

THE LAST SEDUCTION

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FADE IN:

1 INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Light glints off a vintage U.S. silver dollar. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL: a high-pressure phone sales operation. Many small desks crammed into a space. Mostly men at various stages of their "pitch". You RING a BELL when you make a sale -- someone does every ten seconds or so. The product: a "rare, commemorative coin set." The room hums. Everyone smokes.

The owner, in a tiny office, oversees the action. Small and pinched-looking, he watches closely.

Bitch-goddess-ringmaster BRIDGET GREGORY, late twenties, strolls among the reps with a stack of ten-dollar bills. When a BELL RINGS, the rep hands her a sales slip and she hands him a bill. She's well-dressed but no one dares look. She wears a wireless mike.

BRIDGET

People, I don't hear you. You maggots sound like suburbanites. Two hundred bucks for a lousy coin set and you sell one at a time. I've got one hundred dollars for the next warthog makes a triple sale.

1A EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The sound of the boiler room continues over the following exterior sequence:

A tightly clenched fist grips the handle of a cheap briefcase. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL, CLAY GREGORY, a good-looking man about thirty walking quickly through a unfamiliar neighborhood in New York City. He's obviously on edge. He crosses without pause at an intersection, making a car come to a skidding halt. The IRRITATED DRIVER lays on the horn and Clay flips him off and continues on his way.

BACK TO:

1B THE BOILER ROOM

as the reps crank it up. Bridget hands out another ten.

(CONTINUED)

1B CONTINUED:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Morty, I expect to see that on your income tax.

(beat)

Hey, Bernie, did you wake up on the wrong side of the bridge? Close the fucker, don't be scared.

BACK TO:

1C CLAY

has found where he's going. He confirms this against an address scribble on piece of paper. It's a street corner. He paces about anxiously.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Sucker them with confidence, you hard-ons, believe in your product.

BACK TO:

1D BRIDGET

has spotted a YOUNG REP gesturing desperately as he pitches, pleading for the sale.. She walks up behind him.

BRIDGET

Only the strong survive. You don't get a seat on the subway without shoving aside a few old ladies.

(rips the phone out of his hand)

If you're lookin' for a handout the unemployment office is on 3rd and Lexington.

Frustrated, the Young Rep hangs his head and leaves.

BACK TO:

1E CLAY

as two TOUGH GUYS walk up behind him. Clay is clearly nervous: One of them is carrying a briefcase, the other one has his hands shoved deep in his pockets. They hustle Clay off into a nearby alley, away from public view.

BACK TO:

1F BRIDGET

cruises the isles.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Where's that triple sale? Clyde, I
don't give a god damn if you new
apartment's rent-control, for
christ-sake sell something!

A muffled SNEEZE. Bridget turns toward the office and sees
the owner about to sneeze again. When he does she stuffs
some bills down her front.

BACK TO:

1G CLAY

and the Tough Guys stand in a trash strewn alley. One of
them demands that Clay open his briefcase. Scared, Clay
stands his ground. He nods towards their briefcase. Both
get opened. Clay's briefcase is filled with bags of
brightly colored pills. The Tough Guy's contains cash.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Come on, you eunuchs. Zeke's
closing his suckers six, seven
times and he's got twice as many
sales as the rest of you bastards.
You spend your Sunday here too if
you don't take these bills from me.

Clay hands over his briefcase. To his chagrin, the other
briefcase gets closed and held on to. The Guy with Clay's
briefcase pulls a gun on him. Clay flips, he drops to his
knees real quick. The trigger gets cocked...

BACK TO:

1H BRIDGET

as a BELL RINGS.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

We have a winner. Jerry, who
would've thought.

JERRY's already dialing again. She holds out his cash,
pulls it back when he reaches for it.

BACK TO:

1J CLAY

opens his eyes, surprised to find he hasn't been shot yet. The Guy with the money briefcase opens it and with a wicked grin, dumps the cash out. They turn and walk away with both briefcases, leaving Clay with a pile of money.

BACK TO:

1K BRIDGET

still holds out Jerry's cash. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a handful of unusual change.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
What'll it be, Jerry? A hundred
bucks, or a thousand dollars' worth
of rare, commemorative coins?

Jerry's no sap, he takes the hundred dollars. Bridget pockets her coins and looks up at the clock on the far wall.

1L BRIDGET'S POV:

It's one o'clock.

2 EXT. TIME SQUARE - DAY

Bridget pushes her way through the crowded dirty streets. She's obviously in a hurry.

3 EXT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

Bridget walks up to the front door of a slightly run-down looking apartment building and enters.

4 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

Bridget ENTERS the modest New York apartment she shares with her husband. Framed posters tout New York -- its skyline, museums, energy. She finds a note taped to the answering machine. She picks it up.

4A INSERT NOTE:

It reads: "They moved the deal up. Be back when I can -- Clay."

BACK TO:

(CONTINUED)

4A CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

sets the note down next to a framed wedding photo. THE CAMERA PUSHES INTO REVEAL: Bridget standing next to her husband, her husband is Clay -- the guy selling drugs.

4B EXT. STREET - DAY

Clay makes his way through the crowded streets of New York. His clothes are stuffed full of money, and he is obviously very anxious to get off the street.

5 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - LATER

Bridget sits in front of the TV anxiously watching the news. Her ashtray overflows and she is busy smoking another one when she hears A KEY in the LOCK. Clay ENTERS, his clothes strangely bulky. Bridget CLICKS the remote and kills the TV. She awaits his reaction. Finally he nods. She sighs in relief and snuffs out her cigarette.

BRIDGET

You did it.

CLAY

(rattled)

Damn right I did it.

Clay starts pulling bundles of bills from his clothes, laying them down on the table.

BRIDGET

This town is ours now. We'll finally be able to park our car IN the city.

Clay now dumps bundle after bundle out onto the table. She goes red-faced.

BRIDGET

(Incredulously)

You walked the streets like that?
You idiot! You're the --

He lashes out, SLAPPING her, it's an effort to keep himself from striking her again. Bridget spins away from him. She can't believe he hit her. Her look is pure malice. Clay realizes what he's done.

CLAY

Bridget, I didn't mean that.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

He touches her shoulder but she shrinks from him.

CLAY (CONT'D)

I'm still wound up, honey. I
almost got shot, these are scary
people.

He's down on his knees.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Forgive me, Bridge. I'll make it
up to you. Hit me. Hard.
Anywhere.

He pulls more cash out of his clothes and holds it up to
her.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Babe, this is our highrise condo,
our ticket to the real city. It's
everything you ever wanted, right
now, it's ours, it's what we've
been working for.

Bridget eyes the cash hungrily. A beat. Finally, she
allows herself to be taken in his arms, still staring at
the money. But she's not hugging back. She can only stop
looking at the cash by pulling away. What she glances at
is the door.

BRIDGET

This was a mistake.

CLAY

It's over. This takes care of us
until my residency's done and the
doctor bucks start rolling in.

She touches one of the stacks from his pockets.

BRIDGET

They're soft. I imagined them
stiff.

He comes around behind her.

CLAY

They've been through the wash.

BRIDGET

Huh?

She still can't take her eyes off the cash.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2

CLAY

A joke. Laundered. Untraceable.
Perfectly safe.

She flutters the bills like a fan. He starts undoing her blouse. She pulls away from him.

BRIDGET

We have to put it somewhere.

CLAY

Tomorrow.

She goes to the kitchen, gets a paper grocery bag and starts loading the money into the bag. Clay starts fondling her again.

CLAY (CONT'D)

You're a criminal mastermind.

BRIDGET

It's only a hobby.

CLAY

Still have to give a hundred plus interest back to the loan shark.

All of the cash is accounted for, she stops messing with the bag.

BRIDGET

Maybe he'll forget.

She pulls away a little.

CLAY

Something wrong?

He smells an armpit.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Fear. I'm going to take a long hot one. Then we'll celebrate.

She purrs. He makes his way to the bathroom.

CLAY (CONT'D)

It was worth the risk, huh?

He disappears into the bathroom.

CLAY (CONT'D, O.S.)

What do you want to do tonight?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 3

The SHOWER turns on.

CLAY (CONT'D, O.S.)

The opera? Broadway? A decadent
dining experience?

The SHOWER DOOR OPENS and CLOSES. She looks at their
picture, the paper bag, the door -- then springs into
action. She grabs an open box of condoms from the
nightstand and empties it into her purse.

5A ANGLE ON HER PURSE:

which also contains a can of mace.

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

grabs another identical grocery bag, fills it with papers
and folds it's so that it looks just like the other one.
She lays a pencil against the long edge of the first one
and then replaces it with the fake. With the pencil she
pens a note.

5B ANGLE ON THE NOTE:

as she writes backwards, from right to left, in one fluid
motion (like she does it all the time).

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

leaves the note in the empty condom box, grabs her coat,
the paper bag, and LEAVES, quietly shutting the door behind
her. A beat. The SHOWER STOPS.

CLAY (O.S.)

Bridge? Bridge?

He emerges from the bathroom, towel-clad.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Babe, we need soap.

He spots the note, takes it to a mirror and holds it up.
The backwards note reads correctly when reflected in the
mirror. It reads: "How are we supposed to celebrate?" He
glances down at the empty condom box and smiles. He runs
to the front door and opens it.

(CONTINUED)

5B CONTINUED:

CLAY (CONT'D)

(calling)

Bridge, you there? We need...

He holds the doorknob, turning it back and forth.

CLAY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

How could you not lock the...

He looks at the grocery bag. He approaches it tentatively.
He opens it: empty.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Bridget!

He runs to the WINDOW, and throws it open. She's hurrying
into a cab.

CLAY (CONT'D)

(screaming)

You'd better run!

5C EXT. STREET - DAY

Bridget hails a cab.

6 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Bridget makes her way through a crowded parking lot in Queens. Her car is a late model FORD with a car alarm sticker clearly VISIBLE. She disarms the car and tosses the money into the trunk. She climbs in behind the wheel and begins to unlock the "CLUB" when she notices her wedding ring. She stares at it for a moment, reminiscing, then with a violent tug she yanks on it until it comes off. She tosses it into her purse, removes the "CLUB", fires up the engine and drives away.

7 INT. CAR - DAY

Radio cranked, Bridget drives through the city, elatedly.

8 EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - SUNSET

The New York City skyline is silhouetted against a crisp autumn sunset as Bridget drives away from the city.

9 INT. CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

A mass of colored blotches, lines, and letters tell us that we are looking at a road map, but we don't know what road until the CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL: a map of upstate New York.

Bridget fumbles with the road map as she tries to keep her car on the road. The terrain is decidedly more rural and she is beginning to realize that she might be lost. She looks down at the instrument panel.

9A BRIDGET'S POV:

of the gas gage, she's on "E".

BACK TO

BRIDGET

sets the map down and starts looking for the next open gas station. She sees...

10 EXT. BRISTOL - NIGHT

A highway sign that reads "Entering Bristol, population: 6,000. Home of Interstate Insurance." Bridget's Ford drives past the sign.

11 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Bridget pulls into the gas station. She gets out and looks around.

11A BRIDGET'S POV:

Across the street a reasonably happening bar: "Jake's." 70's ROCK & ROLL wafts out the front door.

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

eyes the place. The station ATTENDANT approaches her.

BRIDGET

Fill her up.

ATTENDANT

It's self-serve, Miss.

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

How do I get to Chicago?

Grumbling, he proceeds to fill the car.

ATTENDANT

If you go east on 206, you get there eventually.

BRIDGET

Is that a country and western bar?

ATTENDANT

A what?

12 INT. JAKE'S BAR - NIGHT

THE CAMERA IS VERY CLOSE ON a finger with a faint greenish band. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a pair of nervous hands that fiddle with a five dollar bill. The greenish band is on the left hand--all that is left of a cheap wedding ring. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL that the hands belong to MIKE SWALE. He is buying a beer from a big guy named JAKE, the owner. Jake hands him a beer and goes to make change.

The bar is typical for the area, lots of neon, old photos, and sports memorabilia, especially from local teams. Mike takes his change and his beer and walks over to a table where his friends CHRIS and SHEP sit. Mike is easily the best-looking guy but his mood is down. The three guys are in their mid-twenties. Most patrons are in the same range. Every once in a while persons who pass by slap Mike chummily on the back.

CHRIS

Did Clarence make you beg?

MIKE

No, I made him beg.

CHRIS

So why the attitude?

Mike just looks at Chris.

SHEP

Mike didn't want his job back.

MIKE

Didn't want to come back to this slow-motion town.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

SHEP

You want to talk about it?

MIKE

Went to Buffalo. It didn't work out.

CHRIS

We already know all that.

SHEP

He doesn't want to talk about it.

CHRIS

Oh.

A beat. BRYN, cheerleader-fresh, walks by. Obviously interested in Mike. *

BRYN

Hi Mike.

He turns away, obviously not interested. *

MIKE

Hi Bryn.

She takes the hint and keeps on walking. *

CHRIS

You leave your dick in Buffalo?

MIKE

These girls are anchors.

SHEP

Come again?

MIKE

They're planted here. Get too close to one and Bristol gets you for life. Can't you see it?

SHEP

Well...

CHRIS

I see Cindy Lucas's tits coming around the corner. Any minute now we'll be seeing Cindy.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 2

CINDY LUCAS, busty and small-town sexy, joins some of her friends at the bar. *

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hot damn.

MIKE

Grow up.

CHRIS

What's that mean?

MIKE

How many guys in here have felt up Cindy Lucas?

Chris looks around for a moment.

CHRIS

All of them.

MIKE

And how many have slept with her?

CHRIS

None.

(to Shep; pleading)
Shep?

SHEP

Mike, Cindy Lucas is like a passbook savings account. It's not the best place for your money, just a happy reminder that you've still got some, and

(Chris nods in agreement)
the only price you pay is hearing about her summer in Saint Louis. Three years ago.

