

11 ("STILL OF THE NIGHT") 11  
(STAB)

Story by

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Screenplay by

Robert Benton

Producer: Arlene Donovan

Director: Robert Benton

Revised Screenplay

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1        The screen is black. We HOLD FOR A BEAT IN        1  
          SILENCE, then very softly, as though from a great  
          distance we HEAR Debussy's Clair de Lune as the  
          CREDITS begin.

At the end of CREDITS, we:

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET, NEW YORK - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT--A crosstown street very far downtown, near  
 the East River. The street is dark and there is almost  
 no traffic. HOLD FOR A BEAT as a man rounds the corner  
 and walks to one of the cars parked at the curb.

CLOSER IN--as he reaches the car, glances over his  
 shoulder to make sure that no one is watching and tries  
 the handle; it is locked. He walks quickly to the next  
 car in line and we realize that the man is a car thief.  
 This door is also locked. THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM  
 as he moves to the next car in line. He tries the  
 handle and this one is unlocked. As he yanks open  
 the door, we

CUT TO:

CLOSER IN STILL--The corpse of a man spills out of the  
 front seat onto the street. WE HOLD JUST LONG ENOUGH  
 TO SEE that the man's throat has been slit and there is  
 a great deal of blood.

CUT TO:

2        EXT. FIRST AVE. - EARLY MORNING

2

WIDE SHOT--It is a beautiful autumn morning, not a cloud  
 in the sky. The avenue is almost deserted and the scene  
 is peaceful; or at least it would be if it were not for  
 the police car heading in this direction, siren blaring.  
 WE HOLD IN POSITION until the police car reaches the F.G.  
 and, as it makes a sharp turn, THE CAMERA PANS WITH IT  
 TO REVEAL the side street clogged with other police  
 cars, trucks from Channels Five and Nine, a mortuary  
 van, etc., etc.. There is also a mob of cops, reporters,  
 and general onlookers.

CLOSER IN ON THE POLICE CAR--as it brakes to a stop. The  
 right front door is flung open and a policeman carrying a  
 large, official looking gray box gets out. THE CAMERA  
 TRACKS WITH HIM as he pushes his way through the mob of  
 onlookers, reporters, and other cops toward an area that  
 has been cordoned off.

2 CONTD

2 CONTD

There is the car that we saw the night before, the door is still standing open. Inside, a man from the forensic lab is going over the front seat with a hand held vacuum cleaner. Another man is dusting the outside for fingerprints.

The corpse is now wrapped in a body sheet and strapped tightly on a rolling stretcher about to be carried off to the morgue. Nearby, DET. FIRST CLASS JOSEPH VITUCCI stands talking to a MAN FROM THE CORONER'S OFFICE (Murray). Vitucci in his early forties, is personable, easygoing, but certainly not what you would call a matinee idol. Born in the Washington Heights section of Manhattan, he put himself through college and since then has risen in the police force by dint of hard work and street smarts.

As the policeman carrying the box approaches, Vitucci is going over the paperwork connected with the removal of a corpse from the scene of a crime with the man from the coroner's office.

MURRAY

(writing in a pad)  
Victim's name?

VITUCCI

Bynum, comma, George.

POLICEMAN

(to Vitucci)  
Sergeant?

VITUCCI

(ignoring the policeman)  
B-Y-N-U-M.

MURRAY

Address?

POLICEMAN

Sergeant?

VITUCCI

(to Murray)  
Just a minute.  
(to policeman)  
Yes?

POLICEMAN

They didn't have the jelly donuts so  
I got you a french cruller, all right?

2 CONTD

2 CONTD

- As he says this he opens the gray box to reveal inside a number of styrofoam containers of coffee and an assortment of donuts, corn muffins, etc., etc.

VITUCCI

Sure. Which is the light with extra sugar?

The patrolman indicates one of the containers and Vitucci takes it.

MURRAY

Gimme a regular.

The patrolman hands Murray a styrofoam cup. Both men take a sip of coffee before they continue. Then Murray sets down his on the hood of the car, takes a plastic bag, opens it, and pulls out a wad of bills.

MURRAY

He had two hundred and twenty-seven dollars and change on him.  
(thrusting the bills toward Vitucci)  
Count it.

Vitucci holding the container of coffee in one hand and the cruller in the other.

VITUCCI

That's okay, Murray. I trust you.

Murray shrugs, replaces the money in the plastic bag and holds out the itemized list on the pad so that Vitucci can sign. The detective quickly swallows almost half of the cruller whole, takes the pen and starts to sign.

MURRAY

(watching Vitucci as he downs the cruller)  
You shouldn't eat that stuff.  
It's poison.

Vitucci signs the receipt. Murray tears off a copy and hands it to him along with the plastic bag filled with money. Murray starts to leave, turns back to the detective.

MURRAY

Five bucks says this guy's a repeater.

2 CONTD

2 CONTD

VITUCCI  
(his mouth full)  
C'mon Murray, you can't tell that.  
How can you tell that?

MURRAY  
(showing off)  
What does it take to kill a guy--  
Three knife strokes, maybe four  
tops. Right? Am I right?

VITUCCI  
You're right, Murray.

MURRAY  
Just from what I can see here, I  
make out nine, ten wounds minimum.  
(the armchair  
psychiatrist)  
That's a lot of anger. That's a  
lot of rage that's been held in  
check for a long time. I'll tell  
you one thing, now it's out in  
the open it's not gonna' be so  
easy for this guy to stop.  
(cheerful)  
I'm tellin' you...you got a repeater,  
pal.

3 OMIT

3 OMIT

4 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

4

A large, pleasant room furnished in a kind of anonymous Danish modern, all of the colors are muted and there are a couple of tasteful paintings on the wall. It is obviously the office of someone who is compulsively neat: the patient's folders are in an orderly row, pencils are carefully lined up on a table beside his chair, books and magazines are stacked in perfect order in his bookshelves. The one discordant note in all of this compulsive order are a couple of autographed baseballs on one of the shelves, some books on baseball and a New York Yankees cap.

THE CAMERA FRAMES THE PSYCHIATRIST'S COUCH--at the moment it is occupied by a distraught man in his forties. He wears a rumpled suit and his tie is undone.

4 CONTD

4 CONTD

## PATIENT

(this has been going  
on for some time)

So anyway, Thelma and I have this  
talk and we decide that we're  
going to give it one last try.  
I mean, we're both of us going  
to see if we can't make the  
marriage work.

As the man continues to talk, THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO  
SAM RICE who is sitting in a chair just behind the  
patient, just out of his line of vision.

Sam Rice is a reasonably successful analyst with a  
practice that is made up, for the most part of well to  
do people in the arts with relatively minor psychological  
problems; he is therefore ill equipped for what is about  
to happen to him.

Note: At the beginning of the film, Sam speaks in a  
quiet, reasonable voice that comes from years of dealing  
with distraught patients.

## PATIENT (contd)

When you think of it, we've been  
together almost nine years--I  
mean, it seems like the reasonable  
thing to do. So Thelma says okay  
--that was a week ago Tuesday.  
Six days go by and--I promise  
I'm not lying to you; It was  
fabulous; It was a fabulous week.  
So last night, right in the middle  
of dinner I tell her that. And  
she says, "Charley, you didn't  
notice; I haven't said a word to  
you all week..."

(starts to snuffle)

I don't know...I really don't know  
what you do with a woman like that...

There is a beat of silence, Sam glances at his watch.

## SAM

Mr. Scott, I'm afraid we'll have to  
continue this next week.

WIDE SHOT--The patient drops a wad of soggy Kleenex on  
a small table next to the couch. He gets to his feet,

4 CONTD

4 CONTD

starts toward the door as Sam closes his notebook and switches off the tape recorder that he keeps at his side.

Note: Sam tapes his sessions with patients so that later when he is reviewing material, he will not only be consulting his notes but also referring to tapes of various sessions.

As we HEAR the door close behind the patient, Sam gets to his feet, takes the ashtray and the pile of moist Kleenex and carries them into the bathroom where he dumps them into the toilet. Next he changes the towel that serves as a headrest for the couch. That done, Sam takes his notes from the past session to his desk and begins filing them. As he does:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dr. Rice?

Sam glances up, startled.

HIS POV: Standing in the doorway to his waiting room is a young woman who looks as though she might turn and bolt at any moment. Her name is BROOKE REYNOLDS and although she is quite beautiful, there is nevertheless something about her that looks haunted, almost tragic.

BROOKE

I'm sorry, but your door was open and I...

(gathering her courage)

My name is Brooke Reynolds.

CLOSE ON SAM--He recognises the name. Clearly she is not at all what he expected.

BROOKE (contd)

(faltering)

I--I was a friend of George Bynum's ...I was wondering if I could talk to you. I promise I won't take long...

SAM

(motioning for her to enter)

Sure...I was very sorry to hear about George...

4        CONTD

4 CONTD

BROOKE  
(as she crosses  
to the chair)  
I know...I still can't believe  
it...

ON BROOKE--as she sits down, takes a crumpled package of  
Galoise and fishes out a cigarette.

BROOKE (contd)  
Do you mind if I smoke?

But she is already lighting the cigarette and we SEE that  
her hands are shaking.

BROOKE (contd)  
I don't know how much George Bynum  
told you about me...

She glances at Sam to see if his expression betrays  
anything. He remains impassive (that is not to say  
unfriendly). There is a beat of silence, then:

BROOKE (contd)  
In point of fact, we...were...  
having an affair. The last time  
I saw him he left this in my  
apartment...

Brooke reaches into her purse, takes a packet wrapped in  
tissue paper and places it on the desk in front of Sam.  
As he opens it,

CUT TO:

INSERT; SAM'S POV: a beautiful, classic Cartier watch,  
inscribed on the back we SEE "To my beloved husband on  
our tenth anniversary."

BROOKE (contd)  
Before I had a chance to return  
it I heard that he had been...  
that he was dead...

Silence.

BROOKE (contd)  
I thought his wife would want it.

Silence.

4 CONTD

4 CONTD

BROOKE (contd)

I mean, I don't really know her  
--we've met once or twice, but...

(this is much harder  
than she thought)

What I am trying to say is that  
she doesn't know anything about  
what happened between George and  
me and there is no reason she  
should ever find out.

Silence.

BROOKE (contd)

What I would like--I would like  
a favor of you...I would like you  
to return this to her and not  
mention anything about me.

Brooke glances at Sam.

BROOKE

I thought you could say that--  
I don't know, you could say that  
he left it in your office the  
last time he was here...

(urgent)

Honestly, there is no reason to  
hurt her...Please...

Sound-effect: a buzzer on the wall next to Sam's desk.

At the sound Brooke jumps. Sam reaches across, presses  
the button on the intercom.

SAM

Yes?

MAN'S VOICE

(from the intercom)

Dr. Rice? Lieutenant Joseph  
Vitucci from the police  
department. I'd like to talk  
to you if I can.

REACTION, BROOKE--She immediately, instinctively, reaches  
to take back the watch. As she does, she accidentally  
knocks over a small egyptian statuette on Sam's desk,  
breaking it.

4 CONTD

4 CONTD

CLOSE ON BROOKE--frozen in position, horrified.

QUICK CUT SAM--watching her.

SAM

(easy)

Don't worry about it. It's not important.

BROOKE

(overlapping)

No. No, please...Let me pay you for it...Oh, I'm...

ON SAM--realizing Brooke is more distraught than he thought.

SAM

(into intercom)

Lieutenant, could you wait for a minute.

BROOKE

No. Really, I'm terribly sorry. Honestly--

She gets to her feet, takes a step toward the door.

BROOKE (contd)

It's really so clumsy of me. I'm so--

She comes to a stop, realizing that the policeman is waiting outside. She turns and looks at Sam helplessly.

ON SAM--He understands that she is afraid of running into the policeman.

SAM

(motioning toward the exit we saw the patient use)

This way...

ON BROOKE--Her face lights up with a smile of astounding warmth.

BROOKE

Thank you.

4        CONTD

4 CONTD

- Sam opens the door for her and, as she passes, she glances up, looking directly into his eyes. There is a moment's connection and then they both quickly look away.

WIDE SHOT--as Brooke disappears from view. Sam closes the door, returns to his desk, leans across and presses the buzzer for the policeman to enter. As he does, he glances down at the desk top.

INSERT; HIS POV: The watch belonging to the dead man. It is still where Brooke left it on his desk.

CLOSE ON SAM--He glances back toward the door that Brooke left by. From O.S. we HEAR a man clear his throat. Sam looks in the direction of the sound.

HIS POV: The detective is standing in the doorway.

VITUCCI

(extending his hand)

Dr. Rice, I'm Joseph Vitucci,  
Homicide Central. I appreciate  
your taking the time.

SAM

That's okay. Anything I can do  
to help.

Vitucci sits in the chair that Brooke had occupied moments before (her cigarette is still smouldering in the ashtray). Throughout the following Sam sits behind his desk, playing with George Bynum's watch.

VITUCCI

(taking out  
his notepad)

You're a psychologist?

SAM

Psychiatrist.

VITUCCI

(he has no idea  
of the difference)

Right. And George Bynum was a  
patient of yours?

Sam nods.

VITUCCI

How long had you been treating him?

4 CONTD

4 CONTD

SAM

Twice a week for almost two years.

VITUCCI

And the last time you saw him?

Sam reaches across, thumbs through his appointment book.

SAM

Thursday, October 24th at five-thirty in the afternoon.

VITUCCI

The day before he was killed.

SAM

Yes.

VITUCCI

Had anything unusual happened, threats, attempts on his life, anything like that that he mentioned to you?

Sam shakes his head.

VITUCCI (contd)

What about anybody he wasn't getting along with?

SAM

Nothing.

VITUCCI

Could you tell me what you were treating the deceased for?

There is a beat as Sam considers this, then:

SAM

I'm afraid that's confidential information.

Note: It is important that in all of this there is no trace of hostility on Sam's part. He has a genuine desire to help the police as much as he can; it's just that he sees no need to reveal any information about the dead man that might cause his family any added grief.

4 CONTD

4 CONTD

VITUCCI

(unruffled)

Listen, I don't know how it works exactly about the role of the psychiatrist and the confidentiality issue, okay? What I mean is I don't know if it's like a priest or what. But...

The detective gets to his feet, takes a card from his wallet and passes it across to Sam.

VITUCCI (contd)

...if you think of anything that's not confidential and might be a help; I'd appreciate if it you'd give me a call.

SAM

For sure.

Vitucci crosses to the door, as he opens it.

VITUCCI

Thanks for the time...

(then, casually)

...If I were you, I'd be careful for the next couple of days. What I mean is, if I thought you might know something about George Bynum's death; the guy who killed him might get the same idea.

5- OMIT  
6

5- OMIT  
6

DISSOLVE TO:

7 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

7

THE CAMERA IS LOOKING OUT the window of Sam's office into the garden. HOLD FOR A BEAT then THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE OFFICE TO THE DOOR as the psychiatrist is ushering out the last patient of the day.

SAM

Good-night, Mrs. Wheeler. I'll see you on Friday.

Sam closes the door, locks it and returns to his desk.

7 CONTD

7 CONTD

CLOSER IN as he sits down, turns on the desk lamp.

INSERT; HIS POV: On the desk in front of him is a thick folder with George Bynum's name on it.

ON SAM--as he begins to read.

SAM (V.O.)

January 4th. First session with George Bynum...Referred by Jack Berger...Forty-seven, good health, works at Crispin's, the auction gallery. He said the pre-Columbian statue on my desk was a cheap copy, told me I watered the plants too much....Said he didn't really need to see me, but was only doing it to please his wife...Finally admitted he was having trouble sleeping...

As Sam turns the page,

CUT TO:

8 EXT. SAM'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

8

WIDE SHOT--as Sam, carrying his briefcase leaves the building, says goodnight to the doorman and walks off down the street.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

9

ESTABLISHING SHOT

CUT TO:

10 INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

10

A few words about Sam's apartment before we go any further; like his office it seems pleasant enough at first glance, but soon we realize there is something wrong. First of all the apartment seems much too large for one person; the effect of this is heightened by the fact that most of the rooms are only half furnished at best. For instance the dining room has a beautiful early American sideboard, but sitting in the middle of the room is a card table with a lamp on it and several folding chairs. This is, in fact, the apartment of someone (Sam) who was to all intents and purposes a

10 CONTD

10 CONTD

happily married man. Then almost a year ago his wife (Sarah) announced that she wanted a divorce. Just as it had been a civilized marriage, so, also it was a civilized divorce; nevertheless, when Sarah left she did manage to take with her most of the furniture.

WIDE SHOT--The apartment is dark, the only light is coming from the dining room where Sam sits at a card table. He has George Bynum's folder open in front of him and next to it a half eaten tuna fish sandwich and a can of Tab.

CLOSER IN ON HIM--as he leans forward, reading intently, occasionally making notes.

SAM (V.O.)

I'm starting to think Bynum is in some kind of trouble. He came in today very tense and agitated. I tried to talk to him about it, but he wouldn't admit there was anything wrong.

Sam turns the page, scans it and then goes on to the next.

SAM (V.O. contd)

June 15th...It turns out Bynum was having an affair with another woman and his wife caught them; which explains last week's panic. When I asked him why he thought he had done it. He said, "If I could answer that one, I wouldn't need to see you--would I?"

Sound-effect: the doorbell rings.

Sam looks up puzzled. He gets to his feet, takes a copy of the New York Times and covers George Bynum's folder.

ON THE FRONT DOOR--as he opens it, REVEALING:

HIS POV: Standing there is an attractive, intelligent woman in her mid sixties. Her name is GRACE RICE and she is Sam's mother. She is also an extremely successful analyst and, if anything a bit smarter (and certainly a lot wiser) than her son. The two of them are temperamental opposites; Sam being fastidious to the point of lunacy and his mother an equally compulsive slob. In spite of this the two of them are very close.

10 CONTD

10 CONTD

At the moment Grace is dressed very nicely--if you overlook the smear of cigarette ashes across the front of her jacket. She is obviously on her way to a dinner party and, just as obviously late.

GRACE  
(brushing past Sam  
into the apartment)  
I'm sorry I'm late. I got a call  
from a patient and--

ON SAM--suddenly remembering that the two of them had plans.

