

STEVE FEKE

Mr. Feke graduated with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Theatre Arts from Denison University, Granville, Ohio in 1969. He immediately went to work for Harper's Magazine writing an article concerning the plight of Cuban refugees who had fled to Spain. While in Europe, Mr. Feke became quite close to the world refugee problem. It has remained a theme and a passion.

Returning to the U.S. in 1970, Mr. Feke was hired by Hatos-Hall Productions, a very successful producer of daytime television programs. In his seven years at Hatos-Hall, he wrote, produced, and co-created 11 network pilots, several of which made it on the air. When he left to make his first feature film, Mr. Feke had become head of development and production for Hatos-Hall.

From 1988-1992 Mr. Feke was under contract to MGM Television. Since then he has been a freelance Writer/Producer in the television and motion picture industry. He resides in St. Helena, California (in the Napa Valley) with his wife and two wonderful children. By extension, the Fekes are also proud to support foster children in Haiti and Sudan.

Mr. Feke is a prolific writer/producer in the television/motion picture industry. He has worked extensively on distant locations including the U.S., Canada, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Australia, and Europe.

MOTION PICTURES

WHEN A STRANGER CALLS

Co-wrote, co-produced. Columbia Pictures starring Carol Kane, Charles Durning, and Colleen Dewhurst.

HADLEY'S REBELLION

Co-wrote, produced, starring Griffin O'Neal, Charles Durning, Adam Baldwin, and William Devane. Fries Entertainment.

PAPA WAS A PREACHER

Writer/Director for producer Martin Jurow starring Dean Stockwell, Imogene Coca, Georgia Engel and Robert Pine.

MAC 'N ME

Writer for producer R.J. Louis, Orion Pictures.

POLTERGEIST III

Re-write for producer/director Gary Sherman, MGM/UA.

SNOWMAN

Writer/Producer for Guber/Peters Co., Warner Bros.

WARRIOR

Re-write for Warner Bros., and director Paul Verhoeven.

THE ANTS OF GOD

Writer/Producer - Alan Ladd/Jay Kanter, MGM.

KEYS TO FREEDOM

Writer/Director for Pen-World Productions starring Jane Seymour, Omar Sharif, Denholm Elliot, Jim Youngs, and David Warner. IBS distribution.

CURRENT**ALL HONOURABLE MEN**

For producer Freddie Fields.

THE RECKONING

Writer/Director - feature film.

THE WHITE TIGER

In association with Ogiens-Kane Productions and based on the novel by Joseph Yogerst.

THE NIGHTSTALKER (re-make)

Currently writing for producer/director Dan Curtis.

A BUNCH OF OUTLAWS

Currently in development with producer Barry Weitz.

AWARDS

Critics' Award, Special Jury Award - Avoriaz Film Festival for "When A Stranger Calls."

TELEVISION - Episodic

Many episodes, including:

SABLE

6 episodes - Writer/Supervising Producer - Taft Broadcasting/ABC

DARK SHADOWS

6 episodes - Supervising Producer - Dan Curtis Productions/MGM/NBC

AGAINST THE LAW

Supervising Producer - 16 episodes - MGM/FOX NETWORK

MISSING PERSONS

Co-Executive Producer - ABC/Cannell Films, Ltd. Co-wrote all stories for the first season. Co-wrote nine episodes.

HAWKEYE

Co-Executive Producer - 22 episodes - Stephen J. Cannell - the 94/95 season.

TWO

Executive Consultant - 22 episodes - New World Television - 1996/97 season.

STRANGERS

2 episodes - HBO/Chesler/Perlmutter Productions in Paris.

PROFILER

32 episodes - Co-Executive Producer - NBC Studios/Sander/Moses - 96/97/98 seasons.

SINS OF THE CITY

Creator/Executive Producer - 1 hour series for USA Network in association with Alliance/Chesler/Perlmutter Productions. Filmed in Miami 97 season.

BEASTMASTER

Executive Producer - 1 hour series for Tribune Network/Atlantis/Alliance. 98/99 season - Exec produced first 29 episodes in Queensland, Australia.

FLATLAND 4

Executive Producer - 1 hour series for The Ruddy & Morgan Organization/Syndication. Currently being produced in Shanghai, China.

MOVIES FOR TELEVISION**TRAPPED**

Co-writer, Universal Television - 2 hours.

KOLCHAK: RETURN OF THE NIGHTSTALKER

Writer - Dan Curtis/MGM/ABC - 2 hours.

