

SLIVER

by Ira Levin

Screenplay by Joe Eszterhas

Produced by Robert Evans
Directed by Phillip Noyce

August, 1992

**For Educational
Purposes Only**

FADE IN:

EXT. THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

The hours before dawn, in the spring rain. We see the city from on high, as we hear Joseph Suk's "IDYL IN F MINOR, OP. 7" -- tinkling, romantic, haunting, foreboding. Down Park, down Madison, PANNING across grand, old-style apartment buildings, and then we see it...

Wedged between two of these grand buildings, a narrow, needle-like high-rise -- a sliver of a building, jarringly modern, bizarre in context...

As we PAN in the rain, we get the sense of a city nearly abandoned, still -- but hauntingly, forebodingly still.

We ZOOM CLOSER to this sliver, CLOSER, CLOSER, and then we are inside the lobby.

INT. THE LOBBY

In the f.g., a WORKMAN -- Hispanic, in his 40's -- is up on a ladder, working on a light.

In the b.g., two uniformed SECURITY GUARDS sit at a bank of screens. We see the small, black and white screens. They show corridors and doorways.

In the f.g., the Worker looks at the light. He stares. A beat, and then he smiles.

In the b.g., we see the security screens suddenly lose their pictures, replaced by electronic snow.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Jesus, not again.

SECURITY GUARD #2

This system is fucked, man.

They start hitting buttons.

In the f.g., the Worker comes off his ladder, takes it, and heads for an elevator.

In the b.g., the security screens are still filled with snow.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Should we call?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECURITY GUARD #2

I don't know.

SECURITY GUARD #1

It's probably just the damn rain.

They hit other buttons.

The Workman stands at the elevator, waiting. He looks lost in his thoughts. The doors open, he goes inside with his ladder.

INT. THE ELEVATOR

He pushes the button. We see a security camera on the ceiling. The elevator ascends, CREAKING, slowly, and then it stops. He hits a button again. No go. Again. Nothing. The lights suddenly go out.

WORKMAN

(to himself)

Shit.

He hits the emergency button. Nothing.

He stands there a long moment. We hear CREAKS from somewhere, a TAPPING noise.

He gets up on the ladder, goes to the ceiling, removes the slot. He pulls himself up.

INT. THE ELEVATOR SHAFT

The creaking and tapping have STOPPED. It is eerily still here. He adjusts his eyes to the light, hunched on top of the elevator. He stands up carefully.

He hears a NOISE -- turns, startled. Then he hears a loud WHOOSHING sound, turns back, looks up, screams.

A large, iron object strikes him..

In the split-second before it does, he sees, and we see:

High up in the shaft, on a perch, a vague, BLURRED IMAGE... it looks like someone in a black hooded sweatshirt, faceless, spectral.

INT. THE ELEVATOR - DAWN

It is in the lobby. We see blood on the sides of it. The Workman's body, covered with a rubber sheet. Detectives, uniformed policemen, forensic guys.

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CONTINUED:

Two DETECTIVES lift the sheet, look at the body.

A worn-looking, middle-aged man comes up behind them.
He is LT. VICTOR CORELLI.

One of the Detectives sees him.

FIRST DETECTIVE

Vic.

Corelli looks over the elevator, the body.

FIRST DETECTIVE

Julio Rodriguez, janitor. Gets stuck, loses his cool, goes up there. The pulley comes down. He loses his head. Literally.

Corelli stares.

ANOTHER DETECTIVE

They've had trouble with the elevators ever since they put up the building. Modern technology, right, Vic?

LT. CORELLI

(after a long beat)

You buy it?

FIRST DETECTIVE

(grins)

How much does it cost?

Corelli looks at him.

LT. CORELLI

(after a beat)

We've got to get somebody in here.

FIRST DETECTIVE

(beat)

Are you kidding? You're going to get a cop past their screening committee? Forget it, Vic.

Corelli looks at him a beat, deadpan -- then smiles slowly.

EXT. THE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

She walks in. A doorman hold the door for her. She's an attractive woman, conservatively dressed in a grey business suit, the kind of woman who, on a given day, could look either 30 or 40.

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CONTINUED:

She's 36. There's a simplicity about her a quiet strength behind which are quick flashes of undefined vulnerability. CARLA NORRIS -- Carly to her friends.

As soon as she walks in, a woman in her early 60's, very kept, nicely dressed, comes up to her. MRS. McEVOY, the manager.

CLOSE to Carly now -- we see that she is wearing a beautifully-hued crimson scarf that isn't really in character with the grey suit.

MRS. McEVOY

Ms. Norris?

CARLY

(smiles)

I'm sorry I'm late. Midtown traffic, I'll never get used to it.

MRS. McEVOY

I'm Evelyn McEvoy.

They shake hands.

CARLY

Hello.

McEvoy looks her over assessingly, likes what she sees.

MRS. McEVOY

Shall I show you the apartment?

CARLY

Please.

MRS. McEVOY

(smiles)

I like your scarf. Hermes?

She leads her toward the elevators.

CARLY

St. Laurent. I like Hermes, though. I've got a white scarf I really love.

McEvoy looks at her and smiles.

INT. THE ELEVATOR

as it ascends. They are alone. The button to 20 is lit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. McEVOY
Where do you live now?

CARLY
In the Village.

MRS. McEVOY
This would be quite a change.

CARLY
(smiles)
That's partly the point.

MRS. McEVOY
Have you grown tired of the
Village?

CARLY
I grew tired of my marriage.

MRS. McEVOY
(after a beat)
Oh, I'm sorry.

CARLY
(smiles)
I'm not.

As they get out, McEvoy leading the way down the corridor, Carly, behind her, glances back at the elevator -- for just a flicker of a second.

INT. THE CORRIDOR

McEvoy is opening a door, Carly behind her.

MRS. McEVOY
I hope you like heights.

CARLY
I like looking down.

McEvoy looks at her, sees her smile.

MRS. McEVOY
(smiles)
Good. So do I.

INT. THE APARTMENT

McEvoy opens the door. Carly steps in behind her. There is a small foyer that opens to the living room. The apartment is tasteful, airy. Carly stops, stares.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. McEVOY
Central air-conditioning,
Poggenpohl kitchen.

Carly steps into the living room, looks around, then goes to the window and looks out. The view is over the lower buildings across Madison.

CARLY
I love the view.

MRS. McEVOY
Yes. It's a... bright place.

She watches Carly looking out.

MRS. McEVOY
What is it that you do, Ms.
Norris?

CARLY
I'm an editor at Sutton.

MRS. McEVOY
Oh. Well. That sounds fine.

CARLY
(smiles)
It sounds better than it is. I'm underpaid and overworked and have too many writers who miss their deadlines.

She is walking around the living room, looking at things, then looks at the glass ceiling dish, sculpted in Art Deco curves.

CARLY
What a terrific light.

MRS. McEVOY
Isn't it? No expense was spared, really. Shall I show you the rest of it?

She leads her quickly away -- takes her into the kitchen -- we see tan laminate, stainless steel, trim appliances.

MRS. McEVOY
Great counter space. The rent is a bargain, considering.

She takes her into the bathroom -- we see chrome hardware, a large tub, another Art Deco dish in the ceiling, smaller than the one in the living room.

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CONTINUED:

CARLY
(smiles)
I like the tub.

MRS. McEVOY
(smiles)
Yes. I like tubs myself.

And on into the bedroom -- almost as large as the living room, freshly white, a wide window, a great view. Carly stares at the bedroom a long beat.

MRS. McEVOY
(after a beat)
It's a nice room for... reading, isn't it?

CARLY
(smiles)
For reading?

She turns to her --

CARLY
Yes, it is.

McEvoy looks at her as Carly heads back into the living room, looks around again.

CARLY
(suddenly)
I'll take it.

McEvoy looks at her a beat.

MRS. McEVOY
(smiles)
Maybe you should think about it.

CARLY
(smiles)
I've thought about it. I'll take it.

MRS. McEVOY
(after a beat)
Are you certain?

CARLY
Yes.
(she smiles)
Shouldn't I be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. McEVOY

(after a beat;
smiles)

Yes. Of course you should. Let's
go downstairs and fill out your
application, shall we?

INT. SUTTON PUBLISHERS

As she is walking down the corridor toward her office,
a woman in her early 40's swoops down on her from one
of the other offices. JUDY MARKS, a little loud in
clothes and manner.

JUDY

(excited)

I've got two tickets for Pavarotti
Friday.

CARLY

(smiles)

I don't want to go see
Pavarotti. I don't want to go to
another opera as long as I live.
Nor the ballet. What do you want
me to do? Meet another nice,
charming man like David and
realize seven years later that--

JUDY

(rolls her eyes)

Oh, God--

CARLY

(smiles)

-- I'm bored shitless? Why don't
you ever get tickets to...

She thinks -- her assistant, ROXIE, young, good-
looking, comes up to her.

ROXIE

Tom's waiting for you in your
office.

Carly nods, turns to Judy.

CARLY

(grins)

... The Red Hot Chili Peppers.

ROXIE

(grins)

All right -- I love the Chilis!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY

(in disbelief)

The Red Hot Chili Peppers? Aren't they the ones who stand up there wearing nothing but their guitars?

CARLY

(to Roxie)

Tell him I'll be right there!

Roxie walks away.

JUDY

You're being a putz, you know. How am I going to meet any attractive men if I have to do it myself. You love Pavarotti.

CARLY

(smiles)

I am a putz. I wasted seven years.

JUDY

Will you stop it? You're a vibrant, sensuous woman ready for new adventures, new horizons, new lovers, new orgasms--

CARLY

(smiles)

I remember that word. I have a faint memory of it. I've forgotten what it means exactly.

PETER FARRIS, man in his 40's, a company vice-president, tweedy, balding, steps out of an office in front of her.

PETER

Carly--

JUDY

Putz! I hate you!

She turns and goes theatrically away.

PETER

Why are you a putz?

CARLY

(smiles)

Because I have a faint memory of the word "orgasm" but have forgotten what it means exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

(smiles)

Really? Should I find you a dictionary?

CARLY

(grins)

Very funny, Peter.

PETER

How is the Brando book? We're talking about moving the pub date--

CARLY

Jesus, Peter, I've got Tom Wolfe's new novel and all you keep saying is Brando, Brando, Brando. Give me a break.

PETER

(smiles)

Tom's not going to finish it until 2005. Meanwhile, we've got to stay in business with... less literary efforts.

CARLY

You want to know about Brando? I'll tell you about Brando -- my writer doesn't know the difference between a semi-colon and a comma.

PETER

He doesn't have to know the difference. What difference? The only difference is a dot. All he has to do is give us the real skinny. Is there a lot of real skinny?

CARLY

(exasperated)

Yes, Peter, there is a lot of real skinny.

PETER

(grins)

You know, I think you have a special talent for eliciting good, juicy gossip.

CARLY

It must be my prurient Catholic childhood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

(grins; looks at her)

Have you ever considered a
prurient adulthood?

CARLY

(smiles)

Get me that dictionary. Maybe one
thing will lead to another.

Peter smiles after her as she gets to her office.

ROXIE

Mr. Parsons called. He wants to
take you to lunch at the Four
Seasons.

CARLY

Shit. That means he's not giving
me the raise.

A beat, and she goes into her office. Tom Wolfe is
sitting there.

CARLY

(smiles)

Don't tell me. You hate the new
chapter and you're missing another
deadline.

WOLFE

(smiles)

Lynn called you.

She goes to him, kisses him on the cheek, goes behind
her desk.

CARLY

She says the new chapter is
sensational. You look terrific.

WOLFE

I look like a man who's been
sitting in a room all by himself
staring at paper for most of his
life. What does Lynn know anyway?

CARLY

(smiles)

Lynn Nesbitt Knows Everything...
you know that.

WOLFE

(smiles)

You're right, she does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

Can I see the new chapter?

WOLFE

(smiles)

Well... I'm going to rework it a bit.

CARLY

(rolls her eyes)

God, Tom.

(a beat)

You know what I think we should do? I think we should get Jann to publish it in chapters again like "Bonfire".

WOLFE

(smiles)

Very sly. You're assuming Jann's going to cajole me into finishing it quickly.

CARLY

(smiles)

Jann? Cajole? Not at all. I just know Jann's going to be very happy to publish it.

Roxie comes in.

ROXIE

I'm sorry. There's a Mrs. McEvoy on line one. She says its very important.

CARLY

(to Wolfe)

I've got to take this. My new apartment.

She picks the phone up -- as she does, Roxie chats with Wolfe in the background.

CARLY

Yes, Mrs. McEvoy.

(a beat)

Already?

(she smiles)

No, not at all, I just didn't think it would happen this fast.

(a beat)

I am very excited. Thank you.

(a beat)

Next week will be fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hangs up, sits there, looks lost in her thoughts a moment -- Wolfe and Roxie look at her.

CARLY

I got my new apartment.

ROXIE

You just looked at it this morning.

CARLY

They approved it already.

ROXIE

This fast?

CARLY

(after a beat)

I don't get it, either.

A long beat.

WOLFE

Aren't you even going to tell me where it is?

CARLY

(smiles)

1300 Madison.

WOLFE

(smiles)

Madison -- I like it -- spiffy, upscale --

ROXIE

(disturbed)

Thirteen-hundred?

CARLY

Yes. What's the matter?

WOLFE

Narrow building, new --

CARLY

Yes.

ROXIE

(after a beat)

Those deaths. I'm not superstitious -- weird, though. I remembered the address. Suicide, an O.D., a couple days ago, there was this janitor in the elevator--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY
I guess I did read something--

WOLFE
(smiles)
No wonder they approved you so fast.

Carly looks lost in her thoughts.

ROXIE
Doesn't it bother you?

CARLY
(after a beat; smiles)
It's got a great view.

WOLFE
(smiles)
Well, that's what counts.

CARLY
(grins)
In New York? That's all that counts.
(to Roxie)
Will you get Lynn for me and Jann Wenner at Rolling Stone?
(to Wolfe)
You're going to finish this book before 2005.

WOLFE
(beat; smiles)
That gives me some time.

EXT. 1300 MADISON - DAY

She is carrying two cartons of breakables. The DOORMAN is helping someone with suitcases into the cab she's gotten out of. She is trying to open the door herself -- not easy with the cartons.

A young man in his mid-20's opens the door for her. He wears Reeboks, jeans, a tight pullover. He is clean-cut, very good-looking. ZEKE HAWKINS. He smiles at her -- he has a dazzling smile.

CARLY
(casually)
Thanks.

She goes to the elevator, hits the button. Zeke is suddenly there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

Somebody's holding them.
Somebody's always holding them.
Here, let me help you.

He smiles at her again.

CARLY

It's okay, I can --

ZEKE

Come on, I've got two arms,
they're both empty.

She lets him take one, gives him a slight smile. The
Doorman who was outside is there.

DOORMAN

Sorry I couldn't get the door for
you, Ms. Norris.

CARLY

That's okay, -- the movers should
be here in an hour or so.

DOORMAN

I'll keep an eye out for you.

CARLY

Thank you.

He nods his head... a beat... and he walks away.

ZEKE

(smiles)

He didn't want the thank you, he
wanted the tip.

CARLY

(slight smile)

Well, he didn't get the door for
me, did he?

They look at each other a beat--

ZEKE

(smiles)

He sure didn't.

A MAN in a hooded gray sweatshirt comes up to the
elevator. We can't see his face very well. The hood
is up and he is wearing sunglasses. The sweatshirt
looks sweated. He looks to be in his 40's -- rawboned
cheeks, sandy moustache.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE
You moving in today?

CARLY
Twenty B.

ZEKE
(smiles)
13A. Zeke Hawkins.

CARLY
(slight smile)
Carly Norris. Hi.

They try to shake hands, can't because of the cartons -- grin a little.

ZEKE
(smiles)
Hi.

The Man in the sweatshirt is watching her. She glances at him. He looks away.

The elevator door opens. A dog shoots out, leashed by a woman in a blue denim pants suit, sunglasses.

INT. THE ELEVATOR

She carries the carton in -- Zeke comes in behind her, touches the "20" and "13" buttons. The Man in the hooded sweatshirt comes in, touches "9", faces the closing door. She glances him -- sees the rawboned cheeks, the sandy moustache.

ZEKE
(smiles)
This is heavy. Let me take the other one for you.

CARLY
(slight smile)
It's fine. Really.