SAM  
Oh, God. Mother, I'm sorry...  
I forgot.

Grace makes her way into the living room. She is carrying a cigarette with a perilously long ash and is looking for a place to dump it.

GRACE  
(fixing him  
with a look)  
Mmmmm...

SAM  
(defensive)  
What's that supposed to mean?

GRACE  
(breezy)  
It's supposed to mean, "Mmmmm..."  
That's all.  
(watching her son)  
It's not like you to forget Uncle  
Charley's birthday. You're the  
one who's always ready an hour  
early.

Grace flicks an ash from her cigarette in the general direction of the ashtray; however, most of it misses and ends up on the rug.

GRACE (contd)  
(rubbing it in  
with her shoe)  
Don't worry. It's good for the rug.  
(MORE)

10      CONTD

10      CONTD

GRACE (contd)  
(to her son,  
concerned)  
Sam, are you okay?

SAM  
(brisk)  
I'm fine. Listen, why don't you  
go on and tell Uncle Charley I'm  
sorry I couldn't make it, but--

GRACE  
(she won't be  
put off)  
Sam, what's going on? I haven't  
seen you like this since Thurmond  
Munson died.

SAM  
Mother, I promise I'm all right...

There is a beat of silence, Grace realizes that there  
is something very wrong, but she's not sure exactly what  
it is.

GRACE  
(fishing)  
Have you heard from Sarah lately?

SAM  
Yeah, she called to say the divorce  
was final.

GRACE  
Ummm...

SAM  
(bugged)  
Do me a favor, don't start in  
on me with that "Ummm..." stuff.  
I'm really not up to it, okay?  
I just lost a patient.

ON GRACE--She realizes what the trouble is.

GRACE  
What happened?

SAM  
It was all over the Daily News.  
(MORE)

10      CONTD

10 CONTD

SAM (contd)

A man named George Bynum; he was  
stabbed to death way downtown.

GRACE

Oh, that's awful...

(then:)

How are you?

SAM

If you want to know the truth,  
not so hot.

GRACE

(reasonable)

Sam, you know as well as I do  
this is an extremely violent city.  
All sorts of things can happen  
that--

SAM

(abrupt)

I don't want to hear about it,  
okay? Right now, that doesn't  
really cut it with me.

GRACE

Look, I know what you're going  
through--I've been through it  
myself. Any time a patient dies  
--especially when it's something  
like this, there is always the  
feeling that somehow--if we'd  
been good enough analysts--we  
could have found a way to prevent  
it.

SAM

(trying to end  
the discussion)

Mother, I appreciate what you're  
trying to do. Really. But right  
now I think he would have been a  
hell of a lot better off if he  
had gone to a priest, or a rabbi,  
or even a friend to talk to,  
instead of paying sixty-five  
bucks an hour to some guy that  
can't even keep his own marriage  
together.

10 CONTD

10 CONTD

GRACE

(firm)

Now you listen to me; I'm not talking mother, son, okay? I'm talking shrink to shrink. When Sarah left, you never gave yourself any time for an emotional reaction--

SAM

(cutting her off)

Look, you're right. I know you're right, I just can't talk about it now...

(smile)

Tell Uncle Charley I'm sorry I couldn't make it, but I promise I'll be there next year.

There is a beat of silence. Grace looks at her son and realizes that no matter how much she wants to help him; there is nothing she can do. With a sigh, she gets to her feet.

As they start for the door,

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

11

WIDE SHOT--By now it is raining heavily. There is a flash of lightning, then a moment later, the low rumble of thunder.

CUT TO:

12 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM, BASEMENT - NIGHT

12

ON A WASHING MACHINE--at the moment it is in the midst of its spin cycle and making a lot of noise. THE CAMERA PANS AWAY from the machine, across the clean, bare, brightly lit laundry room to Sam who sits on a bench; a laundry bag on one side of him. At the moment he is going through a folder of receipts, trying desperately to make sense of them. We HOLD FOR A BEAT and then the CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM SAM to the door of the laundry room, looking out toward a corridor.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

13

WIDE SHOT--Just outside the laundry room. The sound of the washing machine is not quite so loud. Like the laundry room, the corridor is clean and brightly lit. In the distance toward the end of the corridor where it meets a hallway running at right angles to it, there is a bicycle leaning against the wall and several cartons stacked neatly beside it.

Note: There are several doors opening off of it. All of the doors are closed.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

14

WIDE SHOT--looking toward the service elevator and the fire stairs in the distance. Here the sound of the washing machine can barely be heard. HOLD FOR A BEAT and then, as that happens, we SEE the lighted area by the elevator go dark.

CUT TO:

15 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

15

THE SAME SHOT AS BEFORE--We HOLD FOR A BEAT as the lights closer to us in the hallway are turned off.

CUT TO:

16 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

16

WIDE SHOT--THE CAMERA IS ANGLED SO THAT SAM IS IN THE F.G. and we are looking past him through the door and out into the corridor. The noise from the washing machine is still very loud. Sam is drinking a Tab. HOLD FOR A BEAT and the lights in the corridor just outside the door to the laundry room are turned off. Sam, however, is so absorbed in what he is doing that he doesn't notice. Then, a moment later, the washing machine finishes its spin cycle and shuts itself off. Suddenly there is silence. Sam pays no attention, and keeps working. Then, from out in the corridor, we HEAR:

O.S. Sound: Someone brushes against the bicycle and it crashes. Sam still doesn't bother to look up.

SAM

Harry?

Silence.

16 CONTD

16 CONTD

Only then does Sam look around.

HIS POV: Looking towards the doorway, the corridor outside is dark.

ON SAM--all of a sudden he is scared.

SAM (contd)  
(wishful thinking)  
Harry?!

Nothing.

Sam decides that discretion is the better part of valor. He quickly gathers his papers, stuffs them into the envelope, all the while glancing over his shoulder at the empty door.

Note: Throughout the following there are two strong aspects of Sam's character battling for control of his behaviour. One is simple animal fear (that ultimately wins out), the other is almost as strong, and that is self-consciousness or fear of making a fool of himself.

Then he opens the washing machine and, as quickly as he can, begins loading a laundry bag with the still wet laundry. In the midst of this we HEAR:

O.S. Sound: From the outside there is a kind of moaning sound. Sam freezes, looks at the door.

SAM (contd)  
(urgent)  
Who's out there?!

He grabs a last handful from the dryer. A sock falls on the floor; he doesn't bother to pick it up.

HIS POV: THE EMPTY DOORWAY. We HOLD FOR A LONG BEAT. There is no sign of life, only more silence.

ON SAM--He is carrying the laundry bag, his envelope and his can of Tab. He pauses before stepping out into the hallway.

SAM (contd)  
Is anybody there?

Nothing.

Then, taking a deep breath and holding the half-filled,

16 CONTD

16 CONTD

-dripping wet laundry bag and the envelope in front of him as a kind of ineffective shield, Sam steps out into the corridor.

CUT TO:

17 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

17

ON SAM--as he looks quickly in either direction.

QUICK CUTS: HIS POV: The hallway is dark, lit only by the glow of the red light over the fire stairs. In the gloom it is difficult to see whether or not there is someone in the shadows waiting for him.

ON SAM, TRACKING JUST IN FRONT OF HIM--as he starts walking toward the hallway that leads to the service elevator. He is terrified, but trying very hard not to give in to panic.

CROSS-CUTS WITH SAM'S POV: TRACKING FORWARD: There is a dark shadow along the wall that turns out to be the bicycle that we saw earlier (however, we might realize that the bicycle has been turned over).

Sam pauses at the turn, hesitating to step into the hallway. Suddenly we HEAR:

O.S. Sound: The same low moaning that we heard earlier; only now, because we are directly under the air vent we realize that we are simply hearing the wind, coming through an air duct in the building.

Sam, relieved, steps out into the hallway.

HIS POV: TRACKING FORWARD: Ahead we can see the service elevator. In between opening off of the hallway are several doorways, one of them stands open (perhaps that particular door wasn't open earlier).

CROSS-CUT WITH MED. SHOT, ON SAM, TRACKING IN FRONT OF HIM--as he starts toward the elevator. He takes the first few steps with some kind of renewed confidence, but the closer he gets to the dark and open doorway, the more the fear sets in and the faster he walks. By the time he reaches the elevator area he is almost running.

He jabs the elevator button and glances back over his shoulder to make sure that no one is following him. As he does we HEAR:

17 CONTD

17 CONTD

O.S. Sound: from very close by, a horrible screeching sound.

IN A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS we SEE:

CU SAM--terrified, he looks in the direction of the sound.

HIS POV: There at his feet, a large evil looking rat.

WIDER ANGLE--as he kicks at it and the rat runs off into the darkness.

WIDER ON SAM--trying to recover. At that moment, the elevator doors open to reveal a woman standing just behind Sam, silhouetted against the light.

CLOSE ON SAM--he turns at the sound of the door opening and nearly has a heart attack at the sight of someone standing there.

HIS POV: The woman takes a half a step backwards and we SEE that it is Brooke Reynolds.

ANOTHER ANGLE--as Sam recognizes her, steps quickly into the elevator and begins jabbing the "Door Close" button.

CUT TO:

18 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

18

BROOKE  
(watching him,  
stunned)  
Dr. Rice?

Sam continues to jab the button and stare out into the darkness.

SAM  
(barely aware that  
she is there)  
Yeah?

BROOKE  
(concerned)  
Are you all right? Is something  
the matter?

SAM  
(hardly convincing)  
Fine...I'm fine...Everything's fine...

18 CONTD

18 CONTD

Finally the elevator doors start to close.

BROOKE

What happened to the lights?

SAM

(he won't take his  
eyes off the doors  
until they are  
completely closed)

Nothing...Somebody must've pulled  
the wrong switch.

Then, as the elevator finally starts to ascend and Sam  
realizes he is safe, he turns to Brooke.

SAM (contd)

Oh....

(recognizing her)

Hello...

There is a beat of awkward silence as Sam tries, A, to  
cope with a soggy laundry bag with as much dignity as  
possible and, B, to figure out what she is doing there.  
Brooke, as though in answer to the unspoken question,  
reaches into her purse and pulls out a small package.

BROOKE

(handing it to Sam)

Here...

Sam, still mystified, takes the package and starts to  
unwrap it.

BROOKE (contd)

(watching as he does)

When I broke that little figurine  
of yours--the one on your desk,  
I felt awful...and so I got this  
for you...

(blushing)

Anyway, I don't know if you'll  
like it. I'm afraid it's not  
nearly as nice...

As Sam finishes unwrapping the packet, we

CUT TO:

INSERT; HIS POV: THE PACKAGE: A small figurine, roughly

18 CONTD

18 CONTD

from the same period, but much finer and obviously a great deal more expensive than the one that was broken.

MED. SHOT

SAM

Miss Reynolds, that's very kind--

And before he can say anything more, she hands him a beautifully giftwrapped package which obviously contains a bottle of wine.

BROOKE

And this is for all the trouble I caused you.

SAM

Hey, I mean it, this isn't necessary.

BROOKE

(sincere)

Please. I felt so terrible about what I had done...

19 INT. SAM'S FLOOR - HALLWAY

19

At this point the elevator doors open on Sam's floor and they cross the service area, through another door into the front hall. THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM as they walk toward the passenger elevator.

BROOKE (contd)

I didn't mean to disturb you, but when I rang your doorbell and there wasn't anyone there--

(serious)

You know you shouldn't leave your apartment unlocked like that, anybody could just walk right in.

ON SAM--as she says that, he glances around in the direction of his apartment.

HIS POV: Sure enough, the door is slightly open.

CU SAM--It dawns on him that whoever was down in the basement, if, indeed there was anyone in the basement, might well be inside waiting for him.

19 CONTD

19 CONTD

BROOKE (contd)

But anyway, I went downstairs  
and spoke to the doorman and he  
said that since he hadn't seen  
you go out, you might be in the  
laundry room and so I thought I  
would try and...

(a shy smile)

...there you were.

SAM

(charming in a way  
we haven't seen  
him before)

Miss Reynolds, that was very  
thoughtful of you. I'll tell  
you what, the least I can do is  
to offer you something to drink.

BROOKE

(doubtful)

I don't know. I've got an early--

Sam takes her by the arm and starts toward the door to  
his apartment.

SAM

(means it)

Please...It would really make me  
feel a lot better.

As he opens the door,

CUT TO:

20 INT. SAM'S APT. - SAME

20

Note: When Sam left the apartment only one or two of  
the lights were left on. Throughout the following, he  
goes through the entire apartment, turning on every  
light in every room, in every closet until the whole  
apartment is ablaze with light.

WIDE SHOT--as they enter. Sam dumps the laundry bag  
with the folder of notes and the statuette that Brooke  
gave him on a table by the door (Sam will keep the bottle  
of wine with him throughout the rest of the scene). He  
turns on a lamp and takes Brooke's coat.

SAM

Here. I'll get that.

20 CONTD

20 CONTD

Sam opens the closet door, turns on the light and hangs up Brooke's coat, making certain the closet is empty in the process.

As they start toward the living room, Sam casually opens the door that leads to the kitchen checking to make sure no one is hiding in there either. THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM as they continue into the living room. Sam turns on a lamp.

SAM (contd)  
(gesturing around)  
This is the living room. Lamps,  
chairs...no coffee table...

Suddenly Sam realizes how barren the apartment must look to someone (especially a beautiful young woman) seeing it for the first time.

SAM (contd)  
(apologetic)  
I keep meaning to get some more  
furniture...I'll tell you what,  
you sit here and I'll be right  
back.

And before she can say anything, Sam is out the door and into the hall. He is still carrying the wine bottle in his hand and the moment he is out of sight, he shifts it so that he now holds it like a weapon. THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM as he crosses to a linen closet, yanks it open and turns on the light. There is no one inside. He closes the door without bothering to turn off the light and proceeds to the next door. This one leads to a medium sized bedroom. Sam stands in the doorway, switches on the light.

HIS POV: The room is empty, unfurnished except for a couple of cardboard cartons and an exercise bicycle. Clearly there is no place here for anyone to hide.

ON SAM--as he crosses to a closet, opens it, turns on the light. We HEAR:

BROOKE (O.S.)  
Dr. Rice, are you all right?

SAM  
(calling out)  
Fine. I'm fine...No problem.

20 CONTD

20 CONTD

Satisfied that there is no one lurking in the closet, Sam walks quickly into the bathroom, turns on the light. This room, like the rest, is empty. As he crosses to a door on the other side of the bathroom, he notices that the shower curtain has been pulled shut. He yanks it back, checks inside. Nothing.

The second bedroom (the one Sam uses) is sparsely, but nicely furnished. Sam checks the closets; they are empty. He stands for a moment, looking around just to make sure he hasn't overlooked anything.

HIS POV: The bed. It is just possible that someone could be hiding under it.

ON SAM--He walks across to the bed, sits down heavily. Now, finally satisfied that no one is there, he gets to his feet and starts back into the living room, pausing long enough in the bathroom to flush the toilet along the way.

As Sam steps from the hallway back into the living room he nearly collides with Brooke.

CLOSER IN ON THEM--as he has to grab her arm to steady himself. Again there is a look between them and again they look away embarrassed.

BROOKE

Dr. Rice, if this is a bad time?

SAM

No. Not at all...Now then, what about--

Sam suddenly realizes that he is still carrying the bottle of wine as though it was a club. Hastily, he shifts it so that he is now holding it in a more conventional, less threatening manner.

SAM (contd)

Ah, what would you like to drink?

BROOKE

(indicating the bottle  
Sam is holding)

Wine?

ON SAM--not quite sure it is ethical for an analyst to offer the mistress of an ex patient a glass of wine. On the other hand, it seems priggish not to.

20 CONTD

20 CONTD

SAM

Sure...

(indicating that  
she should follow  
him)

...Let's see if we can find a  
glass.

THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM as they cross to the kitchen.  
It is spotless, the only thing out of place is the plate  
and the glass that Sam was using at dinner which are  
still sitting in the sink.

SAM (contd)

Sorry it's such a mess, but  
you know how it is when you  
live by yourself.

He opens a cabinet, takes a wineglass.

SAM (contd)

Glass...Corkscrew...

He gets a corkscrew from the drawer and, as he begins  
opening the bottle,

SAM (contd)

Y'know, I was a little worried  
about you this afternoon.

BROOKE

(embarrassed)

Oh, God. I'll bet I seemed like  
a real mess. I'm really sorry,  
honestly. It's just that I--I  
guess the worst part about it is  
not being able to talk to anyone.  
We had to be so careful; you can't  
imagine how terrible it would have  
been for George if anyone at  
Crispin's had found out about us.  
Anyway, I guess that's probably  
the real reason I came to see  
you...

(suddenly self-  
conscious)

Oh, God, I'm sorry to be running  
off at the mouth like this. I mean  
you must listen to junk like this  
all day long. The last thing in  
the world you need is someone like  
me to...

20 CONTD

20 CONTD

SAM  
(handing her a  
glass of wine)  
Not at all.

Brooke takes a sip of wine, pauses:

BROOKE  
(ingenuous)  
Why did you and your wife get  
divorced.

REACTION, SAM--stunned that anyone knows anything about  
his personal life.

SAM  
How did you know about Sarah?

BROOKE  
(mysterious smile)  
I know your wife was an actress;  
that you were married eleven  
years, no children. She's living  
in California and you were divorced  
three months ago.

SAM  
Three months and two weeks.

BROOKE  
Do you still love her?

SAM  
A little.

BROOKE  
(smile)  
C'mon, you love her a lot.

SAM  
(smiling himself)  
No, but I sure used to.

BROOKE  
Did you enjoy it?

SAM  
What?

BROOKE  
Being married.

20 CONTD

20 CONTD

SAM

Yeah...

(wry)

Sarah didn't exactly thrive on it.

BROOKE

My father was like that. He loved being married. He loved my mother.

(another abrupt change)

Oh, gosh...I really have to go.

Nevertheless, she still makes no move to leave. Sam waits patiently.

BROOKE (contd)

(almost a whisper)

Why is it I can't seem to stop being angry at him? Why do I hate him so much...

(near tears)

That's a terrible thing to feel about someone who is dead.