MURROW

Co-Writer - Co-Producer - The story of Edward R. Murrow 1937-1941. Turner Network/Daniel H. Blatt Productions - 2 hours.

MINI-SERIES**DEAD SOULS**

Writer - Hearst/Chad Hoffman Productions w/ABC Network. Locations in the U.S., Europe, and the Mid-East.

DRAMATIC PILOTS

SHAMAN

Creator/Producer - MGM/ABC - 1 hour.

THE JANUS MAN

Exec. Producer/Writer - MGM/ABC - 1 hour.

THE BURNING

Exec. Producer/Writer - MGM/NBC - 90 minutes.

SHORELINE

Creator/Exec. Producer/Writer - MGM/ABC - 1 hour.

THE HIT MAN

Re-write - Schenck/Cardea - MGM/ABC - 2 hours.

DARK SHADOWS

Co-writer/Supervising Producer - Dan Curtis/MGM/NBC - 2 hours.

HAVE GUN - WILL TRAVEL

Exec. Producer/Writer - Steve Tisch/MGM/CBS - 2 hours.

FREELANCE

Co-Executive Producer/Writer/Creator - 2 hour pilot for Lorimar/NBC.

ROCK 'N ROLL HIGHWAY

Creator/Writer/Exec. Prod. - MGM/Fox Television Network.

PLAINWRAPS

Creator/Writer/Exec. Prod. - Fox Television Network/Columbia Television

REILLY

Co-Writer/Co-Exec. Prod. - CBS In-House Productions - 1 hour pilot.

CHAMELEON

Writer - CBS In-House Productions - 2 hour.

PUBLIC ENEMIES

Writer/Creator/Exec. Producer - HBO/Chesler/Perlmutter Productions - 2 hour.

MYSTIC

NBC - Creator/Writer/Exec. Producer - Universal TV - 1 hour.

CITY OF MIRACLES

NBC - Creator, Writer/Exec. Producer.

CURRENT

VIRTUAL CONSPIRACY

Executive Producer/Writer - 2-hour pilot for Showtime/Warner Bros. International, UFA, Atlantis/Alliance. Currently in development.

REFERENCES

Mr. Feke has worked and collaborated with a number of the top producers, writers, directors and studio executives in Hollywood and around the world including: Peter Guber, Jon Peters, Alan Ladd, Jr., Jay Kanter, Paul Verhoeven, David Gerber, Lynn Loring, Steve Tisch, Larry Gordon, Lewis Chesler, Gary Sherman, Dan Curtis, Daniel Blatt, Fred Walton, Martin Jurow, Dan Melnick, Dick Rossetti, Freddie Fields, Warren Littlefield, George Schenck, Frank Cardea, Charles Wang, Mike Ogiens, Josh Kane, Robert Singer, Steve Hattman, Harry Ufland, Kim LeMasters, Stephen J. Cannell, David Levinson, Tom Thayer, Jeff Hayes, and Greg Coote.

WHEN A STRANGER CALLS

Screenplay
By

Fred Walton
Steve Feke

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~~OUT OF THE DARK~~

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A quiet upper-middle class neighborhood. The CAMERA is at the curb, looking down the street. There are no sidewalks. Trees arch overhead. CICADAS drone on the soundtrack.

The OPENING TITLES briefly FADE IN and OUT, framed by the trees on either side of the street. Footsteps are heard approaching.

As the picture TITLE FADES, out of the dark emerges a GIRL 17 years old, carrying schoolbooks. This is JILL. CAMERA PANS with her ninety degrees as she comes to the front of a house and stops.

Lights are on in the bottom half of the house, and the curtains across the windows are open. A single light burns in the upper right side of the house, presumably in a bedroom, but the curtains in the room are drawn.

A scene TITLE appears on the lower half of the screen:

8 pm Tuesday, March 23, 1971

The TITLE FADES, and Jill heads up the walk to the front door of the house.

The light in the upper floor of the house is turned off.

2 INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALL

A middle-aged DOCTOR is standing at the foot of the stairs. His WIFE is descending the stairs, putting on her earrings. She is in an obvious hurry.

WIFE

Where's the girl?

DOCTOR

I only called her ten minutes ago --

WIFE

(passing into living room)
I made our reservation for 8:15.
We're going to be late.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

The doorbell rings.

DOCTOR
Here she is now.

He crosses to the front door and opens it. The girl smiles at him uncomfortably from outside.

JILL
Dr. Minakis?

DOCTOR
Mandrakis. It's okay. Every-
one gets it wrong the first time.
You're Jill? Come on in.