The elevator stops at "9". The door slides open. The Man in the hooded sweatshirt goes out. The door closes again.

ZEKE
(grins)
I know the neighborhood real well. If you want the lowdown on stores--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

How's the market across the street?

ZEKE

It's okay.

(grins)

There's a Sloan's on Lex that's cheaper.

CARLY

(grins)

Thanks.

They're at thirteen --

ZEKE

(grins)

I'm not going to ask you again if I can take that up for you.

CARLY

(grins)

Good. Don't.

He gives her the carton. The door starts to close -- he holds it open with his hand.

He looks at her again, smiles.

ZEKE

Welcome to thirteen hundred. You'll like it here.

CARLY

(slight smile)

I will.

He smiles at her a beat, still holding the door open.

CARLY

(smiles)

They are getting just a little heavy.

ZEKE

(grins)

Sorry. See you.

A beat, and he gets out. She smiles. The door closes.

As the elevator ascends, she looks around it -- and then at the ceiling.

INT. THE MARKET ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

She is shopping, her cart filling. A man in his 60's, carrying a basket with hardly anything in it, is following her, looking at her. She sees him, glances at him. He looks nervously away. He is a weather-worn, gray-haired man in a safari jacket: GUS HALE.

She pushes her cart toward the check-out lines, picks the shorter of the two. Gus Hale comes right behind her.

CARLY

Why don't you go ahead of me? You don't seem to have done much shopping.

His basket has one item in it.

GUS

Good idea.

He seems nervous.

GUS

I'm Gus Hale. You're moving in today, aren't you? Welcome to 1300. I'm in 3-B.

CARLY

(cool)
Thank you.

He looks at her a beat, sort of nods, and goes out of the store.

She looks after him as the clerk rings her items up.

EXT. THE STORE

She is carrying a big shopping bag. Gus Hale is suddenly there.

GUS

I'm sorry, I don't usually follow women around. I'm not a dirty old man, really I'm not.

CARLY

(slight smile)
Are you certain? You could have fooled me.

GUS

(grins)
Sometimes I wish I were, but I'm not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY
(slight smile)
Why do you wish you were?

GUS
(grins)
Because I'm not and it's boring.

She laughs a little at that.

GUS
You just really look like someone.

CARLY
(smiles)
Is it someone you like or dislike?

GUS
I liked her a lot. What's really strange is -- she was in 20B, too. Naomi Fischer.

CARLY
When did she move?

GUS
She didn't. She jumped out the window.

They have been walking across the street. She stops now, looks at him.

GUS
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to -- I've never had much goddamn tact.

CARLY
(after a beat)
When did she...

GUS
Just before Christmas, about four months ago, I guess. Between Christmas and New Year's -- that's the window season, you know.

They are in front of the apartment house now.

GUS
You know what? I'm going off to Japan. Maybe when I come back, I can fill you in on all the gossip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

(after a beat,
smiles)

The gossip in Japan? I thought
all they did was work.

GUS

(smiles)

They do! Not there -- the gossip
right here in this damn
building. It's much more
salacious.

CARLY

(smiles)

What are you doing in Japan?

GUS

Working -- what do you think? I
teach a course at NYU.
Television. Every aspect of it.
Soap operas, cameras, camcorders.
I'm going over to look at the
latest technology.

(a beat)

How about it? You like salacious
gossip? I make a great cappuccino,
too.

CARLY

(smiles)

Call me. Have a nice trip. Don't
work too hard.

GUS

(smiles)

How can I call you when I don't
even know your name?

CARLY

(smiles)

How did you know my number but not
my name?

GUS

The doorman. Our doormen are
spoiled. Five bucks only gets you
half the information.

CARLY

(smiles)

Carly Norris. You must have liked
her a lot to spend five bucks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUS
(seriously)
I did. We were pals.

She waves, heads toward the door. A DOORMAN we haven't seen before is there. He takes her bag.

DOORMAN
I'm James. I'm the evening doorman. Welcome to 1300, Ms. Norris.

CARLY
(smiles)
Why, thank you, James.

She doesn't tip him.

On the street, Gus watches her. He looks disturbed.

INT. HER APARTMENT

She opens her door, bag in hand. There are cartons and crates all over the place.

She stands there, looks at all of this unbelievable clutter, puts the bag down.

There is an antique brass telescope in front of her window. She goes to the window, opens it. She stands there, looking straight down, looking at the... drop.

INT. HER APARTMENT - NIGHT

She is working. She takes a long look at the living room. It doesn't look as cluttered. She looks tired, worn. She goes to her CD PLAYER -- on the floor -- and puts a CD in.

As she heads for the bathroom, it starts to play. It is Josef Suk's Idyl in F Minor, Op. 7 (the same romantic, haunting music we heard in the first scene).

The bathroom is bright. She lowers the dimmer. She turns the water on. She squeezes Vitabath into it. She starts to take her clothes off. She wears a flowered pink bra and panties. She looks at herself in the mirror, wearing the bra and panties. She is a beautiful woman, but she looks displeased. She looks at her stomach. There is the very slightest bulge to her stomach. She tucks her stomach in, then lets it out. There is hardly any difference. She clearly expects perfection.

A TV SCREEN

It is a large screen, surrounded by other large screens (the security screens in the lobby are small). The other screens around it -- we see three or four -- are dark. We see her on the screen... as she looks at herself in her bra and panties, holding her tummy. The picture is in perfect color. We hear the MUSIC from her apartment.

° INT. HER BATHROOM

She turns, takes her bra and panties off quickly, steps to the tub, gets in.

THE TV SCREEN

We see her naked back as she gets into the tub.

INT. HER BATHROOM

She lies in the tub, covered with foam. She starts paging through Vanity Fair. Her feet come out through the foam now and then in the opposite corner.

She blows foam from her breasts -- left, right, chilling her hard nipples.

She stops paging, stares at the magazine. We see what she is looking at. It is a Calvin Klein Obsession ad. It is a full page photograph of a very well-built, very muscular, very attractive young man, nearly naked.

She puts her head back on the tub, the magazine in her left hand. She closes her eyes and puts her right hand into the water. She lets the magazine drop to the floor, her eyes closed, her head back.

She starts to move, ever so slightly in the water, as she touches herself.

THE TV SCREEN

She is touching herself, her head moving slowly, languorously to the side and back.

We hear the MUSIC from her apartment and now we also hear... it sounds like a man BREATHING.

INT. HER BATHROOM

And her head stops. She arches in the water, her eyes closed, her mouth open.

THE TV SCREEN

A long beat, and she sits up slowly, hunches over slightly, her head down and forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We hear the final, slowly tinkling NOTES of the Idyl in F Minor... and we hear what sounds like a MAN'S VOICE... is it a clearing of the throat... is it a groan?

INT. THE FOUR SEASONS - DAY

She is having lunch with ALEXANDER PARSONS, white-haired, distinguished-looking, in his late 60's, the president of Sutton.

ALEX

What does she do with her bad review? Does she do what they all do? Swear revenge and claim venal motives? No. This is what she does. Her son is a computer wizard, what I believe they call a hacker --

As he talks, her eyes drift around and she sees, sitting up on the mezzanine, his profile to her, wearing an expensive suit, the Man with the rawboned cheeks and sandy moustache whom she saw in the elevator wearing the hooded sweatshirt. She stares a beat and the Man turns to her and smiles. JACK LANDSFORD is in his mid-40's, an attractive, vibrant man.

She looks away when she sees his smile, looks back at Alex.

ALEX

She and her son infect their computer bank with what I believe is called a virus. Their files are being destroyed -- slowly, day by day, even as we speak, I suppose -- and they can't do anything about it. Now that's what I call revenge.

He notices her eye drifting off again toward the mezzanine.

ALEX

He's an an attractive man, isn't he?

(he smiles)

I'm happy to see that you're looking.

CARLY

(smiles)

Just because I'm looking, Alex, doesn't mean that I'm looking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX
(after a beat)
How is David these days?

CARLY
(after a beat)
He's all right.

ALEX
(looks at her)
Are you?

CARLY
Yes. Look -- it was a very
difficult decision for both of us --

ALEX
You made the decision, Carly--

CARLY
That didn't make it any less
difficult.

A beat, as they look at each other -- and then, to avoid each other's eyes, they look around and see Jack smiling at her again -- she looks away. Alex nods to him.

ALEX
I'd be happy to introduce you.

CARLY
(smiles)
I ask you for a raise, Alex and you offer me lunch and an introduction.

ALEX
Jack Landsford. Shred of Evidence. Flesh and Blood. Police procedurals. He hasn't written anything in five or six years, but he made so much off of Flesh and Blood, he doesn't have to. He's got a ranch in Montana. Speak of the devil.

Jack is behind her.

JACK
(to Carly, grins)
Hello, I'm the devil.

ALEX
Carla Norris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

(smiles)

Hello.

They shake hands.

JACK

(to Alex)

One of your slaves, no doubt. She probably asked you for a raise and you brought her here instead.

CARLY

(smiles)

How did you know?

ALEX

(laughs)

I've been doing it for forty years.

JACK

(to Carly)

I like your perfume. Is it Obsession?

He smiles.

CARLY

(after a beat)

Je Re Vien. I didn't mean to stare -- I just thought I saw you in my apartment.

JACK

(grins)

Damn. I was hoping there was another reason.

CARLY

There is -- I didn't bring my glasses.

ALEX

(grins)

Carly's a big fan of yours, Jack. She just loved Flesh and Blood.

CARLY

(smiles; to Jack)

Sorry. I didn't even read it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

(grins, to Alex)

She hasn't read me? How can she not have read me? Everyone has read me.

CARLY

(smiles)

Well, I haven't.

ALEX

(grins)

There you are, Jack. Maybe she has better taste than I thought.

JACK

(grins; to Carly)

She'll read me now, though.

He says it to Alex, but his eyes are on Carly.

ALEX

How do you know?

JACK

(looks at her)

Because she has good taste.

CARLY

(smiles, looks at him)

What if I don't like what I read?

JACK

(smiles)

You will. I know you will. How could you not with your good taste?

ALEX

(to Jack)

You've lost her now. She likes being in control.

JACK

(smiles, eyes on Carly)

So do I. I'll see you around the haunted house.

And he goes -- she looks after him. Alex looks at her.

CARLY

(smiles)

That's very good, Alex.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY (CONT'D)

It takes me seven years to end a bad marriage and you say I like being in control.

ALEX

(smiles)

But you ended it, didn't you?

(a beat)

Will you read him now?

CARLY

Absolutely not.

A beat, and they both laugh.

INT. HER APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

She gets out of the elevator, heads down her corridor, sees a bunch of fat pink suitcases blocking her door and butting open the door to 20A -- the apartment across from her.

She sees a young woman on the phone. VIDA JORDAN is in her mid 20's, drop-dead gorgeous, model-slim. She is on the phone.

VIDA

(into phone)

Fuck both of you! You said 700 for the shoot, Mike.

(a beat)

I know it's not fucking Vogue, so what?

She waves to Carly, who steps in the door.

VIDA

(on phone)

Well, it's your choice, I'm hungry, I'm jet-lagged, and I don't need this shit. Goodbye, Michael.

She slams the phone down.

VIDA

I'm sorry, I'm going to get those right out of the way for you. I'm Vida.

CARLY

(smiles)

Carly Norris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vida comes to the door, starts moving the suitcases.

VIDA

Damn doormen, I really tip them well, too.

CARLY

Everybody tips them well -- that's why they're never around when you need them. I'll help you.

VIDA

Thanks. You're right. You should see them at Christmas, they're around like flies then.

They start moving the suitcases in.

VIDA

This guy was here. He left this for you.

She reaches for a brown envelope on a cluttered table top filled with mail.

VIDA

You all moved in?

CARLY

God, no -- I hate it.

VIDA

I know, it's such a pain in the ass.

She stops, looks at her.

VIDA

You look like --

CARLY

I know, the woman who lived here --

VIDA

Naomi. Somebody already told you.

CARLY

Did you know her?

VIDA

Sort of. She was only here about a year. Most of the time I was in Milan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIDA (CONT'D)

Goddamn ass-pinching Italians, my butt's permanently blue. I couldn't believe it, though. She didn't seem like the type.

CARLY

Were you here when she --

VIDA

Yeah. She came over to borrow some coffee the night before. I didn't have any. Maybe that's why she did it.

She smiles.

CARLY

Caffeine withdrawal -- sure, that'd do it to me, too.

They laugh. They are finished lugging the suitcases in. The phone RINGS again.

VIDA

My agent -- asshole, scumbag!

She picks the phone up.

VIDA

(on phone)

Just a goddamn second, okay, Michael?

She holds the phone, covers it, looks at Carly, smiles.

VIDA

(quietly)

Hey -- thanks.

CARLY

(smiles)

I'll see you.

She starts out.

VIDA

(smiles)

You ever need any coffee or anything--

CARLY

(smiles)

Just make sure you don't ever run out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vida laughs.

INT. HER APARTMENT - DUSK

She walks in, goes to the kitchen, opens the envelope. There are two paperback books inside -- Shred of Evidence and Flesh and Blood. A note that we see says: "Bedside reading. I am in control." It's signed: "Jack."

She smiles, hits her ANSWERING MACHINE, looks at the books.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Carly, it's Lynn Nesbit. Great idea. I talked to Jann. I think it's going to work.

She hits a button.

ANSWERING MACHINE

It's Jann Wenner, Carly. I know when I'm being held up. I've got my hands in the air. Call me.

She hits the button, smiles a little.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi, Carly -- it's Tom. I talked to Lynn and to Jann. You are a wicked woman.

She smiles a bigger smile, hits a button.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Carla, this is Zeke Hawkins. I met you in the lobby. If you need anything, if you need any help with anything, I've got some pull with the manager. Personally, Mrs. McEvoy scares the shit out of me. My number's 456-3126.

She smiles.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Carly, this is David.

It is an older man's VOICE; he sounds depressed and speaks haltingly. She listens, sadness in her eyes.

ANSWERING MACHINE

I don't mean to bother you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSWERING MACHINE (CONT'D)

I know you're busy... and I know
this is final... I just... Just
let me know how you're doing...
please.

She stands there a long beat and then reaches for the
phone. She stops a beat, then picks it up and dials.

CARLY

(on the phone)

Hi.

(a beat)

No, no, it's okay.

(a beat)

I'm fine, thank you -- really I
am.

THE TV SCREEN

We see her on the screen, talking to David on the phone
-- we see the other large-sized screens, dark, around
the one we see her on.

CARLY

It was the right decision,
David. Come on, you know it was.
(beat)

I miss you sometimes, too, David.

We see how difficult the conversation is for her.

The sound suddenly dies and the screen next to it comes
alive (by remote control).

We see Vida on the phone.

VIDA

(writing it down)

Room 672 at the Ritz Carlton, got
it.

(a beat)

Have I seen him before?

(a beat)

Are you sure he's straight?

(a beat)

They all say they're sheiks.

The sound suddenly dies and the screen next to it comes
alive. We see the woman who came out of the elevator
with the dog, the woman in her late 50's who was wear-
ing the denim pantsuit -- JACKIE KINSELLA is with her
husband, MARTIN, who looks to be in his early 40's.

She looks very upset and is crying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE

You promised me! Goddamn it! You gave me your word!

MARTIN

I didn't do anything.

JACKIE

Don't lie to me! At least don't do that! I found them in your coat pocket!

She throws two rubbers at him.

MARTIN

(after a beat)

She doesn't mean anything to me. You know that. It's just...

They are both very upset now. A pause.

JACKIE

(quietly)

I know what it is.

(a beat)

I can't compete with her, Marty.

It is a moment of profound intimate drama between these two people.

MARTIN

(in pain)

No one's asking you to. I love you. It's just that... I have needs that...

JACKIE

(quietly)

That I can't satisfy anymore.

She starts to cry uncontrolledly. He puts his arm around her tenderly.

The sound suddenly dies and the screen next to it comes alive. We see an owlish, heavyset man speaking into a hand-held tape recorder. He sits in a den; medical certificates are all over the walls. DR. PALME.

DR. PALME

(dictating)

He likes games and danger, courts it. He's sociopathic, a great danger to women.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. PALME (CONT'D)

His defense system is
extraordinarily developed, an
acute schizophrenia, non-paranoid,
classic Jekyll and Hyde syndrome.