Especially someone you...cared about...Oh, God, I'm sorry, you must think I'm some kind of terrible monster.

There is a long beat of silence as Sam considers this, then:

SAM

(looks at her, smiles)

No. You're not a monster. What you are is a normal human being who has lost someone they loved ...It's a kind of justifiable anger at feeling left behind... It's okay. I guess it's a kind of price we pay for being able to love.

There is a beat of silence between them, then:

BROOKE

(still a whisper)

I hope you like the statue... She's from the second century before Christ. She's a votive

(MORE)

20 CONTD

20 CONTD

BROOKE (contd)  
statue and a prayer would be put  
inside her and she would be left  
in the temple as an offering--

As she has been talking, Sam has been watching her very  
carefully. He reaches across, takes her hand and holds  
it.

BROOKE (contd)  
(not looking  
at him)  
No, no, no...I'm all right.  
Really. Actually, I am in a lot  
better shape than I expected--  
Honestly, I promise. I just wish--

She breaks off, unwilling or unable to go on. She looks  
up at Sam. There is something extraordinarily sad about  
that look.

BROOKE (contd)  
I have to go...  
(she makes no  
move to leave)  
Thank you...Thank you for the drink.  
Thank you for...

She looms down and THE CAMERA PANS IN THE DIRECTION OF  
HER GAZE down to her hand which is holding fiercely on  
to Sam's.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. DINING ROOM, SAM'S APARTMENT - LATE AT NIGHT 21

CLOSE ON THE STATUETTE THAT BROOKE GAVE SAM, HOLD FOR  
A BEAT and then the CAMERA PULLS BACK and we SEE Sam,  
now alone, sitting at the card table, pouring over  
George Bynum's file.

He glances at one page, scans it, turns the page, glances  
at it, there is nothing of interest there, turns the page  
again, finds something that interests him.

SAM (V.O.)  
April 22nd, 1981...Synum said there  
was a new girl working in his office.  
He said she is "absolutely fabulous..."

CUT TO:

22 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY 22  
 MED. SHOT, GEORGE BYNUM--sitting in the chair opposite Sam's desk. He smokes Gauloise cigarettes.

BYNUM  
 (amused)  
 ...She is absolutely fabulous.  
 Her name is Brooke Reynolds and she's...  
 (he makes a face about how hard she is to describe)  
 ...very shy...she's very subdued  
 ...I thought I might give her a try, but then you don't approve of that sort of thing, do you?

CUT TO:

23 INT. SAM'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT 23  
 ON SAM--reading.

SAM (V.O.)  
 This is the first time since he has started analysis that the patient has mentioned a woman by her name. Either it's me and he's getting better or it's the girl. I'm betting on the girl.  
 (reading from his notes)  
 The element of transference is becoming clear. The patient is starting to consider me as the judgemental parent...

He turns a page, scans it, leafs quickly past one or two more, before he stops and continues reading.

SAM (V.O. contd)  
 May 14th...

CUT TO:

24 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY 24  
 MED. SHOT, GEORGE BYNUM.

BYNUM  
 The more I see that girl in the office, the more I think she's definitely your type.

24 CONTD

24 CONTD

CROSS-CUT TO SAM--who sits behind his desk.

SAM

And what do you think that is?

BYNUM

(enjoying himself)

Stiff...Very tense...One look at her and you know what she really needs is a good--

CUT TO:

25 INT. SAM'S DINING ROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

25

ON SAM--as he quickly turns the page.

SAM (V.O.)

May 19th...I am faced with an extremely hostile patient whose only reason for going to a shrink is to defeat him. He has a great investment in demeaning people...

(pause)

Why don't I ever get the easy ones.

CUT TO:

26 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

26

ON GEORGE BYNUM.

BYNUM

Let me tell you something about your little girl friend. There's something ve-ry bizarre going on there. You know she has an apartment right behind mine, and last night, I was getting ready to go out to dinner...

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. GEORGE BYNUM'S APT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

27

ON GEORGE BYNUM--He is wearing a shirt without a tie and is fishing through a bureau drawer, looking for some cufflinks. He glances out the window:

CUT TO:

28 HIS POV: LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW AND SLIGHTLY 28  
DOWN. Across the courtyard we SEE the back of  
a townhouse.

CLOSER IN so that THE SCREEN FRAMES TWO WINDOWS, one  
looks into the living room of Brooke's apartment, the  
other (although at the moment it is dark) into the  
bathroom.

Note: We are too far away to hear any sound that comes  
from the apartment.

Brooke sits near the window at a desk, reading; occa-  
sionally making notes. Then, apparently the doorbell  
rings because she gets to her feet, crosses to the front  
door and opens it.

There, standing in the doorway is an oriental man wearing  
a black raincoat and carrying a briefcase and behind him  
is dragging something that we cannot quite see. They  
exchange polite greetings and the man enters the room.  
Brooke takes his coat and hat and then disappears off  
screen. A moment later the light in the bathroom is  
turned on and we SEE Brooke enter and close the door  
behind her; then she begins to undress. As that is going  
on, the oriental man in the living room takes his brief-  
case, places it on the table, takes out several items  
and then stands waiting, staring off into space. Brooke  
finishes undressing, puts on a robe (probably terrycloth  
or wool, it should definitely not be filmy or seductive),  
opens the door and returns to the living room. As she  
appears, the oriental man smiles; they stand for a  
moment longer, talking. It is very important that there  
be no hint of intimacy between them. Then, as they  
continue to talk, Brooke takes off her robe in front  
of him, crosses to a nearby table, turns on the radio  
and then walks off screen. A moment later, the oriental  
man follows her.

CUT TO:

29 INT. SAM'S APT, DINING ROOM - LATE AT NIGHT 29  
ON SAM--as he continues to read.

SAM (V.O.)

June 4th...

CUT TO:

30 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY 30  
ON GEORGE BYNUM--throughout all of this he is chain  
smoking.

30 CONTD

30 CONTD

BYNUM

What would you say if I told  
you I'd been to bed with your  
girl friend?

CROSS-CUT TO SAM--listening.

BYNUM (contd)

Aren't you curious?

Silence.

BYNUM (contd)

What the hell, it's my sixty-five  
dollars...

30A CROSS-CUT TO SAM, IN HIS APARTMENT--reading.

30A

BYNUM (V.O.)

Crispin's is handling the Maddow  
estate. He was the big collector  
of antiquities, mostly archaic  
Greek and Coptic...

CUT TO:

31 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

31

ON GEORGE BYNUM.

BYNUM (contd)

(laughing)

But then, you're not interested  
in that. There's a lot of material  
to be catalogued and we've been  
working at his house. Night before  
last, Brooke and I had been working  
late...Everyone else had gone and--  
I really don't know why--I guess  
I just wanted to see what would  
happen--I reached across and put  
my hand on the back of her neck  
...She didn't move. She didn't  
say a word...It was very quiet,  
the only sound I could hear was  
her breathing. I moved my hand  
down her back--I remember I was  
surprised she wasn't wearing a bra.  
The whole time my mind was very  
clear--very sharp. I was thinking  
(MORE)

31 CONTD

31 CONTD

BYNUM (contd)

it wasn't too late to stop.  
I mean, I could have passed  
the whole thing off as, I don't  
know, as some kind of affectionate  
gesture. But I reached across  
and kissed her.

(laughs)

At first she didn't respond--I  
mean there was nothing. And I  
thought, Oh, God. I'm in a lot  
of trouble. But then she starts  
to kiss back and, you know that  
incredible smell women have back  
behind the ear and along the neck.  
It's like...It's like to die...

George Bynum pauses to light a cigarette and we notice  
that his hand is shaking.

BYNUM (contd)

And then I started to unbutton  
her blouse and I put my hand on  
her breast. She didn't make any  
move to stop me, but I could feel  
her heart beating, she was so  
scared...

(a pause, then:)

Am I boring you?...

CUT TO:

32 INT. SAM'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

32

ON SAM--He turns that page and the next, quickly  
without bothering to read them. Then, on the third,

SAM (V.O.)

June 23rd...George Bynum cancelled  
the next two sessions. He was  
careful to let me know he was  
going away with his girl friend.

Sam turns another page.

SAM (V.O. contd)

July 9th...

CUT TO:

33 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

33

ON GEORGE BYNUM--For the first time we SEE that George is beginning to look a bit haggard. He is chain smoking Gauloise and appears nervous. What he says, however, has a bravura that is in direct contradiction to his appearance.

BYNUM

God, she is extraordinary...

(laughs)

She has this big thing about kissing...I don't know why, but it really starts her motor...

As he is talking, we

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT

34

EXTREME CLOSE-UP, BROOKE AND GEORGE BYNUM--kissing. Or rather, she is kissing him, covering his face with short, yet very passionate kisses. It is very important that there is something shocking about this image of Brooke. In the first place there is an animal quality about her that we haven't seen before. And in the second place, although what she is doing is very sexual, there is something unsettling about them, they look uncomfortably like father and daughter.

As she continues kissing him,

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. SAM'S DINING ROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

35

ON SAM--at the dining table. Through the window behind him we can SEE that the sky is beginning to lighten. He turns past one or two pages.

SAM (V.O.)

July 17th...

CUT TO:

35A INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

35A

ON GEORGE BYNUM--He looks a bit more haggard than he did the last time. His cheerfulness is starting to have a trace of hysteria behind it.

35A CONTD

35A CONTD

BYNUM

You haven't asked me about  
Brooke?

(a realization)

Come to think of it, you never  
ask me about Brooke...You ask  
me about my wife; you ask about  
my boss, but you don't ask about  
Brooke...

(becoming the analyst)

Why is that, doctor?

(not waiting for  
an answer)

Y'know, I'm starting to think  
you've got a case on her.

(laughs)

I'm serious. I really mean it.  
I think you've really got a  
"thing" about her. You poor  
sonofabitch, you're crazier  
than I am...

CUT TO:

35B INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LATE AT NIGHT

35B

ON SAM--reading.

SAM (V.O.)

There are strong sadistic components  
to George Bynum. I'm starting to  
wonder if I should send him to  
someone else.

CUT TO:

35C INT. SAM'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

35C

ON SAM--as he continues reading from his notes.

SAM (V.O. contd)

September 6th...I think George  
Bynum is in some kind of trouble  
again. At today's session he was  
increasingly distracted and upset;  
finally it came out...

CUT TO:

36 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

36

ON GEORGE BYNUM.

BYNUM

Let me ask you something, okay?  
Hypothetically...If I got in  
some kind of trouble, would you  
help me out?

SAM

What kind of trouble are you  
talking about?

BYNUM

What I am asking you is, if I  
got in a jam at Crispin's and  
if, for instance, the police  
came to see you, would you tell  
them that I am suffering from  
some kind of psychological disorder  
and that we've been working on it.  
You know, blah,blah,blah...

SAM

You mean so you wouldn't have  
to go to jail?

BYNUM

Yeah, I guess so. I guess  
that's about it.

CUT TO:

37 THE SCREEN IS BLACK; HOLD FOR A BEAT AS we HEAR: 37

BYNUM'S VOICE

I had this stupid dream last night.  
I was out in the country and...

As he is talking, we IRIS in on:

C.U. A CAT: HOLD FOR A BEAT--and then, as it starts to  
move THE CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK and we SEE that the  
cat is picking its way carefully across the topmost  
part of the roof of a very beautiful country house with  
lots of french windows and big trees.

REVERSE ON GEORGE BYNUM--He stands for a moment, looking  
at the house, then as he starts toward the front door,  
THE CAMERA PANS WITH HIM. As he reaches the door and  
starts to enter, he glances O.S.:

37 CONTD

37 CONTD

HIS POV: One of the windows on the second floor. A young girl, perhaps seven years old stands at the window watching him. She has long blonde hair that looks not unlike Alice in Wonderland. There is no expression on her face and something disturbing, ghostlike about her.

ON GEORGE BYNUM--as he enters the house.

CUT TO:

38 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

38

ON THE DOORWAY--as George enters, closes the door behind him and stands for a moment, looking around.

WIDE SHOT: HIS POV: The room is quite dark; the only light coming from a fire in the fireplace. Off to one side is the young child we saw in the upstairs window. She reclines on a couch, one leg raised, holding a looking glass in one hand in the manner of a Balthus. THE CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM HER across to a large distinctive looking black laquer cabinet that is covered with elaborate gilt scroll work. It is half in shadow.

ON GEORGE BYNUM--He crosses to it, reaches out to open the door. As he does, we HEAR a terrible screeching sound.

CLOSE ON GEORGE--He looks up in the direction of the sound.

HIS POV: On top of the cabinet is a fierce looking eagle. It lunges at him, screeches again then sits quietly ominously watching him.

ON GEORGE--cautiously, he reaches forward once more and opens the cabinet.

HIS POV: Inside, the cabinet is empty except for a small green box.

ON GEORGE BYNUM--as he takes the box, pockets it. He looks around to make certain that no one is watching.

HIS POV: THE LITTLE GIRL--She sits up, staring directly at George Bynum. She holds the teddy bear to her, then, as we watch, with the smallest of smiles she takes one of stuffed animal's button eyes and yanks it out.

JUMP CUT, CLOSE ON THE DOLL'S HEAD: HOLD FOR A BEAT as

38 CONTD

38 CONTD

we SEE blood appear in the hole where the eye used to be. THE CAMERA PANS WITH THE BLOOD as it begins to flow down the doll, onto the little girl's thigh and from there drips onto the floor.

CLOSE ON BYNUM--frozen with terror.

INSERT: THE BLOOD--as it moves in a delicate stream across the floor. Just as it is about to reach George Bynum's shoe,

CUT TO:

ON GEORGE--He starts to back away.

ON THE GIRL--as she gets to her feet and starts toward him.

ON GEORGE BYNUM--He tries the handle of one of the french doors that leads to the outside. It is locked. THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM as he moves quickly to the next. This one is also locked. He keeps glancing over his shoulder.

HIS POV: The little girl continues to walk forward, still holding the teddy bear close to her. Her face is expressionless and she moves at a slow and deliberate speed. Although George is moving much more quickly, she continues to get closer and closer.

ON GEORGE--He finds a door that leads into another room and enters.

HIS POV: The room has a door at the far end.

ON GEORGE--He glances back over his shoulder,

ON THE CHILD--still moving slowly, deliberately, but getting closer and closer.

ON GEORGE--He begins walking as quickly as he can toward the door. As he does, he keeps looking back.

HIS POV: We can SEE the shadow of the child coming closer and closer to the room he is in.

ON GEORGE--as he reaches the door, tries it, but it won't open.

CLOSER IN ON HIM--as he continues to yank frantically at the door. He keeps looking back over his shoulder.

38 CONTD

38 CONTD

HIS POV: The shadow of the child continues to get closer. Then, just as she is about to enter the room,

ON GEORGE BYNUM--He gives a final tug and the door opens. As he steps inside,

CUT TO:

39 INT. SECOND ROOM

39

MED. SHOT--He closes the door behind him and begins bolting it shut. As he does, the green box drops from his pocket.

INSERT: THE GREEN BOX, THE CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM IT across to the child who stands just behind George Bynum, waiting for him, a terrifying smile on her face. As she starts toward him,

CUT TO:

40- OMIT  
41

40- OMIT  
41

CUT TO:

42 EXT. CRISPIN'S - DAY

42

EST. SHOT--as a taxi pulls to a stop, the door opens and Sam gets out. As he starts into Crispin's,

CUT TO:

43 INT. THIRD FLOOR, CRISPIN'S - DAY

43

The reception area, tastefully done with a desk along the far wall at which an attractive woman sits selling catalogues and taking an occasional phone call. Through a large doorway we can SEE into one of the exhibition rooms; some of the objects from that sale seem to have spilled over into this room.

ON THE ELEVATOR DOORS--as they open and Sam steps out, crosses to the receptionist and asks to speak to Joseph Vitucci.

The woman at the desk picks up the phone. Sam takes a position in between an armoire and a china cabinet (since there are no chairs) and waits. HOLD FOR A BEAT as we SUPERIMPOSE

TITLE CARD: Ten minutes later.

43 CONTD

43 CONTD

As that fades we HEAR:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dr. Rice?

Sam glances around,

HIS POV: Standing in the doorway is an attractive woman of about twenty-seven. Her name is GAIL PHILLIPS and she is one of George Bynum's assisants. She is a close friend of Brooke's although the two of them are very different. Gail is more down to earth, less mysterious; essentially she has the spirit of a wise-guy cheerleader.

GAIL

My name is Gail Phillips. I  
worked with George Bynum. Will  
you come with me?

As Sam starts to follow her, Gail becomes a lighthearted tour guide.

GAIL (contd)

Crispin's is the oldest auction house in the United States. It was founded in 1811 and has been operating without interruption ever since. In there is the auction room...

THEIR POV: The large auction room which is for the moment empty.

ON THEM, TRACKING ALONG SIDE--as they walk through a large gallery filled with an exhibition of Impressionist and Post Impressionist paintings.

GAIL (contd)

In this gallery are Impressionist and Post Impressionist paintings that go up for sale tomorrow night. Now then, when something gets turned over to Crispin's for sale; for instance, we're just getting in the Maddow Estate--that's a very important antiquities collection that's probably worth over fifty million dollars...

CUT TO:

44 INT. SECOND EXHIBITION ROOM - SAME

44

This room is filled with eighteenth and nineteenth century American furniture.

GAIL (contd)

Every single object that comes in has to be numbered and a file card made for it. And after that it has to be checked for authenticity. (Because, if we sell something as authentic; then we're responsible for it if it turns out to be a fraud.)

Gail pauses by a door that leads to a staircase.

GAIL (contd)

(with a look)

Are you sure you're up to this?

Sam grins. It should be clear from the start that they enjoy one another.

SAM

I'll do my best.

As they enter the staircase,

CUT TO:

45 INT. FOURTH FLOOR, CRISPIN'S - SAME

45

ON THE DOOR LEADING TO THE STAIRWELL--as it opens and Gail and Sam emerge into a large, cavernous room that is stacked high with furniture of every imaginable description.

WIDE SHOT, THE CAMERA PANNING WITH THEM--as they cross the immense room.