JILL
(entering)
Thank you.

The wife comes back into the front hall.

WIFE
I've written the number of the
restaurant on the notepad by
the phone.
(to Doctor)
Zip me up, will you please?
(to Jill)
If we aren't home in two hours,
it means we've decided to go on
to a movie and won't be back un-
til after midnight. Is that all
right?

JILL
Sure.

DOCTOR
(helping wife on
with her coat)
I've told my service to pick up
any calls coming in to my office
phone.

WIFE
The children are asleep upstairs --
first door on your left at the top
of the landing. They're both just
getting over a cold -- so try not
to wake them.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

JILL

Okay.

WIFE

Do you have any questions?

Jill shakes her head.

WIFE

We have to go now. We're late.

They cross to the front door and begin to exit.

DOCTOR

Make yourself at home. The refrigerator's loaded.

WIFE

(pulling doctor
through the door)

Goodbye.

The doctor pokes his head back through the door.

DOCTOR

We even have some low-fat yogurt.

WIFE (O.S.)

Will you please come on!

DOCTOR

Bye.

The doctor pulls the door shut behind him. Jill turns toward the living room. Pause. She walks into the living room and sets her books down on a table with the telephone on it.

O. S. we hear the car doors close, the engine start up, then the car backing out the driveway and heading down the street.

CUT TO:

3 INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

3

It is dark. O. S. we hear the phone in the living room being lifted off its receiver, a dial tone, then a number is dialed. Pause, then ringing. CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES from the dining room, across the front hall and into the living room where we see Jill talking over the phone to a girlfriend, NANCY.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY (O.S.)
Hello?

JILL
Nancy?

NANCY (O.S.)
Hello, Jill? How's it going?
(out of phone)
I got it, Dad!
(beat)
Father!
(into phone again)
Jesus Christ! My father's in
one of his moods again. Male
menopause, you know. So how
are you?

JILL
All right.

NANCY (O.S.)
Are you over at Dr. Mandrakis'?

JILL
Yeah, I've been here for about
an hour already.

NANCY (O.S.)
Isn't it a neat house?

JILL
I guess... I haven't looked
around very much.

NANCY (O.S.)
Did you see his kids?

JILL
No, they were asleep when I got
here.

NANCY (O.S.)
They're really cute. So what
can I do for you?

JILL
You didn't happen to talk to
Billy today, did you?

NANCY (O.S.)
Yeah, I talked to him.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

JILL

Did he say anything about me?

Pause.

NANCY (O.S.)

I don't know what you did to him, or said to him, or what... but he's really pissed off at you! What did you do?

JILL

It's what I didn't do.

NANCY (O.S.)

(sarcastic)

Yeah, I can imagine.

JILL

Do me a favor, Nance.

NANCY (O.S.)

What.

JILL

Do you think you'll be talking with Billy some time tonight?

NANCY (O.S.)

Prabably. I'm going to the library in a few minutes. I just have to get out of this house!

(beat)

Hey! Why don't Billy and I come over there? He'll come along if I tell him to.

JILL

That isn't what I had in mind.

NANCY (O.S.)

You'll be safe with Billy. I'll be there. Come on.

JILL

Nancy, all you want to do is come over here and get drunk.

NANCY (O.S.)

Who? Me?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

JILL
(mimicking)
Who? Me?

NANCY (O.S.)
You want to see Billy, don't
you?!

JILL
I've got a lot of work to do.
I don't want you coming over!

Long pause.

NANCY (O.S.)
You know what your problem is,
Jill, is you're so straight. I
really mean that. You go to a
private school, you wear a bra.
No one can have a good time with
you!

(beat)
You know, Billy asked me to go
out with him this weekend, and
I was really really tempted be-
cause I like Billy...a lot...
as much as you do. But I told
him I couldn't, that I didn't
think it was right because you
were my friend --

JILL
You are my friend.

Pause.

NANCY (O.S.)
Yeah. I guess so.

JILL
Listen, just give Billy the
number here, but don't tell him
I told you to. Okay?

Pause.

NANCY (O.S.)
Okay. I've got to go now.

JILL
Okay, Nancy. Bye. And thank
you.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

NANCY (O.S.)
Yeah. Bye.

Jill makes a face at the phone and hangs up. She tries to go back to her homework, but she cannot.

CUT TO:

4 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

4

Jill is working now, diligently. The phone rings. She picks it up.

JILL
Hello?

