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VALENTINE

screenplay by

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based on the novel by

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Dylan Sellers Productions

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FADE IN ON:

VALENTINE'S DAY CHOCOLATES

1

Dozens and dozens of freshly minted, mouth-watering chocolates roll down a conveyer belt. A blur of HANDS pluck up the delicate pieces and insert them into red, heart-shaped boxes. During this, "My Funny Valentine" plays on the SOUNDTRACK. It's been recorded by all the great crooners, from Bing to Frank to Barbara and even, as we now HEAR, Liberace...

LIBERACE (V.O.)

You're my funny valentine... Sweet
comic valentine... You make me smile
with my heart...

The SONG carries us into...

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

2

The SONG is blasting through the walls from the apartment next door. SUPERIMPOSE:

Friday, February 12, 1999
New York City
3 a.m.

In bed, we find JENNIFER KEATS, 23, tossing and turning. She slaps her pillow over her head, trying to block out the MUSIC coming through the wall. She throws the pillow aside. Flips on the light. Bangs on the wall.

JENNIFER

Turn it down! Hey! Turn it down in
there!

The SONG plays on. She gets out of bed. Pulls a sweatshirt over her nightie.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

3

She storms down the hall to the apartment next door: 4-C. Knocks.

She can still hear the MUSIC. She BANGS ON THE DOOR.

JENNIFER

Some of us are trying to sleep!

The song ends. A moment of relief. Until it starts right up again, from the beginning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3

JENNIFER

Jerk.

She gives the door a swift kick.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

4

Since she can't sleep with the music, she sits, bleary-eyed, behind a desk, typing on her computer.

DISSOLVE TO:

AT THE DESK - MORNING

5

She's asleep, slumped next to the keyboard.

She wakes with a start. Sits up. The damn SONG is still playing next door. She's furious.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

6

She marches up to 4-C, raises her fist to pound on the door -- and stops.

The door stands slightly ajar.

She nudges it open a tad further. Calls out.

JENNIFER

Hello? Hello!!

She pushes the door open a little more so that she can now see inside 4-C.

It's EMPTY.

Not a stick of furniture. No one is living here. The MUSIC is coming from the bedroom in the back.

Jennifer eases inside.

INT. APARTMENT 4-C - CONTINUOUS

7

She calls out again.

JENNIFER

Anybody in here?

She follows the MUSIC...down the hall...into the...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

8

It's also empty...except for a painter's ladder and some brushes. Next to the ladder is a portable CD player, set on repeat song, so that it's blasting "My Funny Valentine" over and over again. She figures a painter must have left it on by accident.

She hits the stop button. The MUSIC CUTS OFF. She gives a little sigh. Thank God.

She hears a CREAK behind her. Whirls around.

Her eyes dart to the closet which stands open.

She edges toward it, peers into the darkness within.

Nothing.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

9

LOOKING OUT its half-open door, the CAMERA spies on Jennifer, still at the closet. She turns. Eases toward the bathroom. Slightly nervous. Trespassing.

WITH JENNIFER

10

She peers around the open bathroom door...

She doesn't see anybody.

This is too creepy. She quickly heads out of the bedroom... Down the hall... And out the door...

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

11

She enters, deadbolts the door behind her. Suddenly checks her watch.

JENNIFER

Shit!

INT. HER BATHROOM - MORNING

12

In the shower, running late. Hair covered in lather. A RADIO hangs from the shower head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

17

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

In tribute to the most romantic weekend in the most romantic city in the world, we're playing nothing but love songs from now until Sunday, Valentine's Day.

Suddenly, there's a painful GROAN from the pipes and the water suddenly SHUTS OFF, just like that, nothing but a slight dribble.

JENNIFER

No... No!

She turns the faucets, bangs the pipes, all to no avail as the DJ chimes on --

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

From the love songs that make you want to grab a tissue and dab your tears...to the love songs that make you want to grab a razor blade and slit your wrists.

The Paul McCartney & Wings schmaltz-fest "Silly Love Songs" fills the airwaves as Jennifer stumbles out of the shower.

She wraps a towel around her, her hair still plastered under a mound of shampoo. She tries the sink. No water.

JENNIFER

(sing-song)

This isn't happening.

INT. KITCHEN AREA - MORNING

13

She tries the kitchen faucet. No go. There's no way she can go anywhere with all this shampoo in her hair.

An idea hits her. She swings open the door to the frig. Yes! There's a large container of bottled water inside! She looks closer.

JENNIFER

No way.

It's only got about two sips worth left. Useless.

She tosses it toward the trash can. Swish, basket.

Nothing else in the fridge except a tube of chocolate chip cookie dough. She grabs a finger-full and eats it as she darts back into...

THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

14

The shampoo is turning to mush on her head and there's still no running water.

Her eyes lock onto the toilet. It's filled with clean water. The idea repulses her a little but desperate times call for desperate measures.

She lifts the lid. Closes her eyes, dunks her head into the toilet water, and flushes. WHOOSH! As the flushing water washes the shampoo away, we stare at her upside-down head.

EXT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - MANHATTAN - MORNING

Jennifer hurries inside the building.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - MORNING

15

Hustling past rows of cubicles, she's intercepted by a CO-WORKER.

CO-WORKER

(checking his watch)

The meeting's over.

She stumbles on her heels.

JENNIFER

Damn it.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

16

Jennifer comes in. Ten stoic, older, mainly male EDITORS turn her way, a few are standing up.

EDITOR

Punctuality is certainly not one of your strengths, Jennifer.

JENNIFER

I'm sorry. I was taking a shower and the pipes and well, you don't want to know...

She frowns slightly. Braces herself to be chastised.

EDITOR

Let's talk about your book.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - JENNIFER'S CUBICLE - MORNING

17

AARON BARTLETT steps inside. He's 27. Wears a cap that says ALLIED MESSENGERS and holds a stack of manila envelopes stuffed with manuscripts. He puts the stack down as she rises, beaming.

JENNIFER

They're going to publish it. Fifteen thousand first printing.

It takes a moment for it to sink in... Then he removes his messenger's cap and tosses it into the trash can.

AARON

That's...incredible.
(as they sit down)
What did they say?

JENNIFER

That if I was late again to an editor's meeting I'd be fired. They also said your book brought tears to their eyes. They said your writing was poetry. All that good stuff. Congratulations.

AARON

Thanks. I couldn't have done it without you.

JENNIFER

All I did was edit a few lines.

AARON

You did more than that. God, I wanted to kill you when you told me to take another pass at it. But you were right to keep pushing me. Did they say anything about the ending?

Jennifer holds up her arms in surrender.

JENNIFER

You were right on that one.

AARON

Not too sweet? Not too romantic?

JENNIFER

There was no such thing as "too romantic." They said not to change a word.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

17

JENNIFER (Cont'd)

Marketing is already doing up some jacket designs that I'd like you to look at. And we're going to put together a book tour. Thirty cities in forty days.

AARON

So you want me to go on every local radio show and tell what my book's about in a sound byte?

JENNIFER

That's how you sell books.

AARON

I can't turn 400 pages into twenty seconds.

JENNIFER

392 pages.

(she gets up, paces)

"Intertwined is the story of my Great Uncle, Peter Ritt, who fell in love the moment he laid eyes on Gloria in 1917. They got engaged just as he went off to fight in the war. She never heard from him again and assumed he was dead, moved away and got married. Years later, he showed up on her doorstep. Although Gloria wasn't truly in love with her husband, she'd made a commitment to him and stood by it. Peter, on the rebound, married a beauty queen who he never loved. Over the years, their lives intertwined..."

AARON

Time's up.

JENNIFER

(ignoring him)

"Finally they lost touch for over twenty years until, when they were in their seventies, they ran into each other at a St. Patrick's Day parade. It turned out that Peter's wife and Gloria's husband had both died of cancer that same year.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

17

JENNIFER (Cont'd)

They got married and live happily well into their nineties. They were fated to be together."

AARON

(reacting to her expression)

What?

JENNIFER

What what?

AARON.

You rolled your eyes when you said the last part.

JENNIFER

I did not.

AARON

You did. When you said they were fated to be together. You can't believe that something so romantic actually happened?

JENNIFER

My parents met on their first day of class at Penn. They went out for a pizza and that was all she wrote. I thought they had that kind of fated love. But on my first day at Penn -- after 21 years of seemingly blissful marriage -- my father comes to visit. He tells me that he's leaving my mom. He's been in love with another woman for fifteen years. He had only stayed married for my sake.

AARON

They weren't made for each other. That doesn't mean that no one is made for each other.

JENNIFER

Maybe. Or maybe if your great uncle had come straight back from the war he would've married Gloria, had three kids, and divorced at fifty.

AARON

No way. They were soul mates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

17

JENNIFER

Well it certainly makes good copy.

AARON

I still can't believe it.

JENNIFER

You know I've never asked you. Why did you leave your manuscript on my desk? Why not one of the other readers in the office?

AARON

I thought you'd read it, even though it was unsolicited.

JENNIFER

That's all?

AARON

And I thought you'd like it.

JENNIFER

But you didn't know me.

AARON

I delivered to your office at least twice a week. I noticed things.

JENNIFER

I see...

There's a long pause. They shift uneasily, a growing sexual tension.

JENNIFER

You going out to celebrate?

AARON

I might go to the White Horse. Have a beer or two. So what are your plans for Valentine's weekend?

JENNIFER

I'm going to an art opening tonight. A party tomorrow. Nothing special. No date or anything...

AARON

Well, I don't mean to be presumptuous, but if you'd like, we could go together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

17

JENNIFER

I'd like that.

AARON

I've been wanting to ask you out for awhile but I was afraid maybe you'd think it would jinx the book. So let's make up for lost time. Art opening tonight, party tomorrow night.

JENNIFER

You're asking me out for both Friday and Saturday?

AARON

I just figure we'll go out tonight. If it's not clicking, we'll blow off Saturday. But if it is, we'll already have plans.

INT. JENNIFER'S LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN AREA - DAY

18

PAIGE PRESCOTT, 23, lounges on a couch while Jennifer puts a bottle of wine into the refrigerator to chill.

PAIGE

You know you're in direct defiance of The Rules. Never accept a Saturday night date if it's after Wednesday, let alone a Friday night date on a Friday!

JENNIFER

And what do The Rules say about you and Glenn? He's not just your boss, but he's married.

PAIGE

For your information, Glenn is telling his wife everything this weekend. And after the show tonight, he'll probably make me partner.

JENNIFER

Ah huh.

PAIGE

He's going to divorce her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

18

JENNIFER

Paige...

PAIGE

I know he's said that before. But they've been separated three months now. It's over. Kaput. History.

JENNIFER

That's what they said about disco. And it's still out there.

Jennifer goes over to her stack of CDs, starts rifling through them.

JENNIFER

(re: the CDs)

Too old. Too lesbian. Too mellow. Too bitter. Perfect.

She places a CD in her player, setting it up to play later.

PAIGE

Expecting him in for a little wine and music?

JENNIFER

Expect nothing but be prepared for anything.

PAIGE

We have got it made, Jenn. Glenn and I can finally stop sneaking around. The art opening's going to be a hit. And you just got promoted to editor.

JENNIFER

Associate editor.

PAIGE

And you've got a date with a soon-to-be published author who you discovered. This weekend is coming up roses.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - EVENING

19

A white poodle is YAPPING. DOROTHY WHEELER, 23, sits at a vanity table, putting on her makeup, trying her best to ignore the migraine-inducing YAPS and the litany of instructions from LAUREN, 25.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

19

LAUREN

...And you have to break his bladder pills and smear them into the Iams dog food.

(then)

I wouldn't go so heavy on the blush, Dorothy.

Dorothy intentionally adds more blush. She is insecure about her looks. Whereas Lauren could roll out of bed and look ready for a night on the town.

A bedside radio PLAYS a love song, continuing the Valentine's marathon. FRANK WHEELER, 50s, steps into the room.

FRANK

Hello, Angel.

They both answer "Hi" simultaneously, although it becomes clear that he was referring to Lauren as they move into each other's arms. He gives a long and lingering kiss to this woman who is half his age.

FRANK

Suitcases are loaded up.

LAUREN

I love the pink sand in Bermuda.

FRANK

It's going to be heaven. Thanks again for house-sitting for us, Dorothy.

DOROTHY

No biggie. I like being in my old room.

LAUREN

So do you have a date tonight, Dorothy?

DOROTHY

Campbell's taking me to the opening.

LAUREN

I like him. You should try to hold onto that one.

DOROTHY

What's that mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

19

LAUREN

Nothing, honey. He just seems like a nice guy.

(then)

C'mere, Snowball. Time to say goodbye to Mommy...

Lauren and the dog embrace. Their goodbye is more emotional than Dorothy and her father's.

FRANK

So I won't be hearing about the police showing up while I'm gone, will I?

DOROTHY

I was sixteen then. Don't worry. No wild parties.

FRANK

And you're...feeling okay?

DOROTHY

I'm fine.

FRANK

You look great.

DOROTHY

Thanks. You know, Daddy, it's been a long time since the two of us took a vacation together.

He answers as if he's brushing a troublesome fly off of his shoulder...

FRANK

You're right. We should do that sometime soon.

He kisses the top of her head.

FRANK

Be good.

The happy couple leaves. Dorothy opens a drawer. Plucks out a pill from a prescription bottle and swallows it dry.