Chris winces then straightens himself up.

CHRIS

Look okay?

Mike and Shep watch as Chris walks over to Cindy. He leans against the bar and begins to make a play for her.

13 OMITTED

14 OMITTED

Shep turns to Mike.

SHEP
Tell me about the wife.

MIKE
What!

Shep points to Mike's ring finger.

SHEP
Copper wedding band. Spur-of-the-moment decision?

Mike scrubs at his finger with a napkin.

MIKE
I tried to get it all off.

Shep grabs an abandoned whiskey from a neighboring table, gives it to Mike.

SHEP
Use some octane.

Mike does, wiping away the last traces.

MIKE
(sighs)
It's scary out there. You end up clinging to the wrong person.

SHEP
Wrong how?
(Mike doesn't answer)
Did you divorce her?

MIKE
I'll get around to it.
(a beat; anguished)
I can't spend my life here. I know what's going to happen each fucking day.

SHEP
So when do you leave?

MIKE
How long's it take to grow a new set of balls?

Cindy stands up. Chris faces Mike, making a two-handed honking gesture before following her out as Bridget ENTERS.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

As many women notice her as men, only the women don't like what they see. She goes to the bar.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Check that out.

15 ON BRIDGET

Jake sets down a cocktail napkin.

BRIDGET

I need a Manhattan while we're both still young.

Snubbed, Jake proceeds to ignore her and tend to the other patrons.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Did you hear me? I want a drink.

16 ON MIKE'S TABLE

MIKE

(entranced)

Wow.

SHEP

City trash. What could you see in her?

Mike stands.

MIKE

A new set of balls.

17 ON BRIDGET

BRIDGET

(yelling)

Hey, Harvey Wallflower, what's a girl have to do around here to get a drink...

*
*
*

Mike sits beside her.

MIKE

Jake? A Manhattan for the lady. Please.

Jake grudgingly delivers the drink. Bridget wide-eyed.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

That's the game? I have to say
"please?"

JAKE

Two dollars, please.

Bridget stands up, shaking her head in disbelief. Mike
pays Jake. She takes a seat at a small table, facing
away from the door. Mike approaches, clearing his throat. *
She pulls out a makeup mirror.

BRIDGET

I'll ignore you while you go away.

MIKE

You're not from around here.

BRIDGET

Thank you.

Mike pulls a chair out and sits. She keeps at the mirror. *

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Someone's coming.

MIKE

No.

BRIDGET

What do you mean, no?

MIKE

You'd be facing the door.

She holds out the mirror, indicating she's looking over her
shoulder.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I don't buy it. Where're you going
from here?

She ignores him.

BRIDGET

Could you leave? "Please".

MIKE

I haven't finished charming you.

BRIDGET

You haven't started. Find yourself
a nice cowgirl. Make nice little
cowbabies.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 2

MIKE

Okay, it's your loss, I'm hung
like a horse.

She looks at him, deadpan. He's knows it's pointless, he
stands and leaves. She checks out his ass as he walks
away.

BRIDGET

(calling after him)
Let's see.

He stops.

MIKE

(turns)
See what?

BRIDGET

Mister Ed.

MIKE

I don't need this. I tried to be
nice.

BRIDGET

Now I'm trying. I can be very nice
when I try.

She pushes out the chair next to her and pats the seat. He
sits warily. She points at his crotch.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Let's see the proud Clydesdale.

MIKE

You're serious.

BRIDGET

False advertising is a very serious
matter.

She puts her hands on his crotch. He quickly pulls closer
to the table and we hear a UNZIPPING sound.

MIKE

Jesus.

BRIDGET

I believe what we're looking for is
a certain horse-like quality...

He gets his hands between hers and the goods.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 3

MIKE

Is this really necessary?

BRIDGET

I never buy anything sight unseen.

A beat. He takes his hands away.

MIKE

Good policy.

She looks at him leerily before taking hold of it. He shudders when she takes it but becomes aroused -- despite his embarrassment -- as she examines him extensively. Mike looks around self-consciously.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Will this take much longer?

BRIDGET

This is my urban survival requirement. How many lovers?

MIKE

Brownie points for experience?

BRIDGET

Clue in to the Nineties.

MIKE

Six. I mean five.

BRIDGET

Any prostitutes?

MIKE

None.

BRIDGET

Any men?

MIKE

No!

BRIDGET

Look me in the eye.

He does.

MIKE

No men.

She lets go. He packs up.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 4

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm approved?

BRIDGET
Medically. You have your own place?

MIKE
Yeah.

BRIDGET
Is it a sty?

MIKE
It's clean.

BRIDGET
Is it a silo?

MIKE
(laughing)
No. My name's Mike. What's yours?

BRIDGET
Doe.
(she laughs)
Jane Dough. I need some stuff from my car. Give me a minute and I'll meet you outside.

She EXITS. Mike goes back to Shep, who sits open-mouthed.

MIKE
Sophisticated lady.

Shep nods. *

18 INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

The next morning, a trail of sex: piles of clothes and a condom wrapper just inside the front door, another just outside the shower door in a bathroom that looks like a cyclone hit, still another at the foot of the bed where Mike lies. He wakes at a SOUND from the kitchen.

19 INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Bridget, showered and dressed, is on the phone. Mike appears in the doorway. *

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET
Kent Kline, please.
(she sees Mike)
Local call.
(he stays).
Personal.

He leaves. Bridget stretches the phone to a nook offering more privacy.

20 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

A ritzy office overlooking Manhattan. KENT KLINE, a lawyer of about thirty, picks up.

KENT
Bridget. Always a pleasure.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
Still a lawyer, Kent?

KENT
Yep. Still a self-serving bitch?

21 INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - DAY

BRIDGET
(excited; hopeful)
Kent, a friend needs advice. I'll set it up. A husband and wife do a one-time drug deal. The goal's a wholesome one --

KENT (V.O.)
College funds for their kids?

BRIDGET
No, the wife wants new digs. Comes off without a hitch. Only the wife, let's call her me, decides the new digs'd be roomier without the husband. She makes a dash with the cash.

22 INT. KENT'S OFFICE - DAY

KENT
Sharing was never her specialty.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET (V.O.)

She's anxious to start spending and is just waiting to be given the legal go-ahead. Give.

KENT

It's only an opinion -- since you haven't paid for it -- but the husband's entitled to half of whatever you buy with the money.

23 INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - DAY

She slumps in her seat.

KENT (CONT'D, V.O.)

In fact, as soon as that cash turns into a legally acknowledged asset -- house, condo, treasury bill, bank account -- he'll have a claim on it.

BRIDGET

What are you saying?

KENT (V.O.)

Do my lips move too fast?

BRIDGET

Not fast enough as I recall.

24 INT. KENT'S OFFICE - DAY

KENT

Keep it in cash. He can't ask a judge for half that unless he has a hankering for twenty years in Attica with someone else's dick up his ass.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Sit on it for how long?

KENT

Until you finalize a divorce.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

How long does that take?

KENT

He'll fight it. A couple years. Less if you're lucky.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Jesus, Kent.

KENT

Sorry the law doesn't make stealing
the drug dealing more convenient
for you.

25 INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - DAY

BRIDGET

Okay, start the divorce.

KENT (V.O.)

Paying business! There's a lot of
paperwork.

BRIDGET

Fill in the blanks for me, I'm out
of town. Didn't want him to find
me 'til I could put the money away.

KENT (V.O.)

Good instinct. And since you can't
put the money away you'd better
keep out of town. Where are you?

BRIDGET

Mayberry. I'm on my way to
Chicago to see an old friend.

KENT (V.O.)

Exactly where he'd expect you to
go. Stay put.

BRIDGET

You can't be serious.

KENT (V.O.)

Maybe he won't stall. Can he
afford a good lawyer?

BRIDGET

Not anymore.

26 INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lying in bed as the PHONE HANGS UP, he clears a space for
her beside him. The front DOOR OPENS and CLOSES.

27 EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mike lives in a modest house, in a middle class neighborhood. He rushes to the front door, wrapped in a blanket, in time to see Bridget drive off down the street.

28 INT. BRIDGET'S CAR - DAY

She drives Bristol. Could she stay here? It's green and clean and lily-white -- everybody smiles. The RADIO PLAYS something UPBEAT. Inspired, she tosses her cigarettes out the window; they land at someone's feet. There's a small downtown with reassuring Citibank branch. She pulls up at a newspaper machine.

29 EXT. BRISTOL MAIN STREET - DAY

She opens the Bristol Courier to the want ads. They're only half a page long -- almost without exception they're listings for Interstate Insurance. She sees something that gets her attention...

29A BRIDGET'S POV:

...an add that reads: "Wanted, Manager for Lead Generation, phone solicitation experience required. etc. etc."

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

takes out a pen and circles the add. She looks down at her clothes and then up to see the town's only department store.

30 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Bridget looks at dresses, taking them off the hangers then draping them haphazardly back over the racks. She stops, catching a saleswoman's eye.

BRIDGET

A little help over here. Today, maybe?

The saleswoman huffs off. Bridget sights another.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Customer needs attention. Could you get your minimum wage ass over here?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

This one also turns away. Bridget sighs. She catches a third saleswoman's eye, smiles and curtsies, speaking with a country accent.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Could I trouble you for some assistance?

The saleswoman can't get to her feet fast enough. Bridget's eyes roll.

31 EXT. INTERSTATE INSURANCE - DAY *

A nice, big, office park sort of place. *

32 INT. TUCKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget faces BOB TUCKER, head of Human Resources at Interstate. She signs a paper with a flourish then sends it across the desk to him.

TUCKER

I can't believe our good fortune. The fellow we were about to go with wasn't half as qualified.

BRIDGET

I still have one concern.

TUCKER

I'll handle your records personally. No one else in the company will know you as Bridget Gregory, so there's no way for your husband to find you. He actually beat you?

BRIDGET

Savagely.

TUCKER

That's horrible.

(beat)

Have you decided what we'll be calling you?

BRIDGET

(thinks a beat)

Wendy Kroy. With a "K".

He writes it down.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

TUCKER

Very well, Wendy, your crew's been hired; they start Wednesday and are expecting to work through Saturday. I hear weekend calling can be most productive.

BRIDGET

True.

TUCKER

I'm also told the equipment we've purchased is state-of-the-art.

He passes her an inventory, which she examines.

BRIDGET

Automatic dialer, computer scripting... where are the lists?

TUCKER

The lists?

BRIDGET

The prospects, the potential customers we'll be calling.

TUCKER

We've ordered phone books from the country's two hundred largest metropolitan areas.

BRIDGET

No. Here's what I need.

CUT TO:

33 OMITTED

34 OMITTED

35 OMITTED

36 OMITTED

37 OMITTED

38/39 OMITTED

40 INT. HUMAN RESOURCES - DAY

Bridget EXITS Tucker's office, speaks sweetly to his secretary.

BRIDGET

Thank you so much for letting me see him without an appointment.

Rolling her eyes, Bridget EXITS...

41 INT. INTERSTATE HALLWAY - DAY

... and heads down the hallway. Mike sees her and double-takes. He heads her off in front of the ladies' room.

MIKE

Hello there.

BRIDGET

What are you doing here? *

MIKE

I work here, what about you? *

BRIDGET

(under her breath)

You don't know me.

MIKE

(grinning)

Right. Seeing as how you're still in town...

He isn't going away. She looks around and then shove him into the ladies room. *

42 INT. LADIES' ROOM - DAY

Bridget confronts Mike. *

BRIDGET

(hushed)

Listen. If I'd had any idea I was going to be staying in this town I'd have had nothing to do with you.

MIKE

Uh, I'm really flattered, but --

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

As far as I'm concerned, any sex we had was purely a product of your imagination.

A 180 -- now he has her backed up. He nuzzles her neck as he locks the door. It gets to her a little.

MIKE

I have evidence to the contrary.

BRIDGET

What kind of evidence?

MIKE

The unrolled latex kind.

BRIDGET

You're gross.

She pushes him away and checks her hair in the mirror.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I work here now. Don't fuck with my image.

She bangs her way OUT.

43 INT. LEAD GENERATION - DAY

She bangs her way IN shuts the door behind her. The ragtag telemarketing crew sits chattering. Computers and phones on every small desk. A bank of one-way windows reflects back into the room off one wall. A blackboard sits at the front of the room. *

BRIDGET

My name is Ms. Kroy. Will those talking please shut the fuck up?

Shocked, they quiet immediately.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Who's the brightest person here?

Rod, a cocky, strapping farmboy around eighteen, stands.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

You just proved it. You're my new assistant. Go see Bob Tucker at Human Resources.

Rod EXITS, grinning. A rumble of discontent rises.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Please, aggressiveness is what Lead Generation is all about. We call people nationwide, find out when their current homeowner's or auto insurance expires, then use that date as an excuse to convince them to welcome an Interstate Insurance salesperson into their home. What'd be a reasonable number of appointments to set during a five-hour shift?

REP #1 raises her hand. Bridget nods.

REP #1

Three?

Bridget writes "3" on the blackboard. Then she writes "0" after it.

44 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Bridget's car is parked in front of the "Bristol Motor Court. Reverend and Loretta Turlington, proprietors."

45 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Using a remote, Bridget flips nervously through the channels. The only thing remotely interesting is scrambled. A sign atop the TV reads, "The Playboy Channel is made unavailable to our guest." She flicks it off.

46 INT. LEAD GENERATION - DAY

Bridget paces the room while the reps examine their computer screens. The blackboard now reads "35".

BRIDGET

We don't take no for an answer. Highlight the prospect's objection and the computer will give you the appropriate rebuttal. If the jackass keeps objecting, you keep rebutting, until he either takes the appointment or hangs up on you.