GAIL

When it is time to put together a sale; the people in the department take the file cards and spread them out all over the floor and pick what they think would make the best sale. Once that's done, the catalogue is made, photographs are taken and descriptions are written. While objects are waiting to

(MORE)

45 CONTD

45 CONTD

GAIL (contd)

go up for sale, they are stored in the proper department--(this is European furniture.) Then, about four days before the sale everything is taken downstairs to the exhibition room and put on display.

They enter a narrow doorway that leads into the porcelain department where, in fact, we SEE three or four people with index cards spread out all over the floor. As Gail and Sam pick their way gingerly through the chaos,

GAIL (contd)

The day before the sale everything is taken from the exhibition rooms and stored in the area just behind the stage.

At the end of the porcelain department is a narrow corridor that has a door opening off of it. As Gail opens the door,

GAIL (contd)

And the next day they are put up on the stage and hopefully sold and this is the antiques department and this is the police.

(curtsey)

End of speech. End of tour.

SAM

(smile)

Thanks.

GAIL

(grin)

You're welcome.

46 INT. FOURTH FLOOR INNER OFFICE

46

By then they have reached the door to the inner office where Vitucci is sitting at what used to be George Bynum's desk. He glances up as they enter.

VITUCCI

Thank you, Miss Phillips. Would you ask Miss Wilson to come in?

46 CONTD

46 CONTD

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

GAIL

Sure thing.

And she turns and disappears O.S. Vitucci turns back to Sam.

VITUCCI

I appreciate you coming down, doctor. I know you're a busy man, I'll try not to keep you long.

Note: As Sam starts to sit down he sees, against the wall, just behind the detective, the black laquer cabinet from the dead man's dream and, just to make the identification more complete, sitting on top is a large gold American eagle.

SAM

(noticing the cabinet)  
No problem.

VITUCCI

Yesterday, when we were talking, you said the deceased came to see you twice a week. Is that right?

Sam nods. The detective pushes a large desk sized appointment book across the desk toward Sam.

VITUCCI (contd)

According to this, George Bynum was seeing you five times a week.

SAM

That's impossible.

VITUCCI

(looking O.S.)

Miss Wilson, how often each week did Mr. Bynum have an appointment with his psychiatrist?

As Sam looks around,

CUT TO:

HIS POV: HEATHER WILSON standing in the doorway.  
Attractive, shy, introverted (she barely speaks above

46 CONTD

46 CONTD

a whisper) she is the sort of person you might expect to be sitting at home in her Laura Ashley dress writing a children's book. Heather was George Bynum's secretary and she idolized him although he was at times quite cruel to her. She is the sort of person about whom people are always saying, "She wouldn't hurt a fly."

HEATHER

I'm sorry, doctor, but that's what he told me.

SAM

(bewildered)

You're sure?

HEATHER

I'm quite sure. If that's all, I have some work I have to...

VITUCCI

That's fine. Thank you, Miss Wilson.

Heather leaves and Vitucci turns to Sam.

VITUCCI (contd)

Okay, since I talked to you, we found out a couple more things; for one, we're pretty sure George Bynum was killed by a woman.

REACTION, SAM--stunned.

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

VITUCCI (contd)

And we know it wasn't his wife. She says Bynum was fooling around with one of the girls here at Crispin's. Long story short, the wife found out and Bynum promised her he would break it off. That was a week before he was killed.

(how to say this)

Look, I'm the last guy in the world to want to crowd you about the confidentiality business, but the guys in forensic drew up a kind of a psychological portrait

(MORE)

46      CONTD

46 CONTD

VITUCCI (contd)  
of the killer, and they think  
she'll try it again. So, I really  
need your help.

There is a long beat of silence, as Sam considers this.

SAM  
What can I tell you, I appreciate  
your problem...I'll do everything  
I can.

VITUCCI  
(looking Sam straight  
in the eye)  
You do that.

The detective gets to his feet, signaling that the  
interview has come to an end. Sam stands, the two men  
shake hands and as Sam turns and takes one step out of  
the office, he collides with Brooke Reynolds who has  
just come in from the corridor outside carrying a  
catalogue and a sheaf of papers.

QUICK CUT, SAM--recognising her.

SAM  
Oh, hello...

ON BROOKE--She looks at Sam as though she had never seen  
him before in her life, turns and walks out the door  
without saying a word.

WIDE SHOT--Gail sits at a nearby desk, taking in every-  
thing that has happened.

GAIL  
(grin)  
Nice try.

TWO SHOT--Sam and Vitucci. Sam stares after Brooke,  
puzzled. The detective, however, is watching Sam, a  
thoughtful expression on his face.

CUT TO:

47      INT. THIRD FLOOR, CRISPIN'S - DAY

47

WIDE SHOT--as the door to the stairwell opens and Heather  
shows Sam out, into the exhibition rooms. He turns AS THE

47 CONTD

47 CONTD

CAMERA PANS WITH HIM, starts to walk back toward the elevators. He passes a telephone booth, stops, thinks for a moment, then steps inside and starts to dial.

CLOSER IN--as we HEAR:

Sound-effect: from the other end of the line, the sound of a telephone ringing. A moment later:

GRACE RICE'S VOICE  
Dr. Rice's office.

SAM  
(an attempt at  
nonchalance)  
Mom? Sam. Listen, I got to  
thinking; why don't we have dinner  
tonight, okay? Just the two of  
us...I'll order some chinese and--

GRACE  
(not fooled for  
an instant)  
All right, Sam; what's up?

SAM  
Well, as a matter of fact, I've  
got a little problem--

GRACE  
Personal or professional?

SAM  
Professional.

GRACE  
I've got a group until nine.  
I'll be there as soon after that  
as I can.

SAM  
Swell.

GRACE  
See you then.

As he hangs up the phone,

FADE TO BLACK:

48- OMIT  
51

48- CMIT  
51

FADE IN:

52 INT. DINING ROOM (OFFICE), SAM'S APT. - NIGHT 52

ON A BLACKBOARD--It is filled with notes that Sam has been making based on the information he has gotten from his notes on George Bynum's analysis. Mixed in with this are bits and pieces of information about the murder that he has gotten from the police. Brooke Reynolds' name figures prominently throughout. As this is going on we HEAR one of the tapes of a session the dead man had.

Sound-effect: the front doorbell.

Sam turns off the tape recorder and, still carrying the piece of chalk, crosses to the front door, opens it.

HIS POV: There, instead of his mother, is Brooke Reynolds. She looks amazingly beautiful. It seems impossible that anyone who looks as innocent and vulnerable as that could be a murderess. As soon as we see her; however, it is clear that she is extremely agitated about something.

BROOKE

(upset)

What did you tell the police about me?

SAM

(taken aback)

Nothing. I didn't tell them anything. Brooke, what's the matter?

BROOKE

Don't lie to me. Please. I hate that. I hate it when people lie to me. I really thought I could trust you.

SAM

Brooke, I didn't tell the police anything about you. Now, what is going on?

BROOKE

You must have told them something. That detective had me in his

(MORE)

52     CONTD

52 CONTD

BROOKE (contd)  
office this afternoon, asking  
all sorts of questions.

SAM  
(reasonable)  
They are going to have to question  
everybody. They're starting to  
believe George Bynum was killed  
by a woman--

REACTION, BROOKE--stunned.

BROOKE  
That's not possible.

SAM  
I guess they have some evidence.

BROOKE  
Did they tell you what it was?

SAM  
(shakes his head)  
No, but they also know that George  
was having an affair. You're  
going to have to tell them what  
was going on.

BROOKE  
(her mind is racing)  
I will...I will...

CLOSE ON BROOKE--suddenly she looks at Sam, very upset.

BROOKE (contd)  
You don't think I did it--killed  
him? Do you?

SAM  
(almost a lie)  
No. Of course not.

Brooke's attitude softens.

BROOKE  
Oh, God...I'm sorry, I behaved  
like an idiot...It's just that  
when I saw you talking to that  
detective--the only thing I could  
(MORE)

52 CONTD

52 CONTD

BROOKE (contd)  
 think about were all those things  
 I had said to you...  
 (she touches him  
 lightly on the arm)  
 ...Anyway, I'm terribly sorry...  
 (embarrassed)  
 I guess I'm always saying that.

Once again the two of them are standing very close together. If Brooke makes no move toward him; neither does she remove her hand from his arm. For a fraction of a second all he would have to do is lean across and kiss her.

HOLD FOR A BEAT, then, suddenly shy, Brooke looks O.S.

HER POV: Looking toward the dining room area where Sam was working. She can see the blackboard that Sam has dragged out, although its back is toward her and she cannot see what is written on it.

BROOKE (contd)  
 Oh, I didn't realize you were  
 working.

ON SAM--a flicker of panic as he suddenly remembers what is written on the blackboard. Before he can say anything, Brooke starts toward the office.

BROOKE (contd)  
 What is it?

MED. SHOT, TRACKING WITH SAM--as he walks quickly after her and, just before she reaches a point where she might catch sight of the reverse side of the blackboard with all of the references to her, he catches up to Brooke, reaches for her.

CLOSER IN--as he turns her around, pulls her toward him.

BROOKE (contd)  
 (almost a whisper  
 as she realizes what  
 is about to happen)  
 No...please...

They kiss. It is much more passionate than either of them expected. Brooke responds as though this is both something she has been longing for and dreading. There is, however,

52      CONTD

52 CONTD

something almost animal in her that takes over and, throughout the following, in a very subtle way, it is she who is the aggressor--it is she who is always leaning into the kiss.

This is the first woman that Sam has held since his wife left. Nevertheless, no matter how passionate things become, no matter how much Sam begins to fall in love with Brooke--and he does fall in love with her--there remains some part of him that cannot quite forget that it is entirely possible that she killed George Bynum.

Note: At one point during this we become aware that Brooke is kissing Sam in much the same way that she kissed George Bynum. In fact, the shot should be the same.

They pull slightly apart.

BROOKE

Really, I think this is a mistake...

More kissing. She makes no move to leave.

BROOKE (contd)

I think I ought to leave...

Each time they kiss it lasts long enough so that they almost forget what they were saying to one another.

BROOKE (contd)

...We have an important...sale  
...tomorrow...

Suddenly the doorbell rings and they break apart as though they had been shot.

SAM

(realizing who it is)  
Oh, damn. Listen, it's my mother,  
she's--

BROOKE

That's okay...  
(checking her watch)  
Oh, gosh--I'm late. I have to  
be uptown in ten minutes.

She begins hastily retreating toward the door.

52      CONTD

52 CONTD

BROOKE (contd)  
I only came by because--

SAM  
(overlapping)  
Listen, I'll call you later and--

BROOKE  
(she opens the  
front door)  
No. No. That's all right.  
Really. It's not necessary.

The door opens to reveal Grace.

GRACE  
Sorry I'm late, but the group  
lasted longer than I--

She stops in mid-sentence, spotting Brooke.

SAM  
Mother, I'd like you to meet  
Brooke Reynolds. Brooke, this  
is my mother.

GRACE  
(this is clearly a  
pleasant surprise)  
How do you do? Sam, if this is  
inconvenient, I'll--

BROOKE  
(very quickly)  
No. No. I was just leaving.  
(stepping into  
the hallway)  
Please excuse me, but I'm late  
for an appointment...It was nice  
to meet you.

SAM  
Wait a minute. I'll get you a  
taxi.

BROOKE  
(urgent)  
No, please. It isn't necessary.  
Honestly.

By then she has reached the elevator, jabbed the button  
and the door opens and she steps inside.

52 CONTD

52 CONTD

SAM  
I'll call you.

But it is too late, the elevator doors have closed.

GRACE  
(wry)  
Good Lord, what did I do wrong...  
Sam, whatever it is, I'm sorry.

ON SAM--He still hasn't taken his eyes off of the elevator door.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 INT. SAM'S APT. (OFFICE, DINING ROOM) - NIGHT 53

Sam has just finished the last of the notes from George Bynum's dream. He closes the folder and looks up at his mother. She paces back and forth trailing cigarette ashes in her wake. Behind them we SEE that the blackboard is covered with all sorts of notes and that there are containers of chinese food all over the card table.

There is a beat of silence as Sam watches his mother, finally:

SAM  
Well?

GRACE  
Okay, since we don't have anything in the way of associations; let's do the traditional stuff first...  
Box, woman--

SAM  
(without missing a beat)  
Green, jealousy.

Note: The following should be a dazzling high wire act. The two of them working together in perfect harmony.

GRACE  
So we start by considering the possibility that we are dealing with a jealous woman.

SAM  
And, since George Bynum takes the  
(MORE)

53 CONTD

53 CONTD

SAM (contd)

box and puts it into his pocket;  
I assume he thinks he has some  
sort of control over the jealous  
woman--

GRACE

Until something goes wrong and  
she gets loose. What about the  
little girl? Did he tell you  
what he was frightened of?

SAM

Uh,uh...He gave me the dream,  
but that was all I could get out  
of him. My guess is that she's  
a stand in for the mother or the  
sister or--

GRACE

(Nancy Drew)

Uh,uh...Not at all.

(getting carried  
away)

We are probably dealing with a  
woman who, on the surface seems  
childlike and innocent, but  
underneath is capable of extreme  
violence.

(serious)

Sam, I think you should call the  
police.

SAM

(starting to  
get angry)

With what?! What kind of evidence  
do I have?

(sardonic)

Some hot items about a green box  
and a little girl who's mean to  
her teddy bear. C'mon, Grace,  
you know better than that.

There is a beat of silence as Grace watches Sam. She  
knows something is up.

GRACE

Sam, if you're not going to the  
police; why are you getting mixed  
up in this?

53      CONTD

53 CONTD

SAM  
(bullshit)  
I told you before, I spent almost  
two years, twice a week talking  
to that poor sonofabitch. I want  
to know why he was killed.

GRACE  
(mild)  
I don't think so...  
(very concerned)  
Sam, remember, you didn't kill  
him. You were only his doctor,  
there was only so much you  
could do.

CLOSE ON SAM--This is not the reason, but it's as close  
as he cares to let Grace get.

SAM  
(acting like it's  
hard medicine  
to take)  
Maybe...I suppose you're right.

ON GRACE--Something smells wrong. It was too easy.

GRACE  
Sam?

SAM  
Yes?

GRACE  
That is the reason, isn't it?

SAM  
Right on the button.

ON GRACE--She looks at her son for a long time. There is  
a nagging doubt in her mind.

GRACE  
Sam, you've lost your sense of  
objectivity. You're going to  
put yourself in a very dangerous  
situation if you don't look out.  
(urgent)  
Go to the police, please.

There is a long beat of silence, then:

53 CONTD

53 CONTD

SAM

D'you remember that time when  
I was gonna quit college and go  
off and play professional baseball?  
I was pretty good and I had an  
offer from a Class A team in  
Knoxville. And I called and  
told you what I was gonna do--  
(laughs)

I think it was the only time in  
your life you ever walked out on  
a patient. You took the first  
train to New Haven. Do you  
remember that?

Grace smiles in spite of herself.

GRACE

If you had really wanted to quit--

SAM

I know...I know. I wouldn't have  
called you. And you sat with me  
for six hours and you talked me  
out of it.

Grace starts to interrupt, but Sam won't let her.

SAM (contd)

And you were right, okay? It  
probably wouldn't have worked  
out, but...

(and this is a  
very painful thing  
to say)

But if I had played baseball, even  
if I'd never gotten to the majors...

(sad smile)

I'd have always known I was a  
better baseball player than you.  
But this way, you know and I  
know I'm never gonna be as good  
a shrink as you are.

GRACE

(automatic)

Oh, no. No. That's not--

But, of course, she knows that it is true and, for the  
first time realizes something of her son's pain.

53      CONTD

53 CONTD

For a moment they look at one another and they are simply mother and son: two people who have been through the wars together. Then:

SAM  
(checking his watch)  
Oh, Christ...I've got an eight-  
thirty patient tomorrow.

ON GRACE--She knows he is lying, but there is nothing she can do about it.

GRACE  
(her own lie)  
Me too. I have to go.

As she gets to her feet,

54      OMIT

54 OMIT

CUT TO:

55      INT. SAM'S APT. - LATER

55

CLOSE ON THE TELEPHONE--next to it is the card Vitucci gave Sam. HOLD as we SEE Sam's hand pick up the receiver, as he starts to dial.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ON SAM--He finishes dialing the number and we HEAR the phone ring once, but before anyone can answer it, he hangs up. Sam stands for a moment thinking, then he takes the phone book, opens it and begins to search for a number.

INSERT: HIS POV: The R section of the phone book as pages flip by. Then he stops on REYES to RHYNIE.

CLOSER IN, MOVING DOWN THE PAGE--getting closer to Brooke's name.

STILL CLOSER IN, COMING TO A STOP ON HER NAME AND ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER.

MED. SHOT, SAM--He reaches for the phone and starts to dial.

Sound-effect: From the other end of the line the phone is ringing. Once, twice, three, four times. Clearly

55 CONTD

55 CONTD

there is no one there. Sam puts down the phone, thinks for a moment, then gets to his feet and starts for the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

56 EXT. STREET IN THE EAST SEVENTIES - LATE AT NIGHT 56

WIDE SHOT--a side street just off of Fifth Avenue. It is lined with old townhouses that have been converted into apartment buildings. Sam approaches, looks O.S. at a building, checks the number.

HIS POV: An old townhouse that was probably once beautiful, but it has been allowed to fall into disrepair. There are no lights on the upper floors.

ON SAM--as he mounts the front steps, opens the door to the vestibule.

57 INT. VESTIBULE - LATE AT NIGHT

57

It is an old entryway, with dark wood in which some not very skilled worker has put a buzzer system for about ten apartments. The only light is a dim one just over the buzzer panel. Sam stoops over, finds Brooke's name and presses the buzzer. Then, he turns and peers through the glass into the lobby.

HIS POV: Looking through the filthy glass into what must have once been a rather grand entrance hall with a huge fireplace, paneling, marble benches. But, like the rest of the building it has fallen into terrible disrepair; the only light coming from three or four scones that are left in the wall. There is no sign of life.

ON SAM--He rings again.

Silence.

Then, he steps outside.

58 EXT. BLDG. - NIGHT

58

ON SAM--as he steps outside, looks around.

HIS POV: Looking toward Madison Ave. There are the usual number of dog walkers, couples returning from parties, etc., etc.