The sound dies and the screen next to it comes alive.
It is Gus Hale, the grey-haired man Carly met at the
market, on the phone.

GUS

(into phone)

What about the appointment with
Takata in Kyoto?

(a beat)

Seven-thirty Monday?

(a beat)

I'll do it anytime they will.

(a beat)

I have to see them. They're state
of the art.

The sound dies and the screen next to it comes alive.
It is Carly again, on the phone.

CARLY

(smiles)

Personally, Mrs. McEvoy scares the
shit out of me, too. Thanks,
though.

A beat, as she stands there and then she almost blurts
it --

CARLY

Listen, I'm having some friends
over when I get everything
straightened out. If you're not
doing anything --

She looks nervous. The sound dies and the monitor next
to it comes alive.

We see Vida Jordan, in front of her bathroom mirror.
She is putting lipstick on. She wears black bra and
panties, very frilly, and a black garter belt.

She steps back, looks at herself, deadpan. A beat, and
she lowers her head to the sink. We see three lines of
cocaine there. She snorts the coke.

At the same time, we see Carly on the next screen. She
sits down and is reading Shred of Evidence.

And we see Vida look in the mirror again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIDA
 (quietly, to mirror)
 You're such a slut, Vida.

We see the two images simultaneously... and we hear a man's laugh.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EARLY MORNING

She is jogging. There are few other people around; an early morning mist. Jogging toward her on the path, out of the mist, is a man in a black-hooded jogging suit, the hood up.

She watches the figure as it gets closer and closer -- he is wearing sunglasses -- and at the last moment he veers to her suddenly and grabs her.

She swings at him, very scared -- and he lets her go immediately. He pulls the hood down -- it's Jack Landsford.

CARLY
 (angry)
 Did you think that was funny? I didn't think that was funny. You scared the...

JACK
 (grins)
 ... The shit out of you.
 (the grin goes)
 I'm sorry. It wasn't funny. It was a dumbass thing to do. Really. I'm sorry.

She looks at him.

JACK
 (grins again)
 Can we start all over again?

CARLY
 (still angry)
 What for? I don't see the point.

She looks at him, then starts to run again.

JACK
 Did you get the books?

CARLY
 Yes.

A beat; they keep running.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
So. Did you read them?

CARLY
No.

JACK
Yes you did. You can't fool me.

She looks at him a beat, keeps running.

CARLY
I read a few pages of one of them.

JACK
You read 'em both. You couldn't
put them down. Am I right? Tell
me I'm right.

She looks at him again.

CARLY
(after a beat)
You're wrong.

JACK
(grins)
You don't like sex and violence?
It sells, you know.

CARLY
It buys ranches in Montana, that's
for sure.

JACK
(grins)
You've been checking up on me. I
like that.

She stops, looks at him.

JACK
Thank you.

CARLY
For what?

JACK
(grins)
For stopping.

He tries to catch his breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I'm out here to meet attractive new people.

CARLY

I'm not.

She starts running again. He tries to keep up.

JACK

How about gossip? About Marlon Brando for instance. Doesn't that sell?

CARLY

You've been checking up on me. I don't like that.

JACK

I hear you're very good with Tell-Alls. That's what happens when you've been married to a much older man. You like good, juicy talk.

CARLY

(casually)

Fuck you.

JACK

(casually)

Would you like to? I can make myself available.

She stops, looks at him, pissed --

CARLY

Listen --

JACK

(grins)

It's the Kansas part of you. Midwestern propriety hiding layers of small-town dirt.

CARLY

How did you --

JACK

(grins)

-- know you're from Kansas? It's your accent.

CARLY

I don't have one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And she starts to run again.

JACK

I'm a writer. I have a very refined ear. It overhears everything. People tell me their secrets. I just take notes. Will you tell me your secrets?

CARLY

I don't have any secrets.

JACK

(grins)
Oh yes you do.

She stops, looks at him.

CARLY

(after a beat)
What secrets do I have?

JACK

(grins)
I'll never tell.

She starts to jog again. He slows.

JACK

I can't keep up with you.

CARLY

(smiles)
No, you can't.

He stops; she keeps going. As she jogs away, he watches her and smiles. And then his smile is suddenly gone and he stares after her.

EXT. 1300 MADISON

She is walking back in her jogging suit, sweated out. She sees police cars in front of the building, news vans. She stops, looks at all these people, then starts heading inside, trying to get through them. She is jostled, surrounded.

CARLY

Excuse me.

She is trying hard to get through as cameras and reporters now turn on her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE REPORTERS

(overlapping)

Do you live here?

Did you know Mr. Hale?

What apartment are you in?

How do you feel about all these accidents here?

Did you know this is the Horror Highrise?

She's surrounded, bewildered, trapped -- a DOORMAN rescues her.

THE DOORMAN

Come on, let the lady through here! Get the hell out of here.

INT. 1300 - THE LOBBY

She is inside. The lobby is filled with policemen, other tenants, people we've seen before that she doesn't know -- we see Mrs. McEvoy talking to Lt. Victor Corelli.

She sees Zeke Hawkins, goes to him. She looks bewildered, upset --

CARLY

What is --

ZEKE

The guy in 3-B. Hale, I didn't know him.

CARLY

What -- is he --

Jack Landsford is there with them suddenly, still wearing his jogging suit.

JACK

Dead meat. They found him in the shower. Hot water running. Poached, I hear. Gus Hale, some kind of prof--

He sees how disturbed she looks.

JACK

Did you know him?

CARLY

I just met him. But how, he --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

Somebody said he slipped in the shower, hit his head.

JACK

(grins)

Just another grisly accident -- I told you it was a haunted house, didn't I?

Lt. Corelli leaves Mrs. McEvoy and comes over to the three of them.

LT. CORELLI

Are you all residents -- oh yeah, I met you people before -- I don't know you, Miss.

CARLY

I'm Carla Norris, twenty B.

LT. CORELLI

(after a beat)

Twenty-B?

CARLY

(after a beat)

Yes.

A beat; Corelli takes a long look at her.

LT. CORELLI

Did you know Mr. Hale?

CARLY

I talked to him --

LT. CORELLI

What did you talk about?

CARLY

Not much, really. He said he was going to Japan. And he talked about -- about Naomi Fischer.

LT. CORELLI

What did he say about Ms. Fischer?

CARLY

Nothing, really. He said they were friends. He said I look like her.

LT. CORELLI

You, do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lt. Corelli looks at her a long beat, then --

LT. CORELLI

Thank you. I'll probably speak to
all of you later.

And he goes off to talk to some other policemen.

JACK

(grins)

I love this place. This place is
great. I don't have to go
anywhere to do research. It's all
right here. Every couple months
or so there's a new body -- it's
like turning the pages.

ZEKE

I don't think that's funny.

LT. CORELLI

Mr. Landsford.

JACK

(to Carly)

Nobody appreciates my sense of
humor today.

And he goes over to talk to Lt. Corelli and the other
policemen.

Carly stands there with Zeke. She looks very
disturbed.

ZEKE

I'm sorry about all this
happening. Jesus, you just got
here.

CARLY

(shrugs)

He just seemed like a nice man.

She turns slowly away, heads for the elevators.

ZEKE

I got your message. Thanks. I'll
be there.

She nods to him, lost in her thoughts. As she heads
toward the elevator, she sees Mrs. McEvoy staring at
her. A beat, as they look at each other. And then
Mrs. McEvoy comes to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. McEVOY

(after a beat)

Is everything all right, dear?

She looks at McEvoy, in disbelief at the timing of the question. She nods. McEvoy smiles. She gets on the elevator. As she does, she sees Zeke behind McEvoy, grinning to her about McEvoy, shaking his head.

INT. HER APARTMENT

She walks in. The wind is whipping through the place. The window in the living room has fallen off the hinge. The curtain rod is broken.

INT. HER APARTMENT - DAY

She stands there as DMITRI, the Russian janitor, in his 40's, overweight, a heavy accent, is fixing the window.

DMITRI

So sorry, Miss. Window loose -- bad screw. Mrs. McEvoy, she say -- You take extra special care Ms. Norris, make sure everything perfect.

CARLY

She told you that?

DMITRI

Yah. She say.

CARLY

When?

DMITRI

All time. All time perfect.

CARLY

No. When did she tell you?

DMITRI

Before move in. She say -- Dmitri, make extra special perfect for Ms. Norris.

CARLY

(after a beat,
smiles)

She does that with all the new tenants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DMITRI

No. Only other -- one other. She say same.

CARLY

(after a beat)

Who?

DMITRI

Ms. Fischer.

(a beat; he smiles)

Window fix. Everything perfect.

CARLY

(after a beat,
disturbed)

Thank you.

He smiles, waves, and is gone.

She turns to the window, looks disturbed. She looks at her brass antique telescope. It has been jarred askelter by the window.

She leans down into it to make sure it works. It has been tilted down.

THE TELESCOPE

She is moving it around. We see police cars still there, news vans... and then we see, across the street:

Jack Landsford, talking to a woman. She has her back to us. We can't see her face. He is giving her money, looking around. She takes the money and then she turns and we see her face. It is Vida Jordan. She walks away from Jack.

INT. HER APARTMENT - DAY

She is in the shower, letting the water beat her.

THE TV SCREEN

We see her naked, toweling herself off.

We hear a man's breathing.

On the next monitor now, we see water coming from a shower. It is spraying on a man on the shower floor. He lies in a pool of blood in thick steam as the water from the shower keeps spraying. It is Gus Hale.

We see the two simultaneous images next to each other: Carly toweling off and the water mixing with the blood around Gus Hale.

And we hear the man's breathing.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NEXT DAY

She walks in.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

A LIBRARIAN is helping her.

LIBRARIAN

I have the Daily News, the Times,
and Newsday.

She hands her some microfilm.

LIBRARIAN

You can use the booth on the far
end.

INT. A MICROFILM CUBICLE

She is sitting at the microfilm machine.

THE MICROFILM SCREEN

She is flicking through the pages of the Daily News on
the microfilm machine.

We see the headline: CORONER RULES HIGH-RISE DEATH
SUICIDE.

She reads the story. It is continued on a different
page.

She moves the pages, stops suddenly: we see it. The
photograph of Naomi Fischer, age 42. She looks eerily
like Carly.

INT. THE MICROFILM CUBICLE

She turns the machine off, sits there a long beat,
staring.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE LIBRARY

She walks away from the library. She looks disturbed,
lost in her thoughts.

As she walks away, we see, behind her, a man in a
hooded sweatshirt, wearing sunglasses.

The man watches her. We watch her walking away FROM
HIS POV.

And then he turns and we see his face. It is Zeke
Hawkins.

INT. 1300 MADISON - THE LOBBY - DAY

She walks in, sees Mrs. McEvoy on the telephone at the security desk, goes up to her. Mrs. McEvoy hangs up when she gets there.

CARLY

Why did you tell the janitor to give me special treatment?

MRS. McEVOY

(smiles)

I do that with all our new tenants.

CARLY

No, you don't.

MRS. MCEVOY

(after a beat)

I beg your pardon?

They look at each other a long beat.

CARLY

He said you only did it with me... and Naomi Fischer.

MRS. McEVOY

(a beat; smiles)

I make a special point of it with new single women tenants.

(a beat)

I've been single all my life. I appreciate special little amenities, don't you?

Carly looks at her, says nothing.

MRS. McEVOY

Has he been giving you extra special treatment?

CARLY

(after a beat)

Yes.

MRS. McEVOY

(smiles)

Good. That's what he's supposed to do.

A beat, as they look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. McEVOY

(smiles)

If you ever have any problems, you know -- I'm in 2A. I like company.

CARLY

(after a beat; frosty)

Thanks.

MRS. McEVOY

(smiles)

Anytime.

And Carly turns and walks toward the elevators. Mrs. McEvoy watches her, reaches for the phone, dials three digits.

MRS. McEVOY

(on phone)

You've got a problem.

At the elevator, Carly turns and looks at her. McEvoy has her eyes on her as she talks into the phone.

INT. HER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Her housewarming party is in progress. Platters of nibble-food, MICHAEL FEINSTEIN and HARRY CONNICK JR. and STEPHANI GRAPPELLI on the CD. Alexander Parsons and Peter Harris and Judy Marks and Roxie and Vida Jordan are there with her.

VIDA

I just love Marlon Brando!

PETER

Tell her about the cats!

CARLY

You tell her about the cats.

PETER

It's your book!

CARLY

I didn't ask for it.

PETER

You didn't resist editing it.

CARLY

Oh, yes, I did!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

(smiles)

Not very convincingly.

VIDA

(laughs)

Will someone tell me about the cats?

PETER

He used to take these cats -- and he'd put them into a boot -- you know, head first, and then he'd...

VIDA

(loud, excited)

What? Are you kidding me! Marlon Brando?

ALEX

(smiles)

It's an old Russian peasant thing custom, very popular historically.

VIDA

(loud)

Is that true? Marlon Brando? Come on.

PETER

(laughs)

He's a public figure. It doesn't matter if it's true.

JUDY

It matters if it's juicy enough.

ALEX

It matters if it sells, my dear.

VIDA

(shocked)

That's terrible. It's not fair.

CARLY

It is terrible. It's the last Tell-All I'm doing, Alex.

PETER

(laughs)

I think she protests too much, Alex, don't you?

They laugh at her. Someone rings the DOORBELL. She goes to the door, opens it. Jack Landsford stands there with a bottle of champagne in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I heard there was a party in progress.

CARLY

I don't remember giving you an invitation.

JACK

I have a nose for parties in progress.

CARLY

(slight smile)

I just thought you had a very refined ear.

JACK

I have a very refined nose, too. I also have a bottle of Cristal.

He holds the champagne up.

JUDY

(behind them)

Cristal? I like him already. What a gorgeous man.

CARLY

He's not a gorgeous man -- sometimes he's a real asshole.

JACK

(to Carly)

Is that an invitation?

Carly smiles.

JUDY

(ushering him in)

Come on in, honey. You hold and I'll pop.

JACK

(grins; to Judy)

Now that's definitely an invitation.

CARLY

(to the room)

Jack Landsford -- this is Peter, Roxie, Judy -- you know Alex and Vida.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIDA
(shakes his hand)
Hi. I'm Vida Jordan.

JACK
(smiles)
Hello. Jack Landsford.

Carly looks at them shaking hands. She's seen them together on the street, yet...

CARLY
(after a beat)
I'm sorry. I thought you two knew each other.

ZEKE
(behind her)
Hi.

She turns, sees him standing at the open door. He is casually but elegantly dressed: He looks great. He has a bottle in hand.

CARLY
(smiles)
Hi. I love that sweater. Is that a Missoni?

ZEKE
(smiles)
Yeah, thanks. I love Missoni.

JUDY
(behind them)
Is that Cristal, too?

She is working on opening the Cristal with Jack.

ZEKE
(grins)
California red.

JUDY
(with some others)
Booooooooooo.

Zeke laughs with the others.

INT. THE PARTY - LATER

Shifting clusters of people in the kitchen, in the living room. Zeke is sitting at the counter, paging through a magazine. We see it is Vanity Fair. We see a single key near the magazine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There are people talking in other parts of the kitchen. Carly comes over to him.

CARLY

Are you okay? Can I get you something?

ZEKE

(smiles)

I'm fine. Thanks.

He looks at her, smiles, leaves the magazine open. She sees it is open to the Calvin Klein Obsession ad -- the photograph of the well-built young man she was holding in the bathtub -- she shows no reaction.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Did I see you coming out of the library yesterday?

CARLY

I was doing some reading about this place.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Hey, easy. You're going to start carrying garlic and crucifixes around.

CARLY

(smiles)

Garlic, maybe -- I'm not very big on crucifixes anymore. Did you know Naomi Fischer?

ZEKE

I bumped into her a couple times.

CARLY

I wonder why she did it.

ZEKE

I don't know. I read something in the paper about some boyfriend trouble.

Jack is suddenly there. He rests his hand on the counter near the magazine (and the key).

JACK

I never heard that.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

I heard it was just good-old,
boring "I Love New York"
depression. It's a wonder
everybody doesn't jump.

He looks at the magazine open to the nearly-naked well-
built young man, the Obsession ad.

JACK

What are you two doing -- looking
at the jackoff ads together?

ZEKE

(grins)

What?

JACK

That's what these things are.
Both men and women get off on them
-- which one of you was looking at
it?

ZEKE

(grins; to Carly)

What is it with this guy?