REP #2 raises a hand meekly.

REP #2

But isn't that rude?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

You're being paid to be rude. Try
it for "I've had a bad experience
with Interstate."

The reps key into their computers. OVER ONE'S SHOULDER:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Out loud.

ALL REPS

"Well, Mister Smith, Interstate is
constantly hiring new, friendly,
small-town people whose only
commitment is to your satisfaction.
In fact..."

47 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget picks up the phone and dials. She sits behind the
desk of her new, nicely done, office. She is able to keep
an eye on the reps through a one-way mirror that looks out
over the Lead Generation phone room. Rod walks the aisles,
overseeing.

48 OMITTED

49 OMITTED

50 OMITTED

51 OMITTED

52 INT. KLINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kent picks up the phone.

KENT

Hello?

53 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIDGET

Kent I took your advice.

53A INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING PHONE CONVERSATION:

54 OMITTED

KENT

What advice?

BRIDGET

I live here. I work here. I signed a six-month contract.

KENT

You'll be there longer than that.

BRIDGET

I'm an optimist. I'll give you the address and --

KENT

I don't want to know where you are. I'll tell you who does though...

55 OMITTED

KENT

He's called three times since he got the paperwork. Something about a loan shark and his thumb. You're heartless.

BRIDGET

What am I supposed to do?

KENT

Christ, send him some money.

BRIDGET

Failing that?

56 OMITTED

KENT

Get him to stop calling me. I don't need this.

BRIDGET

I'll call him.

KENT

He might try to trace it.

BRIDGET

He's not that clever.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

KENT
Whatever you say.

57 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget hangs up. She begins dialing but hangs up again with a smile. This time she dials only "0."

BRIDGET
Your dime, Clay.

CUT TO:

58 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. A hand with one thumb bandaged picks up the receiver. The CAMERA tilts up to reveal Clay.

CLAY
Hello?

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
Person-to-person, Bridget to Clay.
Will you accept.

CLAY
Bridget in Chicago or Bridget in
Dallas?

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
Upstate New York, sir. Will you
accept the charges.

CLAY
What area co --

CUT TO:

59 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIDGET
Operator, disconnect this call now!

A DIAL TONE. Bridget hangs up, shaken.

60. INT. JAKE'S BAR - NIGHT

She ENTERS, she's had a lousy day and she needs a drink. She takes a stool at the bar and tries to get Jake's attention. Mike approaches.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

This is the last guy she wants to see right now. She faces away.

MIKE

Hello again.

BRIDGET

Aren't there any other bars in this town?

MIKE

Nice to see you too. I've been trying to find you.

BRIDGET

Oh good.

MIKE

But none of the other secretaries seems to know who you are.

BRIDGET

(turning to him; furious)
I am not a secretary, you rural neanderthal. I'm the --

MIKE

(grinning)
-- Director of Lead Generation.
Just getting your attention.

She smiles, maybe this guy isn't so bad after all.

BRIDGET

You think you're clever, don't you?

He does.

60A ANGLE ON THE JUKE BOX

as a 45 is selected from the carousel and dropped onto the platter. The needle hits the groove and the music begins. It carries over the following sequence:

CUT TO:

61 EXT. JAKE'S BAR - NIGHT

Mike's head is thrown back against the rear wall of the bar. Bridget is all over him as they achieving joint, semi-clothed climax. Finished, they collapse into each other. A beat. He nuzzles her; she shoves him away.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

They start pulling clothes back into place.

MIKE
So you're living here.

BRIDGET
For the time being.

MIKE
Where do I fit in?

BRIDGET
Is that a straight line?

No comment. The question stands.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
You're my designated fuck.

MIKE
Do they make a card for that?

BRIDGET
Be flattered.

She heads to her car. He's too undressed to follow.

MIKE
(calling)
What if I don't want to be a
designated fuck?

FADE TO BLACK*

62 OMITTED

63/64 OMITTED

65 INT. JAKE'S BAR - NIGHT

FADE UP: *

The clock on the wall reads 8:00. Mike's at the bar
with his buddies. Bridget appears in the doorway. He
can't help but notice her, she looks terrific. She turns
around and WALKS OUT. He FOLLOWS HER. *

66 EXT. JAKE'S BAR - BRIDGET'S CAR - NIGHT

They straighten themselves up in her back seat of Bridget's car.

MIKE

How about us going on an actual date sometime?

BRIDGET

Why?

MIKE

Where are you from?

BRIDGET

A galaxy far, far away.

MIKE

I'm trying to decide if you're a total bitch.

She reaches across him to open his door.

BRIDGET

Be sure and keep me abreast of your findings.

FADE TO BLACK*

67 INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

FADE UP: *

The lights are out. Mike and Bridget are in bed.

MIKE

I'm having more and more trouble with this.

BRIDGET

You'll get the hang of it.

MIKE

I meant your trying to keep me at arm's length. I feel like a...

BRIDGET

Sex object?

MIKE

Yeah.

BRIDGET

Live it up.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

She climbs out of bed and starts getting dressed. He
turns the lights on. The MUSIC FADES AWAY

*
*

MIKE

Stay over.

BRIDGET

I have to get back.

MIKE

I'll come with.

BRIDGET

My place, my space. Don't get
sticky.

*
*

MIKE

What are you scared of?

She's half dressed by now.

*

BRIDGET

(theatrically)

Oh, Mike. I've been hurt so many
times before. I can't bear to let
it happen again. That's why I
wander from man to man, without
meaning, not because it dulls the
pain, but because, for a moment, it
helps me ignore it. But you, Mike,
you're different, and that scares
me. I sense I could love you, and
I can't let that happen.

(normal voice)

Will that do?

He makes an obscene gesture. She continues getting
dressed.

*

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Screwing doesn't have to be
anything more than screwing.

MIKE

I'm not asking for love.

BRIDGET

Wise man.

MIKE

There's things I'd like to talk
about.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 2

BRIDGET
Who's stopping you?

MIKE
Who's listening?
(a beat; emphatic)
I like you.

Dressed, she sits on the edge of the bed.

BRIDGET
I'm from... a place --

MIKE
New York City.

BRIDGET
Where'd you get that?

MIKE
My phone bill.

BRIDGET
(sheepish)
Oh.
(beat)
I'm used to anonymity as easy as
stepping onto the subway. Bristol
calls for more drastic measures.

MIKE
Let me in.

BRIDGET
No.

She stands up.

MIKE
Then fuck you.

She's almost out the door.

BRIDGET
Right, tomorrow at eight.

68 INT. BRIDGET'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bridget lays in bed. The sound of A ROOSTER'S CROWING
wakes her. She glances over at the RADIO ALARM CLOCK, it
reads...

*
*
*

68A BRIDGET'S POV:

...5:29. Just then it turns to 5:30, BLASTING the morning FARM REPORT.

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

slams her hand down on the clock.

BRIDGET

Good morning, Bristol.

69 INT. MOTEL DECK - DAY

Bridget peels off bills for rent. REVEREND TURLINGTON take the first one in his hand; Bridget avoids his hand and puts them straight on the countertop.

REV. T

Wouldn't it be cheaper for you to rent a house?

BRIDGET

Then I'd be living in this goddamn town.

70 INT. BRIDGET'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Bridget drives Bristol, noticing everything that annoys her. She is forced to stop when...

70A BRIDGET'S POV:

...an OLD MAN stops traffic by doddering three quarters of the way across the street, picking up a piece of litter, then doddering back to the first side.

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

as she honks impatiently. People in the other cars lean out their windows and stare at her. She drives off in a hurry. She passes a local church and sees...

70B BRIDGET'S POV:

...A MAN putting up a new message on the church's changeable sign. It reads: "Thou Shalt Not..."

(CONTINUED)

70B CONTINUED:

That's as far as he's gotten.

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

this town is getting on her nerves.

71 INT. INTERSTATE RECEPTION - DAY

Bridget ENTERS. The ever cheery RECEPTIONIST greets her, Bridget just nods.

RECEPTIONIST

You're the one that order a
subscription to the New York Times,
right?

BRIDGET

Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST

It's here.

She hands it over to Bridget, Bridget has never been so happy to see a newspaper in her life. She actually smiles at the Receptionist and says...

BRIDGET

Thank you.

72 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

The paper is laid out all over Bridget's desk. She's read it cover to cover. The entertainment section lies open in front of her, tantalizing. She looks up and sees...

72A BRIDGET'S POV:

one of her reps peering through the one-way glass to see if she's inside. This makes him look very stupid. He goes away. Behind him another rep drools tobacco juice into a soda can.

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

she's really not sure how much more of this she can take. She picks up the phone and dials.

73 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

A table bears two PHONES -- one red, one black. The black one is RINGING. Clay picks it up.

CLAY
Hello?

BRIDGET (O.S.)
Clay?

CLAY (ON PHONE)
Bridget? I'm so glad you --

74 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIDGET (ON PHONE)
You know the phone booth down the block?

75 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

CLAY (ON PHONE)
Yeah.

BRIDGET (O.S.)
Find out the number. I'll call you right back.

CLAY (ON PHONE)
But --

BRIDGET (O.S.)
I won't let you trace this. Run.

Bridget CLICKS OFF. CAMERA PANS to REVEAL HARLAN, a black man wearing a headset. Clay wants to high-five. Harlan doesn't. *

76 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget dials Clay's again, not expecting it to be answered yet. She watches her reps as... *

76A BRIDGET'S POV: *

...an OLD WOMAN picks her nose and stick the pickings under her desk. *

BACK TO: *

BRIDGET
cringes. *

(CONTINUED)

76A CONTINUED:

77 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

Clay's PHONE RINGS while Clay runs hard in place and Harlan eyes the time. Harlan signals Clay to stop. Breathing heavily, Clay picks up the black phone.

BRIDGET (O.S.)

What's the number?

CLAY (ON PHONE)

Four-oh-eight, five-one-six-two.

BRIDGET (O.S.)

It'll be ringing.

Clay hangs up the black phone. The red PHONE RINGS. They let it CONTINUE to RING. Harlan opens window. Clay resumes jogging. An angry NEIGHBOR starts BANGING on the DOOR.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Answer the damn phone!

Harlan gets up and opens the door, holding the gun with one hand and a finger to his lips with the other.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Answer the damn phone!

Harlan closes the door, dons the headset, cues up a tape recorder and signals Clays to pick up the red phone.

CLAY (ON PHONE)

Bridge? Where are you?

78 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIDGET (ON PHONE)

I need to get back to New York.

(beat)

Sounds quiet.

79 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

Harlan motions Clay to the window. STREET NOISE.

CLAY (ON PHONE)

(sweetly)

So come back.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET (O.S.)

All is forgiven? I don't buy it.

Harlan signals Clay to keep her talking.

CLAY (ON PHONE)

Give me the money back.

BRIDGET (O.S.)

It's mine. You hit me.

CLAY (ON PHONE)

I slapped you.

80 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIDGET (ON PHONE)

It's mine.

CLAY (O.S.)

Forget the "possession is ninety percent of the law" crap. The one hundred K we borrowed is a hundred and fifty now, and a private detective upstairs has a fifty percent contingency on the rest. He wants it bad.

BRIDGET (ON PHONE)

I'll pay off the shark, throw ten more to the dick. You'll give me a divorce. We'll be even.

81 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

CLAY (ON PHONE)

You bitch.

BRIDGET (O.S.)

Think, Clay, it's the best you can hope --

To Clay and Harlan's horror, the black PHONE RINGS. Too late, Harlan rips its cord from the wall.

82 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIDGET (ON PHONE)

I thought you were at the --

She hangs up the phone, shaking.

83 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

Clay holds the dead red phone. Harlan shakes his head.

CLAY

Anything?

Harlan takes off his headset. He has a phone book.

HARLAN

An area code.

CLAY

What city?

Harlan closes the book.

HARLAN

City? She's in cow country.

Clay laughs and laughs.

84 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget dials as she packs up her personal belongings.

85 INT. KENT'S SECRETARY'S OFFICE - DAY

Kent's SECRETARY answers the PHONE.

SECRETARY

Kent Kline's office.

86 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIDGET

It's Bridget, I need to talk to Kent.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

I'll see if...

BRIDGET

(forcefully)
Right now.

KENT (V.O.)

I do have other clients you know.

BRIDGET

He may have traced my call, I'm outta here.

87 INT. KENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Kent, on phone, leans back in his chair.

KENT

Slow down.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Easy for you to say.

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING PHONE CONVERSATION:

KENT

How long where you on the phone.

BRIDGET

Forty five seconds, maybe less.

KENT

Not enough time. All they can do is regionalize you. An area code at most.

BRIDGET

Time for a new area code.

KENT

Most fugitives are caught on the move.

Bridget takes note. She stops packing up her things.

BRIDGET

Don't do this to me Kent.

KENT

There's ten million phones per area code. You have an alias?

BRIDGET

Yes.

KENT

Then settle down. Settle in.

BRIDGET

You're sure?

KENT

It's the best bet. If you're nervous get a watch dog.

CUT TO:

88 OMITTED

89 INT. JAKE'S BAR - NIGHT

Mike sits at the bar drinking heavily. Shep sits next to him. A clock on the wall reads almost 9:00.

SHEP

If you can't keep track of her in Bristol, how would you do it anywhere else?

MIKE

I don't have to go anywhere else.

SHEP

I get it, home is where the tart is? *

MIKE

I'll pretend I didn't hear that. *

Bridget ENTERS, when she sees Mike she breaths a sigh of relief. She walks over and takes a seat next to Mike. Shep knows this is his cue to LEAVES, he does. Mike takes no note of Bridget. She signals Jake for a drink, mouthing the word "please." She keeps an eye on the door.

BRIDGET

Sorry I'm late.

No response. She extends her hand.