There is a brief pause; then the line goes dead and a dial tone cuts in. Jill hangs up and goes back to work.

Pause.

The phone rings again. Jill picks it up.

JILL
Billy?...

A VOICE speaks on the other end of the phone.

VOICE (O.S.)
Have you checked the children?

JILL
What?

The line goes dead. Dial tone. Jill hangs up and goes right back to work.

CUT TO:

5 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

5

Jill sits at the table as before, doing her homework, smoking a cigarette. The phone rings. Jill picks it up.

JILL
Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)
Have you checked the children?

JILL
Mrs. Mandrakis?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

The line goes dead. Dial tone. Jill hangs up and looks off into space, thinking.

O. S. we hear a faint rattling noise from somewhere in the house. Jill hears it too. She stubs out her cigarette, gets up from the table and walks out of the living room.

6 INT. HALLWAY

Jill enters the hallway and pauses. Then she starts walking slowly down the hall to the kitchen door.

Again the rattling noise O. S., only louder this time. Jill stops dead, listens, then continues forward even more cautiously.

7 INT. KITCHEN

As Jill enters. She cannot find the lightswitch, so she stands in the darkness listening. Again the rattle, very close now. Jill turns her head sharply, then walks to the refrigerator and opens it. It is only the automatic ice-maker creating the rattle.

Jill takes a piece of cake from the refrigerator and leaves the kitchen.

8 INT. LIVING ROOM

Jill is sitting at the table, polishing off the cake. Then, the phone rings. Jill stands up quickly and picks up the phone.

JILL

Hello!

Pause.

VOICE (O.S.)

Have you checked the children?

JILL

Billy! I don't think this is very funny!

Pause. "Billy" doesn't answer.

JILL (CONT'D)

...Who is this?

The line goes dead. Jill stands frozen beside the table with the phone in her hand as the dial tone gets louder and louder.

CUT TO:

9 INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

9

Jill is standing at the wet bar in the corner, pouring herself a drink. She samples the alcohol, doesn't cough, and starts to pour a little more into the glass.

The phone rings. Jill turns, then slowly walks to the table, kneels down and quietly picks up the phone and brings it to her ear. She waits and listens, a full three seconds. No sound comes to her.

She quickly hangs up the phone before the silence can be broken by the voice she knows is waiting on the other end. Then, she shuffles through her books and papers on the table-top until she finds the notepad the doctor's wife has left for her with the name and phone number of the restaurant.

Jill picks up the phone and dials. After several rings...

MAITRE D' (O.S.)
Golden Bull...

JILL
Hello, I'd like to speak to Dr.
Mandrakis. This is his baby-
sitter.

MAITRE D' (O.S.)
Hold on a minute.

Jill waits for several seconds until the Maitre D' comes back on the line.

MAITRE D' (O.S.)
Hello?

JILL
Yes?

MAITRE D' (O.S.)
Dr. Mandrakis left the restaurant
about forty minutes ago.

JILL
Forty minutes?

MAITRE D' (O.S.)
That's right.

JILL
(after a beat)
Okay. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

She hangs up, thinks for a moment, then picks up the phone again and dials "0"...

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Operator...

JILL

Hello, Operator? Can you get me the police?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Is this an emergency?

JILL

Yes!

(beat)

No, not really.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

The number is 555-9431. Would you like me to connect you?

JILL

Please.

Pause.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Seventh Precinct, Sergeant Sacker.

JILL

Hello, I've been getting phone calls, every fifteen minutes or so. I think it's a man. He's trying to scare me.

SACKER (O.S.)

An anonymous caller?

JILL

That's right.

SACKER (O.S.)

Has he threatened you?

JILL

No.

SACKER (O.S.)

Has he been using obscene language?

(CONTINUED)

JILL

No. He just keeps calling me. Sometimes he doesn't say anything.

SACKER (O.S.)

There's really nothing we can do about it down here. Is the phone listed in your name?

JILL

No, I'm just the babysitter.

SACKER (O.S.)

It's probably just some weirdo. The city's full of them. Believe it or not, we get reports like this every night. It's nothing to worry about.

JILL

Oh...

SACKER (O.S.)

Have you tried whistling?

JILL

What?

SACKER (O.S.)

If you can find a good loud whistle somewhere in the house, blow it into the phone hard, next time he calls. Probably break his eardrum. He won't bother you after that.

JILL

No, I... You're probably right. It's nothing to worry about.

SACKER (O.S.)

Or you could just take your phone off the hook.

JILL

No, the people I'm babysitting for might try to reach me.

