In the top triangle, she draws three dots and a smile--the
 Happy Face. Blinks again. Puts down the pen. Puts her
 hands over her face. Looks at her hands. Makes a steeple
 out of hands. Shakes them out. Gives a little headshake,
 reaches for the phone, punches out a number.

MARTIN
 (other end)
 Hello?

SALLY
Martin? It's Sally. Did we
talk about getting together,
or did I just dream it?

MARTIN
Both, I hope. Why, you feel
like having your picture
taken?

SALLY
No, I feel like shopping.
Wanta watch me?

CUT TO:

INT. RODEO DRIVE SHOP- DAY

Sally is holding up a glitzy dress in front of a three-way mirror. Martin sits watching her. Several other Women in the store, all very attractive.

MARTIN
Where are we going, the
Academy Awards?

SALLY
Too spangly? I think you're
right.

She hands the dress to a Salesgirl, moves to another rack, puts on a hat.

SALLY
Huh?

MARTIN
Perfect.

SALLY
(flirting hard)
You're lying. You hate it.

MARTIN
I do not hate it. How do you
know I hate it?

SALLY
Your nose is twitching.

Sally touches the tip of his nose, smiles at him, moves away--

INT./EXT. RODEO DRIVE STORE - DAY

--and we're seeing this through the store window, Martin and Sally laughing, flirting, Sally touching Martin. We're heading at a moderately brisk pace toward the store--

--and through the door--

INT. RODEO DRIVE STORE- DAY

--and it's Mackey. Looks around, spots Sally, at the cashier's desk, purchases being toted up. Makes a beeline for her.

SALLY

Mackey! What are you doing here?

Mackey grabs her by the arm--

MACKEY

(to Martin)

'Scuse us.

--and pulls her aside, out of Martin's earshot.

SALLY

My. Aren't we getting possessive.

MACKEY

What the hell are you doing here? How are you gonna pay for all this?

SALLY

Don't they take American money here? They said they did. Who asked you to follow me?

MACKEY

(off-guard;
lies:)

Captain Keller.

SALLY

Oh, you're adorable. You oughta join Liars Anonymous.
(picks up sash)

MACKEY

I'll join if you will. Who do you think you are, Audrey Hepburn?

SALLY
(Audrey Hepburn;
as she flings
sash around her
neck)
Before my time.

MACKEY
What set this off?

SALLY
What set what off?

MACKEY
The clothes. The talk.
Flirting with this guy.

SALLY
(half-in, half-
out)
Tom. I don't know what you're
talking about--

Mackey grabs her--

MACKEY
Sally, so help me God--

Martin, seeing Mackey starting to get a touch rough--

MARTIN
You guys need a ref?

MACKEY
No, and we don't need you.
Police business, okay?

MARTIN
Mackey, she's entitled to a
day off.

Mackey lets Sally go. starts toward Martin--

MACKEY
How would you like a week off?

MARTIN
(backing away
warily)
Come on. That's out of hand.

SALLY
Mackey.

MACKEY

Mackey what?

--but looking around, Sally, Martin, the other Shoppers starting to stare at him, and the Salespeople, and he's starting to feel like the bull in the china shop--

SALLY

I'm fine. Really.

She's at the cashier's, signing the credit card slip--

MACKEY

(a look at
Martin)

You're not starting to lose
it? Do you even know?

SALLY

(a look at
Martin; icily)

Tom, I'd really rather not
discuss this here.

(turns, takes
Martin's elbow,
and heads out)

I'll call you later.

(to Salesgirl)

Thank you.

And gathering up her purchases, and with one more look back at Mackey, she heads out of the store with Martin--

Mackey heads after them--

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SALLY'S APARTMENT/INT. MACKEY'S CAR/

--and from the wheel of his car, watches Martin's car ahead, as it pulls up in front of Sally's apartment.

Mackey stops his car about a half-block behind them--

--watching Sally get out of the car with her bundles, and then double back to the driver's-side window--

SALLY

Wish I could invite you in.

MARTIN

I've got someplace I've gotta
be, too.

SALLY

Next time.

And gives him a light kiss on the mouth. It lingers an instant.

In his car, Mackey is drumming on the steering wheel--

--watching Martin's car pull away. Mackey looks toward the house. Sally has gone into her apartment.

Mackey gets out of his car--

--up the walk--

--rings Sally's doorbell. No answer. Again. Music from inside: "You Don't Bring Me Flowers."

MACKEY

Sally?

(no answer;
testing:)

What, are you pissed off at me? Look, maybe I did get out of line, I'd like to talk about it. Sal?

No answer. Mackey backs away from the door, turns, rounds the corner--to Sally's window--looks in--

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Inside, Sally is zipping herself into one of the dresses from her Rodeo Drive spree.

SALLY

(to herself)

Three more. I'm so close.
God help me.

EXT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Outside Sally's apartment, Mackey is listening. He doesn't want to hear what he's hearing.

INT./EXT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sally is brushing her hair, heading toward a mirror. Stops. Looks at her reflection.

SALLY

What are you doing?

Sally's reflection answers.

SALLY'S REFLECTION
Following my star.

SALLY
(with a gleam)
You're so evil. I won't let
you get away with this.

SALLY'S REFLECTION
(smiles)
Oh? And who's going to stop
me?

As though suddenly sensing Mackey's presence, Sally whirls toward the window. No one there. Outside, a breeze stirs the trees. Sally picks up the scarf she bought, twists it lightly in her hands--

EXT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

--as Mackey quickly makes his way along the wall, headed for Sally's front door--

--and around the corner, and--

ROOKIE PATROLMAN
Freeze or I'll kill you!

It's a ROOKIE PATROLMAN, his first encounter with the enemy, and he never thought he'd get the shakes like this. Another Patrolman comes around the corner--

PATROLMAN #2
Mackey!?