58 CONTD

58 CONTD

ON SAM--glancing in the opposite direction.

HIS POV: Looking toward the park. The same thing, nothing much different except...except that across Fifth Ave. standing in the shadows by the wall, someone is watching Sam.

ON SAM--He sees whoever it is, squints and takes a step or two in that direction.

CROSS-CUTS BETWEEN SAM AND HIS POV: Although her face remains in the shadows, she starts to move away from Sam in a slow, unhurried way.

SAM--walking forward.

SAM  
(not really loud  
enough for her  
to hear)  
Brooke?

Whoever it is, she slips into the park.

59 There are a number of people walking their dogs. 59  
A couple of teenagers necking. Several late night joggers.

ON SAM--He walks along Fifth Ave. on the far side of the street from the park, peering into the darkness.

HIS POV: She has disappeared from sight.

Sam thinks for a moment, then crosses the street and stands at the entrance to the park, looking in.

HIS POV: There are eight or ten people in the park and so it doesn't really seem that dangerous. Off in the distance, heading deeper into the park is the woman.

ON SAM--It seems safe enough so he starts to follow. He begins to walk more quickly.

HIS POV: Although she is still moving away from him, Sam is getting closer.

ON SAM--quickenning his pace.

60 ON THE WOMAN--as she turns a corner, descends a 60  
couple of steps and starts into a tunnel.

60 CONTD

60 CONTD

ON SAM--following. He turns the corner, walks quickly down the steps and it is only as he enters the tunnel that he realizes there is no light at the other end. It is suddenly very dark. Sam glances around, over his shoulder.

HIS POV: Looking from the tunnel out. There is no sign of anyone.

ON SAM--nervous.

SAM

Brooke?

Nothing.

Sam tentatively takes a couple of steps more, when:

O.S. Sound: From very close by, the sound of someone breathing.

SAM (contd)

(terrified)

Who's there?

Slowly, Sam starts to retreat. When suddenly from out of the dark a hand is clapped over his mouth and a knife appears at his throat.

MAN'S VOICE

Awright, you sumbitch. Gimme all your money.

Sam is shoved a half a step forward and we can now SEE that just behind him is a large, unshaven, ragged looking man. A moment later the hand is removed, but the knife remains at Sam's throat. There is a look of genuine relief on Sam's face; clearly, he had anticipated something much worse than this.

SAM

(trying to keep  
calm in a manic  
sort of way)

Okay...All right...

(reaching into his  
pocket, pulling  
out a wad of bills)

Here. There should be almost  
a hundred there, okay? I just  
(MORE)

60 CONTD

60 CONTD

SAM (contd)  
went to the bank today and--  
(remembering  
something)  
Wait a minute--  
(digging in  
another pocket)  
I forgot about this. That's  
about seventeen and change...

The mugger grabs the handful of bills from Sam.

MUGGER  
Gimme that.

SAM  
Listen, I know this is going to  
sound a little crazy, but I was  
wondering if you could do me a  
little favor, okay?

The mugger is starting to find something about Sam's  
attitude that is distinctly unnerving.

SAM (contd)  
Here's my wallet.

The mugger snatches it away.

SAM (contd)  
American Express, Diners Club,  
Mastercharge. I mean, I'm  
cooperating with you, right?  
I'm not making any trouble,  
right?

The thief is becoming a little frightened of Sam.

MUGGER  
You try something with me,  
you're a dead man.

SAM  
No. Here, take my coat.  
(as he takes off  
his coat, passes  
it to the man)  
All I want is for you to stay  
here and watch to make sure I  
get out of the park okay--  
That's all I want.

60 CONTD

60 CONTD

By now the mugger is convinced that Sam is a dangerous lunatic.

MUGGER

(panic)

I ain't tellin' you again.  
You get your ass outa here.

ON SAM--backing out of the tunnel, occasionally glancing over his shoulder.

SAM

Thanks a lot, okay? I really appreciate it...

CUT TO:

61 EXT. PARK - NIGHT

61

As Sam walks quickly across to a street lamp where we can SEE a couple of joggers and a man walking his dog. Sam falls into step a few paces ahead of the dog walker and together they make their way back to the street, toward safety.

CUT TO:

62 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

62

The thief has Sam's coat on and is busy stuffing the pockets with loot. He takes a last look around, smiles broadly and disappears into the darkness. We HOLD ON BLACK for a few beats and all we can HEAR are the man's retreating footsteps. Then he stops; a moment later we HEAR:

MUGGER

Who's that?

Silence.

MUGGER (contd)

(scared)

Who's there?!

There is the sound of a scuffle, then a moment later, a horrifying strangled cry as the man's throat is slit. THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY AWAY back to the path where we saw Sam only a moment earlier; now it is empty.

DISSOLVE TO:

63 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EARLY MORNING

63

THE SAME VIEW--Now the sun is shining and we SEE joggers running peacefully along the path. HOLD FOR A BEAT, then:

CUT TO:

C.U. MURRAY--A big grin on his face.

MURRAY

Didn't I tell you this was a repeater.

MED. SHOT--Sam and Vitucci are sitting on a nearby bench. Next to the detective is a large, official looking cardboard box with the word EVIDENCE stencilled on the side. It is filled with glassine bags of items that have been taken from the corpse and from the surrounding area. Each baggie is carefully labeled. At the moment Sam and Vitucci are going through the box and Sam is identifying each of his possessions.

In the background we can SEE the tunnel where Sam was mugged, it is now swarming with police. The corpse has been removed, but men from the forensic lab are pouring over the tunnel and the surrounding area, looking for evidence.

VITUCCI

(to Sam)

Wallet with credit cards...American Express--

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

MURRAY

(to the world)

I told him; he wouldn't listen.

VITUCCI

(not bothering to look at Murray)

You're right, Murray.

(back to Sam)

American Express, Mastercharge--

MURRAY

That's a five you owe me.

Without dropping a beat, Vitucci reaches into his pocket, pulls out a five and passes it to his friend.

63      CONTD

63 CONTD

VITUCCI  
(blowing on)  
Mastercharge, Diner's Club--

Murray goes blithely on.

MURRAY  
Twelve wounds the guy had...  
Whew...The first hadda be the  
throat. After that he goes  
into shock and then--

VITUCCI  
(firm)  
Murray. Can we talk about it  
later? Right now I've got  
business.

MURRAY  
(his feelings hurt)  
Sure...Sure...

VITUCCI  
(back to Sam)  
Anything missing?

Sam shakes his head.

VITUCCI (contd)  
Your personal effects will be  
returned to you as soon as the  
forensic department is through  
with them. A cashier's check  
will be sent to you for the money.  
As for the coat...you're outa  
luck.

Vitucci finishes filling out a form, passes it across to  
Sam to sign.

CROSS-CUT TO MURRAY--He can't contain himself any longer.

MURRAY  
(to Sam, as one  
medical man to  
another)  
Doctor, you wanna know what I  
think; I think we're dealing  
with a multiple personality...  
(MORE)

63 CONTD

MURRAY  
(defensive)  
I was just trying to help.

SAM  
(aware that it  
sounds flimsy)  
I went for a walk.

SAM  
Listen, I know it sounds nuts,  
but I've been having some problems  
with a patient and I went for a  
walk to try and figure things out.

Vitucci glares at his friend.

MURRAY  
(can't help himself)  
You're kidding.

63 CONTD

63 CONTD

There is a long beat of silence as Vitucci looks at Sam. Clearly this isn't a satisfactory answer. For the first time the detective begins to suspect that Sam may be holding out on him.

VITUCCI

Doctor, I'm not sure you understand; somebody tried to kill you last night.

ON SAM--The logic of this definitely doesn't appeal to him.

SAM

Uh,uh...No. I don't buy it. Look, a patient of mine is murdered--for whatever reasons. A couple of days later, by coincidence I go for a walk, I end up in the park and by the time I realize where I am, I get robbed. The guy who mugged me gets mugged himself. He puts up a struggle and is killed. That's all there is to it; it happens every day.

VITUCCI

First off, the guy was killed because he was wearing your coat. Second, I just lost five bucks to this schnook...

(indicating Murray)

...because the pattern of wounds is the same as George Bynum.

MURRAY

(cheerful)

And I got another hundred says she's not finished yet.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. ENTRANCE TO PARK - MORNING

64

WIDE SHOT--as Sam walks out of the park; he stands for a moment, thinking, then making up his mind, he turns and walks in the direction of Brooke's apartment building.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. STREET - SAME

65

Sam rounds the corner in front of the museum and,  
AS THE CAMERA PANS WITH HIM crosses to Brooke's building.  
As he walks up the steps and opens the door,

CUT TO:

66 INT. VESTIBULE, BROOKE'S APT. BUILDING - DAY

66

ON SAM--as he jabs the button by her name. There is  
no answer. Sam waits for a moment then presses the  
button again. There is another long wait and then we  
HEAR:

BROOKE'S VOICE  
(from the speaker)  
Who is it?

SAM  
It's me. Sam. I have to talk  
to you.

Again a long pause, finally:

BROOKE'S VOICE  
(reluctant)  
Okay.

A moment later the buzzer sounds and Sam opens the door  
and steps inside.

CUT TO:

67 INT. LOBBY - DAY

67

Since no sunlight gets to this room during the day, it  
looks no different than it did the night before. THE  
CAMERA PANS with Sam as he crosses to the staircase  
and starts up.

CUT TO:

68 INT THIRD FLOOR LANDING - SAME

68

Sam reaches the top of the stairs, looks around and  
walks to a door at the rear of the building.

CLOSER IN--as he rings the bell. Another wait, finally  
the door is opened by a large, ominous looking oriental  
man.

68 CONTD

68

Note: He is the same oriental man that we saw in the episode from George Bynum's analysis.

Before Sam can say anything the man bows curtly and motions for Sam to enter. As he does, we

CUT TO:

69 INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT - SAME

69

A note about Brooke's apartment: It is the direct opposite of Sam's. The ceilings are very high and the walls are painted an ultramarine blue. On the mantelpiece are several very beautiful ancient Roman heads. On the walls are extremely good Japanese prints, Persian miniatures, silk rugs, etc. This is clearly the apartment of someone with very sophisticated visual taste. However the one modern work in the room is a flat green rectangle, much in the manner of a Joseph Albers. It is located on the wall behind Sam so that we are aware of it each time we cut to him.

ON SAM--as he enters, looks around.

HIS POV: Across the room, in front of the fireplace, a portable massage table has been set up. Brooke is lying on it; she has nothing on except for a towel that discreetly covers her.

BROOKE

(looking up at Sam)

Hi...

(then, as though  
this was the most  
normal thing in  
the world)

Mr. Chu, Dr. Rice...Dr. Rice,  
Mr. Chu.

At the news that Sam is a doctor, the oriental man (DR. CHU) smiles for the first time. He bows once more and crosses to the table where Brooke is lying. He begins to give her a vigorous and professional massage.

BROOKE (contd)

Where were you last night? I went back to Crispin's to get some work done and I tried to call you around...I don't know it must've been eleven or eleven-thirty.

69 CONTD

69 CONTD

ON SAM--Not only is there a perfectly innocent explanation for the mysterious oriental man from George Bynum's analysis, but Brooke has seemingly explained her whereabouts from the night before.

SAM  
(taken aback)  
I went for a walk.

BROOKE  
You were gone forever. I called  
and called.

SAM  
I guess it must've been a long walk.

BROOKE  
(she looks at him  
and smiles)  
That's okay...It wasn't anything  
important. I--  
(blushing)  
I just wondered how you were...

There is a long beat of silence as the two of them look at one another. The masseur continues to work so that each time we SEE Brooke, we also SEE the oriental man's hands gently, impersonally massaging her.

SAM  
(means it)  
I'm...fine...

ON BROOKE--as the masseur rearranges the towel that is covering her.

SAM (contd)  
(to cover his  
embarrassment)  
You, ah...You do this sort of  
thing all the time?

BROOKE  
Once a week. Mr. Chu usually  
comes at night, but today is  
his daughter's birthday.

There is another pause. Although both Sam and Brooke are in love, the presence of a third party in the room means that although what they talk about is quite banal,

69 CONTD

69 CONTD

the real content of the scene is to be found in the looks, the pauses, the smiles. And, because of those very restrictions, the scene becomes charged with an emotional and erotic intensity.

BROOKE (contd)

When will I see you?

SAM

I finish with my last patient at seven.

Again the masseur rearranges the towel.

BROOKE

There is an important sale tonight at Crispin's...Impressionist and Post Impressionist paintings... There is a Degas that is expected to go for over a million and a late Monet, one of the Giverny paintings...

(with a look)

These things are usually very exciting...

SAM

(returning the look, smiling)

I know what you mean.

(then suddenly remembering)

Oh, Christ--I've got a patient waiting.

He starts to go, stops, crosses to Brooke; as he leans down to kiss her.

CLOSER IN: Once more the kiss becomes more passionate than either of them intended. Although it is quite brief, it promises a great deal more.

Note: THE CAMERA IS ANGLED so that we can also SEE the oriental man's hands as they continue to gently massage her. The effect should be both erotic and disturbing.

They break apart.

BROOKE

(a whisper)

You know, I really...

(she is about to say, "I love you")

69 CONTD

69 CONTD

SAM

What?

BROOKE

(smiles)

Nothing...

(then:)

You'd better go, you're late.

SAM

(reluctant)

Yeah...

He turns and starts toward the door. THE CAMERA PANS WITH HIM. As he reaches the door, opens it.

BROOKE

Sam, what did you want to talk to me about?

SAM

(smiles)

It's not important.

As he walks out the door, we

CUT TO:

70 EXT. CRISPIN'S - DAY

70

ESTABLISHING SHOT--HOLD FOR A BEAT, then:

DISSOLVE TO:

70A EXT. CRISPIN'S - NIGHT

70A

THE SAME ANGLE

CUT TO:

71 INT. CRISPIN'S, THIRD FLOOR RECEPTION AREA -  
SAME

71

ON THE DOORS TO THE ELEVATORS--as they open to reveal a crowd of elegant looking people. They are all wearing evening clothes except for Sam who has on his customary tweed sport coat, grey flannels and button down shirt. He gets off of the elevator, stops, looks around.

HIS POV: The crowded room. Standing off to one side,

71 CONTD

71 CONTD

near the reception desk, we SEE Heather Wilson (George Bynum's secretary). She spots Sam, approaches him.

HEATHER

Dr. Rice? I'm Heather Wilson.  
We met yesterday. Brooke asked  
me to watch out for you. Won't  
you come with me.

WIDE SHOT--as they push through the crowd toward the  
second exhibition room.

CUT TO:

71A INT. SECOND EXHIBITION ROOM - SAME

71A

WIDE SHOT--This room is less crowded. THE CAMERA PANS  
WITH THEM as she leads Sam across to the fire stairs.  
As she opens the door for him and they enter,

CUT TO:

71B INT. FOURTH FLOOR, FURNITURE STORAGE ROOM - SAME

71B

WIDE SHOT--The same large storage room that we saw  
before. Since it is now after business hours there  
are only a few lights on, casting eerie shadows across  
the piles of antique furniture. HOLD FOR A BEAT as  
the door to the staircase opens and Heather, followed  
by Sam enters, crosses the vast, empty room. The only  
sound we can HEAR are their footsteps on the concrete  
floor.

CUT TO:

71C INT. PORCELAIN DEPT. - SAME

71C

WIDE SHOT--Heather and Sam enter. She stops, points O.S.

HEATHER

I've got to get some more catalogues.  
Brooke's just in there; there's a  
light on in her office.

And before Sam can say anything she has disappeared  
through a doorway. Sam walks to the door to the  
Antiquities dept., opens it.

CUT TO:

71D INT. ANTIQUITIES DEPT. - SAME

71D

WIDE SHOT; ON THE DOOR--as Sam opens it.

HIS POV: The room is dark. There is a crack of light coming from a partially opened door to a small office next to George Bynum's.

ON SAM, PANNING WITH HIM--as he crosses to the door. He reaches out, starts to knock when something that he sees stops him.

HIS POV: Brooke sits at her desk, leaning forward, very engrossed in something that we are unable to see. Just behind her, looming out of the shadows is the large black lacquer oriental cabinet from George Bynum's dream. Just to make the identification more complete, sitting on top of the cabinet is a large ferocious looking gold American eagle.

Brooke is so absorbed by what she is doing that she isn't aware of Sam.

ON SAM--He taps lightly on the door.

CLOSER ON BROOKE--She looks up terrified. She sees Sam and hastily shoves the papers she has been looking at into a desk drawer, locking it. Then:

BROOKE  
(trying to act  
nonchalant)  
Hi...Oh, hi. Heather found you.  
I had to come up here to get some  
bidding contracts...

She gets to her feet, crosses to Sam and kisses him. It is clear, however, that it is unfelt, that her mind is somewhere else.

ANOTHER ANGLE--favoring Sam. He is looking O.S.

HIS POV: The black lacquer cabinet; it looks ominous in the shadowy lamp light.

HEATHER (O.S.)  
Brooke? Are you in there? The  
auction's starting.

Sound-effect: The sharp crack of the auctioneer's gavel as it slams down on a wooden block.

CUT TO:

72 INT. AUCTION ROOM - NIGHT

72

ON THE AUCTIONEER--an elegant looking man in his fifties. He raps the gavel several more times; then, as soon as there is a reasonable silence,

AUCTIONEER

(urbane)

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Crispin's. This evening we present a sale of important Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings.

As the auctioneer is talking, THE CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM HIM, PAST THE AUDIENCE, most of whom are in evening dress, across to the entrance as Brooke followed by Sam and Heather enter. They squeeze past the crowd of people at the entrance. Brooke takes Sam by the hand and leads him towards an empty chair at the front of the auditorium. A program has been placed on the seat to let everyone know the chair is reserved.

BROOKE

Here...

(she glances toward  
the auctioneer)

HER POV: As he presses a button on the side of the podium and the stage revolves bringing a small landscape into view.

AUCTIONEER

We will begin with Lot No. 1;  
a landscape by Eugene Boudin...  
I have a bid of thirty thousand  
dollars to start.

ON BROOKE AND SAM--She is still looking toward the auctioneer.

BROOKE

I've got to go. Here, keep these  
for me.