EXT. WHEELER MANSION - LATER, NIGHT

20

A Porsche comes up the long driveway. Parks in front of a garage. CAMPBELL HARRIS, 27, handsome, but not in a 'too cool for school' way, gets out of the car.

Dorothy comes out of the house and meets him halfway.

DOROTHY

Campbell...

CAMPBELL

Hey, Dorothy.

They kiss but not deeply. Campbell cranes his neck, taking in the formidable home.

CAMPBELL

So this is the hovel you grew up in.
Does it have indoor plumbing?

DOROTHY

Come on in and see. Get a good look
while the place is still in one
piece.

CAMPBELL

(as they walk)

Party's still on, I take it.

DOROTHY

Come Saturday you're going to witness
the rowdiest, sexiest, most out of
hand party in the sad history of
Westchester County.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21

Campbell explores the room, picks up a framed photograph off the mantle. A nine year old girl and her mother. Dorothy looks at it over her shoulder.

CAMPBELL

You have her eyes.

DOROTHY

That was the last photo taken of us
together.

The next photograph is of Lauren and Dorothy's father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

21

DOROTHY

Mrs. Wheeler number three. And if you say we look like sisters, I'll scream.

CAMPBELL

I'm reserving all comment.

DOROTHY

Why? Do you think she's beautiful?

CAMPBELL

I think she's like plastic fruit. Looks pretty on display, but you wouldn't want to bite into it.

(picking up another photo)
What's this one?

DOROTHY

My sorority pledge class. When I was an undergrad at Penn.

The young women in the photo all seem to share a vibrancy and closeness that is so typical of the college years. They're ready to conquer the world.

Dorothy points to a young woman standing next to her in the photo.

DOROTHY

That's Lily Voight. She's the artiste having the opening tonight. She was always larger than life, still is.

Dorothy points out Paige Prescott, whose arms are draped around Lily's.

DOROTHY

Paige Prescott. She works at the gallery. You'll meet her tonight, too.

CAMPBELL

Who's that girl?

He's pointing to Jennifer, from six years ago, at the edge of the crowd of sorority sisters, looking like she doesn't really belong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

21

DOROTHY

That's Jennifer. Paige's friend.
Why? Do you think she's beautiful?

CAMPBELL

She's not plastic fruit.

INT. SOHO ART GALLERY - LOBBY - NIGHT

22

A banner across the entrance reads: "BLIND DATE".

In the crowded lobby, we FIND LILY VOIGHT, 23, expounding on her exhibit to several attentive men and women.

LILY

...I'm merging images of romance,
commercialism and violence because
they have become merged. A Holy
Trinity. Each unable to live without
the other.

NEARBY

23

A WAITRESS weaves through the crowd, carrying a tray of complimentary champagne glasses and a single red rose.

BACK TO LILY

24

LILY

I call it 'Blind Date' because every date we ever go on, when it comes down it, is a blind date. I mean, do you really know the man sitting across from you at dinner? No way. Not if it's your first date with him. Not if you've been married to him for thirty years.

The waitress approaches Lily.

WAITRESS

Excuse me. This was just delivered for you.

She hands Lily the rose.

LILY

Ouch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

24

Lily pricks her finger on the sole thorn. A tiny dot of blood. Paige comes over. She's worked her butt off to see that this opening is a success.

PAIGE

Who sent the rose?

There's a card that accompanies it. It has a heart on it and says simply: WILL YOU BE MINE? She checks for a name.

LILY

It's unsigned.

PAIGE

With all the guys you've slept with this year, you should've gotten a dozen.

LILY

That's nice.

Paige flicks a piece of hair out of Lily's eyes.

PAIGE

You know I'm kidding. You look great.

Lily's eyes scan the crowd. She sees a familiar face. A good looking, laid back, blue collar guy stuck in a crowd of attitudes. His name is RONNIE ABLE and we'll learn more about him later.

PAIGE

Lily? You okay?

LILY

Yeah. No. I am so nervous.

PAIGE

You're nervous? If this doesn't fly I'll lose my job and my boyfriend.

LILY

Hey, it's my art they could be ripping to shreds in the next Village Voice.

Like anyone before a big opening, they feel panicked one moment, confident the next.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

24

PAIGE

What are we talking about? This is going to be huge. Rave reviews. Offers pouring in to put on more shows.

LILY

We'll be able to afford a bigger apartment.

PAIGE

And I'll have my own gallery.

They clasp hands. So excited about the future.

LILY

(Scarlet O'Hara)

And I'll never be hungry again!

Suddenly, Dorothy sweeps up to them, seeming a little manic.

DOROTHY

Girls!

PAIGE

Dorothy!

LILY

Hey!

Hugs all around, then Dorothy makes the introduction...

DOROTHY

Campbell... Lily. Paige.

CAMPBELL

Nice to meet you. We were just looking at a photograph of you both from...how many years ago?

DOROTHY

Six. The girls of Alpha Chi!

The three of them suddenly huddle together and sing their own version of the sorority's song...

THE THREE OF THEM

We are the girls of Alpha Chi. We drink and get high. We have no fat on our thighs. Our favorite word is GOODBYE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They laugh.

DOROTHY
(to Campbell)
You had to be there.

CAMPBELL
I knew I went to the wrong college.
Well you all look even more beautiful
now than back then.

DOROTHY
Easy, Campbell. Flattery will get
you nowhere.

LILY
Bullshit. Keep talking.

PAIGE
There's Jennifer.

Jennifer is coming in with Aaron. They all converge in the
middle of the lobby.

DOROTHY
Hey, Jennifer. How are you? I
haven't seen you since Christmas.

JENNIFER
I'm good.

PAIGE
She's great. She just got promoted
to editor.

JENNIFER
Associate editor. This is Aaron.
We're publishing his first book.

CAMPBELL
Congratulations.

AARON
Thanks.

Jennifer notices Campbell staring at her with the most
penetrating eyes that she has ever seen. He holds out his
hand.

CAMPBELL
I'm Campbell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

24

JENNIFER

Jennifer.

His hand lingers on hers. We can tell that he is attracted to her in that combustible, chemical way. It doesn't escape Dorothy's eyes.

CAMPBELL

I like what you've done to your hair.

JENNIFER

Excuse me?

CAMPBELL

I saw a photo of you from Penn. Your hair was longer.

JENNIFER

Thanks. Supercuts.

LILY

Enough, already. You've got to check out my show. Women go up that stairwell, men up that one. You go in one at a time, and at the end, you meet each other.

JENNIFER

Great.

(takes Aaron's hand)

Let's go.

Lily stops them.

LILY

Uh uh uh.

(she unclasps their hands)

I said you meet at the end. I didn't say WHO you meet at the end. Couples can't go in at the same time. That's what makes it a blind date.

INT. GALLERY - "BLIND DATE" TUNNEL - NIGHT

25

BLACKNESS. Then a door opens and we see Jennifer, silhouetted by a white light coming from behind her.

She shuts the door and moves down a dark, maze-like tunnel. She takes a turn and a MAN JUMPS OUT AT HER!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

25

She gasps. But it is only a PROJECTED VIDEO IMAGE.

MALE DATE

We don't have to do anything you
don't want to do...

The image vanishes as Jennifer continues down the labyrinth.

At every turn another PROJECTED IMAGE jumps to life, springing out at her, blocking her path, forcing her to turn one way, then another. Some are men from Lily's past, saying sweet things, coming on to her; others are rapists, calmly describing their crimes; plus TV actresses hawking products via sex ("Ultra-Brite gives your mouth sex appeal!"). An eerie collage of OVERLAPPING VOICES, IMAGES and SOUND EFFECTS assaulting her from all angles.

The PROJECTED IMAGE of a MAN wearing a MASK steps out of the shadows. The mask is a grotesque caricature of the face of a pig: a twisted snout, bulbous lips, lolling tongue.

MAN IN PIG MASK

(stammering)

Happy Valentine's Day.

The image seems to bother Jennifer more than it should. And then it dissolves away, clearing the path to the end of the tunnel and a closed door. Tantric Buddhist CHANTS beckon Jennifer forward as she opens the door, leading her into...

THE BLIND DATE ROOM

26

Long panels of fabric hang throughout the large room, undulating in sensual, waving motions.

The far wall is all white. Projected on it is a SUPER-8 FILM of couples kissing. The footage is blown up so large that it looks like pointillism.

Jennifer stares, bathed in the light reflected off the screen. There's a second door behind her. This is where a man, her "blind date" is supposed to enter the room.

She HEARS the second door open and close. Turns and looks. The panels of fabric make barriers, so she can't see the whole room clearly. She doesn't see her "date."

She steps forward, weaving around a panel, curious. Sees --

The corner of a black sleeve disappearing --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

26

Moves around another panel. Sees a blur of black clothes. It disappears around a panel. She starts around another panel when suddenly --

Someone is right in front of her. Startling her. It's Campbell.

CAMPBELL

Jennifer.

They face each other, the images of the kissing couples serving as their backdrop.

JENNIFER

Weird, huh?

He thinks she's talking about the two of them winding up together.

CAMPBELL

Maybe it's fate.

JENNIFER

I meant the exhibit.

CAMPBELL

(a disappointed smile)

Oh.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

27

Lily whispers into the ear of the blue collar guy, Ronnie Able.

Dorothy stands alone. Looking very alone.

Paige spots GLENN FLICKER, the gallery owner. Her face lights up as she goes up to him.

PAIGE

Glenn. Where have you been? It's going so great.

He wears a serious look. A WOMAN comes in behind him.

GLENN

Paige, I don't believe you've met my wife, Carol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

27

PAIGE
 (faking a smile)
 No, I haven't. It's nice to meet
 you.

CAROL
 Likewise.

GLENN
 Can I talk to you in my office for a
 moment, Paige?

PAIGE
 Okay.

GLENN
 (to Carol)
 I'll be right back.

As they head toward the office, we PICK UP Lily and FOLLOW
 her as she furtively makes her way out a side exit.

INT. GALLERY - OFFICE - NIGHT

28

Glenn closes the door behind him. Paige tries to kiss him.
 But he's not interested.

GLENN
 I'm moving back in with Carol.

PAIGE
 (shaking her head)
 No.

GLENN
 We just hit a rough patch of road.
 But we're getting past it now.

PAIGE
 And what am I? Roadkill?

GLENN
 Paige. Don't be over-dramatic.

PAIGE
 You lied to me. Over and over. How
 could I have fucking believed you?

GLENN
 I like you a lot, Paige. I never
 wanted you to get hurt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

28

PAIGE

How noble of you. What if I tell her? What if I tell her everything?

GLENN

She already knows everything. We're past that. We want to start a family together.

His words stab her.

PAIGE

Great. She wins. I lose.

GLENN

It was never a contest. And I sure as hell am not a prize.

PAIGE

You can say that again. I wish you both the best. I hope your children will be healthy and happy.

GLENN

I'm really sorry.

PAIGE

I've worked my ass off for you.

GLENN

I know you have.

PAIGE

But after Lily's show is over, I think I should find another gallery to work in.

She looks at him, hoping he'll protest. But he doesn't.

GLENN

That would probably be best.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

29

Lily is standing alone in the alley. She looks down it. Nobody is around.

LONG SHOT

30

The CAMERA spies on her from a distance, she's a silhouette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

30

The side door of the gallery opens and a man steps out. We can't identify him from this distance, just another silhouette. Their bodies come together in a deep embrace, Lily's back pressed against the brick wall.

CLOSER

31

The man's HAND slides under her blouse, over her breasts. His other HAND pushes its way under her skirt.

Lily closes her eyes, lets out a soft moan.

LONG SHOT

32

Her skirt rises and we can tell that he is entering her. They are not making love, they are fucking.

INT. GALLERY - LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

33

Champagne glass in hand, Dorothy steps inside, surprised to find Paige, leaning against the sink, tears streaking down her face.

DOROTHY

Paige...?

The familiar opening of the song "Love Hurts" performed by Nazareth PLAYS over the radio sound system in the bathroom, more of the Valentine's Day marathon. The walls of the bathroom are blue.

PAIGE

He had his own apartment. He said they were getting divorced. He said...

DOROTHY

And you believed him?

PAIGE

...Yes...

Now Jennifer happens into the bathroom. One look at Paige and she's pretty sure what happened.

JENNIFER

(to Dorothy)

Glenn got back with his wife?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

33

DOROTHY

How did you guess? We're sorry, Paige, but we warned you.

PAIGE

And now I've lost my job. Do you know how hard it is to find work in a good gallery? Why did I give a shit? Why did I picture myself married to this man? Or the man before that? I thought Gloria Steinem liberated us from all this crap.

DOROTHY

Gloria Steinem ended up single, childless, and pretty damn irrelevant. Who needs that? Just hang out with my Auntie Dee for a while. You'll feel a lot better.

PAIGE

Auntie Dee?

DOROTHY

Anti-depressant. Once you've had Prozac you'll never go back.

JENNIFER

It'll work out, Paige. You'll find the right one. Preferably after his divorce is final.

PAIGE

I don't want the right one. I'm tired of being the hopeless romantic. I'm going to be like Lily. When I feel like fucking, I'm just gonna do it. No emotional involvement. No pain.

She takes a slug from Jennifer's champagne glass.

PAIGE

I don't give a shit if it's a new millennium, women are still only remembered for fucking anyway. I can't name a single Congresswoman, but I sure as hell know who Jennifer Flowers is. And Jessica Hahn. Amy Fisher.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

33

PAIGE (Cont'd)

Even Donna Rice, I've got such a good memory. And Monica Lewinsky got a full color photo spread in Vanity Fair!

