

STRANGERS

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INT - DENVER AIRPORT - DAY

Long lines at the service counters; airline personnel strained. Flight cancellations are stacking up; a TV BROADCAST tells why.

TV METEOROLOGIST

...due to a pair of severe weather fronts converging, unusually heavy rains across the Midwest, and in the Southeast, winds of near hurricane force.

PANNING the faces of stressed-out travelers, we find one who takes it all in stride. A seasoned traveler, and student of human nature, DR. BRUNO REINHARDT observes the anxiety around him with a certain degree of fascination.

AIRLINE ANNOUNCEMENT (OS)

...due to overbooking, we're offering a cash award of \$100.00, plus an upgrade on the next available flight...

EXT - DENVER MARRIOTT HOTEL - SAME

A HANDWRITTEN NOTE is rushed into a MEETING ROOM where a BUSINESS LUNCHEON is in progress; shareholders of PILGRIM PUBLICATIONS attentive to their charismatic Executive Vice President GUY WHITNEY; mid-forties, authoritative yet personal - born to become a CEO.

GUY

And that is where we stand, today. The little Mom and Pop printshop that started out 70 years ago, here in Denver, duplicating copies of the Saint James Bible, now at the doorstep of the media giants; armed with our signature wholesome family entertainment, like little David with his slingshot, ready to show them what we can do.

Met with a wave of APPLAUSE, he is handed the HANDWRITTEN NOTE, sharing it with the crowd.

GUY (cont'd)

I bring greetings from Norman Booth, who would have been with us were it not for the bad weather - which is why I have to run. If you'll forgive me, I'd like to beat this storm back to Boston.

INT - AN AIRPLANE MID-FLIGHT - LATER

The feeling of an overcrowded lifeboat in a stormy sea; as the weather worsens, eye contact between strangers indicates concern.

Sensing the rising fear-level of the ELDERLY WOMAN seated beside him, BRUNO REINHARDT gives her a reassuring smile and a pat on the hand; the kind of seatmate you want if something goes wrong.

Across the aisle a STEWARDESS clings to the overhead rack, trying to help GUY WHITNEY with a malfunctioning AIRPHONE.

Observing it, REINHARDT, checks his own phone, and catches GUY'S eye, to offer. Preparing to take him up on it, GUY is sternly warned the SEATBELT SIGN is on, ordered back into his seat.

PILOTS VOICE (OVER)

Ladies and Gentleman, I'm sorry to report the weather ahead is getting worse, not better, and to stay within our own comfort zone, we're going to conclude this flight two hours short of Boston, and set down at Chicago O'Hare.

The rest of what he has to say is drowned out by a unison moan.

INT - CHICAGO AIRPORT - LATER

Travelers diverted from all points, pour into the Main Terminal; refugees all. Primary survival gear is the CELLPHONE; virtually everyone is on one.

But not BRUNO REINHARDT, who stands at a vantage point where he can survey the sea of humanity he finds himself awash in.

FROM HIS POV, we scan the crowd, noting points of interest: a mother nursing her infant, 4 NUNS eating pizza, a small dog squatting...and GUY WHITNEY on his cellphone, notably UPSET.

CLOSER ON HIM: Having to shout over the din, his mouth is concealed behind his hand to avoid being overheard.

GUY

Kimberly? Are you there?! I got your message and I'd like to speak to you. Before you do something you'll regret, I have something important to say. (she picks up) Kim?! Are you - Wait! Can you hear me? Hello?! (gone) Fuck!

Holding the cellphone up like a beacon, he scurries in search of better reception -- OUR CAMERA FINDING BRUNO, watching, with interest, until GUY ducks behind a pillar, obstructing the view.

Waiting out the rings, GUY pounces when she answers.

GUY (cont'd)

Kimberly?! Don't hang up. I need you to listen carefully, and understand, that if you make that call, you'll be taking a lot of people down, including a 14 year-old child.

A furtive glance brings him into fleeting eye-contact with BRUNO, who redirects his gaze to a FLIGHT DATA SCREEN.

GUY (cont'd)

I understand, this is difficult. But, if you have any hope of *anything* happening between us, you will not even think about - Kimberly? FUCK!

CUT OFF AGAIN - GUY hangs his head in despair.

FLIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT

Passengers awaiting departure of flights #68 to Kansas City, and #131 to Memphis, are advised of cancellations due to....

AIRPORT GIFT SHOP - LATER

FLIGHT CANCELLATIONS drone on as GUY steps up to the cashier, with a newspaper and a small Winnie The Pooh in hand. A customer, purchasing magazines ahead of him, spots the Poo-Bear, and turns. It is REINHARDT.

BRUNO

(the bear) How did I miss that?

GUY

Back shelf. (warns) \$25 bucks.

BRUNO

When they've got us, they get us.

GUY

Amen.

BRUNO

(re: the airplane phone) Did you get your call through?

GUY

I did. And thanks for the offer.

BRUNO

(solidarity) "Orphans of the storm." We've got to stick together.

Concluding his purchase, BRUNO goes back in search of the Pooh Bear; for Guy, the human contact somehow comforting.

INT - AIRPORT - LATER

The flight data screen showing FLIGHT #177 TO NEW YORK/BOSTON
DEPARTING 1:20 A.M.

GUY (O.S.)

Norah? I hope this doesn't wake
you. Just wanted you to know the
guy slipping into bed about 4:30 A.M.
will be your husband.

GUY, on the phone, relaxed now; just leaving a message for
Norah grounds him in reality.

GUY (cont'd)

It all went pretty well today.
Everyone seems to think I'm way
ahead of the field, but - who knows?
So. Sleep sweet. I love you.

He signs off with a kiss, but the instant he hangs up, his
eyes cloud with worry. Wracked with fatigue, he sees that
every chair is occupied, most by sleeping bodies; some are
sprawled on the floor.

Wandering toward the concessions area, he spots a familiar
figure at the bar of Carlo's N'Charlie's, and heads toward.

BRUNO, nursing a beer while he edits some papers, nods to GUY
who perches a couple of stools away.

GUY (cont'd)

Get the bear?

BRUNO

Piglet. You got the last Pooh.

GUY

Sorry.

BRUNO

No problem. For 25 dollars I'm
still a hero.

GUY

Daughter?

BRUNO

Niece. You?

GUY

I do have a daughter, but she's too grown up for stuffed animals. About to be 15 - tomorrow.

BRUNO

Moved on to *boys*?

GUY

From stuffed animals to boys, without a "stop" in between.

GUY signals the BARTENDER: he'll have what BRUNO is having.

BRUNO

Make your home in Denver?

GUY

Boston. Denver is business. You?

BRUNO

On the way back from Hawaii; did a symposium there. I live in New York. I do get to Boston, though. Do some work at McLean's. Do you know of it?

GUY

The Mental hospital? Supposed to be one of the best.

GUY gets his beer; BRUNO returns to work.

GUY (cont'd)

So, you're a "psychiatrist?" (re: disturbing his work) Sorry, am I - ?

BRUNO

Not at all. It used to be the beauty of air travel. Striking up conversations with strangers. People have become so wary these days.

GUY

Usually, I am.

BRUNO

"Orphans of the storm."

GUY

We have Winnie the Pooh in common.

BRUNO

People need to talk. It's often easier with a stranger. That's 90% of what people pay me for; an "impartial ear" helps ease the stress.

GUY

And here, you can get it for free.

BRUNO

For the price of a beer, I'm open for business.

He closes his work and looks to GUY.

GUY

No, no. Not for me. Not that I don't have stress. My job -

BRUNO

Workload is carried in the shoulders. Yours is right smack in the gut. (off Guy's look) I don't mean to trespass.

GUY

Meaning what? "In the gut."

BRUNO

I wouldn't know. Just that it's personal, deep, and hurts a lot. And, in spite of outward appearances, your life is no piece of cake.

GUY

(edgy) You could say that about anybody.

BRUNO

You needn't worry that it shows. It's something I'm trained to see.

FLIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT (OS)

All passengers awaiting departure of flight #177 to New York and Boston please proceed to gate 42B for general boarding.

Responding to the call, both gather their things, BRUNO laden with carry-ons, including a newly purchased X-box.

BRUNO

One piglet, one X-Box; their Uncle Bruno spoils them rotten.

GUY
I'm Guy, by the way.

BRUNO
What kind of Guy?

GUY
You're the mind-reader.

BRUNO
"Nice" Guy.

GUY
I try.

BRUNO
Too hard, maybe? (a laugh) Sorry.

PLANE - BOARDING PORTAL - MOMENTS LATER

Having gotten separated according to class of service, GUY, settling into First Class, spots BRUNO back in Coach where he has trouble finding storage for his stuff, then faces the daunting task of climbing over an OBESE MAN to get into what's left of his window seat.

STEWARDESS
(to GUY) Champagne, Sir?
Or orange juice?

GUY chooses champagne, eyeing his coach-bound friend with sympathy.

INT - THE PLANE, IN FLIGHT - LATER

BRUNO, so compressed by his seatmate that he can barely turn the pages of the book he's trying to read, looks up to see GUY APPROACHING with a BOARDING PASS in hand.

GUY
(to the big man) Interested in sitting
up front? I'd like to fly with my friend.

The BIG MAN goes; BRUNO sags with gratitude.

BRUNO
Definitely "Nice" Guy.

GUY
"Orphans of the storm," right?
We gotta stick together.

A real connection being forged here.

INT - PLANE, IN FLIGHT - LATER

All passengers asleep except for two: BRUNO, fully attentive to GUY'S pained stream of consciousness.

GUY

I don't know why I did it. I have a dream wife, a dream life, a dream child and, if everything goes right, the job I've worked a lifetime for. And I've put it all in jeopardy. For what? Could it just have been about "sex?"

BRUNO

"Just" about sex? Sex is about everything. We take lovers out of insecurity, fear, loneliness, rage.

GUY

It felt bigger than that. It felt like..."freedom."

BRUNO

(impressed) You're very self-aware.

GUY

To have just a few stolen hours, where no one knew where I was or what I was doing; just one small piece of my life, to call my own.

BRUNO

And for the girl?

GUY

It wasn't enough. She wanted more. And when I couldn't give it to her, she started falling apart. She showed up at my office threatening suicide. Said she'd jump off the building.

BRUNO

And what did you say?

GUY

What *could* I say?

BRUNO

"Jump."

GUY

I told her I loved her. That we'd start seeing each other again.

BRUNO

And she demanded you leave your wife.

GUY

Worse. She told me she's pregnant.

Expecting a reaction, GUY gets none.

GUY (cont'd)

She's missed two periods.

BRUNO

(a leading question) And you are....?
In a word:

GUY

"Waiting." For test results. I sent her to my doctor. A friend.

BRUNO

I meant emotionally. You are.....?
(coaching) "Happy?" "Sad?" "Torn?"
"Depressed?"

GUY

Terrified. She's threatening disclosure. To my wife, my child, my colleagues. I'm terrified to go home tonight, for fear she's picked up the phone and blown my life to pieces!

BRUNO

Where's your anger, Guy? She's found hers. Or was that the "deal" you made? When it ends, she gets to ruin you? Or is that the deal you made with *yourself*?

GUY

I don't know what that means.

BRUNO

Your decision to let her destroy you.

GUY

You think I have control over this?!

BRUNO

Control over your own life? Would I suggest such a thing?

GUY

What would you suggest? You're the doctor.

BRUNO

It's not like on television Guy, where some game-show host who calls himself a doctor "tells" people what to do. As you come to know yourself, the answers unfold.

GUY

This is a ticking time-bomb. I don't have that kind of time.

BRUNO

All right then, I'll cut to the chase. You're conspiring with her. She owns you, until you feel the rage. And it is there. I can feel it. Tightly sealed by the "nice Guy," standing on the lid while it builds up to volcanic proportion. Step aside and let it blow. Take the heat and harness the fire. Give her a licking. Or she'll keep on ticking.

FLIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT

We've begun our approach into the New York area, all passengers required to return to their seats.....

STEWARDESS

Seat-back in full upright position.

GUY complies, seeing that BRUNO has pulled out a business card, writing a number on the back, which he hands to him, with one last piece of commentary.

BRUNO

That wasn't a "doctor" speaking, Guy. That was a "man," who knows more about unexpressed rage than he cares to say.

EXT - BOSTON SUBURB - PRE-DAWN

GUY'S LIMOUSINE winds through the empty streets.

INT - LIMOUSINE - SAME

GUY'S POV: A BUSINESS CARD THAT READS:

DR. BRUNO REINHARDT
Director of Psychiatric Services
Westhaven Hospital
White Plains, New York

Hiding it in the glasses case he keeps in his breast pocket, he turns his eyes to the night, fearing what might lie ahead.

EXT. GUY'S HOUSE - DAWN

GUY ENTERS as THE LIMOUSINE PULLS AWAY.

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - SAME

He steals silently up the stairs. First stop, a peek into his daughter ANNIE'S ROOM. An iPod on her pillow, horse show photos on the wall, the very peace and security she slumbers in brings a shadow of fear across his eyes.

INT - HIS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He slips in, pausing to gaze at NORAH, whose eyes lazily open, to see him bending over her. Their eye contact speaks to the depth of their connection.

GUY
Hey, sleeping beauty.

NORAH
Your face is cold. Want to come under?

GUY
I wish.

NORAH
I wish you wished.

GUY
Just have time for a quick change.

NORAH
Your Superman outfit's in the dryer.

Planting a kiss on her forehead, he heads for his closet, stripping as he goes. She pulls herself to a sitting position, gazing on, with concern.

NORAH (cont'd)

Seriously, Guy. How long can you live with this tension, before you have a nervous breakdown?

GUY

They've announced his retirement party; he's got to name a successor before then.

NORAH

And, when is that?

GUY

Two weeks from tonight.

He crosses toward the bathroom - STOPPED COLD by a suspicious look in her eye.

GUY (cont'd)

Is something wrong?

NORAH

You tell me, Guy. Is there?

GUY

(heart stops) Meaning what?

NORAH

The call last night. On your private line.

Fearing his knees will buckle, GUY reaches for a wall.

NORAH (cont'd)

I shouldn't have listened, I guess. But I picked up and heard him leaving the message.

GUY

"Him?"

NORAH

Dennis. That the test results were in. And he needed to speak to you.

GUY'S gasp is audible.

NORAH (cont'd)

What tests, Guy? Its not like you to have "tests," and not tell me.

Escaping into the bathroom, he turns the shower on, in the hope that *shouting* it will give credence to the lie:

GUY

The "Life Insurance" exam! The company's making all the executives take one, before they decide who's going to be the new CEO!

NORAH

(pulling on her robe) Are you sure, Guy? That there's nothing wrong with your heart, or blood pressure....

GUY

That's what they want to know! And you know what? Its none of their damn business! I mean, evaluate my job performance, but not how long I'm going to live! I think there's a Civil Rights issue involved here! I put in a call to Hal Brickman about it. Did he call back, by the way?

Entered the bathroom, she preps her toothbrush. Praying he's dodged the bullet, he stands wide-eyed beneath the spray.

NORAH

Apparently it's not just your "future" they're interested in. Claire Neihause says Booth has hired the FBI to do background checks.

GUY

(a laugh) Claire Neihause!? That episode about the CIA "monitoring her e-mail," wasn't enough for you?

NORAH

That was before the medication. Ben told her this.

GUY

What else did Ben tell her?

NORAH

You don't want to know.

GUY

You got that right. Do you have my shampoo?

She hands it in; an opportunity for a suggestive glance.

GUY (cont'd)

Sorry. I have a breakfast meeting.

She takes it like a sport.

NORAH

Is it true that CEO's are better
lovers than Executive Vice Presidents?

GUY

You'll be the first to find out.

Closing the shower door, she hears THE PHONE RING.

NORAH

It's your private line. (he can't
hear) Guy?! It's your phone!

His hair lathered with shampoo; he freezes.

GUY

Let it ring.

NORAH

Who'd call at this hour?

GUY

That's what voicemail is for.

NORAH

Since when don't you care who
calls?

GUY

Since I've got shampoo in my
eyes.

NORAH

I'll get it for you.

GUY

NO!

Startled by his tone, she's surprised to see him pop out of
the shower with shampoo all over his head, to grab the phone.

GUY (cont'd)

Hello? Yes, Victor. (bristling)
Not likely.

(MORE)

GUY (cont'd)
"Why?" Because we're talking about
the successor to *Norman Booth*, not
Larry Flynt! The guy is a sleaze.

NORAH
(catching his eye) "Dan Forlani?"

Astonished she came up with that, he turns abruptly.

GUY
(to Norah) What do you know?

NORAH
That's what Ben Neihause said:
Dan Forlani's "in the running."

GUY
Not remotely possible.

NORAH
He was in Booth's private box
at the hockey game last night.

CLOSE ON GUY; GUT-PUNCHED.

EXT/INT - GUY'S CAR - MOVING FAST

GUY, in a state of anxiety, flips open his cellphone.

INT - DENNIS NUGENT'S OFFICE - SAME

RECEPTIONIST
(picks up phone) Doctor's office.
No, he's in surgery this morning,
Mister Whitney. I'll get him the
message as soon as I can.

EXT/INT - PARKING STRUCTURE - SAME

GUY'S TIRES SQUEAL as he speeds into "EXECUTIVE PARKING."

INT - ELEVATOR (ASCENDING) - MOMENTS LATER

GUY fights to calm himself.

INT - PILGRIM PUBLISHING - CONTINUOUS

He steps out of the elevator, imitating "casual" for the
GIRLS at RECEPTION; his SECRETARY/ASSISTANT, DANICA, falls
in, alongside.

GUY
'Morning Dannie.

DANICA

What time did you land?

GUY

I haven't yet.

DANICA

I don't know how you do it.

GUY

Did you find Ben Niehause?

DANICA

(affirmative) Plus Theodora, Oliver and Victor. Troops assembled, Starbucks on the way.