She thrusts the ring of keys she has been carrying into Sam's hand and dashes off. THE CAMERA PANS WITH BROOKE as she walks hurriedly to her position just to one side of the auctioneer. She picks up the phone, says something to the operator and waits for the connection to go through. She positions herself so that she is facing the auctioneer and her back is to Sam.

72 CONTD

72 CONTD

MED. SHOT, THE AUDIENCE--Everyone is leaning forward in their seats, intent on the bidding which is very active. THE CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON SAM who sits, staring at the ring of keys in his hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

73 INT. AUCTION ROOM, CRISPIN'S - LATER

73

ON THE COMPUTERISED SIGN ABOVE THE AUCTIONEER'S HEAD-- It registers the bidding on each painting simultaneously in Dollars, Yen, Francs, Pound Sterling and Deutschmarks. It identifies the painting being sold as Lot No. 55. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN TO THE AUCTIONEER as he brings down his gavel.

AUCTIONEER

Sold, to the gentleman in the center for one hundred and forty thousand dollars. And now Lot No. 56. A painting by Degas, Madame Henri Rouart, signed and dated 1884...

The auctioneer presses a button on the side of the podium and the stage revolves bringing the Degas into view. There is a murmur of excitement in the room.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

I have a bid of a hundred and fifty thousand to start...

ON THE AUDIENCE--Hands go up everywhere.

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

AUCTIONEER (contd)

A hundred and sixty, seventy, eighty, a hundred and ninety thousand dollars.

He turns to Brooke. She says something into the phone and a moment later, glances toward the auctioneer and nods.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

Two hundred thousand--  
(he spots another  
bid in the room)  
two hundred and ten, twenty, thirty.

73 CONTD

73 CONTD

ON SAM--watching Brooke, as the bidding goes on frantically around him.

HIS POV: Brooke on the phone. She has her back partly to him and her concentration is directed entirely toward the auctioneer. Occasionally during the hectic bidding he glances in her direction and, after consulting with the party on the other end of the line she nods to him and the bidding resumes.

ON SAM--who gets slowly to his feet and begins backing toward the entrance.

CROSS-CUT TO BROOKE--who is completely absorbed in what she is doing.

CUT TO:

74 INT. THIRD FLOOR RECEPTION - NIGHT

74

WIDE SHOT--the room adjacent to the auction room. It is empty except for several guards who stand at the doorway peering into the auction room, watching the excitement inside. THE CAMERA PANS WITH SAM as he walks quickly across the room, towards,

75 INT. THIRD FLOOR 2ND EXHIBITION ROOM - NIGHT

75

WIDE SHOT--This room, like the first is almost empty except for one or two latecomers rushing toward the auction room. A guard stands off to one side, but he also is facing away from Sam, listening intently to what he can hear of the bidding. THE CAMERA PANS WITH SAM as he walks quickly across to the door to the inner stairwell that leads to the fourth floor. As he opens the door, steps inside,

CUT TO:

76 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

76

WIDE SHOT--Sam gently closes the door behind him and starts up the stairway toward the fourth floor. As he does we hear bits and pieces as he mutters to himself.

SAM

Jesus...this is a truly stupid thing to do...

CUT TO:

77 INT. STAIRWELL, FOURTH FLOOR LANDING - SAME 77

ON SAM--as he reaches the fourth floor landing, crosses to the heavy metal door. He takes Brooke's key ring and fits one key into the lock. It doesn't work and he tries a second. Throughout all of this he continues to mutter to himself.

SAM  
(barely audible,  
as though to an  
imaginary guard)  
Oh, sorry...I was looking for  
the Men's room, and I guess I  
must've gotten lost...

CUT TO:

78 INT. AUCTION ROOM - SAME 78

WIDE SHOT--Although the bidding continues, a number of people have dropped out and only the serious bidders are left.

AUCTIONEER  
(the pace is  
slower now)  
Eight hundred and seventy-five  
...Nine...

He glances across toward Brooke. She says something to the person on the other end of the phone, looks up, nods.

AUCTIONEER (contd)  
Nine hundred and twenty-five  
thousand dollars...The bid is  
to you, sir, in the center,  
nine hundred and twenty-five  
thousand--  
(he gets the nod)  
Nine hundred and fifty. I have  
nine hundred and fifty in the  
center--  
(another bid)  
Nine seventy-five. Nine hundred  
and seventy-five on the left of  
the room.  
(he turns to Brooke)  
Nine hundred and seventy-five  
thousand to you...

There is another long pause as Brooke bends over the phone talking intently to the person on the other end

78 CONTD

78 CONTD

of the line. There is a tense silence in the audience. Finally Brooke smiles, looks up at the auctioneer and nods.

AUCTIONEER (contd)  
One million dollars.

There is a burst of applause aimed in Brooke's direction. Pleased, she blushes, glances in Sam's direction.

HER POV: Sam's chair is empty.

CUT TO:

79 INT. FOURTH FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

79

MED. SHOT--as Sam finds the right key, opens the door.

CUT TO:

80 INT. AUCTION GALLERY - NIGHT

80

MED. SHOT BROOKE--Her face is expressionless. THE CAMERA MOVES IN TO A TIGHT C.U. as we HEAR:

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)  
One million, twenty-five to you,  
sir, in the center--  
(a moment later)  
One million fifty...One million  
and fifty thousand dollars...  
I have one million and fifty  
thousand dollars in the center  
...Once...Twice...

At that point Brooke realises what is going on, says something into the phone and nods briskly toward the auctioneer.

AUCTIONEER (O.S. contd)  
One million one hundred thousand  
dollars...The bid is to you, sir.  
One million, one hundred thousand  
dollars...

CUT TO:

81 INT. FOURTH FLOOR - NIGHT

81

WIDE SHOT, THE EMPTY FURNITURE STORAGE ROOM--There are only a couple of lights on and the enormous room is

81 CONTD

81 CONTD

filled with all sorts of shadows. Sam closes the door and stands listening for a moment, then, AS THE CAMERA PANS WITH HIM, he crosses to the door leading to the porcelain room.

CUT TO:

82 INT. AUCTION ROOM - SAME

82

MED. SHOT, THE AUCTIONEER--He stands silent, waiting.

ON A SECTION OF THE AUDIENCE--There is a long pause, finally an elderly looking man gives an almost imperceptible signal.

AUCTIONEER

One million, four hundred and fifty thousand...

ON BROOKE--She's all business. She says something into the phone and, an instant later looks toward the auctioneer, nods.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

I have one million, five hundred thousand dollars...The bid is to you, sir, at one million, five hundred thousand dollars.

ON THE AUDIENCE--We SEE the man who was bidding against Brooke. Again a breathless hush falls over the audience.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

Once...Twice...

Finally the man shakes his head no.

AUCTIONEER

Sold. For one million, five hundred thousand dollars.

CUT TO:

83 INT. FOURTH FLOOR, ANTIQUITIES DEPT. - SAME

83

The screen is black, HOLD FOR A BEAT, then a door swings open and we SEE Sam silhouetted against the light from the hallway. Sam steps inside the Antiquities dept., closes the door behind him and, as THE CAMERA PANS WITH HIM, crosses to the door to Brooke's office. He opens the door, flips on the light.

83      CONTD

83 CONTD

HIS POV: The small office is dominated by the ominous looking black cabinet.

CUT TO:

84      INT. AUCTION ROOM - SAME

84

WIDE SHOT--The stage turns revealing another painting, as we HEAR:

          AUCTIONEER

Lot No. 57. Still life by Camille  
Pissarro. Signature stamped on  
the canvas. I have a bid of sixty  
thousand to start.

As the bidding begins, THE CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM THE STAGE, PAST THE SPOTTERS, PAST THE AUCTIONEER, TO THE PLACE WHERE BROOKE WAS STANDING. She is no longer there, another woman has taken her place on the phone.

CUT TO:

85      INT. FOURTH FLOOR, BROOKE'S OFFICE - SAME

85

MED. SHOT--Sam sits in the chair behind Brooke's desk, hurriedly trying to find the right key for the locked drawer. As he does, and opens it, we HEAR:

O.S. Sound: from the hall, footsteps.

Sam freezes, listening. HOLD ON HIM as the footsteps start to recede in the distance.

CUT TO:

85A     INT. FURNITURE STORAGE ROOM - SAME

85A

WIDE SHOT--The enormous furniture room. A night watchman carrying a flashlight is making his rounds. He opens the door to the stairwell, turns back, takes a last look around and, satisfied, closes the door behind him. THE CAMERA HOLDS IN POSITION FOR A MOMENT, everything remains the same; then, in the shadows we SEE something move.

CUT TO:

85B     INT. BROOKE'S OFFICE - SAME

85B

CLOSER ON SAM--The drawer to Brooke's desk is now open.

85B CONTD

85B CONTD

Sam takes the papers that Brooke was so anxious to hide and starts to go through them.

INSERT; HIS POV: A PHOTOGRAPH OF BROOKE WITH GEORGE BYNUM. They are holding hands; it might be a charming snapshot except for the fact that someone has taken a ball point pen and viciously scratched through his face. The effect of the mutilation is horrifying.

CUT TO:

85C INT. FOURTH FLOOR - SAME

85C

CLOSE ON A WORK TABLE--It is half covered with a worn piece of carpet and sitting in the middle is a piece of antique furniture that is being repaired. Around it are all sorts of tools. HOLD FOR A BEAT as we SEE a woman's hand reach into FRAME and take a large, ominous looking awl.

CUT TO:

85D INT. BROOKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

85D

ON SAM--The photograph has been set aside. Sam has found a letter that has been torn into bits and pieces and has reassembled most of it.

INSERT; SAM'S POV: The note is on a piece of George Bynum's stationery with his name in discreet block letters at the top. Below, scrawled in his handwriting we SEE fragments pieced together in part. It reads:

Oct 22nd  
...Once and for all...leave me  
alone...You disgust me...Don't  
think for one minute you can get  
away with...or I will tell them  
everything I know about you...

And beneath that is George's signature.

CUT TO:

85E INT. FOURTH FLOOR, PORCELAIN DEPT. - SAME

85E

CLOSE ON A WOMAN'S HAND--She holds the awl tightly clenched in her fist. THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH HER as she moves slowly, cautiously, feeling her way along the edge of a counter filled with all sorts of teacups and china figurines.

CUT TO:

85F INT. BROOKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

85F

MED. SHOT--Sam hastily puts away the scraps of the letter and the photograph, he glances over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

HIS POV: THE BLACK LACQUER CABINET--Half in shadow, it looks extremely ominous.

Note: The next two shots should repeat the dream as much as possible.

ON SAM--as he reaches out to open the cabinet, looks up.

HIS POV: The gold eagle on top of the chest glaring down at him.

ON SAM--He hesitates for a fraction of a second, then opens the door.

HIS POV: The doors open and in the dim light we can SEE scrawled on the back of the empty cabinet written in what would seem to be lipstick.

"YOU'RE NEXT"

CLOSE ON SAM--frightened. He closes the doors and quickly starts to retreat (forgetting that the keys are still in Brooke's desk). He crosses to the door and as he yanks it open,

CUT TO:

QUICK CUT; HIS POV: The door opens, revealing Brooke Reynolds standing just on the other side. Her face is an expressionless mask.

REACTION SAM--terrified.

ON BROOKE--She does not move.

BROOKE

(cold)

May I have my keys, please?

ON SAM--inadvertantly, he glances in the direction of Brooke's desk.

ON BROOKE--following his gaze. She walks past Sam to her desk; sees the keys still in the lock and opens the drawer. There is a long beat of silence. Brooke does not look at Sam.

85F CONTD

85F CONTD

SAM

Look, this isn't what you think.  
All I was trying to do was--

BROOKE

Are you spying on me for the  
police? Is that what you're  
doing? What are you going to  
tell them?

SAM

Nothing. Brooke, I--

CLOSE ON BROOKE--She looks at Sam for the first time.

BROOKE

(despair)  
Sam, it's too late for nothing.

She starts toward him.

ON SAM--Before he can stop himself, he takes a half step  
backwards. Just as he does, the beam from a flashlight  
catches him full on. He turns and looks in the direction  
of the light.

HIS POV: One of the night watchmen from Crispin's has  
a flashlight trained on him.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

All right, what's going on here?  
(catching sight  
of Sam)  
Who in the hell are you?

ON BROOKE--stepping forward into the light, appearing at  
Sam's side.

BROOKE

It's all right, Leo. He's with  
me.

ON THE NIGHT WATCHMAN--as he spots Brooke.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

Oh, Miss Reynolds, they asked  
me to find you. They said I was  
to tell you they needed you down  
in the auction room right away.

ON BROOKE--realizing she has no choice but to leave.

85F CONTD

85F CONTD

NIGHT WATCHMAN (contd)

You folks go on ahead. I'll  
tell them you're on your way.

DISSOLVE TO:

86 INT. RECEPTION AREA, THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

86

WIDE SHOT--as Brooke and Sam appear, not speaking. THE  
CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they reach the elevators.  
Brooke stops, turns to Sam.

BROOKE

Good-bye, Doctor.

And before Sam can say anything, she is gone. HOLD FOR  
A BEAT ON SAM, lost in thought.

A moment later, the elevator doors open revealing and  
Joseph Vitucci, accompanied by a uniformed policeman,  
gets out. He sees Sam and approaches him.

VITUCCI

Hi, Doctor...You a patron of  
the arts?

SAM

(distracted)

Yeah...I guess. What are you  
doing here at this time of night?

VITUCCI

We found a guy this afternoon,  
a bartender at a place downtown.  
It turns out Bynum was in there  
just before he was killed--with  
a lady. We're bringing the guy  
up here to see if he can make an  
identification. Maybe we'll get  
lucky...Excuse me.

Vitucci turns to the policeman next to him.

VITUCCI (contd)

(as they walk away)

Get hold of whatshisname--the  
liaison guy from Crispin's. I  
want him here with us if this guy  
is able to make an identification.

86 CONTD

Both men disappear O.S. HOLD ON SAM as the elevator doors open once more.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR  
(to Sam)  
Down?

There is a beat of silence, then Sam shakes his head, turns on his heels and walks back toward the auction room.

CUT TO:

87

WIDE SHOT--Sam appears in the doorway, looks across toward Brooke.

HIS POV: She stands with her back toward Sam talking with a bidder on the phone. A major painting has just sold and some of the crowd is leaving.

ON SAM, TRACKING WITH HIM--as he crosses toward Brooke. He gets about half way there when he glances over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

SAM'S POV: Joseph Vitucci is standing in the entrance to the auction room.

ON SAM--He quickly steps behind a pillar so that he cannot be seen, he looks O.S. in Brooke's direction.

HIS POV: Brooke continues to talk on the phone unaware of either Sam or Vitucci's presence.

Sam looks back toward the entrance to the room.

HIS POV: as Vitucci is joined by the uniformed police-  
man and a man we assume to be the bartender the detective  
was talking about.

MED. SHOT, SAM--as he takes a seat, still hidden from Vitucci by the post. HOLD ON HIM as he tries to think of a way to signal Brooke without giving himself away.

WIDE SHOT, THE FRONT OF THE AUCTION ROOM--The stage revolves bringing a small Vuillard watercolor into view.

87 CONTD

87 CONTD

AUCTIONEER

Lot No. 83. A watercolor by  
Vuillard, signed and dated. I  
have a bid of two thousand dollars  
to start.

Instantly a number of hands go up all around the room.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

Two thousand one hundred two,  
three, four, Two thousand five  
hundred...

ON SAM--getting an idea. He raises his hand.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

(spotting him)

Six. Two thousand seven. Eight.  
Two thousand nine hundred.

Sam raises his hand again.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

Three thousand. Three thousand  
one hundred, two, three...

ON SAM--He looks around the post in the direction of  
the entrance.

HIS POV: The bartender, looking around. Because of  
the crowd at first he doesn't spot Brooke.

ON SAM--He turns back to look at Brooke, but she is  
still unaware of the police.

Sam jerks his hand up again.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

Three thousand four...

(spotting Sam's bid)

Three thousand five hundred dollars.

Sam looks toward the entrance.

HIS POV: The bartender suddenly spots Brooke, points.

ON SAM--Again his hand goes up.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

(to Sam, arch)

Sir. Three five is your bid.

87 CONTD

87 CONTD

-Sam jerks his hand down.

WIDE SHOT--the front of the room.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

Three thousand, five hundred dollars  
once...Twice...

He starts to raise his gavel when a hand goes up at the  
front of the room.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

Three thousand, six hundred dollars.

Sam's hand shoots up.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

Three thousand, seven hundred.

ON SAM--looking in Vitucci's direction.

HIS POV: Vitucci and the bartender have now been joined  
by an older, distinguished looking man, obviously an  
important official at Crispin's. We SEE Vitucci  
animatedly explaining something to the newcomer who  
listens carefully.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

Three thousand, eight...Nine...

ON SAM--His hand is up before the words are out of the  
auctioneer's mouth.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

Three thousand, nine hundred...

(there is a pause)

Three thousand, nine hundred once...

(another pause)

Sam glances around.

HIS POV: Vitucci has finished explaining and now it is  
the executive who is speaking. The detective listens,  
nodding from time to time. In fact, the man from  
Crispin's is explaining that the uniformed policeman  
and the bartender must remain where they are, but that  
he will accompany Vitucci across to request an interview  
from Miss Reynolds, but that, above all there will be  
no disturbance on the floor during the auction.

87      CONTD

87 CONTD

ON THE AUCTIONEER

AUCTIONEER

Three thousand, nine hundred  
twice...

He raises his gavel and, after what seems to be an  
interminable amount of time, brings it down.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

Sold, to the gentleman in the  
rear of the auditorium for three  
thousand, nine hundred dollars.  
And now Lot No. 84...

The stage revolves once more bringing a new painting  
into view.

AUCTIONEER (contd)

...the last of the Warburg  
collection. A watercolor by  
Van Dongen, signed and dated.  
I have a bid of seven thousand  
to start.