BRIDGET

Maybe we can be friends, in addition to fucking on a regular basis, what do you say?

He looks at her and smiles, and shakes her hand.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

What do friends do?

MIKE

Talk.

BRIDGET

Oh.

A MAN walks in the front door and takes a seat at the bar.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Who's that?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

MIKE

(looks)
Todd Sloan, why?

BRIDGET

Looked familiar. Who was the first
girl you wanted to screw?

MIKE

Excuse me?

BRIDGET

We're talking.

MIKE

(beat)
Lannie Nichols.

BRIDGET

How old were you?

MIKE

Seventh grade. Her too.

BRIDGET

Did you have a crush on her?

MIKE

No. I'd just heard how sex worked,
and Lannie was the only girl I
could see doing it to.

BRIDGET

Where?

90 INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Light from the men's locker room spill across the dark
gymnasium. VOICES ECHO in the emptiness. *

BRIDGET

Ready?

MIKE

(nervous)
This is crazy.

BRIDGET

If you had a shrink he'd recommend
it highly.

Bridget steps into the light REVEALING that she's wearing a
young girls gym outfit that somehow looks hot on her. *

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

There's a pair of gymnastic rings just over her head. Mike is right behind her. *

MIKE

What if someone sees the lights.

BRIDGET

They'll assume the janitor left them on.

MIKE

Lannie never looked so --

BRIDGET

I am Lannie. What do I do?

MIKE

It's not a gym to you. You don't see me.

She turns away from him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You're taking off your shirt.

She does, lingeringly, keeping her back to him. She takes hold of the rings above her. Feet planted, her body sways tantalizingly. Hips shift, thighs rub against each other. He eats it up.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You're thinking about me.

BRIDGET

I saw that hard-on Mike had in English.

MIKE

God, I knew it. Those pants magnify it.

BRIDGET

I liked it.

She turns to him, still holding the rings and swaying, her breasts high. He moves toward her, slowly, rapt.

MIKE

Okay, we're in gym now, only class has, sort of...

BRIDGET

Gone away.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: 2

MIKE

Yeah. You've never had sex before.

BRIDGET

Okay.

MIKE

But you're going to show me how.
Say "Fuck," Lannie.

BRIDGET

Fuck, Mike.

She's as into it as he is. He takes off his shirt.

MIKE

I saw inside your shorts once, just
a little.

BRIDGET

I wanted you to.

He's right in front of her now. Holding the rings she
throws her legs around his waist, her head arching back.

91 EXT. JAKE'S - MIKE'S CAR - NIGHT

It's late and there aren't many cars left in Jake's parking
lot. Mike and Bridget pull up to her car and stop.

MIKE

What'd we just do?

BRIDGET

It's called role-playing. Works
out things, in your head, that you
never worked out.

MIKE

I liked it.

BRIDGET

So did I.
(she slides up next to
him)
Take me home, Mike.

MIKE

It's late.

BRIDGET

I want to stay over.

Mike smiles, he feels like he's accomplished something.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

92 EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike and Bridget's car are parked out front. The lights are out.

93 INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike is sound asleep. Bridget on the other hand is wide awake. She is flipping through the classified section of the local paper. She sees something she likes and circles it....

93A INSERT ON NEWSPAPER:

...it's a add that reads: "House For Rent".

94 EXT. INTERSTATE PARKING LOT - DAY

They walk toward work at a fast pace. She's in front, irritated.

MIKE

I'm sorry I walked in the bathroom on you. Why are you going so fast?

BRIDGET

A woman loses fifty percent of her authority when people learn who she sleeps with.

MIKE

That's a crock.

BRIDGET

It's a university study.

MIKE

This place isn't like that.

BRIDGET

Time to shut up.

She gets to the entrance, acts as if she's just noticed him and holds the door open for him. He ENTERS...

95 INT. INTERSTATE RECEPTION - DAY

... and kisses her lightly as he passes. People notice. She freezes a beat.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

(shrilly)

Did you see that?

Everybody freezes.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

That man kissed me. Is this the corporate dark ages? Who in hell do you think you are, mister?

MIKE

Um... I...

Bridget storms off leaving Mike standing there like a fool. *

96 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Bridget yanks up the "For Rent" sign that's been pounded in to the front yard of a modest Bristol home. She loads her things in through the front door. *

97 OMITTED

98 INTERSTATE PARKING LOT - DAY

Bridget pulls into the parking lot and parks her car.

99 INT. INTERSTATE RECEPTION - DAY

Bridget walks through the front door stops to check her messages. She flips through them until one stands out. She doesn't like the way it looks.

100 OMITTED

101 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget walks into her office, picks up the phone and dials.

102 INT. TUCKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Tucker holds the phone, leaning forward in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

TUCKER
(conspiratorially)
Quite sure. The fellow was asking
after a Bridget Gregory. I thought
I should tell you... No, he didn't
push. Took "no" for an answer
quite easily, as if he'd been
asking the same question all day.

103 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIDGET
Thanks, Bob.

TUCKER (V.O.)
And thank you for not pressing that
harassment claim against Mike--Mr.
Swale. He's a good guy.

BRIDGET
I'm sure he is, thank you.

She hangs up the phone. She's obviously concerned.

104 OMITTED

105 OMITTED

106 OMITTED

107 INT. BRIDGET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In her new, darkened house Bridget stands at the window to
the front yard, peering through drawn curtains. A pair of
headlights drives slowly up to the house and stops. Bridget
holds a knife. She realizes... *

107A BRIDGET'S POV: *

...that the car belongs to Mike. *

BACK TO: *

BRIDGET *

BRIDGET
Mike. *

She's relieved. He pulls away and she checks her clock... *

107B INSERT CLOCK

...the time is 8:00.

108 INT. JAKE'S BAR - NIGHT

Mike sits alone, drinking. Bridget ENTERS and walks up to him.

BRIDGET

Got your note.

MIKE

I week ago.

BRIDGET

Apology appreciated.

MIKE

Apology expired.

BRIDGET

A woman has to protect her standing at the office.

MIKE

I shouldn't have touched you. You shouldn't have tried to send me to the gas chamber.

BRIDGET

Maybe I overreacted.

(whispering)

Want to see my new place? On your back?

Mike doesn't respond. She eventually sits.

MIKE

I thought we were going to be friends, not just sex partners.

BRIDGET

And this entails?

MIKE

Talking. Sharing. Cluing me in to whatever makes you run so hot and cold.

She looks at him, takes his hand. She speaks after hesitating.

BRIDGET

I can trust you?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

MIKE

You know you can.

BRIDGET

Okay, here goes.

(whispering)

Someone steals a million dollars.
But there's a dilemma. If she
spends it --

He pulls his hand back.

MIKE

Goddamnit. You're scared of
talking about real things. You're
scared to reveal yourself,
aren't you?

That's what she was trying to do.

MIKE

(pissed off)

Why don't you tell me something
that I want to know--like what
brought you to Bristol?

BRIDGET

I don't need to tell you, you're so
goddamn intuitive.

MIKE

Okay, then we'll talk about me.

BRIDGET

Great.

MIKE

I'm a claims adjuster. I meet all
sorts of people in my work, some of
them relieved to hear from me, some
scared to death.

BRIDGET

Wow.

MIKE

When I talk to them they're
terribly stressed; their car's been
stolen or their kid's operation's
been botched. I get to hear them
in a way nobody else does. It's
intimate.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: 2

BRIDGET

It's boring.

MIKE

You're a bitch.

BRIDGET

You completed your findings.

MIKE

Talked to a woman today, her husband just died in a car wreck. She said it was the best thing that ever happened to her.

BRIDGET

But won't she miss the communication?

MIKE

It was only a fifty thou payout. She said if she'd known he was that insured she would have killed him herself, years ago.

BRIDGET

A Hallmark moment. Listen --

MIKE

I could tell from his credit report he was a son of a bitch.

BRIDGET

(suddenly interested)
Pardon?

MIKE

He was authorizing credit cards for three different women, yet wouldn't even let his wife sign off on one.

BRIDGET

Anything else?

Mike thinks.

MIKE

They lived in the suburbs, but there was an apartment, in his name only, in the city.

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Bridget as she turns to think.
Mike moves to face her.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: 3

MIKE (CONT'D)

Wendy?

BRIDGET

She wanted him dead.

MIKE

She was happy when he ended up that way.

BRIDGET

He was cheating on her and you could tell from the credit report?

MIKE

Pretty much so.

BRIDGET

You could make a list?

MIKE

A list?

109 INT. CLAIMS DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Bridget and Mike sit on opposite sides of his desk in the empty Interstate building. She's at the computer, typing continuously.

BRIDGET

It's like when I got here, they were going to use the phone book to prospect new customers.

MIKE

So?

BRIDGET

So, the phone book is unselective. Say you want to sell...

MIKE

Pest control.

BRIDGET

Pest control. If you use the phone book, you waste time on renters.

MIKE

Why are they a waste?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

Their landlord's responsible. And you waste time on poor folks, who can't afford an exterminator. The point is with the phone book you make all those unproductive calls.

MIKE

What's the alternative?

BRIDGET

A list, tailored to the kind of people who use your service. Homeowners, married, ritzy neighborhoods. That's a pest control list, prospects it's worth your time calling. All you need is a line.

MIKE

A line?

BRIDGET

A sales pitch. An angle. Say your list has incomes a hundred grand and up. Tell them your pet man'll show up in an unmarked truck.

MIKE

Why?

BRIDGET

So the snooty neighbors don't suspect you're infested.

MIKE

And we're trying to create what kind of a list?

BRIDGET

Cheating husbands.

MIKE

What do you want to pitch to cheating husbands?

BRIDGET

Nothing. I want to pitch to their wives.

MIKE

What?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 2

MURDER. BRIDGET

Right. MIKE

She just looks at him.

MURDER? MIKE (CONT'D)

BRIDGET
Your Missus Tuley said she'd wanted
her hubby dead. There's got to be
others.

MIKE
And you're going to sell it to
them.

BRIDGET
Just to see if I can. How do I
break this down by sex?

He reaches over, hits two buttons on the keyboard.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
There. Men, thirty-five to
fifty-four, carrying credit
unavailable to their spouses but
available to women other than their
daughters. Owning a home and
renting an apartment in the same
metropolitan area.

She wheels back from the machine. The list scrolls.

MIKE
Big list.

She nods, stands up, sits him down.

BRIDGET
Cross-reference it with Interstate
Life Insurance holders of a quarter
million or more.

He types.

MIKE
Why?

BRIDGET
Profit incentive.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 3

MIKE

Done. Two hundred and forty-seven names.

She sits down across from him and picks up the phone.

BRIDGET

Read me the first one.

He swivels the screen to face her. She dials, waits, hangs up.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

The bastard's home.

She dials again, waits.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

(sweetly)

Hello, may I speak to Mister Vincent Ta --

She holds the phone away from her ear then looks at the clock on the wall: 10:50.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Getting a little late. Cross me for Pacific time.

He types. The screen changes. She dials, waits.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Hello, may I speak to Mister Samuel Renford?... He's not? Then I assume I'm speaking to Ms. Sally Lindow, the authorized user on his First Bank Credit Card... Oh, dear, I'm sorry Missus Renford.

She covers the mouthpiece and whispers to him.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Bingo.

She uncovers the mouthpiece.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Please stop crying, ma'am, I'm sure there's a good explanation... Oh dear, that is rather incriminating. So he's done it before?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 4

BRIDGET (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(begins whispering)

Perhaps I'm out of line to say it,
Missus Renford, but you shouldn't
let him get away with that...

Okay, it's your life, ma'am. If
you want to play the helpless
housewife...

(whispering even lower)

Well, I know what a friend of mine
did. This friend went so far as to
have her husband killed... swear to
God. And to this day she's never
regretted it. The people she hired
actually specialized in such cases.
Of course there are risks

involved, but there are also
benefits. Surely your husband
carries some life insurance...

Yes, I could put you in touch with
the right people, but I would have
to know you're serious about this,
Missus Renford... A definite
commitment.

A beat. She smiles.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Missus Renford, you do know I'm
kidding, don't you?...

(laughs)

Of course. But channel that anger.
You'll give Mister Renford a good
solid knee in the groin when he
gets home, won't you?... I'm glad.
Good night.

She hangs up and grins at Mike, who is incredulous.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

It's doable. Your turn.

MIKE

Oh no. This is your game.

BRIDGET

Our game. I thought you wanted to
be more than sex partners.

MIKE

I do.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 5

BRIDGET

I'd be willing to give us a try, if
I knew we liked to have the same
kinds of fun.

MIKE

This is fun?

BRIDGET

Yes, it's fun. It's bending the
rules and playing with people's
brains.

She holds the phone out to him.

BRIDGET

Afterwards we can go to my place.

This gets his attention.

MIKE

What happened to your place, your
space?

She leans into him and gives him a warm, seductive kiss.

BRIDGET

I' have more space.

He takes the phone and begins to dial.

110 OMITTED

111 INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mike sleeps fitfully, alone in bed. He lies on his
stomach, his hands over his head, his face turned to the
side, facing the glare of an unshaded window.

Mike wakes with a start, the sun is in his eyes. He tries
rolling away but finds his hands cuffed to the brass bars
of the headboard. A note, taped to the wall on the other
side of the bars, reads, "I'm working. Don't get in any
trouble -- Wen."

MIKE

Wendy?

There is no response. He rattles the handcuff, it's
secure. What she's done to him is beginning to sink in.

MIKE

(screams out)
W E N D Y !

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

112 OMITTED

113 EXT. BRIDGET'S HOUSE - LATER THAT SAME DAY

Bridget pulls up in her car and walks in the front door.

113A INT. BRIDGET'S HOUSE - DAY

She opens the front door and listens.