GUY

No interruptions - except for Dr. Nugent.

He heads into his office, where we see OTHERS WAITING;
OUR CAMERA SHUT OUT BY THE CLOSING DOOR.

INT - GUY'S OFFICE - MOMENT LATER

GUY

It's a joke! This is a "Faith-based company." Forlani consorts with the Mafia, for God's sake! Not five years ago, he was publishing racing forms and Girlie magazines.

VICTOR

Look, just because they're seen together -

THEODORA

Maybe Booth's just trying to spice up his life; meet some chicks.

BEN

Or spice up the company.

THEODORA

Faith-based Girlie Magazines.
"After Hours in the Abbey."

OLIVER

"How do you solve a problem like Maria?"
The foldout issue.

VICTOR

Is Booth just clueless?

BEN

Not for long. He's hired a team of "opposition researchers" - the ones who destroy politicians in political campaigns? They dug up Paula Jones. (to Guy) They're probably going through your trash compactor, as we speak.

It hits GUY in the gut; THEODORA notices.

THEODORA

Maybe you shouldn't have put that lap dance on your credit card?

GUY shoots her a look.

THEODORA (cont'd)

Come on, lighten up. I kid, because the job is yours.

INT - HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Mid-surgery; a SURGICAL ASSISTANT reads a HANDWRITTEN NOTE being held up on the other side of an observation window, and passes the information to the DOCTOR (DENNIS NUGENT) in charge.

SURGICAL ASSISTANT

Urgent message from Mister Whitney, to call him.

NUGENT

I need to see him. (glance to clock) Tell Millie 2:00 or 5:15.

INT. NUGENT'S EXAMINATION ROOM - 2:05

NUGENT with GUY; tension between them.

DENNIS

You said it was your "private line," I had no idea Norah would pick up.

GUY

It's *fine*, I told you; I covered. She bought it.

DENNIS

It's not "fine" for me. I'm too old for sneaking around, pacifying your lunatic girlfriend, being deceptive to your wife -

GUY

You think I like it?

DENNIS

It's your mess!

GUY

Fine. Is she, or isn't she?

DENNIS

Pregnant? She's amenorrheic.
Missing her periods. And anorexic.
If she's eating, she's purging.

GUY

But she's *not* "pregnant?"

DENNIS

I don't even have a legal right
to be sharing this information!

GUY

Is she, or is she not pregnant?!

DENNIS

She's not. But you are. With a
problem that's growing bigger by
the day. She's cut your name into
her arm.

GUY

(shocked) Jesus.

DENNIS

Self mutilation is a medical qualifier
for suicide watch.

GUY

What about "medications?" Couldn't you - ?

DENNIS

For *your* safety, or hers?

GUY

For "anxiety!" "Depression!"
Are you not a doctor anymore?!

DENNIS

Not the kind she needs. She should
be on a Psych Ward. And you should
convince her of that. Pay for it,
if you have to.

RECEPTIONIST (OS)

Doctor Nugent? Your 2:30 is here.

His tap of the intercom signals acknowledgement.

GUY

Does she know she's not pregnant?

DENNIS

(a nod) I called her this morning.

GUY

How did she take it?

DENNIS

Not well.

GUY

Look, I'm not without guilt about this.

DENNIS

Then help her. Find her a doctor.
Make her feel cared about. You owe
her that much. And from now on, please
leave me out of it.

EXT/INT - WAREHOUSE LOFT - DAY

On a vast plain of polished wood, KIMBERLY MAYFIELD sits beneath a skylight that channels a light beam so bright it could scorch the eyes. Blonde and barefoot, in terry-cloth robe, the sudden BUZZ of her INTERCOM hits like an electric shock; there's a lot riding on the encounter to come.

Forcing restraint, she walks - not *runs* - to answer it.

KIM

(into intercom) Is that "Some Guy,"
down there?

GUY'S VOICE (through intercom)

You changed the locks?

KIM

There's a key beneath Alfalfa's right
foot. He's in the alley.

EXT. - ALLEY ENTRANCE - SAME

GUY probes beneath the rear tire of a vintage red Alfa Romeo.
We note a Pooh Bear, dangling from its mirror.

UPSTAIRS - SAME MOMENT

Self-restraint thrown to the wind, KIMBERLY has raced to the mirror, kicking off her panties and pulling her bra through her robe sleeve, while tying back her hair and fumbling with a lipstick - the process CUT SHORT by the SOUND of A KEY TURNING IN THE LOCK - which stops everything, including her breath.

When HE ENTERS, they just stare at each other - until she spots the small gift bag clutched in his hand.

KIM

Pooh Bear?

GUY

Denver airport.

KIM

How'd it go? Are you "The Man?"
Did they crown you King, yet?

GUY

I spoke to Dennis this morning.

KIM

Why?

GUY

Because he's worried about you.
And so am I. You need help, Kimmie.
Need to find a safe place, and go
there for awhile.

KIM

What I need is "warmth," Guy. I'm
on an iceberg out here, in the middle
of a stormy sea. Do you know how cold
it is, waiting for you to touch me?
(sudden laugh) I suppose it might be
warmer, if I put some clothes on, huh..?

She loosens her sash to reveal total nakedness; her hopes
fading as she sees he's unmoved.

KIM (cont'd)

I shaved it bald. That's what
ladies do when they have babies.
So I'm all ready to have one, now.

Biting back tears, her tone darkens.

KIM (cont'd)

Okay. Where is this "away" place,
you'd like me to go, Guy?

GUY

A hospital. And I'll pay for it.
I'll find you a good doctor.

KIM

No need. I'll disappear whenever
you say. Forever. If you'll make
love to me. Just once more. Is that
such a bad deal?

GUY

I'm trying to be fair, Kim.

KIM

(flashing anger) Because I can ruin
you! You think I don't know that?!

GUY

I came to make peace, Kim.

KIM

What's peace without love? (the 60's
sign) Wasn't that your generation...?

With forced sensuality, she strips naked as she approaches,
"vamping" to the Beatles tune:

KIM (cont'd)

(singing) "All you need is love, wha-wha
wha-wha-wha; All you need is love, wha-
wha wha-wha-wah...."

Holding his ground, as she comes face-to-face with him; he
fights to restrain her arms from encircling his neck.

GUY

Stop it, Kim.

KIM (cont'd)

Oh, just close your eyes. How bad
could it be?!

Grabbing his lapels, she yanks his jacket from his shoulders
to his elbows, strait-jacketing him; her feet planted atop his,
arching backwards -

GUY

(teetering) Kim.... Jesus...!

Fighting gravity, he attempts to grab whatever he can cling to, to avoid toppling --

GUY (cont'd)

Stop it!

KIM

Aw, come on, you love it inside me!

A lamp goes down with them as they hit the floor, he fighting to free his arms as she scrambles astride, her hands attacking his belt, with lightning speed.

GUY

Stop! GODDAMMIT!!

His attempt to buck her provides the motion to excite, her breath hissing through her teeth as she clings tight, his final effort to throw her causing his sleeve to rip and her bare flesh to hit the floor with a sickening squeal. Pulling off his jacket to ward off another attack - he sees she's finished, her cheek pressed to the floor, quietly weeping.

GUY (cont'd)

Oh, Kim. For dear God's sake....

KIM

I took pills. A lot of them.

GUY

(alarmed) What pills? What kind?!

KIM

Fertility drugs. A whole bottle, when you said you were coming!

GUY

For God's sake - !

KIM

I just want a piece of you, Guy.
For my very own....!

She bursts into sobs, he covering her naked body with his jacket - chilled by the sight of his name, still fresh and glistening, crudely carved into her arm.

GUY

Where's the bottle of pills you took?! In the bathroom?

KIM

Please don't leave here. Please don't go.

GUY

I have to.

KIM

(stiffening) Oh, God..!

With a sharp intake of breath, she stiffens - then suddenly laughs - stiffening again - her breath coming in short gasps, as though trying to suppress contractions.

GUY

(frightened) What?!

KIM

I think it's an orgasm.

GUY

We didn't have sex, Kim.

KIM

I did.

GUY

Get a grip, Kimberly. Go put some clothes on.

Pulling his cellphone and wallet from the pockets, he leaves his jacket draped around her - heading fast into:

INT. HER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He throws open cabinets and drawers, rummaging through pill bottles, finding nothing marked "fertility." What he does find is more horrifying:

Framed, on the wall beside the mirror is a small FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH - not her family, but his; a favorite WALLET PHOTO he's carried with him for years.

Pulling out his wallet, he sees the empty slot it was stolen from - then spots another piece of "memorabilia" framed, on the wall beside it: ONE OF HIS CREDIT CARDS!

Ripping the frames off the wall, he tears out their contents, storming back into the living room.

INT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Still naked except for his jacket, she has his READING GLASSES perched on her nose, miming his secretary picking up the phone.

KIM

Mister Whitney's office. I'm sorry he'll be late to the meeting, he has to finish fucking his mistress right now -

GUY

(fuming) Give me those glasses.
Take that jacket off!

She calmly complies, amused as he stuffs the glasses back into their case, the credit card back into his wallet, and pulls the jacket on, his hands trembling with rage.

GUY (cont'd)

Good, that I emptied the pockets.
God only knows what else you've taken from me.

KIM

Compared to what you've taken from *me*?

GUY

I've only given. I've taken nothing.

KIM

Except my heart, Guy. And that's not going to be so easy, to stuff into your pocket and walk away.

Her vow is punctuated with a smile that CHILLS HIM TO THE BONE.

EXT. BOSTON turnpike - LATER (DAY)

GUY'S CAR moves fast, swerving in and out of traffic:

GUY (O.S.)

White Plains, New York - ? Westhaven hospital.

INT. GUY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

GUY, on his cellphone, is given the number and put through.

GUY

Dr. Reinhardt, please. An "emergency?"
Yes - I actually have his cellphone
number, but I'm driving at the moment,
and - Guy Whitney. Thank you.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - A MOMENT LATER

BRUNO

Guy! Nice to hear from you!
Are you all right?

BOTH ON CELLPHONES; WE CUT BETWEEN THE TWO.

GUY

I'm not, actually. That "situation"
we talked about? It seems to be
getting worse, and I don't know how
to handle it. I feel like I'm losing
my mind.

BRUNO

Trust me, you're not. Tell me what's
happening.

GUY

I'm concerned about discussing it
on a cellphone.

BRUNO

I've got a 10:00, at Harvard, tomorrow
morning. Are you free for lunch?

GUY

Just tell me where and when.

BRUNO

1:30? I'm partial to lobsters.
I'll leave the location up to you.

GUY

(heartfelt) Thank you so much -

BRUNO

Nonsense. Just breathe deep and have
fun at the party...

GUY

(taken aback) I'm sorry - ?

BRUNO

Your daughter's 15th birthday.
I assumed you'd be -

GUY

(amazed he'd remember) Yes. Yes,
we are. I'm picking her up at soccer,
right now.

BRUNO

Then have a good evening, and have faith.
You did the right thing by calling me.

"Faith?" As GUY hangs up he whispers the word aloud - gazing
at the road ahead, with terror.

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - LATER

GUY and ANNIE ENTER and THE LIGHTS SNAP ON; 30 KIDS jump
out, SCREAMING:

KIDS

SURPRISE!!!

ANNIE SQUEALS as the kitchen door swings open and NORAH,
carrying a cake ablaze with fifteen candles, leads their
guests in song. Catching GUY'S eye, NORAH BEAMS.

WE SEE HER through his eyes, lit by the candles' glow:
perfect wife, perfect mother; perfect life, hanging by
a thread. He gazes on, as though it were already a memory.

EXT. THE BACK PATIO - PARTY ONGOING

Rock music on a boombox has forged the partygoers into one
gyrating mass, CAMERA PULLING BACK to reveal a tastefully
elegant lifestyle; faux farmhouse with a barn and paddock
in the back.

NORAH, refreshing the soft drink supply, pauses to look for
GUY; nowhere to be seen, through the bobbing heads of the crowd.

EXT. BACK LAWN - SAME

GUY, having found a solitary spot on a darkened lawn swing,
spies a pair of kids, ANNIE and a BOY, stealing away into
the night and racing for the barn, only to find themselves
locked out. They burst into laughter and kiss - not the kiss
he'd have expected; his hands grip her buttocks, grinding his
pelvis against hers.

CLOSE ON GUY; held, breathless, by what he sees.

EXT - THE HOUSE - LATER

The party over; all quiet except for crickets, the house
bathed in moonlight.

INT. THE MASTER SUITE - SAME

GUY, on a terrace, stares grimly into the night.

NORAH (O.S)

You coming in?

Already in her sleepwear, she turns down the sheets as he comes back inside, sitting heavily on the bed, watching her.

NORAH (cont'd)

Plan to sleep with your shoes on?

Going about her nightly routine of getting a book out, putting on her glasses, plumping the pillows into an upright position, she is aware of his mood. About to open her book, she stops, held for a long moment by his troubled eyes.

GUY

What's it like for you, Norah?
Being with me? What's our marriage
like?

NORAH

Strong. It's a "strong" marriage.
Do you feel that?

GUY

I do.

NORAH

Not good, but strong. Do you
feel *that*?

Stunned; not just by her truth, but the ease of its delivery, he is at a loss to respond.

NORAH (cont'd)

"Honest question, honest answer."
Didn't we once agree to that?

GUY

We did.

Silence; hesitation on both sides.

GUY (cont'd)

Do you have any questions?

NORAH

No.

A single syllable that protects both; she opens her book, he rises, preparing for bed.

GUY

I saw Annie sneak off and kiss
a boy tonight.

NORAH

Shawn. He's crazy about her.

GUY

More than a kiss.

NORAH

She's crazy about *him*.

GUY

Are they having sex?

NORAH

She'll be all right.

GUY

In what way?

NORAH

She doesn't idolize men, the
way I did.

The wounds are getting deeper; yet there is no cruelty in
her eyes.

GUY

It's been that disappointing for
you?

NORAH

At first. Until I got used to
the idea that it was you, me,
and the job - and would always be.
Like being part of a menage a trois.
Sometimes you get the good part,
sometimes you're left sucking a toe.

Shocked by her words, his sudden burst of laughter morphs
into a sob. She bounds from the bed, alarmed to see him in
tears.

NORAH (cont'd)

Guy.... Honey, what is it? I
meant to make you laugh.

GUY

I'm sorry. I'm just tired, I guess. I'm just.....

NORAH

"Burned out," is what you are. How could you not be? With what they're putting you through? I'm amazed you haven't gone completely nuts, by now. (eye to eye) But, here's what I'm trying to say, okay? All jokes aside. I understand what I've got here, and it's damn good, in spite of the hard stuff. 'Cause the good stuff is so worth waiting for. And it's almost here. In days you'll have what you've always wanted. Then, maybe this strong marriage will get good again. Maybe then.....you'll "come home."

GUY

(heartfelt) I will. "Come home." It will get "good" again. And I have never loved you more than I do right now.

Swept with emotion, he wraps her in his arms and she clings tight, lifting her feet off the ground as he carries her to the bed and turns out the light.

NORAH

Oh, it's good to say the right thing.
Yes, Please.....

INT. THE MASTER SUITE - LATER

She sleeps soundly, unaware that he is wide awake, staring into the night.

INT. "THE SOPHISTICATED LOBSTER" - BOSTON WHARF - DAY

BRUNO already seated, sips wine as he studies the menu. Spotting GUY heading toward, he stands.

GUY

Am I late?

BRUNO

To the contrary, I'm always early. One learns, in psychiatric practice, that when clients are made to wait, it brings up issues of self-esteem.

GUY

Not to worry. My self-esteem
couldn't be much lower than it
is right now.

BRUNO

We're going to get you through
this.

WAITER

(approaching) Something to drink?
(surprised) Mister Whitney! "Apple
martini?" (off Guy's puzzlement) I
used to work over at The Bistro.
Never expected to see you over here,
in tourist world.

GUY

(embarrassed; to Bruno) I chose this
place so we wouldn't be interrupted.
I figure "a lobster's a lobster," right?

BRUNO

Wrong. My father was a lobsterman.
His lobsters tasted like chicken.
Because that's what he fed them!
Thrown overboard, in the lobster
traps live - so they'd "be fresh," he
said. That was my job. Is it any
wonder I wound up in a mental hospital?!

Accustomed to getting a LAUGH with that, BRUNO sees only
discomfort in GUY'S eyes. Eager to dismiss the WAITER,
GUY cuts to the chase.

GUY

Lobster for my friend. Just a
house salad for me. (to Bruno)
Sparkling water?

BRUNO

And a bib. Thank you.

The waiter leaves; GUY fidgets under BRUNO'S inquiring gaze.

GUY

"Mental hospital?" He might run
into somebody else he knows, who
knows me, and get to talking - I
don't know. Paranoid, maybe....

BRUNO

When he comes back I'll make sure
he hears I'm a doctor.

GUY

Let's just "let it be." It's
nobody's business who I have lunch
with.

BRUNO

"The danger of hiding one truth,
is becoming fearful of all truths."
You know where I read that? In a
fortune cookie. But it does apply.
You sought freedom with Kimberly, but
have become imprisoned in your own fear.

GUY

(shocked) I'm sorry. You said -
"Kimberly?"

BRUNO

Yes.

GUY

(baffled) I never told you her name;
I purposely never told you -

BRUNO

She did, Guy. Left word on my cell
phone that you told her you'd find
her a doctor, and gave her my card.

Stung with the realization she had his glasses on, GUY
fumbles for the GLASSES-CASE in his breast pocket, searching
for the card he'd tucked in there; gone.

BRUNO (cont'd)

Which frankly, surprised me.

GUY

I didn't give it to her. She
took it. She does that. Stole
a credit card from my wallet, and
a photograph...

BRUNO

No matter. The *good thing* is,
she put herself in touch with me.
If she's compelled to talk about it,
"who better?"

