

UNLAWFUL ENTRY

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FADE IN.

EXT. A QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS STREET TO - A two story house, charming, spacious and lovely. This is the ROBERTS HOUSE. From an upstairs window we see the flicker of t.v. screen light.

INT. ROBERTS BEDROOM - NIGHT

AS THE CAMERA PANS THE ROOM, WE HEAR David Letterman on the t.v. He's doing the top ten list. WE SEE a wedding picture of a happy young couple on the beautiful pine dresser, this is the bedroom of a successful young couple.

PULL BACK TO - KAREN ROBERTS

She's in bed, trying to sleep. She is the bride in the wedding picture. Karen is one of those naturally beautiful women who never believe it when you tell them they're beautiful. Well, maybe they do.

Karen reaches across the bed. But the only one there is TINY, a very large cat, asleep on the pillow beside her. She doesn't seem all that surprised.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

MICHAEL ROBERTS, the groom in the wedding picture, paces tensely as he talks on the phone. His face is the face of a man who is confident and secure in himself. A man who knows who he is. Or thinks he does.

MICHAEL
(into the phone)
Give me credit for some
intelligence, will you,
please...You think I'd have agreed
to a thirty day feasibility period
if I thought he was bluffing?

Michael pours himself a drink from the bottle of Chivas on his desk.

MICHAEL (CONT)
Yeah, well, just don't sound so
fucking surprised when I tell you
that twenty-five thousand is a
big number for me right now. I
was hoping to leave myself with
something of a cushion...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Karen walks toward Michael's office, carrying the cat. She can hear Michael on the phone as she approaches.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
I went over that shit with you
nine-hundred times...How could
you have underestimated?

Michael is surprised as the door opens and Karen walks in. He immediately softens his tone so as not to convey the impression that anything is amiss. If Karen suspects otherwise, she doesn't let on. Michael holds up a finger to indicate that he'll be off in a second.

As Karen looks around Michael's office, she seems vaguely amused. It's a workaholic's delight. It's got a top of the line personal computer, a fax machine and a well stocked liquor cabinet.

MICHAEL
Okay, Roger, I hear you. That
sounds good. Right... Look I
gotta go. Right, eleven o'clock.
Fax it to me, okay?
(hangs up)
What are you doing up?

KAREN
The television woke me.

MICHAEL
(kisses her)
Go back to bed. I'll be right
there.

As Michael walks over to the computer and looks at the screen, Karen places the cat down on the small couch.

KAREN
What did good old Roger have to
say?

Michael smiles reassuringly as he says-

MICHAEL
We were just going some last
minute details. You know, with
a little bit of luck, this thing
could close tomorrow.

KAREN
Really?

Michael starts punching some keys.

MICHAEL
Roger said he's never a seen a
deal go this smoothly. Go on back
to bed.

Karen smiles as she says seductively-

KAREN

Why don't you come with me?

Karen starts to kiss Michael. Then her hands are all over him. Michael gives up the idea of doing anymore work tonight. He starts to lead Karen toward the door, but she smiles as she closes the door and says-

KAREN

Let's do it here in your little room. Your secret little room.

Karen pulls Michael down on the couch, but Tiny, the cat is curled up there. He hisses at Michael and runs out of the room.

KAREN

Maybe if you paid more attention to him, he'd like you better.

MICHAEL

I don't want him to like me. I hate that cat.

KAREN

(smiling)

You don't like Tiny and I don't like Roger. So we're even.

MICHAEL

(laughs)

Wives never like their husband's old college roommates.

Karen takes off her nightgown. She's really a beautiful woman. Michael reaches for her, but they are suddenly interrupted by A LOUD SOUND from downstairs.

KAREN

What was that?

But all that Michael's concerned with right now is making love to his wife.

MICHAEL

Probably just your cat...

He kisses Karen again, who smiles now as she wraps herself around Michael. But then ANOTHER SOUND from downstairs. Karen is really alarmed now, and Michael knows that no sex will be had around here until he investigates.

MICHAEL

(getting up)

I'll be right back.

KAREN

Maybe we should call the police.

MICHAEL

(laughs)

How about the National Guard? Lock the door behind me and don't do anything stupid while I'm gone.

KAREN

Like what?

MICHAEL

Like putting your nightgown back on.

Michael smiles and walks out of the room.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael starts for the stairs, but then he stops. He opens up a hall closet, reaches in for something. A golf club. Better to be safe than sorry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Michael hits the lights. The living room and it's contents are illuminated. The Nantucket sofa, the pine coffee table, the wicker rocker...Michael moves slowly through them, golf club in hand, toward the front door. He tries the door. It's locked. He checks the windows. All bolted. No sign of forced entry anywhere in this room. He opens the closet. It's one of those huge walk-in affairs, and it's cluttered with clothes and unpacked cartons. Tough to see in here. Michael pokes around with his golf club. Nothing jumps out at him. He's breathing easier, but he's still holding onto that golf club as he heads for the kitchen.

CUT TO:

KAREN IN THE OFFICE

-She's got her nightgown back on, and she's starting to look nervous. What's taking Michael so long? Then Karen is suddenly startled by A LOUD NOISE right behind her. She wheels around to see-

THE FAX MACHINE

-sending a transmission from Roger. Karen takes a deep breath.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael comes in. He hits the light switch. The light bulb flickers once and goes out. The bulb's burned out.

MICHAEL

Shit...

Michael tightens his grip around the golf club as he makes his way slowly through the darkened kitchen toward the door that opens onto the backyard. He tries the door. It's locked securely.

Michael is now sure that this has been a false alarm. He leans his golf club against the table, opens up the refrigerator door and pulls out a bottle of mineral water. But as he tilts his head back to take a drink, he sees something above him in the pale light cast by the refrigerator bulb-

THE SKYLIGHT HAS BEEN FORCED OPEN

Michael is immediately seized by the terrifying realization that an intruder is inside of his home. The water bottle falls out of his hand and smashes to the floor as he makes a hurried grab for the golf club.

BACK TO KAREN

-as she reacts to the sound of glass breaking down below. She rushes out of the office.

BACK TO MICHAEL IN THE KITCHEN

-as he charges toward the door, he steps on a shard of glass from the broken water bottle and cuts his foot. It doesn't slow him down as he charges into-

THE LIVING ROOM

-where he is alarmed to find Karen.

MICHAEL

Get back upstairs and-

KAREN

(sees his foot)

What happened?

MICHAEL

Just listen to me,
goddamnit...Lock the door and call
the police. Tell them-

The door to the walk-in closet is suddenly flung open. It smashes into Michael's back. The golf club goes flying and Michael is sent sprawling. Karen screams as THE BURGLAR comes rushing out of the closet. This guy is big, young and scared - the worst possible combination.

Michael scrambles up and rushes the burglar, who is heading toward the front door. Karen screams-

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KAREN
Michael...No!

Michael tackles the burglar and down they go.

MICHAEL
(to Karen)
Call the police.

The burglar sees Karen heading for the phone and this really gets his adrenalin going. He gets out from under Michael and punches him hard in the face, nearly knocking him out. Then he charges the terrified Karen. He tears the phone out of her hand and grabs her roughly from behind. He's got his arm pressed hard across Karen's breasts as he starts backing her up toward the kitchen.

KAREN
Michael!

Michael struggles to his feet, and starts toward them.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As the burglar keeps moving toward the back door with Karen, he grabs up a huge carving knife from a rack on the wall. He places it against the terrified Karen's throat as he shouts at the advancing Michael-

BURGLAR
Don't be a hero, man or I will
fuck your old lady up...

Michael immediately does what he's told, stopping in his tracks as the burglar gets the back door open and disappears through it with Karen. Michael just stands there, his head is spinning from fear and confusion. Then from somewhere outside he hears KAREN SCREAM. Michael takes off running toward the back door shouting-

MICHAEL
Karen!

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Michael rushes outside. It's pitch black out here. He can't see one damned thing. Then-

KAREN (O.S.)
(hoarsely)
Michael...

Michael sees Karen huddled against the side of the house. She's shivering with absolute terror. Michael is flooded with relief as he takes her into his arms and just holds her as she cries.

EXT. ROBERTS HOUSE - NIGHT

WE SEE THE WORDS - TO PROTECT AND SERVE

- They are printed on the door of the patrol car that is parked in the driveway. Two uniformed police officers stand at the door. They ring the bell.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Karen opens the door to the two officers. The red light on their patrol car's turret casts a glow that to Karen, at this moment, is comforting.

KAREN

Please, come in. I'm Karen Roberts.

The two cops step inside the house. Officer PETE LANE, with his all-American good looks, would be perfect for an LAPD recruiting poster. His partner, Officer Roy Cole is slightly older, quieter and more intense. Roy hangs back and lets Pete do the talking.

PETE

I'm Officer Lane. This is my partner, Officer Cole.

KAREN

Hello...

Roy just nods. Pete spots the blood on the floor.

PETE

Was somebody hurt?

KAREN

My husband stepped on some glass. It isn't serious. He should be out in a minute.

Karen glances nervously down the hall for Michael.

PETE

Why don't you tell us what happened?

Roy pulls out his pad and takes notes as Karen talks.

KAREN

We were upstairs in my husband's office. We heard a noise. Michael went downstairs and after awhile I heard another noise so...

Karen is frightened, and she's having trouble continuing.

PETE
(gently)
Take your time.

KAREN
This man...he came charging out
of the closet. He and Michael
fought.

Now Michael enters the room. He's walking with a slight limp
and there is a trace of embarrassment in his voice as he says-

MICHAEL
It wasn't all that much of a
fight, I'm sorry to say. Then he
grabbed Karen and took off through
the back.

PETE
(to Karen)
Are you all right?

KAREN
Yes...thank you.

Tiny the cat rubs up against Pete's leg, and Karen smiles for
the first time as she says-

KAREN
Tiny likes you.

Pete pets the cat as he says-

PETE
Hey, Tiny...not a very good
watchcat are you?

MICHAEL
Cat's useless.

PETE
(to Michael)
Can you show us how this guy got
into the house?

MICHAEL
Yeah, he came in through the
kitchen.

As Pete and Roy follow Michael and Karen toward the kitchen,
they pass a lamp whose light silhouette Karen's shapely body
beneath her silky nightgown. Roy nudges Pete and gives him a
salacious smile, indicating that he thinks Karen Roberts looks
pretty good. But Pete shakes his head disgustedly at Roy, like
he can't believe what a jerk his partner is being right at this
moment.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Pete trains his flashlight on the broken skylight, Roy makes notes.

ROY

We'll be sending somebody over tomorrow to dust for prints. Would you prefer morning or afternoon?

MICHAEL

Tomorrow's so busy...Why don't we say morning...

They walk back out into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PETE

We've had several of these break-ins in this area lately. We're pretty sure they were all done by the same guy.

KAREN

(alarmed)

You don't think...that he could come back?

ROY

(shrugs)

Anything's possible.

MICHAEL

Why would the same guy come back?

ROY

Because he left empty-handed.

Karen is becoming increasingly tense and there's an edge in her voice as she says to Michael-

KAREN

You told me the Realtor did a whole speech about how safe this neighborhood is...

Before Michael can reply, Roy speaks up-

ROY

Your Realtor lied.

Karen and Michael react to Roy's bluntness. So does Pete. He shoots Roy a look. Roy gets the message.

ROY

I'm going to take a look around outside. Maybe somebody saw something.

Roy goes out the door. Pete says sincerely-

PETE

Look, all things considered, this is a safe neighborhood, and, believe me, the chances of this guy coming back here are really slim to none.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, I'm sure that's true, but I'm not going through another night like this one. I'm getting a gun.

Karen is almost shouting as she says-

KAREN

No. No guns in this house.

Michael is exasperated. He appeals to Pete-

MICHAEL

Maybe she'll listen to you.

PETE

(shakes his head)
Don't do it. The worst calls we get are from people who've accidentally shot some relative in the middle of the night.

Karen smiles at Pete. This wasn't the answer she was expecting from a cop. But Michael is annoyed.

MICHAEL

I'm not going to shoot some relative...

PETE

(smiling)
Anyway you look at it, guns make a mess. A much bigger mess than that.

Pete points to the small pool of blood on the floor.

EXT. ROBERTS HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

Michael and Karen have got the door open. Pete is standing outside.

PETE

I meant what I said about that burglar alarm. Otherwise... you're just inviting trouble right into your home. Goodnight.

KAREN

Goodnight.

Pete heads toward the car where Roy is waiting. Karen seems despondent as she watches Pete get into the car. It's like she felt safe as long as the police were around, but now...

KAREN

He was a nice guy.

MICHAEL

I suppose so. For a cop.

INT. ROBERTS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Michael closes the door, Karen suddenly rushes toward the cabinet in the hall. She flings it open.

MICHAEL

What are you doing?

Karen pulls the Yellow Pages out of the cabinet.

KAREN

I'm not spending the night here with that skylight wide open...

Karen begins to frantically turn through the book.

MICHAEL

We're not going to get anybody to fix that thing tonight.

But Karen isn't about to listen to reason. She has to do this, she has to do something to keep the terror at bay.

KAREN

Just tell me what to look under...

MICHAEL

And besides...Karen, the police are dusting for fingerprints tomorrow. We're not supposed to touch anything.

Karen starts crying as the terror of the evening comes crashing down on her.

KAREN

He touched me, Michael. He put
his hands all over me...He said
things to me...

MICHAEL

(angrily)

That goddamned sonavabitch...

KAREN

I thought for a minute that he
was going to...I thought he...

Michael's getting angrier by the second, but he has to keep
his temper in check so he can comfort his wife.

MICHAEL

Honey, it's over now. Tomorrow
we'll get the skylight repaired,
and I'll call somebody about a
burglar alarm. It's going to be
okay.

But Karen doesn't look like she believes him.

EXT. ROBERTS HOUSE - DAY

A UNIFORMED POLICEWOMAN is up on the ledge outside the broken
skylight. She's dusting for fingerprints around the area of
forced entry.

Waiting below are Karen, Michael and ROGER, a nervous looking
guy about Michael's age. Roger's three piece suit is
immaculately tailored, he is obviously a man who knows how to
match his checks and stripes.

ROGER

If somebody broke into my house
while I was in it, I'd have had
a heart attack.

MICHAEL

(smiling)

You are such a chickenshit...

ROGER

(smiling)

Better than being a dead hero.

(checks watch)

You know, it's after ten...

MICHAEL

(to Karen)

Honey?

Karen can't conceal the edge in her voice as she says-

KAREN

Go on, Michael. I know how important this meeting is.

MICHAEL

I'll call you later.

Michael gives Karen a quick kiss, then he and Roger hurry off to Roger's white Saab. Roger is a bit nervous as he says-

ROGER

Jerome Richter's a very tough customer. Are you sure you're up to this today?

MICHAEL

(smiling)

Just drive.

Karen watches them drive off. Then-

POLICEWOMAN (O.S.)

Mrs. Roberts?

Karen turns to the policewoman who is shaking her head to indicate no fingerprints were found. Karen just stands there filling with dread.

EXT. AN OLD BUS STATION - DAY

This station, which is no longer in use, is right on the edge of the downtown area, just a short walk away from the sleek, new office buildings which seem to be almost marching toward this run down neighborhood. Though the station has become as beaten up as the rest of this area, you can see the exquisite art deco detailing in its design and easily imagine that at one time this place must have really been something. A WINO sleeps in the door. Two cars are parked out front. Roger's Saab and a top of the line Mercedes.

INT. BUS STATION - DAY

One good sized section of the station has been cordoned off by a cleaning crew of about thirty men, who are diligently working to restore it to its former glory. Gorgeous marble tiled floor is beginning to show through the grime. Men up on scaffolds are painting walls and shining up the beautiful crystal chandeliers.

Michael, Roger and JEROME RICHTER look at one of the many architectural renderings that are pasted up around the walls. Richter, in his early fifties, is obviously a powerful man. Richter seems to be studying Michael as he says-

RICHTER

Restaurants are a tricky proposition. On any coast. If this one doesn't fly, that's the end of your franchise.