The door opens and now Lily comes in, face flush from champagne and sex. She looks at Paige, whose eyeliner betrays itself in her stained tears, and she knows exactly what transpired.

PAIGE

Speak of the devil. There she is. My roommate. My role model.

LILY

(to Jennifer)

Glenn?

JENNIFER

Yup.

The second verse of "Love Hurts" comes in over the speakers and Lily, trying to cheer up her friend, starts to broadly mouth the words to the SONG as if she was on stage...

SONG

I'm young...I know...but even so.
I know a thing...or two...I learned
from you. I really learned a lot.
Really learned a lot. Love is like a
flame that burns you when it's hot.
Love hurts. Ooh ooh love hurts.

Paige grins at Lily's outlandishness and wipes away the tracks of her tears. Slightly drunk, they all start mouthing the words, trying to lift Paige's spirit.

SONG

Some fools speak of happiness...
blissfulness...togetherness. But
they're not fooling me! I know it
isn't true. I know it isn't true.
Love is just a lie made to make you
blue.

And now they all SING TOGETHER...

ALL OF THEM

Love hurts. Ooh ooh love hurts.
Ooh ooh love hurts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

33

The door opens again. This time it's the waitress. She stands in the doorway, staring at them.

WAITRESS

Ah...Lily?

Lily turns to her. Not the slightest bit embarrassed.

WAITRESS

Someone told me that the reverb is off in the tunnel.

LILY

Thanks. I'll check it out.

INT. GALLERY - "BLIND DATE" TUNNEL - NIGHT

34

Lily moves through the maze-like tunnel. By making different turns you end up experiencing different parts of the exhibit.

She's caught up in her own creation. We both FOLLOW her and see the show THROUGH HER EYES.

A sweet looking EIGHT YEAR OLD BOY jumps out at her.

BOY

(singing)

Under the cherry tree... That's when
she showed it to me... It was hairy
and black and it had a big crack...
Under the cherry tree.

Lily flips open a control box and adjusts the reverb level. Then keeps going.

As her eyes, our CAMERA MOVES around another corner, REVEALING a figure dressed in black, wearing a PIG MASK, just like the one on the video with its twisted features and lolling tongue.

LILY

Oh God...

Behind the mask, Lily sees bloodshot eyes, as cold as the depths of hell, boring right into her. This isn't a projected image. It's real.

A gloved hand holds a champagne flute. It SMACKS the flute against the wall, shattering it, leaving a long, jagged shard, as sharp as a razor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

34

Lily staggers back, catches her balance. The figure moves in on her. Arm poised high. Sparkling crystal catching light.

Lily SCREAMS...throws up her hand in a feeble effort to fend off the blow. The glass comes down...and rips right through her palm and sticks there. She stares at the horrific sight, in shock, apoplectic with pain and fear.

The attacker grabs her, jerks the jagged shard out of her hand. Survival instinct surfaces and she twists, kicks, bites, wrenches free. Stumbles away and runs like hell, the attacker on her heels.

She races through twists and turns...barreling right through the projected images which hang like ghostly accomplices watching the horror unfold. She reaches the end of the maze and shoves open the door to the...

INT. BLIND DATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

35

The SUPER-8 FILM still plays on the large wall. Lily flies through one of the panels taking it down and landing roughly on the floor. As she staggers up, the attacker moves in. Hand rises. The long shard PLUNGES into her throat.

She crawls to get to the exit door...but to her it seems an eternity away. She tries to scream but her vocal chords are severed and no sound emerges.

She sways. Falls. Dying. Eyes bewildered and staring up at the images of the couples kissing.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER - STILL IN THE ROOM

36

Gloved hands lift up the projection screen and shove Lily's dead body behind it. The screen comes back down, hiding her away.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jennifer, completely unaware of what has transpired, slow dances with Aaron to the CD she'd selected earlier.

AARON

So she's giving up on love.

JENNIFER

What a time to get dumped.
Valentine's weekend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

36

AARON

Well he was married. Buyer beware.

JENNIFER

Then in the name of full disclosure...

AARON

Never been married. No insanity runs in my family. Grandparents made it to their nineties. Did I miss anything?

JENNIFER

I don't think so.

AARON

Of course, I could have just lied to you about everything.

JENNIFER

I know. You're really a gay serial killer.

They song ends. They stand there a moment. Then he leans in and kisses her. A nice, long, romantic kiss.

AARON

"Of the thousands and thousands of years / Time would take to prepare / They would not suffice / To entice / The small second of eternity / When you kissed me / When I kissed you / One morning in the light of winter / In Parc Montsouris in Paris / On earth / Earth that is a star."

JENNIFER

I bet you say that to all the girls.

AARON

No.

JENNIFER

Jacques Prevert. It's one of my favorites.

He kisses her again, but doesn't push it any further.

AARON

It's getting late. I'll see you tomorrow night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMPBELL

So my blind date and I use the same newsstand. Talk about compatible.

Campbell hands him the magazines. He starts to ring them up.

CAMPBELL

Bangor Weekly?

JENNIFER

Hometown paper.

CAMPBELL

So what's the big news in Bangor, Maine? Carjackings? Wildings?

JENNIFER

Kay Oliver had twins. God. That makes four. And we're the same age. Oh and here's some big news. The Bangor High Valentine's dance is tonight at nine. That brings back some scary memories. Toby Needleworth and a plastic corsage.

CAMPBELL

They have Valentine's Day in Korea, too.

(to Phillip Oh)

Right?

(off his nod)

But in Korea and Japan, the women give the men candy. And it's a, what's the word...?

OH

Giri.

CAMPBELL

Right. A duty, an obligation. They have to give it to every male that they have any dealings with. Friends, teachers, co-workers.

JENNIFER

Expensive holiday.

CAMPBELL

The women call it "giri chokoreto". Duty chocolate. And the man incurs equal obligation to return the favor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

47

CAMPBELL (Cont'd)

That is "Uwaeeto Day." One month later. March 14th. Except instead of candy, men give women underthings.

JENNIFER

To friends and co-workers?

CAMPBELL

Am I making this up?

OH

It's true. And I know what you're thinking. How do they know the right size?

CAMPBELL

No, I bet she was thinking she'll avoid Seoul in March.

Jennifer laughs. Campbell smiles at her, glad that he made her laugh.

JENNIFER

So how do you know so much about Korea?

CAMPBELL

I buy sap there.

JENNIFER

Sap?

CAMPBELL

There's a tree in the Benghi Province that produces a sap that is used for a glue to make the world's best wind instruments. I import the sap.

JENNIFER

You make a living selling sap?

CAMPBELL

Not just sap. I buy Indian wood that is used to make handmade guitars. I specialize in items that give me an excuse to be in exotic places.

JENNIFER

I've worked on a few travel books, and that's about as exotic as it gets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

41

CAMPBELL

Well I'm sure you'll be so successful that soon you'll be able to travel to every place you've read about.

JENNIFER

How can you be sure of that? You don't even know me.

CAMPBELL

I can tell. I have a sense about people. Well, it was nice running into you.

JENNIFER

You too.

CAMPBELL

You're coming to the party tonight?

JENNIFER

I'll be there.

CAMPBELL

See you then.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek then takes off with his magazines tucked under his arm. She watches after him for a moment longer than she should.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING

42

The elevator door opens and Jennifer steps out, balancing her newspaper, some mail, her purse and a cup of coffee.

She looks up ahead. She has to walk right past apartment 4-C, where "My Funny Valentine" was playing before.

She slows as she passes...

THE DOOR TO 4-C

43

All quiet from within...

JENNIFER

44

reaches her apartment. Pulls her keys from her purse, unlocks it, and moves inside...

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

45

The coffee is spilling so she hurries inside, puts her stuff down on a table, turns back to close the door and GASPS.

There's a man standing just inside the doorway. We recognize him as Ronnie Able, the blue collar guy who was at the opening.

ABLE

Shouldn't leave your door open like that. Anyone could just walk in.

JENNIFER

(nervous)

Can I help you?

He reaches into his pocket...pulls out an ID.

ABLE

Detective Ronnie Able. 14th Precinct.

Jennifer gives the ID a good once over. Able wears a denim work shirt, tie, a good looking man.

ABLE

I didn't mean to scare you there. I'm investigating a report of a missing person. Lily Voight.

JENNIFER

I saw her last night.

ABLE

She missed a late dinner with her roommate, Paige. Paige didn't think too much of it. She figured Lily must've found herself a better offer. But Lily still hasn't come home.

Jennifer realizes that she's left Able standing in the doorway.

JENNIFER

I'm sorry. Come in. Have a seat.

ABLE

Thanks.

He steps into the living room. They sit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

45

ABLE

Usually we wait twenty-four hours. But Lily and I, we were...acquainted. I was at the opening last night. So when Paige called me, I wanted to help. Did Lily say anything to you about her plans? She mention meeting someone new?

JENNIFER

No. Nothing like that.

ABLE

You all went to college together. Penn, right?

JENNIFER

We pledged the same sorority. I dropped out after a year. But some of us have stayed friends.

ABLE

Why'd you drop out?

We can sense that Jennifer doesn't feel like going into it.

JENNIFER

Just...wasn't me. Anything else?

ABLE

A waiter from the gallery told me that a guy delivered a rose to Lily last night. An obese guy. Did you happen to see him?

JENNIFER

No.

ABLE

Did you see anyone hanging around that you thought looked out of place?

JENNIFER

This is New York City. Did you see anyone who looked out of place?

ABLE

Yeah. Me. Wasn't exactly my crowd. Present company excepted.

He smiles at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

45

ABLE

Well, here's my card. If you think of anything...

JENNIFER

I'll call.

He goes to the door, opens it.

ABLE

And --

JENNIFER

Yeah. I know. Always lock the door.

ABLE

This is New York City.

He goes.

EXT. PARK - DAY

46

Worn running shoes pound the path. Paige is on a desolate path. Weaving through the shadows and weak light of a dying sun. She turns a corner, dodging the branches of a low tree that seem to reach out for her like an assailant.

We hear FOOTSTEPS coming up from behind her. A shadow falling at her feet. She turns, sees Jennifer catching up to her.

JENNIFER

Sorry I'm late. That detective came by asking about Lily. Still no word?

PAIGE

Ronnie came by to see you?

JENNIFER

Yeah. Didn't you know? You asked him to look into it, right?

A guy comes up jogging behind them but doesn't pass. Maybe he's checking them out.

PAIGE

I knew he and Lily were friends so I asked him to keep his eyes open. I didn't realize he was going to hit on you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

I didn't say he hit on me.

PAIGE

Whatever. He came to your apartment.
That's enough.

The jogging guy is still dogging their heels.

PAIGE

Why doesn't he just pass us?
(to the guy)
Go ahead!

She lets the guy pass. They keep jogging.

PAIGE

I got laid last night.

JENNIFER

Paige.

PAIGE

I thought it'd make me feel better.
And it did. For about thirty
minutes. And then later for another
thirty. And then in the morning for
another thirty.
(pauses)

But afterwards, I just felt...
nothing. I can't believe Glenn
didn't call me.

JENNIFER

Forget him. You deserve better.

PAIGE

My mom told me that Glenn would never
stay with me. She said I was cute,
but I wasn't that cute.

JENNIFER

That's a shitty thing to say.

PAIGE

I've been staring at the phone.
Concentrating real hard. Like I
could "will it" to ring. Then when
that didn't work, I went for a short
walk, figuring that it'd only ring if
I wasn't there. But the message
light wasn't blinking. I hate him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

46

JENNIFER

What if all men are full of shit?
What if there's a full of shit
chromosome that's inherent in their
genetic structure?

PAIGE

What are you talking about? You had
a dream date last night. Aaron's
educated. Hard working. Determined.
And he writes about everlasting love,
for Christ's sakes.

JENNIFER

Yeah. I know. Aaron's great.

PAIGE

He's perfect.

JENNIFER

When I was nine or ten, my mom showed
me a stack of love letters. Before
they were married, Dad used to write
her one every day. Maybe men were
designed to last about seven years.

PAIGE

Seven years? I've never had one last
seven months.

JENNIFER

I'm serious about this. They go
about seven years, enough time to
have a few children -- and face it,
the only true reason we're here is to
create more of us -- and then they
move on. To find another woman, a
younger woman, and do the same thing.

PAIGE

So what do we do about it?

JENNIFER

I don't know. Don't fall for it, I
guess. Don't listen to your heart.
Listen to your head.

PAIGE

Jennifer, I am so glad that you
decided to cheer me up.

INT. WHEELER MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

47

Dorothy is on a couch, Able sits across from her.

DOROTHY

When she came to the city, Lily was the classic struggling artist. She started off doing still photography. Photos of old, discarded Barbie dolls, symbolizing the ephemeral beauty of womanhood, blah blah blah.

ABLE

You didn't like her work?

DOROTHY

Look up 'pretentious.com' on the web and you'd see Lily's picture. But I made a point of always buying some of her stuff, just to help her stay afloat. I paid the rent on her studio for a while.

ABLE

That was generous of you.

DOROTHY

Believe me, if you have money, you're never generous enough.

She gets up and goes to a wet bar, starts to pour herself a drink. Able looks at his watch.

DOROTHY

It's got be five o'clock somewhere. Would you like to join me?

ABLE

No, thank you.

DOROTHY

Look, you're wasting your time. I'm sure Lily's going to show up. She's off in some guy's bed right now. Probably somebody's boyfriend's bed.