GUY

Are you saying you'd consider
"treating" her? That you could
handle this for me?

BRUNO

Unless it would make you uncomfortable --

GUY

"Uncomfortable?!" Are you kidding?
I can't tell you how grateful I'd be.

BRUNO

It's what friends do for each other.

GUY

I'd have to pay in cash -

BRUNO

No, no. No money.

GUY

I won't let you do this without
pay.

BRUNO

Let's call it "re-pay." I have my
area of expertise, you have yours.
If I can help you with *your* problem ...

GUY

I help you? Absolutely. Just tell
me what you need. Whatever I can do.

BRUNO

It's not if you can; its if you will.

GUY

If I *can*, I *will*. Trust me.

BRUNO

(genuine) I do.

Opening his wallet, BRUNO digs for a PHOTO.

BRUNO (cont'd)

Do you, by chance, have a picture
of Kimberly?

GUY

Believe it or not, I do.

GUY's wallet comes out too, yielding a small GROUP PHOTO: a chef, four waitresses and KIMBERLY posed for the camera; a gamine blond with a dazzling smile.

GUY (cont'd)

The night I met her. She runs a catering service. It was a big charity event.

BRUNO

My problem is not as *attractive*, but equally lethal. You've heard the term "wicked stepmother?"

Beside Guy's photo, he puts down his own: a stern-faced middle-aged woman, dressed in widows weeds. All black.

BRUNO (cont'd)

My father's second wife, vengeful and jealous, who withholds the inheritance he left me - which was specifically designated for research into holistic psychoactive medications that could be made available, for next to *nothing*, in free clinics around the world.

CLOSE ON GUY: ATTENTIVE.

BRUNO (cont'd)

For my own enrichment, I wouldn't care; let her live to a *hundred and ten*.

GUY

What you need is a lawyer.

BRUNO

I need what you need. I need her dead.

CLOSE ON GUY: DUMBSTRUCK.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S)

Is that my next boss, I see?!

GUY looks up to see A COLLEAGUE (BLAIRE) with TWO CRONIES (JIM and JACK) - all headed their way.

COLLEAGUE

Is this the new "power-lunch" place? Or are you guys playing hookey, like we are? (to Bruno) Hi, I'm Blaire Jackman - (introducing) Jim and Jack - Baxter and Harmon - my golf Buddies.

BRUNO
I'm Bruno Reinhardt.

GUY
(quick) An old friend.

COLLEAGUE #1
No friends, like old friends.

BRUNO
So they say.

COLLEAGUE #1
How far back?

BRUNO and GUY: SIMULTANEOUS

BRUNO/GUY
Childhood. College.

BRUNO
(quick save) I had a "long childhood."

COLLEAGUE #1
(a laugh) Didn't we all. Cornell?

BRUNO
(looks to Guy) Cornell?

GUY
Of course.

COLLEAGUE #1
School of Journalism?

BRUNO
I'm not sure.

COLLEAGUE #1
Why not?

BRUNO
Guy hasn't told me, yet!

Their laughter is uncertain; GUY, desperately uncomfortable.

BRUNO (cont'd)
I do know a bit about the "links,"
though. I did the Pro-Am Circuit
for awhile. The Newberry Classic?

COLLEAGUE #2

That's a little beyond our speed.
But we're always looking for a fourth.

COLLEAGUE #1

Have Guy bring you 'round to the Club
sometime.

BRUNO

I hope he'll do that.

BLAIR

(departing) Congratulations in
advance, Guy. You've got it in the bag.

BRUNO

(calling after them) Nice meeting
you Blaire, Jack, Jim....

Pulling out a writing pad, he jots some notes - GUY staring
at him in DISMAY.

BRUNO (cont'd)

Jim was "Baxter," and Jack was "Harmon?"

GUY

Why did you do that?

BRUNO

Do what?

GUY

Try to embarrass me.

BRUNO

To demonstrate how quickly we
look like liars, when we can't
tell the truth. The police pick
it up, in a flash.

GUY

The "police."

BRUNO

If I were to kill my stepmother -
(quick to reassure) - this is a
"conceptual technique" so hear me
out - or you were to kill Kimberly,
we'd have to be convincing about
where we were, who we were with, and
what we were doing at the time of
their death. Are you with me?

GUY
(trying to follow) An "alibi."

BRUNO
Exactly. More importantly, I have no previous connection to Kimberly, or you to my stepmother, which makes it impossible for either of us to be suspect.

GUY
The "conceptual technique" being -- ?

BRUNO
"Criss-cross." We handle it for each other, freeing ourselves from the tyranny of fear and frustration, to lead full, rich and productive lives.

A PAIR OF WAITERS APPEARS; one leaving food, the other tying a bib around BRUNO'S neck, and departing, as GUY gazes on.

BRUNO (cont'd)
So, how does it sound?

GUY
(unnerved) You're not serious.

BRUNO
If I were, what would you say?

GUY
What *should* I say?

BRUNO
How 'bout "intriguing?" "Pro-active?"
"Liberating?" "Brave?"

GUY
How 'bout "criminal?"

BRUNO
How 'bout "justified?"

GUY
(off his look) You are serious.

BRUNO
(a wink) Am I?

GUY
Look - I really have to go.

BRUNO
You haven't eaten.

GUY
(on his feet) I have another appointment.

BRUNO
I'm not surprised by your discomfort,
Guy.

GUY
I don't want you treating Kimberly.

GUY puts his money down, puzzled by BRUNO'S sudden LAUGHTER.

GUY (cont'd)
You're "toying" with me?

BRUNO
Sorry. That's what the exercise was
all about. Demonstrating how *fearful*
you are, about feeling your rage.

Failing to see the humor, GUY turns and leaves, BRUNO
decapitating his lobster with a satisfying "crunch."

Catching the eyes of the "golf threesome," who are having their
bibs tied, at a table across from him, he lifts his sparkling
water in "bon appetite" -- and accepts their gesture to join.

INT. KIMBERLY'S LOFT - LATER

A RINGING PHONE - picked up by VOICEMAIL:

OUTGOING MESSAGE
"This is Kimberly, you have a brief
moment to think of something memorable
to say. No pressure. 4 seconds." (Beep)

GUY'S VOICE
(urgent) Are you there?! Pick up.
I need to talk to you. Kimberly -- ?

INT - GUY'S CAR - MOVING FAST - SAME MOMENT

He disconnects, punching "411" as he cruises the jogging path
along the Charles River, in search of her.

GUY
(into phone) "Yoga Works."
On Clauson, I think - ?

INT. YOGAWORKS - SAME MOMENT

KIMBERLY, summoned from class, picks up the phone.

KIM
This is Kimberly.

INTERCUT GUY - in a RAGE.

GUY
You took a card out of my
glasses case.

KIM
(defiant) So?

GUY
How dare you do that!

KIM
It's a psychiatrist! You said
I needed one.

GUY
I said I'll find you one. At a
hospital! Dennis will.

KIM
Dennis is a dumbshit! I just got
a second opinion on why I've been
missing my periods - and "guess
what, Daddy?!"

GUY
You know that's not possible.

KIM
You have six months to find out!

HER HANG-UP LEAVES HIM GASPING. IT RINGS AGAIN; HE GRABS IT.

GUY
You're a lying bitch and I don't
have to take this shit from you.

THEODORA'S VOICE
I'm sorry, I must have the wrong
number.

SHE HANGS UP: GUY SMACKS HIS FOREHEAD.

GUY
Dear God.

INT - GUY'S OFFICE - SAME MOMENT

THEODORA

That was weird.

VICTOR

Try him again. He'd want to know this.

He's referring to a NEWSPAPER, featuring a photo identified as "FORLANI ON YACHT" - headlined:

"PUBLISHER CHARGED WITH RACKETEERING TIES"

GUY (PRE-LAPPED)

I'd call it unbelievable.

INT - GUY'S OFFICE - LATER

His posse gathered around him, GUY stunned by what he reads.

GUY (cont'd)

"...his involvement with the race-track in Daytona, and following up a rumored investigation by the S.E.C.!"

VICTOR

God is on our side.

OLIVER

Not to mention the Tabloid press.

THEO

Wish I could have seen Booth's face when he read it this morning.

BEN

He's not likely to go on "fishing expeditions" outside the company again.

NEW VOICE (O.S.)

But plenty of "fishing" within.

Eyes go to the door, where MORRIE BREWER stands. Seemingly affable, he's clearly not. His presence stiffens the room.

BREWER

Thought I should warn you, I'm your new worst nightmare.

VICTOR

According to who?

BREWER

Legal affairs. They just came down and told me I'm being interviewed by their "investigator" tomorrow. And asked me sign over my Rolodex and phone records so they can interview anyone they want to. (re: the newspaper) Guess the Old Man was pretty freaked out by this.

GUY

You signed it?

BREWER

Didn't you?

GUY

I know nothing about it.

BREWER

I guess you've passed the sanitation test.

BEN

How 'bout you, Morrie? Nothing to hide?

BREWER

Nothing. Except that I once killed and ate a hitchhiker.

MORRIE leaves, laughing.

DANICA

Actually, legal *did* call you Guy. Your interview is scheduled for tomorrow at noon.

INT. HOSPITAL - UNDERGROUND PARKING - LATER

GUY dogging the footsteps of DENNIS NUGENT, who strides angrily to his car.

GUY

I didn't say they'd "definitely" call you. Just be prepared.

DENNIS

You implicate me in this, and I'm fucked.

GUY

You're my doctor! The things we talk about are *confidential*!

DENNIS

I fronted hotel rooms for you with my credit card. I provided a fake employment record so she could get a loan on that Alfa Romeo. That's called a paper trail! If shit like that gets out...!

DENNIS gets into his car; GUY prevents the door from closing.

GUY

It won't "get out," Dennis.
I'd never tell, you'd never tell.
There's no one else who knows!

DENNIS

"No one else," Guy? Think about that. Sleep peacefully tonight, knowing there's no one else who knows.

DENNIS pulls away; GUY, in a burst of frustration POUNDS A CAR-HOOD next to him, setting off an EAR-SPLITTING ALARM.

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

GUY, sleepless, hears a SOUND outside. Is it a car door closing? Moving stealthily to the window, he pulls back the curtain to catch sight of KIMBERLY's RED ALFA ROMEO, its tires squealing as it speeds away.

EXT. HIS FRONT DOORSTEP - EARLY A.M.

GUY, leaving for work, accidentally kicks a small PACKAGE left on the doorstep. Quick as a linebacker snatching up a fumble, he's got it under his arm, heading for the car.

EXT/INT. HIS CAR - PULLED OFF THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

He opens the package to find, wrapped in a wad of newspaper, a Winnie The Pooh bear; the one he bought in Denver. Then, to his horror, he finds the real message, which reads:

GUY

"Dear Inquirer: I have information that another candidate for Pilgrim's top spot has a skeleton in his closet. Not a real skeleton. Just an anorexic."

CRUMPLING IT IN HIS HAND, GUY'S EYES LIGHT WITH RAGE.

EXT - CHARLES RIVER JOGGING TRAIL - LATER

PAN TO GUY'S CAR cruising in search of her.

RECEPTIONIST (OS; PHONE)
Good morning, Yogaworks...

INSIDE THE CAR: GUY ON THE PHONE.

GUY
Kimberly Mayfield. Does she have
class today?

RECEPTIONIST
I haven't seen her.

HANGING UP - HE ACCELERATES.

EXT. SCULLING CLUB - MOMENT LATER

His car screeching to a stop, GUY bounds out, crossing the
jogging path, to -

INT - THE SCULLING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

GUY, quick from his car, pulls open the door:

GUY
Kimberly Mayfield. Does she come
in, today?!

EXT. SCULLING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Back to the car, he's about to get in when he spots a familiar
PINK CAP on the jogging path, heading fast away. Checking to
see that no one's around, he heads off, on foot, after her.

GUY
Kimberly...?! KIM!!

Catching sight of him SHE SPEEDS UP..

GUY (cont'd)
GODDAMMIT!!

Pouring on the speed, he gains on her.

KIM
Get away from me!

Catching her by the elbow, he spins her, causing her to fall.

KIM (cont'd)
What the fuck!?

GUY
Why are you doing this?!

KIM

What are you - stalking me?! I'll
call the police!

GUY

You're the "stalker!" I saw the Alfa!

KIM

The Alfa was stolen! My house was
vandalized!

GUY

Bull shit!

KIM

Call the police station! Look at
the report! Be grateful it doesn't
have your name all over it!

GUY

(the letter) Should I be grateful
for this?!

KIM

What the fuck is that?!

GUY

You wrote it!

KIM

The fuck I did! (trying to wrest
free) Get your filthy hands off me!

GUY

Keep your voice down!

KIM

HELP! SOMEBODY! HE'S CRAZY!!

SHE RIPS HER TANKTOP OPEN.

KIM (cont'd)

(shouting) SOMEBODY STOP HIM! HELP ME!!

Setting the land-speed record; GUY runs away.

INT. GUY'S OUTER OFFICE - SAME

GUY ENTERS; his condition: unstrung.

DANICA

What happened to you?

GUY
Needed some exercise. Jogging.

DANICA
You're late.

She points to his office and mouths "Gestapo."

GUY
(hushed) You let him in?!

DANICA
Couldn't stop him.

INT - GUY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - SAME

The INTERROGATOR casually examining the GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS that adorns the walls, as GUY ENTERS - all warmth and charm.

GUY
Hey, hi. I'm Guy. So sorry.

INTERROGATOR
(warm handshake) S.S. Kennedy.
Hope you don't mind (the office) -

GUY
Hey. "Mi casa." My life is an open book.

KENNEDY
Too bad. I get a hefty bonus for every secret I dig up.

GUY
Dig all you want, I've got nothing to hide. Except for that hitchhiker I killed and ate!

GUY laughs hard; KENNEDY doesn't.

KENNEDY
Everybody use the same joke around here?

GUY
You got me. I stole it from Morrie Brewer.

KENNEDY
"Points," for honesty. Most people would say "he stole it from me."

GUY

Maybe, if it were a better joke -

It sticks in GUY'S throat when KENNEDY turns to the WALL PHOTOS: a framed enlargement of GUY'S WALLET PHOTO - the one with KIMBERLY in it - dead ahead.

KENNEDY

You do lot of charity work, I see.
I admire that.

GUY

(stepping in front of the picture)
Wish I could take credit. They're
my wife's. I'm just arm candy.

KENNEDY

Which one is she?

Ignoring the glamor shot of NORAH close by, GUY points to one on an opposite wall. As KENNEDY turns toward it, GUY slips out of his jacket, hanging it on a coat tree, which he moves a few feet, in front of the KIMBERLY PHOTO.

GUY

Last year it was Kids Without Moms,
this year it's Handgun Control.
She's hosting a fund-raiser at our
home tonight, an Art Auction next
week.

KENNEDY

(eyeing the photo) How's the marriage?

GUY

(a laugh, at his audacity) The
"marriage?!"

KENNEDY

It's important to Norman Booth.
"Family Values," and all.

GUY

The marriage is strong.

KENNEDY

Morrie Brewer described his wife
as "the light of my life," and
said, "I couldn't live without her."

GUY

I would have, but you already caught
me stealing from Morrie Brewer.

Not every joke is landing; he's pushing too hard.

KENNEDY

Is that Nancy Reagan with her?

GUY

"Just say no." Big thing with us.
Our daughter's coming into those
dangerous years.

KENNEDY

What about you? Ever inhale?

GUY

No drugs, no Mob connections, no
infidelity, no flag burning, no
cooked books or hidden mistresses,
I'm happy to do this, but you're
wasting your time.

KENNEDY

You alluded to cheating on your
wife, twice.

GUY

(a laugh) Where's a lie detector,
when you need one?!

KENNEDY

In the next room.

GUY visibly GULPS.

KENNEDY (cont'd)

Kidding.

Preparing to leave, KENNEDY scans the room one last time; his
eyes stopping, curiously, on the coat tree.

KENNEDY (cont'd)

You move that?

GUY

Out of the sun. (his jacket) I
took it off, because I was hot.

He is studying GUY now, whose face glistens with flossweat.

KENNEDY

Everybody's got secrets, Guy. So
long as they don't go public and
embarrass the company, like Dan
Forlani's did, they're yours to keep.

(MORE)

KENNEDY (cont'd)

But if you've got a potential Jack-in-the-box, you'd do best to enlist the company in helping you contain it, before it pops out.

GUY

Sorry about that "hefty bonus" you're not going to get. When I'm President of Pilgrim Publications, I'll take you to lunch, instead.

KENNEDY

In the meantime, I'd like a copy of your Rolodex, and phone log from the last six months. (hands him a document) I'll wait, while you look this over.

INT. GUY'S CAR - MOVING FAST - NIGHT

One hand white-knuckled on the wheel, the other clutching his cellphone, GUY is waging a battle against making a call. Resisting, he packs it back into his pocket - but pulls it out again. Then, opening the glove compartment, he slams it inside. Both hands on the wheel now. Done.

Turning the corner to his house, he's hit with realization the HANDGUN FUNDRAISER is tonight. His house is ablaze with lights, and filled with people; VALETS handling the traffic, parked cars line the street. One of them is a RED ALFA ROMEO, missing its plates!

SCREECHING ON THE BRAKES, GUY FUMBLES FOR THE PHONE.

GUY

Westhaven Hospital. White Plains
New York. Thank you.

He tries to spot her through the windows as he waits for:

GUY (cont'd)

Yes-yes. I need to reach Doctor Reinhardt. It is (an emergency) - No, I don't want someone else. Please. Yes. Try. Guy Whitney. Tell him - I really need to talk to him. That I'm feeling it. My rage. And need him to call. Thank you. Thank you so much. Thank you.

Hanging up, he tries to calm his respiration, put on a happy-face; and face the fire.

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - RECEPTION IN PROGRESS

NORAH in her element, mixing and mingling, ANNIE doing her part too, chatting up adults, with uncharacteristic charm.