CARLY

(smiles)

He's just being an asshole, again.

JACK

(grins; to Carly)

You know that's really an abused
term. Not a self-abused term, an
abused term. Why is that word so
pejorative? We've all got one,
so...

They shake their heads, laugh. From the living room,
almost in a scream, they hear --

ROXIE (O.S.)

Oh my God!

They go to the living room. They see Roxie at the big
brass telescope, looking out, some of the others
huddled around her.

ROXIE

(hushed)

I don't believe it! They're doing
it!

There are laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROXIE
(looks at them)
They are! I can't believe--

CARLY
(laughs)
Let me see.

Carly squeezes her out of the way, looks into the telescope.

CARLY
They sure are.

She laughs. It is a lusty laugh we haven't heard from her before.

THE TELESCOPE

We see a young man and woman making love.

JUDY
(behind her)
Carly! Let me see!

Carly keeps watching.

JUDY
Carly! Will you please let me see!

Carly just keeps watching.

JACK
(about Carly)
The woman is a voyeur. Look at her. She can't get enough.

Zeke is watching Carly, too -- a faint smile.

PETER
Of course she's a voyeur. Why do you think we gave her the Brando book?

Carly gets up, turns -- (Judy swoops down on the telescope).

CARLY
I am not!

She's blushing.

JACK
She's blushing!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They laugh at her -- she laughs with them.

CARLY

I don't blush anymore -- I'm too old to--

JACK

That's why she has her telescope up here. She's a peeper.

CARLY

Come on, everybody's got a telescope.

JACK

(grins)

I don't.

ZEKE

(grins)

I do.

CARLY

(smiles to Zeke)

Thank you.

VIDA

I do, too.

JACK

You people are all shameless.

(a beat; and then

to Judy, loud)

Will you please get away from there before they finish?

Everyone laughs.

INT. THE PARTY - LATER

Alex is looking at a ceiling light.

ALEX

It's beautifully done. I know a little about Deco. It's very unusual.

JACK

Everything in the haunted house is beautifully done.

CARLY

Who owns this building?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

(after a beat)

Beats me.

ZEKE

I heard it was some law firm
downtown.

PETER

They're a false front. There were
two old brownstones on this
location. When they put this
building up, my ex-wife was
involved in the protests.

CARLY

Somebody must know who owns it.

ZEKE

Somebody does, but we'll never
find out.

CARLY

(smiles)

I'll bet I can find out.

ALEX

(smiles)

Lord, it's more of her insatiable
curiosity.

Some laughs.

PETER

I suppose I can make some calls,
if you really want to know.

JACK

Don't. We'll probably find out
it's the Mafia and our rent
supports the crack dealers. Then
what do we do? Move out?

ZEKE

(smiles)

There you go.

JACK

What you don't know can't hurt
you. Ignorance is bliss.

ALEX

(smiles)

Now there's an original thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

(smiles)

Jack's books are full of them.

JACK

Sweet fucking Jesus, she's really
read them!

They laugh.

INT. THE PARTY - LATER

Peter, Judy, and Roxie are at the door, leaving.

CARLY

(to them)

Goodbye. Thank you.

She turns to Zeke, who is also leaving.

CARLY

(smiles)

Good night. Thanks. Thanks for
the wine.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Sorry about the California red.

CARLY

(smiles)

I like California red.

He grins. A beat.

ZEKE

Listen -- do you ever work out?

There is a boyishness, a shyness about him as he asks
the question.

CARLY

(smiles)

You mean -- exercise bikes and --

ZEKE

No, I mean the real thing.
Weights. Flex machines. When I
saw you at the library yesterday,
I was just coming back from my
club. Do you want to go sometime?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

(smiles)

Me? With all those perfect bodies? No thank --

ZEKE

(grins)

You look great.

CARLY

(smiles)

I do not --

ZEKE

Yes, you do. Come on. You'd love it. How about tomorrow morning?

CARLY

(a beat; looks at him)

I can't. I've got to do my laundry, I've got to do some work --

ZEKE

Come on. You'd love it -- you would.

CARLY

They've probably got mirrors all over the place --

ZEKE

(grins)

There aren't any mirrors.

CARLY

Those places all have mirrors --

ZEKE

(grins)

No mirrors. I promise, ten o'clock. How about it?

She shakes her head a little, looks suddenly undecided --

ZEKE

I'll call you.

He smiles a dazzling smile and is gone. A beat, and she turns back, sees that Jack is the only one sitting there.

JACK

Well, I guess it's just you and me, huh, babe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks like he's had a little too much to drink.

She looks at him, smiles a thin smile.

CARLY

Good night, Jack.

JACK

(grins)

Aren't you glad that I came -- even if I wasn't invited? You know what I can do? I can reappear shortly with another bottle of Cristal. You and I can get down on the floor and become fodder for somebody's telescope.

CARLY

(smiles)

I'm not much on floors. Good night, Jack.

JACK

Forget the floor -- I'll get the Cristal and we'll adjourn to the bedroom like nice, proper mature people.

She almost pushes him, smiling, out the door.

CARLY

Good night!

JACK

No good night kiss, no --

And she does push him out the door, closes it, still smiling. She turns, stands there a long moment, looking at the room. There are drink glasses and food trays everywhere.

INT. HER APARTMENT - LATER (NIGHT)

She takes some dishes out to the kitchen; she has cleared most everything up.

She goes to the window and is about to close the curtains. A beat, and then she leans down and looks into the telescope.

THE TELESCOPE

She looks at the same window where she saw the young couple making love. The window is dark. But she sees there, gleaming, another brass telescope. It seems to be aimed right at her.

INT. HER APARTMENT

She steps back from the telescope, stands there a beat, and closes the curtains.

THE TV SCREEN

Only this screen is lighted; the others around it are dark. We see her go to her phone. She dials.

CARLY

(on phone)

Peter, hi, it's Carly. I really would like you to make those calls about this place. Thanks. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

The TV screen suddenly goes dark and our screen goes dark. A long beat.

And then one screen after another comes alive with the SOUND of each one. We see the scope of this for the first time. There must be a hundred screens here in big banks. We see quick images of people we've seen before in the building -- some are talking, some are asleep, some are making love. We see neither Jack nor Zeke but they may be one of the people asleep. When they are all on, it sounds like a cacophany of sound, bedlam.

We see images magnified, focused upon, superimposed. The feeling we get is of some surreal light show.

As the SOUND on all this is turned higher and higher, almost deafening us, we suddenly hear piercing, tear-your-spine out MUSIC -- the SOUND of industrial -- Nine Inch Nails doing "Head Like A Hole."

And then, suddenly, the screech of the music stops, all the screens go dark, all the sound is muted and our screen is dark and silent.

INT. THE LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

Jackie Kinsella, the woman in her 50's we saw with her younger husband earlier, is there, finishing her laundry. She wears a robe, looks tired.

Carly comes in with her laundry. She wears jeans and a sweatshirt.

CARLY

(brightly)

Good morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE

(flat)

What's good about it?

(a beat)

I hate doing their damn underwear!

I hate doing his damn underwear!

There ought to be a law against

doing their damn underwear!

CARLY

(after a beat, smiles)

Don't do it. Let him do it
himself.

Jackie looks at her a beat.

JACKIE

How old are you?

CARLY

(after a beat)

I'm 36.

JACKIE

What do you know? Wait til you're
my age. Then you'll know. And
you'll do the underwear.

And she gathers her things and is gone. Carly looks
after her.

A beat, and she starts putting things in the machine.
She starts the machine.

She sits down, puts her glasses on, takes a book from a
bag. We see it is Julia Phillips's You'll Never Eat
Lunch In This Town Again. The machine whirls. And the
lights suddenly go out.

She sits there in the darkness a beat, gets up, tries
the light switch -- nothing. The machine keeps
whirling. It sounds louder, grating in the darkness.

She goes to the door, turns the knob. It won't open.
She tries the door again, looks at it. It won't open.

CARLY

Hello? Can somebody hear me?

We hear the GRINDING of the machine.

She stands looking at the door... and as she looks at
it, the knob turns. Somebody is outside.

A beat, and she goes to the knob, turns it -- nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the machine GRINDS, she hears what sounds like BREATHING.

She looks suddenly frightened.

CARLY

Is somebody out there?

She hears the BREATHING again and then the machine slows to a stop.

It is very quiet now and she hears the BREATHING again. She sees the doorknob turn again, and, very frightened now, she backs off against a wall, her eyes huge.

A long beat, as the breathing stops, and then she goes to the door again, slowly, puts her hand on the knob, turns it -- it suddenly opens -- and she flings the door open and hurls herself into the dark corridor wildly --

And runs into someone -- a hooded, sweatshirted figure -- she screams -- and the lights suddenly go on...

And she sees that it's Zeke.

ZEKE

What's the matter? Jesus, are you okay?

She holds onto him -- she is shaking.

ZEKE

What's going on? What happened?

He steps quickly to the laundry room door, opens it, looks in. There is no one there. He goes back to her, puts his arm around her, holds her.

ZEKE

(firm)

Carly. It's okay. It's okay. What happened?

She is trying to settle down.

CARLY

The lights -- I couldn't get the door -- I thought I heard someone.

He holds her close.

ZEKE

(firm)

Come on -- you're hyperventilating. There's nobody here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Still holding her, he tries the doorknob.

ZEKE

It must've jammed. I'll tell the janitor. I went up to your apartment, I figured you were doing your laundry --

He holds her. She is still shaking.

ZEKE

Settle down, it's okay, Carly. Come on, all this haunted house shit is getting to you.

She looks at him, her arms around him, very close to him.

CARLY

Thank you.

INT. HIS CLUB - DAY

It is upscale, but filled with the serious, not the casual exercisers. They walk in. We see people working out on machines, most of them his age, people in perfect shape. There are mirrors all over the walls.

CARLY

(looks at him, smiles)
Liar. You are such a liar. I don't believe you.

ZEKE

(laughs)
Huh -- Jesus, they must've put some mirrors in here.

CARLY

(laughs)
Overnight, right?

ZEKE

(laughs)
The dressing room's over there.

CARLY

(smiles)
You conned me into this.

ZEKE

(laughs)
It'll be fun. Trust me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at him a beat.

ZEKE

(seriously)

You okay? You sure you want to do this?

CARLY

(after a beat)

No.

A beat, and she turns and walks toward the dressing room. He looks after her and smiles.

INT. THE CLUB - LATER

She comes out of the dressing room. She looks pale and out of place with these oiled and tanned bodies -- but she looks beautiful. She sees him working out on a machine. He doesn't see her. He is flexing his buttocks and thighs. His body is sweated. It is the perfect body -- muscles ripple his back. He is tanned. She stares at his body.

He swivels on the machine, flexing, sees her standing there looking at him. He flexes his thighs again. Their eyes are on each other as he flexes. A long beat, and he stops, smiles at her.

ZEKE

Your turn.

CARLY

(smiles)

I can't do that.

ZEKE

I'll teach you. Come on.

He puts his hand out to her. A beat, and she takes it.

INT. THE CLUB - LATER

She is standing on the machine, flexing her buttocks.

ZEKE

That's it. Good. Don't arch your back.

She flexes again, taking care to use all her muscles.

ZEKE

Good. Really good. You've got a great butt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gives him a look, keeps flexing.

ZEKE

(laughs)

You do.

CARLY

(straining)

No one has ever said that to me.

ZEKE

The wrong people have been looking at it.

She turns to him, sees him grinning, turns away, keeps flexing.

CARLY

(grins)

That's true.

He smiles.

INT. THE CLUB - LATER

She is on a machine that is building up her stomach muscles.

ZEKE

You don't want to pull your back.
Here. I'll hold you.

He goes behind her, holds her around the middle as she lowers her stomach and raises it.

CARLY

I hate my stomach.

ZEKE

You're crazy. Don't you ever look in the mirror? That's right -- I forgot: You've got this thing about mirrors.

CARLY

(smiles)

I do look in the mirror. That's why I hate my stomach.

ZEKE

(grins)

What do you do -- turn the lights down so you can't see?

She looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

(simply)

It's a nice stomach.

She stops exercising, looks at him.

CARLY

Liar -- I already know you're a liar.

ZEKE

(grins)

How about a nice long walk?

CARLY

God, he wants to kill me.

ZEKE

(grins)

No, I don't -- I'm not done with you yet.

She looks at him.

CARLY

(smiles)

What have you got in mind?

He looks at her a beat, smiles.

ZEKE

A walk.

CARLY

(after a beat, smiles)

How about a nice slow walk?

He looks at her sweated body. She sees the look.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Deal.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

They are walking down the street.

CARLY

How often do you work out?

ZEKE

Three, four times a week. I'm hungry -- are you hungry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

How do you make time?

ZEKE

I work at home. Computers. I'm a free lance programmer. I do consulting for a lot of different companies. You think you're too old for me, don't you?

CARLY

What?

She laughs a little.

ZEKE

You do, don't you?

He stops, looks at her. A beat; she doesn't know what to say. They have stopped near a hot dog stand.

CARLY

(finally)

No. I wasn't thinking about it.

ZEKE

(casually)

Liar. Yeah, you were. You're nuts. You're not. Let's get a hot dog.

He turns to the vendor.

ZEKE

(to Carly)

How do you want yours?

A beat -- she seems taken aback by him.

CARLY

I don't eat hot dogs. They're too fattening.

ZEKE

(casually)

Don't worry about it. You're beautiful. If it ain't broke, don't fix it.

She looks at him.

ZEKE

(to the vendor)

Four please, with the works.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY
(laughs)
Four?

ZEKE
(laughs)
Four.

° He looks at her.

INT. 1300 - THE LOBBY - DAY

They walk in, head toward the elevator.

CARLY
(smiles)
Thank you. That was fun. Really.
She looks self-conscious.

ZEKE
(smiles)
Really fun or really fun? Do you
feel like a beer? I feel like a
beer.

CARLY
(after a beat,
smiles)
I really have to work on my book --
I'm editing Tom Wolfe's new novel.

ZEKE
(grins)
I've got some great beers. You
ever had Pilsner Urquell? It'll
knock your socks off. How can you
have a hot dog without a beer?

CARLY
Do you know how many calories --

ZEKE
You already had two hot dogs.
What difference is a beer gonna
make? Fuck Tom Wolfe.

Carly looks at him, then laughs.

CARLY
You're evil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

(smiles)

Yeah, I am. Just one side of me,
though, the other's nice.

She looks at him a beat.

CARLY

(smiles)

Really?

ZEKE

(grins)

Would I lie to you?

She looks at him a beat, shakes her head, smiles.

CARLY

You probably don't even have any
beer up there. It's probably just
a ruse.

ZEKE

(smiles)

A ruse? What would I need a ruse
for?

They look at each other a long beat.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Oh, that.

(a beat)

Naw, I've got a whole fridge full.

CARLY

(seriously)

What if I don't like beer?

ZEKE

(casually)

You'll like Pilsner Urquell?

CARLY

(seriously)

How do you know?

ZEKE

(after a beat;

seriously)

How do I know?

(a beat)

I know my beers.

They look at each other a beat. As they head for the
elevator, smiling, we see Jack Landsford near the
security desk -- he is on his way out with a suitcase.

INT. HIS APARTMENT

It is eclectic -- some things in chrome, brass, some Deco, and some arty -- we see a collection of brightly-colored Indian masks from the Pacific northwest. She is in the living room looking at a bronze sculpture of what looks like a mountain.

We suddenly begin to hear the opening NOTES of Josef Suk's Idyl in F Minor, Op. 7. She listens.

He comes out of the kitchen with two bottles of Pilsner Urquell.

CARLY

Isn't that --

ZEKE

Kubalek. I saw him at Carnegie Hall. Do you like it?

CARLY

I love it. I have it.

(a beat)

You do have the beer.

ZEKE

(smiles)

I told you it wasn't a ruse.

CARLY

(smiles)

What is that?

She indicates the bronze sculpture.

ZEKE

It's a volcano.

They sip their beers.

ZEKE

I've always loved them. I want to fly into one sometime.

CARLY

Why?

ZEKE

(grins)

I don't know. It sounds exciting.

They are close to each other, their eyes on each other.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Doesn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

(after a beat)

Yes.

A beat, as they look at each other, and then --

CARLY

I should go.

They look at each other. He leans down and kisses her lips very gently.

CARLY

(smiles)

I thought this wasn't a ruse.