ABLE

You're pretty sure of that.

DOROTHY

She has a habit of sleeping with other people's boyfriends. Besides, her disappearance makes good theatre.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

47

DOROTHY (Cont'd)

And Lily's very theatrical. Right when she's in the spotlight, she finds a way to crank up the watts. She's with a guy. Trust me.

ABLE

I do. I had Paige write up a list of Lily's recent boyfriends/one night stands. It was quite an, um, extensive list. Not exactly Snow White.

DOROTHY

If Lily was Snow White she would've gone down on all six dwarfs.

ABLE

There were seven dwarfs.

DOROTHY

Well even she would've drawn the line at Dopey.

(a beat, softening)

I'm sorry. That was awful of me. But I'm telling you, she'll show up at my party tonight with some wild tale to tell.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - ELEVATOR - EVENING

48

Jennifer rides up, still in her jogging sweat suit. The door slides open.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

49

She steps out of the elevator and starts down the hall.

Once again, she slows as she approaches the door to 4-C.

This time, as she passes, there's a light JIGGLE. Her eyes dart down to the doorknob. It's turning.

She picks up the pace...fast walking...

The door starts to CREAK open.

She's right in front of the door now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

49

She sees a gloved hand...a long black sleeve...emerging from the apartment.

Aaron steps out of the apartment. Wearing gloves, a coat. Shock floods her face.

JENNIFER

Aaron?

AARON

Jennifer.

Her mind tries to comprehend. Why is he in the apartment?

JENNIFER

What are you doing in there?

Another man steps out of 4-C. It's the LANDLORD. Sees Jennifer staring at Aaron.

LANDLORD

You two know each other?

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - DAY

50

Jennifer and Aaron come inside. Aaron's holding a gift box with a red ribbon. She deadbolts the door behind her as he explains:

AARON

I came by to see you but you weren't here. The landlord was just finishing showing someone the apartment and I asked him if I could poke in, have a look at it.

JENNIFER

First you wanted to go out on Friday and Saturday. Now you're moving in Saturday afternoon?

Aaron laughs.

AARON

Not at all. I told you I was looking for a new place. I was just checking it out.

She's looking a little freaked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

50

AARON

What is it? You look like you saw a ghost.

JENNIFER

Nothing, I'm fine. A detective came here asking about Lily. She never came home last night.

AARON

That's unusual for her?

JENNIFER

Not really. She's probably fine. You should've seen her in college. If we called the police every time she didn't wake up in her own bed...

(then)

So what's in the box?

AARON

It's for you.

JENNIFER

What is it?

AARON

Open it and see.

She opens the box and pulls out a cute, sexy cocktail dress.

JENNIFER

Wow.

AARON

Do you like it?

JENNIFER

You must have spent half of your advance on this.

AARON

It'll be worth it to see you in it.

She holds it up to her body. It's skimpy.

JENNIFER

I'd have to wear a raincoat over this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

50

AARON

You said you didn't have a cocktail dress. I thought, you know, for tonight's party.

JENNIFER

It's beautiful.

AARON

You going to try it on?

JENNIFER

Quick shower first. Wait for me?

AARON

I'm not going anywhere.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - EVENING

51

We're LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER, at the door, as she chimes...

JENNIFER

You can come in now.

The door opens slowly. Aaron steps inside.

REVERSE

52

Jennifer is drop-dead gorgeous in the dress. Her smile is all modesty.

WIDEN

53

He walks to her like a magnet to steel.

AARON

You will get arrested wearing that.

He takes her in his arms. Slides her around so that she faces a full-length standing mirror. Standing behind her, he slips his arms around her waist, nuzzles her neck.

JENNIFER

I feel naked.

He gently slips the spaghetti straps off her shoulders. The dress slides off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

57

AARON

With good reason.

He turns her to him. Kisses her. Bodies pressed together.

AARON

I can feel your heart pounding.

JENNIFER

I know... I don't know about this...

AARON

Listen to your heart.

INT. HER BED - DAY

54

They look beautiful together as they make love.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER - STILL IN THE BEDROOM

55

She's fallen asleep. Wakes up and is alone. There's a note by the bed. As she reads it...

AARON (V.O.)

Didn't want to wake you. Have to do some errands before the party. I'll pick you up at eight. P.S. I don't want to scare you or anything, but I am really falling for you.

Jennifer smiles, still in the glow.

CUT TO:

A HARDCORE BAND

56

They're pounding out "I Love You Just The Way You Are," the Billy Joel softy, but this version is souped-up, Billy-on-poppers, guitars BLAZING at a furious pace, the snarling RUDE BOY SINGER SCREAMING out the lyrics like a homicidal madman to his bass player, a TATTOOED CHICK with green and purple hair and a t-shirt that says YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT SO EAT ME.

RUDE BOY

Don't go CHANGING! To try and PLEASE ME! DON'T CHANGE THE COLOR OF YOUR HAIR!

WIDEN - INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

57

The dance floor is overrun with Versace-clad Cristal sippers and extreme partyers who hope that if they can keep the pedal to the medal they'll never see 30 in the rearview. Paige sways through the burning crowd, worried, drinking too much, on edge.

RUDE BOY

You'll always have my UNSPOKEN
PASSION! Although I might not seem
TO CARE!

Jennifer, alone, comes into the room, looking drop-dead gorgeous in the dress. Campbell comes up to her. Kisses her cheek. They talk LOUD over the music.

CAMPBELL

Happy Almost-Valentine's Day.

JENNIFER

Have you heard anything about Lily?

He shakes his head.

CAMPBELL

You alone?

JENNIFER

Aaron's meeting me here. His brother
broke a collar bone so he had to take
him to the hospital. He should be
here soon.

CAMPBELL

Shall we dance until he shows?

Without waiting for an answer, he takes her hand and whisks her into the sea of dancers. The press of bodies.

The nipple-pierced Rude Boy and tattooed chick bass player belt out the lyrics to each other.

TATTOOED CHICK

I could not love you ANY BETTER!

RUDE BOY

I love you JUST THE WAY YOU ARE!

Campbell dances closer.

JENNIFER

So how did you and Dorothy meet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

57

CAMPBELL

St. Jude's Hospital. I'm still not quite sure what she was in for. I was there to get forty stitches in my hand.

Campbell takes a sip of his drink.

CAMPBELL

Maybe it's none of my business, but there are some things Aaron might not be telling you.

JENNIFER

What kind of things?

CAMPBELL

He put on a good show. Pretending that he'd never met Lily before last night. But according to Lily, they know each other.

JENNIFER

Lily said that?

CAMPBELL

She did.

Suddenly, Paige comes over to them. She's stumbling and slurring, champagne glass in hand.

PAIGE

Lily doesn't bother to call.
(gulps her drink)
Glenn doesn't bother to call.

JENNIFER

Paige, I'm sure things will --

PAIGE

And how am I going to pay my rent if I can't find a job?
(another gulp)
Fuck 'em. Fuck 'em all.

CAMPBELL

(to Jennifer)

If you'll excuse me.

(to Paige)

Care to dance?

AT A BUFFET TABLE

58

Dorothy cuts herself a piece of prime rib with a carving knife. As she turns around to say hello to somebody, she sees Paige and Campbell slow dancing.

BACK TO CAMPBELL & PAIGE

59

Dancing...

CAMPBELL

I think you've had too much to drink.

PAIGE

I'm just getting started.

She stumbles away from them toward the punch bowl. Jennifer and Campbell watch after her. They see Dorothy come up to Paige. They start to argue. They can't hear what's being said over the roar of the MUSIC, but it's heated.

The crowd swells around Jennifer like a living thing and she's swallowed up in the bodies.

Paige runs away from Dorothy. Shoves through the crowd, bangs out a french door to the...

EXT. BACK OF MANSION - CONTINUOUS

60

She stumbles down the stone staircase and takes off across the sprawling back lawn.

She hits an uneven part of the lawn and falls on her knees. Gets back up -- mud on her legs and cocktail dress, hair coming loose -- and keeps going. Leaving the lit up part of the estate and moving into the darkness.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

61

Detective Able comes into the room. Scans the crowd.

EXT. BACK OF MANSION - NIGHT

62

Paige stops running. It's dark out here. The SOUNDS of the party distant. She looks around. Light headed. Trying to get her bearings.

There's a faint glow coming from beyond a maze of towering box hedges. She moves through the hedges and emerges onto...

A PATIO

63

where there's a large swimming pool. The light she saw is the underwater light in the pool that's been left on. It casts a faint glow from under the clear plastic pool cover that's closed over the surface of the water.

Stacked towels and bathrobes are laid out on a poolside table. Paige hits a button and the electronically controlled cover starts to open. Steam escapes from under the hard cover, wafting off the heated, inviting water.

EXT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

64

Jennifer is trying to slide her way out of the dense crowd. The sexual energy on the dance floor palpable. Feels like an orgy with clothes.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

65

The pool cover is open. Paige sits poolside, her feet dangling in the warm water. It feels luxurious.

She hears a RUSTLING from behind her. Turns around. Looks.

HER POV

66

She sees the towering hedges that surround the pool, nothing more.

ON PAIGE

67

She stands. Hits the button and the pool cover starts to close. And then she sees something...

HER POV

68

On the pile of robes and towels lies a long-stemmed red rose.

ON PAIGE

69

A shaky hand lifts up the card that's next to the rose. It has a heart on it and reads: WILL YOU BE MINE?

The card drops from her hand. It's identical to the one Lily got before she was murdered.

Terror sweeps through her. Without hesitation, she starts to run, heading through the towering box hedges.

HER POV 70
MOVING FAST down a path lined by the hedges.

ON PAIGE 71
Scared. Breathing ragged. She turns a corner. Her bare feet slip, but she keeps going --

HER POV 72
She turns another corner and suddenly --
A DARK FIGURE FILLS HER VIEW. Right in her path! The MUSIC SCREAMS. She SCREAMS.

ON PAIGE -- SLOW MOTION 73
She tries to stop her barreling forward motion that's careening her right for the figure.
Her wet feet slip.
She slides to the ground. Trying to backpedal. Staring, wide eyed, mouth agape in horror at the figure. Her feet slip again as --

THE FIGURE - NORMAL MOTION 74
steps closer, out of the shadows, into the moonlight, face covered in the distorted, grotesque pig mask. Holding the carving knife from the buffet table in a gloved hand.
Paige looks at the mask. A moment of recognition.

CLOSE ON THE MASK 75
On the eyes behind the mask, seeing Paige's recognition.

PAIGE 76
Flees the way she came.
She HEARS the killer on her heels. Doesn't dare look back. Takes a turn. Keeps going. Lost in the maze of towering hedges. Turns another corner. Sees the killer ahead of her! Turns around. Every step seems an eternity. Takes another corner, finds herself back at --

THE POOL

77

Her bare feet slip on the wet tiles. She falls hard. A fearful whimper erupts from her.

She looks up. Sees the killer moving in. Arm poised high with the carving knife.

She stumbles back onto her feet as --

The knife soars against the starry sky then down --

Paige grabs the gloved knife-hand at the wrist.

The other gloved hand draws back and slugs Paige in the face. Her head snaps back from the blow and she lets go of the killer's wrist.

The carving knife stabs her in the chest. White-hot pain surges through her. Rose-red blood spreads across her dress.

The killer SWIPES at her throat with the bloody knife. She lunges backwards on wobbly feet, barely avoiding the blade. She's poolside. The advancing plastic cover is over most of the pool but is not completely closed.

The killer lunges forward. SWIPES the blade again at her throat. She lunges another step backwards, missing the lethal cut, but falling into the deep end of the pool. She hits the water...

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

78

Her body drops down. She's in agonizing pain. Looks up. Gets a water-distorted view of the killer at pool's edge. Turns, looks the other way. The pool cover is closing over her!

Clouds of her blood fill the water. Using all of her dwindling strength, she swims for the surface.

EXT. POOL - SAME

79

Her body breaks through the water, lungs desperate for air, hands grabbing the closing pool cover to pull herself out --

But the killer is right there...now kneeling on the moving cover. The knife soars down for her hands.

She screams. Lets go to avoid the knife. Falls back into the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME

80

She's weak, losing blood fast. She sees that the cover is almost completely closed. Somehow, her legs find the strength to kick again, pushing her back up through the water, toward poolside...

EXT. POOLSIDE - SAME

81

Her hands just reach through the gap between the cover and the edge of the pool. But it's too late --

The cover closes, catching her hands against the edge of the pool. Pinning them there. Her fingers spasm, and slip back under the surface. The cover snaps into place with a wet SMACK.

EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME

82

Paige bangs her fists against the solid sheet above. Trapped in a watery grave.

EXT. POOL - SAME TIME

83

The killer looks through the clear plastic, straight into the eyes of Paige as she bangs against the cover a few more times, each hit weaker than the last.

Her fingernails claw at the hard plastic.

Finally, she stops struggling. Her face turns to a final, gruesome mask of terror. And then everything TURNS WHITE.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

84

A blinding WHITE SPOTLIGHT shines right at us.

REVERSE. The lone SPOTLIGHT strikes the rude boy singer. The band has stopped playing.

RUDE BOY
(to the crowd)
Attention, swine. Drumroll please.

The drummer does a pretty lousy drumroll on his snare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

84

RUDE BOY

Goddamn, you're a shitty drummer.