GUY'S ENTRANCE draws immediate attention. Like a politician, who can turn it on, even when his life is going to hell, he moves from handshake to hug, to air kiss, across the room.

Spotting NORAH, he's relieved to get a beckoning wave; so far, so good. No sign of Kimberly. Maybe she isn't here, after all. Praying for God's mercy, he pushes through.

NORAH

Honey, look who I've got here!
And he's not scary at all!

KENNEDY

(warm handshake) I hope you don't mind,
Guy. I used Norman Booth's invitation.

GUY

You kidding? I'm delighted. Like
I told you, my life is an open book.

But Guy's furtive glance around the room catches the eye of another party-goer; a woman with long black hair and glasses, who waves to him, quickly becoming obscured in the crowd. It is KIMBERLY. His heart is pounding so loud, he's sure it can be heard all over the room.

NORAH

(playing to Kennedy) You don't have
to worry, Guy. I've charmed him to
death. Practically promised him he
could "have his way" with me.

GUY looks to NORAH; speechless.

NORAH (cont'd)

I'm kidding.

GUY

(faltering) No, no. That's fine.
Do that. I'll have to - come right
back. (backing away) Just a little
"stomach" thing....

His gesture of reassurance does little to reassure, as he turns, pushing through bodies, to the stairs, where he climbs halfway up, pausing to look down on the crowd - and SEES HER AGAIN; this time, holding up her cellphone and gesturing "call me."

INT. GUY'S MASTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

He dashes in, fumbling with the bedside phone. SHE ANSWERS:

KIM (O.S.)
Whitney residence. And what a great place!

GUY
Kimberly. I beg you. Please go away.

CUT BETWEEN THEM:

KIM
But I'm having such a good time,
Guy. And it's such a good cause.
Handguns are such scary things.

GUY
Go home, Kimberly. You can only
hurt people here, Kim --

KIM
That's why I've come. To find out
what to do with it.

GUY
With what?

KIM
My handgun. It's in my purse.

WE MOVE IN ON GUY....AS THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGES FOR HIM.
A decision forced upon him that will forever alter his fate.

GUY
You know what I realized when
I saw you here tonight, Kim?

KIM
(not optimistic) I can only imagine.

GUY
I realized I love you.

KIM
As a "brunette," you mean.

GUY
As a woman.

KIM
(a gulp of emotion) You don't mean that.

GUY
I do.

KIM
(in earnest) Oh, Guy. Don't say it, if you don't mean it.

GUY
I do mean it. I want to marry you.

KIM
(bursts into tears) Oh, Guy.

GUY
Go home now. Don't spoil it for us.

KIM
I want to make love to you.

GUY
I'll call you tomorrow.

KIM
Now. In your wife's bed.

WE SEE NORAH behind her, drifting closer as she does her hostess duties.

KIM (cont'd)
(imploring) Do that for me. To prove your love. Fuck my brains out in your wife's bed.

Overhearing the last bit, NORAH TURNS. But before she can get a look at the woman who said it, she's pulled away by a FATCAT DONOR, who wants to introduce her to someone across the room.

GUY
I can't do that, Kimberly. Not now.

KIM
I'm coming up, then.

GUY
(panic) No, no, no. No - Kimberly, please!

KIM

Maybe just *cuddle* in it.

GUY

I'll get it in the divorce, okay?
You have to go now. Directly to your
car. If you want me to marry you.
Don't look at anyone. Don't speak to
anyone.....

KIM

I love you, Guy. I love you so.

ANNIE

Daddy?

ANNIE at the door -

GUY

(into phone) Yes, yes. Me too.
I'm glad you enjoyed the party and
I'll talk to you in the morning.
(hangs up)

ANNIE

Mom sent me up, to see if you're okay.

Unanswering, he dashes out to the front deck - breathing a
sigh of relief when he sees KIMBERLY cross to her car and
drive away.

ANNIE (cont'd)

Are you? Okay?

GUY

Yes. No!

Swept with urgency, he makes a mad dash for the bathroom,
ANNIE turning with relief to see NORAH ENTER. Following the
sounds of vomiting, she heads in after him.

INT - THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

NORAH

Poor Baby...

With the reflexes of a Mom and helpmate, she immerses a towel
in cold water, pressing it to the back of his neck.

NORAH (cont'd)

I'm calling Dennis.

GUY

Don't call Dennis! Don't call Dennis!

Reassuring him, she holds his forehead as he leans into the bowl and pukes.

INT - MEDICAL ANSWERING SERVICE - NIGHT

PHONE OPERATOR

(picking up) Doctor's emergency exchange. No, I couldn't reach him, Mister Whitney, he's out of town. Can I give you Doctor Fleck?

INT - GUY'S DEN - LATE NIGHT

The party long over, the house quiet and dark; GUY whispers into the phone:

GUY

No. I need Dr. Reinhardt.
Tell him I need help. Urgently.

EXT. DARK HARBOUR, MAINE - SAME

A desolate world, silent save for the squeal of oarlocks; a solitary ROWBOAT pulls toward open water, cutting a path through the fog. Above it, a CLIFFSIDE MANSION, its glory days long past, towers over all.

CLOSE ON THE OARSMAN - BRUNO REINHARDT, anchoring beside a buoy. The boat tilts precariously as he leans over the side, pulling up, hand over hand, something attached to the end of a rope.

PHONE OPERATOR (O.S)

I'll pass that on, to the Doctor, Mister Whitney; he'll call as soon as he can.

EXT/INT - PORTLAND (MAINE) AIRPORT/PRIVATE TERMINAL - DAY

GUY nervously waits on the airstrip, as a TWIN ENGINE CESSNA touches down, taxiing toward.

It is piloted by BRUNO REINHARDT, wearing a two day growth of beard and an Army flight suit. Hopping out with a hearty wave, he summons GUY over, to check out the plane.

BRUNO

Meet the love of my life. "Brunnhilde."
You know the opera? Wagner's best.

He sings it as he ties down the plane; GUY disconcerted by the ebullient mood.

GUY

You're vacationing?

BRUNO

Me? Never. I'm kind of a psychiatrist without borders.
(re: the sky) Care to come up?

GUY

I have to get back.

BRUNO

I do, too. I have a noon flight to Boston. Doing my Harvard thing today.

GUY

(dismayed) You're headed to Boston?!
Then why did I have to come here?

Pulling off his flying gloves, BRUNO heads toward the terminal; GUY, perturbed, follows close behind.

BRUNO

Pilgrimages are important. They fortify our commitment. Given your earlier reaction, I had to test how serious you are.

GUY

I wouldn't have called, if I weren't serious. You *did* get my message - ?

BRUNO

(amused) That you'd "found your rage" and needed "help?"

GUY

Yes.

BRUNO

And what kind of help might that be?

GUY

Whatever help you can give me.
Whatever it is, you *do*.

BRUNO

"Whatever it is, you do?" Is that a statement I can run with?

GUY

Look, you know the problem. I'm not certain what you want from me.

BRUNO

Is that what you'll say to your Board of Directors when you're a big CEO? "You know the problem, what do you want from me?" Take responsibility here, Guy.

GUY

I take full responsibility!

BRUNO

And you're giving it to me?

GUY

Giving what to you?

BRUNO

"Full responsibility?"

GUY

Yes. Okay. Yes!

BRUNO

To do what?

GUY

Jesus Christ...!

BRUNO

I'm looking for clarity here, Guy! A clear, concise statement, of what the problem is, what you want from me, and why.

Though his blood at the boiling point, GUY stays the course, articulating a statement as *concisely* as he can:

GUY

The problem is Kimberly Mayfield. Who must be stopped before she ruins my life, and that of my wife and daughter.

BRUNO

Because, you "rage" at her?

GUY

(agreed) Because I rage at her.

BRUNO

Then connect to it. Feel it.
Say it like you mean it!

GUY'S jaw is clenched to keep from exploding.

BRUNO (cont'd)

(prompting) "I rage at her because..."

GUY

I rage at her because - (surprised
by surge of emotion) - I gave her love,
and she gave me hate! I was kind to
her, and she's trying to ruin me!

BRUNO

And you need to eliminate this
problem?

GUY

(losing it) Yes! I do! Need
to eliminate this problem! I keep
saying that! Do I not?! I need to
eliminate this problem, very badly!
I need this woman to go away!!

BRUNO

(proud) And there we have it. Now
you're a CEO. I heard it, because you
felt it. Now, my instructions are clear.

Indicating the TERMINAL, BRUNO gestures him inside.

INT - PRIVATE TERMINAL, COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Taking seats in a booth, BRUNO slides a 3x5 CARD across to
him; on it, written:

DARK HARBOUR, ISLAND
10 MARINA WAY

BRUNO

My stepmother's address in Dark
Harbour. The housekeeper is off on
Saturday night, leaving her alone in
the house. (off Guy's look) "Criss-
cross," Guy. It goes both ways.

GUY

(stunned) This is not what I asked
for.

BRUNO

Which was smart, in case of a polygraph. If they picked me up, you could say "I never asked him to kill her." Is this Saturday night any good for you?

GUY

(appalled) No. Of course not!

BRUNO

Right! It's Norman Booth's retirement party! There's your alibi! I'll take this Saturday, you take next.

GUY

I'm no killer, Bruno.

BRUNO

That's the beauty of it. We're both beyond suspicion. We don't even know the victims! (getting up) Give me a twelve hour window. Make sure you're seen by people who can testify they saw you, from 12:00 noon, until I give you the all-clear at midnight.

GUY

This is not going to happen.

BRUNO

Oh, it *will*. You have my word.

GUY

No, you don't understand -

BRUNO

(fierce) No, you don't! You came for a reason, you said what you said. Assuage your conscience? Go right ahead. But you heard my proposal, and I heard yours. "The word is a wild bird," said Socrates, "Once it's out of its cage, you cannot call it back!"

GUY

(terrified) This is an exercise - right?! Tell me it's an exercise.

BRUNO

Good luck at the party. I'll hold good thoughts for you, Saturday night.

He exits quickly, BOARDING A SHUTTLE that pulls away; GUY left stunned, with DESPERATION in his eyes.

EXT - GUY'S HOUSE - DINNER TIME

His car pulling into the driveway, GUY gets out, staring at the house; disconnected, as though a dream.

INT - GUY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HE ENTERS, to surprised greetings and warm smiles from NORAH and ANNIE, at the dining room table, sharing Chinese takeout.

NORAH

Thought you had a meeting tonight.

GUY

No. I needed to be home. With you two. There's nowhere I'd rather be. Than here. At home. Right now. With you.

The glance between ANNIE and NORAH, is caught by GUY.

GUY (cont'd)

So. Pass the eggrolls?

NORAH

Did something happen, Guy? Did you get some news? (off his look) The job - ?

GUY

It's being announced Saturday night.

NORAH

At the party? How cruel.. To announce it in public.

ANNIE

Yeah - like the Academy Awards? I love when all the losers are all, "Yay, I'm a big loser." In my ten thousand dollar dress and five million dollar earrings, and my new fake boobs and puffy lips, still oozing puss, I'm a big L-0-S-E-R anyway." (quick to add) Not that you'll lose.

NORAH

Any news from the "background checker?"

GUY

No. (paranoid) Why?

NORAH

Because 'no news is good news.' No way you'll lose. It would take a serious act of God, for this thing to end up any other way.

EXT. GUY'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Quiet, darkened. All presumably asleep within.

INT - GUY'S DEN - SAME

A desk drawer slides open, GUY'S hand pries up the liner, removing handful of photos from concealment; brought to the window, they are studied by moonlight: KIMBERLY when she felt loved, glowing for the camera. GUY'S eyes fill with emotion when he turns one over, reading her handwritten poem:

GUY

"Who can make the sad clown smile?
Who can stop her pain for awhile?
Whose muse am I, whose secret charmer?
That Guy. Over there. 'My Guy.' In
shining armor."

Tortured, his eyes turn to the clock: 2:15 - then to his CELLPHONE. His eyes lift to the ceiling, assessing the chances of being overheard.

EXT - GUY'S BACKYARD - SAME

His darkened figure under a tree, eyes fixed nervously on an upstairs window, phone to his ear - hearing it ring, until:

KIMBERLY'S VOICEMAIL

Hi, you've reached Kimberly Mayfield,
soon to be Kimberly Whitney. The
luckiest girl in the world.

He slams the phone shut; PANIC-STRICKEN.

EXT - GUY'S CAR - MOVING FAST - MOMENTS LATER

KIMBERLY'S VOICEMAIL (cont'd)

You've reached Kimberly Mayfield,
soon to be Kimberly Whitney. The
luckiest girl in the world. (beep)

INT - THE CAR - SAME

GUY ON THE PHONE - DESPERATE.

GUY

Kim. If you're there, for God's sake pick up! For God's sake, erase your outgoing message. I'm headed to your place. Kim? Wake up!

INT. KIMBERLY'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

HER ANSWERING MACHINE blinks "5" - as "6" ACTIVATES:

KIMBERLY'S VOICEMAIL

Hi, you've reached Kimberly Mayfield. Soon to be Kimberly Whitney. The luckiest girl in the world. (beep)

GUY'S VOICE (INCOMING)

Kim, I've called six times. I'm out in the alley. Are you there?

EXT - HER ALLEY - SAME

GUY, on all fours, feeling under the Alfa Romeo's tires.

INT - KIMBERLY'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

HER ANSWERING MACHINE, blinking "6," activates number "7."

KIMBERLY'S VOICEMAIL

Hi, this is Kimberly Mayfield, soon to be Kimberly Whitney, the luckiest girl in the world (beep)

GUY'S VOICE (incoming)

Kimberly. I'm outside your door. I've rung, I've knocked, I'm coming in.

The lock clicks, the doorhandle turns, GUY ENTERS quietly, sensing the stillness around him.

GUY

Kimberly...? Kim...?

His eyes are drawn to the BLINKING LIGHT of the ANSWERING MACHINE; seven messages - all his. He deletes them, then searches for a way to eliminate her outgoing message. Unable to see it, he turns on a small lamp, his eyes fixing on a WALL CALENDAR above it, where he spots HIS NAME.

"Guy goes to Denver." "Guy comes home." "Guy has important meeting." "Don't know where Guy is." Flipping pages, he sees months of entries, documenting his every move, their every meeting. Yanking it off the wall, he topples a vase that splashes water across the telephone table, dripping onto the floor.

Dashing into the kitchen for a paper towel, he is confronted with NEWSPAPER ARTICLES ABOUT HIM, all over the refrigerator. Pulling them off, he stuffs them into his pockets - hit with the realization that if something were to happen to her, this place is loaded with evidence of his involvement in her life.

IN THE HALL CLOSET: he finds a RED NECKTIE, a party-favor UMBRELLA from Pilgrim Publishing, and an entire suit of SPARE CLOTHES. Grabbing it, hangars and all, he looks to the BEDROOM. Gotta be more.

But ENTERING THE BEDROOM - HE STOPS SHORT. She's there. KIMBERLY, in bed, asleep. An iPod plugged into her ears, a sleep-mask over her eyes, an OPENED BOTTLE OF AMBIEN on the table beside her, and, next to it, a HALF-EMPTY BOTTLE OF WINE.

Swept with forboding, he makes a move toward her; a coat hangar in his arms catches the door handle, slamming it shut with a bang. She doesn't move. Edging closer, he hovers close, pushing his ear to within an inch of her mouth.

KIM

(shouts) THEN IT NEVER! HAH!

Lurching backwards, he hits a lamp, managing to catch it - remaining frozen, mid-position; his breath shuddering, sweat forms on his brow. Her outburst was a nightmare. No more movement or sound.

Moving fast now, he paws through her jewelry box with trembling hands - finding a pendant engraved "To Winnie, from Eore." Stuffing it into his pocket, he searches for more, spotting, in her top drawer, a pair of boarding passes, and a goofy arcade photo, from a trip they took to Atlantic City. In the next drawer, he grabs a pair of panties embroidered "For Guy" on the crotch. He's seen all this before. BUT IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER IS SOMETHING THAT SHOCKS HIM.

SPY-CAMERA PHOTOS of NORAH: on the street, in a restaurant, shopping for clothes, lunching with friends, even in a public restroom. The last one is the clincher. It is a blow-up of ANNIE, circled in red, among a crowd of kids coming out of school.

KIM (cont'd)

(quietly) Dare to move, I'll put a bullet in your back.

Seated upright in bed, the revolver in her hand shakes as much as her voice does.

GUY
(starts to turn) Kim -

KIM
Shut up! One move, one sound, so help me God, I'll blow you a new asshole.

GUY IS FROZEN IN HORROR; SHE IS TERRIFIED TOO.

KIM
HANDS UP!

He follows orders; the umbrella under his arm clatters to the floor.

KIM (cont'd)
I've been taught self defense.
My finger is squeezing this trigger.
Don't trigger my reflex.

The threat is real - but what she does next, is even more threatening. She's dialing 911, TURNING HIM IN! He turns to stop her and THE GUN GOES OFF. She shrieks, aiming again, and he dives for the gun, causing it to discharge into the ceiling. Plaster falls as he lands on top of her, the gun clatters to the floor, KIMBERLY struggles beneath him, fighting for her life.

GUY
Kim! Kimmie! Please. It's Guy!
It's me!

KIM
(stopped) Guy....?!

GUY
Yes.

KIM
(bursting into tears) Oh, God, Oh God,
I almost killed you! (wrapping her arms
around him) Dear God, Dear God, Oh God,
my love, my love, you came to see me and
look what I almost did!

Clinging tight to him, her desperation turns to need, hungrily kissing his neck, his face, his cheek; she tastes his TEARS.

KIM (cont'd)

It's all right, Guy. Don't cry,
Sweet Guy. We're together, it's
fine, everything will be alright now.

GUY

I need you to leave town, Kimberly.
First thing tomorrow you need to
go away.