Roger is nervous, but Michael looks Richter confidentially in the eye as he says-

MICHAEL

It'll fly.

RICHTER

What makes you so sure?

MICHAEL

In the first place, we've got a great location. This whole area is obviously ripe for refurbishment. Look out there...The people who work there have to eat someplace.

Michael points out the window toward-

THE SLEEK DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDINGS

MICHAEL

We're also going to have great food and first class management. I am this close to closing a deal with a world class chef for a hundred and a quarter plus five percent of the gross.

RICHTER

And management?

MICHAEL

(smiling)

Mr. Richter, I'm not just another out of work east coast stockbroker with too much time on his hands. I am going to run this place.

RICHTER

Oh?

MICHAEL

My uncle owned a restaurant. I know the business inside out. I plan to be personally responsible for everything, both before and after this place opens up.
(more)

MICHAEL (Cont'd)

That means that I hire all
personnel-from the dishwaters to
the accountants. I get the
permits, I...

Richter listens poker faced, he's a good businessman so it's
tough to tell what he's thinking. But Michael's confidence and
enthusiasm are infectious, and Roger can't help but smile as
he watches Michael in action.

INT. ROBERTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael is trying to make love to his wife, but Karen is tense.
She struggles to relax as she closes her eyes and holds her
husband close, but finally-

KAREN

Michael...I'm sorry...

Michael leans over and strokes Karen's hair.

MICHAEL

You know, it's been almost a week
since the break in.

KAREN

What do you want to know? When
I'll be calm enough to make love
to you again?

Michael smiles. He's trying to keep things light.

MICHAEL

You don't have to give me an exact
date.

Karen doesn't find Michael amusing. She sits up on the side of
the bed with her back toward Michael.

MICHAEL

I just hate to see you so jumpy
all the time.

KAREN

Not one word from the police. They
aren't going to get him...

MICHAEL

They will.

KAREN

He could come back. Do you realize
that? That cop said that-

MICHAEL

He's not going to come back. And besides, the alarm people are coming on Saturday.

KAREN

I want to sell this house. I don't want to live here anymore.

Michael's not taking this seriously. He says-

MICHAEL

Karen...you love this house.

KAREN

No, Michael, you love this house. I didn't need all this. I didn't even want to come out here, and now we're in way over our heads.

Though Michael laughs like Karen's being ridiculous, it's clear she's hit a nerve.

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?

KAREN

Oh, come on. If this restaurant deal doesn't come through, we're broke, aren't we?

MICHAEL

You think I'd leave us without a cushion? There's still plenty of money left over and besides, it went great with Richter.

KAREN

He didn't say, yes.

MICHAEL

He will. He's coming to the party, isn't he? Believe me, he-

KAREN

I can't keep doing this. I can't keep living on the edge.

Michael's temper is starting to rise.

MICHAEL

Hey, Karen...don't worry about it, okay? The deal is going to close. Unlike your father, I happen to know what I'm doing...

Michael softens his tone, determined not to let his wife be overwhelmed by her dark mood. He puts his arms around her as he says-

MICHAEL

I've never let you down, have I?
You're going to have all the
things you deserve. That's why
we're out here. That's what the
restaurant's for. So that I can
give you those things. Give our
kid those things...

Michael starts to kiss Karen's neck.

MICHAEL

There is nothing to be afraid of.

But Karen's too tense, too frightened. She moves away from Michael as she kisses his cheek and says-

KAREN

Goodnight, Michael. I'm sorry.

As Karen lies back down, Michael sits there on the bed. If there was something he could say, he'd say it. But for once, he doesn't know what that might be. Then off in the distance, he hears THE DISTANT WAIL OF A SIREN. A police car? Now it is Michael who tenses up, and he reaches below the bed, where he's got a baseball bat handy. As Michael wraps his hand around it, he locks eyes with Tiny, the cat, who'd been curled up on the floor. Tiny seems to be looking at him with a look that says, you're not fooling anybody, pal. You're just as scared as Karen.

INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

Officer Pete Lane is blasting away with deadly accuracy. From the look of intensity on his face, you'd think he was in a life and death situation instead of on a firing range.

Watching Pete shoot are his partner Roy and DAN, a younger cop. The look on Roy's face indicates that he doesn't quite understand why Pete is trying so hard. Dan, on the other hand, is thoroughly impressed by Pete.

When he's finished, Pete pulls in the target and smiles at Roy.

ROY

So you can out shoot me... Big
fucking deal...What do you want
a medal?

Pete winks at Dan as he says to Roy-

PETE

I got a medal.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A typically busy L.A. precinct. Michael is sitting on a bench when Pete walks in. Michael stands up.

MICHAEL

Officer Lane. Hi, I don't know if you even remember me, but-

PETE

Sure, I do. Call me Pete. How's Mrs. Roberts?

The two men shake hands. Michael laughs as he says-

MICHAEL

Well, Pete...actually...Mrs. Roberts is the reason that I'm here.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Michael follows Pete into the large noisy room where the uniformed cops have their desks. Cops are shooting the shit, doing their paperwork, some are booking suspects.

MICHAEL

I didn't come here to break your balls because, believe me, I know how tough you guys have it out there. But...

PETE

(nods)

But what are we doing about catching your burglar? Sit down.

Pete and Michael sit at Pete's desk.

MICHAEL

(smiles)

You married, Officer Lane?

PETE

Me? No.

MICHAEL

Well, what can I tell you? My wife is afraid this guy's going to come back and murder us in our sleep. So...here I am.

PETE

You want some coffee?

MICHAEL
Yeah, thanks. Black, please.

Pete pours two cups from the nearby coffee station.

PETE
Would it be helpful for Mrs.
Roberts to know that we might have
a lead?

MICHAEL
Are you kidding?
(beat)
Have you got a lead?

PETE
Too soon to talk about it, but
I am optimistic.

Michael sips his coffee. Looks Pete over. Seems like a decent
guy. He gets an idea.

MICHAEL
Would it be asking too much for
you to drop by our house when
you're passing by and telling that
to my wife?

PETE
Well, I-

Michael springs into action. He wants this to happen.

MICHAEL
Look, if I'm out of line, just
tell me. But it would mean so much
more coming from you directly.
I mean, hell, after all...

PETE
(smiling)
I know...I know...I'm a cop.

MICHAEL
(laughs)
Well...yeah.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Pete and Michael are walking toward Pete's car.

PETE
You know, it really took a lot
of guts going up against that
burglar. Not everybody would have
done it.

Michael is pleased and proud. Praise like this from a cop is good for his ego.

MICHAEL

Thanks, Pete, but, man...what I wouldn't give for one more shot at that sonavabitch...

PETE

You seem like a guy who can handle-himself. What happened?

Michael becomes more animated now. For reasons he'd be hard put to explain, he wants to impress Pete.

MICHAEL

In the first place, I was limping around with a fucking chunk of glass in my foot and then the cocksucker caught me off guard. I never really had a chance.

Pete studies Michael for a moment. Then-

PETE

Suppose you did have another shot at him...What would you do to him?

MICHAEL

(laughs)

Are you kidding? What do you think?

PETE

I don't know. That's why I'm asking.

MICHAEL

I would break his fucking head.

PETE

Really?

MICHAEL

Hell, yes. What would you do?

PETE

(smiling)

I already know what I'd do. I was just wondering about a nice civilized guy like you.

MICHAEL

Let me tell you something...After what he did to my wife...

(more)

MICHAEL (Cont'd)
if I ever got ahold of that
motherfucker, I would kick the
living shit out of him.

Pete is just looking at Michael. Then he smiles.

PETE
Michael, you're a scary guy. See
you tomorrow.

Then Pete gets in his car.

MICHAEL
Yeah. See you. And thanks again.

Michael's feeling good. His conversation with Pete has gotten
him pumped up. He waves as Pete drives off.

EXT. ROBERTS HOUSE - DAY

An alarm is clanging noisily from inside. There's a truck in
the driveway. The sign says - WAGNER SECURITY SYSTEMS.

INT. ROBERTS HOUSE - DAY

The house is swarming with a security crew who are putting the
finishing touches on an elaborate alarm installation that even
includes some t.v. monitors. The alarm itself is deafening.

Michael and Karen look on as WAGNER, a humorless man, who looks
like a former Green Beret, shows off the new system's central
control panel. The keypunch is a confusing configuration of
buttons, switches and lights.

WAGNER
It's a passive infrared space
detector. When your perimeter
is armed your interior is
virtually impenetrable. Best
damned system that money can buy.

MICHAEL
I was thinking of something a
little simpler. Like a moat with
a nice drawbridge.

The alarm suddenly stops clanging. Wagner is staring at Michael.
It's clear that he hasn't found Michael's little joke amusing.

WAGNER
Mr. Roberts...what you went
through was a cakewalk compared
to what might have happened. What
still might happen if you don't
have adequate security.

MICHAEL
I was only-

Wagner now turns to Karen.

WAGNER
Do you know how many rapes are
committed by burglars? How many
homicides?

Karen is shaken, but before she can respond-

PETE (O.S.)
What is all this shit?

PETE LANE

- has just come in through the open front door. In his black leather jacket and jeans, you'd never pin Pete Lane for a cop. Michael is very glad to see him.

MICHAEL
Hey, Pete.

Pete nods to Michael and Karen as he heads right for Wagner, who clearly doesn't like this interruption.

PETE
They don't need t.v.
monitors...This is a house not
a damned jewelry store.

Wagner is really angry. He gets right into Pete's face.

WAGNER
Who the hell do you think you are?

Pete pulls out his wallet. Flashes his badge. Wagner becomes very uncomfortable. He tries to smile.

WAGNER
I was just trying to-

PETE
You were trying to scare the shit
out of them.

Michael and Karen can't see the look in Pete's eye, but Wagner can. It is thoroughly intimidating.

PETE
Now just put in the alarm and cut
out the crap.

As Wagner nods meekly and goes off, Pete turns back toward Michael and Karen. He's smiling again.

PETE

I hope you didn't have your hearts
set on laser beams?

Michael heads off toward the kitchen. He's going to let Pete
handle this.

MICHAEL

Can I get you a beer?

PETE

Sure. Thanks.

(to Karen)

I wanted to tell you personally
that we may have a lead on your
burglar.

KAREN

(elated)

What? How?

PETE

All I can say right now is that
I think we are very close. In the
meantime, you have a beautiful
and very safe home, not to mention
a nice brave husband and a killer
cat. Why not relax and enjoy them?

KAREN

(smiling)

Poor Michael. I guess I have been
a little...tense.

Pete smiles. Then as he glances at Wagner and his security crew,
who are starting to remove the t.v. monitors and the rest of
the more elaborate paraphernalia.

PETE

I'm off today. Maybe I oughtta
stick around and keep these guys
on their toes. That okay with you?

Karen just smiles. This offer is too good to be true, and she's
feeling safer and more secure by the minute.

EXT. ROBERTS HOUSE - EVENING

The Wagner security truck rolls out of the driveway. The day's
work is through.

INT. ROBERT'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Pete points out the area around the newly repaired skylight.

PETE

The switches around those magnetic contacts are recessed so you can't even see them. They really did a good job.

KAREN

All I want to know is...will it keep out burglars?

This is the big question for Karen. Finally Pete smiles as he says-

PETE

Karen...dust couldn't settle in this house without tripping that alarm.

Karen lights up. Michael smiles at Pete, who gives him a private little wink.

PETE

Well, I oughtta get going...

KAREN

How about staying for dinner?

Pete seems totally surprised and caught off guard. Michael seems a little bit surprised himself.

PETE

I'd like to but...

MICHAEL

Come on, Pete, it's the least we can do after-

PETE

You're asking me to cross the line here...

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

Michael and Karen are both looking at Pete. What does he mean? Then Pete laughs and says-

PETE

You know, cops on one side, everybody else on the other.

KAREN

Come on, stay. For the sake of better police-community relations?

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Dinner's over. Karen is cleaning off the table as Michael sits across the table from Pete, who seems just a little bit out of place in this setting.

MICHAEL

You like to go out in style every now and then, don't you?

PETE

Sure.

MICHAEL

But you're probably fed up with having to spend fifteen bucks for a glass of mediocre Chardonnay and twenty-five bucks for a microscopic piece of swordfish. At one of my restaurants, you can have a great meal and an elegant evening for less money than you would spend at a concert. Affordable elegance. That's all I'm talking about.

PETE

Getting something like that going must take a lot of money. I guess you're doing pretty well.

Michael gives Karen a sly smile as he says-

MICHAEL

Hear that, honey? We're doing pretty well.

(to Pete)

Municipals, treasury bonds, some real estate...I was leveraged. And smart enough to get out of the market before it went south.

Karen smiles as she throws her arms around her husband and says to Pete-

KAREN

(teasing)

He got lucky.

MICHAEL

(laughing)

Hey...

Karen kisses Michael, then she heads into the kitchen. As they watch Karen leave, Pete says with a slight smile-

PETE

You're a lucky man in general,
aren't you?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I guess I am. She's...what
can I say...I think she's Karen
again. Thank you.

PETE

It was my pleasure.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael sits in his luxuriously overstuffed club chair and Karen sits on the floor by his feet. Neither one touches their coffee as they pay rapt attention to Pete, who's in the middle of a story. Charlie Parker blows from the very expensive stereo - the nervous bee-bop is a fitting accompaniment.

PETE

There's not a backup unit in
sight, and there I am trying to
keep my partner from bleeding to
death while this whacked out kid
is taking pot shots at me...

Karen and Michael are spellbound, hanging on Pete's every word. But then Pete stops, smiles and shakes his head as he says-

PETE

The exciting life of a cop...
That's the only thing cops know
how to talk about. That's why we
stick together. Nobody else can
stand us.

MICHAEL

Are you kidding? Go on. Finish
the story.

KAREN

Please. What happened?

PETE

Let's just say that I came out
of it okay.

KAREN

And how about your partner?

PETE

You met him with me the night of
the break-in.

Michael and Karen smile with surprise. Then-

KAREN

Have you ever been married?

MICHAEL

(laughing)

Look out. Now she's going to try to fix you up with some secretary from school. How about another beer?

Michael gets up and head out of the room. Pete smiles sadly as he says to Karen-

PETE

Marriage and cops are a tough combination. You see, after eight straight hours of flying around on black coffee and adrenalin...eight straight hours of dealing with crap decent human beings can't even imagine...It's kind of tough to come home and have somebody ask you, how did your day go, dear?

KAREN

I suppose...

PETE

(smiles)

And me, jerk that I am...I'd always make the same mistake and tell her.

(beat)

I'd give anything if I didn't have to see the shit I see...but it wouldn't matter. I'd still know it was out there.

Karen is touched by Pete's sincerity. Then-

PETE

(laughing)

Hey, I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

For what?

PETE

For running off at the mouth. You probably wouldn't believe me if I told you that when I was a kid, I hardly ever talked at all. In school, I never talked. I was famous for it.

Pete's expression changes. It's as though he was embarrassed at having revealed this secret about himself to these strangers. He forces a smile as he says-

PETE

My teachers probably thought there was something wrong with me.

Karen picks up on what Pete is feeling. She smiles as she says-

KAREN

Take it from another teacher, we love having quiet little boys in our class. And it's a funny thing about those little boys...they're usually the ones we end up remembering.

Pete is no longer embarrassed. He smiles at Karen. Michael comes in with two more beers.

EXT. ROBERTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Pete is outside talking to Michael and Karen, who stand in the door.

PETE

Starting tonight, until this jerk's off the street, I'm going make sure there's a patrol car in this neighborhood all night long.

Michael and Karen smile. Pete is too good to be true. Karen takes Pete's hand as she says sincerely-

KAREN

Thank you, Pete. For everything.

Pete seems a little uncomfortable, and he quickly withdraws his hand. But he smiles as he says-

PETE

Goodnight.

Pete is about to head toward his car, when Michael says-

MICHAEL

I'll walk you to you car.
(to Karen)
I'll be right back.

Karen seems just a little surprised as she watches Michael and Pete walk toward Pete's car which is right in front of the house. Then she closes the door.