114 INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cautiously she approaches the bedroom and sticks her head in...

114A BRIDGET'S POV:

...it looks like a bomb when off. The bed is completely dismantled, the sheets are on the floor, what few possessions she has are scattered all over. To her surprise, Mike is still handcuffed to the bed. He sits next to the bed frame, spent, but ready to kill her.

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

She acts as if nothing happened.

MIKE

(screaming)

Who the fuck do you think you are?

BRIDGET

The lady of the house?

She moves to sit beside him on the bed but he tries to kick her. She stands aside and sits in a chair.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

There's a time and a place for anger, Mike.

MIKE

I'll show you the time and place.
Unlock these now.

(CONTINUED)

114A CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

I should uncuff you so you can
inflict violence on me.

MIKE

Damn right.

She stands, edges around him.

BRIDGET

I don't think you'd last a day
outside of Bristol.

She takes the note from the wall, avoiding his lunges. She shows him the handcuff key taped to the back of the note. He can't believe it. She drops the paper on the ground, out of his reach, walking casually out of the room.

MIKE

Come back here, bitch.

BRIDGET (O.S.)

You're a slow learner.

MIKE

I'm not supposed to be angry?

BRIDGET (O.S.)

You can be whatever you want to be.

MIKE

(yelling)

I want to be cuffing you to a
passing semi.

BRIDGET (O.S.)

I don't want to be cuffed to a
passing semi.

MIKE

(yelling)

I want to glue your ass to the
train tracks.

BRIDGET (O.S.)

I don't want my ass glued to the
train tracks.

He takes a deep breath.

MIKE

(yelling)

I want to fuck you into the
floorboards.

(CONTINUED)

114A CONTINUED: 2

Her head pokes back into the room.

BRIDGET
I want to be fucked into the
floorboards.

115 INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark now. Mike sits naked on the side of the bed, massaging his wrists, emotionally spent. She lies behind him. *

BRIDGET
Mike?

MIKE
A voice from the floorboards.

BRIDGET
Tell me about your wife.

He turns to her suddenly.

MIKE
How'd you know?

BRIDGET
(laughing)
I didn't.

MIKE
Nice trick.

He gets up, keeping his back to her.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Not much to tell. Happened while I
lived in Buffalo.

BRIDGET
One of those sudden, horny things?

MIKE
(reluctantly)
You could say that.

BRIDGET
Her idea? Between f --

MIKE
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

What was her name?

MIKE

Trish.

BRIDGET

Short for?

MIKE

Whatever.

BRIDGET

Have any feelings left for her?

He turns toward her, about to overreact. He doesn't.

MIKE

No.

She pats the bed beside her. He comes reluctantly.

BRIDGET

What do you want from life?

MIKE

Maybe I just got it.

BRIDGET

Weren't you the guy who wanted to talk?

MIKE

I don't know what I want from life.

BRIDGET

Yeah, you do.

He stands, turning away again.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Mike?

MIKE

I guess I want to live a little bigger than I have been.

BRIDGET

Bigger?

MIKE

More experience. More excitement.
More to do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 2

MIKE (cont'd)
'Til recently, I've wanted the hell
out of this pimple of a town.

BRIDGET
Until recently?

Mike LEAVES the room.

116 INT. BRIDGET'S BATHROOM - DAY

He starts the SHOWER, getting in and closing the door.
Bridget opens it, wearing a shirt. He closed it. She
opens it again. He keeps his back to her.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
'Til recently?

MIKE
(grudgingly)
That's what I said.

BRIDGET
What happened recently?

MIKE
Don't know.

BRIDGET
Did the circus come to town?

MIKE
How about some privacy.

BRIDGET
Looking forward to the county fair?

She reaches around, grabs him by the crotch. He turns and
faces her. *

MIKE
You happened, okay?

BRIDGET
What's so special about me?

MIKE
You've been out there. You came
here and you chose me.

BRIDGET
So?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

MIKE

So I was right. I'm bigger than this town.

BRIDGET

Then what's wrong?

(he says nothing)

What's wrong?

MIKE

(looks her in the eyes)

You can't stop reminding me that you're bigger than I am.

She gets in the shower, still wearing the shirt. They embrace. THE CAMERA PUSHES IN ON BRIDGET: she can't help but think about what she's just learned about Mike.

117 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clay faces Harlan.

CLAY

What are you saying?

HARLAN

I --

A KNOCK.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Shit.

CLAY

Hey, that's retail. Like I've got a choice.

HARLAN

I don't like being around this.

He EXITS to the bathroom. Clay opens the door to a nervous SPEEDHEAD. Clay shuts the door for him.

SPEEDHEAD

(rehearsed)

Doc, I got to go on a diet.

Speedhead holds out lots of cash. Clay doesn't take it.

CLAY

Nutri-Fast?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

SPEEDHEAD

Huh?

CLAY

(pointedly)
Nutri-Fast.

SPEEDHEAD

Oh, right.

(remembering; rehearsed)
Didn't work.

Clay takes the money, pulling out a prescription pad and scribbling on it quickly. He thrusts the sheet at Speedhead, who takes it and LEAVES. Harlan emerges.

HARLAN

Charming business.

CLAY

Just to keep up with the fucking interest. You were saying?

HARLAN

I've got nothing more to go on. *

CLAY

You're quitting.

HARLAN

You're not paying my expenses. I can't afford to stroll through half the state with her picture. The name Bridget Gregory rings no bells up there.

CLAY

Maybe she changed her name.

HARLAN

Maybe definitely. And unless you know what she changed it to...

CLAY

She had a maiden name.

HARLAN

I ran McDermott by everyone I spoke to and threw in Smith for good measure. Nothing.

Clay looks around the apartment, he notices all of the New York paraphernalia.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 2

CLAY

She wants back here. Wants it bad.

HARLAN

She probably is back here. Get your friends to watch for her. When she shows, I'll be happy to separate her from the cash.

Clay is desperate. He stands up and paces about the room. He comes face to face with himself in a mirror. Then he looks past himself and sees a "New York" poster reflected in the mirror. The CAMERA PUSHES IN ON CLAY, it hits him.

HARLAN

Sorry to leave you like this but I don't see as I have any choice.

Harlan stands and goes to the door. Clay frantically looks for a piece of paper and a pen.

117A ANGLE ON THE PAPER

He writes New York backwards: "W E N K R O Y". He writes "N E W K R O Y". He circles KROY.

BACK TO:

CLAY

knows he's on to something. Harlan walks out into the hallway.

118 INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Clay rushes out into the hallway.

CLAY

Wait!

Harlan stops at the elevator. Clay rushes up to him and shows him the piece of paper.

118A INSERT ON

the paper. "d-y" is written between "W-E-N" and "K-R-O-Y."

BACK TO:

HARLAN

(CONTINUED)

118A CONTINUED:

HARLAN
What's this supposed to be?

CLAY
Wendy Kroy. It's her name. The
one she's using.

HARLAN
You're flailing.

CLAY
No. I know her.

Clay holds up the paper to Harlan.

CLAY (CONT'D)
New York, backwards. The city:
it's all she's thinking about.
(goads; a whisper)
Wendy Kroy, Wendy Kroy, Wen --

Harlan looks between Clay and the paper before finally
grabbing it. The elevator arrives. BING. He steps in.

HARLAN
Wouldn't wish my phone bill on the
Klan.

The doors close. Clay feels victorious.

119 INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's dark.

MIKE
Damn, woman, give a guy time to
reload.

BRIDGET
Roll over.

MIKE
You may recall this here is the
business side of me.

BRIDGET
Pretend I'm a man.

Sudden MOVEMENT SOUNDS, then Mike turns the lights on. He
wraps a sheet around himself and paces the floor.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Haven't you ever wondered --

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

MIKE

No.

BRIDGET

Okay, say I'm the man, you're the woman. It's still hetero.

MIKE

Not without me, it isn't.

BRIDGET

I thought you liked role-playing.

No response. She goes to him. He shrugs her off.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I suggested it. Relax, okay?

(he nods)

Turn the lights back off?

He turns them off. The SHEETS RUSTLE as he lies back down.

MIKE

Didn't mean to overreact.

BRIDGET

(girlish)

I was very bad.

MIKE

No, it's just...

BRIDGET

I was very, very bad.

MIKE

(he gets it now)

You certainly were young lady...

They resume, giggling.

120 INT. INTERSTATE RECEPTION - DAY

Bridget picks up her messages and her New York Times.

RECEPTIONIST

(conspiratorially)

There was a black man here looking for you.

BRIDGET

What did he want?

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST
He wouldn't say. He was black,
though.

MAIL ROOM BOY appears.

MAIL BOY
Did you tell her about the black
man?

121 OMITTED

122 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget makes a call. *

BRIDGET
Kent Kline, please.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
He's not in. May I take a message?

Bridget hangs up. She's worried. *

122A EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT *

To establish. Bridget and Mike walk up to the front door. *

123 INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bridget is tense as hell.

MIKE
Welcome back to my humble --

BRIDGET
Could you lock the door?

MIKE
You really are spooked.

BRIDGET
Wouldn't you be?

MIKE
This is Bristol.

BRIDGET
Booze?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

Mike goes to the kitchen. Bridget lights a cig. He returns with the drink, double-taking at the cig. She takes the drink.

MIKE

Why would somebody be --

BRIDGET

Do you love me, Mike?

MIKE

What?

BRIDGET

Do you love me?

MIKE

Now's not the time --

BRIDGET

I made another sale today.

MIKE

Sale?

BRIDGET

Like that night we worked late together.

He looks surprised.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

No comment?

MIKE

Hey, if it's still fun for you. You can sell murder. I couldn't, but you can.

BRIDGET

I can't deliver it without you.

MIKE

Huh?

BRIDGET

We sold it but we didn't bill it. We didn't deliver.

MIKE

Deliver... murder?

BRIDGET

I want to do it.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 2

MIKE

This is why you think someone's
after you.

She sits him down, showing him some notes.

BRIDGET

Maribeth Collins, our client.
Husband: Lance Collins, Financial
Consultant, retired. They split
their time between New York and
Miami, where Lance charms young
waitresses with luxury apartments
and charge cards while Maribeth
sits home playing solitaire. Lance
is faithful to her in one way:
she's the only woman he beats.
Maribeth says she has no need for
the insurance money, but she would
like me to make sure Lance dies in
a significant amount of pain.

MIKE

You're crazy.

BRIDGET

I did some creative keypunching and
cross-referenced out list
parameters with policyholders at
Providential.

MIKE

You accessed another company's
database?

BRIDGET

The good news is out victim does no
business with Interstate. We have
no connection to him.

He stands up.

MIKE

Get some sleep.

BRIDGET

I'm serious, and I'm not dropping
the subject.

MIKE

Then I'm leaving. You're welcome
to stay.

He grabs a jacket and EXITS. She looks around -- flimsy
windows, dark doorways -- and goes after him.

124 EXT. MIKE'S STREET - NIGHT

He walks down the street as she dogs his heels.

BRIDGET

Talk to me.

MIKE

You're deranged.

BRIDGET

Mike, this guy deserves anything we do to him. That poor woman.

No response.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Do you know why I left New York?

MIKE

To mess with my brain?

BRIDGET

Fifty thou a year is peanuts. An apartment you're not scared to walk out of rents for half that, and you have to read the obituaries to learn it's available. I'm going back, but I won't live like an animal. I want to go back with you.

He stops, looks at her, shakes his head and keeps walking.

MIKE

All I have to do is kill someone while you go apartment-hunting.

BRIDGET

We'll do it together.

He stops, faces her.

MIKE

I guess it's my quaint small-town morals, but I don't do murder.

BRIDGET

You would if you loved me.

MIKE

(beat)
Get help.

He walks on. She gives up, watching him continue off. A beat 'til she realizes she's alone and runs back toward her car.

125 INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - BRIDGET'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bridget gets in behind the wheel. Harlan pops out of the back seat, scaring the crap out of her. *

HARLAN

Get on the highway.

She pulls the mace; he pulls the gun.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Get on the highway.

126 EXT. MIKE'S STREET - NIGHT *

Bridget drives off into the night. *

127 INT. BRIDGET'S CAR - NIGHT

Harlan relaxes in back as she drives.

BRIDGET

Where are we going?

HARLAN

Just going to talk.

BRIDGET

How's Clay?

HARLAN

Pissed. We want our money.

BRIDGET

Are you two an item?

HARLAN

Funny woman.

BRIDGET

You're on contingency?

HARLAN

Fifty percent of funds recovered.

BRIDGET

Sounds like marriage. Why even give Clay his half?

HARLAN

Professionalism. Where is it?

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

Wouldn't it be more pleasant to
share it with me?

HARLAN

I have a woman.

BRIDGET

I repeat the question.

HARLAN

So do I.

BRIDGET

I don't want to give it to you.

Some silence.

HARLAN

Lady, you've had your fun.
Whatever you've spent, you've
spent, as long as it's within
reason. But it's over. Even if
you get rid of me somehow, another
one follows.

BRIDGET

You'd get rough?

HARLAN

I don't want to have to.

BRIDGET

I can't get it for you tonight.

HARLAN

Tell me where it is.

BRIDGET

In a bank.

HARLAN

Show me a statement.

BRIDGET

They have an eight-hundred line.
Punch in the account number, hear
the balance. It's a kick.

HARLAN

I imagine.

More quiet.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: 2

BRIDGET

So how'd you find me?

HARLAN

Your husband put New York in front
of a mirror.

BRIDGET

Oh.

(beat)

How would you find somebody's wife
if you didn't know her name?

HARLAN

(beat; vary)

Hire a detective.

BRIDGET

Don't take my money and be an
asshole.

HARLAN

You know in what county they got
married and when?

BRIDGET

Close enough.

HARLAN

Slip a twenty to a county worker
with a computer and give her the
husband's name.