ZEKE

(smiles)

It wasn't. I tell lies that aren't lies and use ruses that aren't ruses.

He puts his hands into her hair, leans in again. She turns slightly away.

CARLY

Please. I really have to --

He kisses her softly again, reaches around behind her, holds her butt.

ZEKE

(in a whisper)

I want you.

He tries to kiss her again. She pulls away.

CARLY

I -- don't --

ZEKE

(in a whisper)

Yes, you do.

He runs his hands under her sweatshirt and kisses her again, with more intensity.

He holds her breasts. She puts her head back, sighs. He is feeling her nipples under the sweatshirt. He kisses her neck, licks it, then moves toward her ear.

CARLY

(in a whisper)

Zeke, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE
(in a whisper)
You're so beautiful, Carly.

He lowers her to the carpet. They are near a window.

CARLY
(in a whisper)
I'm not.

ZEKE
(in a whisper)
Yes, you are.

He starts to take her sweatshirt off.

CARLY
(in a whisper)
Please. Not here. They can see.

ZEKE
(in a whisper)
I want to see.

He takes her bra off and starts to kiss her breasts. He starts moving down her body. He takes her jeans off as he does. He takes her panties off.

He starts licking her neck.

ZEKE
(in a whisper)
I want to see you.

He reaches her stomach and kisses it. She holds his head and, as he goes lower, her head starts to move back and forth.

THE TV SCREEN

We see them on the floor. He raises her legs as he moves lower. The other monitors are dark.

INT. HIS LIVING ROOM

He is inside her... moving very slowly... she moves her head from side to side... He reaches under her, digging into her cheeks... She holds his hair, pulls him close... kisses him with great urgency... as he moves harder... harder... she starts to moan.

ZEKE
(in a whisper)
Fuck me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She moves her head from side to side.

ZEKE

(in a whisper)

Fuck me.

And she starts to move her hips, harder, harder.

ZEKE

(in a whisper)

You're so good, you're so good.

And she moves her hips harder... harder... grinding against him... moaning louder now... and she arches suddenly, crying out... her mouth open... he puts his fingers into her mouth. She holds the arch a long moment, sucking on his fingers, her eyes closed.

A long beat, as he holds her like that...

And then he starts to move inside her again... slowly ... she starts to moan again... his fingers still in her mouth... and then he starts to move hard... harder ... she opens her eyes, closes them, opens them again as he moves... very hard now... she bites down on his fingers... and they come together... bucking, writhing against each other.

THE TV SCREEN

We see them on the floor, holding each other. The other screens are dark.

And then, for the first time, we SLOWLY PAN around this room filled with TV screens. The walls are bare... we see a tall, chrome and leather chair facing the monitors. We see it from the back first. We can't see who is sitting in it. And then we PAN SLOWLY until we see the chair... it is empty.

INT. HIS LIVING ROOM

She gets up, picks the top of her sweatshirt up, goes to the window, covering herself, and pulls the curtain in.

He watches her from the floor, naked, his head against the bottom of the couch. He smiles.

ZEKE

What are you worried about? You think someone is watching you like you watch them?

She turns, looks at him a beat. He puts his hand out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

Come back down here with me.

A beat -- she just stands, looking at him.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Please.

A beat, and then she walks up to him. She stands over him, drops the sweatshirt.

CARLY

Why? So you can talk dirty to me again?

He gets up, puts his hands around her butt, pulls her closer.

ZEKE

You liked my fingers in your mouth, didn't you?

She says nothing, looks him in the eye.

ZEKE

You liked the taste of them, didn't you?

They are looking into each other's eyes, their faces deadpan.

A beat, and she puts her hands on his shoulders. She digs her nails into his shoulders slowly. She watches his eyes. He registers no pain. She digs them in deeper, deeper. He grabs her hair, hard, pulls her mouth to his... and kisses her hard. She keeps digging her nails in. He pulls her head back by the hair and kisses her neck.

She looks back at him. There is a trickle of blood running down one shoulder. She looks at it. A long beat.

ZEKE

(in a whisper)

Taste it.

She looks at him a long beat, and then she licks at the blood, moving farther down his chest as she lowers herself... he stands there... we HOLD on his face... his eyes open wide.

INT. HIS LIVING ROOM - DUSK

She is slumped against him on the floor. He has his arm around her. She gets up, starts to dress. He watches her. She wears the flowered pink panties. She looks back at him, smiles a thin, knowing smile.

CARLY

I have to go.

ZEKE

(thin smile)

You just came, how can you go?

A beat, and she gives him the thin smile again.

CARLY

Witty.

ZEKE

(casually)

It's my building. I own it. I even helped design it.

She stares a long beat. He takes her hand, holds it.

ZEKE

I hate lies. My dad ran U.S. Steel. I inherited a lot of money. I don't want to be bothered with a lot of stuff just because I live here. So I don't let anybody know I own it. So now you know.

He looks at her, smiles. He draws her close and kisses her stomach. We HOLD on her face a beat; she looks disturbed. She turns away, continues to dress.

CARLY

Did you tell Mrs. McEvoy to give me special treatment?

ZEKE

What? No.

She looks at him.

ZEKE

(smiles)

I approved your application very fast, though.

CARLY

Why?

She looks disturbed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

I saw you in the lobby the day you looked at the place. My glands went bonkers. You turned me on.

He smiles. She looks at him a beat.

CARLY

You had me all plotted out.

ZEKE

(after a beat)

You're the one who's into plots all the time. You're the book editor, not me.

They look at each other a long beat -- he smiles.

ZEKE

I just thought I'd like you a lot, that's all.

He sees her look.

ZEKE

You're pissed off at me.

CARLY

(after a beat)

Did you think I'd be this easy?

He gets up, holds her.

ZEKE

No, but I thought you'd be this good.

A beat, and then she suddenly digs her nails, hard, into the shoulder that was slightly bleeding -- her nails cut into it, we see more blood now. He winces, closes his eyes a beat.

They look at each other a long beat... and then she turns, and starts to head out.

ZEKE

You're not easy. Don't lie to yourself. You don't do anything you don't want to do.

She stops a beat, doesn't look back at him, and is gone.

INT. HER APARTMENT

She walks in. She goes to her answering machine. She looks like she is in a daze. She puts the answering machine on.

THE MACHINE

Carly, this is Peter. Alex is all over me about the Brando book -- will you please work on it this weekend?

She hits a button.

THE MACHINE

This is Judy. Where have you been all day? I've been trying to call you all day. Something's going on! I can smell it! You've probably been having multiple orgasms! You've probably been fucking your brains out!

She stands there a beat, and then she smiles slowly.

CARLY

(smiles, quietly)
Yes, I have.

THE TV SCREEN

We see her as she stands by the phone... and then we PAN behind the tall chair. We don't know if anyone is sitting there... and then we come around from the front... and see him.

It is Zeke. He smiles at Carly on the screen.

ZEKE

Good night. Sleep tight. Don't let the bedbugs bite.

A beat, and he shuts her monitor off with a remote and flicks another screen on.

We see Vida Jordan getting ready to take a shower, undressing.

ZEKE

(smiles)
Hello, Vida.

He watches her -- as he does, he flicks a switch -- and we hear the MUSIC, the thumping, piercing wail and bass of industrial -- Front 242 doing "Welcome to the Paradise."

INT. HER OFFICE - DAY

She is reading the Brando manuscript; she has her glasses on. Roxie comes in.

ROXIE

Zeke Hawkins? On line one?

Carly doesn't look up.

ROXIE

Hey -- isn't that that hunky guy from your party?

CARLY

(without looking up)

Yes.

(a beat; she looks up)

I'm not in.

ROXIE

(after a beat)

Oh-kay. I see.

(she smiles)

I wonder what your weekend was like.

When Roxie leaves, she turns to her word processor.

She starts to type -- it is a paragraph she is re-writing from the manuscript about Marlon Brando.

Her screen suddenly goes black. She stares at it, hits some buttons. Nothing happens. It is still black.

And then it comes back on, but the screen is blank. The paragraph she was writing is gone.

And then... as she stares... she sees words coming across the screen.

My... shoulder... hurts.

She stares.

Do you... have... any... body parts... that hurt?

She starts to smile slowly.

I... miss... you.

I can... still... smell... you.

And then the screen goes blank again as she sits there, staring, smiling.

Judy Marks suddenly stands there, sees her smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY

You do look like you fucked your brains out! Look at you -- what are you smiling at? That damn machine?

CARLY

(embarrassed, smiles)

Nothing. I'm just smiling, that's all.

She pretends to go back to her manuscript.

JUDY

Tell me. I want to know everything! Every little grunt! Every little wiggle!

CARLY

(smiles)

There's nothing to tell, Judy. You've been spending too much time with your vibrator.

JUDY

Who is he? Do I know him? Tell me. Tell me!

CARLY

(laughs a little)

You met him.

JUDY

I met him? And I didn't pin him to the wall and ravish him? And you got him? Now I'm pissed! Who?

CARLY

(laughs a little)

Zeke. You met him at the party.

JUDY

(after a beat)

That... gorgeous... young... oh my God!... I hate you! How is he? Give me the goods. I want the goods! Is he... insatiable? I'll bet he's insatiable! They all are at that age. Lead pencils, that's what they are. I really hate you. God, I hate you!

Carly laughs -- it is a delighted, girlish laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY

I go off with the other one for what I think is going to be a Basic Instinct weekend and you're reloading the lead pencil. I must have done something terrible in my past life.

CARLY

You went off with --

JUDY

Jack Landsford, who's not even a sharpened pencil, let me tell you. We went to Montauk. We stayed in a cabin.

CARLY

(smiles)

What happened?

JUDY

Nothing! Not a damn thing. The earth definitely did not move. It wasn't Basic Instinct, it was Sister Act. All he did was ask me about you. You should go out with him -- just to find out for me if he's even got a pencil.

She starts out.

JUDY

(in mock anger)

One more thing.

She looks at Carly in mock anger, and then smiles.

JUDY

You look abhorrently radiant this morning!

CARLY

(smiles)

What was that word?

JUDY

You heard me. Abhorrently -- but in this case, I'm not sure about the spelling.

And she's gone. Carly sits there a beat and laughs to herself.

INT. HER APARTMENT - DUSK

She walks in. There are cut flowers everywhere in ornate vases. She stares at this explosion of color a beat, then goes to a vase, sees a note. She opens the envelope.

We see the note. It says: "They smell like you." It's signed "Zeke." There is a big, beautifully-wrapped box there. She picks the box up, looks at it.

JACK

I'll bet it's something intimate
-- something lacey, a little on
the whorish side maybe.

She turns, startled. She sees him sitting in the shadows of the living room.

CARLY

(hard)
How did you get in here?

JACK

The door was open.

CARLY

(hard)
Bullshit! I've lived in New York
twenty years. I never leave my
door open.

JACK

You did this time. Maybe the
doorman did.

(he smiles; gets up)
Maybe you were hoping I'd visit
you. Maybe he didn't do enough
for you -- I don't know.

He approaches her. She backs off toward the phone.

CARLY

I want you to leave. Now!

He stops, sees she is afraid of him.

JACK

He had an affair with Naomi
Fischer.

He glances at the note, on top of a table, open. He smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I wonder if she smelled like flowers, too. Maybe you use the same spermicide.

She reaches for the phone.

CARLY

I'm calling security.

JACK

She was going to a shrink. She told him about your boyfriend. The shrink told the cops.

CARLY

(after a beat)

He's not my boyfriend.

JACK

What the hell is he? The neighborhood florist? I saw the two of you in the lobby -- your eyes were rolling around on the floor already.

She picks the phone up, starts to dial. He stops her hand.

JACK

(hard)

Listen to me. The cops told me. Call Lt. Corelli at the Fifth District -- call him -- ask him.

CARLY

(after a beat)

Why did they tell you?

JACK

(after a beat)

Corelli's a fan. He read my books. He asked me to nose around for them after that janitor died. Your boyfriend owns this building. Did you know that? I'll bet he didn't tell you that, did he?

THE TV SCREEN

We see them on the monitor. Zeke sits there, watching them, his face expressionless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

Yes, he did.

JACK

(smiles suddenly)

When? Over the weekend? In the sack? Corelli found out on Friday. Do you know how difficult it was for the cops to discover that? The guy's got more false fronts and high-powered lawyers than Richard Fucking Nixon!

We see Zeke smile.

INT. HER APARTMENT

JACK

They're onto him. They're checking him out. Don't you get it? Four people have died here in two years! Think about that!

CARLY

They were accidents -- what are you doing, trying to write another one of your cheap, tawdry thrillers?

JACK

Sure they were. Four accidents. Oh, yeah. And with all four accidents, the security cameras shorted out just before somebody died. And the guy just happens to be a computer wizard -- which means he's an electronics freak!

CARLY

And the security cameras have never shorted out on days when nobody died, right?

JACK

Sure they did. He's not stupid. He was at the top of his class at Stanford. He'd make sure they shorted out on other days. He was setting up his alibis.

THE TV SCREEN

We see them on the monitor. Zeke stares, a thin smile on his face.

INT. HER APARTMENT

She and Jack look at each other a beat.

CARLY

(quietly)

You know what I think? I think you can't write anymore and you're conjuring up this melodramatic crap to hide the fact that you can't. I'm sorry for you, Jack, I really am. But, if I ever find you in here again, I'm going to make sure that you're thrown out of this building. Goodbye.

He looks at her a long beat. Then he smiles a thin smile.

JACK

Naomi told the shrink he was great in the sack. That part's true, isn't it, Carly?

And he starts to walk out.

CARLY

Maybe if you wrote something again you wouldn't spend long weekends in Montauk just talking.

He turns back, looks at her. He looks at her like he could kill her and then he suddenly grins.

JACK

Fuck you.

CARLY

Not a chance.

A beat, and he is gone.

She stands there a long beat. And then she turns and looks at the room, at the flowers everywhere.

A long beat, as she stands there, thinking, and then she goes to the beautifully-wrapped package and starts to open it. She unwraps it. She looks and then holds them up.

We see a frilly pair of black bra and panties -- they look exactly like the pair that Vida Jordan was wearing earlier.

Her face is expressionless. The phone RINGS. She looks at it. It rings again and again. She makes no move to answer it.

THE TV SCREEN

We see her on the monitor looking at the RINGING phone.

Zeke watches her on the monitor, a telephone in his hand.

INT. HER APARTMENT - NIGHT

She lies on the couch, her eyes open. The phone RINGS. It rings and rings.

THE TV SCREEN

We see her lying there as the phone RINGS. And rings. And she finally, slowly, gets up from the couch and goes to it. She stands there a long beat as it RINGS and then answers it.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Are you hungry? I'm starved.

(We see this entire conversation from the monitor room. He is sitting there with the phone; she is on screen.)

CARLY

(after a beat)

I've already eaten.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Liar. Are you afraid of me?

CARLY

(after a beat)

Why would I be afraid of you? Do I look like I frighten easily?

She is looking almost right at him on screen; her eyes on the Art Deco light in her living room.

ZEKE

(grins)

Well, I did sort of come on strong yesterday.

CARLY

(a small smile)

I sort of came on strong, too.

ZEKE

(smiles; after a beat)

You want to get some caviar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY
(smiles)
Now?

ZEKE
(grins)
Yeah.

CARLY
I'm tired.

ZEKE
No, you're not.

He watches her on the monitor as she stands with the phone in her hand.

CARLY
I really am. I'm lying down already.

She is, of course, not lying down.

ZEKE
(smiles)
You're lying there thinking about yesterday.

CARLY
(smiles)
You flatter yourself.

ZEKE
It was flattering to me to be with you.

CARLY
(smiles)
Liar. It won't work.

He sees her smile.

ZEKE
Yes, it will. Meet you downstairs in ten minutes.

CARLY
(smiles)
I don't even have anything to wear. I never did do my laundry.

ZEKE
Wear what I sent you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY
You can't just manipulate me.

ZEKE
(smiles)
Well, you can sure manipulate me.

CARLY
What do you mean?

ZEKE
You got me to call you to ask you
out for caviar.

CARLY
(smiles)
I didn't do that. It's your idea.

ZEKE
(smiles)
But you're the one that put it
into my head.

CARLY
You know what? I'm really not
hungry.

ZEKE
Yes, you are, you're starved.

CARLY
(smiles)
I'm going to hang up on you.