Michael and Pete walk toward Pete's car. It's an old Plymouth. Pete pats it's hood as he says-

PETE
Plymouth Reliant. Least stolen
car in the city. That's a fact.

MICHAEL
No kidding?

Pete points to Michael's pristine Volvo wagon that's parked in his driveway.

PETE
That Volvo of yours...very high
on the list. Number three or
something.

MICHAEL
Say, Pete...I wanted to ask you
something...you guys...you take
people out riding with you
sometimes, don't you? I mean on
patrol?

PETE
All the time. Writers, actors,
reporters...Why, you interested?

MICHAEL
(smiling)
Well, yeah...I mean, just hearing
you talk about being a cop...some
of those stories you told...

PETE
(smiling)
No, problem. I'll set it up.

MICHAEL
Great. See you, Pete.

The men shake hands. Then Pete gets into his car.

INT. ROBERTS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Karen's in a great mood as she washes her face and talks through the door.

KAREN
I'm really glad he stayed for
dinner. I think he had a nice
time. Michael?

Karen gets no answer. She opens the door to the bedroom.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael's on the bed in his p.j.s, talking on the phone.

KAREN

Who are you-

Michael holds up a finger for silence as he speaks into the phone.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

Hello, my name is Michael Roberts, and I'm calling to commend the officer who responded to a burglary call at my home last week. His name is Pete Lane, and he's a good man. I just wanted to let the department know. You're welcome. Goodnight.

As Michael hangs up, Karen kisses him.

KAREN

(teasing)

I thought you didn't like cops.

MICHAEL

I like this one. He saved us about five hundred bucks on that burglar alarm.

KAREN

He seems kind of...lonely.

MICHAEL

(laughing)

Come on...

KAREN

I wonder if he'd like Penny from school. She'd think he was gorgeous.

MICHAEL

How about you? Do you think he's gorgeous?

KAREN

I think you're gorgeous.

MICHAEL

Right answer.

Then Michael glances out the window.

MICHAEL
Honey, take a look.

POV - A PATROL CAR

-Cruising down the street. Pete's done what he'd promised.

MICHAEL
(smiling)
Being friendly with a cop has
definitely got its advantages.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DUSK

A man with a bandage on his forehead is talking to the harried
desk Sgt.

MAN
...for her own safety, you had
better keep that bitch far away
from me. Because I will kill her.

ANGLE - MICHAEL AT ANOTHER DESK

He's looking over a form that officially releases the police
department from all responsibility in the event that something
should happen to him while he's out on patrol with the L.A.P.D.

PETE. (O.S.)
Hey, Michael.

Michael turns to see Pete. He smiles as he says-

PETE
Shake it up, will you boy? We're
burning daylight.

Michael is excited and he quickly signs the form.

INT. PETE'S CAR - DUSK

Michael sits beside Pete, who's tone is strictly business as
he says-

PETE
If we run into any real trouble,
and by that I mean shooting...You
get your ass back into this car
and you stay there. Got it?

MICHAEL
(nodding)
Anything else?

PETE
(smiling)
Yeah. Put on your seatbelt.

Michael smiles as he does what he's told, and as Pete pulls out into the street, he says with a mysterious smile-

PETE
I've got a feeling you're really
going to enjoy yourself tonight.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A YOUNG COUPLE are about to step off the curb and cross against the light just as Pete's car turns the corner.

INSIDE THE CAR

PETE
(into mike)
Get back on the curb and wait for
the light.

The young couple are startled by the sudden appearance of the cop car and by the amplification of Pete's voice. They jump back on the curb.

Michael can't help but identify with the couple and there's just a trace of sarcasm in his voice as he says-

MICHAEL
You guys sure like telling people
what to do.

If Pete detects Michael's sarcasm, he lets it go by.

PETE
It's a confusing world. People
like having somebody to tell them
what to do.

The dispatcher's voice crackles on the radio. Pete grabs up the mike and takes the call. All Michael can make is out something about a 211 at Industrial Place.

PETE
Possible break-in. Ready to roll?

Pete's looking at Michael with a smile that is just a little bit challenging. Michael is suddenly nervous.

MICHAEL
Let's do it.

Pete turns on the lights and siren. Michael's head snaps back as the car goes screaming off down the center lane.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

On the fringes of downtown. All warehouses, factories and auto graveyards. Except for an unseen barking junkyard dog there are no signs of life. Except for Michael and Pete.

Pete, who's leading the way, doesn't seem the least bit worried. Matter of fact, he's whistling. Michael, however, is moving slowly and very tentatively.

PETE

You okay, Michael? You can wait in the car.

MICHAEL

I'm okay, but...shouldn't you at least have your gun drawn or something?

PETE

I told you, I don't like guns, and besides, if my number's up, so be it.

Michael really doesn't understand how Pete can be taking this so lightly.

MICHAEL

What about my number?

Pete laughs. They get to the door of the warehouse. Pete knocks. He knocks again. Finally from within-

JESS (O.S.)

Who is it?

PETE

Open up, Jess. It's Pete.

The door is opened by JESS, an old man in a security guard uniform. Very excited to see Pete.

JESS

Sonavabitch tried to get in through the window. Did you see him?

PETE

No. You must have scared the prick away, Jess.

JESS
(big smile)
Yeah...guess I did...Well, come
on in. I've got the coffee going
and-

PETE
I can't tonight...

The old man is disappointed. Pete whispers conspiratorially as he nods in Michael's direction.

PETE
Brass. He'd be all over my ass
for goldbricking.

JESS
(nodding)
Next time.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Pete and Michael head back toward the car.

MICHAEL
(disbelief)
You're telling me that this guy
calls in a false alarm two or
three times a week?

PETE
People get lonely in the middle
of the night. Some go down to the
Seven-Eleven for some nachos that
they don't really want...

MICHAEL
(he gets it)
And some call the police to report
a prowler that they don't really
see.

EXT. TACO STAND - NIGHT

Somewhere up La Brea. Very sleazy. Mexican music is blasting. This eatery is strictly for those who aren't concerned about living long lives. The people who come here for lunch, you wouldn't want to have over for dinner.

As Michael and Pete stand by the counter, waiting for their food, it quickly becomes obvious to Michael that Officer Pete Lane is like a celebrity around here. All of these characters seem to know Pete and he knows them. Some call his name, some wave or just smile in his direction. Michael is impressed.

PETE

You're gonna love it here,
Michael. If the crackhead behind
you doesn't get you, the burritos
definitely will.

MICHAEL

Maybe I should have worn a tie.

PETE

(laughs)

Hey, how about opening a chain
of these places? Some of that
affordable elegance you were
talking about.

Michael smiles, but he's clearly a little bit nervous. Pete or
no Pete, this place is scary. A large BLACK GUY named LEON gets
in line. He smiles at Pete as he says-

LEON

Hey, Officer Pete...my man.

Pete and Leon shake hands. It's one of those elaborate soul
handshakes and Pete's got it down cold. As he shakes hands, he
continues his conversation with Michael.

PETE

You know, if I was to make any
one of these animals turn their
pockets inside out, we'd be up
to our asses in PCP, crack and
Uzis. This place is like one giant
supermarket of shit.

LEON

Shit, Officer Pete, you know
me...I don't do none of that shit
no more. I ain't into nothing.

PETE

(smiling)

It's your life, Leon.

Now Pete notices a burly guy named MELVIN, who's eating a
hamburger at one of the nearby benches. His arms are covered
with needle marks and tattoos-

PETE

Hey, Melvin...what did I tell you
about ruining my appetite? Hit
it.

Pete's fans laugh, but Melvin doesn't think Pete's funny.

MELVIN

Hey, fuck you, man. I'm allowed to fucking eat here.

Pete's tone is dead serious as he says-

PETE

Melvin, we can be friends or I can fuck you up. Which is it?

Melvin is mad. He leaps up from the bench and stares at Pete, Pete gives it back to him. His stare is cold and hard, he's daring this guy to fuck with him. Michael is wondering what's going to happen next and so is everybody else. Then Melvin backs down. He grabs up his hamburger and walks out of the place muttering obscenities.

Michael breathes an audible sigh of relief. It's hard not to be impressed by Pete at this moment. Pete points to a bench where a PRETTY LATIN GIRL is having her lunch. Pete smiles somewhat mischievously as he says

PETE

Why don't you go grab that bench?

Michael does as he's told. He barely notices the Latin girl sitting there because he's too spooked by this place to take his eyes off of Pete. But then he is startled by something. He turns around to the Latin girl sitting beside him. Her hand is on Michael's crotch.

GIRL

You like a captain or something?

MICHAEL

What?

GIRL

You don't got no uniform.

MICHAEL

No...

Michael grabs her hand. He tries to remove it from his crotch, but she's got a firm grip.

Pete arrives now with a tray of food. He's laughing like he knew all along this would happen when he sent Michael over to this bench. He says to the girl in Spanish-

PETE

Come on, Rosa, beat it...My partner's a married man.

The girl laughs as she moves off.

MICHAEL
(laughing)
Who was that?

PETE
She thought you were a cop.
Certain types of women really like
cops. They think we're movie
stars.

Pete isn't bragging. Actually, he seems a little bit disgusted.

MICHAEL
I see...

PETE
When I first joined the force...I
don't think I ever arrested one
of these pricks without fucking
either his old lady or his
girlfriend...

Michael's not sure if Pete is kidding or not. He laughs
uneasily.

MICHAEL
What...

PETE
I even banged one guy's mother.

Now Michael is really blown. All he can say is-

MICHAEL
And Karen thinks you're lonely...

They begin to eat.

EXT. PETE'S CAR - NIGHT

The car creeps slowly down Hollywood Blvd. The part that
assaults your senses with everything it's got- the hookers and
the crackheads and the gang bangers and oh, yeah...the tourists.

INSIDE THE CAR

-Michael looks out of the window. Taking it all in. People are
looking at him, they think he's a cop. Some smile. Most don't.

PETE
See that guy over there?

POV - A MAN WALKING DOWN THE STREET

-he doesn't look like a weirdo. He just seems happy.

PETE

Why do you think he's smiling like that?

Michael considers this to be an odd question. He laughs.

MICHAEL

How should I know?

Pete's tone is just a bit sharp as he says-

PETE

Come on, Michael, here's this very normal, average kind of guy...not unlike you, and he's walking down Hollywood Blvd. with a big fucking smile plastered across his face...Why might that be?

MICHAEL

I don't-

PETE

(more sharply now)

You wanted to come out here and play cop tonight, so how about trying to think like a cop?

Michael hasn't seen Pete angry before. He tries to just let it go.

MICHAEL

Okay...He's smiling because he beat his buddy in racquetball for the first time this morning.

PETE

Yeah, or maybe he's thinking about the terrific head that he got last night.

MICHAEL

Maybe.

PETE

There was this one guy...He used to walk around smiling too. Rich bastard. Lived over in Pasadena. What made him smile was young, illegal Mexican boys. He'd pick 'em up around here or buy 'em down in Baja, then he'd drive them up to his place and fuck them in the ass until he got tired of them.

(more)

PETE (Cont'd)

Then he'd slit their throats and
dump 'em somewhere. The desert
probably...

(almost smiling)

And see, we knew he was doing it,
but we could never nail the
sonavabitch. He was smart. You
see, Michael, out here a cop can't
take nothing for granted. Not once
you know about the shit that makes
these animals smile.

Michael is horrified by this repellent tale, and he can't even
look at Pete as he says-

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, I'm sure glad I don't
have to go though life looking
at the world like that.

Pete doesn't look at Michael, but it's clear from his expression
that he's taken what Michael's just said as an insult.

EXT. PETE'S CAR - NIGHT

It's parked behind a red corvette that Pete's pulled over. A
trashy blonde named TERRY is behind the wheel. Pete waves to
her as she drives off. WE SEE the personalized license plate
that says - LUV-ZIT.

Michael laughs as Pete gets in the car beside him.

MICHAEL

I never talked one of you cops
out of a ticket in my entire life.

PETE

All you have to do is look like
that...

(holds up a paper)

Phone number.

MICHAEL

You're a lucky man.

There is bitterness in Pete's voice as he says-

PETE

Oh, yeah...that's me.

As Pete pulls back out into traffic, Michael checks his watch.

MICHAEL

It's almost ten. I should be
getting home.

PETE

I'll get you home. But first we've got to make a stop...

EXT. A BUNGALOW - NIGHT

This place is in need of repair. So is this whole neighborhood.

PETE'S CAR

-is parked across the street. Michael is alone inside. He's fidgety. He checks his watch. It's after eleven. Then he is startled by a rap on the window.

BOY

What'd he do?

Michael rolls down the window to talk to this badly dressed little kid.

MICHAEL

Huh? What'd who do?

BOY

(points to bungalow)

Mr. Pike. What are you busting him for?

MICHAEL

I don't...I don't know.

Then both Michael and the boy are startled as-

THE DOOR TO THE BUNGALOW IS THROWN OPEN

Pete shoves a man roughly out the door. He calls out-

PETE

Hey, Michael...

As Pete shoves the man toward the car, Michael gets out. He's confused. What's going on here? Who is this guy?

Now Pete shouts at the kid-

PETE

Get the hell out of here...

As the kid takes off running down the street, Michael starts toward Pete, who is flying on adrenaline.

PETE

I want you to meet an old friend of yours...Say, hello to Richie Pike...

Michael is stunned by the realization that he is looking into the eyes of the man who broke into his home.

MICHAEL

You...

Pete smiles as he says to the terrified Pike-

PETE

Hear that fuck face...You've just been made.

Pete grabs Pike and shoves him against the side of the police car.

PETE (CONT)

We picked up one of his pals for something unrelated. He gave up Pike here.

(happily)

Now you know why I wanted you with me tonight...

(to Pike)

You broke into my friend's home. You scared him and his pretty wife...

Now it's Pike who is scared to death. He says to Michael-

PIKE

I'm sorry, man...

Pete smacks Pike hard across the face as he says-

PETE

Shut the fuck up...He doesn't want to hear about you being sorry. He wants to kick your fucking ass. And guess what, scumbag...I'm gonna let him do it.

Now Pete grabs Pike and shoves him toward Michael as he shouts excitedly-

PETE

Go on, Michael. Enjoy yourself.

And before Michael even realizes what's happening, Pike, the man who terrified his wife, comes hurtling toward him. Michael's eyes are ablaze with anger as he says-

MICHAEL

You sonavabitch...

Michael unloads a hard right and it lands on Pike's jaw. It feels really good to hit this lowlife prick.

Now Michael's adrenalin is really pumping and he throws another punch. Then another. Michael is too jacked up to notice that Pike's not really fighting back. He's afraid. Afraid of Pete. Pete shouts to Pike.

PETE

Don't just stand there, Pike, I'm not gonna shoot you.

Pike takes Pete at his word and now the tide of this fight turns. Pike is one rough sonavabitch and soon he's landing punches that Michael doesn't even see coming. The punches are coming faster and harder, and all Michael can do is cover his face with his arms. But then, suddenly the punches stop. And when Michael clears his head, he sees the reason why. Pete has stepped into this fight, and he's beating the crap out of Pike. Michael is so jacked up on his own adrenalin that he doesn't care about the fact that this fight has become two against one. All Michael cares about is hurting the man who broke into his home and put his filthy hands on Karen. He charges Pike, who is now being held for him by Pete. He belts him in the face. The he does it again. Pete shouts gleefully-

PETE

Come on, Michael...break his fucking face.

Maybe it's Pete's voice that brings Michael back to the shameful reality that this isn't a fair fight. He's thrown his last punch.

MICHAEL

That's it, Pete, he's had enough.

Pete's laugh is loud and frightening as he says-

PETE

Like hell, he has...Michael...my friend...you said you wanted to hurt this guy, remember?

MICHAEL

Yeah, but-

PETE

You said that you wanted to bust his fucking head...

Pete knocks Pike's legs out from under him. He falls onto the floor. Pike is scared and so is Michael. Pete seems out of control.

PIKE

(terrified)

Please, no more...no more...

PETE

No more? No more, you
motherfucking low-life piece of
shit...