She pulls up at a phone booth. Desolate roadway.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

What's the bank and account number?

She scribbles some info and gives it to him. His hand
stays out. A beat 'til she hands him the car keys.

128 EXT. DESOLATE ROADWAY - NIGHT *

Harlan hangs up the phone and walks back to the car. *

129 INT. BRIDGET'S CAR - NIGHT

He KNOCKS on the passenger window. She unlocks the door. *

He gets in front, handing her the key.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

HARLAN

I assume that was to get me out of
the car, hoping I'd leave you the
key.

BRIDGET

'Twas.

He buckles. She drives.

HARLAN

The money's at your place?

BRIDGET

'Tis.

HARLAN

How much is left?

BRIDGET

All but a couple thou, give or
take.

HARLAN

Frugal woman.

Some silence.

BRIDGET

What if I hadn't saved it all? You
can give me a break.

HARLAN

You've had your fun.

BRIDGET

You've met Clay.

HARLAN

How much?

BRIDGET

A hundred grand. I could easily
have spent --

HARLAN

Forget it.

More silence.

BRIDGET

Is it true what they say?

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: 2

HARLAN
What?

BRIDGET
Size.

HARLAN
Don't even try it.

BRIDGET
Come on. I'm wondering for real.

HARLAN
You may be good-looking, but not a
half-mill good-looking.

BRIDGET
Sorry.

More silence. Bridget buckles her seat belt. She looks
down at the steering wheel...

129A BRIDGET'S POV:

and reads "Equipped with Driver's Side Airbag".

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

HARLAN
About what?

BRIDGET
What?

HARLAN
Sorry about what?

BRIDGET
About your shortcoming.

HARLAN
Don't play games.

BRIDGET
You sure carry a big gun.

HARLAN
The Freudian Mind Fuck isn't going
to work either.

(CONTINUED)

129A CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

Touchy.. Your wife must be very understanding.

(he tries to ignore her)

As in, "I understand it's still in there."

HARLAN

You'll shut up if I show you?

BRIDGET

I'm sure I'll be too stunned to speak.

HARLAN

Yes or no?

She zips her lips.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

I can't believe this. Throw the mace in the back.

She does. He shifts in his seat, trying to get his zipper down and his dick out. The cramped confines make it difficult.

BRIDGET

Keep looking, you're sure to find it.

HARLAN

Fucking...

He undoes his seat belt, then, with the added, freedom, manages to expose himself. The ENGINE'S GUNNING.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

There. I don't want to hear anything more -- hey!

The speedometer's topping out. Bridget has an iron grip on the wheel.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing, bitch?

She pulls the car hard to the right.

130 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Bridget's car SMASHES into tree.

130A INT. BRIDGET'S CAR - NIGHT

SLOW-MOTION: Harlan hits the windshield while the air bag in the steering wheel BILLOWS OUT and protects Bridget.

131 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Bridget lies in a hospital bed, fine except for some scrapes. An aging DETECTIVE bedside takes notes. Bridget plays the wounded innocent with a country accent.

DETECTIVE

I'll make sure the press says nothing about your husband.

BRIDGET

Thank you, Detective.

DETECTIVE

I have to ask one more question.

BRIDGET

Be my guest.

DETECTIVE

I don't mean to pry.

BRIDGET

Of course not.

DETECTIVE

It may help you remember the moments just before the crash. The man, he, well he...

BRIDGET

Please, Detective...

DETECTIVE

He appeared not to be entirely in his pants at the time of impact.

Bridget looks off in the distance.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Does that help?

BRIDGET

(vaguely at first)

He, oh my. He, as I told you, had tried to persuade me to contact my husband. I refused.

DETECTIVE

Uh-huh.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

He seemed to take personal offense to that. He became, well, motherfucker this, and motherfucker that...

DETECTIVE

Just like in the movies.

BRIDGET

Precisely.

A KNOCK. A NURSE pokes her head in. *

NURSE

Another man to see you when you're through.

The Detective stands, relieved.

DETECTIVE

Actually, our business is done. Thank you, ma'am.

He EXITS. Mike ENTERS tentatively and penitently. Bridget rolls her back to him.

MIKE

Hi.

No response. He closes the door behind him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You have every right to be mad. I guess someone really was after you.

BRIDGET

Guess so.

MIKE

You were scaring me. All that stuff about --

She turns to face him, staring coldly.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Well, you know. Were you... you weren't serious?

BRIDGET

What do you think? *

MIKE

I don't understand you. *

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 2

BRIDGET

Where's the goddamn effort to try?

MIKE

I shouldn't have walked away.

Bridget starts crying. Mike goes to comfort her. She pushes him away.

BRIDGET

What I suggested, I suggested for us. The only loser in the whole deal is a rich, cheating, wife-beating old bastard.

MIKE

But murder.

BRIDGET

Oh golly, one of the commandments.

MIKE

Think what you're saying.

BRIDGET

Is it the morality of murder you have trouble with, or just the personal risk?

MIKE

Killing is wrong.

BRIDGET

Unless the President says to--if you read Lance Collins was dead, would you devote your life to bringing his killer to justice?

MIKE

Of course not.

BRIDGET

Would you go to his funeral?

MIKE

No.

BRIDGET

Would you feel sorry for him?

MIKE

Probably not.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 3

BRIDGET

I like you, Mike, but I can't live here forever.

MIKE

What does that mean?

BRIDGET

Duh.

She gets out of bed, starts putting on the clothes she was wearing the night before.

MIKE

Can you leave?

BRIDGET

Got to bring home the bacon.

MIKE

But are you allowed to go?

BRIDGET

(beat; an insight)

You're always looking for rules.

She walks out of the room. *

132 EXT. BRIDGET'S HOUSE - DAY

Mike drives Bridget up to her house. He hops out and runs around the car to help her out, but she's already gotten out of the car. He tries to help her and she lets him know she doesn't need his help. *

BRIDGET

I'm fine. You can call me if you want.

MIKE

You're sure?

She nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Lunch tomorrow?

BRIDGET

(half-heartedly)

Sure. *

He watches as she lets herself in the front door. *

133 INT. BRIDGET'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Once inside Bridget walks straight to the phone and makes a call.

134 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

Clay picks up the PHONE. The wedding photo we saw at the beginning of the movie is now laying face-down.

CLAY

Hello.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Guess who?

CLAY

Christ, you're dangerous.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

You heard?

CLAY

The cops called to confirm he was working for me. You do know if you finger me for the deal, I take you down too?

135 INT. BRIDGET'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

BRIDGET

I know.

CLAY (V.O.)

Look out your window.

Bridget looks outside and see...

135A BRIDGET'S POV:

...a man in a parked car.

CLAY (CONT'D, O.S.)

That's Harlan's replacement. A local, name's Bert. He won't hurt you; I need a New Yorker for that. He just makes sure I don't lose track of you again.

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

(CONTINUED)

135A CONTINUED:

as she waves at the car. BERT waves back. *

BRIDGET
He's very professional.

136 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

CLAY
Can we get past this? There's a
nice warm divorce waiting for you.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
I want at least half the money.

137 INT. BRIDGET'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLAY (V.O.)
Not a chance.

BRIDGET
Give me time to think, hon.

138 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

CLAY
(angry)
Time's up, Bitchet.

BRIDGET (V.O.)
Don't call me --

CLAY
I'll call you what I want, you
listen. I borrowed one hundred K
from a guy whose first and last
name end in vowels. Every week I
owe him a new ten thousand in
interest, and when I come up short
he's got this fun game he plays
with thumbs. I hired a private
detective to find you for fifty
percent, but now that I know where
you are I'm perfectly willing to
spend all the money hiring a
clinical sociopath to take it from
you and fuck you through the eye
sockets just for fun. *

BRIDGET (V.O.)
I'll buy a week.

CLAY
Huh?

139 INT. BRIDGET'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

BRIDGET

I'll wire you ten thousand bucks --
no, make it fifteen -- so you can
get back to your life while I wrap
things up here.

CLAY (V.O.)

Um...

BRIDGET

Then I come back, give you the
cash, maybe you'll be feeling a
little more generous.

140 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

CLAY

I have to keep Bert on your tail.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Of course you do. I've given you
no reason to trust me.

CLAY

Only a week. And I'm still
interviewing sociopaths.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

Understood. Hey, do you still have
any pictures of me around?

CLAY

You've got to be kidding.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

(wishful)
Yeah.

CLAY

Bridge, what made you do it?

BRIDGET (V.O.)

You slapped me.

CLAY

That's just an excuse.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

You're probably right. I get to
slap you back though.

CLAY

It's a deal.

BACK TO:

*

140A BRIDGET

hangs up the phone.

BRIDGET

(to herself)
Slap you back, hard.

BACK TO:

+CLAY

hangs up the phone and turns over the photo.

140B INSERT ON THE PHOTO:

It's their wedding picture, but it looks like something's been thrown at Bridget, because the glass around her is broken.

141 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridget sits behind her desk, on the phone, facing away from the closed door.

BRIDGET

What do you mean my name has to be on it? I'm going to the Bahamas, not Iraq.

Mike enters quietly. She doesn't hear him.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

What's the pilot's name?

(beat)

You've got to know my name, but I can't know who's driving? Yeah, I'll hold.

She waits.

MIKE

Am I interrupting?

She swivels quickly to face him, puts the line on hold

BRIDGET

Don't ever come in here without knocking.

MIKE

I saw you on the phone... I didn't want to...

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

She hangs up the phone.

BRIDGET

How long have you been standing there?

MIKE

Long enough to know you're going somewhere but not long enough to know where.

She relaxes.

BRIDGET

I wanted to tell you myself.

MIKE

You're leaving?

She stands up and goes to him.

BRIDGET

Just for the weekend. Fly out Saturday morning, go to New York, visit some friends. Everything that's happened, I need to get away.

MIKE

Oh.

BRIDGET

I'd invite you, next time maybe --

MIKE

(hurt, but understanding)
But they're your friends and you miss them. I'll drive you to the airport.

BRIDGET

That's a long way.

MIKE

I don't mind.

BRIDGET

Can we plan on Monday night?

MIKE

Monday Night Football.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: 2

BRIDGET

Monday Night Fucking. Are you going to be a spectator or a participant?

She kisses him, he lets her. *

141A EXT. BUFFALO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY *

To establish. Mike's car drives up to the terminal. *

142 INT. MIKE'S CAR - BUFFALO INTN. AIRPORT - DAY

Mike and Bridget stop in front of the appropriate airlines. *

BRIDGET

I know we've had our problems lately.

MIKE

That's an --

She puts her fingers to his lips.

BRIDGET

And we'll probably continue to have them. I want to work through them.

She reaches into her purse.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

This is a big gesture for a New Yorker. It's like saying I trust you irrationally.

She hands him a copy of her house key.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

My space is your space. Your space has cockroaches.

MIKE

(touched)

Can I pick you up Sunday night?

BRIDGET

No, I get in at three a.m. But don't forget our Monday appointment.

A sweet kiss. Bridget get's out of the car. She...

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142A EXT. BUFFALO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

...notices that Bert is parked nearby. She does not make eye contact with Burt. She waves good-bye to Mike and walks into the terminal. Once she's inside Mike drives away. Bert jumps out of his car and follows her inside.

143 INT. BUFFALO AIRPORT - DAY

Bridget purchases a ticket. Bert watches from a distance. She LEAVES the terminal...

144 EXT. BUFFALO AIRPORT

... and hails a cab.

145 OMITTED

146 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

She gets out of the cab carrying a clipboard, checking the address of the small house against the one in her hand. She rings the bell. The CAMERA is TO THE SIDE so the DOOR can only be HEARD OPENING.

TRISH (O.S.)

Yes?

BRIDGET

(taken aback; a beat)

Trish? Jean, with the County Health Department. We spoke on the phone. The survey?

Bridget walks in.

DISSOLVE TO:

146A INT. CAB - LATER

The meter on the cab reads: \$103.40. The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the CABBIE reading the sports page. He looks up and see Bridget walk out the front door.

ANGLE ON THE HOUSE

as Bridget walks up to the cab. She's just heard the most incredible story.

(CONTINUED)

146A CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

(to herself)

You definitely lied to me, Mike.

She climbs into the cab and drives away.

147 EXT. PRINT SHOP AND OFFICE SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Bridget walks out of the store carrying a NEW briefcase and neatly wrapped package. The sun hangs low in the sky.

148 INT. CAB - DAY

Bridget gets in. Inside the package is a neatly folded newspaper.

149 EXT. BRIDGET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The cab pulls up in front of Bridget's house. She gets out of and hands him a bundle of cash. He drives away. Bert pulls up behind. Bridget goes to him. His window's open; she leans in, rummaging behind and beneath his seat. He's speechless at her initiative.

BRIDGET

You and your assistant take turns
sitting in this car for twelve
hours at a time. There's one thing
I don't understand.

She has what she's been looking for. She pulls out a full male urinal bottle, like the wheelchair-bound use.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Well, this explains it.

She hands it back to him. And walks away.

140 OMITTED

151 INT. BRIDGET'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bridget's clock reads 7:59. The lights are off. Bridget stands at the window smoking a cigarette.

151A BRIDGET'S POV

Bert is still there. She sees a car turn onto the street. It pulls up to her house and stops. It's Mike, gazing devotedly at her abode.

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

conceals her smoke and looks at the clock, it's 8:00. She watches as Mike drives away.

152 INT. JAKE'S BAR - NIGHT

Mike walks in, going directly to the bar for a drink. Chris and Shep see him. Shep gives nervous Chris a push towards Mike. Chris takes the next stool.

CHRIS

Hey, buddy.

MIKE

How're Cindy's tits?

CHRIS

The graffiti's getting out of hand.