--as whomp, Mackey decks the Rookie Patrolman, disarms him, kicks the gun away. The Rookie, black adrenalin surging, grabs Mackey by the arm, smashes him against the house. Mackey hooks his leg behind the Rookie's leg and flips him onto his back.

MACKEY
(calm, affable)
Let go...Relax...

The Rookie has Mackey's arms in a death grip--he's in spasm. Mackey pries his fingers from his arm--

--jumps up, round the corner, to Sally's back door, flattens himself--

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

--and kicks the door in. A quick look in her bedroom. No Sally. In comes the Rookie, the other Patrolman--and now Luanne. Mackey is rummaging through Sally's things, explodes at Luanne:

MACKEY

How many years you been
working for me, you can't tell
me from the back?

LUANNE

You mind if I point something
out?

MACKEY

Yes.

LUANNE

You're acting like a jealous
lover.

MACKEY

Bingo.

He's found a Malibu paper, with an article scissored out,
and in a file folder, the clipping that matches it--

MACKEY

Aw, Sally.

LUANNE

Mackey? What's the matter?

But Mackey is already out the door. Luanne turns toward
the table, picks up the file folder, another clipping:

BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE/THE TRUTH BEHIND THE GLORY
WEDDING.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT 5

FADE UP ON:

INT. SALLY'S CAR/EXT. MALIBU COLONY GATE - DAY

A Rent-a-Cop comes up to a car window with a clipboard. At
the wheel is Sally. But the voice is another woman's. The
woman from the shopping spree, now fully in possession.

SALLY

Peters.

As the Rent-a-Cop goes down the list, Sally peers over, reading an unchecked name upside down:

SALLY

They might have me down as
Riley Hawks. Why would she
use my married name?

The Rent-a-Cop waves her through, and we see Sally has traded up her rental car for a Mercedes two-seater.

PAN BACK TO SEE--

Mackey's car pull up. Mackey takes one look at the line of cars filled with wedding guests and swerves up on the shoulder, blasts on past the booth, badge out the window. A Security Guy gets on his walkie-talkie--

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIBU MANSION - DAY

Sally pulls up outside the mansion. Many guys in Security Tuxes, on walkie-talkies. Sally looks around in some confusion, then makes her way toward the next checkpoint, where she hears:

WOMAN GUEST

(irate; to
Security Guard)

The name is Riley Hawks. And
don't tell me I'm checked off,
or you'll be working the night
shift at the Galleria.

Sally backs away from the line, turns, finds herself looking right at Mackey.

MACKEY

Hi.

Sally twitches once, annoyed, preoccupied.

SALLY

I think you've got me confused
with someone else. 'Scuse me.

She turns away, he spins her back around. She looks at him in alarm-- again no recognition.

SALLY

You do that again, mister, I
call security.

MACKEY

Then you wouldn't get in, cuz
you sure ain't on that guest
list.

(leans in closer)

Sally, it's me. Mackey. You
know me.

(Nothing. He
plays his ace)

I talked to Dowd. He clued me
in on the whole thing, your
family, what happened...

She wavers, then, still in this other character, gives her
head a little shake.

SALLY

What you been smoking, my
friend?

MACKEY

Sally, we're partners-- let me
in on this-- you ever gonna
get past it controlling you,
you gotta control it-- use
it-- make it let me in!

She weaves a little in the air, head cocked, then she lets
out this Malibu laugh, looks over Mackey's shoulder,
hearing cameras clicking off like a high-impact printer--

--because a FAMOUS ACTOR is arriving. Sally ducks past
Mackey as if he were a post, hooking her arm through the
actor's.

SALLY

Then it's true.

FAMOUS ACTOR

(taken aback, and
trying not to
show it--the
cameras are
clicking away)

What's true?

SALLY

(hush-hush)

You filed. Who gets the beach
house?

FAMOUS ACTOR

She does.

SALLY

I'm going to tell you
something I never told you.
That kiss you gave me on
Falcon Crest? Was the best
kiss of my entire life.

In goes Sally on the Famous Actor's arm. Mackey cusses and
tries to follow. Samoa's answer to Hulk Hogan bars the
way

HULK

(glancing at the
scabbed lip)

Name?

MACKEY

I'm the termite inspector, who
do you think I am?
(flashes badge)
LAPD.

He tries to go by, hits an iron arm from Samoa.

HULK

Private wedding. No media or
police. You could be FBI, CIA
and MTV all rolled up in one.
Don't matter.

(bellying him
back)

Can you find your way out or
do you need some more
assistance?

MACKEY

No, I'm fine. But I think
this guy does.

Mackey points over the guy's shoulder. The Hulk doesn't
look.

Mackey looks down.

MACKEY

Your shoe lace is undone.

SAMOAN

Loafers.

MACKEY
The house is on fire!

SAMOAN
Insured.

By this time the Samoan has him by the shoulder. Mackey whips out his gun and points it at the guy's head.

MACKEY (CONTD)
How's about if I just blow
your dumb ears off if you
don't let me in?

The Samoan's unmoved.

SAMOAN
Look behind you.

MACKEY
(insulted)
Get real!

SAMOAN
You better.

Three pistols ease into Mackey's back. He turns to see a trio of security back up. Mackey smiles, holsters his gun.

MACKEY
LAPD. Just leaving.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION LAWN - DAY

ON SALLY-- waving to people who've never seen her before, who of course wave back. The wedding is a Hollywood affair, (a smaller-scale Sean Penn/Madonna sort of thing), with a wandering Mime, a female Magician, and a Palm Reader.

FAMOUS ACTOR
(still trying to
place Sally)
I'm racking my brains...

SALLY
No, just keep doing what you
do best.

Sally gives him a quick, don't-smear-the-lipstick kiss, glides through the party, waving hello, blowing kisses, twisting her rings, her bracelets-- eyes zeroing in on people's hands, watching them smoke, pluck canapes from trays, touch each other -- Sally stopping only once to look over her shoulder, back towards the entrance gate...