ZEKE
(smiles)
Do it. Hurry. Ten minutes.

A beat, and she hangs up. She stands there, her face
expressionless.

EXT. 1300 MADISON - NIGHT

He stands outside; he wears an Armani jacket, tie. He
looks great. The Doorman is holding a cab in the
street. Zeke looks at his watch, looks impatient. She
comes out behind him. She wears a very nice, simple
dress. She looks terrific.

CARLY
(smiles)
Did you think I wasn't coming?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

(smiles)

No. I knew you wanted me to think
you weren't coming.

He steps close to her.

ZEKE

(smiles)

You look good enough to eat.

He kisses her gently on the lips.

CARLY

You are insatiable.

ZEKE

(smiles)

I'm not trying to hide it. I told
you I was hungry. How about
you? You got an appetite?

They look at each other a beat.

CARLY

Yes, I've got an appetite.

They look at each other a beat, eyes glued.

ZEKE

(grins)

See? I told you you did.

INT. PETROSSIAN - NIGHT

They sit across from each other at a small table. Very
near them, so close they can overhear, sit a very
proper, very WASPY COUPLE in their 60's. The Old Man
sits on the same side as Zeke, so he is facing Carly.

WAITER

Are you ready to order, sir?

ZEKE

Not yet, thanks.

He looks at her, smiles, as she looks at her menu.

WAITER

Very well, sir.

She looks up at him, sees him smiling at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY
(smiles)
What?

ZEKE
(smiles)
Nothing.

She looks down at her menu again as he looks at her.

CARLY
You like playing games, don't you?

ZEKE
I like playing games with people
who like playing games.

CARLY
(smiles)
What games do I like playing?

ZEKE
(a beat; he grins)
Scrabble?

CARLY
I hate Scrabble. I'm awful at
Scrabble. I'm good at poker,
though.

ZEKE
So am I. You want to play?

CARLY
(laughs)
Now?

ZEKE
Now. The cops came to see me.
They found out I own the
building. They've got all kind of
dumb questions about the wiring.
I had a terrible day. I couldn't
get any work done.

CARLY
(after a beat, straight)
Are we playing poker now?

ZEKE
(after a beat; smiles)
We're about to start. Did you
like the bra and panties?

The Old Man, who has been talking to the Old Woman,
hears the question, glances at Carly, then away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

Yes.

She looks up at Zeke, glances at the old couple.

ZEKE

Are you wearing them?

The Old Man hears it, looks at the two of them, stares at Carly.

CARLY

(after a beat)

Maybe.

ZEKE

(after a beat)

I think you are.

(a beat; he smiles)

Show me.

The Old Man stares, looks like he is having trouble with his food.

CARLY

(after a beat)

Right here?

ZEKE

(after a beat)

Right here.

The Old Man whispers to his Wife again -- the Old Woman looks at them now, too.

A long beat, as Carly's eyes are on Zeke's... and then she unbuttons a button on her dress. She leans forward. The Old Man stops eating, stares.

ZEKE

(after a beat)

I'm short-sighted. I can't see.

A beat, and she opens another button. Zeke looks. We can see the black bra clearly now -- so can the Old Couple.

CARLY

(evenly)

Can you see now?

Their eyes are on each other.

ZEKE

(evenly)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat, as they look at each other.

ZEKE

What about the panties?

The Old Man coughs a little.

CARLY

(after a beat)

The panties.

ZEKE

(after a beat; loud)

Yes. The panties. Are you wearing the panties?

The Old Man stares. He opens his mouth. He seems to need air. Carly and Zeke have their eyes on each other, their faces deadpan.

CARLY

(after a beat)

Forget it.

The Old Man seems to breathe easier.

ZEKE

(after a beat; smiles)

I win. You lose. This game.

They stare at each other.

WAITER

Are you ready to --

He sees the buttons of her dress undone. He clears his throat.

WAITER

-- order yet, sir?

Zeke doesn't look at him -- his eyes are on Carly's.

ZEKE

(to Waiter)

Not yet. I'm getting my appetite up.

The Old Woman seems to gasp at that.

WAITER

(after a beat)

Very well, sir.

The Waiter leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carly and Zeke have their eyes on each other. A beat, and then she leans back in her chair slightly and starts to pull her dress up... slowly... slowly... slowly...

The Old Man glugs a fast big gulp of his wine.

... her dress goes higher... and higher... until we see the black panties. A beat, as Zeke looks.

ZEKE

(smiles)

I can't tell.

The Old Man almost spits his wine out as he starts to cough very loudly.

Carly and Zeke have their eyes on each other.

A long beat, as she puts her hand under her skirt... and under the table... eyes still on each other... and then a fast move... and she holds the black panties up to him over the table.

The Old Couple stare... and so does everyone else around them. She holds the panties up over the table. He lets her hand stay there a long beat... and then he takes them.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Thank you.

He pockets the panties. The others stop watching gradually.

CARLY

(after a beat; smiles)

You're welcome.

Their eyes are still on each other, smiling now.

CARLY

I win. You lose. This game.

A beat, as they look at each other. The Waiter is there again.

ZEKE

(to Carly, casually)

Are we ready to order?

CARLY

(casually)

Yes, we are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Waiter can't take his eyes off Carly.

WAITER

(deadpan)

Very well, madame.

INT. THE ELEVATOR AT 1300 - NIGHT

He hits the button.

CARLY

Where are we going?

ZEKE

(smiles)

Thirteen.

We see thirteen lighted up.

She hits twenty.

CARLY

(smiles)

It's an unlucky number.

ZEKE

(after a beat, smiles)

It's an unlucky apartment house.

It stops at thirteen. The door opens. She looks at him.

CARLY

Good night.

A beat, as he holds the door, leans in, kisses her on the lips faintly.

ZEKE

Good night.

A beat, and he starts to step out, gets the panties out of his pocket and holds the panties up.

ZEKE

(slight smile)

You better put these on. I don't want you to catch a draft.

A beat, and she smiles and takes them.

CARLY

Don't worry. I'm nice and warm.

He smiles and gets out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The elevator starts going up. She puts the panties in her purse.

It stops at twenty.

She stands there a long beat, doesn't go out. The BUZZER goes off. A beat, and she hits thirteen.

INT. THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

She RINGS his doorbell. There is no answer. She RINGS it again, sees that the door is open a crack.

She pushes the door open. The apartment is dark.

INT. HIS APARTMENT

She steps inside.

CARLY

Zeke?

There is no answer. She walks farther in, into the pitch-black.

CARLY

Zeke?

There is a sudden movement behind her... she turns... he grabs her, hard... picks her up off the ground... his tongue is inside her mouth... she wraps her legs around his waist... she is not wearing panties... he holds her by her naked cheeks... carrying her... falls with her onto the big brass bed... ripping her dress off... as she writhes... kissing her breasts... her body... spreading her legs... kissing her thighs... biting into her thigh now... hard... harder... she cries out... he lifts her legs high... as we HOLD on her face... her head rolling... he is inside her... as she cries out again... his fingers in her mouth...

... and he rolls, turning her... she is astride him... he holds her breasts... hard... as she leans her head back... back... and arches.

INT. HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

There is a big stone fireplace. The fire is going. A mirror faces the bed, faces the opposing wall. They are in bed. She is kissing his back -- he is turned from her -- licking it, moving down... playing.

CARLY

Damn you. You left your door open. You knew I'd come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

(smiles)

You did come. We came together.

He turns, faces her, kisses her.

CARLY

Did you and Naomi come together?

The question doesn't faze him.

ZEKE

I hardly knew her -- I told you.

He kisses her shoulder gently.

CARLY

She told someone you had an affair with her.

He kisses her other shoulder.

ZEKE

She made it up. It never happened. She came on to me once. Maybe she fantasized. She did have an affair with your friend.

He stops kissing her -- lies back.

CARLY

What friend?

ZEKE

Your writer friend -- what's his name? Jack.

CARLY

How do you know?

ZEKE

Vida -- your neighbor, she told me -- at your party. So what. It's no big deal.

He leans close to her again, kisses her gently. A beat, and she gets up, sits on the side of the bed.

ZEKE

(quietly)

If you stay, we could wake up together. I could kiss you to start the day, maybe do some other stuff, too. I could make you a great omelette and we could go down to the park and hold hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at him a long beat.

ZEKE

Am I scaring you again?

He smiles slightly, takes her hand, and holds it with feeling.

CARLY

(quietly)

I don't want to get hurt.

They look at each other a long beat.

ZEKE

(quietly)

I'm never going to hurt you.

A beat, and he takes her hand and kisses it tenderly.

She looks at him a beat, leans down, kisses him softly on the lips, and heads out. He watches her.

INT. HER APARTMENT - NIGHT

She walks in. She closes the door behind her, stands there a long beat against it, lost in her thoughts.

She goes to her telephone, dials.

CARLY

Vida, this is Carly Norris. Can you call me? I'd like to talk to you. It's important. Thanks.

She hangs up. A long beat, as she stands there.

THE TV SCREEN

We see her standing there. Zeke watches the monitor. A long beat, and then we start to hear Skinny Puppy doing "Love in Vain." We CLOSE ON his face as he watches her on the screen. He looks moved, almost like he is going to cry.

INT. HER APARTMENT - MORNING

She is making coffee and toast, heading for work. The TV set is ON. We hear it in the b.g. as she gathers her things. It is tuned to JOAN RIVERS. She has two Hollywood GOSSIP COLUMNISTS on from Movieline magazine.

ONE OF THEM

And Julia Roberts -- oh, she's such a big, big star, she doesn't even want to talk to mere mortals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE OTHER

When she moved into her new apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, the manager wrote a note to the other tenants that they couldn't even approach her -- not even to say hello!

Joan Rivers' audience LAUGHS.

ONE OF THEM

And Sharon Stone -- well, the jet-setting femme fatale, has she ever been busy! First it was Dwight Yoakum, then it was Mick Jagger, then it was John F. Kennedy, Jr. Now add aging matinee idol Robert Redford to the list of broken hearts--

Carly hears a DOOR CLOSE outside.

A beat, and then she goes to her door, opens it, sees Vida at the elevator (it is very near her apartment).

INT. THE CORRIDOR

She goes to Vida. Vida is hitting the elevator buttons. She looks scrambled and in a hurry.

VIDA

I got your message. I'll call you tonight, okay? I've got a shoot. I'm late, goddamnit. Where is this fucking thing?

She hits the button again. The lights in the corridor blink and then blink again.

CARLY

I just wanted to talk to you about --

VIDA

Fuck it! I'm not going to get stuck in there!

And she turns toward the door leading to the stairway.

VIDA

(scrambled)
I'll call you, okay?

And she opens the door and heads down the stairway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

(smiles)

Okay.

And she heads back toward her apartment.

INT. HER APARTMENT

As she gets back inside, the lights suddenly go out.
The TV set goes off.

She stands there a moment, startled, her face
expressionless.

INT. THE STAIRWAY

The stairway has ten or fifteen steps -- and then a
landing -- and ten or fifteen steps again as it heads
down.

Vida is heading down in the darkness.

VIDA

(to herself)

Goddamn it!

She hears STEPS behind her. She stops, freezes. She
looks around, sees nothing, continues going down. She
hears STEPS behind her again.

She freezes again, on a landing now, and turns.

And as she does, a hooded, sweatshirted figure
literally flies toward her off the stairs, a hunting
knife in hand. The knife gleams. She screams.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT

Carly hears what sounds like a MUFFLED SCREAM.

INT. THE STAIRWAY

Vida is on the landing, against the wall as the hunting
knife gleams and goes into her in the darkness, again,
and again.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT

A beat, and Carly goes to her door, opens it. There is
a faint light in the corridor coming from a window near
the elevator.

INT. THE CORRIDOR

Carly goes down the corridor, listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hears nothing. She stops at the door leading to the stairway.

A beat, and she opens the stairway door.

INT. THE STAIRWAY

She listens. She hears nothing. And then she hears what sounds like a SOFT MOAN.

CARLY

Vida?

A beat, and she hears something MUFFLED again and starts heading down the stairway in the darkness, gets to a landing...

And the lights suddenly go on for a flash and she sees...

At the landing below her -- Vida, in a pool of blood and hunched over her, his head in profile... Jack Landsford, wearing a sweatshirt, its hood down. He turns to Carly.

The lights suddenly go off again...

And she runs wildly up the stairway in the darkness.

JACK

Carly!

She trips in the darkness, going up the stairs desperately... he is behind her... he grabs for her... she gets up again... he grabs her by a leg... she kicks out, scrambling... and he falls behind her, falls down the stairs.

INT. THE CORRIDOR

She runs out wildly, her eyes huge, panicked... the lights come back on.

The elevator is there, open. She is on a floor other than her own.

She runs into the elevator.

INT. THE ELEVATOR

She is trembling. She looks like she is in shock. She hits the lobby button, keeps hitting it.

The door to the stairway flies open. Jack is there. We see blood on his sweatshirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(yelling)
Carly!

She screams. The elevator door starts to close. He runs to the elevator, sticks his arm in -- trying to force the door open.

She grabs the fire extinguisher and smashes at his hand and arm. He screams in pain. She smashes it again. And then he gets his arm out and the elevator door finally closes.

She hits the emergency button. We hear a very loud, very shrill BELL.

She backs into a corner of the elevator, trembling, trying to breathe... as the bell keeps RINGING very loudly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HER APARTMENT - DAY

She is trembling, a blanket around her shoulders. She looks like she is in shock. Zeke is with her, an arm around her. Lt. Corelli is there with other Detectives. A DOCTOR is giving her a shot.

DOCTOR
(looks at her)
She just needs to rest.

Another DETECTIVE comes in.

DETECTIVE
Nothing on the security monitors.

LT. CORELLI
Of course not. They're programmed to go out at just the right time.

He glances at Zeke.

ZEKE
I told you. I've had two firms in here trying to figure out what's wrong with the wiring.

LT. CORELLI
(glances at Zeke)
Well, we sure know this one's not an accident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another DETECTIVE comes in.

DETECTIVE
The lab says Landsford's prints
are all over the knife.

CARLY
(in a fog)
Where is he?

LT. CORELLI
Downtown. He's being questioned.

She doesn't respond.

LT. CORELLI
When can I speak to her?

DOCTOR
Tomorrow maybe.

They look at her. She just stares, vacant-eyed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zeke holds her. She is asleep -- she is trembling,
crying in her sleep.

He pulls her closer with great tenderness.

ZEKE
It's okay, it's okay. I love
you. I love you.

He kisses her tenderly, holds her.

INT. HER APARTMENT - THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lt. Corelli and two other Detectives are there with
Carly and Zeke. She looks a little better.

LT. CORELLI
How do you feel?

CARLY
(after a beat)
I'm better. Was he working with
you?

He seems taken aback by the question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LT. CORELLI

(after a beat)

Not really. I just read his books, asked him some questions about this place.

ZEKE

He's a friend of yours?

Lt. Corelli looks at him a beat assessingly.

LT. CORELLI

He's an acquaintance.

Zeke almost smiles a little at that; Corelli sees it.

LT. CORELLI

(to Carly)

Did Vida ever talk about him to you?

CARLY

No. I wasn't close to her.

ANOTHER DETECTIVE

Do you know if they knew each other?

ZEKE

Vida knew him. She told me that he had a relationship with Naomi Fischer.

LT. CORELLI

She told her shrink she had a relationship with you.

ZEKE

That's not true.

LT. CORELLI

(grins)

Why would she make something like that up?

ZEKE

Probably for the same crazy reason she jumped out the window.

They look at each other a beat.

DISSOLVE:

INT. HER LIVING ROOM - LATER

ANOTHER DETECTIVE

(to Zeke)

When did Vida tell you that
Landsford had a relationship with
Naomi Fischer?

ZEKE

At Carly's housewarming party.

LT. CORELLI

(to Carly)

Did she tell you that?

CARLY

No.

LT. CORELLI

(to Zeke)

Did she tell anybody else?

ZEKE

How would I know?

They look at each other a beat. It is clear they don't
like each other.

CARLY

I saw her with Jack once. He was
giving Vida some money.

ANOTHER DETECTIVE

(to Carly)

Did you know Vida was a hooker?

CARLY

She told me she was a model.

LT. CORELLI

(to Zeke)

Did you?

ZEKE

She said she was a model on her
application.

LT. CORELLI

That's not what I asked you. Did
you know she was a hooker?