And now Pete really goes to work on Pike, kicking the living
shit out of him. Michael is horrified, he tries to grab hold
of Pete, but Pete is too frenzied to be stopped. He shoves
Michael aside as he continues to destroy the screaming Pike.

MICHAEL

Pete, stop.

PETE

(shouting)

These motherfuckers have got to
be destroyed or they keep on
coming...it's a game, it's just
a fucking game...

Finally Michael can only shout-

MICHAEL

Damn it, Pete. Enough!

Michael's sharp tone of voice isn't lost on Pete, and now as
Pete stops kicking Pike, he's staring at Michael with that same
bone chilling intensity we've seen earlier. Michael actually
shudders. Then Pete's stare gives way to a smile that is
actually more like a mocking smirk.

PETE

Whatever you say, Michael. You're
the man....

Pete pulls the badly beaten Pike to his feet as Michael breathes
a sigh of relief.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Michael is heading quickly for his car. He's about to get in
when-

PETE (O.S.)

Hey, Michael?

Michael tenses as he sees Pete approaching.

PETE

Booking this prick won't take too
long. Let's grab a beer.

MICHAEL

Thanks anyway, but Karen's
probably out of her mind by now...

Michael starts to get into his car. Pete grabs his arm. Then he smiles broadly as he says-

PETE
We nailed your burglar, man...We
nailed him.

MICHAEL
Yeah...

Pete laughs as he points to the bloody knuckles on Michael's right hand.

PETE
You sure did go to town on
him...It felt good too, didn't
it?

Michael shoves his hand into his pocket as he pulls away from Pete.

MICHAEL
Goodbye, Pete.

Then Michael slams the car door and pulls out.

INT. ROBERTS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Karen is by the window, nervously watching for Michael. The phone rings. Karen's nervousness now turns to fear as she grabs up the phone and says hopefully-

KAREN
Michael?

PETE AT THE POLICE STATION - INTERCUT

Pete's at his desk. Seems very relaxed.

PETE
It's Pete. Karen, calm down,
Michael's fine.

KAREN
Then why are you calling?

PETE
Look, Michael's on his way home
to surprise you with this, but
I'm going to beat him to it.
Karen, we caught the creep who
broke into your house.

KAREN
(thrilled)
What? What?

PETE

And just in case he's too modest to go into details, let me just tell you that your husband was a real hero.

EXT. ROBERTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael is still rattled as he pulls into the driveway and gets out of the car.

INT. ROBERTS HOUSE - NIGHT

As Karen is hanging up the phone, Michael walks in. Karen's too excited to notice that her husband looks like hell.

MICHAEL

Who were you talking to?

KAREN

(smiling)

Oh, just Officer Pete Lane.

Michael is genuinely stunned.

MICHAEL

He called you? What did he tell you?

Karen throws her arms around Michael. He's trying desperately to keep it together. It isn't easy.

KAREN

Just that you were braver than any cop he'd ever seen and that he couldn't have done it without you. Michael...I am so proud of you.

Michael is confused. He sits down on the sofa and says more to himself than to Karen-

MICHAEL

Why would he do that? Why would he call you up?

KAREN

(she laughs)

He was afraid you'd be too modest to tell me what a hero you were. Little does he know.

Karen sits down beside Michael.

KAREN

So now, you're going to tell me all about it, and don't leave out one single detail.

Karen thinks he's kidding, but Michael's dead serious as he says-

MICHAEL

I don't want to talk about it.

KAREN

(laughing)

Oh, come on, Michael...of course, you do.

Michael looks into Karen's eyes. It's good to see her so happy. He's not going to spoil it by telling her about the complicated and shameful events of this evening. He wouldn't know how.

MICHAEL

Karen...all you have to know is that the guy's behind bars. Okay? There's nothing to be afraid of now.

Only now does Karen realize that Michael is upset.

KAREN

I'm sorry, honey...I guess it was pretty intense, huh?

Michael suddenly covers his bruised hand with his other hand as he says-

MICHAEL

Yeah.

To Karen's surprise, Michael gets up and heads for the stairs.

MICHAEL

I've got work to do.

Michael rushes upstairs, leaving the disappointed Karen alone.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael pours himself a drink. His hands are shaking. And as he stares at the bruised knuckles of his right hand, he realizes that the drink he is holding will probably do little to calm his nerves tonight.

DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. THE BUS STATION/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The winos in the vicinity are confused by all the activity around the run down building. Valets are parking cars for well dressed folks and forties music is emanating from within.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The cleaning crew has done it's job. The large section that they had been working on has been absolutely transformed into an art deco jewel.

A five piece orchestra is on a makeshift podium, and the place is filled with people, eating, drinking and dancing.

Michael is in great spirits as he holds court among a small cluster of guests.

ANGLE - KAREN AND PENNY

They're standing across the room with drinks in their hands. Penny, a very pretty school friend of Karen's, is enjoying herself, obviously very impressed by this party. But Karen, though she looks sensational in her elegant black gown, seems a little sad as she watches her husband play host. She's also a little bit tipsy.

KAREN

Michael wanted to show the place off before it opened. Get a little buzz going, as he puts it.

Penny's watching the flashbulbs go off as the paparazzi photograph somebody famous who's just made an entrance. Roger is on hand to escort them into the room and to pretend that he's shielding them from the press.

PENNY

I've never seen anybody famous up close. Does Michael actually know them?

KAREN

No way. They're all Roger's clients. I think Michael's giving them one percent of the place just to be seen here. Michael's very smart about these things.

Suddenly Penny's eyes light up as she says-

PENNY

Oh, Karen...who is that?

ANGLE - PETE LANE

He's just walked in the door. Pete's suit may not be Armani, but he looks great. He smiles when he spots Karen, who is happily waving him over.

KAREN

That's Pete. Our cop.

Penny is definitely interested in this man.

PENNY

Oh, really...

Pete approaches. Karen says happily-

KAREN

I'm so glad you came.

PETE

Thanks for inviting me. That's really a beautiful dress.

KAREN

Thank you.

Penny is waiting to introduced, but if she's got to wait for Karen to do it, maybe it won't ever happen so she gives Pete her biggest smile as she says-

PENNY

Hi.

Karen remembers her manners now.

KAREN

Oh, Pete, this is Penny. She works at my school.

PETE

Hi, Penny.

PENNY

Karen tells me that you're a-

But Pete doesn't even seem to know that Penny exists right at this moment. His attention is exclusively on Karen.

PETE

I love this old music. You want to dance?

Karen smiles as she takes Pete's hand. They start toward the dance floor, but Karen remembers the drink she's got in her hand. She hands it off to her friend Penny, who smiles sardonically as she says to Karen-

PENNY

He's your cop all right...

Karen just laughs, pretending not to know what her friend is talking about. Then she goes out onto the dance floor with Pete.

ANGLE - MICHAEL AND ROGER

They're watching Jerome Richter, who is clearly enjoying himself, as he holds court and eats hours d'oeuvres.

MICHAEL

I want to get a few more drinks into him before I move in for the kill.

Roger laughs. Then-

ROGER

Who's that great looking stud dancing with your sexy wife?

Michael's feature's darken as he sees-

PETE AND KAREN

They look good together on the dance floor. Pete is a great dancer.

Wordlessly, Michael heads toward Pete and Karen. He doesn't get far, however, before Jerome Richter grabs his arm and pulls him into his circle, cutting off Michael's view of Pete and Karen.

RICHTER

Michael, I was just telling these people that being from Boston, you're probably one of those damned Celtics fans.

Michael is sweating, he wants to get away from these people but he has to be polite. He smiles as he says-

MICHAEL

Come on, Gentlemen...who's L.A. got that can match up with Bird and MacHale? And the Chief is still hanging in there.

(they laugh)

Enjoy yourselves.

Michael moves off from the group. Michael looks around. Can't find Pete and Karen. Where did they go? Finally he sees them. Talking alone in the corner. As Karen spots Michael hurrying over, she says to him joyfully-

KAREN

Sweetheart, look who's here.

Pete gives Michael a wink and a smile.

PETE

Hi, partner.

MICHAEL

Hello, Pete.

KAREN

Pete can't stay long. He-

PETE

I pulled a graveyard shift again.
Roy's home sick and-

MICHAEL

Too bad.

KAREN

Uh-oh...I'm being summoned...

Karen is referring to a couple of guests who are waving her over. As she heads off, she says-

KAREN

Michael, get Pete a drink.

THE BAR - SHORT TIME LATER

Michael and Pete are at the bar. The bartender serves them each a scotch. Pete picks up his glass.

PETE

Good luck.

The two men raise their glasses and drink. Then-

PETE

You were up late last night. How come? Nervous about tonight or-

MICHAEL

How did you know I was up late?

PETE

(laughs)

How do you think? I saw the lights as I was driving past. You didn't go to bed until after three.

It makes Michael very uncomfortable to think that Pete has been keeping an eye on his house.

MICHAEL

Listen...now that Pike's behind bars, you don't have to keep looking out for us.

PETE

(laughs)

One creep's out of business and you think that's the end of it?

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

PETE

Mikey...you're not a virgin anymore. You saw for yourself how much evil shit there is out there. What kind of a friend would I be if I didn't do what I could to protect you from it?

Michael's tone is a bit brusque, but he wants to make his point-

MICHAEL

You don't understand me. What I'm saying to you is that your protecting us from anything...is no longer necessary.

Michael's tone isn't lost on Pete. Who lowers his drink to the bar.

PETE

Look, Michael...I think I know where this attitude of yours is coming from...

MICHAEL

Oh, really...

PETE

Don't give me this really crap, okay? I'm trying to tell you something as a friend.

MICHAEL

(tersely)

Go on.

PETE

I'm a cop. I make my living going up against guys like Pike. You don't.

MICHAEL

So?

PETE

So what I'm saying is that you don't have anything to be ashamed of.

What the hell is Pete talking about?

MICHAEL

Why should I be-

PETE

(chuckles)

Oh come on, you did a lot of big talking about what a tough guy you were...but if I hadn't stepped in, Pike would have kicked your ass.

MICHAEL

(disbelief)

Is that what you think this is about?

PETE

Don't worry. I'm not going to say anything to Karen. Didn't I already tell her you what a big a hero you were?

(big smile)

She probably fucked your brains out when you got home.

MICHAEL

Listen to me-

PETE

A friend would be thanking me instead of-

Michael loses it now. He's raising his voice as he says-

MICHAEL

We aren't friends.

PETE

Michael-

MICHAEL

You're a sick, sadistic individual. Are you hearing me?

PETE

Lower your voice.

MICHAEL

Fuck you. And don't tell me to-

PETE

Your pigeon is watching.

Michael goes white as he realizes that Richter is looking at him curiously from across the room.

PETE

I hope he doesn't fly away on you...

Michael starts off, but Pete grabs his arm. He smiles malevolently as he says-

PETE

I know how lucky you are and all, but...maybe you're not quite so lucky as you think.

Michael pulls away from Pete, and heads toward Richter.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Pete waits outside as a valet opens the door to a BMW for a well dressed couple. They drive off. Now up comes Pete's shitty Plymouth Reliant. The valet seems annoyed as he gets out of the car and holds out his hand.

VALET

Five dollars, please.

Pete pays the guy. He's about to get into his car when he peers through the restaurant window. He scowls as he sees-

POV - RICHTER, MICHAEL, KAREN AND ROGER

They're all holding glasses of champagne. Michael's got his arm around Karen. Everybody is happy. Richter's proposing a toast and as they all clink their crystal glasses together we-

DISSOLVE INTO:

A STYROFOAM CUP

Pete raises it to his lips. Takes a sip. Winces.

INT. PETE'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Pete's car is parked in the parking lot of a Seven-Eleven. Back in uniform. Back on the job. He's drinking shitty coffee and looking mean and miserable. Then-

VOICE (O.S.)

I thought you were going to call me.

Pete turns to see Terry, the trashy blonde he didn't give the speeding ticket to that day with Michael.

PETE
I lost your number.

Terry smiles seductively as she says-

TERRY
Want me to give it to you?

EXT. PETE'S CAR - NIGHT

It's parked in an alley. One of those shit hole neighborhoods people with money only see on the news.

INT. PETE'S CAR - NIGHT

Pete's got Terry on top of him in the front seat. Her skirt is pulled up, her blouse is pulled down, and Pete is fucking her hard. The radio squawks. Terry squeals with pleasure. When it's over, she stays on top of Pete as she lights up a cigarette.

TERRY
So...you like being a cop?

PETE
Oh...it's got it's advantages.

TERRY
(laughing)
So...why'd you want to be one?

PETE
Same as all cops. I wanted to break people's balls.

TERRY
(laughs)
Come on, really...

Pete hesitates, then he says grimly-

PETE
When I was a kid...my parents were killed by a holdup man. Right in front of my eyes...

TERRY
(blown away)
Wow...

But now Pete smiles mischievously as he says-

PETE

I decided then that I'd dedicate
my life to crime fighting.

Terry gets the definite feeling that Pete is putting her on.
She laughs as she says-

TERRY

Yeah, right...you and Batman...

PETE

You wouldn't believe how many
women have sat right there where
you're sitting and actually
believed that stupid story.

Terry laughs, but she wants to get something straight.

TERRY

So your parents are alive...

PETE

No.

Now Terry is thoroughly confused.

TERRY

I don't-

PETE

Why do you give a shit about my
life?

Terry starts to play with his hair as she says sexily-

TERRY

Because...you are the best...

PETE

The best cop, you've fucked all
day.

Terry's not easily insulted. She starts to kiss Pete.

TERRY

That isn't very nice...Don't you
care about me?

There's no malice in Pete's voice, just sadness as he says-

PETE

I don't give a damn about you.

Terry laughs. Kisses him. Obviously she doesn't believe him.

TERRY

Come on, baby...show me how much
you care.

Pete opens the door to the car.

PETE

Get out.

TERRY

(she laughs)

You're kidding, right?

Pete's rough with her now. He starts shoving her out the door,
like she's trash.

PETE

Come on, get the fuck out. I said,
now...Get out.

Terry's half dressed and frightened. This neighborhood is a hell
hole, and Pete's got a crazy look on his face. Tough to call
which scares her most.

TERRY

You're really crazy, you know
that? I don't even know where
the hell I am?

Pete shakes his finger at her. He means this.

PETE

That is exactly your fucking
problem.

Pete slams the car door shut. He fires up the engine and backs
out of the alley. Terry is too frightened to even move.

DISSOLVE INTO:

PETE IN HIS DRESS BLUES

We don't yet know where he is or to whom he is speaking.

PETE

Being a cop is not about shooting
it out with the bad guys...I've
got to tell you...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - CLASSROOM FULL OF KIDS

Pete is sitting in a little chair, eye level with the
nine-year-old kids, who are absolutely enthralled. Karen stands
by smiling.

PETE (CONT)

...forget about what you see on
t.v. or in the movies...Shooting
somebody is probably the worst
thing in the world. I didn't
become a cop to shoot people. I
became a cop to protect them.

Karen sees Pete smile at her as he speaks. She returns it. Pete certainly is impressive, and he's got a real facility with these kids, who clearly adore him.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

We can see now that this is one of those upscale private elementary schools. Lots of Mercedes in the parking lot. Some kids are being picked up by chauffeurs.

Karen and Pete walk toward the parking lot.

KAREN

This was great. I don't know how
to thank you.

PETE

How about buying me a cup of
coffee?

Karen wasn't prepared for this.

KAREN

Well, I...

PETE

I risked my life up there this
afternoon.

KAREN

(laughing)

I risk my life up there every
afternoon.

PETE

(smiling)

I've got an hour before my next
shift. Let's go trade war
stories.

Penny passes by. When she sees Karen with Pete, she gives her friend a smile and a wink.

INT. MICKEY'S BAR - DAY

A noisy downtown watering hole for cops. This is where they come to talk shop, get drunk and hit on the ample assortment of women who come here because they've got a thing for cops.

Though these guys are all out of uniform, you could pin any of them for cops.

Pete and Karen sit at a table having coffee. As Karen glances around, it is clear that this place is fun for her.

KAREN

Are all of these people cops?

Pete smiles and nods. He figured that Karen would find this place exotic.