Mike laughs halfheartedly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(tentatively)

You still seeing that... lady?

Mike's look says it's none of your business. Across the room, Shep urges Chris on.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I ever tell you I met her once?

Mike looks at him inquisitively.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yeah. Here at Jake's, actually. She caught me outside, said she wanted to ask me something.

MIKE

The point?

CHRIS

She said she wanted to know your secret. What's the last thing Mike'd want me to know?

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

MIKE

What'd you tell her?

CHRIS

I didn't want to tell her anything.
You're my friend. Besides, what do
I know about Buffalo. You only
told Shep about the wife.

MIKE

Is that it?

CHRIS

(a beat; uneasily)
She goes for my fly, Mike. Says
she'll suck it out of me.

Mike drops Chris quickly with his fists. He grabs a bar stool, resting the bare metal leg on Chris's throat and part of his own weight on the stool, ready to drive the whole thing through his friend. The bar freezes.

SHEP

Mike.

MIKE

Tell me why you're lying.

CHRIS

I'm not --

Mike presses harder; Chris grimaces.

SHEP

Tell him why you're lying, Chris.

CHRIS

I came on to her. She shot me
down.

MIKE

I ought to kill you.

JAKE

You already hurt him, Mike.

Mike stands over the stool another moment then tosses it to the side. He shoulders his way out of the bar.

153 INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike, drunk and still drinking, on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET (V.O.)

At the tone, please leave your message.

The TONE.

MIKE

(very drunk)

It's me, Mike, designated fuckboy. Just back from Jake's. Everybody asked about you.

(laughs wryly)

Have I told you I love you? You, you, you, I admit it. I'm sure you feel the same way. You love you.

154 INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bridget listens to Mike on the answering machine in the dark. She turns on the light and begins doing her nails.

MIKE (V.O.)

Someone said something about you tonight. Said you'd tried to... squeeze some information out of him. I almost killed the guy. "Golly, one of the commandments."

(beat)

When you came to Bristol, I thought: this is the one. She's on the move, which means she can't stay here, and after Buffalo I just didn't trust myself to go back out alone. Seems I sort of lose my judgement outside of Bristol.

BRIDGET

(to herself)

Apparently so.

MIKE (V.O.)

Now I'm afraid of losing it here. I try to believe you love me, but you treat me like some kind of Four-H experiment.

(feels real sorry for himself)

I'm going to be in Bristol the rest of my fucking life. You talk about us in New York but how long till--pfft. Where'd she go... If only I knew that you loved me...

155 INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike stops and looks at the phone. He speaks as he goes to hang it up.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Can't let you hear all that.

156 INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bridget quickly grabs a pad of paper that's next to the answering machine. She begins to make doodles.

156A INSERT ON:

The doodles she is creating. Little hearts with Mike's name in them. "I love Mike" written backwards etc.

156B EXT. BRIDGET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike drives up to the house and parks on the front lawn.

157 OMITTED

158 INT. BRIDGET'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike stumbles in the front door. He goes to the answer machine which he knows is next to the bed.

159 INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike turns on the lights. The CAMERA BOOMS DOWN TO REVEAL Bridget underneath the bed, watching his feet as he lurches towards the bed.

ANGLE ON MIKE

as he finds the pad covered with doodle next to the answering machine. He's very moved by what he sees.

MIKE

(touched)

Wendy. You love me.

ANGLE ON BRIDGET

her doodles did exactly what she wanted them to do. She listens as Mike erases the tape, resets the machine, turns out the lights and stumbles out the front door.

CUT TO:

159A INT. BRISTOL JEWELRY STORE - DAY

THE CAMERA GLIDES ACROSS a display case filled with glittering diamond engagement rings. Mike eyes them like a cat in a fish store. He points to a very nice one, reaches for his wallet and produces his credit card.

160 OMITTED

161 EXT. BRISTOL JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Mike EXITS, holding a ring box.

162 OMITTED

163 EXT. BRIDGET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike drives up to the house. He checks his watch, it's 8:02. He grabs the ring box, shoves it in his coat pocket and walks up to the front door.

164 INT. BRIDGET'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He opens the front door with his key. He ENTERS cautiously. He can hear the SOUND of the SHOWER. There's an airline ticket at his feet and a Miami newspaper. He picks them up. The ticket...

164A INSERT ON TICKET

...is to Nassau, Bahamas -- not New York -- by way of Miami.

BACK TO:

MIKE

drops the newspaper and storms off to the bathroom.

165 INT. BRIDGET'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

He SLAMS in and wrenches open the shower door.

MIKE

Are you out of your mind?

BRIDGET

(scared)

Umm...

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

MIKE
Tell me about New York.

BRIDGET
(beat)
I didn't go to New York.

MIKE
That's where you told me you were going.

BRIDGET
I was meeting friends from New York. I went to the Bahamas.

MIKE
You never got to the Bahamas.

BRIDGET
Shit.

MIKE
You got off in Miami...

BRIDGET
I meant to clean up.

MIKE
Found Lance Collins...

BRIDGET
I told you I was getting home late tonight.

MIKE
And killed him.

Bridget turns off the water, dons a towel, throws another on the floor and steps gingerly past Mike.

166 INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He follows her in.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Tell me I'm wrong. Please.

She looks him in the eye.

BRIDGET
No.

He uses the wall for support.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Are you going to turn me in?

MIKE

If I don't, I'm an accessory.

BRIDGET

Christ, you are good at rules.

She brushes past him for the dresser.

MIKE

You don't seem bothered by what you've done.

Turning back toward him.

BRIDGET

I did it for us. What I'm bothered by is your attitude.

MIKE

My attitude?

She starts dressing.

BRIDGET

I expect unquestioning support from a lover. For better or worse.

MIKE

We're not married.

BRIDGET

Thankfully.

MIKE

Don't turn my actions into the issue.

BRIDGET

I killed the bastard. I wouldn't take it back if I could.

MIKE

You can't.

BRIDGET

He deserved it.

MIKE

Nobody deserves --

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: 2

BRIDGET

Spare me your brainless,
countrified morality. The world's
better off without Lance Collins.
In the ten minutes I knew him he
proved it to me twenty times.

She reaches under the bed and removes the "new" suitcase
she just bought. With flair she opens it revealing...

166A INSERT ON:

...a half a million dollars.

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Missus Collins thought so too.

Mike sits on the bed beside the money.

MIKE

Jesus.

She slams the suitcase back shut.

BRIDGET

There's your fucking evidence.

Placing both hands against the suitcase.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

... and here's my fucking
fingerprints. Maybe they'll give
you a reward and you can open a
fucking feed store.

Fully dressed, her back is to him.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Now get the hell out of here,
because I'll be goddamned if you're
going to see me cry again.

He turns towards the door, then back toward her. He
doesn't know what to say.

MIKE

Bridget...

She spins around and lashes out at him.

(CONTINUED)

166A CONTINUED:

BRIDGET

You think you know everything now,
don't you? Well, you don't. We
all have our Buffalo girls.

MIKE

But you killed.

BRIDGET

You want to live bigger, but
there's nothing you'd kill for.
There's a place for people like
that, Mike.

MIKE

(feigning callousness)
Yeah, what's it called?

BRIDGET

It's called Bristol.

Pissed, Mike turns and walks out the front door. She
watches him go.

DISSOLVE TO: *

166B INT. INTERSTATE INSURANCE - DAY *

To establish a new day.

167 OMITTED *

168 INT. BRIDGET'S OFFICE - DAY *

A meek KNOCK. Bridget sees it's Mike. The Times is on her
desk.

BRIDGET

Come in.

He ENTERS, shutting the door softly behind him.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Yes?

MIKE

Um, just wondering some things.

BRIDGET

Like?

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

MIKE

(beat)

Why book to the Bahamas?

BRIDGET

This must be a real thrill for you,
country boy, more exciting than
Monday Night Football.

MIKE

I'm just cur --

BRIDGET

Pull up a chair, I'll give you all
the gory details.

(announcer-like)

You're probably wondering about the
murder weapon. A shiny,
pearl-handled, thirty-eight cal --

MIKE

I'm trying to accept this.

She looks critically at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I want to be able to take you back.

BRIDGET

Maybe I don't want to be taken
back.

MIKE

You love me.

BRIDGET

I can wipe it off.

MIKE

I love you too.

BRIDGET

So what? Forgiving me doesn't get
me back.

MIKE

What does?

She shoves a letter across the desk at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Your resignation.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: 2

BRIDGET

I'm out of here, Mike. Won the lottery. Going to live in New York.

MIKE

I could come with.

BRIDGET

You have this way of making a woman feel like a one-way train ticket.

MIKE

It's not like that.

BRIDGET

Get out on your own.

MIKE

What do you want?

BRIDGET

Nothing you're offering.

MIKE

Try me.

BRIDGET

A relationship of equals.

MIKE

What does that mean?

BRIDGET

It means commitment.

MIKE

Commitment?

BRIDGET

I've done something committed. You haven't.

MIKE

Murder is commitment?

BRIDGET

When I've done it and you haven't, it is.

MIKE

(flippantly)
Okay. Who do you want me to erase?

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: 3

She eyes him then turns the newspaper toward him. It reads, "Cahill Strikes Again. Loophole Still Open."

BRIDGET

This Cahill guy in New York gets hold of the property tax rolls and finds out who's delinquent a few bucks. Maybe they made the check out a dollar low or left off the pennies. Cahill pays the balance. Then he waits. If the sucker doesn't figure out what happened within six months and pay him back, Cahill becomes owner of the property. Last week he kicked an eighty-four-year-old onto the street.

MIKE

That's legal?

BRIDGET

He's a lawyer.

MIKE

He's an asshole.

BRIDGET

Here's his credit reports.

She shoves him another sheet.

MIKE

You're serious.

BRIDGET

Double indemnity. Ten million payoff to the widow for an unnatural death.

Mike breathes deep.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

She's happy to give us a third.

MIKE

You called her?!

BRIDGET

She said she'd bought things over the phone before. We'd be set for life. And doing the world a favor.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: 4

MIKE

I can't believe this. Murder.

She comes around the desk, kneels at his feet.

BRIDGET

Marriage. A shared secret, a
shared past. That's more than most
people have to build on.

MIKE

You try to make this sound
reasonable.

BRIDGET

It is reasonable. You and me and
New York. Three million dollars.

MIKE

Where does this end with you?

BRIDGET

Right then, right after Cahill.
We'd be even.

Mike stands up and pushes away.

MIKE

I finally realized something. I
don't want to be with you enough to
be like you.

He EXITS. Bridget sits back at her desk, pulling an
unsealed envelope out of the drawer. The name above the
return belongs to...

168A INSERT ON

...Trish. It's already been stamped and canceled
"Buffalo".

BACK TO:

BRIDGET

takes out some paper and begins to compose a letter.

BRIDGET

(to herself)
Dear Mike...

CUT TO:

169 OMITTED

170 EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike's mail box is stuffed with the usual junk mail and bills. Mike walks up and takes the mail. As he walks to the front door he begins sorting through it. One letter stops him dead in his tracks. *

170A INSERT ON THE LETTER:

We recognize it as the letter Bridget wrote. He rips it open and begins to read.

BACK TO:

MIKE

his hands shake as he reads. He mouths the words, but it's TRISH'S VOICE that we hear.

TRISH (V.O.)

Got a job at Interstate... moving to Bristol... finalize the annulment... The only person who has to know is the judge. Just want to be near you. *

The CAMERA PUSHES IN on Mike. This is a man frozen with fear. *

171 OMITTED

172 INT. BRIDGET'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A furious POUNDING on the DOOR. Mike bursts in when Bridget unlocks it.

MIKE

I'll do it.

BRIDGET

Do what?

MIKE

I'll kill the bastard. There's just one thing.

BRIDGET

What?

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

MIKE

I'm not coming back to Bristol.
Not for a minute.

BRIDGET

Oh, Mike.

She goes to him. He shrugs her off.

MIKE

I pull up stakes and we settle in
right afterwards, put all this
behind us.

BRIDGET

What made you change your --

He heads out the door.

MIKE

We're going to have a life
together. In New York. Alone.

173 INT. BRIDGET'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bridget watches Bert in his car through the window. She
smiles as he reaches behind the seat.

174 INT. BERT'S CAR - DAY

Bert zips up, putting the urinal bottle back behind him and
settling back in. Suddenly, SIRENS. TWO COP CARS SCREECH
up. Both COPS hop out.

COP #1

Out of the car.

Bert gets out. Cop #2 crawls in. Bridget's garage opens.

BERT

What's going on?

COP #2

Got it.

Bridget pulls away. Bert stamps his foot. Cop #2 crawls
out with the urinal.

COP #1

You're under arrest.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

BERT

For what?

COP #2

Why'd you feel you had to stand on top of the car to do this?

174A EXT. BRISTOL - DAY

Mike's car drives out of Bristol. The CAMERA PANS TO REVEAL a sign that reads: "Leaving Bristol, please come again."

175 INT. MIKE'S CAR - DAY

Bridget drives Mike, who's on edge.

MIKE

You've got my keys.

BRIDGET

I've got your keys. The movers come Monday. Give me your cheat sheet.

MIKE

Why?

BRIDGET

You don't want it on you. You memorized it, didn't you?

He hands it over. She holds it to the wheel.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Let's hear it.

MIKE

Arrive at La Guardia -- get a cab. Find a cheap hotel near downtown, check in indefinitely.

Bridget nods. Mike sighs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Wait 'til dark, then find Cahill's apartment; don't use a cab. Watch until ten, when we know the girlfriend'll be gone, then wait for the lights to go off. Another half hour to make sure he's asleep.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Put on gloves. Make sure I have cuffs -- four pair -- gun, knife, bandana and flashlight. Bulky jacket over it all. Keys too: doorknob and deadbolt. His wife just sent them to you?