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVE -- DAY.

MACKEY-- troops back to his car, left at the side of the road next to a stone fence. Utterly frustrated and defeated. Puts his key in the lock of the car, then stops.

Behind him there's a SOUND, of a bolt being worked, thrown. Then an iron gate in the stone wall hinges open, revealing a garden, distant guests, a striped tent. And in the gateway, Sally.

SALLY

Y'know, I got this funny feeling I do know you.

Mackey lets out a hoot and runs for the gate.

CUT TO:

INT. GARDEN -- DAY.

MACKEY AND SALLY-- walking together, Sally still absolutely in character.

MACKEY

Mackey-- Tom Mackey!

They shake, she very dainty, amused by the action.

SALLY

Morton's? Or at Sundance last year? Maybe we met at the Academy Awards party at Swifty's?

Mackey just looks at her. She's not kidding, she really is trying to think where she knows him from.

MACKEY

We've got a mutual friend.

SALLY

Oh?

MACKEY

Sally Peters. You know her,
don't you?

Sally-the-Malibu-gal runs down some mental Rolodex, then
her eyes light up in amusement.

SALLY

Oh, Sally! The college girl!

MACKEY

(yeah...)
That's the one.

SALLY

(a little shaky)
She's not here...?

MACKEY

Naw-- never would've gotten
in, like you did.
(they both laugh;
then very
serious)
What you picking up?

She looks at him, blank a moment. Then--

SALLY

Hands, Tom.

MACKEY

Hands?

SALLY

(still in
character, but
deadly serious)
Hands. He's gonna go for
someone with the right hand.

CUT TO:

THE MAIN PRE-WEDDING PARTY-- SALLY AND MACKEY-- watching
the Mime do the hands-on-the-plate-glass routine-- watching
the Female Magician, who's dressed in a dirndl, pluck eggs
from behind Guests' ears and put them in her basket-- Each
time they focus on one of these, Sally sort of "listens"
with her radar, shakes her head and moves on.

MACKEY

Maybe we should call in some
backup.

SALLY

"Backup"?

MACKEY

Never mind.

He realizes she's staring at the Palm Reader. The Palm Reader suddenly looks up. Her eyes meet Sally's, her look darkens, and she quickly goes back to reading a YOUNG AGENT'S palm.

PALM READER

Why didn't you want to practice law? Why did you decide to be an agent?

The Young Agent laughs, startled, looking around at his friends--

AGENT

I was tired of practicing. I wanted to be a player.

PALM READER

The game is over. Beware of Sudden Death.

The Palm Reader's eyes lift to Sally as she says this. The Young Agent, weirded out, rises from the chair. Sally sits in his place. With a slightly queasy look, the Palm Reader takes Sally's hand--

PALM READER

...You're an educated woman...
There's been darkness in your life...Things you're trying to forget...You're not married...But there's a man after you...

(realizes:)

You're in danger.

Sally sudden stands, laughs that superficial social-climber laugh.

SALLY

Pass.

She grabs Mackey's hand and pulls him away. Mackey looks back, and sees, beyond the Palm Reader, half a dozen Security Types milling about the open garden gate, going through his car. Mackey trots after Sally, merging into the crowd pressing onto the large terrace overlooking the sea.

SALLY
 (to herself)
 Oh, god... the bride...

ON MACKEY-- spotting the palm reader, standing on the far side of the crowd near a doorway.

MINISTER (OS)
 And do you, Rock, accept
 Moon's hand in marriage?

Suddenly a tuxedoed arm snakes out of the dark doorway behind the palmreader, and pulls her into the darkness. It happens so quickly, so quietly, and at such a crucial moment in the ceremony, no one sees.

ROCK (OS)
 I do.

Mackey straightens, rising into full view-- amazed it's worked! Sally's tugging at his sleeve-- Mackey can't be bothered--

MINISTER (OS)
 Then I pronounce you man and--

Mackey's voice shatters the moment--

MACKEY
Forget it, you bastard!

The bridegroom leaps back from the kiss-- Mackey sprints across the open area-- women scream-- security goes berserk!

Sally reacts in shock.

SALLY
 Mackey-- it's the bride!

The bride reels away from her bridegroom, terrified as--

MACKEY-- bursts through the door into the closet where he saw the palm reader disappear-- slamming on the light. Discovering the woman in hot embrace with one of the ushers. The startled lovers jerk apart as Mackey staggers back.

MACKEY
 Oops...

Security descends on him like hounds on a mad bear.

Sally looks around in desperation-- catches something glinting in her vision off to the side, way up on the bluffs overlooking the terrace--

IN HER POV-- TO THE CLIFFS-- the GLINT of SUNLIGHT OFF GLASS.

BACK ON SALLY-- as she runs for the bride.

SALLY

Get down!

Mackey and security both wheel at that voice-- but Mackey's reaction is a split-second faster-- he jerks his way free and runs to intercept Sally--

MACKEY

No-- Sally!

ANGLE AT THE BRIDE-- as Sally arrives-- Mackey dives-- all three, Mackey and Sally and Bride go flying backwards -- and Mackey twists in sudden impact-- his shoulder erupting a gout of bright red. A second later the sharp, rolling RIFLE REPORT echoes over them all.

SCREAMS -- panic-- Pandemonium.

Sally scrambles up, crashing out of character, looking around in panic--

SALLY

(as herself)

Mackey!

She lurches up, races past the unhurt bride-- falls on Mackey--

SALLY

Mackey! You okay?!

She pulls him over. He's quite alive -- but bleeding badly.

MACKEY

(barely able)

No, goddamit!

He twists around-- they both look up--

IN THEIR POV TO THE TOP OF THE BLUFF-- CAPTURING the final escape of a MALE FIGURE-- disappearing over the rim.

MACKEY

Got him on the run now, the bastard.