PETE

Welcome to Mickey's. The safest bar in the world.

Dan, the young cop from the firing range, comes over to the table. He's glad to see Pete, but like everybody else in this place, he's had one too many. He's looking at Karen as he says-

DAN

How come this guy always gets the greatest looking babes...

Pete's annoyed and slightly embarrassed.

PETE

Mrs. Roberts is not a babe.

DAN

(confused)

Oh...I thought she was. Sorry.

Karen laughs as Dan staggers off.

PETE

Maybe I shouldn't have brought you here. It was kind of force of habit.

KAREN

This place is great. I'm so glad we did this. You know, this time of day...late afternoon when it's not quite dark out...but it's coming...and Michael isn't home yet...Ever since the burglary, this is my least favorite time of day.

PETE

Still kind of jumpy, huh?

KAREN

(smiling)

I guess I'm jumpy in general.
Michael gets annoyed with me
sometimes.

There's just a trace of resentment in Pete's voice as he says-

PETE

For some people...life comes easy.

KAREN

I was that way once.

PETE

What happened?

KAREN

Oh...My father...he just...
(she laughs)
You don't want to hear about this.

PETE

Sure, I do.

Karen can see that Pete is attracted to her. She likes the way
that makes her feel.

KAREN

It's so good to have somebody to
talk to. Since we moved here, I've
felt kind of isolated, you know?

PETE

Tell me about your father.

KAREN

He drank a lot, and he died when
I was pretty young.

PETE

I'm sorry.

KAREN

He had everything and got bored
with it, so he gambled it all
away. He left my mother with a
pile of debts and life got pretty
scary. I mean...we almost went
under.

PETE

That's tough...

KAREN

See, when I met Michael...he was like the exact opposite of my father. That's why I married him.

PETE

But you're jumpy.

KAREN

Well-

PETE

How come you don't have any kids?

Karen is surprised and slightly embarrassed by this sudden change of subject.

KAREN

When Michael decided to move us out here and start up this restaurant... that little matter got put on hold.

PETE

(firmly)

You should have a family. The way you are with kids...

A trace of resentment can now be detected in Karen's voice.

KAREN

The plan was for me to stop working after we were married for a year. That was three years ago, and now I'm beginning to worry that...

Pete is staring at her. Karen realizes she is saying some very intimate things to this man she doesn't know that well. She's embarrassed now.

KAREN

You know, we're supposed to be talking about you.

But Pete doesn't respond. He's just looking at Karen with a funny expression on his face. Finally she just laughs and says-

KAREN

What...?

Pete leans in across the table. Looks into her eyes.

PETE

All the things that come so easy to Michael...were you one of them?

KAREN

I don't-

PETE

Because there's no man I've ever met who deserved that much good fortune.

KAREN

Pete...

PETE

I mean it, Karen. A woman like you...a man should have to earn.

Pete's looking into her eyes. Karen smiles. Then-

KAREN

We should go.

INT. MICHAEL'S VOLVO - DAY

Michael's in a great mood as he drives through a residential neighborhood, singing along with a King Pleasure CD. The song is "I'm In The Mood For Love," and Michael really wails on the James Moody sax solo. But his good mood evaporates as he glances in his rear view mirror and sees-

A POLICE CAR

It's lights are flashing.

MICHAEL

Shit...

Michael glances at his speedometer. He's only doing 40. Why is this fucking cop pulling him over?

Michael pulls over and waits. Soon the cop is beside him.

PETE

Hi, Michael.

Michael only now realizes that he's been stopped by Pete. He's relieved and annoyed at the same time.

MICHAEL

Look...now is a really bad time for me so if this is about the other night...

PETE

It isn't.

MICHAEL

Well, then...what is it that you want?

PETE

Your license and registration.

MICHAEL

For what?

PETE

For speeding. I'm going to have to ticket you.

MICHAEL

You're kidding me, right...

He starts to get out of the car until Pete says in a voice that makes it clear he's not kidding-

PETE

Keep your hands where I can see them and turn off your engine.

Michael does what he's told but he is absolutely livid.

PETE

Now hand me your license and registration, please.

Michael is practically snarling as he hands them over.

EXT. PETE'S CAR - SHORT TIME LATER

Pete smiles as he watches Michael's car pull out. Then he gets into his patrol car and sits beside partner Roy, who's clearly been enjoying this.

ROY

Boy...that little friendship sure went south fast.

It's clear that Pete's enjoying himself as he says-

PETE

You saw him. He was driving five miles over the speed limit.

ROY

(smiling)

Uh-huh...And what would the speed limit have been for his wife?

Roy laughs. Pete doesn't say anything, and as he watches Michael's car disappear WE HEAR-

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I don't deny that I was going a few miles over the speed limit, Your Honor...

INT. TRAFFIC COURT - DAY

The place is absolutely packed. It's like everybody in L.A. has shown up today to fight their ticket.

Pete sits totally expressionless as he watches Michael present his case to the JUDGE, who looks bored, annoyed and impatient.

Michael is calm and reasonable in his presentation. Totally in control. A regular Perry Mason.

MICHAEL

...but those streets are practically empty in the late afternoon and so-

The judge apparently has heard enough.

JUDGE

That's enough, Mr. Roberts.
(to Pete)
Officer Lane...

Pete stands up. Ramrod straight.

JUDGE

(trace of sarcasm)
I know you were just doing your job, officer, but come on...
(holding up ticket)
Five miles over the speed limit?

The many traffic violators, who are waiting to have their cases called, love seeing the judge nail this cop. Many of them chuckle loudly. They want Pete to hear them.

Pete doesn't like being laughed at, but there's not much he can do about it.

PETE

You see, Your Honor, he-

JUDGE

Don't waste my time with something like this again. This is Los Angeles, for godsakes...
(to Michael)
Dismissed.

MICHAEL

Thank you, Your Honor.

There is a smattering of applause and Michael can scarcely contain his glee. He turns from the bench and, as he heads out of the courtroom, he catches Pete's eye.

Michael smiles triumphantly at Pete. A real shit-eating, fuck you grin.

Pete remains expressionless, and the judge calls the next case.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD TACO STAND - DAY

It's after traffic court and Pete is in a real bad fucking mood as he and Roy have lunch.

ROY
Come on, Pete, so what if he beat
it? It was a bullshit ticket
anyway.

Pete doesn't respond. Roy tries to keep things light, but there's a note of concern in his voice as he says-

ROY
Dan said he saw you having a drink
with Roberts' wife.

PETE
So?

ROY
So...you pounding her?

Pete regards his partner contemptuously. Then he smiles cruelly as he says-

PETE
Unlike you, I do not have to pound
every woman I have a drink with...
Which is why Janey left you, in
case you didn't know.

ROY
I knew...

The sad look on Roy's face clearly indicates that Pete has hit him below the belt, but Pete isn't finished.

PETE
She was a good woman, but you had
to fuck it up. Typical, stupid
big dick cop...

Roy can't take anymore of this. He says angrily-

ROY

Hey, Pete, enough already.
Lighten the fuck up.

PETE

(sincerely)

I'm sorry. I was out of line.

ROY

Forget it.

Nothing more is said, but Roy still looks concerned about Pete's vicious outburst, and the look on Pete's face is once again grim as Pete grabs up his soggy taco.

DISSOLVE INTO:

A PASTRY CART

-filled with the most delectable pastries imaginable as it is wheeled past the table Michael shares with Karen, Roger, Roger's DATE and the Richters. Richter's WIFE is an elegant looking woman and everybody seems to be having a good time as they finish their coffees.

INT. CITRUS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

RICHTER

(to Michael)

When I was a kid, my teachers were not nearly so charming as your wife. And they all had names like Mrs. Silvercrone...

KAREN

(kidding)

Silvercrone is my maiden name.

The Richter's laugh. They really are charmed by Karen.

MRS. RICHTER

(to Karen)

Why don't you come over for lunch on Saturday? You can go through the library and take whatever you want for your book fair.

KAREN

That's so nice of you.

(smiles at Michael)

We're free on Saturday, aren't we?

Michael is beaming. This is going better than he'd ever expected. Then THE WAITER arrives with a credit card.

WAITER

Excuse me.

(to Michael)

I'm so sorry, sir, but we were unable to obtain an authorization code for your card.

MICHAEL

That's ridiculous. Are you sure?

WAITER

Yes, sir.

RICHTER

I'll take care of it.

Richter pulls out his wallet and produces a credit card. He hands it to the waiter.

MICHAEL

This is very embarrassing.

ROGER

It's probably some computer screw up.

RICHTER

Happens all the time. We'll be your guests next time.

Michael and Karen smile at Richter, who seems both generous and understanding.

EXT. CITRUS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The party walks out of the restaurant, still in high spirits. Until Richter points across the street and says-

RICHTER

Isn't that your car?

Michael looks across the street. Can't believe his eyes.

POV - MICHAEL'S VOLVO WITH A DENVER BOOT

And a WARNING NOTICE plastered on the windshield.

The four of them head across the street. Michael peels the sticker off the windshield. He almost spits out the words-

MICHAEL

Our old pal Pete...

KAREN

Michael, do you really think-

MICHAEL

Oh, come on, Karen...what do you think...

Roger doesn't want any kind of a scene taking place with the Richters present and he nervously intervenes.

ROGER

(to Michael)

Well, Michael, where can we drop you?

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael and Karen stand at a counter in front of a uniformed CLERK. Michael is absolutely aghast. Karen just wants to get out of here.

MICHAEL

I don't give a damn what that computer says. I am not shelling out five hundred dollars.

The clerk is practically yawning as he says-

CLERK

Do you want the boot taken off your car or not?

EXT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

There's a small police vehicle parked behind it and a man in a uniform is removing the Denver boot from the wheel of Michael's car.

Michael and Karen stand nearby, the tension thick between them.

MICHAEL

What are you saying? That maybe this is all my fault? The credit card and-

Karen is more weary and confused than she is angry.

KAREN

I only asked you a simple question...Why would Pete do this to you?

MICHAEL

(annoyed)

Gee, Karen, I don't know...maybe he's mad at me about something.

Karen's in no mood for sarcasm and she turns away.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

As Roger is getting out of one elevator, he sees somebody getting out of another elevator and leaving the building. It's a cop. Roger is disturbed. He gets back into the elevator.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Roger is talking to a RECEPTIONIST.

ROGER

Sherry...there wasn't a cop here to see Mr. Richter by any chance, was there?

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael's office is filled with artist's renderings of the restaurant. Michael's on the phone. Very upset.

MICHAEL

(horrified)

What was he doing there? What did he want?

.ROGER AT HIS OFFICE - INTERCUT

ROGER

He's probably planning to spook Richter with some sordid bullshit. Lucky for you Richter was out of the office.

MICHAEL

(frantic)

Richter wouldn't believe anything that lunatic had to say would he?

ROGER

That lunatic is a cop. Michael, you have got to get this guy off your back.

MICHAEL

How, Roger? What should I do?

ROGER

(annoyed)

What do you think? Pay him off. And Michael? Next time, do yourself a favor...just pay the goddamned ticket.

Michael nods his head weakly then he hangs up the phone.

EXT. MULLHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

Michael's Volvo makes its way slowly along the winding road. The entire city of Los Angeles is on display from up here.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Michael drives along with a look of grave determination on his face. Then he sees-

PETE'S PATROL CAR

-It's parked on the side of the road by a cliff. Pete is sitting on the hood, looking down at the city below. Michael pulls up next to Pete's car. Then he steels himself and gets out of the car.

MICHAEL

I have something for you...

Pete just sits there, not even looking at Michael, who reaches into his pocket and produces a check.

MICHAEL

It's for five thousand dollars.
It's all I've-

PETE

Sssh! Listen...

Michael doesn't know what Pete's talking about. Then after a moment, he hears the distant howl of a coyote, then another.

Now Pete jumps down from his car. He walks over to Michael.

PETE

I've got a buddy works Beverly Hills. He told me about this lady who was out walking her very expensive poodle when...

(laughs)

...a fucking coyote comes charging out of the brush up North of Sunset. He snatches that poodle right up into it's jaws and takes off running. All they ever found of that rich, little doggie was a leash and a collar...

This story gives Michael the creeps. He holds out the check, and when Pete takes it, Michael breathes a sigh of relief.

MICHAEL

All that I'm asking...is for you to stay out of my business. That's it. That's all you have to do.

Pete tears up the check, never taking his eyes off Michael, who is beginning to show fear.

PETE

This isn't about money. I'm sure you're a tough guy on the golf course, but a woman needs to feel like her man can protect her from those coyotes coming down from the hills...

Michael gets it now. Maybe he knew it all along.

MICHAEL

Stay away from Karen. I'm warning you.

PETE

We've been spending a lot of time together.

(Michael reacts)

Michael, she's scared, did you know that? Scared of you losing the business and her home-

Michael explodes. He grabs hold of Pete and throws the hardest punch he's ever thrown in his life. Unfortunately, it doesn't connect. Pete hits Michael in the stomach, hard and fast. Michael sinks to his knees as Pete stands over him.

PETE

Assaulting a police officer...I gave you credit for more brains.

As Michael looks up at Pete glowering down at him, the possible consequences of what he's just done come crashing down on him.

MICHAEL

What are you going to do now...arrest me?

Pete laughs out loud.

PETE

Arrest you?

Pete removes the gun from his holster as Michael's eyes grow wide with horror.

PETE

A lot of cops get killed every year...not in the line of duty, but just cause they're cops. Makes us kind of tense.

(more)

PETE

(Cont'd)

Makes us sometimes shoot first
and ask questions later.

(laughs)

I mean...here I was...just minding
my own business...when you came
along and-

MICHAEL

(terrified)

Listen, Pete-

PETE

(cruel smile)

Arrest you, Michael?

(beat)

I could kill you.

Now Pete presses his gun against Michael's forehead.

Michael closes his eyes. He's sure this is the end of his life.
He waits for the inevitable sound of the gunshot.

But then Pete holsters his gun and goes back to sitting on the
hood of his car, gazing out over the city. Michael gets up
slowly. Then he rushes into his car, starts it up and pulls
out.

EXT. KAREN'S SCHOOL - NIGHT

There's a banner hanging outside that says - WELCOME PARENTS.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

The place is filled with teachers and parents mingling. Michael
rushes in. He's looking around for Karen. He sees her having
a conversation with a concerned couple.

PARENT

What exactly do you mean, when
you say Max isn't working up to
his potential?

Before Karen can reply, Michael appears. She is surprised to
see him.

KAREN

Michael, what are you-

As the parents watch with confusion, Michael takes Karen's hand
and begins pulling her out of the room.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A few people are mulling about, smoking cigarettes, looking at
kiddie art work on the walls.

Karen leans against the wall as the tormented Michael paces like a caged animal.

MICHAEL

Karen...I am not accusing you of anything. I'm only asking-

KAREN

There is nothing going on. He spoke to my class, and we went out for coffee.

Finally Michael sighs wearily as he says-

MICHAEL

The good news is we now know why he's harassing me...

Karen takes his hand.

MICHAEL

I'll go to Internal Affairs tomorrow...I don't know what else to do.

KAREN

I have to go back inside.

Michael tries to smile as he squeezes Karen's hand.

MICHAEL

I love you so much. The thought of...

Karen kisses Michael. Then she goes back inside the gym.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Michael's Volvo drives out of the parking lot.

HOLD ON SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Karen gets out of her Honda Civic and heads toward the school. She is thoroughly surprised as Pete appears at her side.

PETE

Can I talk to you?

KAREN

Leave me alone. Just leave me alone.

She starts walking faster, but Pete grabs her arm as he says imploringly-

PETE

Karen-

Karen tries to slap Pete across the face. He's too fast. He grabs her hand. Karen speaks through tears of rage-

KAREN

How could you-

PETE

(gently)

Take a walk with me. Please?

EXT. PLAYGROUND- DAY

The playground is empty due to the early hour. Karen and Pete sit on a bench together. Karen is still livid.

PETE

Karen, I swear to you...I did not pull a gun on your husband, and our conversation had absolutely nothing to do with you.

KAREN

(ruefully)

So he made it all up? Why would he do that?