ZEKE

How would I know that?

LT. CORELLI

You're not answering my question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

No, I didn't know she was a hooker. Does that answer it?

LT. CORELLI

(after a beat)

Yes, it does.

They look at each other a beat.

INT. HER LIVING ROOM - LATER

LT. CORELLI

(to Carly)

Did Landsford ever hit on you?

CARLY

Once. At my housewarming party. Then he showed up in my living room once. He was sitting there waiting for me.

ANOTHER DETECTIVE

How did he get in?

CARLY

I don't know.

LT. CORELLI

Did he ever threaten you?

CARLY

No. Not really.

ANOTHER DETECTIVE

What does that mean?

CARLY

He got angry with me when he showed up in my apartment. He swore at me and left.

LT. CORELLI

What did he want when he showed up in your apartment?

CARLY

He told me he was working with you.

LT. CORELLI

Did you tell Mr. Hawkins here that he said he was working with us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

No.

Corelli looks at the two of them.

DISSOLVE:

INT. HER LIVING ROOM - LATER

They have gotten up, are about to leave.

LT. CORELLI

Thank you. I'm sorry we had to take up so much of your time.

ZEKE

What does he say?

LT. CORELLI

(after a beat)

He says he didn't do it. He says he didn't even know Vida Jordan until he met her at your party.

CARLY

That's not true. I saw him with her before the party.

LT. CORELLI

Are you sure?

CARLY

I'm sure.

ZEKE

What does he say about the knife?

LT. CORELLI

He says he discovered it missing about a week ago, thought he'd misplaced it.

ZEKE

Carly said there was blood on his sweatshirt.

LT. CORELLI

He said he leaned down and tried to help her.

ZEKE

He's got an answer for everything, doesn't he? It must be those thrillers he writes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Ask him about my janitor --
Julio. He had a real hassle with
Julio. He said he caught him
going through his stuff. He tried
like hell to get Mrs. McEvoy to
fire him. Maybe it wasn't an
accident -- maybe he killed Julio,
too.

Lt. Corelli looks at him a long beat.

CARLY

What's going to happen now?

LT. CORELLI

The D.A. has decided to charge
him.

ZEKE

(slight smile)

That's not going to look too good
for you guys, is it? Since he was
working with you and all.

LT. CORELLI

(after a beat, evenly)

I told you. He wasn't working
with us. We just asked him some
questions about this place --

(a beat)

-- just like we asked you.

They look at each other a beat.

LT. CORELLI

(to Carly)

He'll make bail.

ZEKE

You mean he can come back here?

LT. CORELLI

He lives here. It's his apartment.
He's got a lease. If you try to
throw him out, he'll probably sue
you.

A beat, and he smiles at Zeke.

LT. CORELLI

I'd hate to see that happen to
you, you'd spend all your time in
court.

He and Zeke look at each other. Carly looks
frightened.

INT. HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

The fireplace is on. We see them reflected in the bedroom mirror. They are in bed. She is asleep. He holds her. He starts to kiss her neck, then her back. She stirs, turns to him, kisses him, still half-asleep. They are very gentle, very tender with each other. She moves on top of him and, her eyes closed, starts to move very slowly. She lies on top of him as she moves.

CARLY

(in a whisper)

I love you.

INT. HIS BEDROOM - MORNING

He is asleep. He wakes up, sees that she is not there.

ZEKE

Carly?

He gets up, goes to the living room.

INT. HIS LIVING ROOM

He sees her standing there in one of his robes. She is looking, her back to him, at the bronze statue of the volcano. She is tracing it with her fingers.

She looks at him with a slight smile, then looks back at the bronze.

CARLY

I could never go into a volcano.

ZEKE

You could with me.

He goes behind her, holds her.

CARLY

(after a long beat)

He's going to come back here,
isn't he?

She doesn't look at him. She looks frightened. He holds her.

ZEKE

(after a long beat)

We'll know it when he does.

CARLY

How?

Her back is to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

(after a beat)

We'll know.

CARLY

No, we won't, he can be down there right now.

ZEKE

(after a long beat)

Let's see if he is.

She turns to him -- she doesn't get it.

He takes her hand, looks at her a long beat, leads her into the bedroom. She doesn't understand.

And then he pushes a button near his bed and a wall facing the bed... facing the mirror... slides away... and she stares...

At the wall to wall curve of green-glinting screens, six rows high from the console near the ceiling, single rows passing over and under the center screens; six rows high on either side, pale digits glowing across the top and midline -- 2 through 11 on the left, 12 through 21 on the right.

She stares at it. She steps closer to the console -- we see the word "Takata" on one of the sets.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Japanese. They only sell it in Kyoto. It cost me six million dollars.

She stares. He puts a monitor on. We see an apartment with no one there.

ZEKE

He's not there. We'll know it if he is. We'll know every move he makes.

She stares. A long beat, and then, hesitantly --

CARLY

Put 20B on.

She doesn't look at him.

ZEKE

(after a beat)

There's nobody home there, either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

(hard)
Put it on!

She turns to him, their eyes are on each other.

A long beat, and he puts her apartment on a screen.

CARLY

You watched me? You watch
people? How can you --

She says it with growing anger and outrage.

ZEKE

(nervous)
So do you. With a telescope. I
just have better technology,
Carly --

She shakes her head, moves away from him--

CARLY

(very hard)
No!

She starts to head out in anger -- she is wearing the
robe -- he grabs her --

ZEKE

You like gossip? Look, I'll show
you real gossip. Real life,
Carly--

He starts flicking screens on with SOUND. He is still
holding her -- she is trying to get away from him --

ZEKE

Look!

CARLY

No!

She turns away from the screens --

ZEKE

(in a flurry)
It's better than any book. It's
better than any movie. It's a
soap opera -- I used to watch them
with my mother when I was a kid.
It's tragedy, it's funny, it's
sad. It's real life. It's
unpredictable. Look, Carly.
Look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

I don't want to see! It's disgusting -- it's perverse --

ZEKE

It's just like your Brando book!

And she breaks away from him, and starts to run out --

ZEKE

(very loud)

Carly!

He runs after her -- she trips; he tackles her from behind -- they go down on the rug --

ZEKE

Carly, I love you, I love you,
please don't, please --

She is flailing away at him on the rug -- her robe comes undone -- she is naked --

He starts to kiss her--

CARLY

Don't -- Don't --

She starts to cry -- he holds her hands as he kisses her, not letting her breathe, working his hands underneath her -- she gets her mouth free of his and tries to breathe, crying -- as he is inside her -- she cries out --

He is crying now, too, on top of her as they grind against each other hard, each of them almost ruthless as they get there, rolling around on the rug, holding onto each other, crying, and crying out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIS APARTMENT - MORNING (LATER)

She stands in the monitor room, staring at all the screens. She looks like she is in a fog. We see people eating breakfast, talking, arguing, on the telephone, putting makeup on, in the bathroom, in the shower, dressing.

Zeke is behind her suddenly -- he watches her staring a long beat.

ZEKE

(quietly)

Nobody gets hurt. They don't
know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long beat, and then she looks at him. A long beat, and then she looks back to the screens.

He flicks other screens on. On one, we see a couple making love. She stares.

ZEKE

The Johnsons. She likes it in the morning.

She doesn't look at him; looks at the screen.

CARLY

(slowly, quietly)

You know everything about me. You know everything about... everyone.

ZEKE

So will you.

CARLY

(quietly)

I don't want to.

She doesn't look at him; keeps watching the screens.

ZEKE

(quietly)

Yes, you do.

He puts his arm around from behind her, kisses her neck as they both watch the screens.

ZEKE

We're the perfect couple. We're so alike.

He looks at her. She isn't even looking at him. She is watching the screens.

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM - DAY

She is sitting there, staring, the remote control in her hands.

He is sitting there, watching her watching the screens.

She is watching a middle-aged couple. They seem very upset.

ZEKE

The Andrettis. They're nice people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE WOMAN

What did he say?

THE MAN

He said I had to go in for tests.
Just tests, that's all.

WOMAN

What did the x-ray show?

MAN

Some kind of shadow, that's all.
Don't worry about it. It could be
anything.

WOMAN

Tell me the truth, Ray. Please.
What did he say?

MAN

(with great difficulty)
He said it -- it could be a tumor.

The Woman starts to cry.

MAN

They're not sure, Angel. They
don't know for sure.

The Man holds the Woman; Carly stares; Zeke watches
her. She turns the sound up on another screen, shuts
this one off.

A middle-aged MAN is on the telephone. He looks very
upset.

ZEKE

Ted Weiss -- Three B. He's got
big trouble.

MAN

(on phone)
Put another \$200 on the A's game,
\$300 on the Dodgers, okay?

(a beat)

I know I'm a couple grand down,
I'm good for it. You know I'm
good for it.

(a beat)

For Christ's sakes, I'll pay you.

She turns the SOUND up on another screen, shuts this
one off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see a WOMAN in her 30's arguing with her DAUGHTER, about 15.

ZEKE

The Ballingers -- mother and daughter.

MOTHER

He's your stepfather. You could be nicer to him.

DAUGHTER

He touches me --

MOTHER

Stop it!

DAUGHTER

(crying)

He puts his hands on me. Every chance he gets, Mom.

The Mother slaps her.

MOTHER

Don't start! You hear me? He's a decent, hardworking man --

The Daughter runs into another room. The Mother starts to cry, too.

ZEKE

She's right. Every chance he gets. Every time the mother isn't around.

Carly shuts the sound off, looks at him.

CARLY

When Vida was killed --

ZEKE

I don't have any in the stairways.

CARLY

When the others --

ZEKE

I wasn't watching.

CARLY

Did you ever see Vida with Jack?

ZEKE

Sure. Lots of times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

Why didn't you tell the police?

ZEKE

And tell them about all this? I saw him with Naomi Fischer, too. He was just using her. She couldn't handle it.

CARLY

Why didn't you tell me?

ZEKE

I couldn't -- before.

He indicates all the monitors.

ZEKE

Try 14 B. It's about that time of day.

She puts 14 B on and she sees a woman masturbating in bed.

ZEKE

Gloria Alden. Her husband is a stockbroker. He works too hard.

He smiles. She watches the woman as she is ready to climax. As she watches --

CARLY

Did you watch me when I --

ZEKE

I watched you all the time.

CARLY

(after a long beat)
You saw me when I...

She turns to him.

ZEKE

(after a beat)
Yes.

(a beat)
You like that, don't you? You like knowing that I saw you.

She looks into his eyes a long beat and turns back to the screens.

ZEKE

Try 2-A.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She puts the monitor on. We see a man in his 60's with short hair -- he looks vaguely familiar.

CARLY

Who is it?

ZEKE

It's Mrs. McEvoy.

We see the man put a wig on and start putting lipstick on.

ZEKE

She's getting ready to go to work.

And now we see that he looks the perfect Mrs. McEvoy.

CARLY

Do you tape them?

ZEKE

On very special occasions.

CARLY

(after a beat)

Did you tape us?

ZEKE

(smiles)

Yes. Would you like to see us?

She turns to him.

CARLY

(after a beat)

Yes.

He smiles, gets up, and leaves the room. She turns back to the screen, flicks the remote -- the sound is off -- we see different images of different people. She stares.

Zeke is behind her. He puts the cassette into a VCR -- (we see a bank of them) -- and we see them onscreen, the first time, in daylight, under the window.

He smiles. She stares at herself making love to him, her face expressionless.

ZEKE

Do you want music? Here.

He pushes a button -- we hear a loud, piercing industrial rock sound -- Nine Inch Nails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

It's my favorite song.

She stares at herself making love on the screen.

CARLY

What's it called?

ZEKE

"Sin".

She turns to him, sees the smile on his face, then turns back expressionless and watches the screen.

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM

She is staring at the screens. Most of them are lighted with different people. She is alone. He comes in behind her.

ZEKE

Do you want something to eat?

She shakes her head, stares at the images.

ZEKE

(smiles)

You haven't eaten anything all day.

CARLY

I'm not hungry.

She doesn't even look at him, stares at the screens.

ZEKE

(smiles)

You're like a kid with a new toy.

CARLY

(after a beat)

It's not a toy... is it?

She doesn't look at him.

ZEKE

(after a beat)

No.

He watches her.

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM - DAY

Most of the screens are on. She has fallen asleep, her head on the console.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zeke is trying to shake her awake.

ZEKE

Carly --

She is deep asleep.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Carly -- your office has been trying to get ahold of you.

She opens her eyes, looks at him.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Good morning. Fun night?

She looks at the monitor for Jack's apartment.

ZEKE

It's okay. I checked. He's still in jail.

INT. HER OFFICE - DAY

She walks into her office -- Roxie is not there. On Roxie's desk, she sees the Daily News, with its big headline: Writer Charged in High-Rise Stabbing. There's a photograph of Jack.

She stares at it.

ROXIE

(behind her)

Oh, God, are you all right?

She hugs her.

ROXIE

We've been so worried about you. Everybody's been calling --

As Roxie hugs her, we see Carly's eyes. They look vacant.

CARLY

I'm okay, really --

Judy Marks is there. She comes and hugs her, too.

JUDY

To think that I spent a weekend with that maniac hoping that he'd... the police even talked to me...
me...
me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The phone RINGS. Roxie picks the phone up.

JUDY

Will you come see me later and
give me the real skinny? I want
to hear everything.

ROXIE

It's Zeke Hawkins.

CARLY

Thanks.

She seems muted, without expression or life. She goes
into her office, closes the door.

JUDY

(to Roxie)

That's the lead pencil, isn't it?

Roxie grins, shakes her head.

JUDY

I don't get it. Why does
everything exciting have to happen
to her. No one's ever tried to
kill me.

INT. HER OFFICE

She picks the phone up.

CARLY

Hello.

She sounds flat, hollowed-out.

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM

He sits there with many of the screens lighted, a phone
in his hand.

ZERE

(excited)

Guess what? Mr. Andretti doesn't
have cancer. He got another
opinion. Isn't that great?

He grins.

INT. HER OFFICE

CARLY

That is great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles a thin smile.

CARLY
(a long beat)
What did they do to celebrate?

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM

ZEKE
(smiles)
They jumped up and down in the living room like little kids. You should have seen them.

INT. HER OFFICE

Her smile is bigger now.

CARLY
(hesitantly)
What else is... going on?

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM

He looks at the screens.

ZEKE
Ted Weiss won both the Dodgers and the A's games. He's on his third Jack Daniel's.

He looks at the screens.

ZEKE
Gloria Alden just got done with herself, right on schedule. She's taking a little nap right now.

INT. HER OFFICE

CARLY
(smiles)
Did you watch her?

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM

ZEKE
Of course I watched her. She's like a Swiss cuckoo clock. She just goes off each day. It beats having a cup of coffee in the morning.

INT. HER OFFICE

CARLY

(smiles)

You're bad.

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM

ZEKE

(smiles)

We're bad. I called Ballinger --
at his office. I didn't tell him
who I was. I told him if he ever
touched his daughter again, I'd
kill him.

INT. HER OFFICE

CARLY

(smiles)

What did he do?

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM

ZEKE

(smiles)

He shit, that's what he did. I
just wish I could have seen him.
Maybe I should just start wiring
the whole town. Then we'd see
everything.

INT. HER OFFICE - LATER

She's sitting there working on her Brando manuscript,
her glasses on, a pencil in hand.

Roxie opens the door.

ROXIE

He's been calling for days. He's
worried about you.

CARLY

I'll call him back. Tell him I'm
fine.

She doesn't look up. Roxie looks at her a beat, then
walks out.

A long beat, and then she puts the pencil down, takes
her glasses off. She turns to her window and stares a
long beat. And then the screen on her word processor
comes alive. She looks at it, and sees the words:

I'm... watching... our... tape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat, and then these words:

You... have... a... nice... butt.

She stares at the screen as it goes blank again.

INT. ALEXANDER PARSONS' OFFICE - DAY

She sits in this ornate, bookish office; Alex sits behind his desk.

CARLY

(with difficulty)

I can't concentrate, Alex. I'm sorry. I just need some time off.

He looks at her a long beat.

ALEX

You can't just... abandon an author like Tom Wolfe, Carly. He has faith in you. He says you're the best editor--

CARLY

Tom doesn't need an editor. He just needs someone to sort of... nurture him along.

ALEX

(smiles)

We all need someone to... nurture us along.

CARLY

(after a beat)

I need some time to... nurture myself along.