KIM

No, no, no. Not leave you.

GUY

You have to. I beg you to. Call
my cell and leave a number. I'll
find you on Monday. (eye to eye)
Please. Don't ask why. Just do this.
For me. If you love me. Please.

KIM

Make love to me. I will if you
make love to me. I'm taking
the fertility pills.

GUY

Kim -

KIM

Please. I'll go away, if you
make love to me.

GUY

(anguished) Oh, Kimberly...

Clutching tight to each other, their mouths inevitably lock.
The force of life and death, love and lust, guilt and fear,
colliding in a emotional super-storm that overwhelms them.

KIM

My Guy, My Guy....!

But he manages to wrest from her embrace.

GUY

Not now, Kim. Please. I have
to go back now. And you have
to go away. Promise me. Please.

KIM

(puzzled) Okay.

Making a sweep of the room, he gathers up his things.

GUY

I'll come meet you. See, I'm packing my things to come meet you. You pack a bag, too. Erase that message on the machine. Tomorrow morning, wake up and go.

His arms loaded with reclaimed possessions, he exits the room; KIM perplexed as she hears the door slam.

INT - GUY'S BEDROOM - LATER

He slips in, hoping not to waken NORAH; but she is awake, her eyes etched with worry.

NORAH

Where have you been?

GUY

Went for a walk.

NORAH

You haven't slept?

GUY

I feel like I'm losing my mind.

NORAH

Just get through the day, Guy. Today and tomorrow. It will all be over, tomorrow night.

GUY

Will it? Ever? Be "over?"

Sinking to the edge of the bed, he drops his head into his hands.

NORAH

How 'bout taking the day off?
And just be good to yourself.
Maybe see someone who can help.
Claire Neihause has a therapist....

GUY

(exploding) Don't tell me about Claire Neihause, alright?! Don't tell me about therapists! I don't like therapists! I hate therapists! That's all I need, is for people to know I'm seeing a "therapist!" That's the last thing I need!

NORAH

What do you need, Guy? What can I do?

GUY

I need to go to work. I need to make some calls.

EXT - FISHERMAN'S WHARF - SAME

BRUNO, looking out over the ocean, is barely able to hear his CELLPHONE RINGING over the cry of the GULLS.

BRUNO

(picks up) Doctor Reinhardt, here.
(delighted) Guy! I was just talking about you.

INT. GUY'S OFFICE - CUT BETWEEN THE TWO:

GUY

Talking about me?! To who?

BRUNO

Kimberly. We're having a coffee together.

WE SEE HER among a crowd of SQUEALING KIDS, feeding the seals.

GUY

What are you doing with Kimberly?!
This is Friday! Why are you with Kimberly?!

BRUNO

Gaining her confidence.

GUY

Her confidence in what?!

BRUNO

"Don't ask, don't tell," Guy.
Each in our own way. I think that's best for both of us.

GUY

She's leaving town! I told her to leave town! Let her go! Get away from her!

BRUNO

She's not a "captive," Guy. She was grateful for my call. Eager to tell me the good news. Congratulations on becoming engaged!

GUY

I want to talk to her! Put her on the phone! Right now!

BRUNO

Don't spoil it, Guy. She's so happy right now.

GUY

Where are you?! Where the fuck are you, Godammit?!

BRUNO

I'm in a "go mode," as per your instructions.

GUY

You fucking son of a bitch!

BRUNO

Ah-ah, no potty-talk. I'll expect an apology, when this is done.

HE HANGS UP, waving to KIMBERLY, who waves warmly back.

INT. GUY'S OUTER OFFICE - SAME MOMENT

DANICA hears a WAIL coming from GUY'S OFFICE; primal, agonized, like a gutshot bull.

DANICA

(into her intercom) Guy?

GUY

I'm fine.

DANICA

Are you sure?

GUY

I sneezed.

DANICA

Gesundheit.

EXT. KIMBERLY'S BUILDING - LATER

BRUNO, looking debonair in a SPORTS CAR, drops KIMBERLY off at her door. Their smiles indicate a warm rapport.

BRUNO

Just remember: the secret to Guy is, he needs to feel "in control." Let him think you went out of town this weekend. Don't answer his calls. If you're tempted, call me instead.

KIM

Do I pay you for this, Doctor?

BRUNO

Just invite me to the wedding. That's payment enough.

KIM

Do you think he really will?

BRUNO

If he doesn't he's a fool. I envied him the moment I met him. But never more than now.

The quality of eye-contact embarrasses both. He's aware she's gazing after him, as he pulls away.

EXT - GUY'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

A NEWSPAPER hits the front doorstep: SATURDAY EDITION.

INT - GUY'S BEDROOM - SAME

GUY in bed, paralyzed with fear, realizes he is alone -

GUY

Norah...?

Rolling over, he pulls out his cellphone and quickly makes a call - getting a robotic message.

ROBOTIC MESSAGE

Hello, I can't come to the phone now. Leave your message, the date and time, at the tone.

Eyes etched with anguish - he hangs up.

INT - KITCHEN - SAME

The newspaper, opened to the Business Section, carries a photo of Norman Booth, headlined:

*A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
Publisher Norman Booth retires tonight*

NORAH (ON PHONE)
No, I have eight thousand things to do,
and Matilda went home sick last night.

Grabbing her purse and keys while talking on the phone, she catches sight of GUY coming downstairs, his eyes hollowed out with sleeplessness and distress.

NORAH (cont'd)
I hope to Hell, Guy didn't catch it,
he's not looking so great this morning.
I agree, he will "feel better after
tonight." See you there.

She hangs up, giving GUY a bracing smile.

NORAH (cont'd)
How bout, this is the first day of
the rest of your life?

GUY
(tense) Where are you going?

NORAH
Hair, facial, dressmaker; gotta look
good, on the arm of the new CEO.

GUY
Where's Annie?

NORAH
Horse show in Roxbury. She's doing
Dressage. (off his look) It'll be
nice, won't it, to have the day to
yourself? Alone in the house? You
can rehearse your acceptance speech.

GUY
I need to be around people today.

NORAH
Come with me, if you like. You
might enjoy watching my bikini wax.

EXT. ROXBURY EQUESTRIAN CLUB - NOON

ANNIE astride a high-stepping horse, unaware that GUY has just arrived, his face a mask anxiety - attacked by a HORSE MOM, who pulls him into a hug.

HORSE-MOM

Is that Guy Whitney? Showing up here, with what you've going on, tonight?! I swear, you're gonna get the "Blue Ribbon" for Daddy Of The Year!

Seeing him, ANNIE'S FACE LIGHTS UP; GUY blows her a kiss, his eyes welling up with pride.

INT - KIMBERLY'S LOFT - SAME

She's leafing through BRIDAL MAGAZINES - when her PHONE RINGS.

KIM

Hello? (delighted) You won't believe this, I was just thinking about you. How much more "real" everything seems since I met you.

INTERCUT: BRUNO IN HIS CAR - OUT FRONT.

BRUNO

I've been thinking about you, as well.

KIM

And how do you "think of me," Doctor?

BRUNO

"Professionally," of course.

KIM

Of course.

BRUNO

Just wanted to make sure you're all right, today.

INT. GUY'S CAR - ON THE WAY HOME

Filled with kids and nonstop chatter, GUY behind the wheel, face grimly set. The dashboard clock reads 3:30 P.M.

INT. BRUNO'S PLANE - SAME

KIMBERLY SQUEALS as he plunges them into a NOSEDIVE. When they've stabilized, eye-contact indicates their "friendship" is getting closer.

INT. GUYS HOUSE - 6:00 P.M.

GUY and NORAH dressing for the big event. ANNIE too.

EXT. KIMBERLY'S HOUSE - SAME

BRUNO'S CAR pulls up and she gets out; he walks her to the door. A moment of awkwardness.

BRUNO
(re: the building) And how is life
at the top? Or are you not at the top?

KIM
Would you like to see?

BRUNO
I wish, in my lifetime, I got to see
everything that Guy got to see.

A long look. She invites him to follow.

INT - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

He steps in behind her, and they ascend.

INT - HER LOFT - CONTINUOUS

THEY ENTER, and stand in silence.

KIM
What would you like to see *first* -
that "Guy gets to see?"

BRUNO
First? Your kitchen. How 'bout
I make some dinner?

INT - GUY'S LIMOUSINE - ON THE MOVE

HE, NORAH and ANNIE; a portrait of perfection.

INT - KIMBERLY'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

The contented look of a pampered woman; relaxing with a drink, in front of the TV, while her dinner is being cooked.

INT - KIMBERLY'S KITCHEN - SAME

CAMERA PANS PAST a pasta-pot reaching full boil, raw veggies lined up on a cutting board... to BRUNO, opening the KNIFE DRAWER; his entire persona HARDENING.

INT. MARRIOTT BALLROOM - SAME

"At the Co-pa, Co-pa-Ca-bana" belted out by BAND SINGER, to a dance floor crowded with revelers. NORMAN BOOTH, the 90-year old "Man of the hour," cuts in on GUY, who was dancing with ANNIE, the 15-year old instinctively knowing how to play the old coot. The crowd clears space for them, on the floor.

GUY AND NORAH exchange look. This is surely a good sign.

EXT - KIMBERLY'S BUILDING - SAME

BRUNO EXITS, carrying something the shape of a long salami, wrapped in rags, under his arm.

INT. MARRIOTT BALLROOM - SAME

Dinner plates being cleared as an EMCEE steps onstage.

EMCEE

Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you
Norman Booth!

Given a standing ovation, he milks every moment of it, blowing Evita kisses to the crowd.

BOOTH

I thank you... Thank you, one and all.

EXT - BANGOR/SKINNER AIRSTRIP - MAINE - NIGHT

BRUNO'S TWIN ENGINE CESSNA comes in for a landing. BRUNO quickly secures the plane, heading toward a parked car, carrying the wrapped, salami-shaped object under his arm.

INT - MARRIOTT BALLROOM - SAME

The room held in breathless suspense; BOOTH not about to end it anytime soon.

BOOTH

....finally narrowing it down to two very different, but equally remarkable men: Morrie Brewer, who came to us directly from high school, as a mailroom boy, and worked his way to the top - or Guy Whitney, who came to us from the top of his class at Harvard Law.

GUY finds BREWER'S eyes on him. NORAH, her face hard with worry, catches sight of the INTERROGATOR (KENNEDY) who gives her a thumbs up. She nudges GUY, who acknowledges his signal with a nod.

BOOTH (cont'd)

I ask myself: which of these men,
at the helm of my ship, would steer
it through the storms of temptation,
ever toward higher ground.

EXT - DARK HARBOUR, MAINE - SAME MOMENT

The water black as ink, a solitary BOATMAN bathed in sweat rows toward open water, passing in and out of fog. BRUNO, pausing to wipe his brow, winces at the sting of perspiration irritating a long scratch that traces a fingernail's path, down the side of his face.

Anchoring beside a buoy, he carefully picks up the object he's been carrying; the salami-shaped one, wrapped in rags.

INT - MARRIOTT BALLROOM - SAME

BOOTH (OVER)

....realizing, that after 70 years of
stewardship, the most important decision
I've ever made, is the one I announce
here, tonight.

GUY REACHES for NORAH'S HAND.

INTERCUT: BRUNO, reaching for a "hand" too; revealed one finger at a time as he unwraps the rags.

INTERCUT: BOOTH'S gnarly fist, wrapping around a glass of water.

BOOTH (cont'd)

...But I'd be remiss if I didn't
pause to thank the executive committee
headed by Ira Leiner, who put on this
beautiful party tonight....

EXT. DARK HARBOUR - SAME

BRUNO'S boat tilts as he leans over the side pulling up a LOBSTER TRAP at the end of a rope; empty. KIMBERLY'S arm goes into it, heaved back into the water.

INT. MARRIOTT BALLROOM - SAME MOMENT

Nerves strained to the breaking point as the old man blathers on, GUY FEELS A VIBRATION FROM HIS CELLPHONE and steals a glance at it. "TEXT MESSAGE" is blinking.

BOOTH

...and, to my own dear Evaline, who watches over us all, and no doubt guided me to this decision tonight.

CLOSE ON GUY'S CELLPHONE: AS HE PUNCHES UP:

"One down, one to go. Your problems are over."

Hit hard by it, GUY snaps the phone shut; NORAH alarmed to see her husband's head bow low to the table, the cellphone pressed to his lips. His shoulders are shaking. He is weeping.

BOOTH (cont'd)

It is, therefore, with great pride, and gratitude to all, that I entrust the future of Pilgrim Publications... to Guy Whitney!

HE IS HIT BY A SPOTLIGHT, and room explodes into applause, GUY rushed by people slapping him on the back and shaking his hand, becoming aware of what happened only when he sees the entire assemblage on their feet, giving him a standing ovation.

BOOTH (cont'd)

Come on up, GUY! Get up here, boy!
Let an old man pass the baton...!

CELEBRANTS

(chanting) GUY-GUY-GUY-GUY....!

The orchestra plays the Rocky theme, GUY pulled to his feet, standing, dazed, in the spotlight of the most triumphant and traumatic moment of his life.

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Sun pours in, the birds are singing; GUY awakens to the realization that it's over.

NORAH

(entering) 'Morning, "Mister C.E.O...."

Breezing in with an armload of newspapers, she pulls open the curtains as she makes her way toward the bed.

NORAH (cont'd)

You would not believe what's going on, here. Danica's downstairs, fielding the phone calls, there's a Satellite Van in the driveway for an interview with one of the morning shows - and a fantastic picture of us in the Globe.

Approaching the bed, she registers his joyless expression.

NORAH (cont'd)

Okay, let's try it again. Good morning, you've achieved your life's dream, could we get a little "happy face," here?

GUY

(trying hard) I am. Happy. Very. I am.

Taking her hand, he pulls her into his arms, clutching tight; the newspapers cascading onto the bed around them.

GUY (cont'd)

I just need a minute here, to let it soak in. Just, be with you. A minute of peace, to keep the world away.

Savoring the moment, she closes her eyes, opening them to see, among the newspapers scattered around them - a NEWSPHOTO peeking out, that piques her interest.

NORAH

Look, Guy. Do we know her?

At a single glance, GUY's "minute of peace" is over. The PHOTO is KIMBERLY; above the word "MURDERED." Attempting to distract her, GUY pulls NORAH close; but she is fixated.

NORAH (cont'd)

She looks familiar. Not to you?

She picks up the newspaper, her jaw dropping as she reads.

NORAH (cont'd)

Oh, My God, how awful. Poor thing. (stopped) An "events planner?" Wait a second. (off his look) I'm sorry, but this is ringing a bell.

GUY

Not to me, it isn't.

His feet hit the floor and he heads into the bathroom.

NORAH

Oh, my God. He hacked her up.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Attempting to take refuge in the shower, he turns to see her
ENTER - with the NEWSPAPER in her hand.

NORAH

Guy, we met her. The "Fiorentino
Party?" The events planner. Remember?
She was like, a "basket case?"
(off his look) Someone's killed her.
And hacked her up.

His face loses color.

GUY

What do you mean?

NORAH

(quoting) "Strangled, sexually molested,
and missing her left arm." Found in her
apartment, yesterday afternoon.

Reeling, GUY struggles to carry on, turning on the shower
and staggering in - her eyes still glued to the page.

NORAH (cont'd)

Oh, Jesus, this is sick. Guy? Listen -

GUY

(explodes) I don't want to hear about
it! Do I have to hear about it?! Can
you please let me enjoy my day?!!

Puzzled by his OUTBURST; she's DISTRACTED BY:

ANNIE (OS)

Mom!? Can someone get that truck out
of the driveway?! I can't get my Moped
out of the garage.

Abandoning the newspaper, NORAH heeds the call.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A WINDOW VIEW shows NORAH outside, helping ANNIE liberate
her Moped -- CAMERA PANNING TO GUY, having stepped out of
the shower to get the newspaper; stunned, as he reads:

GUY

"...amputation of the arm at the ball-socket, indicating a doctor's knowledge of anatomy -- preliminary forensics indicating...."

What he reads next is too much for him; OUR CAMERA FOLLOWS THE NEWSPAPER as it DROPS to the floor, focusing on the last line:

"....sexual battery likely occurred after the time of death."

GUY clings to a towel rack for support.

INT. PILGRIM PUBLISHING - RECEPTION AREA - LATER

GUY STEPS OFF THE ELEVATOR, to the welcoming cheers of waiting COLLEAGUES. Wading through congratulatory hugs, he makes it to:

HIS OFFICE - SAME

Filled with gift baskets and bouquets, his team ready and eager to handle the business of the day.

OLIVER

While you slept, we made some choices. There's a press conference at noon, a staff meeting at 2:00...

VICTOR

The phone interviews are stacked up a mile long. We're giving priority to Business Week, U.S. News and World Report, Wall Street Journal, and The New York Times...

DANICA

Doctor Nugent called. Said it was urgent. Wanted you to find him, the "moment you came in."

GUY

(braces himself) Get him.
(to the rest) Can I have a minute - ?

OLIVER/VICTOR/THEO

(leaving) We'll see you in a bit.
Happy Days.

Left alone with DANICA as she places the call, GUY stares blankfaced at the gifts.

DANICA

See the story on the girl? "Kimberly?"
(indicates a newspaper opened on his desk)
Remember her? We used to have her photo
up here - I don't know what happened to it -
of the Frontieri party, that you had to
go down to, the night before, and spend the
entire night, trying to help her get organized?

GUY

Vaguely.

DANICA

It's all over the News. They're thinking
it's the rapist who was preying on Boston
coeds last summer; same "m.o." But he
just took *fingers*. This guy took a whole
arm. (on phone) "Doctor" Nugent? I have
our new CEO, for you.

GUY waits until she leaves - then, after taking a breath.

GUY

Good morning.

INT. DENNIS'S OFFICE - SAME

CUT BETWEEN THE TWO.

DENNIS

You're alone?