Bridget nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

How'd she address the envelope?

BRIDGET

K and S Pest Control. I rented a box.

MIKE

Take the stairs up. Unlock the door deadbolt first -- counter-clockwise -- then doorknob -- clockwise. Open the door, close the door. Find him quickly and make sure he sees the gun. Tell him not to say a word --

BRIDGET

Hit him hard if he does.

MIKE

Close any open curtains. Tell him I'm just there to rob the place. Find a sturdy chair, have him sit in it, throw him the cuffs. Have him cuff himself to the chair: right leg, left leg, right arm, left arm. Listen for all four clicks. Tell him to open his mouth, then gag him. Tight. Walk behind him --

BRIDGET

You tied the gag, you're already behind him.

MIKE

Use the gun to knock him out with a blow to the head.

He stops. She rubs his knee.

BRIDGET

Don't stop.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: 2

MIKE

Then keep stabbing him 'til he
can't be anything but dead.

BRIDGET

Keep going.

MIKE

Open a drawer and spill everything
out. . Leave it where it falls.

BRIDGET

Seems like you found what you were
looking for.

MIKE

Take one last look at the place,
open the door, turn off the lights,
exit, lock it and leave, pocketing
the gloves. Why do I need to turn
off the lights?

BRIDGET

Pop psychology. Let yourself know
you've finished an unpleasant
chore.

MIKE

Unpleasant chore.

BRIDGET

Are you up to this?

MIKE

Is it still part of the mating
ritual?

176 INT. BUS - DAY

Mike stares grimly out the window as the country side
rushes by in the reflection.

177 EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Mike in New York, dazed by its size and pace. He loses a
cab for lack of aggressiveness.

178 INT. HOTEL - DAY

Checking in at a seedy hotel with a DESKPERSON who
casually flips him the keys.

179 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Holding a map, looking up and down the street. He's dressed in a bulky jacket.

180 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

He steps out from a subway entrance and begins walking.

181 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

He stands across the street, watching one room. The lights go out. He checks his watch: 10:39.

DISSOLVE TO:

182 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

11:15. He dons the gloves, crossing the street.

183 INT. BUILDING ENTRANCEWAY - NIGHT

He walks through the entranceway. The mailbox for apartment 303 reads "Cahill." Pulling a ring of three keys from his pocket he opens the security door.

184 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Tramping up the stairs.

185 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stopping at 303, fumbling with the keyring. He puts his ear to the door, hearing nothing. A deep breath, then he puts in the deadbolt KEY. It takes some effort, and NOISE, to turn it. The doorknob opens easier. He's in.

186 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

He shields the flashlight with his hand, giving himself just enough light to pick his way around the furniture, breathing hard and sweating. He pulls a pair of cuffs from a pocket, puts them back and pulls out a gun. He's anxious; Cahill could already be calling the cops. It's a relief when Mike sees and hears a MAN SNORING in the bedroom. He kicks the bed once, twice; Clay Gregory opens his eyes, the gun in his face.

CLAY

Life just keeps getting better.

187 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Lit, the apartment is REVEALED as the Gregorys'. Mike closes curtains with one hand, keeps the gun trained on Clay, sitting in a sturdy chair, with the other.

MIKE

I'm here to rob the place.

CLAY

I thought you were the new decorator.

MIKE

Shut up.

CLAY

Don't mean to mess with your concentration. Skilled labor and all.

Mike tosses the four sets of cuffs to Clay.

CLAY (CONT'D)

What's with these?

MIKE

Put them on.

CLAY

I'm offering too much resistance.

Clay mutters as he puts them on. Mike paces nervously. Clay binds his legs to each other and his arms to each other. He holds up the two other pairs of cuffs.

CLAY (CONT'D)

What now?

Mike sees, thinks.

MIKE

Cuff the handcuffs to the leg cuffs.

CLAY

Oh, that'll be comfortable.

MIKE

I told you to shut up!

Clay does as told while Mike resumes pacing. Clay finishes, very hunched over.

CLAY

Now what?

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

Mike fumbles in his pocket for the bandana.

MIKE

Now I'm going to gag you.

CLAY

What are you? a librarian?

Mike goes behind Clay to knot the gag. Clay resists.

CLAY (CONT'D)

How am I going to tell you where everything is?

MIKE

Hold still.

CLAY

(quietly)

Am I yelling? You've got a gun. I'm cooperating. Forget the gag.

MIKE

The gag's important.

CLAY

Did you read a book on this?

(beat)

You don't look like a drughead.

MIKE

Huh?

CLAY

I only write prescriptions -- no stash -- and the money goes right to a loan shark. There's aspirin in the medicine cabinet, but other than that --

MIKE

Drugs?

CLAY

You're just breaking in at random? Great! The guy next door is out of town for a month.

MIKE

Open.

Clay opens his mouth wearily. Mike ties the bandana tight. Mike closes his eyes, trying to find his nerve.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: 2

He pulls the gun from his pocket, raises it up, opens his eyes a second to locate Clay's head, then brings the gun down, dazing Clay. Mike opens his eyes; Clay is still forcibly hunched over. Mike pulls out the knife, holds it up, closes his eyes again... then drops it to the floor. Clay's eyes bulge. Tears run down Mike's face.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I don't think I can do it, Wendy.

A beat. Clay begins jumping, moving himself and the chair towards the end table. Mike freezes in panic; Clay's making a lot of noise.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(harshly, under his
breath)

Stop!

Clay CRASHES into the TABLE, upending himself, the table, and the picture frame resting face-down on it. Clay and Bridget's picture lands face up. Mike rips the bandana from Clay's mouth so that it's hanging around his neck.

MIKE

Talk fast.

CLAY

She's my wife. Her name's Bridget. You know her as Wendy Kroy. She stole a fortune from me. After making me steal it. She doesn't want to give it up, but she can't come back to New York without settling with me. That's where you come in, I guess. She hired you --

Mike reacts, turns away. Clay is still on the floor.

CLAY (CONT'D)

No, you're into her. I guess there aren't many women fuck like her in cownown.

Mike kicks Clay hard.

MIKE

Talk.

CLAY

(in pain)
You're schizoid. Talk to yourself.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: 3

MIKE

Are you really her husband?

CLAY

Pick me up.

Mike rights Clay's chair.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Who'd she tell you I was?

MIKE

The foreclosure lawyer.

CLAY

And you believed that?

MIKE

Your mailbox says Cahill.

CLAY

You're crazy.

MIKE

It does.

CLAY

Find one other thing in here that says Ca -- Wait! She's here.

MIKE

Huh?

CLAY

In New York. She must've switched the mailbox label. What the hell are you supposed to do to the guy?

No answer.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Great. She must have worked up one hell of a morality play for you.

MIKE

What?

CLAY

You're supposed to kill Cahill, only he's me. Then she fingers you for the murder.

MIKE

She wouldn't.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: 4

CLAY

Oh. She wouldn't lie to you?

MIKE

No.

CLAY

Denial. I'm still Cahill. Did she ever mention she knows Cahill? So well that he keeps a picture of her? Pretty major omission.

MIKE

Let me think.

CLAY

Take your time. She probably has the cops heading here right now.

MIKE

No.

CLAY

No, she has to know you actually offered me first. You're signalling her. How?

MIKE

I'm calling her later.

CLAY

She's not in Bristol, cowboy.

188 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Bridget, wearing her wedding ring, stands across the street watching the window. She moves quickly when the lights go off.

189 INT. BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Carrying suitcase and purse, she gets in the building through the back.

190 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

She emerges from the stairwell.

191 INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark. The CREAKING FLOOR in the hallway, then KEYS in the LOCKS. The door opens. Bridget is swept inside by knife-wielding Mike. He turns the lights on, confirms it's her, throws her on the couch. Clay is still bound. Bridget's suitcase and purse land on the floor.

MIKE

Shit.

She takes it all in. She points to Clay.

BRIDGET

(to Mike)

Is that him?

CLAY

Give it up, Bridge.

BRIDGET

Who's Bridge?

Mike kicks the picture over to her.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

(resignedly)

I am.

MIKE

You were going to have me kill your husband.

BRIDGET

I was.

MIKE

And then tell the police.

She stands, as if to approach him.

BRIDGET

No, I wasn't.

CLAY

Bullshit. She tells the cops she was reconciling with me -- that's the suitcase.

BRIDGET

Shut up, Clay.

CLAY

And you're the jealous boy --

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

Cat-quick, Bridget, from behind, twists the bandana tight around Clay's neck. His mouth opens silently; she pulls the mace from her purse and sprays it down his throat. She holds tight 'til Clay finishes his death throes while Mike watches, shellshocked.

MIKE

My God.

She approaches Mike while, behind her back, she wipes her prints from the mace bottle. Then she drops it.

BRIDGET

Now we have a future.

MIKE

You're not human.

BRIDGET

This is all for us, Mike.

MIKE

He's dead.

BRIDGET

He was insured. And I'm free.
Take me.

MIKE

What?

BRIDGET

It's a role-play. You're the intruder: you kill my husband, you rape me.

She's all over him. He's scared. He holds the gun and knife over his head.

MIKE

You're not going to kill me.

She's undressing him, ignoring the weapons.

BRIDGET

You're going to kill me. If I don't do what you say.

MIKE

Get away. I need to think.

BRIDGET

Rape me.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: 2

MIKE

You're lucky if I don't kill you.

BRIDGET

Trish wasn't really coming to
Bristol, Mike.

Mike is stunned, not by the news so much as Bridget's
knowing about it.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have told me you'd
never slept with a man.

Mike backhands her. She takes it, continuing as if it
didn't happen.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

That must have been some wild
night, you getting married so fast.
He couldn't believe that you asked
him. He dressed up for me. I can
see it.

MIKE

Stop!

BRIDGET

But two days, Mike. How did he
keep the goods hidden for a whole
weekend? Did he tell you the
little wobbly thing at the back of
his throat was his --

He backhands her again.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

-- clitoris? Or did he say it was
somewhere in the small intestine?

MIKE

I'll kill you.

BRIDGET

Rape me.

MIKE

Damn right I'm raping you.

He means it. He throws her into the bedroom, onto the bed.
He leaves the gun behind, keeping the knife, catching up
with her. She's pulling off the clothes that he's trying
to rip off.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: 3

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm raping you. For real.

BRIDGET
You are, you are.

He's in her. She's thrusting with him.

MIKE
I'm hurting you.

BRIDGET
I know, I know.

He tries to be rough, trying to fuck himself out of her control, trying to rape someone who wants to be raped. Behind his back she picks the phone off the hook, dials 9-1-1, puts the receiver under the bed.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
(acting hysterical)
What are you doing?

MIKE
I'm raping you. I'm raping you.

BRIDGET
My husband's dead.

MIKE
You're going to be too.

BRIDGET
(whispering in his ear)
I'm Trish. I'm Trish.

Mike starts belting her.

CU on the PHONE.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
We're tracing your call.

Mike pumps away, oblivious, tears rolling down his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

192 INT. JAIL VISITING ROOM - LAWYER'S POV - DAY

Mike is SEEN ENTERING from the other side of the glass of the cubicle he's approaching. He's had a rough time of it here but he's not yet broken. He takes his seat. He and his lawyer pick up their phones. Both VOICES FILTERED.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

LAWYER

Hi, Mike.

MIKE

(impatiently)
What'd you find?

LAWYER

Lance Collins exists. In fact, he
continues to exist...

Mike's head drops to the table. THE CAMERA PANS TO REVEAL
that the Lawyer is none other than KENT, Bridget's
attorney. *

KENT (CONT'D)

It's the guy you described: New
York money man, retired with wife
in Miami. But he isn't dead.
Miami newspapers had no page one
articles in the last month like the
one you --

Mike sits back up.

MIKE

So Bridget stole the money from her
husband, like he said.

KENT

But the husband never filed a
complaint. Look at the D.A.'s
case, Mike. You go into a man's
apartment with a gun and knife.
That's intent to kill even if you
hadn't confessed it. The wife is
there -- your girlfriend -- that's
motive. There's a rape -- on
police tape -- along with a number
of murderous threats, all of which
go towards establishing --

MIKE

What about the keys? She gave them
to me.

KENT

They're copies of the originals she
possessed. A jury figures you
could have had them made at any
time.

MIKE

But --

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: 2

KENT

Not a trace of anyone's fingerprints on them but yours.

MIKE

The mace was hers.

KENT

It's free of fingerprints, and you were the one wearing gloves.

MIKE

She strangled him.

KENT

Not even the FBI can pick up fingerprints on a bandana. I believe you, Mike, but a jury's going to be looking for electrical outlets.

Mike looks from side to side. A tough-looking criminal makes a spiteful kissing gesture at him.

MIKE

(starting to break)
I can't take this.

KENT

If we had one piece of hard evidence to support your version of her maneuverings, that'd be enough to raise reasonable doubt. A note she wrote, the phony newspaper she shoved you...

MIKE

What about the calls from my office?

KENT

Your office, and you made all but one of the calls. She probably faked that one -- believe me, you don't want a jury to hear about that night. Think.

A beat. Mike snaps his fingers. He leans in close.

MIKE

There's one thing she might've forgot.

CUT TO:

193 EXT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

A limo pulls up and Bridget, decked out expensively, steps out. The limo stays put. She walks to the entranceway and ENTERS.

193A INT. BUILDING ENTRANCEWAY - DAY

Mailbox #303 still reads "Cahill". Bridget unlocks the box and slips the Cahill label out, leaving the "Gregory" label in place.

193B EXT. GREGORY APARTMENT - DAY

Bridget walks out of the apartment building with the "Cahill" label between her fingers. She rips it into tiny pieces, letting them fall. She gets back into the limo. It drives away.

FADE OUT.

THE END