(then)

It is almost midnight. Countdown to Valentine's Day. So grab your lover, or your best friend's lover. Or if you don't have a lover, grab somebody. He/she/it, who gives a shit. Let the countdown begin! Ten seconds!

IN ONE CORNER OF THE BALLROOM

85

Jennifer is caught in the tide of the crowd.

RUDE BOY (O.S.)

Nine!

Seeming to pop out of nowhere, Aaron finds her.

AARON

There you are!

RUDE BOY (O.S.)

Eight!

JENNIFER

How long have you been here?!

RUDE BOY (O.S.)

Seven!

AARON

Not long. I've been here looking for you!

The crowd around them JOINS IN the countdown.

CROWD

SIX!

JENNIFER

Aaron. Why didn't you tell me you'd met Lily before?!

CROWD

FIVE!

He CAN'T HEAR HER over the CROWD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

85

What?!
AARON

FOUR!
CROWD

JENNIFER
(louder)
Where did you meet Lily before?!

THREE!
CROWD

AARON
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

TWO!
CROWD

JENNIFER
LILY!

AARON
WHAT? THE DRESS LOOKS GREAT!

ONE!
CROWD

AARON
DID YOU HEAR ME! THE DRESS LOOKS
GREAT!

CROWD
HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!

He pulls her into his arms and kisses her.

ANOTHER CORNER OF THE ROOM

86

Campbell watches the kiss from across the room.

A woman's PALMS press against Campbell's cheeks, turning his head to face her. It's Dorothy. She kisses him.

HIGH ANGLE

87

Almost everyone in the crowd is lip-locked. Able stands alone at the edge of the crowd.

BACK TO DOROTHY & CAMPBELL

88

As they finally break the kiss.

DOROTHY
Where have you been?

CAMPBELL
Looking for you. Where have you
been?

She takes him by the hands.

DOROTHY
I have a V-Day present for you.

INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

89

The room is expansive, the bed covered in a canopy. Fresh flowers. Candlelight. She's planned this all out, put a lot of thought into it.

They're standing midway to the bed. Facing each other. Her eyes inviting his.

DOROTHY
I know you've been screwing around on
me.

CAMPBELL
Dorothy, you're paranoid. And
delusional.

DOROTHY
Shhhh. It's my fault. I've been
making you wait.

She slides off her panties from under her dress.

DOROTHY
But I think we've waited long enough.

She takes his hand and runs it up under her dress to right between her legs.

DOROTHY
I shaved it in the shape of a heart.
For you. For Valentine's.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT - ON THE CUT

90

A door FLIES OPEN and a group of partyers bowl out, loud and drunk.

YOUNG WOMAN

Pool's this way!

The group charges across the lawn.

EXT. POOL - NIGHT

91

They reach the pool. The young woman hits the button to the pool cover. Some of them are already stripping off their clothes.

The cover starts to open. The woman dips her hand in the steaming, red water.

YOUNG WOMAN

Check it out! Dorothy had it dyed red for Valentine's!

The cover opens wider. The woman looks down into the red water. And suddenly -- WHOOSH -- Paige's face POPS UP AT HER from under the water. Bloated and blue, eyes wide, a frozen rictus of horror.

The woman is overwhelmed by the sight of the dead body and the realization that this is not red dye but blood on her hands.

YOUNG WOMAN

OhGodoh! She's dead! OhmyGod!
OhJesusNo look at me!

She's trying frantically to wipe the blood off her hands, running it over her dress, but the stain won't leave.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

92

The place has thinned out severely, most of the partyers having hit the road when they realized the police were coming. Detective Able leads Greenwich police LIEUTENANT PERLEY across the ballroom toward a hallway.

ABLE

I drove out to inform Paige Prescott that we'd just found the body of a woman she'd reported missing. Her body had been hidden behind a screen that was part of an art exhibit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

92

LT. PERLEY

So these two are connected?

ABLE

Definitely. I'm going to spearhead this. Both times a rose was left for the victim. With a note. "Will you be mine?" A real romantic, huh?

LT. PERLEY

If he was a real romantic it would have a been a dozen roses.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER intercepts them.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

We may have caught a break on this one. Security cameras. Owner had 'em at the front door, back door, pool. We're getting the video cued up now.

ABLE

Good. I'll be right in.

He moves over to where Jennifer and Dorothy are sitting. They are both devastated. Red eyed. On edge.

Able crouches down in front of them.

ABLE

How you two doing?

Dorothy snuffles. Jennifer answers weakly.

JENNIFER

All right.

ABLE

I'm terribly sorry for your loss. I know this could be hard for you both, but they have videotape of the killer. If it's all right, I'd like you take a look.

INT. MANSION - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

93

On a monitor, the videotape is FREEZE-FRAMED to a shot of the killer, knife in hand. The shot is wide, dark, and grainy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

93

Jennifer and Dorothy step inside with Able. Lieutenant Perley is already seated next to a uniformed cop.

PERLEY

That's our killer.

CLOSE ON JENNIFER

94

She SEES THE MASK that the killer is wearing. A distant memory rolls over her like an eighteen wheeler.

JENNIFER

Oh my God.

WIDER

95

She looks over to Dorothy, who recognizes it, too. Able thinks they're responding to the gruesome nature of the tape.

ABLE

I can turn it off now...

JENNIFER

I know who that is. His name is Victor Melton.

ABLE

How do you know that?

INT. PAIGE & LILY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

96

DARKNESS. Then a door opens. A landlord turns on the light. Able and Lieutenant Perley come in, followed by Jennifer, Dorothy, Campbell and Aaron.

They take in the apartment for a moment. It feels so eerie now. Both Paige and Lily are gone forever. In this room, you can feel their ghosts already.

DOROTHY

She used the tape in her show. It's got to be around here somewhere.

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

97

Hanging on the walls are a series of Lily's self-portraits, each with a single word scrawled at the bottom: pool; noise; 24/7.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

97

Dorothy searches through a closet filled with videotapes that she used for her artwork. She finds one marked V.M.

ABLE

Victor Melton is on that tape?

DOROTHY

He was a senior at Penn when we were freshmen. A teacher's assistant. He was always harassing girls in our sorority house. Peeping through our bathroom windows. Telling girls if they didn't let him feel them up, he'd screw up their tests. So since we were the pledges, we were told to get back at him. And we did.

JENNIFER

Some of us did.

Dorothy and Jennifer exchange glances.

ABLE

Just exactly how did you get back at him?

Dorothy puts the videotape into a player. Hits play.

JENNIFER

(quietly)

It was Valentine's Day.

They watch as the past unfolds, returning to haunt them...

ON THE TV

98

We see a sorority house bedroom awash in candlelight. Lily lies on a bed, wearing a red Valentine teddy. This is when she was a freshman, 18, with a body that would raise Dracula out of his coffin at high-noon. There's a KNOCK on her door.

LILY

It's open.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - AS IT HAPPENED

99

VICTOR MELTON, 22, opens the door and steps into paradise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

99

LILY
 (from the bed)
 Hi, Victor.

We don't get a full look at the man, but OUR CAMERA highlights the details. Specks of food in a shaggy beard. Bushy, greasy hair. Glasses thick as Coke bottles. Gut sticking out so far that his shirt doesn't cover it.

He clutches a box of chocolates and a Valentine's Day card in one hand, a red rose in the other.

Liberace's version of "My Funny Valentine" plays on the SOUNDTRACK.

VICTOR
 (stammers)
 Happy Valentine's Day.

He shuts the door behind him. We're sure that you remember a guy just like Victor from your campus days. That one guy who was so disgusting and repellent that he made your skin crawl.

Like a vision, Lily rises and glides toward him. He offers her the rose and chocolates.

VICTOR
 I got these for you, Lily.

She takes them. Opens the card that accompanies the chocolates. It has a heart and the words: WILL YOU BE MINE?

She removes one chocolate from the box. She's very in control.

LILY
 What else?

He reaches into a pocket. Pulls out a sheet of paper.

LILY
 You're positive it's the right test?

VICTOR
 With answers. He always gives his
 t.a. a copy.

She smiles, drapes her arms around his wide shoulders and gently pushes him down into a swivel chair.

LILY
 Relax. Take a load off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

9!

She bends over, her teddy slipping teasingly from her breasts as she plops the chocolate into his mouth.

She unbuttons his shirt.

LILY

I'm going to do everything to you.
Everything you want...

His shirt is wide open. His chest sags like an old lady's breasts.

She seductively ties his arms to the arms of the chair with a red, silk cord...

VICTOR

Lily...

LILY

Shhhh. You don't have to do a thing.
I'm going to do all of the work...

Kinky. A night he will never forget.

LILY

You're ready for me now, aren't you,
Victor?

He nods, practically drooling. "My Funny Valentine" still PLAYS on the soundtrack.

LIBERACE (V.O.)

Don't change a hair for me... Not if
you care for me...

She gives the swivel chair a vicious SPIN. It twirls in a circle.

VICTOR'S POV

100

Everything becomes a candlelit blur as he's twirled around and around...and the SONG abruptly SWITCHES mid-verse to an Elvis Costello version; it's the same song, but it's hard-edged, driving, intense.

ELVIS COSTELLO (V.O.)

Stay little Valentine stay... Each
day is Valentine's Day!

Still spinning, he sees the closet door BURST OPEN. The bedroom door BURST OPEN. Lights TURN ON.

WIDE SHOT

101

All of the FRESHMAN PLEDGES in the house stampede inside.

Lily jerks the chair to a stop.

Victor struggles to get out of the chair. Can't.

Lily is laughing, in on the prank.

The sorority sisters surround the captive man like a drunken firing squad. Dorothy seems to be the leader. Paige is VIDEOTAPING the whole thing. And Jennifer stands alone, behind the pack, not joining in.

DOROTHY

For the time we caught you peeping in our bedroom windows...

PAIGE

And the time you grabbed my ass.

LILY

And for saying you'd sneak us tests for blow jobs...

DOROTHY

We hereby declare you a...

She scrawls the letters in lipstick on his chest.

DOROTHY

P -- I -- G!

Lily tugs a MASK over Victor's head. It is the same grotesque caricature of the face of a pig: a twisted snout, bulbous lips, lolling tongue. Hideous. Despicable.

EXT. FRATERNITY/SORORITY ROW - NIGHT - AS IT HAPPENED

102

The wheels of the swivel chair clatter against pavement.

Victor, strapped in, is being pushed down the middle of the street, half-naked, the pig mask over his face.

Frat brothers, out in force, jeer and hurl beer cans at him. Sorority sisters giggle and throw eggs.

Paige runs alongside, videotaping it all.

Rolls of toilet paper come flying out of the top windows of frat houses like confetti. The prank is snowballing out of control.

VICTOR'S POV - THROUGH THE MASK

10

Seeing faces, distorted, coming in and out of the shadows.
Cursing him, throwing stuff out of garbage cans at him.
Nightmarish, almost surreal. A sorority sister lifts up her
shirt, exposing herself.

SORORITY SISTER

You want to try to grab these again?!

ON JENNIFER

104

She confronts Lily, whose face is flush from the cold air,
booze and excitement. It's mob mentality.

JENNIFER

This is getting way out of hand.
Paige! It's enough. He's learned
his lesson.

Laughing, drunk, Lily keeps going.

BACK WITH VICTOR

105

The wobbling chair goes careening around a corner. Girls
pushing against it, some of them slipping, spilling to the
pavement, laughing.

THROUGH PAIGE'S VIDEO LENS - BLACK AND WHITE

106

We see Dorothy hanging on, pushing the chair toward the side
of the road, her mouth pressed to the pig mask's ear.

DOROTHY

This little piggy went to market.
This little piggy stayed home.

CLOSE ON DOROTHY

107

DOROTHY

This little piggy had roast beef.
This little piggy had none. And this
little piggy went wee wee wee all the
way HOME!

On "home" she gives the chair a final SHOVE --

EXT. HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

108

The chair goes toppling madly down the hill. End over end.

It lands roughly at the bottom, on its side, in a playing field that's turned to mud from a long, hard rain.

Victor lies in the muck like a pig in a troth.

He looks up. Sees the sorority sisters above, laughing at him, mocking him. From somewhere in the crowd, he HEARS Paige --

PAIGE

Happy Valentine's Day!

Howls of laughter.

LILY

Victor! Will you still be my Valentine!

She blows him a big kiss. Everyone starts blowing him kisses, their laughing and taunts ("We love you, Victor!" "Be my Valentine!") distorted and echoing as if heard in a fever dream.

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO THE PRESENT

109

The videotape turns to STATIC on the television. Dorothy shuts off the TV. The room is silent.

LT. PERLEY

Sweet bunch of girls.

JENNIFER

It wasn't supposed to go so far. The whole thing just snowballed out of control.

DOROTHY

No one saw him again after that night. He dropped out. Nobody knew where he went. Not that anybody went looking.

ABLE

We'll put out an APB immediately.

(to Jennifer and Dorothy)

Do you two have someone who can stay with you tonight?

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

11

Jennifer and Aaron walking toward her apartment. We feel a strain.

JENNIFER

You must think I'm terrible.

AARON

I don't know what to think. Is that why you dropped out of the sorority?

JENNIFER

Yeah. I guess I saw a side of them that night I didn't like so much. I wanted to tell him I was sorry. I really did.

AARON

I guess it's a little late for "I'm sorry" now.

JENNIFER

I wish you hadn't seen that tape.