He collapses.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT 6

FADE UP ON:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

MOVING WITH SALLY--walking down the hospital
corridor--comes to a room--knock knock--

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Mackey, in bed, shoulder heavily bandaged.

MACKEY

Hey.

SALLY

Hi. How do you feel?

MACKEY

With my fingers.

SALLY

(hands him the
flowers)

I didn't know what kind you
liked.

MACKEY

That's okay, neither do I.
Thanks.

He gives a token sniff, sets the flowers aside. Sally sits
down, squeezes his good arm.

SALLY

I'm sorry.

MACKEY

Aw, for what. I'm starting to
get used to you.

Sally smiles ruefully.

MACKEY

What else did you bring me?

She looks at him--glad he asked. From her bag she pulls a city map, spreads it on the bed, Mackey sliding over to make room. Then she pulls out something else, an art poster--

MACKEY

What's that?

SALLY

A Da Vinci drawing, one of his studies of human proportions.

And this--

(separates
another piece of
paper from it)

--Here I've traced the outline on tracing paper...which we can overlay on the map...

(does so)

And, voila...

She's arranged the tracing over the map so its figure--a man in a circle, arms and legs spread to touch the radius all the way around--falls exactly within the boundaries of the murders.

SALLY

"Gold Star Foot"? Remember?
It's both. It's a Star and a
Body.

MACKEY

He's obsessed with women's
bodies.

SALLY

And that's what I've been
seeing. Body parts. Legs.
Midriffs. Hands.

MACKEY

That's why you lay down in the
outline. You were picking up
on his obsession.

Sally smiles at this--realizing she wasn't crazy after all.
She returns excitedly to the map.

SALLY

And look. Here he killed a
dancer. Aerobics instructor
here. The rock club for the
hip or belly--bad pun and
all--and the rape--

MACKEY

Oh, man...

SALLY

Even the spread-eagle...

MACKEY

This guy's the pattern freak
of all time.

SALLY

(nods)

He's a Starmaker. In his mind
he's not destroying, he's
creating. He's making the
perfect woman.

MACKEY

(looking at
drawing)

And what's he missing?

SALLY

Breasts...

MACKEY

And then a pretty face.

Mackey looks at her. Sally brushes back a lock of hair.

MACKEY

Sally.

SALLY

What?

MACKEY

You know where he's gonna
strike next.

SALLY

I'm pretty sure, yes.

(points to map)

This region, here.

MACKEY

So don't go there.

(sees a look)

Not without your partner. You
understand what I'm saying?

Bad karma for the good guys.

I know you're trying to
control this thing, but--

MACKEY (CONTD)
(Sally's nodding;
he points to
where she
pointed)
--you promise me? Huh?

SALLY
I promise...

MACKEY
Do I have to chain you to a
desk?

SALLY
(shakes head no)
You're right.

MACKEY
You know I'm right.

Mackey puts out a hand.

MACKEY
I'm proud of you, Sal.

SALLY
Gosh. I'm so proud of you.

She squeezes his hand. He doesn't let go. Then does.
Sally packs up her visual aids.

SALLY
Gotta go. Full departmental
meeting, two-thirty.

MACKEY
You sure that's where you're
going.

SALLY
Mackey.

MACKEY
Keep me posted.

Sally smiles at him, happier than we've ever seen her.
Goes. Mackey lies back on his pillow. Not so happy.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUADROOM -- NIGHT.

CLOSE ON OFFICE CLOCK, READING 11:59, PAN DOWN TO THE MAP OF THE CITY. THE "PENTAGRAM"-- clearly discernable now, though still incomplete. Keller's finger prods it in the area of the next expected murder-- the area of the shoulder/neck/breast-- as SHOT WIDENS to REVEAL Keller, Stark, Martin, Luanne, and the other detectives of the "Eagle" task force.

Keller's just off the phone.

KELLER

Okay, the beauty contest's over, everything fine there. Tropicana Mud Wrestling-- so many guys volunteered for that, the Eagle'd have to come in with his own army to get at a girl.

(nervous
laughter)

Plastic surgeon's convention is long over, nothing happened. Every place even remotely suggesting the area of the body Sally says should be his next target is covered with cops. If she's right and he won't break the pattern, we just might have him flummoxed.

He looks at his watch. Raises his hand. Brings it down.

KELLER

Midnight!

MARTIN

The Eagle's grounded!

STARK

I'll be damned, first day he doesn't make a move. It worked.

A ragged cheer goes up.

LUANNE

Yeah, Sally and Mackey!

Luanne hugs Sally. Martin pats her on the back. Even Stark shakes her hand. Keller's too busy being congratulated-- he looks pleased as punch.

STARK

You think he's gone for good?

KELLER

He won't be gone for good
until I have him in jail.

STARK

And when's that gonna be?

KELLER

Can't happen too soon.

INT. MACKEY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT.

Sally comes in, goes to the desk and runs her hand over the
back of the chair there. Luanne comes into the doorway.

LUANNE

So how is he?

SALLY

Mackey? He's fine. They're
keeping him overnight.

LUANNE

Keller's gonna transfer him
off the case.

SAI

What you talking about?

LUANNE

He told me this morning. Said
to clean out my desk. Gonna
put Mackey on a desk job.
Says he's too reckless for his
own good.

SALLY

Mackey likes being reckless--
that's his form of recreation!

Luanne just shrugs, tears blurring her eyes. Martin sticks
his head in the door.

MARTIN

Oh. Sorry, but Keller wants
to see you, Sally.

Sally looks at Luanne, brushes back a lock of hair. Goes
out. Martin looks at Luanne.

MARTIN

You crying?

LUANNE
Allergies. Lot of crud in the
air these days.

She walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sally, seated across from Keller, stares off towards the map.

KELLER
You know neither one of us can
really rest til we catch him.
You want something, I want
something.

She turns, uneasy but swayed.

SALLY
All right. Deal.

Kelly looks pleased.