PETE

I don't know. I asked Michael to meet me last night because, believe it or not, I care about him. I was hoping I could get him to listen to reason before...

KAREN

(frightened)

Before what? What are you talking about?

PETE

(sadly)

Michael's in trouble. All kinds of trouble. I knew it when I pulled him over that day.

KAREN

You mean, the speeding ticket?

PETE

(shakes his head)

Speeding...My partner was with me. I had to write him up for something. Karen, he was all over the road. He'd been drinking.

KAREN
Michael wouldn't-

PETE
He said he was upset because his
big deal was in trouble. Maybe
even falling apart and-

KAREN
(frightened)
It isn't falling apart.

PETE
Karen, Michael's responsible for
his own troubles, and I am telling
you this as a friend... There's
a lot more coming.

Karen gets up from the bench now. She's reeling.

KAREN
I don't believe any of this...

Pete seems genuinely anguished as he gets up and says-

PETE
I'm a ten year veteran with
citations for bravery. If I wanted
off the street, I could make
Lieutenant tomorrow.
(beat)
Who's Michael Roberts?

And with that, Pete walks off, leaving Karen frightened and very
confused.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICE - DAY

Michael sits across a desk from L.T. STEVENS, a large sized cop
in a rumpled suit. He's got a file folder in front of him, and
he's shaking his head as he says to Michael-

STEVENS
You are talking about a decorated
officer. A ten year vet who could-

MICHAEL
I don't care how many decorations
he's got. The man is a psychopath.

STEVENS
(glancing at folder)
If he's such a psychopath, how
come you called up his watch
commander to commend him?

MICHAEL

Believe me...that was before I realized what a-

STEVENS

You said, you wanted the department to know...

(reading)

...what a good man Officer Lane was.

Michael is embarrassed and frustrated.

MICHAEL

I told you. I didn't know at the time that-

Stevens smiles ruefully. This is getting better.

STEVENS

Three nights later, you went out on patrol with him.

MICHAEL

I thought it would be... interesting...

Stevens tosses the file folder aside as he says-

STEVENS

Mr. Roberts...let me give you some free advice. Leave Officer Lane alone.

MICHAEL

(stunned)

What?

STEVENS

People with unhealthy preoccupations with cops...buffs as we call them...usually end up in trouble.

MICHAEL

(gets up)

I've done a lot of stupid things in my life...but coming here...

STEVENS

Listen, Mister...There is nothing I like better than busting bad cops, but you're not giving me one damned thing. You don't have a corroborating witness...you

(more)

STEVENS (Cont'd)
don't even have a home movie.
Everybody's got a home movie.

Michael laughs angrily as he heads toward the door.

MICHAEL
I could bring your own mother in
here to back me up, and you'd
still take Lane's word over
mine. The only people cops
believe are other cops.

And Michael is out the door.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Several uniformed cops are mulling around as Officer Roy Cole, Pete's partner comes outside. He's wearing plain clothes. He gets into his car and pulls out of the parking lot.

MICHAEL IN HIS VOLVO

-Parked across the street. Michael pulls out and follows Roy's car.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

One of those dingy places built around a pool in the fifties. Roy is heading up the stairs when Michael comes into the building. He starts up the stairs.

MICHAEL
Officer Cole?

Roy turns around and his features darken.

MICHAEL
I'd like to talk to you about
Pete.

ROY
What's between you and Pete's got
nothing to do with me.

Then, without any further acknowledgment of Michael, Roy heads for his apartment with Michael following.

MICHAEL
Last night your partner put a gun
to my head. I thought he was going
to pull the trigger.

If Roy is surprised, he doesn't show it. He keeps on walking. Michael stays at him.

MICHAEL

But maybe you already heard this story. Maybe you and Pete had a good laugh over-

ROY

What are you doing here? What do you want?

MICHAEL

You've got to know what a nutcase this guy is...I want you to go to Internal Affairs with me.

Roy wheels around. He's furious.

ROY

If Pete Lane put a bullet through your balls I wouldn't go to Internal Affairs on him.

Michael may be scared, but he holds his ground.

MICHAEL

Cops on one side, everybody else on the other, is that it?

ROY

He saved my fucking life. You ever do that? I think I would have remembered...

And with that Roy opens his door and goes inside. When Michael tries to follow, Roy shoves him back hard with the palm of his hand. Then he slams the door.

But Michael isn't finished. He bangs on the door.

MICHAEL

What about my life? My life is going down the goddamned drain. You gotta help me...I thought that's what cops were supposed to do...Or are you all just a bunch of sick sadistic bastards like your partner?

The door is flung open. Michael doesn't know if Roy is going to kill him or what. Finally Roy says in a voice filled with anguish-

ROY

Come on in.

INT. ROBERTS HOUSE - DAY

Karen, who is frantically trying to tell Michael about her earlier encounter with Pete, can't understand why her husband is so unperturbed.

KAREN

But Michael, he said-

MICHAEL

Sweetheart, I don't care what he said. It doesn't matter what he said.

(big smile)

I've got it all taken care of.

KAREN

The restaurant's not in any trouble, is it? You'd tell me, wouldn't you?

Michael pulls Karen close to him. He smiles as he says-

MICHAEL

You know something...if I'd had a teacher who looked as good as you do when I was in the fourth grade...maybe I would have learned something.

Karen laughs. She hasn't seen Michael this relaxed in a while.

KAREN

I could probably still teach you a few things.

They kiss.

INT. MICKEY'S BAR - DAY

Roy walks in. He ignores the greetings of several cops as he looks anxiously around for Pete. When he spots him by the pool table, shooting a game with Dan, Roy rushes toward him. Pete is surprised to see him.

PETE

We're working tonight, remember? Why aren't you home-

ROY

I gotta talk to you.

SAME SCENE - LATER

Pete and Roy sit in the back. Their grim expressions clearly indicate that they are to be left alone.

PETE

I can't believe we're even having this conversation. I'm your fucking partner...you know me.

ROY

(sharply)

Nobody knows you.

(Pete reacts)

It's goddamned scary the way you keep everything inside. You're the best cop I've ever seen. Biggest pair of balls...But partner or no partner, I have no idea who the hell you are.

Pete's tone is more sadness than anger as he gets up and says-

PETE

Fuck you, Roy. If you want to take Roberts' word over mine then-

ROY

I spoke to Crowley. I know he let you into the computer room. You probably fucked with Roberts' credit and...sit down, will you please? You're making me nervous.

Pete sits back down. Roy continues.

ROY

The point is...fucking up a guy's life over some woman is way over the line. If you don't lay off, I'm going to Internal Affairs.

PETE

(sadly)

Oh, God...

ROY

And that's not all...I want you to put in for a stress leave. A long one. Before you crack up.

Pete just stares at Roy, both men's eyes are full of pain.

ROY

You saved my life. I'm trying to do the same for you.

PETE AIMING HIS GUN

His features are impassive. Impossible to tell how he feels about what he is about to do.

He fires.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - PETE ON A BEACH - SUNSET

Pete is standing on the shore, firing his gun out over the expansive ocean.

INT. ROBERTS BEDROOM - DUSK

Michael and Karen are making love. Their lovemaking is tender, yet at the same time, completely uninhibited. These are two people who love each other, who know how to make each other crazy.

EXT. L.A. STREET - NIGHT

Patrol car pulls up. Pete and Roy jump out. An elderly man sits on the sidewalk, dazed and bloody. His wife holds him, she shouts hysterically to the two cops-

WOMAN

Around the corner. He's got a gun...he's crazy...

Pete pulls out his gun. Says to Roy-

PETE

I'm okay, take care of him.

Pete is referring to the elderly man, who looks like he could die any minute. Roy tends to the man while Pete takes off running. He rounds the corner.

THE STREET

Not a soul in sight. Pete moves cautiously down this street that is lined with apartment buildings. Suddenly-

THE MUGGER

- a sweating, strung-out guy, flings open the lobby door of an apartment building. He's got his gun out.

PETE

- he ducks behind a car as the guy takes aim and fires. He misses. Now it's Pete's turn. He's got a clear shot at this guy, and he's about to blow him away. But instead, when Pete fires, he misses. Purposely. The mugger rushes back into the building for safety. Pete smiles.

Now Roy comes rushing around the corner with his gun drawn.

PETE

You can put your gun away...I dropped him.

Pete points to the apartment building.

ROY
Are you sure he's..?

PETE
You ever seen me miss?

Roy holsters his gun.

Pete starts off toward the corner as he says to Roy-

PETE
I'm gonna call for an ambulance...
(points to building)
Make sure the neighbors don't come
out and trip over him.

Roy nods and heads toward the apartment building where the frightened and very confused mugger is hiding with his gun drawn.

Pete stops walking. He watches as Roy walks into the building with his gun holstered. A moment later comes the sound of THREE GUNSHOTS.

Now Pete draws his gun and starts back toward the building. The mugger rushes out. Pete is waiting for him.

PETE
You killed my partner...

The mugger tries to shoot. He doesn't even come close to getting the shot off. Pete drills him right between the eyes, spraying the mugger's blood, brains and bones all over the sidewalk.

INT. ROBERTS KITCHEN - MORNING

Michael's at the table, having a cup of coffee. Looking very relaxed for a change. The telephone rings and he picks it up.

MICHAEL
Hello? Yes, this is Michael
Roberts...

The voice on the other end of the phone sounds nervous.

VOICE (O.S.)
Mr. Roberts...did you read the
newspaper this morning? The Metro
Section...

MICHAEL
Who is this?

VOICE (O.S.)
I'll tell you in a moment. But
first...the Metro Section...Page
three. Please...

Michael looks around. The paper's on the table. He finds the Metro Section. Opens to page three. He is totally blown away as he sees-

A PICTURE OF OFFICER ROY COLE

-and the accompanying story about his death at the hands of junkie the night before.

VOICE (O.S.)
Mr. Roberts? Mr. Roberts are you
there?

Michael is shaken to his core. He can barely reply-

MICHAEL
Yes...I'm here.

VOICE (O.S.)
Pete Lane did it...I'd bet my life
on it. He's crazy. And Mr.
Roberts...I really am afraid that
one of us is going to be next.

MICHAEL
What do you mean?

VOICE (O.S.)
You aren't the only one Lane's
been going after...

MICHAEL
What...Who are you?

VOICE (O.S.)
I don't want to say my name over
the phone. But I have a lawyer
who thinks he can help. If you
could meet me at his house in
say...half an hour...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Karen comes into the room, carrying Tiny. She's heading for the kitchen.

KAREN
Michael? Michael I want to...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Karen walks into the kitchen. She is surprised to find that Michael is nowhere to be found. His coffee is still sitting on the table.

EXT. A TREE LINED STREET - DAY

Michael drives along slowly. He's checking addresses. This is a nice neighborhood. Quiet. Nobody on the street. Soon he parks in front of a pretty bungalow. He gets out of the car and rings the doorbell.

The door is opened by a CLEAN-CUT MAN in a suit.

MICHAEL

Hi, I'm Michael Roberts.

The guy places his hand on Michael's arm and pulls him inside.

MAN

Oh, great...Michael...come on in.

Michael is immediately confused. Why did this guy act as though he was hearing Michael's name for the first time?

MICHAEL

Are you the one who called?

MAN

Oh, yeah. Sure I did, Michael.

Before Michael can say anything else, the guy practically shoves him into the kitchen where Michael is stunned by what he sees-

MAN

Okay, boys, you know what to do with him.

MICHAEL

What is this...

SEVERAL UNIFORMED COPS

-are sitting at the table.

The guy who'd brought Michael into this room leaves him now. One of the cops, OFFICER MILLER, smiles at Michael-

MILLER

Hello there, you're under arrest.

Michael starts backing up, but Miller keeps coming. Michael turns and runs out to the street but now-

COPS ARE EVERYWHERE

The guy who'd opened the door for Michael, we realize now is a plain clothes detective. He is in conference with some other cops and he doesn't even turn around as Michael starts toward him shouting-

MICHAEL

Hey...what the hell is-

Now Miller comes up from behind Michael. He grabs him and roughly puts the cuffs on him. They're too tight. Michael winces with the pain, the shock. He shouts-

MICHAEL

Just tell me what I did? What did I do...

MILLER

You are under arrest for attempting to purchase narcotics.

MICHAEL

What!

Miller begins reading Michael his rights as he marches him roughly to an unmarked cop car that's just squealed up to the curb. Michael is shoved roughly inside.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATER

Michael sits handcuffed in the back between Miller and another cop. He still can't believe this is happening to him.

MILLER

The only people who go there, go there to score. Today we're arresting anybody who shows up at the door.

MICHAEL

(sees the light)

He set me up...the sonavabitch...he set me up.

MILLER

Who's that?

But Michael remains silent. He knows there'd be no use.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Michael is being fingerprinted by Miller, who doesn't seem like a bad guy.

MILLER

Once you post bail, you'll be out of here. If a mistake was made, no charges will be filed.

Dan is nearby. He laughs out loud at the sight of Michael being fingerprinted. He calls out-

DAN

Hey, Pete...this you've gotta see.

ANGLE - PETE

- as he saunters out of an adjoining room. He feigns profound surprise at the sight of Michael in custody.

PETE

Oh, no...not you again...

Michael can only stare at Pete. His hatred for him is profound.

Miller, who's fingerprinting Michael is now glowering at him. Then he says to Pete-

MILLER

You know this guy?

Pete doesn't even have to answer. Dan does it for him.

DAN

He's got some kinda bug up his ass about Pete. Complained to Internal Affairs about him.

MICHAEL

I'd like to call a lawyer.

Miller presses Michael's fingers down into the ink pad so hard he causes Michael to cry out in pain.

MILLER

(to Pete)

I don't believe this joker...first he breaks your balls and now he won't let me get his prints...

(to Michael)

What is this problem you have with cops?

INT. HOLDING CELL - LATER

Michael's cell is small and dark. You can tell that it stinks. Michael sits shivering on a tattered cot. He's already been here for hours. He looks like shit. Feels much worse. Then he hears footsteps down the hall. Coming toward him. And soon...there's Pete.

PETE

I told the boys that you were used to the finer things in life so they gave you the Presidential suite.

(laughs)

This is what cops call affordable elegance.

Michael doesn't say anything to him. He's not going to give Pete the satisfaction.

PETE

Michael...are you mad at me about something?

MICHAEL

I'm entitled to make two phone calls.

PETE

You are going to get everything that's coming to you.

(beat)

Just like Roy.

Michael knows he's being threatened, baited by Pete. He doesn't reply. Pete pulls up a chair outside the cell.

PETE

You'll get your phone calls only not for awhile. You see, when you fuck with one cop, you fuck with all cops. Yeah, I think the boys are planning to keep you buried down here for just a bit. But I wouldn't be in any great hurry to get home if I was you...nothing going on over there except more cops.

MICHAEL

(worried now)

What are you talking about? What are cops doing at my house?

PETE

You've just been arrested at the home of a major supplier of narcotics...

MICHAEL

That cop...he told me that if I was innocent...that no charges would be filed. He-

PETE

He told you the truth. But you see, your presence at that house today...that gives the police probable cause to search your home for narcotics...and Michael...call it cop's intuition...but I have a feeling they're going to find some.

Michael is reeling now, as though he'd been hit.

MICHAEL

You planted drugs...

PETE

Poor Karen...she's going to be so upset...She's going to need somebody tonight.

MICHAEL

Don't go near her. You lousy bastard, you'd better not-

PETE

Karen really wants to have a baby, did you know that, Mikey? She-

Michael hurls himself into the bars. Struggling to get at Pete. Screaming, cursing, he'd kill him if he could.

PETE

See you, Mikey...

Pete walks away. Michael screams after Pete to leave Karen alone. The other prisoners in surrounding cells shout at Michael to shut the fuck up.

EXT. ROBERTS HOUSE - DAY

Several police cars out front. Red lights going. A large gathering of neighbors are on hand.

INT. ROBERTS HOUSE - DAY

Karen stands by in a state of near hysteria as a battery of cops - upstairs, downstairs...tear the place apart as they search for drugs. The living room is in shambles. Furniture overturned, etc.