GUY

You saw the news?

DENNIS

When did you last see her?

GUY

I don't know. Wednesday?

DENNIS

Freakish, wouldn't you say?

GUY

I'd call it devastating.

DENNIS

How 'bout "convenient?"

GUY

What the hell does that mean?

DENNIS

What do you think it means?

GUY

You think I'd do that?! Kill her,
rape her, and cut her arms off?!

DENNIS

Her left arm. It had your name
carved into it.

GUY

(angry) Do you need "witnesses,"
to tell you where I was yesterday?

DENNIS

No. Not any day. I don't want to
see you anymore.

DENNIS hangs up; GUY struggling to hold it together.

NORMAN BOOTH (OS)

Bottom line; this is not just the
right man for the job. It's the
right job for the man.

INT. BOSTON/SHERATON - PRESS STATEMENT

Caught in the lightning of PHOTO-FLASH, GUY endures BOOTH'S
flattery for the benefit of the press.

BOOTH (cont'd)

We're all about "family values,"
here, and in Guy Whitney, we've
found a man who lives the values
we hold dear.

WISEGUY JOURNALIST

Dan Forlani. Was *he* all about
"family values?"

The jibe gets a laugh; BOOTH handles it with aplomb as
GUY gazes out over the crowd, reflexively returning a
wave from the back of the room. His BLOOD RUNS COLD
when he sees who it is: BRUNO, holding up a pocket
tape-recorder like all the rest.

JOURNALIST #2

Mister Whitney: describe the first
moment you knew this job was yours.

His eyes locked with BRUNO, GUY doesn't even hear it.

BOOTH
(prompting) Guy - ?

GUY
(off guard) What?

JOURNALIST #2
What it felt like, when you first
realized the job was yours.

GUY
Oh. I haven't felt it yet.

A burst of laughter quickly fades, GUY realizing that BRUNO is flanked by Jack and Jim - the two "golfers" he met while having lunch with GUY.

GUY (cont'd)
I felt "undeserving" - if you want to know. And I can promise Mister Booth, and all of you. And God, for that matter. That I'll do my best to deserve their faith in me.

APPLAUSE is started by BOOTH, who coaxes others to do the same, giving GUY the opportunity to step down, heading for a side exit, his staff filing out behind him.

INT - OUTSIDE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

GUY's pace accelerates, generating looks of confusion among his staff, who fall back, when he hits a flatout SPRINT toward the EXIT DOORS.

EXT - THE BUILDING - SAME

BRUNO EXITS simultaneously from another door, quickly catching up to GUY who all but ignores him as he strides toward his chauffeur-driven limousine.

BRUNO
Can I extend my congratulations?

GUY
No. Please go away. This is for Press only.

BRUNO
Well, I was talking to Jim and Jack...

GUY
Why are you talking to them?!

BRUNO

Golf, of course. I don't have
all that many friends here, Guy.

GUY

They're not your friends, they're
mine. I can't believe you did this!
You shouldn't be talking to them or
me!

BRUNO

But I *have* to talk to *you*, Guy.

GUY

No you don't. Certainly not here,
not now. (fearful) People are coming out!

BRUNO

Is this your car?

He pulls the door open, GUY little choice but to jump in;
BRUNO follows right behind.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

GUY

(to driver) Go!

DRIVER

We're not waiting for the others - ?

GUY

Get going! NOW!

The DRIVER floors it, both thrown back in their seats as
the LIMO PEELS AWAY.

DRIVER

Where to, Mister Whitney?

GUY

Just go! Drive. Raise the
partition, please.

The GLASS BARRIER goes up; GUY shooting a look behind them,
fearful of who might have seen their getaway.

BRUNO

M'bjeeli H'HanKha'to'to. (off
Guy's look) Swahili, for "softly,
softly, catchee monkey."

GUY
Jesus Christ.

BRUNO
Take it easy, my friend.

GUY
You're not my friend. Listen carefully.
I don't want to see you, I don't want to
hear from you, I don't want to know you!

BRUNO
I understand. But please appreciate
your tone is hurtful.

GUY
"Hurtful?" You mutilated her!?

BRUNO
To protect you. The arm had your
name on it!

GUY
You had sex with her!

BRUNO
To exonerate you! It's not your DNA!

GUY
After she was dead?!

BRUNO
Well, what a dreadful thing to
do to someone who's alive!

GUY
(into intercom) Pull over! Pull
over to the side! (to Bruno) You
want to get out, or should I?
He'll take you to the airport.

BRUNO
Meaning what?

GUY
Come near me again, I'll report
you for stalking.

BRUNO
(patiently) Okay. I'm feeling
betrayed here. And note my use
of the "I" word, to avoid placing
blame. I've gone out on a limb, for you -

GUY

That's correct. It's your DNA.
If I turned you in --

BRUNO

"Turn me in?" Sorry to be cold about this, but I've got an important piece of evidence with your NAME carved onto it. Do you know what that arm would fetch, on E-Bay?

GUY

Is it money, then?! Is that what it takes? How much, to make you go away and never come back?

BRUNO

Okay, I'm feeling rejected by that.

GUY

Fuck you. Name the amount!

BRUNO

Forty million dollars. That's the inheritance. And, I might add, as per your agreement, you have one week to get it.

GUY

(to driver) This street corner.
Drop him where he needs to be dropped.

THE LIMO STOPS - GUY GETS OUT.

BRUNO

Do you still have her address?

GUY

Don't ever contact me again.

BRUNO

Saturday night, Guy. I'll make sure she's waiting for you.

THE DOOR SLAMS; BRUNO watching GUY'S figure recede, as the LIMOUSINE pulls away.

BRUNO (cont'd)

Boy. Talk about no favor goes unpunished.

INT. FORLANI ENTERTAINMENT - DAY

Every bit the "operator" we'd have expected, DAN FORLANI turns to see an UNEXPECTED VISITOR ushered in.

FORLANI

Guy! What a nice surprise! I owe you a congratulations.

GUY

I was just in the neighborhood, Dan, and thought I'd say hi. Actually, I have a friend - who has a huge, huge problem. And if I'm off-base here, I apologize.

FORLANI

Not at all. You're someone I'd love to owe me a favor.

GUY

It's a big one. I need to be put in contact with someone who can make this problem "go away."

EXT. DARK HARBOUR - NIGHT

A still-life, except for the gentle bobbing of lobster boats tied to the dock; a Brahms Piano Concerto wafting from the open porticos of the stately OLD MANSION on the hill.

INT. THE MANSION - SAME

A WOMAN'S HANDS on the keyboard are INTERRUPTED by a RINGING PHONE. Beneath the piano, a LABRADOR RETRIEVER stirs.

CLOSE ON THE PHONE RECEIVER. Her hands locate it by "feel," before lifting it to her ear.

WOMAN (MARIA)

Hello?

BRUNO'S VOICE

Maria?

MARIA

(relief!) My God, where are you? I've been worried sick! I called the hospital, and they said --

INTERCUT TIGHT CLOSE-UPS: PHONE RECEIVERS, MOUTHS, EARS -

BRUNO

I'm relocating.

MARIA

To another hospital? I'd have appreciated your telling me.

BRUNO

I'd like to. On Saturday night. Could I come over?

MARIA

I'd love that. Shall I cook lobster?

BRUNO

See you Saturday night, then.

HER PHONE is replaced on its cradle. From beneath the piano, where the DOG lies, WE SEE the wheels of her WHEELCHAIR turn.

INT. BRUNO'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME

He puts down the phone, making his next call, getting:

RECORDED VOICE

"This is Pilgrim Publishing...our offices are closed. If this is an emergency, hit #1." (he does)

PRIORITY SWITCHBOARD

Emergency Operator, how can I help?

BRUNO

This is Doctor Reinhardt, for Guy Whitney. Put me through, please?

SWITCHBOARD

Call-back number?

BRUNO

Tell him its urgent, I'll stay on the line.

He waits a beat until she returns, explaining tactfully:

SWITCHBOARD

I'm sorry, Doctor, I'm unable to put you through.

BRUNO

(feeling the affront) Fair enough, I'll call him at home.

Checking his address book, he dials another number - getting:

RECORDED OPERATOR

"I'm sorry. The number you have called has been changed. The new number is unlisted."

CLOSE ON HIS FACE -- HARDENING WITH RAGE.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

GUY and NORAH playing golf with friends (THE KNOWLTONS), who burst into laughter when NORAH'S swing barely topples the ball off the tee.

NORAH

Now, come on, you Guys! That doesn't count!

KNOWLTONS

Yes it does! All you need now, is a very long putt!

CLOSE ON GUY; catching sight of something he doesn't want to see. BRUNO ON A GOLFCART whizzing through the trees!

NORAH

Oh, no! People are coming!
I'm taking too long!!

Emerging from the trees, BRUNO drives his two "golf buddies," and BEN NEIHAUSE - one of GUY'S OWN POSSE! Pulling up, they dismount for hearty handshakes and introductions all around.

NEIHAUSE

Bruno Reinhardt, Jim and Kelly Knowlton -- and of course, you know Norah and Guy.

BRUNO

Norah, I've heard lovely things about you.

NORAH

Yes - ?

JIM

(confused re: Norah) You two don't know each other - ?

GUY

(flustered) Uh, Bruno is actually -

BRUNO

An old "friend." Nothing more.

NORAH
(puzzled) Really.

GUY
(steps aside for them) You want
to play through?

BRUNO
(re: Norah's ball) Go ahead.

NORAH
I've already swung and missed. You
don't want to watch me "strike out."

BRUNO
Try my magic 5-iron. I won the
Newberry Open with it.

NORAH
No kidding. You're a Pro?

BRUNO
Just a lucky amateur. I only did
charity events.

NORAH
"Only" charity events? That's my
whole life! (reminded) And, I expect
all of you, by the way, to come to the
art auction on Thursday, and bring
plenty o'cash!

BRUNO
I love art. Not that I have enough
money, to buy. I do expect a substantial
sum to be coming my way, pretty soon,
though.

NORAH
Well, come anyway. Can I send you
an invitation?

BRUNO
(digging his card out) If I'm in town.

NORAH
(reads it; realizing) The "psychiatrist."

NEIHAUSE
Damn good one, too! He hypnotized
Claire ten days ago, and she hasn't
had a cigarette since!

Suddenly hit with the reason for GUY'S deception of how he knows this man, NORAH puts two-and-two together - and gets five.

NORAH

I can't tell you how glad I am,
that you're an "old friend" of
my husband, Doctor Reinhardt.

BRUNO

Try the 5-iron.

She does, launching the ball on a rocket-like trajectory that causes a HOWL OF DISBELIEF when it lands 6 feet from the cup.

NORAH

Oh, My God, it is magic!!

BRUNO

No, it just takes certain tools, to
bring out the "magic" in all of us.

Eye contact; his charm has reached her.

BRUNO (cont'd)

Would you like to keep it?

GUY answers by grabbing the 5-iron and thrusting it back at him; all embarrassed by the petulant display.

BRUNO (cont'd)

(unfazed) See you at the Clubhouse,
then? Ben's recommending me for a
membership.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - LATER

GUY BURSTS IN, with fire in his eyes. The aisles are empty. He follows the sound of a running shower.

INT - SHOWER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRUNO, luxuriates with a sudsy loofah, opening his eyes to see GUY standing before him, trembling with RAGE.

GUY

You have no right to be here.
In my life. Doing this.

BRUNO

How else do I reach you, Guy? I
can't seem to get you on the phone
anymore.

GUY

Don't push me. I've spoken to someone.

BRUNO

Did you know that Kimberly once catered a "last meal" for a lonely prisoner, on death row? A total stranger, and shared it with him, before he died?

GUY

I didn't know that.

BRUNO

Neither did I, until right before the end. It made me think twice. But I'd made a promise to you.

GUY

Listen carefully. I've got the name of someone, who'll do whatever he's paid to do. An "expert" at making people "go away". Do you understand what I'm telling you?

BRUNO

Just hit her with a brick. What do you need an expert for?

GUY

I'm not talking about your step-mother. I'm talking about you.

BRUNO

Really. Well, why waste the money? We're all alone here, give it a shot. Clearly, I'm unarmed -

GUY

I'd have to touch you. I wouldn't dirty my hands.

BRUNO

Does it feel dirty to touch a naked man, Guy? I can help you with that.

Grabbing Guy's hand, he presses it to his chest, sticking the soap under it and attempting to move GUY'S hand in a circular motion to lather his chest. The soap goes flying, as GUY wrenches free. GUY'S glance, below CAMERA-LINE, makes it clear that BRUNO has enjoyed the encounter. BRUNO smiles, unashamed.

BRUNO (cont'd)

See the power you have? With a single touch?

GUY

This is your last chance. You want to see the "perfect crime?" You will. First hand. If I ever lay eyes on you again.

Turning on his heel, GUY storms out.

BRUNO

(calling after) Saturday night, Guy. She's cooking lobster. You can have dinner, after!

EXT - GUY'S HOUSE - NEARING DINNER TIME

Classical music; peace reigns. Downstairs, the HOUSEKEEPER is setting the dinner table, while upstairs, NORAH works at a desk stacked high with INVITATIONS to her ART AUCTION, checking her list, one last time.

Stopped by a thought, she rummages in her handbag, retrieving a business card that reads:

DR. BRUNO REINHARDT

Director of Psychiatric Services

Westhaven Hospital

White Plains, New York

Preparing to hand-write an invitation to him, she senses a presence, and looks up to see ANNIE at the door; DISTRESS in her eyes.

MATILDA (O.S.)

(calling upstairs) Annie?!

Mrs. Whitney? Dinner!

NORAH

What is it, Annie?

ANNIE

When's Daddy coming home?

NORAH

Late. Why?

ANNIE

I don't think I can tell you why.

EXT/INT. HARLEY HEAVEN - BOSTON SHIPYARDS - NIGHT

A place that businessmen don't frequent; GUY'S entrance, with briefcase and sunglasses, catches the BARTENDER'S eye.

BARTENDER

(to Guy) You Mister Soames?

GUY nods; the BARTENDER points toward two SHADOWY FIGURES waiting in a booth, in the back.

INT. HARLEY HEAVEN - LATER

GUY seated across from them; the "CONTACT" nervous as a whippet, and just as thin, talks too much and too fast; maybe high. His PARTNER, a silent HULK, eyes GUY as though he were the intended hit.

CONTACT

We can do whatever you want, however you want, whenever you want it. It's 150 for a whole-body disappearance, most people want a piece of identifiable anatomy, to prove it was done. For an "accident," it's 75; down to 25 for a simple "hit." Mister Forlani said you were a friend, so we'll do what we can for you.

GUY

That's very kind. But it's not for me, you understand.

CONTACT

Right, it's for your friend. Why don't you check with your "friend," right now; there's a mirror, in the bathroom. Or is that him over there? That big "bunny rabbit" in the corner?

He cracks himself up; but the laughter comes to a HALT.

CONTACT (cont'd)

Hey. Do I know you?

SUDDENLY PANICKED - GUY BOLTS FROM THE TABLE.

CONTACT (cont'd)

Mister Soames! Mister Soames!

GUY glances back to see the BIG ONE heading after him!

EXT. HARLEY HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS

GUY flies out the door, DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF A MOTORCYCLE, and is HIT; knocked to the pavement, hard. Refusing help, he stumbles to his feet, pushing onward; the BURLY BRUISER lumbers after him, calling into the night.

BURLY BRUISER
Mister Soames! Mister Soames! You
forgot your sunglasses!

INT. GUY'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

NORAH, sleepless, hears the front door open. The footsteps that trudge upward carry same kind of dread she feels in her heart. Things have changed, tonight. She has been crying.

CLOSE ON GUY: forehead scuffed, trousers torn at the knee, spirit broken. Pausing at the bedroom door, he summons the courage to enter.

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He emerges from the darkness, both seeing the condition of the other, in a shaft of moonlight.

GUY
(gently) Hey.....

Sitting beside her, he wipes her tears away.

GUY (cont'd)
You okay?

NORAH
(his forehead) What about you?

GUY
Tripped on a curb. Stupid, huh?

She reaches for the bedside lamp; he stops her. A long, searching look, reveals the pain in each others' eyes.

NORAH
I wish you'd have come to me, Guy.

GUY
....Come to you?

NORAH
For comfort. With whatever it is,
that's been troubling you.
(MORE)

NORAH (cont'd)

I've seen the strain you've been under,
and been amazed you didn't crack under
it. (with difficulty) And now -- there's
this. And I'm frightened. So is Annie.
She found it in your tool kit.

On the bedside table, is KIMBERLY'S PEARL-HANDLED REVOLVER
glints in the moonlight. GUY sags with despair.

NORAH (cont'd)

I love you, Guy. There's nothing you
can't tell me.

GUY

There *is*. Believe me. There *is*. But
maybe I *have* to now. Because there's more
than your love at risk. You'll be affected -
all of us will - by the decision I have to
make. It's so awful, Norah.

NORAH

(reassuring) I'm your wife, Guy.

GUY

You won't be soon. When I tell you,
you won't want to be.

NORAH

Nothing could make me not want to be.

GUY

I'm sorry, Norah. So sorry for this.

Containment no longer possible, no way to tell it, but
straight ahead.

GUY (cont'd)

I had an affair. With that girl who
was killed. Kimberly. The gun was hers.
She was mentally unstable. I took it
away from her.

Hard know how she's taking it; her rock-hard stoicism enables
him to continue.

GUY (cont'd)

The man who killed her is someone
I know, and wants me to kill his
stepmother, now.

She covers her mouth to stifle a sound. But her eyes, wide
as saucers are unable to contain a pair of large tears that
trace a path toward her chin.

GUY (cont'd)
 (tortured) He thought I'd agreed to it.
 Maybe on some level I *did* - I don't
 know. But he's threatening to reveal
 me now, if I *don't*. To the *police*, Norah.
 Which would bring everything down.
 Your life, mine, Annie's. Which is
 what I was trying to prevent, all along.
 So it's right, that you be part of the
 decision. Of what should be done.