As hands go up all around the room, THE CAMERA MOVES  
IN ON the auctioneer's assistant who sits at a desk  
next to him. She makes an entry into the catalogue then  
fills out a customer receipt and hands it to one of the  
spotters. As he starts to bring it to Sam, THE CAMERA  
PANS AWAY FROM HIM, ACROSS TO THE ENTRANCE as Vitucci,  
accompanied by the executive from Crispin's starts to  
make his way across the room toward the front where  
Brooke, who is still involved in the telephone bidding,  
still doesn't notice.

CLOSER ON SAM--leaning forward anxiously, as the spotter  
hands him the customer receipt. The man starts to  
leave, but Sam grabs his sleeve.

SAM

Wait a minute.

Quickly he takes a pen and a note pad from his pocket  
and starts to write hurriedly.

INSERT, THE PAPER AS HE WRITES:

Don't look up. The police are coming  
to question you. Get out the back way.  
Meet me in ten minutes at 75th and Madison.  
Sam

87 CONTD

87 CONTD

ON SAM--He folds the paper, scrawls Brooke's name on the front. Next he hastily fills in the customer receipt and passes both to the spotter.

SAM

(handing him the note)

Would you give this to Miss Reynolds, please?

The man nods and starts back toward the auction desk. The police seem however to be much closer and it would seem impossible that the man could make it in time, but just then the auctioneer brings down the gavel on the last item of this particular collection and a crowd of people in the room gets to its feet and starts toward the entrance. Vitucci and the man from Crispin's are caught in the crush and have to fight their way through a sea of people moving in the opposite direction. Since the spotter is on the opposite side of the room he encounters no such difficulty and is able to reach the front quite easily. He hands Brooke the note and passes the customer receipt to the assistant.

CLOSER ON BROOKE--as the man hands her the note. She is still absorbed in the phone conversation and, maddingly allows the folded paper to remain unopened in front of her.

CLOSE ON SAM--leaning forward, furious at her.

HIS POV: The detective and the man from Crispin's are having trouble, but they are getting closer.

ON BROOKE--Finally she glances at the note. Although she is careful not to look up, we can SEE that she understands. She quickly passes the phone to someone else and, still careful not to look out toward the audience, she slips behind the curtain and disappears backstage.

CLOSER ON VITUCCI AND THE MAN FROM CRISPIN'S--as the detective realises what is happening and quickly reverses his field. He begins pushing his way toward the entrance. Once he reaches it he gives instructions to the policeman and then starts toward the backstage area.

ON SAM--still watching from behind the post. As soon as the coast is clear, he ducks out a back entrance and heads toward the elevators.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. CRISPIN'S - NIGHT

88

- ESTABLISHING SHOT

CUT TO:

89 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

89

WIDE SHOT--Brooke and Sam are standing at the curb some distance from the avenue. He sees a taxi, signals, however the cab stops to pick up someone else.

CLOSER IN ON THEM

BROOKE

(very cold)

Why did you do that?

Sam looks at her, grins ruefully then goes back to looking for a cab.

BROOKE (contd)

(insistent)

Why, Sam?

SAM

I don't know...I guess I didn't want to see anything happen to you.

BROOKE

You still think I killed George Bynum.

SAM

No, I told you that before...  
(spots a taxi)

Taxi!

BROOKE

But you're not sure?

SAM

(ducking the question,  
waving at the cab)

Taxi!

BROOKE

Sam, if you're not sure, why are you doing this?

SAM

You ask an awful lot of questions.

89 CONTD

89 CONTD

There is a long look between the two of them.

BROOKE  
(still like ice)  
Tell me something, Sam...What  
makes you think I won't kill you?

At that moment a taxi pulls to a stop next to them, Sam  
yanks open the door.

SAM  
(a growl)  
Will you shut up.

As he motions for her to get into the cab,

CUT TO:

90 INT. TAXI - SAME

90

ON THE BACK SEAT--as Brooke followed by Sam enters,  
as Sam starts to close the door behind him.

BROOKE  
(giving Sam's address)  
Fifty-fifth Street and First  
Avenue, please.

He looks at her in surprise.

BROOKE  
If that man identified me then  
the police are certain to go to  
my apartment.

ON SAM--It is, regretablely, a fool proof argument.

DISSOLVE TO:

91 EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

91

WIDE SHOT--as the taxi comes to a stop in front of the  
building, Sam and Brooke get out and enter the building.

CUT TO:

92 INT. LOBBY - SAME

92

WIDE SHOT--The lobby is empty, there is no sign of  
the doorman.

92 CONTD

92 CONTD

SAM  
(looking around  
nervously)  
Angelo?

There is no answer. Throughout this, Brooke is constantly taunting Sam. She won't, or can't, let up.

BROOKE  
(sarcastic)  
Nervous?

Sam doesn't bother answering her. They cross to the elevator and Sam jabs the bell viciously. As the door opens,

CUT TO:

93 INT. FOYER, SAM'S APARTMENT - SAME

93

THE SCREEN IS BLACK. HOLD FOR A BEAT as we HEAR:

Sound-effect: a key turning in the lock.

A moment later, the door opens and Sam and Brooke enter. Sam reaches across, turns on the lamp.

ON BROOKE--as she reaches across, fastens the latch on the door.

BROOKE  
You are very self destructive--  
do you know that?

SAM  
(his mouth is dry)  
Maybe. Do you want a drink?

Brooke shakes her head no. By now the two of them are standing very close together; less than an inch of space separates them.

BROOKE  
You have to be very careful, Sam.  
You can never tell what I might do.

SAM  
(this isn't exactly turning  
out the way he had hoped)  
You enjoy making fun of me, don't  
you?

93      CONTD

93 CONTD

BROOKE

(means it)

No. Oh, no...I was so happy  
with you--

SAM

Was?

BROOKE

Why couldn't you believe in me,  
just a little bit?

SAM

(very quiet)

Brooke, if you're me, nothing's  
simple.

BROOKE

But you're scared.

SAM

Maybe.

BROOKE

Oh, no. You're very scared.  
Look, your hand is shaking.

Silence.

BROOKE (contd)

Why don't you call the police?

Silence.

BROOKE (contd)

(taunting)

Poor Sam, you've fallen in love  
with someone you think is a  
murderess...I'm very sorry for  
you...

Finally, he can stand it no longer. Sam takes Brooke  
in his arms and kisses her. At first she is lifeless,  
there is no response, but then slowly she begins to  
return the kisses and, as the passion grows we FADE  
TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

94      EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

94

WIDE SHOT--HOLD IN SILENCE, then:

DISSOLVE TO:

95 EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EARLY MORNING 95  
\_ESTABLISHING SHOT

CUT TO:

96 INT. LIVING ROOM, SAM'S APT. - SAME 96

WIDE SHOT--The room is empty, the wine glasses remain where they were left the night before. Brooke, partially dressed, bends over her bag putting something inside. Then, as she straightens up we SEE that her face is expressionless. Quickly she buttons her blouse, tucks it into her skirt, and slips into her shoes. It is clear that she is in a hurry to get the hell out of there. Finally she takes a last look around, grabs her coat and purse, and heads to the front door.

CLOSER IN--as she reaches the front door, opens it and starts to step out into the hallway. Suddenly she freezes as she HEARS:

Sound-effect: The service elevator as it stops on this floor and the doors open. Quickly Brooke closes the door and steps back inside.

CUT TO:

97 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 97

WIDE SHOT--as the door to the service area opens and a newspaper deliveryman enters carrying a stack of papers. THE CAMERA REMAINS IN POSITION as he proceeds from door to door, dropping a Times or News in front of each.

CUT TO:

98 INT. SAM'S APT. - SAME 98

CLOSE ON BROOKE--who stands by the door, listening.

Sound-effect: From the other side of the door a thud as a paper lands on the floor in front of the door. Then a sound of the door to the service area opening and then the service elevator doors closing and the elevator descending to the floor below.

CUT TO:

99 INT. HALLWAY - SAME 99

WIDE SHOT--The hallway is once again empty. HOLD as

99 CONTD

99 CONTD

the door to Sam's apartment opens and Brooke steps out into the hall. She closes the door to Sam's apartment and walks quickly to the elevator. She presses the elevator button and paces back and forth nervously waiting for it to arrive. As the elevator doors open, and she steps inside,

CUT TO:

100 INT. LOBBY - VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING

100

WIDE SHOT--The lobby is empty except for the night elevator man who is mopping the floor. Next to him is a bucket of water and a chair on which is a small transistor radio that is playing very loud music. We HOLD FOR A BEAT as he continues to mop and we SEE the elevator door in the B.G. open and Brooke step out. Because the night elevator man has his back to her, and because the radio is playing so loud, he is not aware of her. Brooke sees him, ducks out of sight. After a moment the man takes his bucket of water and the mop and carries it back toward the service area. The moment he disappears, Brooke walks quickly to the front door and out into the street.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. STREET - SAME

101

WIDE SHOT--It is a pleasant, sunny morning. THE CAMERA PANS WITH BROOKE as she walks to the corner, hails a passing taxi and gets inside. THEN, THE CAMERA PANS BACK TO THE ENTRANCE OF SAM'S BUILDING.

CUT TO:

102 INT. LOBBY - SAME

102

WIDE SHOT--It is empty except for the night elevator man who has returned from mopping the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

103 INT. HALLWAY - SAME

103

WIDE SHOT--The hallway is empty, newspapers remain where they were in front of each apartment door.

CUT TO:

104 INT. FOYER, SAM'S APARTMENT - SAME 104

WIDE SHOT--Everything is the same as it was a few moments earlier. Silence for a moment, then:

O.S. Sound: From the distance a phone starts to ring.

CUT TO:

105 INT. HALLWAY, SAM'S APARTMENT - SAME 105

WIDE SHOT--looking down the hallway toward the door to the bedroom which is partly open. The phone continues to ring, no one answers it.

CUT TO:

106 INT. BEDROOM - SAME 106

WIDE SHOT--The bed is a snarl of bedclothes. We SEE Sam's hand laying limp over the edge of the bed; it does not move as the phone continues to ring.

JUMP CUT IN CLOSER--There is still no sign of life.

JUMP CUT STILL CLOSER IN--Finally, the hand stirs, reaches for the phone, picks it up.

ANOTHER ANGLE, ON SAM--disheveled, still half asleep.

SAM

Hello?

VITUCCI'S VOICE

(from the phone)

Sam?

SAM

(trying to wake up)

Mmmmm...

VITUCCI'S VOICE

It's Joseph Vitucci. D'you have a couple of minutes?

SAM

(looking around for Brooke)

Ah...I don't know. I've got a nine o'clock patient.

VITUCCI'S VOICE

That's okay. It won't take long.

106 CONTD

106 CONTD

SAM

What's the trouble?

VITUCCI'S VOICE

Somebody else got killed last night. The bartender that saw George Bynum just before he was killed.

SAM

(tense)

When?

VITUCCI'S VOICE

The M.E. figures it must've been sometime after twelve.

CLOSE ON SAM--realizing that he can now be certain Brooke isn't a murderess.

SAM

(under his breath)

Thank God.

VITUCCI'S VOICE

What?

SAM

(hastily)

Nothing. D'you have any idea who did it?

VITUCCI'S VOICE

That's what I want to talk to you about.

CUT TO:

107 INT. KITCHEN, SAM'S APT. - THIRTY MINUTES LATER 107

WIDE SHOT--Sam has the telephone cradled between his ear and shoulder and throughout the following is carefully washing, drying (and at one point he holds a glass up to the light to make certain that there aren't any fingermarks) and putting away the glasses that had been left from the night before.

Sound-effect: The phone ringing at the other end of the line, in Brooke's apartment. As it continues to ring we HEAR:

CUT TO:

108 INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT

108

- There is no one there.

Sound-effect: The front doorbell.

109 INT: SAM'S APARTMENT

109

Sam hangs up the phone, carefully folds the towel, puts it away and walks out the door into the dining room.

CUT TO:

110 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

110

WIDE SHOT, PANNING WITH SAM--as he crosses from the dining room, through the living room and into the foyer.

Note: The pillows on the couch have been fluffed up once more and everything is in its customary state of pristine neatness.

CLOSER IN ON THE DOOR--as Sam opens it.

CUT TO:

HIS POV: Vitucci stands in the doorway carrying a small paper bag with a container of coffee.

ANOTHER ANGLE--The detective enters without being asked, walks into the living room and sits down. He opens his container of coffee and begins methodically dumping four packets of sugar into it.

Throughout the following, the detective never looks at Sam.

VITUCCI

I thought you'd like to know;  
before he got knifed the  
bartender made a positive  
identification. Turns out  
it's a girl named Brooke  
Reynolds. Worked right in  
Bynum's department. The  
bartender swore she was in  
his place with Bynum not more'n  
a couple of hours before he  
got killed.

(takes a sip of coffee)  
For my money, she's our guy.

110 CONTD

110 CONTD

ON SAM--listening. There is a long pause, then:

SAM

You can forget about Brooke.  
She didn't do it.

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

VITUCCI

(softly)

Oh?

SAM

(embarrassed)

She was with me--I was with her.  
We were together last night...  
at the time the bartender was  
killed.

There is a beat of silence as the detective waits for  
Sam to continue.

SAM (contd)

I, ah...ran into Brooke, not  
long after I left you and we...  
uh, came back here...Anyway she  
didn't leave until shortly before  
you came.

VITUCCI

I hope you don't mind if I ask  
if anyone saw you--like a doorman  
or--

SAM

Not actually...I mean, well, ah,  
he was off somewhere when we came  
in, but--

VITUCCI

Anybody in the elevator?

SAM

No, but that doesn't mean--

VITUCCI

You asked her up here for a drink?

SAM

Yeah.

110 CONTD

110 CONTD

VITUCCI  
Where are the glasses?

SAM  
(remembering)  
I washed them. I mean, how was  
I to--

Vitucci walks quickly across to the kitchen door, pushes  
it open.

HIS POV: The drainer by the sink is empty.

ON VITUCCI--He steps into the kitchen, opens the dish-  
washer.

HIS POV: It is empty, there isn't a sign of a glass or  
a dish.

ON SAM--at the door.

SAM  
(weakly)  
I dried them and put them away.  
Here.

He opens a cabinet door and there are several dozen  
glasses, none of which have the slightest hint of  
fingerprints.

Vitucci turns, fixes Sam with a look that seems to imply  
that he is disappointed in Sam for such a lame attempt  
at an alibi.

ON SAM--desperate.

SAM  
Listen, I'll tell you what--the  
doorman that's on duty this morning;  
he must've seen her leave.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. ENTRANCE, SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 111

WIDE SHOT, LOOKING THROUGH THE GLASS DOORS INTO THE  
LOBBY--Inside we can SEE Sam and Vitucci talking to  
the doorman. He thinks for a moment, then shakes his  
head no. Sam, clearly agitated, says something and  
again the doorman shakes his head. Finally Vitucci

111 CONTD

111 CONTD

and Sam open the front door and step out onto the street as the doorman returns to his post.

SAM

(very upset)

Look, I don't understand what happened, but I swear she was here last night.

ON VITUCCI--clearly he doesn't believe a word of what Sam is saying.

VITUCCI

(quiet)

All right, Doctor; now I'm gonna' tell you a couple of things.

One, I happen to run into you last night and I mention this bartender, right? And I tell you he's there to make an identification, right?

(glares at Sam)

Am I right so far?

Reluctantly Sam nods.

VITUCCI (contd)

The next thing I know I get the I.D., but the girl skips before I can talk to her. That's one. Two, my bartender gets killed before I can get him into a court. Now maybe I don't know for sure everything that's going on, but I know this much. You're lying to me now, and you've been lying to me all along. Long story short, I don't know what they can do to a psychiatrist that withholds information, but I can promise you this for a fact; you're going to end up in a lot of trouble...if you don't get yourself killed first.

And he turns on his heel and walks away.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. STREET IN THE EAST EIGHTIES - DAY

112

WIDE SHOT--A taxi pulls to a stop, the door opens and

112 CONTD

112 CONTD

Brooke gets out. She crosses to an unprepossessing apartment building and enters.

CUT TO:

113 INT. VESTIBULE, APT. BLDG. - SAME

113

It is a bleak, barren little room with a row of mail-boxes along one wall and a buzzer system near the door to the inner lobby.

CLOSER ON BROOKE--as she presses the button next to one of the names. There is a beat of silence. Brooke waits impatiently, finally she can't stand it any longer and jabs the bell again.

GAIL PHILLIPS' VOICE  
(from the speaker,  
sleepy)

Yes?

BROOKE  
(into speaker)  
Gail? It's me, Brooke. Can I  
talk to you?

A moment later:

Sound-effect: The buzzer as the door latch is released.

Brooke pushes open the door and enters.

CUT TO:

114 INT. HALLWAY, THIRD FLOOR - SAME

114

WIDE SHOT--as the elevator door closes behind Brooke and she crosses to the door to Gail Phillips' apartment, knocks. The door is opened by Gail; her hair is messed up and she is wearing a robe.

GAIL  
C'mon in...

115 INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT - SAME

115

As Brooke enters, Gail notices that she is still wearing her evening dress from the night before.

GAIL  
(wry)  
My didn't we have a good time.

115 CONTD

115 CONTD

BROOKE  
(paying no attention  
to the crack)  
I'm sorry to bother you, but I  
didn't know who else to turn to...  
I'm--I'm in a lot of trouble.

CLOSE ON GAIL--struck by the look of urgency on Brooke's  
face.

GAIL  
(serious)  
Brooke, what's the matter?

There is a pause, then:

BROOKE  
The police think I killed George.

GAIL  
What?! Why would they think  
something stupid like that?

BROOKE  
Because somebody is trying to  
make it look like I did.

As they have been talking, Gail has led Brooke into her  
bedroom and as they continue talking, Gail crosses to  
the closet and begins dressing.

Note: The feeling during this should be one of college  
roommates who are good friends.

116 INT. BEDROOM - SAME

116

GAIL  
Why would you want to kill George  
--I mean, aside from the fact  
that he was generally obnoxious.

BROOKE  
Because...  
(a deep breath)  
...Because we were having an  
affair.

GAIL  
(incredulous)  
You?

116 CONTD

116 CONTD

Brooke nods.

GAIL (contd)  
And George?

BROOKE  
We tried to be very...careful.  
Nobody knew. I was trying to  
break things off when this  
happened.