KAREN

Stop it! Stop it...

Pete has just entered. Karen rushes to him frantically.

PETE
Karen, I just heard...

KAREN
They just came bursting in, and
they won't tell me anything. How
can they do this?

PETE
They've got a warrant. Michael's
been arrested-

KAREN
(she freaks)
For what?

PETE
He was trying to buy narcotics...

KAREN
That is...crazy...Michael would
never...Pete, this is crazy...Help
me...help...

Karen is hanging onto Pete. If she didn't, she might pass out. Then the loud sound of GLASS SHATTERING. A beautiful mirror has been swept off the mantle, and now the cop who did it, OFFICER ROSS, is about to smash an expensive-looking crystal sculpture in the shape of a pyramid. Karen cries out anguished-

KAREN
Please, don't. That was a wedding
present...Please...

But this cop could give a shit. He's about to smash it when Pete grabs his arm and says-

PETE
What the hell is wrong with you?
You think there's dope inside that
thing?

ROSS
Listen, Pete-

PETE
Come on, will you...just be a
little nice.

Ross hands the pyramid back to Karen as he says-

ROSS
I'm sorry.

PETE
(to Karen)
Come on...

Pete leads her into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Karen places the crystal pyramid on a counter top out of harm's way. Pete hands her a glass of water. She drinks it down.

PETE
That's a good girl.
(beat)
Karen... It'll really save a lot
of wear and tear on your house
if you -

KAREN
(anguished)
Michael doesn't have any drugs.

PETE
I know you believe that
but...suppose he did want to hide
something from you...where might
he do it?
(she hesitates)
Karen, we'd be helping Michael
out.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The cops haven't tossed this room yet so the cop who stands by the door seems hesitant to let Karen in. Pete says-

PETE
It's all right...

The cop lets them pass.

KAREN
This is where Michael keeps all
of his business records...things
like that.

Karen opens the desk drawers while Pete opens a closet. He pretends to look though it, but he's watching Karen out of the corner of his eye. Waiting for her to look in-

THE SMALL FILE CABINET

-the bottom drawer to be exact.

Nervously, Karen pulls out the contents of each desk drawer. A bunch of documents, etc. No drugs.

Karen breathes a sigh of relief. Then she heads for the file cabinet. Pete watches as she opens one drawer. Then another. Then she pulls out a small package. Pete smiles to himself as she unwraps it. He waits for the inevitable-

KAREN
(gasping)
Oh...

The sentry cop comes rushing over. He pulls the bag, which we can now recognize as either COCAINE OR HEROIN, away from Karen, who is in state of disbelief and shock.

SENTRY COP
I'll take that.

PETE
(gently)
I'm sorry...

Karen says nothing. She can't. She just charges out of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Karen is in the waiting area. It's hot and crowded. Lots of people in trouble tonight. Lots of cigarette smoke.

Finally Pete comes in. Karen jumps up from the bench.

PETE
He isn't here.

KAREN
What? Why-

PETE
On a busy night, they'll often send prisoners downtown for processing. Look, bail will be set, he'll post a bond and they'll send him home. There's nothing you can do for him tonight.

INT. PETE'S CAR - NIGHT

As Karen sits beside Pete, she seems dazed, detached. Pete must be talking about somebody else's husband. Karen takes it all in. She is strangely fascinated.

PETE
He took some heavy losses in the market and ran into a major cash flow problem.
(more)

PETE (Cont'd)

Then when his credit went all to hell, he had to either raise some money or lose the restaurant. It wasn't the first time, either.

KAREN

Michael's not a drug dealer...

PETE

Karen, I've got some friends in the DEA. It seems that every yup in Boston, who wanted to score good blow knew that Michael Roberts was the man to see.

KAREN

(desperately)

I know my husband...

PETE

I ran a make on him. I know him better than you do.

(Karen reacts)

Where do you think he got the money to put up for the restaurant in the first place? Not to mention the down payment for your house. The stock market? Real estate?

(shakes his head)

Fairy tales, Karen.

Karen is reeling. It's hard to take this in. She's glad that they're approaching her house. She says weakly-

KAREN

We're there...

Pete pulls over in front of the house. Karen reaches for the door handle. Pete grabs her hand.

PETE

Getting this restaurant off the ground meant everything to Michael. Everything. But then I guess you knew that.

KAREN

Oh, my God...

Karen is helpless now. The shock and the pain and the fright...have made her totally vulnerable. This isn't lost on Pete. He leans in. Looks into her eyes.

PETE

If I could somehow change things...oh, Karen...I swear to God, I would. But all I can do...is try to protect you. All I can do is...

Karen looks deep into Pete's eyes. Right now what she needs more than anything else in the world is the protection he is offering. Protection from reality. And so she lets Pete kiss her.

Their kiss is long and slow. Karen is in no hurry to come back to reality, and Pete...Pete has probably never kissed a woman before with such intensity. Soon Pete's hands are on Karen. Finally, and not without great effort, Karen stops him.

KAREN

Pete, I...I'm sorry...I shouldn't have let that happen.

Pete just smiles. Then he moves in again. But again, Karen stops him.

KAREN

I should go in.

PETE

It's okay...I know what you're afraid of.

KAREN

(confused)

What do you mean?

PETE

I want you to know something, Karen...and believe me about this now...

(beat)

I don't have to be a cop anymore.

Pete seems so intense that Karen is starting to become frightened. And just what exactly is he talking about?

KAREN

I don't understand. What-

PETE

I can do something different, something clean with my life. You don't have to worry about me tracking all the shit of a cop's life into our home every night.

KAREN

Look, Pete...I'm not sure I even know what you're talking about...but in case you've forgotten, Michael is my husband and-

PETE

(angrily)

Fuck Michael. He's a low-life scumbag, and he's going to get what's coming to him.

Karen now realizes how totally she'd been taken in by Pete. How fucking crazy he is.

KAREN

Everything that's happened to Michael...You set it up.

PETE

I don't want to talk about Michael...I want to talk about-

Karen is so angry that she forgets for the moment that Pete is unhinged and capable of anything.

KAREN

You sonavabitch. You're crazy, you know that? You are really fucking crazy.

PETE

Listen-

KAREN

No, you listen. I love my husband. Get that through your head and leave us the hell alone.

Karen is out of the door, practically running to the house as Pete shouts to her through the open window-

PETE

He's never going to have you. That's the truth, Karen. He is never going to have you.

But Karen's not looking back as she rushes into her house and slams the door shut. As she leans against it, her heart is pounding. It's dawning on her now, that she's just been in the arms of a madman, and she's afraid to even look outside. Finally she does-

PETE'S CAR

-is just sitting there. The radio chatter emanating from inside the car.

KAREN

-staring out the window. Trying to will Pete's car away.

KAREN

Go away...go away...go away...

Finally Pete's car drives off. Karen leans against the door and cries.

INT. CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

Karen watches as Michael, looking like complete and total hell, stands before the Judge. His lawyer, AL RUBIN is at his side.

JUDGE

Bail is set in the amount of ten thousand dollars. Make arrangements with the bailiff.

The judge bangs his gavel. Calls the next case. As Rubin heads for the bailiff, Karen rushes into Michael's arms.

MICHAEL

Are you okay? If that lousy bastard touched you...

KAREN

Sssh...it's all right. Everything's going to be all right.

ANGLE - PETE

He's in the back of the courtroom. The expression on his face grows increasingly dark as he watches Michael and Karen hold onto each other. As he watches them kiss.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

The elevator door opens and out steps Roger with another man. They head toward a sleek Mercedes.

MICHAEL

Roger.

Michael appears. He'd been down here waiting. Maybe for hours. Though he tries to conceal it, Roger is anything but happy to see him.

ROGER

Michael, really, this is a bad time.

MICHAEL

(laughs ruefully)

You have no idea.

ROGER

Look...I'm sorry, I haven't gotten back to you, but-

MICHAEL

My option's up on the building tomorrow. If I don't have Richter's check deposited by then, you know what's going to happen.

ROGER

Richter's pulling out.

(Michael reacts)

Don't act so surprised. And don't blame me. You've got nobody to blame but yourself.

MICHAEL

What?

ROGER

You can't possibly expect a man like Richter to invest a substantial amount of money with a man who's just been arrested for drug dealing.

MICHAEL

(amazed)

He doesn't think I'm guilty? Roger didn't you tell him that-

ROGER

(nervously)

All that matters is that you made a serious error in judgement...we both did. I'll be lucky if Richter doesn't fire me for-

Roger doesn't get to finish his sentence. Michael grabs him roughly and shoves him against the wall.

MICHAEL

And to think I ever thought you were a chickenshit...

Michael releases Roger. Then he walks off.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Michael and Karen leave the building with their lawyer, Al Rubin. They shake hands. Everybody seems grim.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Michael and Karen drive through the night on a dark stretch of freeway.

MICHAEL

I still don't see why I should have to plead guilty to anything when I didn't do anything.

Karen's trying to keep his spirits up.

KAREN

I know, Michael, but five years probation...That won't be so terrible, will it?

MICHAEL

It's still a felony conviction and the end of my career...

KAREN

We'll be okay. I love teaching and-

MICHAEL

You want to have a baby.

KAREN

It can wait.

MICHAEL

Karen, come on...I know you're unhappy. He said...

KAREN

What? Who said that?

Michael's face suddenly drains of all color as he glances in the rear view mirror and sees-

A POLICE CAR

-following behind him. Red lights flashing.

Michael grits his teeth as he mutters defiantly -

MICHAEL

Fuck you...

Michael stomps his foot down on the gas peddle.

THE POLICE CAR GIVES CHASE

The siren's blaring now.

INSIDE MICHAEL'S CAR

Karen is terrified. The Volvo's doing over a hundred.

KAREN

How do you know it's him?

MICHAEL

It's him.

INSIDE THE POLICE CAR

It's Pete all right. He kills the siren now. Picks up the mike so he can speak through the loudspeaker.

PETE

(taunting)

Hey, Mikey? You'd better pull over. I'm going to give you a ticket, Mikey.

INSIDE MICHAEL'S CAR

Karen doesn't know which is scarier - Pete or the fact that Michael is doing over a hundred.

KAREN

(hysterically)

We have to pull over.

MICHAEL

No fucking way...

BACK TO PETE

-getting angrier by the second. Now he hits the siren again - three sharp blasts. Again. Again...

MICHAEL'S CAR

-as it passes a sign that says EXPOSITION BLVD. is coming up in a quarter of a mile. Michael's car is in the far left lane, clear on the other side of the freeway from the off ramp.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR

Michael glances in the rear view mirror. Pete's car is right on his ass. Then he grits his teeth as he says to his terrified wife-

MICHAEL

Hang on...

Michael turns the wheel hard to the right.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Michael's car suddenly swerves widely across three lanes of freeway heading toward the rapidly approaching off ramp.

Some cars come to screeching halts, others have to swerve widely to avoid smashing into the Volvo.

Amazingly, Michael's car makes it across the freeway. He's almost at the off ramp.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR

Karen is holding onto the door handle for dear life and Michael is sweating as he zooms down the off ramp. But a glance in his rear view mirror only makes his heart beat faster.

PETE'S CAR

It's somehow still right behind Michael. And now-

PETE'S CAR RAMS MICHAEL'S FROM BEHIND

Michael's car is sent hurtling down the off ramp at break neck speed, veering erratically from side to side.

INSIDE MICHAEL'S CAR

Karen screams as Michael fights the wheel, trying to regain control. It's not going to happen.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

It's an industrial neighborhood somewhere near downtown. Deserted this time of night. Michael's car come shooting across the intersection and goes into a skid.

MICHAEL'S CAR CRASHES

-hard into a freeway support beam.

INSIDE MICHAEL'S CAR

Michael is fine but Karen seems dazed. It's impossible to tell how badly hurt she is.

MICHAEL
Karen? Karen...

EXT. MICHAEL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Michael is helping Karen out of the car. She's unsteady, but doesn't seem too badly hurt.

PETE'S CAR

-sitting in the middle of the off ramp with its lights out. Now it starts to roll slowly down the ramp. Toward Michael and Karen.

A PICK UP TRUCK

-rounds the corner. It stops at the crash site and THREE MEXICAN WORKERS jump out and start to help Michael tend to Karen. Michael can't understand a word that they're saying, but he sure is glad to see them.

MICHAEL

I think she banged her head...

Michael freezes now as he sees-

PETE'S CAR

-Rolling slowly toward them. But it doesn't stop. Pete just glowers at Michael as he drives slowly past.

Karen, who is being helped into the truck, is fighting to stay conscious and the sound of THE POLICE RADIO CHATTER emanating from Pete's car is the last thing she hears before giving herself up to the darkness.

DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. ROBERTS BEDROOM - DAY

Karen's got a bandage on her forehead and the right side of her face is bruised. She stirs in her sleep. Reaches over for Michael. He's not there. Just Tiny the cat. She opens her eyes. Seems a bit disoriented.

Then she hears something. Tough to make it out at first. But soon it becomes unmistakable, and Karen is seized by a wave of dread and nausea -

It is the squawking sound of a POLICE RADIO coming from somewhere inside the house.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Karen makes her way slowly down the stairs. Over the crackling sounds of radio static, she can hear the police dispatcher's voice giving out codes and addresses to cops taking calls...211's, 460's, 261's. And cops calling in code 7's, code 30's, etc.

The radio noise is coming from inside the kitchen. Karen moves toward the door as though she were being pulled inexorably toward her fate.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

KAREN

Pete..?

But it isn't Pete. It's Michael. He's listening intently to A POLICE RADIO that's sitting atop the kitchen table. Michael's scribbling notes as he listens. He refers to a book of police codes.

The radio squawks over this entire scene.

KAREN

Michael...what-

MICHAEL

(concerned)

What are you doing up? The doctor wants you off your feet.

Karen sits down. She's obviously weak and probably wondering if she's dreaming.

KAREN

I'm okay...

MICHAEL

Karen, you should-

KAREN

What are you doing? Where did you get that?

MICHAEL

You can get anything in Los Angeles.

KAREN

But why...

MICHAEL

(excited)

Did you hear that? The cop just went code 7...that means he's going out of his car for a meal...
(points to code book)

KAREN

(shudders)

I thought it was...

MICHAEL

(smiling)

Our friend's on the other end of town on a felony hit and run.
(more)

MICHAEL (Cont'd)

(taps the radio)

This thing's not exactly state
of the art...but if I listen hard
enough...I can make out just
enough to suit my purposes...

KAREN

You bought this thing so that you
can keep tabs on Pete?

MICHAEL

He almost got us killed. You
realize that...

KAREN

What has that got to do with-

But Michael's said all he wants to on this subject, and now he
gets up and takes Karen's hand as he helps her up from her chair
and starts walking her toward the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is still a bit disheveled from the police search.

MICHAEL

Karen, you really should be in
bed. How about if I bring you
up something to eat?

KAREN

(wearily)

Maybe later.

Karen starts back up the stairs. Michael watches her go. The
he returns to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Michael picks up the police radio and goes out the door.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD TACO STAND - NIGHT

This is the place Pete took Michael to the night they caught
the burglar. There's Rosa, the girl who mistook Michael for a
cop. She's sharing a plate of fries with a large scuzzball of
a guy, who looks like he's in a shitty mood twenty-four hours
a day.

ANGLE - MICHAEL IN HIS CAR

He's parked across the street. Watching. He's more than nervous,
he's scared to death, but if he's going to pull this off, he's
going to have to keep it together. Finally he gets out of the
car. He heads across the street. He sits down next to Rosa.

MICHAEL
Remember me?

The girl looks him over. She shakes her head.

ROSA
No.

This is going to be tougher than Michael thought. He forces a laugh as he says-

MICHAEL
What do you mean, you-

The large scuzzball, whose name is CASEY, is snarling at Michael as he says-

CASEY
What the fuck do you want? Huh?

What Michael wants is to get the hell out of here alive. Then Rosa laughs as she says-

ROSA
Oh, yeah...you're that cop.

Casey's attitude changes instantly.

CASEY
Oh, shit...Listen, officer-

Michael knows he's got the advantage. He's got to press it.