KELLER
Hollywood Boulevard?

SALLY
The Walk of Fame. But
Mackey's not to know.

KELLER
Who's gonna tell him?

CUT TO:

INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

Sally comes out of Keller's office. There's Martin.

MARTIN
Want to get a bite to eat?

SALLY
(softly)
Maybe later. Gotta get home
and change.

Martin shoots a look at Luanne, and a worried look toward the elevator, whose doors are closing.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Sally is alone in the descending elevator. She looks up at the corner mirror, catches sight of her reflection.

Reaching in her bag, she starts reapplying her lipstick, as we go in closer on the convex mirror...those lips, those eyes, that cute little nose...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CITY -- DAWN.

LIGHT FROM OUR STAR POURS PAST THE RIM OF THE PLANET -- rimming the city in fire. A COP CAR FOREGROUND, the two cops leaning against its fender smoking. A jogger trots by, Walkman headphones clamped to head.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (FILTER)

Well a night has passed
without a strike from the
Eagle, and today looks like
it's gonna be a sunny one here
in Southern...

(fades as jogger
leaves frame)

EXT. POLICE STATION -- MORNING.

Quiet. Very quiet. The loudest thing is the lanyard on the flagpole, slapping aluminum as the wind tugs at old glory.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/MARTIN'S PHOTO LAB -- DAY.

MOVING WITH MARTIN-- THROUGH THE DETECTIVES' ROOM, THROUGH A DOOR, DOWN A DARKER CORRIDOR AND INTO HIS LAB, THEN ON INTO HIS DARKROOM ITSELF.

Leaving the chaos of the detective area and entering Martin's world, we enter a space of calm and great order. Papers, printers, enlargers, shelves of cameras, lenses, lights, tripods-- all meticulously arranged and stored. It's clear at a glance Martin has his act very together.

He pokes at a hanging line of negative for a moment, but seems uneasy, unable to think of work. He goes back out of the darkroom on impulse.

IN THE LAB ITSELF-- Martin crosses directly to the telephone and dials. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON HIM. We can HEAR the LINE PICKUP at the other end, HEAR THE ANSWERING MACHINE--

SALLY'S VOICE (FILTER)

Hi, no this isn't Luanne's ex,
this is Sally. Leave a
message when you hear the
beep...

Martin hangs up halfway through the BEEP, concerned. He picks up the phone again-- but this time somebody else has grabbed the line. Martin goes to switch lines, then stops. Listening.

The voice is that of Captain Keller.

KELLER (FILTER)

Look, Stark, when you're my
boss, I'll answer questions
like that-- but as long as I'm
your damn boss, you'll just do
as I tell you. Four men--
just cover her and tell me if
anything happens to her, got
it? Hollywood Boulevard--
Walk of the Stars. Good!

Keller hangs up. Martin eases down the phone.

MARTIN

Bastard.

He runs from the room.

ACT 7

FADE UP ON:

INT. MACKEY'S HOSPITAL ROOM-- DAY.

MACKEY scowls as Luanne, visiting, dumps his mail out of a manila envelope onto the bed.

LUANNE

Bills, mostly, your car
payments are two months
behind, incidentally, and the
pictures from the rock club
killing, for your collection.

Mackey sifts these out routinely, tosses them on the bed next to those from the other murders, backhands the rest of the mail to the floor. The girl in the rock club is there sprawled spread-eagle over the lighting gel, staring back up at him.

Mackey shakes his head.

MACKEY

One more for his star-studded lineup. The creep.

LUANNE

You'll get him. And he's stopped.

MACKEY

For a day or two, maybe. He'll go again. He loves to do this, kill, arrange the body, sit there and admire his latest star...

His voice trails off.

MACKEY

Huh...

LUANNE

What?

MACKEY

(points)

The victim from the rock club. She's in spread-eagle position.

LUANNE

So? That's how he leaves them.

MACKEY

When he killed them and had time, he spread them out. But this time he was interrupted by Sally-- the victim fell in a fetal position-- I know, I saw her seconds after he split.

(stares at the picture)

He never got a chance to put her like this.

LUANNE

Well someone sure did, cause
this is the way Martin
photographed her.

Mackey looks up at her a beat, then whacks himself hard in
the head--

MACKEY

Stupid!

He leaps up and starts tearing into his clothes.

LUANNE

Mackey-- what in the world you
doing?!

MACKEY

Hoping I'm wrong!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD-- DAY.

Here we are in full L.A. Circus mode-- JUNKIES, BIKINI'D
ROLLER SKATERS, SIDEWALK PREACHERS, GAWKING TOURISTS,
BIKERS, TEENAGE HOOKERS OF BOTH SEXES-- the living proof of
Buckminster Fuller's old adage that if the country were
stood on end, everything loose would roll into L.A.

Through this walks Sally.

The thing that strikes the eye immediately is how damn
beautiful she is-- stunning. And most of all the face, it
radiates beauty, a deep, sensuous aura that glows from the
eyes and mouth and cheekbones in a mask of incredible
allure and vulnerability. She turns heads-- gets
whistles-- draws the energy of the street, good and bad,
right to her.

EXT. ROOFTOP-- DAY.

HIGH ANGLE SHARPLY DOWN ON HER FROM ROOF-TOP HEIGHT. This
would be the angle of a raptor, a jumper, or sniper. ZOOM
BACK TO REVEAL STARK & HALF A DOZEN COPS-- on the rooftop,
watching her with mild curiosity.

STARK

This has got to be the
stupidest thing Keller's ever
had me do.

HIGGINS

What about that time he had
you stake out those three nuns
he thought were stealing
bulldozers?

STARK

Second most stupid.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD-- DAY.