AARON

We all make mistakes, Jennifer. It was a long time ago.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

111

Aaron's sleeping at Jennifer's side, his arm draped around her shoulder. We SUPERIMPOSE:

Valentine's Day
Sunday, February 14, 1999

She wakes up. Eases herself out from under his arm and slips out of bed.

INT. KITCHEN AREA - MORNING

112

She's preparing an omelette. She reaches over to a butcher's block for a knife to cut some vegetables. The knife is missing. She starts rooting through a drawer, looking for it when the phone RINGS.

She goes over to answer it.

INT. DETECTIVE ABLE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

113

He is sitting behind his computer, using the speaker phone.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Hello.

ABLE

This is Detective Able. Did I wake you?

INT. JENNIFER'S LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

114

JENNIFER

No. Did you find him?

ABLE

I'm afraid not. And it may not be too easy. The official record of Victor Melton came to a close in February of '94. He didn't renew his driver's license. He closed his bank account. Canceled his credit cards... And Victor wasn't always Victor.

JENNIFER

What do you mean?

ABLE

His birth name is Conway Kennett and he had a helluva family life. Social services removed him from the home three times. One of the times, his dad burned him with a hot iron because he'd caught him with a Playboy. And apparently his mother had sexual relations with him as a pre-teen.

JENNIFER

Jesus.

ABLE

His parents went through counseling, and a shrink decided they could be reunited again. Conway was thirteen. A month later, his parents died in a fire. A jury convicted Conway of arson, but not murder. They figured he just wanted to burn the place down because he didn't want to be there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

114

ABLE (Cont'd)

He served time as a juvenile and was released when he turned eighteen. That's when he become Victor.

JENNIFER

So how'd he end up at Penn?

ABLE

Harvard must've said no.

(then)

He must have forged his records.

JENNIFER

And he's out there. Somewhere.

ABLE

Do you have a computer with a modem?

JENNIFER

Yes.

ABLE

Fire it up. I want to show you something.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

115

Aaron's eyes pop open. He looks into the living room through the open doorway and sees Jennifer behind her computer.

INT. DETECTIVE ABLE'S OFFICE - MORNING

116

On his computer monitor, we see a still shot of Victor Melton taken from Lily's videotape, alongside a still shot of the masked killer taken from the surveillance camera. Able speaks into the speaker phone.

ABLE

I had forensics compare this shot of Victor with the killer from the surveillance camera.

INT. JENNIFER'S LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

117

She's looking at the same thing on her monitor, holding the phone to her ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABLE

The killer is between five-eleven and six-one. Victor's six feet, so that matches. But forensics figures the killer is between one eighty and two hundred pounds. Victor on the other hand...

He doesn't need to say it. We can tell that poor Victor would tip the scales at way past two hundred.

JENNIFER

So he's lost a lot of weight over six years.

ABLE

That might not be the half of it. Check this out.

He moves the computer's mouse, highlighting the still photo of Victor then transferring it to another file.

ABLE

Okay, it's 1994. O.J.'s on the freeway, Tonya Harding's on ice, Forrest Gump's on a bench. And this is Victor Melton. Now before we jump to the present, let's talk some serious Jenny Craig...

He hits some keys.

Jennifer watches as, on her computer screen, Victor morphs into Victor minus eighty pounds, which changes not only his body but the look of his face as well.

ABLE

But we're just getting warmed up. Victor's got long brown hair, right?
(typing)

So how about a crew cut, dyed red? Or blonde. Or jet black. He's got brown eyes. How about blue contacts? Or green?

The image on the computer keeps changing, morphing Victor into a series of totally different looking men.

ABLE

We've lost the beard. But how about a goatee?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

117

ABLE (Cont'd)

Or the honest Abe Lincoln thing? Or a handlebar mustache? Let's also try a little rhinoplasty.

Jennifer watches as Victor gets different nose jobs, each one changing the look of his face.

ABLE

Now let's change all variables.

The face keeps morphing at a rapid-fire pace. Ominous. Leading Jennifer to the terrifying revelation --

JENNIFER

He could be anyone.

ABLE

The height has to be the same. And the age. And from Lily's videotape, we can tell that he's left-handed.

JENNIFER

That brings us down to what, about a million New Yorkers?

ABLE

You and Dorothy both need to be very careful. I'll have an officer drive by your apartment every hour. Call me anytime. And make sure I always have a number where you can be reached.

JENNIFER

Okay.

ABLE

And Jennifer...

JENNIFER

Yeah?

ABLE

If he went to all the trouble to change his identity and looks, it may be because he wanted to be a part of your lives. All four of you.

She says nothing. Looks over to her bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

117

ABLE

Did you hear me, Jennifer?

JENNIFER

Yes. Thanks.

She hangs up the phone. Walks back into...

HER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

118

The bed is empty. We see the bathroom door opening behind her.

She takes a step back...turns...and comes face to face with Aaron, hair wet from a shower, buttoning up his shirt.

AARON

Who was that on the phone?

JENNIFER

Detective Able.

Aaron steps over to the dresser. Puts on his watch. She notices something.

JENNIFER

...You wear your watch on your right wrist.

AARON

That's right.

JENNIFER

So then you're left-handed.

He senses her discomfort.

AARON

That's right. So?

JENNIFER

Nothing...

AARON

You know, I've been thinking a lot about Victor Melton.

JENNIFER

You have?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

11.

AARON

It's not all your fault. I mean, there's no way a guy's going to have a normal life, be humiliated by some sorority girls and then just snap. My point is. What you did, it didn't make Victor the way he is.

JENNIFER

What I did? I tried to stop it.

AARON

I'm sure he knows that.

She's getting a little spooked. And so she blurts it out:

JENNIFER

Why did you lie to me about Lily? Campbell said she knew you.

AARON

You already asked me about that.

JENNIFER

And you didn't answer.

AARON

Was Victor Melton left-handed?

She doesn't answer.

AARON

He was, wasn't he? What're you thinking? That I'm Victor?

JENNIFER

I didn't say that.

AARON

But that is what you were thinking?

She doesn't answer.

AARON

I thought we were falling in love. I thought you were falling in love with me. And now you've got me convicted of double-homicide.

He grabs his jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

118

JENNIFER

Aaron...

AARON

Look. I really care about you. And I'll be around if you need me. But obviously I'm scaring you more than I'm comforting you.

He stops at the door. For a moment, it looks like he's going to change his mind and stay.

AARON

Happy Valentine's Day.

He goes out the door, leaving her behind.

CUT TO:

INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

119

Dorothy is in bed with Campbell but she can't sleep, didn't sleep all night.

She HEARS a SOUND from outside. The CRUNCH of GRAVEL under tires. She goes to a window, peeks through the curtains.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

120

She sees a van coming up the driveway. It swings around the circular drive, pulls alongside the house and stops. Now she can see the writing on the side: GREENWICH FLOWER DELIVERY.

DOROTHY

121

is struck by a wave of fear.

HER POV

122

A DELIVERY GUY gets out with a SINGLE RED ROSE in his hand and starts up the walk toward the front door.

DOROTHY

123

goes to her bedside table. Opens a drawer. Pulls out a .9mm semi-automatic. Campbell wakes up. Sees the gun. Alarmed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

121

CAMPBELL

What're you doing?

She opens the window. Yells down to the delivery guy.

DOROTHY

GO AWAY!

EXT. MANSION - SAME

124

The guy looks up at her. Calls out...

DELIVERY GUY

I've got a delivery. For Dorothy Wheeler.

DOROTHY

GO AWAY!

And now the guy sees that she's got a goddamn gun in her hand! He's not about to argue with that.

DELIVERY GUY

Okay, okay. I'm going!

He drops the rose. Gets back into his van and tears outta there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER, DAY

125

Dorothy is pacing, panicked. She's with Greenwich police Lieutenant Perley. Campbell moves to her side.

CAMPBELL

Get on the next international flight. Paris, Rome, wherever. Just leave until they find this guy.

DOROTHY

Maybe I should.

CAMPBELL

It's the safest way. You pack, I'll drive you to the airport.

LT. PERLEY

I'll take her. In case there's any trouble between here and there.

INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - DAY

126

She packs a suitcase that lies on the bed. Campbell enters the room.

CAMPBELL

The lieutenant's waiting in his car.
Almost done?

She looks over at Campbell. Vulnerable.

DOROTHY

Come with me. Please.

She half knows what his response will be.

CAMPBELL

I can't.

DOROTHY

And I guess we both know the reason why.

CAMPBELL

What's that?

DOROTHY

You want to stay so you can hook up with Jennifer.

CAMPBELL

That's not true.

She walks over and kisses him on the lips.

DOROTHY

Liar.

INT. LILY & PAIGE'S APARTMENT - DAY

127

Detective Able walks with a FEMALE FORENSIC.

ABLE

Whatcha got?

FORENSIC

(leading the way)

The darkroom.

A red glow seeps from under the bottom of the closed door at the end of the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

127

FORENSIC

I'd already checked out the photos Lily had drying in there, but then I noticed that there were still some shots in her camera that she hadn't developed. So I printed them up.

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

128

They're bathed in a red light. Photographs hang from drying wires. A few more float in the developing liquid. The detective and the female forensic watch as a photo develops before their eyes.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH

129

It is of Aaron and Lily on her bed, kissing hot and heavy.

WIDEN

130

Able shakes his head.

FORENSIC

So they were doing the nasty.

ABLE

Could this guy be Victor Melton?

FORENSIC

Height and age look right. It's possible. But if Victor wants these women dead, why would he go through all of this? Why not just kill them and be done with it?

ABLE

Has a guy ever treated you like shit before?

FORENSIC

Been there.

ABLE

And did you ever daydream about that same guy crawling back to you, begging your forgiveness, and you telling him to go to hell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

130

FORENSIC

Done that.

ABLE

Well on the ultimate revenge scale,
that'd be worth about a six.

FORENSIC

What's a ten?

ABLE

For Victor? To do it with the women
who treated him like shit. I'm not
talking about rape. I'm talking
about these women wanting him to fuck
them. Wanting it real bad. That's
why he waited six years. To turn
himself into someone they'd desire.
He fucks the hell out of them. Gets
off on them moaning with pleasure
underneath him. Then he kills them.
And he wears the pig mask so that
they'll realize who he really is.

(a beat)

Now that's a ten.

Long pause.

FORENSIC

You've got a pretty solid handle on
this guy.

OFF Able's look, we CUT TO:

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - LOBBY - DAY

131

Jennifer waits for the elevator with LEN, a uniformed
security guard. He wears a sidearm.

JENNIFER

I hate making you babysit me like
this.

LEN

Don't worry about it. After what
you've been through, you're doing the
right thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

13

JENNIFER

I can read and edit just as easy back home as here. Until this maniac gets caught.

Jennifer's cellular phone RINGS. She removes it from her purse.

JENNIFER

(into phone)

Hello.

INT. DETECTIVE ABLE'S CAR (MOVING) - INTERCUT

132

He's driving and talking on his cellular.

ABLE

It's Detective Able. Where are you?

JENNIFER

At the office.

ABLE

Is Aaron Bartlett with you?

JENNIFER

No. I'm with Len from Security. Why?

ABLE

What floor are you on?

JENNIFER

I'm on my way up to the sixth.

ABLE

Okay. Stay on the sixth until I get there. There's something I have to show you.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

133

They ride up the aging, puke-green elevator. A ceiling-mounted fan whirls above them. The hydraulics in the elevator MOAN.

JENNIFER

Do you always work on Sundays?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

133

LEN

I've been putting in for a lot of overtime lately.

JENNIFER

Good for the paycheck.

LEN

Nothing better to do. My girlfriend cut the cord last month. Our first date had been on Valentine's Day. I called her this morning and she hung up at the sound of my voice.

(sighs)

Valentine's Day...

JENNIFER

I can picture how it all began. An evil cabal of rose growers, and international chocolate makers, along with the greeting card mafia, conspiring to create a day where we spend a fortune on their junk, only to conclude that our love lives suck and we've just consumed forty grams of fat.

EXT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - DAY

134

We see Able walking toward the building.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - 6TH FLOOR - DAY

135

Jennifer leads the way to her cubicle.

LEN

Not to sound too Alex Trebeck-ish, but the whole fiasco actually started during the Roman Empire.

She stops at her cubicle. Starts to stuff her briefcase with papers, computer disks, manuscripts. A fluorescent light flickers on and off above.

JENNIFER

What'd the Romans do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

135

LEN

There was this emperor, Claudius something, who couldn't get enough men to go off and fight his wars because they wanted to stay with their families. So to solve this problem, he canceled all marriages and engagements. But then this Christian priest started to secretly marry couples.

(a la Jeopardy)

The question is...?

JENNIFER

Who was Father Valentine?

LEN

Exactly. So the next thing you know, Claudius had Valentine arrested and tossed into the dungeon. And that's where he remained until his death, which was on February 14th. The question is...?

JENNIFER

What is Saint Valentine's Day?

LEN

You're today's grand prize winner.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - STACKS - DAY

136

A large room filled with rows of shelves that are stuffed with galleys and books. Jennifer pulls a book off a shelf, moves to get another.

JENNIFER

Just one more and I'm done.

LEN

No hurry.

Len pulls a book off the shelf: On This Date in History. He starts skimming through it.

LEN

(from the date book)

Now this figures. Pol Pot was born on February 14th.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jennifer moves down the aisle, scanning for a book. Len keeps an eye on her.