MICHAEL
Shut the fuck up. You got a problem with cops?

CASEY
No...

ROSA
(enjoying this)
You blew it big time, Casey.

MICHAEL
(to Rosa)
Beat it.

The girl laughs as she goes off, and Michael turns back to Casey, who Michael knows will probably bite his head off if he screws this up. He steels himself and gives Casey a Pete Lane line-

MICHAEL

Listen to me, Casey...we can be
friends or I can fuck you up.
Which is it?

CASEY

(shaking his head)
You cops...you guys kill me...What
do you want?

MICHAEL

Let's say I wanted a gun...A nice
clean gun. As my friend, would
you be willing to help me out?

Casey looks Michael over. Michael's sweating. His heart is
pounding through his chest.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

This is the warehouse with the old security guard who calls in
false alarms so he can hang out with Pete when he's lonely.

Michael's car drives slowly up the street marked INDUSTRIAL
PLACE, toward the warehouse. Then about fifty yards before the
warehouse, Michael cuts his lights and turns off the road. He
parks behind the rusted-out hulk of an old truck where he's
hidden from view.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Michael turns on the police radio that sits in the seat beside
him. The police dispatcher's voice crackles through. Then he
reaches into his pocket and pulls out-

A SMALL CALIBER GUN

Michael places it on top of the radio. Then as he gazes toward
the warehouse he mutters-

MICHAEL

Come on, old man...wouldn't you
like a visit from your old pal,
Pete..?

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jess, the security guard is sitting in front of the t.v. set.
Sipping a cup of coffee.

EXT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Just sitting there. Waiting. The police radio crackling in the
night.

DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. ROBERTS' BEDROOM - DAY

A thoroughly exhausted Michael is pulling off his clothes, while Karen stands in the door.

KAREN

You were gone all night long. I was out of my mind.

MICHAEL

I gotta get some sleep, Karen. Please?

KAREN

Our whole lives are falling apart and you're acting crazy. I know that you don't like doing it, but you are going to have to talk to me.

Michael looks at Karen. He smiles sadly because he knows that she's right.

MICHAEL

I found out what Pete was like the night we caught the burglar...I should have told you right then...

KAREN

Why didn't you?

MICHAEL

Because to do that...I'd have to have told you what I was like...
(hard for him)
I let Pete hold that guy for me while I...hit him.

KAREN

Michael-

MICHAEL

But it was too important for me that you felt safe...that you felt I could protect you...So I let you believe Pete's lie about what a hero I was...

KAREN

Michael-

Michael takes his wife in his arms now as he says with great passion and intensity-

MICHAEL

But I can protect you, Karen. I can.

Karen is really frightened. She's almost afraid to ask the question she already knows the answer to-

KAREN

What are you planning to do?

MICHAEL

Karen...please...

KAREN

We don't have to stay here. We can move back to Boston.

MICHAEL

I'm not allowed to leave the state. I've got a trial coming up, remember?

KAREN

We can go to another city. We can-

MICHAEL

He'd follow us. Wherever we went. Because he's got it in his head that he wants you, Karen...and he's going to keep on coming until-

KAREN

(shuddering)

Michael-

MICHAEL

Until he kills me.

Karen nearly gasps and she grabs hold of Michael, the man that she loves. She holds him in her arms as he closes his eyes.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Cops are coming and going. Busy as usual.

INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Pete is getting into his uniform. He seems preoccupied. Young Dan suits up beside him.

DAN

I'm telling you, man, it was the most disgusting thing I ever seen...I

(more)

DAN (Cont'd)
mean, maggots were crawling out
of this guy's eyeballs and-

Pete just looks at him.

PETE
What?

DAN
(laughs)
Are you okay?

INT. ROBERTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Karen is asleep. Michael stands over the bed watching her. Then, being careful not to wake her, he leaves the room.

INT. ROBERTS HOUSE DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Michael is at the master control panel of the alarm system. He punches in a code until the green light comes on, indicating that the system is armed. Then Michael heads for the door. He glances upstairs. Tiny's on the step. Michael smiles at the cat. Then he leaves.

EXT. ROBERTS HOUSE - NIGHT

As Michael pulls out of the driveway we PULL BACK TO-

KAREN IN THE BEDROOM WINDOW

-watching with a look of grave apprehension as Michael pulls out of the driveway and takes off down the street.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The DESK SGT. answers the ringing phone.

SGT.
15th precinct. Sgt. Curtis.
(annoyed)
Oh...it's you...What was that
address again?

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jess, the old security guard, is on the phone.

JESS
113 Industrial Place. And hurry.

BACK TO THE STATION

The desk Sgt. is handing a slip of paper to another cop.

SGT.

Give this to dispatch.

The cop smiles when he sees the address.

COP

I hope Pete's on duty. Otherwise
this guy's going to have a mighty
long wait for a car. Like forever.

SGT.

(smiling)

Pete's on duty...

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Once again Michael's parked behind the truck. He's straining to hear the dispatcher's voice over the static. Then he hears the call that he'd been waiting for - a possible two-eleven at 113 Industrial Place.

Michael's trying to remain calm. It isn't easy. He shuts off the radio. Grabs the gun from out of the glove compartment. Gets out of the car and heads toward the wall of rusted barrels near the warehouse.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jess has got the coffee going as he sets up a chess board.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Michael's eyes are riveted on the road. Finally he hears a car in the distance. Soon he can see-

THE POLICE CAR ROLLING UP

It stops near the warehouse. The door opens.

MICHAEL

In this darkness, it is impossible for him to see Pete's face. He wishes he could as he aims his gun.

PETE

-is walking up the road. He's whistling. His gun isn't drawn. He knows there's no burglar here. He approaches the door.

Michael is behind Pete now. He drives his gun down on top of his head. Down he goes. Michael stands over him shouting-

MICHAEL

Turn around...

The cop turns around. Michael is stunned as he realizes that it isn't Pete after all. It's-

YOUNG DAN

- who is dazed and scared to death.

DAN

Don't kill me, please...

Michael's anger outweighs his fear as he shouts-

MICHAEL

Where's Pete Lane?

DAN

(terrified)

I dropped him off at your place.

Michael's blood runs cold. He grabs Dan's gun and throws it into the bushes. Then he heads down the road toward his car. He gets in and goes roaring off.

Dan gets to his feet. He's dazed but okay. He heads off to look for his gun.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Michael drives through these downtown streets like a man possessed.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

Pedestrians leap to get out of Michael's way as he barrels through an intersection.

INT. ROBERTS HOUSE - NIGHT

The living room is dark and empty.

CLOSE ON - BURGLAR ALARM CONTROL PANEL

-The green indicator light flickers and goes out.

INT. ROBERTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Karen's got the t.v. on, but she can't concentrate. She shuts it off. She picks up Tiny and heads out of the room. It is obvious that Karen is still just a little bit woozy from the accident.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Karen is setting a bowl of food down for Tiny. Then she suddenly becomes uneasy here alone in the dark kitchen. She's remembering that this is where the burglar broke in. She wants to look up at the skylight, but she's afraid of what she might see. Finally she does.

THE SKYLIGHT

-it's closed securely and all in one piece.

Karen's feeling a little bit better as she leaves, and then as she's about to walk through the door, she seems something that she is totally unprepared for-

A VASE FILLED WITH ROSES

-sitting atop the kitchen table.

KAREN

(happily)

Michael...Michael, where are you?

Karen rushes over and smells the roses. Then-

KAREN

Michael?

No answer. Karen begins to get the feeling that something could be wrong here. Then she hears music playing faintly. Charlie Parker on the sax. It's coming from the living room. Karen starts to head toward the door that opens to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen steps inside. The room is dark. The stereo is playing.

KAREN

Michael...what are you doing in here?

Karen hits the lights. She nearly jumps out of her skin as she sees-

PETE SITTING IN MICHAEL'S CLUB CHAIR

He seems very comfortable. Like he's trying on the chair, the music...this whole room - trying them on for size. He likes the way they fit.

PETE

Aren't you going to ask me how my day went?

KAREN

How did you get in here?

Pete laughs. He gets out of the chair as he says-

PETE

You're kidding me, right?

Karen turns and runs. Pete catches up with her in the hall.
Grabs her arm. She screams-

KAREN

Let me go...

PETE

We're going to wait here for
Michael and then-

Karen manages to squirm away from Pete. She's off and running.
Heading for the stairs. Pete goes after her.

PETE

Karen! Karen...

Karen rushes up the stairs and into the bedroom about two steps
ahead of Pete. She slams the door shut.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen is petrified. She doesn't know what to do and she doesn't
have too much time to think about it because suddenly the door
is kicked right down. There stands Pete. He walks in slowly.
Corners Karen against the wall. Looks into her eyes as he says
quite gently-

PETE

He's not going to have you, Karen.
I told you that.

KAREN

Leave me alone, Pete. Please...

Before Pete can reply, he and Karen hear THE SOUNDS OF A CAR
SCREECHING UP AND THE DOOR BEING SLAMMED.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael bursts in through the front door. He's got his gun
drawn. Nobody there. Then on the stairs, he sees-

PETE AND KAREN

Pete's got Karen in front of him, shielding him from Michael.
Pete's got his arm across the terrified Karen's breasts- holding
her just like Pike, the burglar.

PETE
(to Karen)
Hey, honey, look who's here.

MICHAEL
Let her go.

Pete and Karen come down the stairs into the living room.

PETE
Hey, Mikey...I'm unarmed...

MICHAEL
(calmly)
Let her go.

Now from behind Karen's back, Pete produces the gun that had been hidden from Michael's view. Michael sees it just fine now, but it's too late to do anything about it.

Pete smiles as he fires. Hits Michael in the shoulder.

Michael's gun drops. Karen screams. She breaks free from Pete and rushes over to Michael.

Pete picks up Michael's gun. Puts it in his pocket. Really enjoying himself.

PETE
You fucked up, Mikey. A trained professional would have put a bullet through my head.

Karen is crying now, afraid that Pete is going to kill Michael.

KAREN
Leave him alone, I'll do anything you want, please...

MICHAEL
(sharply)
Karen-

PETE
I am going to tell you what I want.
(points)
I want that chair.

Karen and Michael are astonished. What?

PETE
I want my chair...moved right over here.
(more)

PETE (Cont'd)
(to Michael)
Will you move it for me, Mikey?
And don't get any blood on it,
please.

Michael is snarling, but Karen clearly wants him to comply. Michael is in terrible pain from his shoulder wound and lifting a chair is not exactly what the doctor ordered, but he does what he's told. Then-

PETE
That's what I want, Michael.
That's what I want from you...

At that moment, everybody is startled as-

DAN RUSHES IN WITH HIS GUN DRAWN

DAN
(to Michael)
Okay, fucker, put your hands on
your head.

Though he's here to arrest Michael, it looks to Dan like Pete has got the situation well under control. He smiles.

DAN
I should have known, you could
handle his sorry ass.

Nobody is prepared for what happens next.

Pete turns his gun from Michael as he sneers disgustedly-

PETE
Fucking cops...why aren't you out
arresting criminals or
something...

Pete shoots Dan right in the chest and down he goes.

Michael and Karen can't believe their eyes and now, once again, Pete points the gun at Michael.

PETE
I have decided...that I don't want
to be a cop anymore. I want to
work in an office...Some kind of
an office where I will be treated
with respect. Not because I wear
a badge...but because I'm a
goddamned human being...

Pete points now to the cop on the floor. He shakes his head, and what he says now, he says with profound sadness.

PETE

Look at him...it almost looks like human blood.

(to Michael)

I can understand why you wanted to kill him...

MICHAEL

(confused)

What are you...

PETE

But you know what happens to cop killers...

Pete aims at Michael. He fires. Karen screams-

KAREN

No!

The bullet flies right past Michael's ear. Pete missed him intentionally, but not by much.

As Karen looks on in horror, Michael begins to back up out of the living room into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Pete advances slowly as he talks.

PETE

You knew that Karen and I had been seeing each other. So did everybody in my precinct.

MICHAEL

You can't-

PETE

There we were spending a quiet evening together when you came charging in. You managed to get my gun away just as poor Danny showed up, and you drilled him. I jumped you. We fought for the gun and some shots were fired.

Pete fires at Michael again. Just missing.

KAREN

Stop it, please...please...

PETE

You put up a hell of a fight, Mikey...You're
(more)

PETE (Cont'd)
a pretty strong guy...
(smiles)
Or maybe it was the drugs...

Pete aims at the ceiling. Shoots the newly repaired skylight.
Glass rains down on Michael.

PETE
Finally you had just one bullet
left...and that's when I got the
gun back.

Michael is dazed and bloody. His hatred for Pete far overwhelms
his fear.

MICHAEL
You can't get away with
this...Karen's here. She'll tell
the police-

PETE
(laughs)
What? That I killed Dan?

Pete turns to Karen now, who is shuddering in the corner of the
kitchen.

PETE
They won't believe you. So you're
going to have to make a decision,
Karen. You're either with me or
against me.

Karen seems frozen with terror. Pete smiles at her as he holds
out his hand and says-

PETE
Come here to me now...

Now as WE HEAR the WAIL OF POLICE SIRENS in the distance, Karen
begins to walk slowly toward the smiling Pete.

MICHAEL
(shouting)
Don't-

But Karen keeps coming. Pete takes her hand.

PETE
I need you to kiss me, Karen...I
need for Michael to see you kiss
me. Like you did that night in
my car.

This startles Michael. Pete sees it.

PETE

Relax, Michael...I never fucked
your wife...

(looks at Karen)

But I'm going to.

(then)

Goodbye, Michael.

Pete is about to pull the trigger when Karen, who we realize now has just been waiting for her chance, suddenly reaches out and grabs-

THE CRYSTAL PYRAMID

- that she'd left sitting on the counter top the night the cops searched the house. And before Pete knows what's happening, Karen plunges the pointed end of the sculpture into his shoulder. Pete screams.

Michael doesn't waste a moment. Weakened though he is, his body is shot through with adrenalin. He feels no pain, feels no fear as he springs at Pete and drives his knee right into Pete's groin. Pete drops the gun and goes down.

Michael is all over Pete, pummeling him mercilessly, turning his face into a battered bloody mess until finally Karen screams-

KAREN

Michael, stop.

But Michael can't even hear her. He stands over Pete now. Shoves the gun into Pete's ear

MICHAEL

One bullet left. Isn't that right,
officer Lane?

As Michael cocks the gun, the CLICK of its hammer makes Karen turn away.

A gun is fired. But it isn't the one in Michael's hand.

ANGLE - DAN THE COP

- Standing in the doorway. He's definitely in bad shape as he tries to stop his bleeding with one hand while holding his gun in the other. His warning shot went into the ceiling. But now his gun is trained on Pete.

DAN

(to Michael)

Move away from him, please...

The shot has brought Michael back to reality. He lets Pete And moves away from him to Karen.

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116.

Now Dan says to Pete in a voice that is weak from both shock and sadness-

DAN
Officer Lane...you're under
arrest.

The sirens that we heard in the distance are now right outside the door.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

OVER THE FOLLOWING SCENE WE HEAR-

DAN'S VOICE as he continues the Miranda Law recitation.

DAN (V.O.)
You have the right to remain
silent. You have the right to
an attorney. If you cannot afford
an attorney, etc...

Three police cars are on the scene and the neighbors are out in force. Dan is being helped into an ambulance by cops and paramedics.

The handcuffed Pete is being he's led toward one of the patrol cars. There's nothing the cops hate worse than a cop gone so bad he'd actually shoot another cop, a fact which probably accounts for their less than gentle treatment of Pete as they take him away.

ANGLE - MICHAEL AND KAREN

Standing off to the side, watching Pete being taken away. Just before Pete is shoved into the car, he looks at Michael and Karen. The three of them lock eyes. Then Pete disappears inside the patrol car.

A nearby cop gets a glimpse of Michael's shoulder wound.

COP
Maybe you should go with the
ambulance.

MICHAEL
My wife will drive me.

Michael puts his good arm around Karen. Then they start slowly toward their car.

FADE OUT:

THE END