GAIL  
(shaking her head)  
You and George...  
(wry)  
Be still my heart...  
(another pause,  
then serious)  
Why would anybody want to make  
it seem like you killed him?

BROOKE  
I don't know, but last night,  
just before the auction, I went  
upstairs and somebody had put a  
lot of incriminating things in  
my desk.

As this is going on, Gail hangs up her robe, grabs a skirt from a hanger and crosses to the chest of drawers next to where Brooke is standing. She begins fishing around for stockings and a bra.

GAIL  
What do you mean "things?" What  
kind of "things?"

BROOKE  
A photograph and some letters.

GAIL  
What kind of letters?

BROOKE  
They were from George to a woman.  
He was telling her that he didn't  
want to see her again. He--He said  
some horrible things.

GAIL  
And you're sure they're from George?

116 CONTD

116 CONTD

-Brooke nods. Gail thinks for a moment, then turns and walks into the bathroom, closing the door behind her so that it is only open a crack.

CUT TO:

117 INT. BATHROOM - SAME

117

Gail crosses to the mirror, stands thinking for a moment.

GAIL

But you have no idea who they  
were written to?

She glances down toward the sink.

HER POV: The basin of the sink is filled with dark red water the color of blood. A moment later, Gail reaches into the sink and removes a long, terrible looking knife.

As this is going on we HEAR from O.S.:

BROOKE'S VOICE

No.

ON GAIL--She stands in front of the mirror, her face is an expressionless mask. She holds the knife in her hands as though ready to strike.

GAIL

Well, then that's who must have  
done it.

118 CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN BROOKE IN THE BEDROOM  
AND GAIL IN THE BATHROOM:

118

BROOKE

I don't understand.

GAIL

The person who wrote those letters  
was probably very much in love  
with George...and when she found  
out about the two of you...I guess  
it must have broken her heart.

BROOKE

But why would she try to blame me?

118 CONTD

118 CONTD

GAIL

Maybe she feels like you betrayed  
her...Maybe she wants a kind of  
vengeance...

BROOKE

But that's crazy...

BROOKE'S POV: The bathroom door, partly closed.

BROOKE

(worried)

Gail?

Another beat of silence.

BROOKE (contd)

Gail, do you hear me?

119 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

119

A moment later, the bathroom door opens and Gail  
appears, fully dressed. She is carrying a bag large  
enough to hold the knife.

GAIL

(Nancy Drew)

Who could it be? I mean, there  
are two hundred women working  
at Crispin's; George probably  
hit on at least half of them.

ON BROOKE--She pulls out the photograph of George that  
we saw in her desk the night before.

BROOKE

(as she passes it  
to Gail)

Here. This is what I wanted to  
ask you about.

Gail takes the photograph, looks first at it and then up  
at Brooke questioningly.

BROOKE (contd)

That's not me.

GAIL

How can you tell?

119 CONTD

119 CONTD

BROOKE

(nodding toward  
the photograph)

Look. I don't own a charm  
bracelet...The terrible thing  
is that I know I've seen it,  
but I can't remember where.

ON GAIL--realizing that she has made a crucial mistake.

BROOKE (contd)

Have you ever seen anyone with  
a bracelet like that?

ON GAIL--realizing that she has made a terrible mistake  
and that she must think fast.

GAIL

(thinks for a moment,  
then shakes her head)

Uh,uh...I know what you mean, it  
seems familiar, but...Uh,uh...

BROOKE

Then I don't have any choice;  
I'll have to go to the police.

GAIL

Wait a minute. I've got an idea.  
Most likely it's a picture George  
took himself, right? His family  
had a house in the country.

BROOKE

I know.

GAIL

(surprised)

He took you there?

Brooke nods. It takes Gail a beat to deal with that,  
then:

GAIL (contd)

Well he kept a darkroom out there.  
If we could go through his files,  
I'll bet we could find the negative  
and if we find the negative then  
we'll know who the woman is, right?

Brooke nods.

119 CONTD

119 CONTD

GAIL (contd)

I'll tell you what, you go out to the house and wait for me. The key is under the second flower pot to the left of the front door. I've got an auction this afternoon, I'll be there as soon as it's over...

Gail crosses to the closet, takes a dress and tosses it to Brooke.

GAIL (contd)

Here. You can't go running around like that...

ON BROOKE--very scared, very worried.

CROSS-CUT TO GAIL--She understands the look.

GAIL (contd)

Don't worry, you'll be safe out there.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

120 C.U. A LARGE WHITE CHINA CAT, THE CAMERA PULLS 120  
SLOWLY BACK, we SEE the cat has been placed on the topmost part of the roof of a house. THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK and we SEE that the house is a large, very beautiful country house with lots of french windows and very big trees.

121 ON SAM AND BROOKE--getting out of their car, 121  
looking at the house. Perhaps because it is twilight and most of the house is in shadows, but there is something distinctly ominous about it.

BROOKE

What's the matter?

SAM

(staring up at the ceramic cat)

Nothing...Nothing at all.

THE CAMERA PANS WITH BROOKE--as she crosses to the

121 CONTD

121 CONTD

- front door of the house and begins searching among the flower pots, looking for the key. She finds it, turns back to Sam.

BROOKE

Hurry up...It's going to get dark soon.

She walks to the front door, puts the key in the lock, turns it and the door swings open. With deep forebodings Brooke enters the house.

ON SAM--He realizes that this is the house from George Bynum's dream and that it may contain more than he quite bargained for; nevertheless, as THE CAMERA PANS WITH HIM he follows Brooke into the house.

CLOSER ON HIM--just before he enters. He looks up and O.S.; just as George Bynum did in the dream.

HIS POV: The same window on the second floor that George Bynum looked at. It is empty.

ON SAM--He breathes a sigh of relief and steps into the house.

ON THE WINDOW--Something behind the curtain moves.

CUT TO:

122 INT. HOUSE - TWILIGHT

122

Note: Although many things are different, the interior of the house, like the exterior is obviously the house from George Bynum's dream. The dream contained references to Brooke's apartment and to Crispin's (the black lacquer cabinet), but there are enough things that are the same to give us (and Sam) the eerie feeling that we are stepping into a nightmare.

THE CAMERA PANS THE ROOM--and we SEE Brooke, off to one side, looking through doors, trying to find the darkroom. She looks over at Sam who stands just inside the doorway, motionless, thinking.

BROOKE

Hey. What about some help?

ON SAM--He doesn't bother answering; instead, he turns, starts into the next room.

122 CONTD

122 CONTD

HIS POV: TRACKING FORWARD: As he gets closer to the door we can SEE, inside the room the couch that the young girl was sitting on in the dream.

CUT TO:

123 INT. SECOND ROOM - SAME

123

ON THE DOOR--as Sam enters, looks around.

HIS POV: This room seems even closer to the dead man's dream than the first. The fireplace is there (although there is no fire); the french windows are in the same place. However, instead of a door at the far end of the room, there is a staircase leading to the second floor (and to the room where we saw the curtain move a moment earlier).

ON SAM--He walks to the foot of the stairs, looks up.

HIS POV: At the top it is quite dark.

ON SAM--as he starts up the stairs.

CUT TO:

124 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - TWILIGHT

124

ON SAM--He reaches the top of the stairs, tries the door. It is stuck. He tries again, this time the door finally gives. As it opens,

CUT TO:

125 INT. ROOM - SAME

125

ON SAM--as he enters the room, looks around. This room, like the others seems to be empty; however, we notice that there are a number of closets opening off of it. THE CAMERA PANS WITH SAM as he crosses to the window, looks out. By now it is getting quite dark. As Sam stands at the window looking out, thinking; THE CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM HIM, back to the door. Against the wall of the stairwell we can SEE the shadow of someone silently approaching. HOLD as the shape gets closer and closer, then just before she enters, we HEAR a floorboard creak.

ON SAM--as he spins around in the direction of the sound.

125 CONTD

125 CONTD

HIS POV: Brooke appears in the doorway.

BROOKE  
(surprised to  
see him there)  
Sam, I can't find any sign of  
the negatives. I've looked  
every--

SAM  
This is where you and George  
stayed, right?

ON BROOKE--astonished.

BROOKE  
How did you know that?

ON SAM--pleased with the shrewdness of his deduction.  
He reaches across and turns on a lamp.

SAM  
Not long before he was killed,  
George Bynum had a dream and  
this house was in it and this  
room was in it and you were in  
it and so was the killer.  
Come on...

Sam takes Brooke by the arm and as THE CAMERA PANS WITH  
THEM, they cross to the door and start down the steps.  
HOLD IN POSITION ON THE OPEN DOOR until they have dis-  
appeared from view then THE CAMERA PANS BACK ACROSS THE  
EMPTY ROOM to the row of closet doors, as one of them  
starts to swing slowly open, we

CUT TO:

126 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

126

WIDE SHOT--Brooke and Sam reach the bottom of the stairs;  
THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM as they cross toward the  
living room.

BROOKE  
Look, I appreciate that you're  
trying to help, I mean it. But  
honestly, I've never yet heard  
of a dream being used in a court  
of law. If you don't mind, I'd  
(MORE)

126 CONTD

126 CONTD

BROOKE (contd)  
like to stick to trying to find  
the neg--

SAM  
(cutting her off,  
very sure of  
himself)  
Now in George Bynum's dream,  
he walked in the front door  
and...

DISSOLVE TO:

127 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

127

WIDE SHOT--Sam stands in the middle of the room.  
Brooke is off to one side, listening, impatient.

SAM  
The little girl was sitting on  
a couch that had a flowered  
pattern...

He glances at Brooke out of the corner of his eye.  
She shakes her head.

SAM (contd)  
She was holding a stuffed animal.

Nothing.

SAM (contd)  
He went to an oriental cabinet,  
like the one in your office,  
and opened it.

BROOKE  
Sam, I really don't think this  
is doing any good.

SAM  
(paying no attention)  
Inside the cabinet there was a  
green box.

CLOSE ON BROOKE--Something strikes a chord, but she  
doesn't say anything.

ON SAM

SAM (contd)  
Then he turns and sees the child.  
(MORE)

127 CONTD

127 CONTD

SAM (contd)

She sits up in the chair and  
all the while as she is looking  
at him...

DISSOLVE TO:

128 INT. BEDROOM, SECOND FLOOR - LATER

128

ON BROOKE--Ostensibly she is listening to Sam, but it  
is obvious that something is troubling her.

SAM

The door sticks. He can feel  
the child getting closer. Finally  
he gets one door open...

WIDE SHOT--Sam, very excited, is going through the motions  
of George Bynum in the dream.

SAM (contd)

...enters the room, and closes  
the door behind him.

(as he closes the  
door himself)

When he does, the green box falls  
out of his pocket--

BROOKE

(very quiet)  
It's not a green box.

SAM

What?

BROOKE

It sounds like a green box, but  
it's not...Gail--Gail Phillips  
in the office--she has a big  
thing about not trusting banks  
...and when she cashes her pay-  
check, she keeps all the money.  
Whenever anybody at Crispin's  
needs any cash they can always  
get it from her...Somebody--I  
don't even remember who it was--  
started calling her greenbacks  
and it sort of stuck.

THERE IS A BEAT OF SILENCE--as the implications of this  
strike the two of them.

128 CONTD

128 CONTD

SAM

(urgent)

Listen, ah, I think it would  
be a good idea if we got out  
of here, okay?

Sam takes Brooke by the arm and starts toward the door.  
He reaches out to open it, stops as they both realize  
that Gail might well be just on the other side. Then,  
making up his mind, Sam jerks open the door.

129 QUICK CUT; THEIR POV: There is no one there. 129

MED. SHOT--THE CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as slowly,  
cautiously, they step outside the door and start  
down the stairs.

CUT TO:

130 INT. FIRST FLOOR - SAME 139

WIDE SHOT--as Sam and Brooke cross the empty room,  
toward the front door. The only sound we HEAR is the  
wind outside the house.

CUT TO:

131 INT. LIVING ROOM, FIRST FLOOR - SAME 131

WIDE SHOT--as they make their way to the front door,  
open it.

CUT TO:

132 THEIR POV: About fifty feet from the front 132  
door the car is parked.

CUT TO:

133 EXT. HOUSE - SAME 133

ON THE FRONT DOOR--as they step outside. THE CAMERA  
TRACKS WITH THEM as they start toward the car.  
Suddenly Brooke stops.

BROOKE

The photograph. I left it inside.  
I've got to go back.

SAM

Who cares. We'll let the police  
get it.

133 CONTD

133 CONTD

BROOKE

(urgent)

NO. It's the only proof I have.

(she looks back toward  
the house as though  
she is trying to  
reassure herself)

Besides, she's not here yet.  
Start the car, I'll be right  
back.

THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH HER as she breaks away from Sam  
and starts back for the house. She gets about three  
steps from the front door and slows down a step or so,  
trying not to be so frightened.

CUT TO:

134 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

134

ON THE FRONT DOOR--as Brooke enters, looks around.

HER POV: The room seems to be empty.

ON BROOKE, TRACKING WITH HER--as she begins to walk  
cautiously toward the darkroom. As she does, we  
suddenly HEAR from O.S. a violent crashing sound.

QUICK CUT CLOSE ON BROOKE--as she looks around  
terrified.

135 HER POV: In the high wind an awning has torn  
loose and is beating against the window.

135

136 ON BROOKE--She continues on. As she reaches  
the door to the darkroom, opens it.

136

HER POV: INSIDE IT IS PITCH BLACK.

ON BROOKE--as she starts to step inside.

BROOKE

(can't help herself)

Gail?

Silence.

CUT TO:

137 INT. CAR - SAME

137

ON THE FRONT SEAT--The motor is running, Sam sits

137 CONTD

137 CONTD

- impatiently tapping the wheel. Finally he can't take it any longer. He switches off the motor and as he starts to open the door, we SEE a dark shape rise up behind him, knife in hand. Just before it comes down, Sam spots her in the rear view mirror and tries to avoid the blow. But it is too late; the knife comes down full force.

CUT TO:

138 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

138

ON BROOKE--She is in the darkroom and has turned on the light, therefore she is drenched in a red light, the color of blood. The photograph sits on a shelf in front of her, as she starts to reach for it.

O.S. Sound: The horn from the car starts to blare.

Brooke grabs the photograph and starts to run. THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH HER as she dashes for the front door, opens it and runs toward the car.

139 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

139

She reaches the car, jerks open the door.

CLOSER IN--as Sam, still alive, but bleeding profusely, tumbles out into her arms.

BROOKE  
(horrificed)

Sam!

SAM  
(whisper)  
I'm all right...I'm all right...  
Get the key.

CLOSE ON BROOKE--She glances toward the ignition.

INSERT; HER POV: There is no sign of the key, the ignition is empty.

ANOTHER ANGLE--as Brooke gets both her arms around Sam and, half carrying him, half dragging him, starts back toward the house.

BROOKE  
(as much to herself as to him)  
It's okay...It's going to be all right...

139 CONTD

139 CONTD

- THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM--as they start back toward the house.

CUT TO:

140 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

140

WIDE SHOT--They manage to get inside. Brooke slams the door behind them. THE CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as Brooke maneuvers Sam across to the couch, eases him onto it.

BROOKE

I'm going to call the police,  
okay?...

(lying)

Don't worry, everything's going  
to be fine...

Slowly, carefully, she starts toward the kitchen.

TRACKING FORWARD HER POV: Looking through the dark pantry toward the kitchen. There in the distance, in the kitchen we can SEE the telephone. In between Brooke and the kitchen is a dark pantry.

ON BROOKE; TRACKING FORWARD: She pauses in the doorway to the pantry, silhouetted against the light.

BROOKE

(she doesn't really  
want an answer)

Gail?

Silence.

Brooke looks around, sees a tennis racquet leaning against a nearby wall and picks it up as at least a token weapon. Thus fortified, she steps into the darkness.

141 HER POV; TRACKING FORWARD: Looking from the pantry 141 into the kitchen. It is quite dark, but there, just behind the telephone, we SEE a nickel plated revolver, gleaming in the moonlight.

ON BROOKE, TRACKING WITH HER--walking quickly toward it. Then, from very close by, we HEAR the sound of someone breathing. Brooke stops for only a fraction of a second and forces herself to continue.

141 CONTD

141 CONTD

- HER POV; TRACKING FORWARD: Now the gun isn't more than six yards away.

Suddenly, Gail looms out of the darkness like a terrifying apparition, covered with bloodstains, looking quite mad. She comes directly at Brooke, knife raised.

142 A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

142

REACTION, BROOKE--terrified, she raises the tennis racquet.

ON GAIL--as she brings the knife down. The racquet deflects it, but the force of the blow knocks Brooke backwards.

ON GAIL--She raises the knife ready to strike again.

Suddenly from O.S. there is a terrible cry. Gail looks around.

ON THE DOOR TO THE LIVING ROOM--Sam is standing there. He heaves himself toward Gail.

ON GAIL--as she turns, striking out at him. He tries to dodge the blow, but the knife strikes him in the arm.

ON BROOKE--She looks O.S., spots something.

HER POV: The gun lying on the counter.

ON BROOKE--as she lunges for it.

ON GAIL--realizing what Brooke is doing, starts for her.

ON BROOKE--as she grabs for the gun and fires point blank.

ON GAIL--as she is hit and thrown backwards from the impact of the bullet.

WIDE SHOT--There is a sudden and terrible silence. Brooke remains motionless for a moment. Then,

BROOKE

Sam?! Sam?!

CLOSER ON HIM--as he looks at her, smiles.

142 CONTD

142 CONTD

TWO SHOT--as she helps him to his feet and together they start back into the living room as THE CAMERA TRACKS IN FRONT OF THEM.

BROOKE (contd)

It'll be okay, no...I'll get you  
to a doct--

Brooke looks O.S., freezes.

143 HER POV: as the front door swings slowly open. 143  
JUMP CUT INTO A TIGHT CLOSE-UP of a monstrously grotesque woman. HOLD FOR AN INSTANT and then a hand reaches into FRAME and removes what we SEE to be a Halloween mask. Underneath, is an eight-year-old girl, who is as beautiful as the mask is ugly.

CHILD

Trick or treat.

We FREEZE FRAME on the child's extraordinary face, as we HEAR a woman's voice singing softly, Elusive Butterfly. It is

THE END