CUT TO TIGHT SHOT MOVING WITH SALLY ON THE STREET-- eyes
shining, projecting some immense energy and hurt and
charisma. All around her are the dark potential ones-- the
shabby lurkers, the shiney-faced skin-heads, the over-
dressed, hard-eyed three-piece polyester suiters with the
pink hands and stained trousers, the pocket dips, pimps,
underclass piranha, needle-pocked stick-and-run artists--
all seeming to be aware of her alone now, watching,
drifting towards her...

She's in some sort of daze-- looks like anyone could attack
her and she'd do nothing to defend herself. And her feet
start onto the Walk of Fame--

MOVING WITH HER FEET-- as the stars of the famous and dead
flash beneath, a strung-out galaxy of nostalgia and talent
and hype all mixed together-- each encased in concrete and
cold brass star.

SALLY-- pauses near a dark doorway, neither we nor she
knowing why. As if she senses something... some one...
nearby. She turns to go back the other way-- and bumps
into an outstretched hand-- stumbles right into--

MARTIN. He grabs her, concerned-- relieved--

MARTIN

Thank god-- Sally-- I was
afraid-- you shouldn't be here
alone, you...

(looks at her
more closely)

Sally?

She looks at him without really seeing him--

SALLY

Have... you... come to get me?

He stares at her, incredulous.

EXT. ROOFTOP-- DAY.

Stark puts down his binoculars and swears.

STARK

Martin! Jesus-- love never
quits! Higgins-- get your
butt down and get him the hell
out of there.

Higgins takes off like a deer.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD-- DAY.

Martin stares into Sally's glazed eyes--

MARTIN

Sally-- you on something?
You...

SALLY

Come to kill me, like Mommy
and Daddy? Who are you?

A tear courses down her face, though her expression is
simply stunned-curious. Dangerously open-- that look a
gazelle gets when its down with the leopard. Already
somewhere else, jugular surrendered.

MARTIN

The bastards are using you,
baby... You want this-- is
this what you think your job
is?

She looks up at him, eyes swimming with tears.

SALLY

My job is to be here with you,
Martin...

Martin makes a decision--

MARTIN

Come on-- you're coming with
me.

She reaches out her hand, sobbing quietly now.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEARBY CORNER AND BUILDING ENTRANCE-- DAY.

Martin and Sally come round the corner and enter the building. Moments latter Higgins, really making time, streaks around the corner and into the building after them. HOLD ON THE DOOR a beat longer than we might if everything was all right, then

CUT TO:

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT-- DAY.

The door swings open and Martin leads her in-- Sally now openly sobbing.

SALLY

Oh my god, my god... what's wrong with me?

MARTIN

It's okay, it's okay, Sally. Just take deep breaths and relax.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION HOUSE -- DAY.

MACKEY -- careens through-- ignores the shocked looks-- not even breaking stride--

INT. MARTIN'S POLICE STUDIO.

Mackey bursts in-- Luanne running in behind him.

LUANNE

What!?

MACKEY

(calling)

Martin!

No one. Mackey kicks open the darkroom door, hand going for his gun--

INT. MARTIN'S POLICE DARKROOM.

Empty. Mackey lowers the gun, eases forward, amazed by--

HANGING PICTURES. CAREFUL CLOSE-UP SHOTS OF HANDS, LEGS, FEET, BELLY'S, BREASTS-- a fragmented homage to murdered women...

LUANNE

Oh my god, not Martin...

INT. MARTIN'S POLICE STUDIO.

Mackey tears back into the room-- darts to the telephone on sudden impulse. Picks up the phone. Looks at the buttons.

EXTREME CLOSEUP OF THE DIAL PANEL. There's a REDIAL BUTTON-- MACKEY'S FINGER hits it.

CLOSE ON MACKEY-- we HEAR THE AUTOMATIC DIALING-- THE RING-- THE ANSWERING MACHINE SAY--

SALLY'S VOICE (FILTER)
Hi, no this isn't Luanne's ex,
this is Sally. Leave a
message when you hear the
beep...

Mackey slams it down in mounting alarm.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP-- DAY.

Stark scans the distant corner with the binoculars. No one. The entrance to the building is not visible from this angle.

STARK
What the hell's Higgins doing,
telling Martin his life story?

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICES-- DAY.

Mackey heads straight for Keller's, knocking guys out of the way. Bursts in--

INT. KELLER'S OFFICE-- DAY.

MACKEY
I need an all-points alert--
now!

Keller looks up in shock--

KELLER
You're supposed to be in the
hospital.

Mackey practically climbs across the desk--

MACKEY
This is life and death,
Keller-- I need to find
Sally-- fast!

Keller gives a shaky little smile, stuck in the middle here.

KELLER
Sally's fine. What you got?

MACKEY
A wild hunch-- maybe the
killer...
(thinks about
what he's just
heard)
What do you mean "she's fine"?
What you know about what she
is?

KELLER
Who you think's the killer?

Mackey's got it figured lightning-fast now-- he grabs Keller by the shirtfront with his good hand and lifts him right out from behind his desk-- screaming at him--

MACKEY
What you do-- you used her for
bait, didn't you-- you
bastard!

KELLER
I got her out of my hair! If
she happens to be right, so
much the better-- Stark's got
it covered-- hey!

MACKEY
(shaking him
harder)
Where?!

KELLER
(barely able to
get it out)
Hollywood Boulevard-- Walk of
the Stars!

Mackey throws him aside and tears out of the place like a man possessed. Keller claws his way back up, screaming after him.

KELLER
You're off the case, Mackey!

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION-- DAY.

MACKEY'S CAR-- careens out of the subterranean garage, siren wailing-- and SMASHES RIGHT INTO A PASSING GARBAGE TRUCK.

CLOSER ANGLE-- as Mackey's smashed car spins to a stop, front accordioned and dead. Mackey leaps out and kicks the thing viciously.

MACKEY
Piece of junk!

He wheels and levels his gun at the first car coming at him.

MACKEY (CONTD)
Freeze, you bastard!