A beat, as they look at each other.

ALEX

What about your Brando book?

CARLY

(after a beat)

It's crap... it's fake... it's not real.

ALEX

(after a beat)

I know it's crap. But you and I have always had an understanding.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (CONT'D)

Your Brando book and the other Tell-Alls you've done make it possible for us to pay Tom Wolfe and Tom Boyle and Cormac McCarthy the money they deserve.

CARLY

(smiles thinly)

You can find someone else to edit it, Alex. There are other people here with my prurient interests.

He looks at her a beat.

ALEX

(gently)

I'm sorry about... everything, Carly. I never would have suspected anything like that of Jack. He always seemed very... healthy to me.

(a beat)

But what do we really know about the people we know? We don't know their intimate lives. It's better, it seems, not to.

She says nothing, looks at him. A long beat as he looks at her.

ALEX

What are you going to do with yourself?

A beat, and then she smiles a slight smile.

CARLY

I'm going to watch a lot of TV.

ALEX

I thought you dislike television.

CARLY

(a slight smile)

Not anymore.

EXT. THE STREET - DUSK

Rush hour, the streets are filled with people. She comes out of the building. Someone is watching her as she starts to walk across the street. He is behind her. We see her FROM HIS POV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And after she's crossed the street, he grabs her by the arm and stops her at a storefront. It's Jack. He is holding a brown envelope. His hand is in a cast.

She spooks, tries to get away from him. He holds her by the arm.

JACK

(quickly)

I'm not going to hurt you. All you have to do is scream. Look at all these people.

She sees people everywhere, tries to pull away. He holds her by the arm.

JACK

I didn't kill her.

She tries to pull away again.

JACK

He set me up, don't you see that? He stole my knife... I'm not stupid. I write thrillers. Why would I leave my knife there with my fingerprints all over it?

CARLY

Let me go.

He holds her harder by the arm.

CARLY

You're hurting me.

JACK

There's something wrong with him. He's sick. His mother died when he was 17. She was an actress on the soaps. Do you know how she died? She fell down in the shower, just like that surveillance guy fell.

She tries to pull away -- and then she stops. We see her eyes.

CARLY

What... surveillance guy?

JACK

That professor, the one who fell down in the shower, the surveillance expert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see her eyes. He was a surveillance expert?

He opens the envelope.

JACK

Look at her. Just look at her.

He holds a photograph out to her. A beat, and she looks at it. Zeke's mother looks like Carly and like Naomi Fischer.

JACK

Remind you of anyone?

A beat, and she looks at him... and then he takes the photograph and is gone, lost among the people on the street.

INT. HER APARTMENT - NIGHT

She walks in. As soon as she does, the phone RINGS. A beat, and she picks it up. She looks nervous.

CARLY

Hello.

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM

He sits there looking at the screens, phone in hand. Front 242 plays "Agony" in the background.

ZEKE

(smiles)

I can see you.

He almost sings it.

INT. HER APARTMENT

She has her eyes on the light.

CARLY

I know you can.

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM

ZEKE

He's back. He got back ten minutes ago.

On a screen, we can see Jack sitting on a couch in his apartment, reading a paper.

INT. HER APARTMENT

CARLY

(after a beat; nervous)

Is he?

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM

ZEKE

It's okay. I'm watching him.

(he smiles)

I'm watching a whole lot of things. Do you want to come up with me and watch?

CARLY

(after a beat)

Yes. I want to take a shower first.

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM

ZEKE

(smiles)

I'm going to enjoy that. I'll enjoy you know that I'm watching you. Don't hurry. Take a nice, slow shower.

(a beat)

Please?

CARLY

(on monitor)

Yes.

She looks right at the camera and smiles an edgy smile.

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

She is watching the screen, Zeke next to her.

On screen, we see the Ballingers -- Father and Daughter. The Daughter is 15, we saw her earlier with her mother. Father and Daughter are sitting at the kitchen table. He is in his 40's.

FATHER

Did you ever tell anyone that I --

He speaks very quietly, very sheepishly. She is trying to read a book.

DAUGHTER

Just mom.

FATHER

You sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAUGHTER

Yes.

A long beat, as he looks away from her. She watches him, afraid. He clears his throat.

FATHER

(haltingly)

I'm sorry. I couldn't help it.
It'll never happen again. I
promise.

She looks at him a long beat, then nods and goes back to her book. A long beat, and he gets up and goes out of the kitchen. She sits there alone, looking up from her book, tears in her eyes.

ZEKE

(excited)

All right! Not bad for a day's
work, huh?

CARLY

(after a beat, quietly)

It's like playing God.

ZEKE

(grins)

It's better. All we're gonna do
is good things. God does some bad
ones.

She looks at him, an edgy look in her eyes. He doesn't see it -- kisses her casually on the cheek.

ZEKE

I'm hungry. Do you want something
to eat?

A beat, and she looks at him.

CARLY

I'd like some caviar.

He looks at her, surprised.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Okay. I'll go down and get us
some caviar.

CARLY

(after a beat)

You don't have to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

(excited)

I'll get some champagne, too.
We'll have an all-night party.

As he starts heading out.

CARLY

(nervous)

Can I watch our tape again?

ZEKE

(grins)

This is gonna be some party!

He kisses her on the neck quickly and heads out of the room.

As he goes, she hits a monitor -- watches him passing through one room... the bedroom, the fireplace going...

She hits another monitor -- watches him passing through another room... sees him open a supply closet... watches him dig into the bottom of it... reach under something... and get a tape.

A beat, and she shuts the monitors in his apartment off quickly.

She stares at Jack, lying on his couch, on another screen... when Zeke reappears, tape in hand. He sees her watching Jack.

ZEKE

What's he doing?

He pops the cassette into a VCR deck. (It is a big deck with room for six tapes.)

CARLY

He's asleep.

ZEKE

Keep an eye on him.

On another screen, we see the two of them on his living room floor, under the window. Zeke looks at the two of them, sees her looking, touches her neck tenderly, smiles.

ZEKE

I won't be long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She is staring at herself making love to Zeke... he heads out... and, after a beat... she starts hitting buttons. She sees him go into the corridor, sees him get into the elevator, sees him in the lobby, sees him go out the lobby door. She leaves all of these monitors on -- as well as the tape of her making love with Zeke.

And she heads out of the monitor room, through the bedroom, past the fireplace, past the mirror... into the living room, and she sees the supply closet. She opens the door. She digs down, can't see anything down there. She stares. There is a broken board in the floor. She lifts it, sees two other cassettes, picks them up.

She hurries -- the cassettes in hand -- through the living room, the bedroom, back into the monitor room. The tape of her making love with Zeke is still playing on a screen.

She puts the two cassettes into the VCR deck. The screens are dark a long beat, and then one comes on... and then the other.

On one screen we see Zeke in bed, having sex with Naomi Fischer. On the other, he is having sex with Vida Jordan.

She stares a long moment at the three screens -- Zeke with Vida, Zeke with Naomi, and Zeke with her.

And then she sees, on the lobby monitor...

Zeke is coming back into the building. He goes to the elevator. He gets into the elevator.

She gets up suddenly, bolts out of the room, runs through his apartment, out into the corridor.

INT. THE STAIRWAY

She runs from the corridor into the stairway, runs desperately up the stairs.

INT. HIS APARTMENT

He walks in.

ZEKE

Carly -- they're closed on Monday.

He goes into his bedroom, sees the wall to the monitor room open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

Carly!

And, as he gets closer to the monitors, he sees the three tapes that are still running on screen -- he and Vida, he and Naomi, he and Carly.

A beat, and he hits her monitors. He sees her as she comes into her apartment. She looks right at the camera.

He looks at her a beat, then sees that Jack is gone from his monitor. He hits Jack's bedroom and bathroom. He is gone from there, too.

He grabs the phone, dials -- watches her on the monitor as she picks it up.

ZEKE

He's gone! I'm coming down!

CARLY

(evenly)
You killed all of them.

ZEKE

I didn't kill anybody --

CARLY

(evenly)
Gus Hale was a surveillance expert. He was going to Japan. You were afraid he'd --

ZEKE

No!

And he slams the phone down and runs out.

INT. THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HER DOOR

He is beating on the door.

ZEKE

Carly! Let me in! Carly, please!

INT. HER APARTMENT

She stands there as he beats in the door.

And then she turns -- and we see Jack standing there in the shadows. A gun is in his hand, held down, not pointed at her. His other hand is in a cast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Let him in.

A beat, and she opens the door.

He comes in in a rush -- she backs away from him.

ZEKE

I didn't know he was a
surveillance -- I didn't kill --

CARLY

(evenly)

Yes, you did. You know
everything.

He grabs her by the arms.

ZEKE

I didn't, Carly! He spent most of
his time at his office!

He is holding her, hard -- she is trying to shrink
away.

JACK

(behind them)

Let her go.

Zeke looks. He sees Jack, sees the gun pointed at him.
He looks at her. She moves away from him.

JACK

How did your mother die?

ZEKE

(after a beat)

She had an aneurysm.

JACK

She fell down in the shower.

ZEKE

(casually)

She had an aneurysm. Yeah, she
was taking a shower.

JACK

(to Carly)

Call the police.

She starts to move for the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

(urgently, to Carly)

How did he get in here? Did you let him in here?

She is about to dial, hesitates. Zeke sees from her expression that she didn't let him in.

ZEKE

(intensely)

He had Naomi Fischer's key. She gave him a set. I saw it. I saw her give it to him, Carly. He used to come in here all the time. She gave him a key ring with it. It's silver. It's got his initials on it.

She holds the phone, is about to dial --

CARLY

I saw her on the tape with you.

ZEKE

(intensely)

I slept with her once. I didn't want to tell you. I didn't want you to think... it was just sex, Carly.

They look at each other.

ZEKE

(intensely)

Carly, I love you.

A long beat, as she looks at him...

CARLY

Show me your keys, Jack.

JACK

(to Carly)

Are you kidding? You're not going to fall for this -- I didn't know her --

ZEKE

(intensely)

She killed herself because of you! Show her!

A beat, as Jack turns slightly toward her with the gun and, as he does... Zeke hurls himself at him. The gun goes out of Jack's hand onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He and Zeke are down on the floor, rolling. He hits Zeke with his cast.

She picks the gun up.

Jack gets on top of him near the big brass telescope. She watches them, the gun in her hand. Zeke's eyes stare at her... desperate, imploring... as Jack picks the telescope up with one hand --

Her eyes are on Zeke's as Jack lifts the telescope, is ready to bring it down on him... his eyes begging her...

And she FIRES the gun and shoots Jack.

She stands there, the gun in her hand, her eyes huge, looking into Zeke's eyes... for the longest moment...

And then she drops the gun.

INT. HER APARTMENT - LATER

She sits there next to Zeke, surrounded by policemen. Lt. Corelli is there with other Detectives.

CARLY

(evenly)

He was in the room when I came in. He had the gun. I hit him. He dropped it. He came after me. We were down on the floor... I found the gun.

Lt. Corelli looks at her, looks at Zeke a long beat.

LT. CORELLI

How did he get in here?

A DETECTIVE

(at door)

It wasn't forced.

CARLY

(after a beat)

He must've had a key.

A DETECTIVE

He had these in his pocket.

We see a key ring -- it is silver with Jack's initials on it. Carly stares at it.

LT. CORELLI

Try 'em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Detective takes the key ring to the door, starts putting keys into the lock. He tries one -- it doesn't fit. He tries another -- it doesn't fit. Carly and Zeke stare as he tries the keys. Lt. Corelli watches them.

LT. CORELLI

(to Carly,
suspiciously)

You were alone.

He glances at Zeke.

CARLY

Yes.

She doesn't look at him. Her eyes are on the keys the Detective is trying. One more -- it doesn't fit. One more -- it doesn't fit. And then one fits perfectly and the lock turns.

THE DETECTIVE

Bingo.

Carly closes her eyes. Zeke holds her -- is that the thinnest smile on his face?

Lt. Corelli watches them.

ZEKE

(to Corelli)

I shouldn't have worried about getting sued. I should've kicked him out of here. This wouldn't have happened then. You gave me bad advice.

He smiles a thin smile -- Corelli stares at him.

INT. THE MONITOR ROOM - LATER

They stand there, staring: all the screens are dark -- except for the three that she used for the tapes of Zeke and Vida, with Naomi, and with her. On those three screens, we see electronic snow.

He turns her to him, so that her back is to the screens, and kisses her on the lips gently.

CARLY

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

ZEKE

(smiles)

You saved my life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks up at him, her back to the screens.

And then, on one of the three screens, the snow ends. We see a clear picture. It is Gus Hale, standing behind a curtain, taking a shower.

We see it -- and Zeke sees it -- but Carly has her back to it.

ZEKE

(smiles)

Marry me.

CARLY

(after a beat)

Seriously?

ZEKE

Seriously.

He holds her tight -- his eyes right on the screen behind her. And then we see, on the screen, the shower curtain drawn aside by a hand. Gus Hale stares. And then he is grabbed by a hooded, sweatshirted figure -- and hurled, hard, onto the shower floor.

CARLY

What would we do -- just watch TV all day?

Her back is to the screens, her eyes behind Zeke into the bedroom.

ZEKE

(smiles)

We'd never run out of things to talk about. We'd always have a lot of gossip.

On the screen, the hooded, sweatshirted figure turns and we see his face clearly. It is Zeke. Her back is to the screen, her eyes out into the bedroom.

She sees him distracted for a split second, glancing at the screens behind her... and she turns her head... it is almost in slow motion... to see what he is looking at... and suddenly the picture on the screen turns to electronic snow... and all she sees is the three screens, all filled with snow.

He goes to the VCR and pops the three tapes out. She watches him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLY

What are you going to do with them?

ZEKE

I'm getting rid of them right now. I never want to see them again as long as I live.

He has the three tapes in his hand. She puts her hands on them.

CARLY

(smiles)

Ours, too?

A beat, and she takes the tapes out of his hands. He looks at her a beat, at the tapes in her hands.

ZEKE

(smiles)

We'll make plenty more.

CARLY

(smiles)

Yes we will.

And she leans in to kiss him, then turns with the tapes in her hands, goes to the fireplace in the bedroom and throws them into the fire. They burst into flame... the burst of flame reflected in the mirror... as he comes up behind her, cups her breasts as the tapes burn.

CARLY

Thousands more.

He kisses the back of her neck -- as we see them reflected in the mirror, the monitors behind them, the fireplace glowing to the side.

EXT. A CHURCH - DAY

We start to hear Josef Suk's IDYL IN F MINOR, Op. 7... as we see their wedding. They come out of the church. People throw rice at them. They are a beautiful couple. He kisses her gently on the lips.

ZEKE

(with great tenderness)

I love you so much.

She smiles, her eyes on his, as flashbulbs go off.

INT. A HELICOPTER - DAY

The MUSIC -- Josef Suk's Idyl in F Minor -- continues.

It is a small, two-seater.
Its doors have been removed.
It approaches Kilawea on the Big Island.
He pilots. She sits next to him.

He circles high above the volcano.
Lava explodes beneath them.
He looks at her.
She looks scared.

We see them in CLOSEUP.
They are wearing headsets.
We hear the ROAR of the volcano.
We hear the ROAR of the chopper.

He puts his hand out to her.
She looks at him.

ZEKE

Don't be scared.

CARLY

(after a beat)
I kept the tape, Zeke.

ZEKE

(after a beat)
What tape?

CARLY

(after a beat)
The one with you and Gus in the
shower.

He looks at her a beat.

He smiles.

ZEKE

Where did you see it?

CARLY

In the bedroom mirror.

They look at each other.

ZEKE

Where is it?

CARLY

It's safe.
(a beat)
We're all going to be very safe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They look at each other a long beat.

CARLY
(with great tenderness)
I love you so much.

A beat, and she puts her hand out to him.

CARLY
(a slight smile)
Don't be scared.

A beat, and he takes her hand, and smiles.

ZEKE
I'm not.

And he suddenly takes the chopper down as the MUSIC changes suddenly to the piercing, ripping sound of industrial -- Nine Inch Nails doing "Sanctified."

He takes the chopper down...
lower... lower...
closer... closer...
to the fire.

He flies right toward it.
Then suddenly lifts it.
Higher... higher...
and away --

We hear her LAUGH
an excited, girlish laugh.

as we

FADE OUT.

THE END