LEN

And of course there was the St. Valentine's Massacre in 1929... And on Feb. 14th, 1975, Squeaky Fromme tried to assassinate Gerald Ford, but her gun jammed...

She finds the thick book and pulls it out, which leaves a large gap in the bookshelf -- REVEALING the pig mask on the other side.

She jerks back, a SCREAM erupting from the bottom of her soul.

The mask wipes away from the gap in the shelf. Gone.

Len runs down the aisle toward Jennifer.

LEN

What?! What?!

JENNIFER

There! He's there!

She's pointing at the bookshelf.

Suddenly, several books tumble off the shelf behind Len, pushed through from the other side. WHAP. They hit the floor.

Len spins around and instinctively looks through the gap in shelf where the fallen books used to be.

He sees nothing through the gap. Presses forward for a closer look.

JENNIFER

No. Don't!

Suddenly, a kitchen knife PLUNGES IN THROUGH THE GAP.

The blade lodges in Len's throat. Jennifer screams. Len tries to pull himself away from the knife but the killer's OTHER GLOVED HAND reaches through the gap in the shelf and GRABS THE BACK OF LEN'S NECK like a vise, pushing him deeper into the blade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

136

Len's hands desperately claw at the killer's gloved hands, trying to free himself. But he's losing strength fast and falling into shock faster.

The CAMERA MOVES IN on Jennifer, watching in horror.

The CAMERA MOVES IN on Len, as the knife is YANKED OUT in one fast motion and he collapses to the floor.

WITH JENNIFER

137

She RUNS. Through the stacks. Whips around a turn. Turns again. Again. The stacks are another maze in our series of maze-like killing grounds.

She looks back over her shoulder. No sign of the killer. Looks forward. The killer jumps out in front of her! Raises the kitchen knife.

As the metal comes plunging down, she holds up the thick book in her hand like a shield. The blade hits the book's cover.

With all her strength, she thrusts a knee between the killer's legs. Drops her book, freeing her hands. Punches the mask twice, catching the killer off guard.

The killer staggers backwards, recovers, lashes out with the kitchen knife. Jennifer dodges it. Lights off down an aisle. The killer pursues.

She zeroes in on the door to a fire exit. Charges for it. Stops just long enough to pull a fire alarm switch. It BLARES. Red lights blink.

She throws herself through the doorway and into the...

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

138

Thin, low ceiling. Her feet fly down the bare cement steps.

The door flies open behind her. The killer bounds down, two steps at a time.

She reaches a landing. Sees a sign on the door: CLOSED STACKS. She yanks on the door. It's locked. Fire alarm ECHOING.

JENNIFER

Help! Help me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

138

She climbs down another floor. The killer gaining on her. Reaches another door. CLOSED STACKS. Utter frustration. Her hand grabs the handrail to help propel her down the next flight of steps.

CLANG. The kitchen knife slams down on the metal handrail, just missing her hand.

She reaches the next landing. Yanks on the door. It's unlocked. Thank God. She throws it open.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

139

Filled with carrels and cubicles. She plows down an aisle. Spots an exit sign. Follows its arrow. Turns. Out of breath but still going, fear powering her forward. Another exit arrow. Turns. Turns again.

She comes to a halt, her focus confused, searching desperately. The alarm still BLARING. She's screwed up somehow and has come around in a big circle. Right back by the stairwell door!

A MAN'S HAND grabs her shoulder:

MAN (O.S.)

Jennifer.

She spins around with a GASP. It's --

AARON

Are you all right?! I heard you screaming!

She's relieved to see him, she's so scared. But then she notices the fresh blood on her shoulder where he touched her.

The BLARING ALARM is like an exclamation point to her panic, confusion. Then WHAM. A door BURSTS OPEN. Able barrels in. His .9mm leveled at Aaron.

ABLE

Freeze!

Aaron looks into Jennifer's eyes.

ABLE

Hands up!

He slowly raises his hands. As Able starts to handcuff him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

13.

AARON

What the hell are you doing?! I
didn't do anything!

Jennifer is trembling. Stunned.

ABLE

Did he come after you?

JENNIFER

There was - someone - in the
stairwell. It was my knife. From
home.

Able handcuffs one of Aaron's wrists to a bookshelf. Goes to
take a look...

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

140

The door pops open. Able steps in, gun at the ready.

On the landing below, he sees hastily discarded black
clothing, gloves, a knife, and the pig mask.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - EVENING

141

Jennifer gets out of a taxi. Her car is parked near a
garage. She goes up to it. Looks inside. The keys aren't
in the ignition.

She walks up to the front door of the house. It is slightly
ajar.

She rings the doorbell anyway. Waits. No answer.

She pushes the door open and steps into the...

INT. ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

142

She sees Campbell bounding down the steps, chasing the
poodle, Snowball.

CAMPBELL

Close the door!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

142

Jennifer quickly closes the door behind her. The poodle reaches the landing, pulls a U-turn and scurries back up the steps, going around Campbell like an all-star running back. Campbell gives up the chase.

CAMPBELL

I'm trying to catch this white rat to board while Dorothy's gone.

JENNIFER

Where did she go?

He comes down the steps to her, catching his breath.

CAMPBELL

Paris.

JENNIFER

Oh. I came to get my car.

CAMPBELL

I know. Detective Able called looking for you.

JENNIFER

Why?

CAMPBELL

He didn't say, except that he tried your cell phone but you were out of range. He told me what happened. Thank God it's over.

JENNIFER

Yeah. I guess so.

CAMPBELL

(leading the way)

The keys are in here.

JENNIFER

I'm just going to get into my car and drive. Head up the coast to Maine to see my family.

CAMPBELL

That's a good idea. You look pretty shook up. How you holding up?

Suddenly, all the horror of the day comes flooding out. She begins to cry and shake.

INT. DETECTIVE ABLE'S OFFICE - EVENING

Aaron. In the midst of being interrogated by Able.

AARON

There was a message on my pager.

ABLE

Why do you have a pager?

AARON

I used to work as a messenger. Paid the rent. The message was from Jennifer. Asking me to meet her at the office.

ABLE

She didn't send you any message.

AARON

Then someone else did. When I got there, I heard her screaming for help. So I ran up the stairwell.

ABLE

And the blood?

AARON

I must have gotten it off a doorknob or something. Something the killer touched.

ABLE

The knife was from Jennifer's apartment. You've been in her apartment quite a lot lately.

AARON

Someone else stole the knife.

ABLE

Y'know what I think? I think you screwed Lily, killed her --

AARON

No.

ABLE

(overlapping, hotly)
Screwed Paige, killed her --

AARON

No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

143

ABLE

Screwed Jennifer and tried to kill her. And Dorothy was next on your list.

AARON

I didn't kill anybody! And I didn't have sex with those other women!

The detective slides a photograph across the desk. It's of Aaron in Lily's bed. He stares at it like he's never seen it before. Didn't know it existed.

AARON

Where did you get that?

ABLE

Lily's camera.

AARON

Maybe I better call a lawyer.

ABLE

Sunday evening. I'm sure you'll have no problem getting one right down here. In the meantime, we've got a nice warm cell waiting for you.

Aaron looks stunned, frightened.

AARON

I don't know...what the hell is going on...

Able gives him an incredulous look.

AARON

Okay. Okay. I was at this bar I used to go to every Friday after work. The White Horse. Anyway, this gorgeous girl came in and sat next to me. We struck up a conversation. She started flirting with me. Buying me drinks. I wound up going to her place. I was drunk. It got pretty hot and heavy... But I ended up backing off.

Able looks skeptical.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

14-

ABLE

Did you know that Lily had been in the same sorority with Jennifer?

AARON

I had no idea they knew each other until I went to the opening. I didn't even know Lily's last name. I didn't know about her artwork. Nothing.

ABLE

But you fucked her.

AARON

No.

Able digests this with a poker face. It's driving Aaron crazy.

AARON

Maybe she gets off being photographed with guys. Maybe some guy she's into gets his rocks off taking pictures of Lily with other men.

ABLE

Or maybe you asked her to take this picture. She could've used a timer. And if you didn't nail her then, maybe you had a change of heart and nailed her at the opening. Lily had sex within an hour of her death.

AARON

I'm not Victor!

ABLE

I don't care if you're Victor or not. Doesn't matter.

AARON

Doesn't matter?

ABLE

Lily could have told you about their prank against Victor. Or someone else could've you. Someone you met who had gone to Penn.

Able leans back in his chair. Cool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

143

ABLE

Maybe you enjoy slaughtering women. So you decided to slaughter these women. And you intentionally let yourself be videotaped in that pig mask so that we'd think it was Victor who for all I know is really off in east-bum-fuck, still fat as a hippo and ugly as a mud fence.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

144

Campbell has brought a shaken Jennifer a cup of coffee and one for himself.

CAMPBELL

So you saw the mask... But you never saw Aaron's face?

JENNIFER

You're thinking maybe it wasn't him.

CAMPBELL

What do you think?

JENNIFER

I think he's a maniac who tried to kill me. Everything points to that... But I feel, you know, in my heart, that it couldn't be him.

CAMPBELL

Then I wouldn't let my guard down just yet.

A pause. A thought washes over Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Did Detective Able say he was coming here?

CAMPBELL

Why?

JENNIFER

Well think about it. He had a thing with Lily, right? Then he was at the art opening when she was murdered. He showed up at Dorothy's party just before Paige was killed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

14.

JENNIFER (Cont'd)

He showed up at my office right when I was attacked. He'd been inside my apartment, so he could've taken my knife.

CAMPBELL

He's a cop. He's not Victor.

JENNIFER

But maybe he knew about Victor. Lily used the videotape of Victor as part of her exhibit. She could've told him about it.

CAMPBELL

Look, I don't know who's after you. Maybe it's Aaron. Maybe it's someone else. But the best thing is for you to do what Dorothy did. Just get out of here. But there's something I want you to take with you.

CUT TO:

DOROTHY'S GUN

145

Campbell flips open the barrel. Checks to make sure that it's loaded. Snaps it closed.

WIDEN - INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

146

He holds the gun in his hand. Showing Jennifer.

CAMPBELL

It's Dorothy's. I had to remind her that she couldn't take it on the plane with her.

JENNIFER

Get that thing away from me.

CAMPBELL

I'd feel a lot better if you had it. Just in case.

JENNIFER

I've never fired a gun before. I don't like guns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

146

CAMPBELL

Well hopefully you won't have to use it. Here's the safety. You flip it off like this. The rest is easy.

She notices that he's holding the weapon in his right hand.

JENNIFER

You're right handed.

CAMPBELL

Yeah, why? Oh, lemme guess. Victor was left handed.

She nods. Campbell gives a wry smile.

CAMPBELL

Now Jennifer, if I could turn Victor into me, don't you think I could switch what hand I use?

A beat. She wishes he hadn't said that.

CAMPBELL

Just kidding. I started writing with my right hand in First Grade. Mrs. Tamworth gave me a B-minus in penmanship. But I had a wild crush on her.

She relaxes...a little.

CAMPBELL

And I didn't go to Penn. I went to Columbia. Here you go.

He gives her the gun.

JENNIFER

Thanks for looking out for me.

He looks at her, a warm, soulful look.

CAMPBELL

I know this isn't the right time or place. But I have to tell you. The first time I met you, at that opening. I thought to myself: we're both here with the wrong dates. I wanted to tell you that so badly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

146

JENNIFER

You're right. It's not the right time or place. Maybe we'll have another cup of coffee sometime. And thanks for the offer but, I can't take this gun.

CAMPBELL

All right. If you're sure.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

147

She steps outside. Moves up to her car. She's about to get in when she HEARS the SHRILL RING of a cell phone. She looks in her purse. It's not hers. The RINGING continues.

Weird. She looks around. Where is it coming from?

The ringing STOPS.

She dismisses it. Opens the door to her car.

The RINGING begins again.

She zeros in on the sound. The RINGING is coming from inside the garage. She steps up to a dirty window pane, peers inside.

HER POV

148

There's a sedan parked inside. The ringing is coming from inside the trunk.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

149

Jennifer steps in through the side door.

She creeps up to the sedan. She peers into the car through the open window. Vacant.

The RINGING continues, every SHRILL RING twisting her stomach in knots.

Filled with trepidation, she reaches into the open car window and pulls the trunk release lever. The trunk pops up a little and the RINGING grows louder.

Somehow, she makes her legs move to the trunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

149

With a trembling hand, she slowly eases open the trunk lid. The trunk light pops on, flooding the dark trunk with light and REVEALING...

The dead body of Greenwich police Lieutenant Perley lying in a pool of his own blood, his throat slit.

The cellular phone, in a pocket of Perley's coat, RINGS once more then STOPS.

She's transfixed, unable to move, as a sharp nauseating terror flows down through every inch of her body. A scream is ready to erupt out of her throat from the bottom of her gut, but she stops herself. She has to keep her wits together.

She hurries out of the garage.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

150

She rushes back to her car. She has to get OUT OF HERE. Her heart thunders. She gets into...

INT. HER CAR

151

She keys the ignition. The engine lets out a pathetic WHINE. She tries again. Again. The car won't start.

JENNIFER

No!

She pops the hood. Gets out of the car.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

152

She goes around to check under the hood. Suddenly Campbell is there.

CAMPBELL

What's wrong?

She tries to calm her voice that wavers with fear.

JENNIFER

It won't start.

CAMPBELL

Come on inside. I'll call Triple-A.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

15

JENNIFER

I'll...wait.

He takes her by the arm.