The car, a GREEN VOLVO STATIONWAGON, screeches to a halt. Inside is a neatly trimmed BRENTWOOD MAN and his wife. They lift their hands above their heads in terror.

MAN
One joint-- I can't believe
it!

CUT TO:

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT-- DAY.

MARTIN AND SALLY-- in this weird embrace, Martin showering her with hugs, caressing her hair--

MARTIN
Everything's gonna be okay,
Sally, baby with the perfect
face-- don't let tears ruin
it-- it's time for your
portrait...

He sort of waltzes her into the next room-- against a wall-- he flips a switch-- lighting the wall up-- lighting the photo collage on it as well--

ON MARTIN-- looking at it in pride--

MARTIN

You'll go to the head of the class, as you should, as the brightest and most beautiful face-- the star face--

CUT TO HIS P.O.V. of THE COLLAGE-- A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH OF A WOMAN FRAMED BY A GOLD STAR-- the portrait actually made up of parts of many women-- each part perfect, each combining with the others-- perfect arms and feet and legs and torso-- on and on to make the perfect woman-- except on the left, the hand and breast is missing. Unfulfilled.

MARTIN

All my life I've worshipped women-- wanted to find the perfect one-- now I'm almost there--

THE MONTAGE PICTURE--area of the head-- That is not there yet either...

ON SALLY-- looking up to the work--

MARTIN

Your face, your head will crown it-- will make the ultimate star--
(breathless)
What do you think?

CUT TO HER P.O.V.-- the same collage-- BUT ABSOLUTELY DIFFERENT-- each supposedly "perfect" piece the montage woman made up of a bizarre, grotesque CLOSE UP OF A PART OF ONE OF THE MURDERED WOMEN-- a torso, twisted hand, bruised foot, on and on in a dreadful collage of violation and death.

SALLY

So beautiful...

She turns to him, shaking her head in wonder, as this WEIRD, SPINE TINGLING MUSIC SLIPS IN-- and Martin's face-- held in excruciating suspense while she looked-- now breaks into this lop-sided smile of ecstatic happiness. Eyes rimmed with tears, sweat beading his lips and forehead.

MARTIN

You really think so? Really, really, really?

SALLY

Really and truly beautiful--
and I want my head there, my
beautiful innocent head there
for you, Martinnnnn...

He grabs a camera, trembling so badly he can hardly contain himself. The look in his face is growing more and more frightening in an almost orgasmic joy--

MARTIN

The roof-- we'll find the
light there, baby, Sally baby,
you'll be so beautiful when I
do it, so beautiful with the
wind in your hair...

She leans into him and the two head arm in arm for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD-- DAY.

Mackey screeches up in the station wagon, leaps out and runs along the street, grabbing people at random--

MACKEY

You seen a girl here just now?
Pretty-- long blond hair--
real pretty?

RANDOM PEOPLE

You crazy?/No!/You want a
girl, I get you a girl!/ etc

A moment later Stark and his men are racing across the street--

STARK

Where is she!

MACKEY

You tell me, you bastard!
(thinking fast)
Call and get Martin's home
address-- fast!

STARK

Martin's? He was just here.

MACKEY

Get the address!

CUT TO:

INT. MARTIN'S APARTMENT ROOF-- DAY.

MOVING WITH SALLY-- as she spins like a drunken waltzer across the roof, circled by Martin, slung with cameras, snapping away at her with demented energy-- Sally snatching the clasp from her hair-- letting the wind take it in its fingers--

MARTIN

Yes, yes, beautiful, oh, so
good-- yes! Over by the
railing-- yes, what drama!
Lean out-- reach for it--
reach for immortality-- the
camera loves you-- I love you!

Sally leans out-- so far out she almost loses her balance--
having to drop her hair clasp. It spins away towards the
street, ten stories below.

SALLY

(entranced)

Tell me how you did it-- tell
me how you killed them all.

MARTIN

Just close your eyes-- close
your eyes like you're feeling
the most delicious, sexy ooooh
feeling you can imagine!

Sally leans back, a smile of terrible satisfaction coming
over her perfect face, and closes her eyes--

SALLY

Tell meeeeeee...

EXT. THE STREET-- DAY.

Mackey wheels on Stark-- Stark stares holes at the guy with
the walkie-talkie--

COP WITH WALKIE-WALKIE

Still waiting, sir; they're
searching for the address.

MACKEY

Come on! If something's
happened to her, Stark, I
swear to god I'll--

Something beans Stark right on the top of the head.

STARK

Ouch!

The thing clinks to the sidewalk. Mackey looks down, curious. Picks it up. Sally's hair clasp. At the same instant the cop with the walkie-talkie says:

COP

3487 Hollywood Boulevard.

Mackey looks at the building behind them--

MACKEY

That's here!

He looks straight back up-- then tears off for the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF'S EDGE-- DAY.

SALLY-- leans out-- ecstatic, entranced--

SALLY

Tell me you did it. I want to hear you say it... Tell me you did, tell me how.

MARTIN

Just lean-- farther, farther-- good-- hold that!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET-- DAY.

STARK-- cranes up-- sees--

-- SALLY-- IN HIS P.O.V.-- leaning far out over the lip of the uppermost parapet of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL-- DAY.

MACKEY-- tearing up the stairs-- leaping the body of Higgins!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF'S EDGE-- DAY.

ON MARTIN-- putting down the camera, eyes glazed--

MARTIN

Now don't move. I'll tell you
how I did it...

He starts forward, hands coming up for the shove-- eyes
alight with the triumph--

MARTIN (CONTD)

I did it clean and fast and
different for each one, baby,
each one got the kind of end
she dreamed of her whole
life--

He's about to shove -- when suddenly Sally snaps erect--
points at him and shouts in a commanding voice--

SALLY

Hold it right there! Martin--
just hold it right there!

Martin stops a moment. Off-guard. The woman looking at
him now is firm, in command, Sally the veteran, the cop.