She gulps back her tears, fighting to remain calm. But
 he's losing the battle, his composure beginning to slip.

GUY (cont'd)
 I'm so ashamed. I don't know what to do.

NORAH
 You will. We'll figure it out, Guy.
 We're in it together, now. I'll help
 you get through this. And so will the
 doctor. (off his look) Reinhardt.

GUY
 Reinhardt!

NORAH
 I called him tonight, to find
 out what to do.

GUY
 Why did you do that?!

NORAH
 It's obvious you've been seeing him.
Thank God you've been seeing him.

GUY
 You can't *talk* to him...!

NORAH
 Yes, I know, he explained about
 "confidentiality," and was very discreet.
 But he *did* admit he knows about this.

GUY
 (agitated) "Knows about this?!" He's
 the one, Norah! Who's doing all this.
 I'm not "seeing" him. I don't even know
 him! He's not my "doctor," or my friend!

NORAH
 He is your friend! He cares!

GUY

He's insane, Norah! He killed Kimberly and cut her up! He's giving me five days to kill his stepmother...!

NORAH

(bursts into tears) Okay! Alright! We'll get a new doctor!

GUY

I should just go to the police.

NORAH

(desperate) No police! No, no. Don't do that, Guy. Not now. And ruin everything you've worked for. This is not real! I was instructed not to say that, but I don't what else to say -- !

GUY

It is real.

NORAH

(pulling him close) Yes. Of course, of course, of course it is! I believe you. Of course, I do. Good God.

GUY

(empty) He poisoned you. He killed her, and poisoned you.

NORAH

Ssshhh, ssshhh, don't say that. Just be peaceful. Just come to bed, now, just come to bed, and know you are very loved, and I will let no harm come to you. Because we're in it together, now. And it's all going to go away. (rocks him in her arms) You'll see, you'll see. It's all going to go away.....

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE EMBRACE: THEIR FACES STARE, TERRIFIED, INTO THE NIGHT.

INT - HOPKINS HOTEL - LATER

BRUNO behind a desk, taking notes; NORAH on the couch, her eyes reddened with tears.

BRUNO

And, in "five days" -- it's my "grandmother," he has to kill?

NORAH

"Stepmother."

BRUNO

Like a fable, isn't it. The wicked stepmother. Paranoid schizophrenics always pick stereotypes. The CIA...

NORAH

Like Claire Neihause.

BRUNO

I can't discuss my other clients.

NORAH

(imploring) What do I do?

BRUNO

Exactly what you're doing. Be sympathetic, non-judgemental, keep in close touch with me, and see he doesn't do himself any *damage* - like going to the police, until the episode abates.

NORAH

(a prayer) It will "abate?"

BRUNO

Ultimately, it has to. Likely when this "deadline" of his, to kill the wicked stepmother, passes. (off her look) It also helps to smile.

NORAH

I can't.

BRUNO

In the meantime take care of yourself. And Annie. I've had experience with teenagers. (writes on a business card) I'd be happy to help.

NORAH

Can I pay you?

BRUNO

(a nod) By loving him. Like I do. We'll get through this, together.

He opens his arms for a big hug.

INT - BOARDROOM, PILGRIM PUBLISHING - ANOTHER DAY

A financial report, complete with graphics, holds the attention of all, save GUY, who is a million miles away.

FINANCIAL OFFICER

And having spent the entire week running the numbers, I'm happy to report sales are still climbing, the stock returning to its 2002 high, Business News called us "revitalized" -- and I think we can all sleep well tonight.

The meeting ends with applause, all gathering their papers -

DANICA

(announcing) And, since we're all feeling "prosperous," I've been asked to remind everyone about Norah Whitney's charity auction, at the Wheedon Galleries, tonight!

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BOARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

AS GUY EXITS, flanked by his team: OLIVER, VICTOR, THEO and BEN NEIHAUSE, who sidles up to him.

NEIHAUSE

Can we really get a "bargain" at that auction? I know your doctor-friend likes art, and I'd like to get a little something to repay him.

GUY

You mean "Dennis?"

NEIHAUSE

Reinhardt. For breaking my wife's smoking habit. Did I tell you I put him on to Janick's kid, who's bulimic? When I heard he was working with your daughter.....

GUY

(stopped dead) "Who's" working with my daughter?

NEIHAUSE

(whoops) Should I not have known that?!

Off like a shot, GUY charges down the hall, practically pushing bodies aside.

INT - GUY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

HE STORMS IN with HURRICANE FORCE.

GUY

Clear my day!

DANICA

Too late. We flew Clarkson in from Denver, for a briefing at noon.

GUY

(pounds the wall) Fuck it! Fuck it!
Fuck it! Fuck it...!!!

Hearing the commotion, people gather at the door, to gape.

INT. WHEEDON GALLERIES - LATER

Live chamber music accompanies the chatter of ART PATRONS, NORAH shmoozing potential buyers, waiters glide from room to room. All so civilized UNTIL GUY BURSTS ONTO THE SCENE - fixing his sights on NORAH, and striding toward.

NORAH

(sees him coming) Guy! I thought you couldn't make it! Do you know Congressman Hanley?

Ignoring the attempt to shake his hand, GUY grabs NORAH'S arm, forcefully leading her away.

NORAH (cont'd)

Guy. Please. What are you doing?

GUY

What am I doing?!

NORAH

People are watching.

GUY

I don't give a shit!

Pulling her behind a pillar -

GUY (cont'd)

Did I not tell you how dangerous Bruno Reinhardt is?! That he's a monster?! That he's out to destroy me?! Now, he's "counseling" Annie?!

NORAH

Could we discuss this later?

She tries to step away, he jerks her back; people are watching.

GUY

We'll discuss it, now.

NORAH

Stop it, Guy. Leave here. You're embarrassing me! And yourself!

BRUNO (OS)

Can I be of help?

REINHARDT! In a flash of VIOLENCE, GUY'S HANDS ARE ON HIM, pinning him against a wall, PEOPLE QUICKLY GATHERING.

GUY

Fucking scum...

NORAH

Guy, please....

WAITER #1

Take it outside! Okay, Gents?!

PATRON

Should I call the police?

NORAH

No! Please! Please, no police!

BRUNO

This is between us, Guy. Let's spare Norah.

Spotting an ANTE-ROOM, GUY hauls him in.

INT - ANTE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GUY slams and bolts the door, pinning BRUNO against it.

BRUNO

No more Mister 'Nice Guy?'

GUY

You mess with my wife and daughter - ?!

BRUNO

I told you, that rage was in there.

GUY

Come near them again, I'll call the police.

BRUNO

And go to jail for the rest of your life?

GUY

I've done nothing to go to jail for.

BRUNO

There is certain "evidence" -

GUY

It's your DNA in her.

BRUNO

You killed her, I raped her.
I'm excited about being locked up with you, for the rest of my life.

Losing it, GUY THROWS A PUNCH that lands with a thud, on BRUNO'S face.

BRUNO (cont'd)

(a wink) How 'bout we go back into the shower?

SLIMED BY IT, GUY separates, with a shove that sends BRUNO crashing against the door.

GUY

Go ahead. Do your worst. I've got an iron-clad alibi. Maybe they can find out I was *seeing* her, but thanks to you, no one can connect me to that crime!

With one hand on the deadbolt, BRUNO pulls out his POCKET TAPE-RECORDER, and switches it on, smiling as he plays:

GUY'S VOICE

"The problem is Kimberly Mayfield. Who must be stopped before she ruins my life, and that of my wife and daughter. I rage at her because I gave her love, and she gave me hate! I need to eliminate this problem!"

GUY grabs for it, but BRUNO drops it down the front of his pants, GUY about to dig for it when BRUNO THROWS OPEN THE DOOR - letting a hundred people stare in at them.

With a calming smile to the crowd, BRUNO turns to GUY.

BRUNO

"Voice Analysis Technology" makes this admissible in court. Your wife will go bankrupt, in a failed attempt to defend you; your daughter will be scarred for life. And those "friends" of yours, who make people "go away?" They can't make this go away. Only you can. On Saturday night. Or, by Sunday morning, you'll be in jail.

BRUNO turns, pushing through the crowd; NORAH quick to his side.

NORAH

I'm so sorry.

BRUNO

To the contrary. I think we had a real "breakthrough" in there.

INT. PILGRIM PUBLICATIONS OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Lights out, save one, the desk lamp in GUY'S office; an opened bottle of Brandy in front of him, his eyes deadened with defeat. In his hand, a 3X5 card that has written on it:

MARIA VILLAR

DARK HARBOUR, ISLAND

10 MARINA WAY

INT. HOPKINS HOTEL - NIGHT

A RINGING PHONE awakens BRUNO; he checks his clock: 2:00 A.M.

BRUNO

This is Doctor Reinhardt.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO.

GUY

I want the tape. What does it take?

BRUNO

A "body," of course.

GUY

And you'll give it to me?

BRUNO

Have I ever broken my word?

GUY
Tell me how.

BRUNO
Don't take notes. Just do what I say.

HIS INSTRUCTIONS, PLAY OVER:

EXT. GUY'S HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

BRUNO O.S.
First of all; wardrobe. Very important.
A power tie. Red. Like a real estate
agent. They're all over the place.
That's what you'll be, should anyone ask.

INT - HIS CLOSET - SAME

Dressing noiselessly so as not to wake NORAH, he's tying
the RED TIE he retrieved from Kimberly's closet.

BRUNO (O.S.)
Do you own a weapon?

GUY (O.S.)
No.

BRUNO (OS)
Norah gave me the gun you took
from Kimberly. I'll leave it in a
shoebox, with a pair of binoculars,
at the front desk of my hotel.

EXT. HOPKINS HOTEL - MORNING

GUY EXITS with the SHOEBOX, hurrying into his car.

BRUNO (O.S.)
Gas up before you go. No gas station
attendants, to testify they saw you
along the way.

EXT/INT - GUY'S CAR, ON THE MOVE - DAY

The GUN in the opened ATTACHE CASE on the seat next to him.

BRUNO (O.S.) (cont'd)
You can drive right onto the ferry,
at Penobscot Landing. It runs every
hour, until 11:00 P.M. The last
ferry leaves at midnight.

EXT. THE FERRY, MID-CHANNEL -DAY

Filled with CARS, GUY'S among them, being carried to the island.

GUY'S POV: approaching shore. He hears the piano concerto floating just beneath the cry of the gulls, from the STATELY OLD MANSION on the hill.

EXT. MANSION - LATER

A BINOCULAR VIEW.

BRUNO (O.S.)

We have two boats, both called "Maria."
Take the big one. Keys are hung between
the anchor and the life preserver, on the
wheelhouse wall.

OUR VIEW PANS TO THE WHARF where we recognize the small ROWBOAT we've seen BRUNO using, moored beside a large, beaten-up LOBSTER BOAT, its LIFE PRESERVER, emblazoned with the name "MARIA."

BRUNO (O.S.) (cont'd)

On deck, you'll find 50 feet of rope,
specially prepared with a buoy-snap,
and a fifty pound weight, to take her
body down.

ANGLE ON GUY, on a promontory; BINOCULARS TO HIS EYES.

BRUNO (O.S.) (cont'd)

Get there in daylight, to spot the red
buoy. At night it has a flashing light.

THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS: we see it - bobbing in the swells.

BRUNO (O.S.) (cont'd)

The bay will be empty by 4:00.

EXT - THE BAY - 4:00

The lobster boats heading for shore.

BRUNO (O.S.) (cont'd)

The housekeeper is off, at 5:00.

EXT - THE HOUSE - 5:00

A WOMAN, in HOUSEKEEPER'S WHITES gets into her car, pulling away.

BRUNO (O.S.) (cont'd)
The door will be unlocked, because
she's expecting me.

GUY lowers the binoculars - HIS EYES ETCHED WITH DREAD.

BRUNO (O.S.) (cont'd)
I hope it's a clear night. The sunsets
are spectacular.

EXT - THE HOUSE - SUNSET

The music has stopped; replaced by the plaintive wail of a
FOGHORN, as the EVENING MIST starts rolling in, across the bay.

EXT - THE MANSION - LATER

The piano playing begins anew, thick and moody, as darkness
falls.....OUR CAMERA PANNING TO:

GUY, flattened against a wall, peeking through a bay window,
into a sunken living room, where MARIA VILLAR, her back to us,
plays at a Concert Grand. Unable to see her face, he moves,
stealthily, to another window - to get a better view

What he sees, causes his gut to tighten. She is seated in a
WHEELCHAIR. A LABRADOR RETRIEVER lying dutifully beneath the
piano is wearing a GUIDE-DOG harness. She wears DARK GLASSES.
Completely helplessness. Steeling his resolve, GUY moves to
the front door.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - SAME

OUR CAMERA CARESSES MARIA, moving from her delicate hands, on
the keyboard, to her face, impassioned by the music - until it
is INTERRUPTED by a GROWL from under the piano. A growl that
signals danger. She senses a presence in the room.

MARIA
Richard.....?

No response. She reaches for the dog's harness.

MARIA (cont'd)
Who is there, please?

Uncertain what to do - GUY finds his voice.

GUY
I'm - sorry. Your door was open.

MARIA

Oh - you're the Security Patrol?
I told my housekeeper to leave it
unlocked, because I'm expecting
company. She must have left it ajar.
Did it set off an alarm down there?

His reluctance to respond deepens her unease.

MARIA (cont'd)

Because, it surely will. And then
they'll come. They always do.

GUY

I was asked to come here -- by your
stepson, actually.

MARIA

Really? I thought it was just going
to be two of us tonight. But, of course,
you're welcome to join. Please come in.

He does, eyeing the dog warily as he approaches, seeing FAMILY
PHOTOS on the piano; one features her, young and able-bodied,
on a concert stage; in another, she has a twelve-year old boy,
clearly BRUNO, in tow.

MARIA (cont'd)

And -- you know my stepson, from
"where." Westhaven? He's left
there, you know.

GUY

(evasive) He was still there - when we met.

MARIA

And, you're a doctor? (a worrisome
thought) Or a "patient?"

GUY

Not a patient.

MARIA

Good!

She laughs, he too; releasing tension for both of them.

MARIA (cont'd)

Not that there's anything wrong
with mental patients. Lord knows,
I'm blessed with one. (a thought) Did
you know Doctor Reinhardt, by chance?

GUY
(puzzled) I'm sorry - ?

MARIA
We all are. So sorry. He was the only doctor my stepson ever connected with, in all the institutions he's ever been in. My housekeeper found in this week's Westhaven Newsletter. So shocking. So sad.

GUY, BEWILDERED, watches her wheel toward a coffee table where she "feels" for the newsletter.

MARIA (cont'd)
That's why Richard left Westhaven, I guess. When he called to confirm dinner this morning, he became very upset about it. He felt "responsible" he said, because he'd asked the Doctor to bring back a lobster, from Hawaii. (finds the newsletter) The details are ghastly.

Taking the NEWSLETTER from her, GUY is SHOCKED at what he sees: an OBITUARY for BRUNO REINHARDT whose PHOTO that looks nothing like the "Bruno Reinhardt" we've come to know. More like Albert Einstein - with a mane of tangled hair.

MARIA (cont'd)
Apparently, when the sharks got finished with him, there was barely enough left to identify.

CLOSE ON GUY: HIS MIND REELING.

MARIA (cont'd)
Poor Richard. He's lost so many people, and always feels responsible.

GUY
(dazed) Lost -- who?

MARIA
My own son, Todd, for one, who was his best friend; an upcoming golf champion. Richard caddied for him at the Newberry Open, the year he won. What a great year that was.

She directs his attention to a photo, of "BRUNO," caddying for TODD.

Beside it, is a GROUP SHOT of the complete family:
 MARIA and her late husband, Ernst, a Hemmingway-esque boat
 captain, aboard a LOBSTER BOAT, his arms around the two boys.

MARIA (cont'd)

And of course, his father - my late
 husband - who died in an equally tragic
 way. Found, right out here in the Bay,
 in the same kind of condition that poor
 Doctor Reinhardt was in.

GUY

And what "condition" was that?

MARIA

Headless. They couldn't use dental
 records to identify poor Doctor
 Reinhardt, either. That's why it
 took so long.

STAGGERED BY IT, GUY fights hard to collect his thoughts;
 MARIA becoming uneasy again.

MARIA (cont'd)

I'm sorry, I didn't ask your name.

GUY

Your stepson. In the event of your
 death, would he receive an inheritance?

MARIA

(taken aback) I'm sorry - ?

GUY

If there is money? If so, could it
 be given to him now? Right now?

The mention of money changes the atmosphere in the room.
 MARIA stiffens with anger.

MARIA

I see. You're a lawyer. That's
 why you're here. The answer is "no."
 None whatever. What little there was,
 went into his care. I'm selling this
 house, and going into a convalescent
 home, in the hope it will provide enough
 to continue his care in perpetuity.
 (bristling) And, may I say, how dare you!

GUY

I'm sorry....

MARIA

I want your name! (off his silence)
Your name, please!

GUY

I'd rather not say.

MARIA

And why is that?

GUY

Because, I came here tonight, to kill you.

CLOSE ON HER: TERRIFIED.

EXT. DARK HARBOUR - WHARF - NIGHT

Shrouded in mist, THE LOBSTER BOAT, 'MARIA' lists as GUY steps aboard, hauling a heavy burlap sack, behind him.

The IGNITION KEYS - hanging between the anchor and the life preserver - are removed from the hook.

CLOSE ON THE MOTOR, in a burst of power, churning water to foam. It leaves a trail of white that quickly vanishes, along with the BOAT itself, into the thick blanket of fog.

CLOSE ON GUY at the wheel, struggling to see ahead - CAMERA PANNING to the deck behind him, where the canvas bag, tied with heavy rope, lies.