CAMPBELL

Don't be ridiculous. Come on. I'm not leaving you out here alone.

She can see that she has no choice but to go with him.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

153

Campbell talks on the phone to AAA. He's sitting on a couch. The gun is on the coffee table in front of him. He hangs up.

CAMPBELL

They won't be able to get here for another two hours.

She doesn't believe that he even called.

JENNIFER

Oh.

He turns on a radio. A Valentine's Day SONG plays.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

It's the most romantic night of the year, ladies. He's serenaded you, whispered sweet nothings in your ear, and now it's time. Let him into your heart...

Jennifer is numb. He moves to her.

CAMPBELL

I think it's fate that your car won't start. Just like it was fate that we ended up in the "blind date" together. Come on. Just one dance?

She doesn't know what to do. She doesn't know if he knows that she knows. She's afraid he'll kill her if she resists.

He takes her in his arms and they begin to slow dance to the SONG. His body presses against her. His hands run down her spine and she shudders in terror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

153

She wills herself to stay calm. Don't give yourself away. Still, tears of fear and horror moisten her eyes as Campbell buries his head in her hair, taking in her fragrance. It charges him. She feels his readiness. His urgency.

She looks over his shoulder and eyes the gun on the table. But his hand is tight around her waist, there's no way she could make a run for it.

He pulls back and looks into her eyes. She tries to accept his stare, she must not fall apart. The SONG plays...

He leans forward and presses his lips to hers.

CUT TO:

INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

154

They're naked on the bed. Her face is turned away from him, cheek pressed to the pillow. Fear, regret, fill her entire body.

He is above her, drinking in her body.

CAMPBELL

I've always wanted you, Jennifer.
Always. Tell me that you want me...

Her breathing is fast. The sound of her voice fearful. Yet he could misconstrue it all as heated anticipation.

JENNIFER

I want you...

LATER - BEDROOM - NIGHT

155

They lie beside each other. Jennifer's mind whirls. Waiting for her chance to get away from him.

CAMPBELL

Let's take a shower.

She feigns interest.

JENNIFER

Mmmmm. I just want to lie here a
minute. I'll be right in.

He slides out of bed. She watches his perfect body disappear into the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

151

When she HEARS the shower turn on, she gets up, pads quickly and silently across the carpet, snatches her clothes and shoes off the floor, leaving her pantyhose behind.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

156

She pulls on her dress, throws on her sweater as she moves down the dark hall. Puts on a shoe. Still HEARS the shower. Puts on the other shoe, trips in the process, bumping into a pedestal and sending a sculpture CRASHING to the marble floor.

She stops dead in her tracks. Holding her breath, she looks back at the bedroom door, half-expecting Campbell to appear.

But he doesn't.

She continues down the hall toward the back stairway. Trying so hard to be so quiet. The sound of her every step sounds like cannon fire to her. Her every sense is in overdrive.

She reaches the top of the stairway. Takes the first step.

In one sudden, chilling instant, gloved hands bring Jennifer's pantyhose over her head and around her neck. A lurch of pure terror stabs her heart as --

The hose tightens around her throat. Strangling her.

And this is where she shows us what she's made of. Instead of giving in to the fear and pain, Jennifer slams an elbow into the killer's stomach.

Rocked by the blows, the killer loses a grip on the hose. Jennifer frees herself, bolts for the stairs.

The killer lunges at her, arms reaching out, grabbing her legs, tripping her. She tumbles forward --

Falling down the stairway...her body slamming into and rolling over each step with sickening thuds. Down...down...

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

157

Her body finally comes to a terrifying rest on the hallway floor. She struggles to get up, hurt, disoriented. Looks up to the top of the stairway. Sees no one.

She looks down the long corridor. The entryway and front door loom at the opposite end. Escape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

157

She goes for the door. Running. Her body becoming a machine, a fulcrum of perpetual motion born of her instinct to survive.

She's halfway down the hall. Passing a maze of closed doors. And then --

The killer steps INTO VIEW -- right by the front door -- must have come down the other stairway.

Her body tries to catch up with her mind as she stops her forward momentum, spins around, and runs back the way she came.

Feet pounding across the floor. She sees all the closed doors but doesn't know where they lead, her breathing labored and ragged, and the POUNDING of heavy feet behind her and run run run oh God, run!

She throws herself through a swinging door and finds herself in the --

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

158

There's another door at the opposite end of the expansive, overly formal room. She charges for it. HEARS the killer behind her as she bursts through the door and into the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

159

The lights are off. Jennifer's eyes try to penetrate through the darkness.

She makes out the outline of the gun on the coffee table. She goes for it. Smacks into a chair in her path, knocks it over, keeps going.

She snatches up the gun.

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

160

The door from the living room opens and Jennifer moves into the hall, sweeping the gun both ways. She's not a competent gun handler, the weapon's awkward in her hands.

The hall is vacant. She again eyes the front door, which beckons her toward freedom. But a lot of closed doors line the hallway between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

160

She nervously starts down the hall. Gun shaking in her hand. Heart pounding. On the verge of losing it. She swings the gun toward one door, thinking it's about to open. It doesn't.

She keeps going. Mind over-alert. HEARING SOUNDS from everywhere, above her, behind her, behind every door.

She spins around, looking behind her. Nothing. Swings the gun at another door. Nothing. She doesn't see -- behind her -- another door opening -- just a crack at first -- and then swinging open wide -- and a blur of a figure lunging at her as --

She spins around -- sees the masked face -- her finger squeezes the trigger and BAM!

The sound is DEAFENING. The attacker falls backwards through the open door and the killer is swallowed up by the darkness.

The gunshot ECHOES. Jennifer stands there, trembling, overwhelmed.

A long beat. Another moment. Then she creeps over to the open doorway. She looks down...

There's a steep, wooden stairway that leads into the basement. In the darkness, she can't tell if the killer is still down there or not. Dead or not.

She reaches for a light switch. Flips it on. It doesn't work.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - NIGHT

161

With great trepidation, she takes the first step down the stairway. Peers into the darkness. Thinks she sees a form down below. Gun still ready, hand still shaking, she takes a second step. A third.

The form at the bottom of the steps becomes clearer. A body, dressed in black, black gloves, the pig mask.

She aims her shaky gun at the figure. Ready to fire should the figure spring to life. Her feet take another cautious step as --

A HAND

162

clamps down on her shoulder! With a CRY OF FRIGHT, she whirls around --

It's Campbell!

CAMPBELL

Jennifer...

She almost falls backwards down the stairs at the sight of him.

CAMPBELL

(alarmed)

When I got out of the shower...

(his hair is wet)

I heard a gunshot. Are you all right?

She looks at him, stunned, overcome. She thought she had shot him. That he was lying dead at the foot of the stairs. Campbell grabs a flashlight off a shelf by the steps.

The beam of its light lands on the still body at the foot of the steps.

CAMPBELL

Jesus...

She goes down the stairs behind him, feels like she's in a dream, approaches the body. No movement. Blood splayed across the killer's chest.

Campbell checks for a pulse.

CAMPBELL

Dead.

Jennifer reaches down and pulls off the mask, REVEALING Dorothy.

JENNIFER

OhmyGod.

Campbell has to steady her. Take the gun from her.

JENNIFER

...Dorothy... She killed the police lieutenant so we'd think she left the country. I found him in the trunk of his car in the garage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

16.

CAMPBELL

(realizing, stunned)

She killed Lily and Paige and tried to kill you. She even sent a flower to herself to make me think it was Victor. It's my fault. It was because of me. She was jealous because I slept with all of you.

Jennifer turns to him.

JENNIFER

You slept with all of us?

CAMPBELL

(shrugs)

What can I say? I guess it's just that new car feeling.

JENNIFER

That what?

CAMPBELL

You know. When you get into a new car. That first smell of the leather. The rush when you take it for that first spin. It's never like that again.

She hauls off and SOCKS HIM square in the jaw. ON IMPACT, we CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - LATER, NIGHT

163

The swirl of police lights. Lots of activity. A sedan pulls up and Detective Able gets out. A beat later, Aaron steps out of the car.

His eyes find Jennifer in the mob. They look at each other from across the lawn. Able checks his watch.

ABLE

11:45. It's still Valentine's Day. You still got time.

Aaron and Jennifer move to each other.

JENNIFER

Can we go for the happy ending?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

163

AARON

Aren't you worried that it might be too sweet? Too romantic?

JENNIFER

There's no such thing as too romantic.

He brings his lips to hers and they kiss in a way that speaks volumes of their feelings for each other.

One of the cops steps up to Detective Able's side, as the couple is still kissing.

COP

Why can't it always be that simple?

CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH

164

Of the Alpha Chi Omega sorority pledge sisters, 1993. It's the same photo Dorothy had showed Campbell.

SUPERIMPOSE:

Monday

February 15th, 1999

A HAND

165

holds an exacto-knife. The knife falls on the photograph, onto Lily's face.

WIDEN

166

Campbell holds the knife. We can't tell exactly where we are. Just a room. Barren. Private. Secluded. DAYLIGHT peeking through dusty shades.

He runs the exacto-knife around the outline of Lily's face. And as he does an image EXPLODES ONTO THE SCREEN --

EXT. ALLEY - AS REMEMBERED - NIGHT

167

Campbell and Lily pressed up against each other in the alley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

16

CAMPBELL

Tell me that you want me.

LILY

I want you...

As he lifts her skirt and pushes himself inside her...

INT. CAMPBELL'S ROOM - NOW - NIGHT

168

His exacto-knife cuts Lily's face out of the sorority photograph. In his mind, we HEAR her taunting VOICE from five years ago: "Will you still be my Valentine, Victor?!"

INT. "BLIND DATE" ROOM - AS REMEMBERED - NIGHT

169

The masked killer stabs Lily in the throat.

INT. CAMPBELL'S ROOM - NOW - DAY

170

Next, he runs the exacto-knife around the outline of Paige's face.

INT. PAIGE'S BEDROOM - AS REMEMBERED - MORNING

171

In bed, Paige cries out in ecstasy as the figure, hidden under her sheets, slides up to her. It is Campbell. She is so ready for him.

CAMPBELL

Tell me that you want me.

INT. CAMPBELL'S ROOM - NOW - DAY

172

He cuts Paige's face out of the photograph. In his mind, we HEAR her VOICE: "Happy Valentine's Day!"

EXT. POOLSIDE - AS REMEMBERED - NIGHT

173

The masked killer plummets the carving knife into Paige's chest.

INT. CAMPBELL'S ROOM - NOW - DAY

174

Campbell turns his attention to Dorothy's image.

- INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - AS REMEMBERED - NIGHT 175
They are fucking wildly on the bed.
- INT. CAMPBELL'S ROOM - NOW - DAY 176
Cutting out her face with the exacto-knife. Her VOICE: "And this little piggy went wee wee wee all the way HOME!"
- INT. DOROTHY'S BEDROOM - AS REMEMBERED - DAY 177
She's packing for Paris. Accidentally drops something on the floor by the bed. Bends down to get it. Campbell pulls the 9mm out of the bedside table. She rises. Sees him holding gun. He SHOTS HER in the chest.
He calmly picks up the spent shell and pockets it. Then he opens gun's chamber. Loads the empty chamber with a blank.
- INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - AS REMEMBERED - DAY 178
He takes the spent shell out of his pocket and plants it near the cellar door.
- INT. CAMPBELL'S ROOM - NOW - DAY 179
Next, he looks at the image of Jennifer's face.
- INT. LIVING ROOM - AS REMEMBERED - EVENING 180
He dances with Jennifer. Kisses her.
- INT. CAMPBELL'S ROOM - NOW - DAY 181
He does not cut out her image. In his mind, we HEAR her alarmed VOICE: "This is getting way out of hand. Paige! It's enough."
- INT. MANSION - AS REMEMBERED - NIGHT 182
BAM! The gun goes off. The masked killer tumbles down the steps.
Before Jennifer comes to the doorway, the killer rises, quickly pulling off the mask. It is Campbell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

18.

He slides the pig mask over Dorothy's face. She's already dead, lying at the bottom of the stairs, all part of his plan. He hurries off toward the light of a cellar door, to change clothes and return to Jennifer's side.

INT. CAMPBELL'S ROOM - NOW - DAY

183

He puts down the exacto-knife.

He stares at the faces of all the other sorority girls. HEARS their laughing and taunts: "We love you, Victor!" "Be my Valentine!"

Three down. Eighteen more to go. And none of them know that he is Victor. No one knows.

He SLAPS the book closed. Then he slides the yearbook into a travel bag.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

184

Victor holds the travel bag as he steps up to the check-in counter. The WOMAN behind the counter is pretty.

WOMAN

Good afternoon.

She checks his ticket. Types something into her computer.

VICTOR

So how was your Valentine's Day?

WOMAN

Not so hot. My so-called boyfriend stood me up. They'll start boarding in ten minutes, gate C-8.

VICTOR

Thanks. And look on the bright side. Only three hundred and sixty four days to next Valentine's.

He gives her a smile that chills the audience to the bone but melts this young woman's heart. As she watches him walk off toward his terminal, a FEMALE CO-WORKER steps up to her side.

CO-WORKER

Cute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

184

WOMAN

Tell me about it. Probably off to
see his girlfriend.

(sighs)

All the good men are taken.

BLACK SCREEN

185

As CREDITS ROLL, "Pig Valentine" a SONG from the alternative
Brit band Sixty Foot Dolls SCREAMS OUT on the SOUNDTRACK.

The end