MARTIN

What is this...

Her voice is full of compassion but terribly, terribly
strong.

SALLY

The end, Martin. It's over.
We're gonna go call the
department now. Come on.

Martin is frozen-- unsure of what to do-- when the silence
is shattered by a VOICE booming up from below the roof's
access door--

MACKEY (O.S.)

SALLYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!

TIGHT ON MARTIN-- the voice registering-- his eyes snapping
wide open in rage. He turns and charges Sally like a mad
bull!

Sally side-steps him, puts out her foot and sends him
sprawling into the low wall by roof's edge.

SALLY

Martin don't do this!

But Martin's getting back up, murder in his eye, unhinging
a nasty looking knife from his pocket.

MARTIN
Gotta punish you now...

He charges again--

CN SALLY-- snatching up Martin's camera by the strap-- swinging the motor-driven thing around in a hard arc-- back-stepping so that his charge takes him full into the arc rather than her body. There's an awful THUNK! and Martin goes down hard.

A second later Mackey makes the roof, rasping and wide-eyed.

MACKEY
Sally!

She drops the camera, turns to him, her face a study in grief.

SALLY
I didn't want to hurt him.

Next second Martin lunges up behind her with a maniac's howl from his enraged face-- and charges into her with everything he's got!

Mackey watches in Horror and the two reel to the railing and tip over--

MACKEY
No--!

But momentum has its way-- the two go over. But Sally just manages to twist and grab the railing-- hanging on for dear life for the precious second it takes Mackey to reach her!

CLOSE ANGLE AT THE EDGE-- as Mackey grabs her wrists just as her fingers slide off-- locking on to her. Martin hangs onto her legs-- screaming imprecations up at both of them--
!

SALLY
Mackey!

MACKEY
(grimacing at the weight, starting to go over himself)
I ain't letting you go, so help me god!

He slips a little farther towards the point of no return-- and then suddenly Martin can't hang on any longer-- he tears free and drops screaming into space.

TIGHT ON SALLY AND MACKEY-- Mackey pulling them both back onto the roof INTO EXTREME CLOSE UP-- Sally's face at last resolved, complete, there.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET-- DAY.

HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON STARK-- standing square in the middle of one of the big brass stars, staring straight up past camera with a look of awe and mounting horror-- SLOW MOTION.

STARK

Oh my god.

REVERSE IN HIS P.O.V., STRAIGHT UP-- to the face of the building, the sky, and Martin-- spread-eagled against the blue, blue sky, mouth open like a man having the biggest, most spectacular orgasm in the universe.

MARTIN

EEEEEEEEYYAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!

REVERSE TO STARK AND THE BOYS-- scattering in every direction, running for their lives.

ANGLE ON A KID AT THE CURB-- ignoring it all, calling to the passing cars, selling--

KID

Maps to the stars homes-- maps
to the stars--

Stark tears through and sweeps the kid away. A split second later something hits the kid's sandwich board and folding chair like a bomb!

ANGLE LOW ON THE STREET-- as Stark and the kid hit and roll. Stark covers the kid's head as pieces of chair, sandwich board, maps and god knows what else come raining down around them.

Then there's awesome silence.

Stark looks back. The kid sticks his head up.

KID

You want a map, Mister, you
could ask.

WIDE-- Stark stands. Keller wheels up in an unmarked, gets out amid a blizzard of maps to the stars' homes. Cops are coming out from hiding, looking at whatever's left of Martin, HIDDEN FROM SIGHT IN THIS SHOT by a parked car.

KELLER

What the hell was that?

Stark looks up, stunned.

STARK

I think the Eagle, believe it or not.

Keller looks. Grimaces.

KELLER

Looks like a dead duck to me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP-- DAY.

ON THE ROOF ACCESS DOOR-- as Keller, Stark and several COPS top the stairs, winded, looking around to -

SALLY AND MACKEY-- Mackey awkwardly giving her a hug, then whacking her on the back, then suddenly looking at her in anger--and then hugging her again. He doesn't quite know how to do it, but he sure as hell is gonna show his feelings, no matter who's watching or how dumb he looks.

Keller shakes his head in amazement.

KELLER

How long did you know?

Sally shrugs.

SALLY

All along. I just didn't know it. He told me once someone'd kill to take my picture. I saw his pupils dilate. Consciously, I was flattered. Unconsciously, I was afraid. Then the day after the rock club murder? I saw this smudge on the back of his hand-- you know, where they stamp it? I didn't make the connection-- because I didn't want to.

KELLER
(just a hint of
ruefulness)
You liked the guy.

SALLY
Then when he knew he had to
kill from a distance at the
wedding...I knew.

MACKEY
So why did you come up here
with him?

SALLY
I didn't. The victim did.
The lost innocent...the new
girl in town...looking for
someone to believe in her...

She's looking at Mackey as she says this.

MACKEY
I saw you deck him. That
wasn't the victim.

SALLY
No.
(realizing)
That was me.
(firm, to Keller)
Mackey's partner. He's back,
I'm with him. Deal's a deal.

KELLER
(caught; shrugs)
Deal's a deal.

He looks around to Mackey, Stark, and the other cops on the
roof.

KELLER (CONTD)
What you guys staring at?
Let's get the reporters up
here...

He straightens his tie, starts patting his hair into
place--

--as Mackey and Sally head toward the exit stairs,
comparing notes:

MACKEY
Did you negotiate for me with
Keller?

SALLY

(lightly)

Well, the lawyer in me did.

MACKEY

Really? How is she on alimony cases? My guy really blew it.

SALLY

Mackey, am I going to regret this?

MACKEY

Probably. Come on, buy me a Coke and I'll buy you a beer...

CRANING UP SLOWLY during this, and now TILTING UP, beyond the lights of Hollywood, toward the night sky, and as the acid yellow smog clears, toward the real stars above....as we ROLL CREDITS...and FADE OUT.