EXT. MAINLAND COFFEE SHOP (PENOBSCOT BOAT BASIN) - SAME

Closed for the night. A LONE FIGURE lurks beside it, whistling "How Do You Solve A Problem Like Maria" (The Sound Of Music), as he waits for a call. When his cellphone rings, it is quick to his ear.

BRUNO

This is Doctor Reinhardt.

GUY

It's 11:01. Your problem is over.

BRUNO

I'm proud of you, Guy.

GUY

What now?

BRUNO

"Show and Tell." Unless you want to go home now, and let me confirm it, myself.

GUY

No go. I want the tape.

BRUNO

Meet me on the Ferry dock. I'll be right over.

EXT. THE FERRY - MID-CHANNEL - MIDNIGHT

BRUNO alone on it, his trenchcoat swirling around him; the FOGHORN voices a FORBODING WAIL.

EXT. DARK HARBOUR - FERRY DOCK - LATER

BRUNO disembarks, met by flashing headlights; GUY'S CAR. Their encounter is wordless as BRUNO gets in, and GUY pulls away, following the narrow road that rings the island.

INT - THE CAR - SAME

GUY'S eyes fixed straight ahead; BRUNO, scrutinizing him.

BRUNO

Care to talk about it? One of my specialties is Grief Counseling.

The muscles that lock GUY'S jaw, tighten; every cell in his body repulsed by the proximity of this man.

BRUNO (cont'd)

She put up a fight?

GUY

Not much.

BRUNO

Pity. Use the gun?

GUY

Yes.

BRUNO

Dispose of it like I told you to?

GUY

I threw the gun in, after her.

BRUNO

Why don't you look relieved?

GUY

Why would I?

BRUNO

People usually do, after they've faced their fears. That's why this was so "right" for you. My stepmother, as a surrogate for Kimberly. To help turn your fear into rage. Perhaps if she'd "struggled" more -

GUY

(exploding) She was helpless, for God's sake! You failed to mention that! That she was blind?! In a wheelchair - ?!!

BRUNO

(eye-roll) Oh, God. Now, we'll have to work on your guilt, I guess! If it makes you feel any better, she only had six months to live.

GUY SMASHES ON THE BRAKES.

GUY

Shut up, will you?! Just SHUT THE FUCK -- UP!

BRUNO pantomimes "locking" his lips - and GUY drives on.

EXT - THE WHARF - SAME

Silence but for the sound of their feet, crossing the dock, to the boat. BRUNO takes a seat in the stern.

GUY

How 'bout you drive?

BRUNO

How 'bout you prove you actually can.

GUY HITS the IGNITION; both lurch backward as HE GUNS FOR OPEN WATER. Within seconds, they have disappeared into the cloud of fog that obscures the bay.

EXT - BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

GUY at the helm, struggles to see; BRUNO, behind him, swept with nostalgia, deeply inhales -

BRUNO

The bouquet of my youth. Diesel fuel
and rotting lobster.

GUY

You've got the tape with you?

BRUNO

Of course.

GUY

It's the only copy?

BRUNO

That's correct.

GUY

I can count on that?

BRUNO

Only *one of us* lies, Guy. This
is an ongoing concern for me.

GUY

When do I get it?

BRUNO

When I see the body.

GUY

Sorry. The other way around.

BRUNO

Do I sense a disagreement coming?
(re: the oncoming buoy) Throttle
down, please?

We can see the blinking light of the buoy, ahead; GUY slows
on the approach.

GUY

Can you grab it?

BRUNO

Lean overboard? You think I'd
do that?

GUY

You think I would?

BRUNO

Certainly not. The first rule of boating, is never lean overboard. A sailor could fall into the sea.

Grabbing a BUOY-POLE from its mounting, BRUNO hands it to GUY, who uses the HOOKED END to snag the buoy, struggling to maintain his grip, in the bobbing swells.

GUY

I can't hold onto this, and get the body up.

BRUNO

How did you hold onto it and get the body "down?"

GUY

I just drove by, and dumped it over.

BRUNO

Didn't use the anchor?

GUY

No.

BRUNO

Too bad. It's brand new. Solid cast iron. I bought it just for you.

He points it out, hanging next to the LIFE PRESERVER, and starts to go for it when he hears the sound of A BOAT roaring past them in the fog. It sends him into a rage.

BRUNO (cont'd)

That's a poacher! Reaping a harvest of shame! Pillaging other people's traps, under the cover darkness! Let's get our business done with, so I can report this to the Harbor Patrol!

Having passed so close THEY BOB IN ITS WAKE, GUY losing his balance, and grabbing for a handhold; nearly dropping the pole, which BRUNO SAVES, keeping it hooked to the BUOY.

It frees GUY to put some distance between them; the fog so thick, it sporadically obscures them from each other's view.

BRUNO (cont'd)

(struggling with it) I've got the buoy. Pull up the body.

GUY

After I get the tape.

BRUNO

That's not going to happen.

ANGLES ON BOTH; sensing the overture to their final stand-off, BRUNO'S chin elevating, as if to "sniff it" in the wind.

GUY

Show me you've got it. Or the body doesn't come up.

Going on the offensive, BRUNO unhooks the buoy-pole, approaching with it, cross-chested, as though for a joust, Robin Hood style. GUY, maintaining his distance, backs to the rail.

BRUNO

Ah-ah. Body language. Is that "fight," or "flight," I see. I wouldn't advise flight; this water is mighty cold. It takes less than a minute for hypothermia to set in. Did you know, if you drown in freezing water, you can be revived?

GUY

Not true with warm water, though, is it, "Doctor Reinhardt?" Like in Hawaii, say? Or do the odds diminish when the drowning victim is decapitated?

BRUNO

(intrigued) I couldn't say. As a psychiatrist, I'm not much interested in what happens from the neck down, anyway.

GUY

You can quit your bullshit, I know who you are.

BRUNO

Really? How did Mom describe me? I'd really like to know.

GUY

Paranoid schizophrenic, with a genius IQ, and a penchant for stealing identities; I'm guessing, of those you've killed - which she still has trouble believing. But she's at a neighbor's house right now, waiting for me to return.

(MORE)

GUY (cont'd)

And if I don't, she'll go to the police.

FROM THE BACK OF HIS WAISTBAND, GUY PULLS THE GUN.

BRUNO

Interesting showdown: the mind, and the gun. Because the gun can only kill, but the mind can control; like mine controls yours, because you're controlled by fear. The Fearful Man is The Reactive Man. Reaction is inaction. I can hold you in place forever, by not making a move.

With the pole in hand, he opens his arms, like Neptune, baring his chest to prove his invulnerability, as HE SHOUTS TO THE SKIES.

BRUNO (cont'd)

Is this a statue I see before me?!
Of "HOMO TERRIFIEDUS?! The Fearful Man!

GUY

Give me the tape, and I'll let you live. I promised Maria I'd spare you.

BRUNO

Your "promises!"

GUY

What about yours?

BRUNO

Sacrosanct!

GUY

Then show me you have it!

To GUY'S surprise, he pulls the TAPE RECORDER from his top pocket, displaying it beside his smiling face. As a puff of fog wafts between them, he does a spin, reappearing, in exactly the same pose; now with only "air" in the space between his fingers, where the tape recorder once was.

BRUNO

Clumsy me, it fell overboard. What are you going to do about it? Shoot me? I'm confident, "not." You couldn't deal with Kimberly because you were afraid of losing power. You couldn't tell Norah because you were afraid of losing love. And you can't kill me, because you're too *terrified* to shoot that gun.

The GUN GOES OFF; a hole in BRUNO'S thigh starts spewing blood.

BRUNO (cont'd)

This is certainly a challenge to my theories.

GUY

I want the tape. I will kill you for it.

BRUNO

As Bruno Reinhardt, you're my greatest success.

GUY

That's arterial bleeding. You don't have long to give it to me.

Losing strength, he props himself up on the pole and begins to CROON into it, as though it were a standing microphone. A Sinatra favorite.

BRUNO

(sings) "Angel eyes, that haunt me so; when you're uncomfortably near..."

GUY

Where's the tape?

BRUNO

Bruno Reinhardt loved Frank Sinatra. Said he'd like to "go out" that way. Like Frank did, at his final concert. Knowing he'd never appear again, he sang until the last line, when the lights went out. And when they came up again, he was gone.

GUY

I want the tape.

BRUNO

(re: Reinhardt) I gave him the chance. But, with the knife pressed to his throat, he didn't feel like singing, in the end.

GUY

You won't die, if you give me the tape. I can get you back to shore.

BRUNO

Ladies and Gentlemen -- !

He flicks a SWITCH and the boat suddenly bathed in BRIGHT FLOODLIGHTS, GUY shielding his eyes to keep sight of BRUNO, as he grabs the "microphone" and sings:

BRUNO (cont'd)

"Angel eyes, behold and see...just
blink your eyes....and I'm gone."

THE LIGHTS SNAP OUT, creating a moment of disorientation -- GUY regaining his vision to see only wisps of fog, where BRUNO once stood. Casting a fearful glance around, he sees nothing.

GUY

Bruno....?! Richard?

The only answer is the slap of waves against the hull, and the plaintive wail of the FOGHORN. GUY moves cautiously, on the rocking vessel, to see around the wheelhouse. No one there. BRUNO has, in fact, disappeared. GUY is on this boat alone.

Reaching for the ignition, he finds THE KEYS ARE GONE too. Looking to the RADIO, he flips switches, to no avail, then pulls out his CELLPHONE, which almost slips from his hands before he discovers it too is useless; no signal, out here, in the Bay. And, surrounded by fog, it is not even possible to tell where land is.

But there is a thumping sound: the BUOY, hitting against the side of the boat; an indication that the boat is holding, stationary, beside it. Turning in a slow 360, to make sure BRUNO is not lurking behind him - GUY cautiously leans over the side, to look.

IN A FLASH, THE BUOY-POLE shoots up from the water, sinking its HOOK into the back of GUY'S neck, flipping him head-over-heels, into the sea. BRUNO, who was straddling the buoy, scramble back on deck, watching the spectacle of his gasping, flailing adversary, struggling to disengage the hook.

To further his amusement, BRUNO hits the FLOODLIGHTS blinding GUY with its glare.

BRUNO

All right, class. Shall we review?

Managing to pull the hook free, GUY gasps for breath, bleeding into the water, as he pleads:

GUY

Listen to me! Bruno! Richard! I'll help you, I swear it! If you'll get me back on board! The life preserver! On the wall behind you!!

BRUNO

There are two kinds of people in the world, Guy. Those who think they're winners, and those who think they're losers! And, you know what?! They're both right! Because, what we "think," is what we "are!" Which is why I'm up here, and you're down there!

GUY

For God's sake! I have a wife and child!

BRUNO

(realizing) Oh. My God. Right. What was I thinking?!

HE TURNS TO THE WALL WHERE THE LIFE PRESERVER HANGS -

GUY

Thank you!

BRUNO

Don't mention it!

But instead of the LIFE PRESERVER coming at him, it's the ANCHOR; a DIRECT HIT - taking him down like a stone.

BRUNO (cont'd)

YAAAAAAHHHHH!

UNDERWATER SHOT: GUY, hitting bottom, struggles out from under the anchor; there, in the murky depths, seeing the gruesome BURIAL GROUND he's landed in: a mine-field of cage-like LOBSTER TRAPS filled with creatures feasting on human remains.

The first trap holds an aged skull, surrounded by the decaying shells of the lobsters that dined on it long ago and remained trapped inside.

The next contains a human arm; Kimberly's - still being worked on. Beside it: a trap with another skull, identifiable, from the photo of the real BRUNO REINHARDT, by the oscillating tangle of Einstein-like hair, wearing a tiara of crustacea, picking his brains to the bone.

Plunged into darkness as the spotlights go out above, GUY hears the ENGINE turn over, and is galvanized into action.

Grabbing the buoy rope and pulling himself up hand over hand, he breaks the surface just as the boat's rotor blade begins to churn. Grabbing hold of the ladder as the boat swings by, he clings tight as it picks up speed, managing to climb onto to the rear deck, and find solid footing on board.

Over the roar of the engine, and through the blanket of fog, WE SEE BRUNO at the wheel, his back to us, singing operatically:

BRUNO (cont'd)

Many Brave-Hearts are a-sleep in-the
Deep..!

But, sensing danger, HE WHIRLS, meeting GUY'S ATTACK, head-on. Sprawling onto the deck of the speeding vessel, they engage in mortal combat, the unmanned boat zigzagging through swells, alternately changing the balance of power, as the combatants are rolled from side to side.

Making it to his feet, BRUNO staggers into the wheelhouse, grabbing A FIRE-AXE, which he swings, barely missing GUY, sinking the blade into the wall. As he tries to free it, he's grabbed from behind in a CHOKE HOLD, which begins to slip, BRUNO reaching back and clawing GUY'S face and eyes.

His energy failing, GUY catches sight of his last weapon - the POWER TIE he's wearing - and, with his last reserve of strength, fights to keep BRUNO'S neck locked in the vice-grip of his left arm, while struggling to loosen the TIE with his right.

In a surge of strength, BRUNO BREAKS FREE - but is YANKED BACKWARD BY THE TIE, noosed around his neck - looping once, twice, and tightening, as BRUNO claws at it, gasping for air. Managing to swivel around, face to face with GUY, he catches sight of the red "noose," and realizes what it is. If he weren't choking to death, he'd laugh out loud.

GUY

You were right! Wardrobe is
important! I'm "feeling my power"
and "owning my rage....!"

BRUNO'S LAST SOUND is an aborted BURST OF LAUGHTER as his eyes begin to bulge - GUY straining to tighten the noose and tie it off. Blood vessels burst like fireworks in BRUNO'S eyes, the color of his face changing, from red, to white, to grey -- until he is finally pushed overboard, toppling backward, into the sea.

Our last sight of the nightmare face: the "power tie" knotted around its neck, its eyes wide with surprise...recedes into the ink black water, and is gone.

Over? Almost. The TAPE RECORDER, fallen from BRUNO'S pocket, is floating on the surface - GUY managing to fish it out, before his legs give way and he slides to the deck, exhausted - realizing, that the battle - finally, and truly - is done.

Gasping for breath, he activates the TAPE RECORDER - and hears.

BRUNO'S VOICE

"Dear Guy: if you're hearing this, it means you've won. Which is a surprise, because Maria often remarked that I had nine lives, and I'd only counted seven, to date; all different, of course. By far, my most favorite life was the last. And if I had another, I'd have liked to be in a position to help people, like Doctor Reinhardt was.

The tape you're looking for, does exist, and will rot with my flesh, unless you dig deep into my anus to make sure no one ever finds it. You won't know if I'm kidding, unless you try. As ever, Your Friend, Richard Villar."

GUY turns it off and closes his eyes....as THE CAMERA BEGINS A LONG PULLBACK: the ocean growing larger, the boat growing smaller, until it's just a speck.... swallowed up by the fog.

INT. GUY'S OFFICE - DAY

Time has elapsed; how *much* time evident in the congratulatory gifts scattered around the room, and GUY'S conversation with NORAH, on the phone.

GUY

Its her 16th birthday, why not get her a car?

DANICA

Can I interrupt, to choose a banner?

From all appearances the year has been a good one; GUY exudes happiness as his STAFF prepares for a Big Day.

SECRETARY

And the gifts keep pouring in.....

A SECRETARY enters, bearing Flowers from Accounting, a bottle of booze from the Mailroom, and a crudely wrapped package - no card - which seems to pique her curiosity.

SECRETARY (cont'd)
This one's got "holes" in it.
Can I peek?

But all are preoccupied packing for travel, GUY still on the phone while assessing a BANNER being unfurled by OLIVER, that reads:

'STATE OF THE COMPANY: FIRST 365 DAYS'

Getting a so-so reaction, OLIVER unfurls another to show him.

GUY
(into phone) We're headed for
the plane, now. The shareholders
dinner is at 6:00, I'll be home
by midnight.

THE SECOND BANNER READS:

'THE WHITNEY YEARS: #1 AND COUNTING'

That one gets a thumbs up; GUY, having ended his phone call, takes a moment to savor it. His staff, noting his pleasure, gathers around to share it.

GUY (cont'd)
How bad a sin, is "pride?"

VICTOR
A misdemeanor.

GUY
I'm naming you all as accomplices.

A rare moment of "connection," ending with mutual backslaps as they gather their things and head for the door - STOPPED BY:

DANICA
What the hell.....?

All eyes turning, with surprise, to see what she's gingerly lifting out of the box. Packed in a wad of newspapers that begins to fall away, its CLAWS waving -

DANICA (cont'd)
(bursts into laughter) A frigging
lobster! Who would send this?!!

CLOSE ON GUY: experiencing a twinge of fear.

SECRETARY
(baffled) No card, no postmark...

DANICA

Must have been delivered by hand.
(puts it on the floor) Look, Guy.
Want a pet?

But it's not the LOBSTER that GUY is staring at; it's the NEWSPAPER it was packed in -- which he stoops to pick up, seeing the banner of....The Dark Harbour Star. Unwrinkling it, he's swept with nausea, to see a HEADLINE, underlined in red:

'HYPOTHERMIA VICTIM RECOVERS MEMORY'

DANICA (cont'd)

Guy? Are you all right?

Unanswering, his eyes raise to hers, and she takes the newspaper, reading the section "circled" by the sender:

DANICA (cont'd)

"....former resident, who owes his life, saved 11 months ago, to the sharp eyes of an illegal lobster fisherman, and the frigid waters of Penobscot Bay."

DANICA looks up to GUY; his condition suddenly weakened.

DANICA (cont'd)

Does this "mean" something to you..?

But GUY is unable to answer; his eyes riveted to the LOBSTER, leaving a trail of slime, as it drags itself across a FULL PAGE PHOTO of the "stranger" once known as BRUNO REINHARDT - restored to life -- and ready for his next incarnation.