SACKER (O.S.)

Well, as I say, there's nothing we can really do to help you down here.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

JILL
Okay. Thank you.

SACKER (O.S.)
You bet. Goodnight.

JILL
Goodnight.

Jill hangs up. After thinking for a moment, she tries a couple of ways of whistling as loud as she can, but frustrated and feeling foolish, she soon gives up.

CUT TO:

10 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

10

Jill is sitting in an armchair facing the TV set. The TV is on, but she is bored. She runs through several channels, then gets up and turns the TV off.

She looks around and moves aimlessly back to the table, but O. S. a dog is barking and she is drawn to the window. A car passes outside, its lights reflecting off the window and Jill's face.

Then the phone rings. Jill moves quickly from the window to the table and answers the phone.

JILL
Hello?

Pause.

VOICE (O.S.)
Why haven't you checked the children?

Stunned, Jill hangs up the phone. She turns and goes slowly back to the window. She pulls the shutters closed in front of the window. Then she walks out of the living room.

11 INT. FRONT HALL

11

Jill goes to the front door, turns the bolt and draws the chain across the door. Then she starts to go upstairs.

The phone rings. She stops halfway up the stairs. She turns and comes back down the stairs to answer the phone, but then

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

thinks better of it. She sits on the bottom step and lets the phone ring and ring...

Finally, it stops. Jill gets up and heads into the living room.

12 INT. LIVING ROOM

12

Jill goes to the table, picks up the phone and dials...

SACKER (O.S.)
Seventh Precinct, Sergeant Sacker.

JILL
I called you before...about the man who keeps calling me?

SACKER (O.S.)
Oh, yeah.

JILL
He called me again.

SACKER (O.S.)
Did you try whistling?

JILL
No, he's out there somewhere.

SACKER (O.S.)
Out where?

JILL
In the neighborhood. He's been watching me... through the windows.

SACKER (O.S.)
Did you see him?

JILL
No. I know he's there.

SACKER (O.S.)
Is the house locked up?

JILL
Yes.

SACKER (O.S.)
And the windows?

JILL
Yes. Everything.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SACKER (O.S.)

Then you're safe. If he wanted to break in, he wouldn't be calling you.

Pause.

JILL

Please, can't you help me? I'm all alone.

SACKER (O.S.)

Tell you what. If this guy calls you again --

JILL

He will call again! I know he will!

SACKER (O.S.)

Okay, calm down now. I can alert the phone company so that if he calls again we can try to trace the call. What's your number there?

JILL

555-0672.

SACKER (O.S.)

And the address?

JILL

3317 Oakridge Drive.

SACKER (O.S.)

Oh, yeah, I know where that is. All right. If the guy calls again, try to keep him on the line for at least a minute so we can trace the call.

JILL

But he never stays on that long! Sometimes he hangs up after just a couple of seconds.

SACKER (O.S.)

It's the only way we can help you.

(beat)

By the way, what's your name?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

JILL

Jill Johnson.

SACKER (O.S.)

Jill, the important thing is to relax. You're safe where you are. We've got patrolmen cruising the area all night long. Just stay calm. Will you do that for me?

JILL

Yes.

SACKER (O.S.)

In the meantime, we'll be watching your line. Okay, Jill?

JILL

Okay.

SACKER (O.S.)

Call again if there's any problem.

JILL

Thank you.

SACKER (O.S.)

Goodnight.

Jill hangs up the phone and looks forlornly off into space.

CUT TO:

13 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

13

Jill is sitting on the sofa, a drink in one hand, a cigarette in the other. She is waiting. She sets her glass down, stubs out the cigarette, leans back and sighs. She is very tense.

Then the phone rings. She rises from the sofa and slowly crosses to the table. She sits down and picks up the phone. During this conversation it becomes apparent that the VOICE has a slight English accent.

JILL

Hello?

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (O.S.)
It's me.

JILL
I know. Who are you?

Pause. No answer.

JILL (CONT'D)
I won't be here much longer.
The doctor and his wife are
coming home soon.

VOICE (O.S.)
I know.

JILL
Can you see me?

VOICE (O.S.)
Yes.

JILL
(turning toward
the window)
I'm sorry I turned the lights
down. It didn't work anyway.
I can turn them back up if you
like --

VOICE (O.S.)
Don't.

JILL
Don't?
(beat)
You've really scared me. Is that
what you wanted?
(beat)
Is that waht you wanted?

VOICE (O.S.)
No.

JILL
What do you want?

VOICE (O.S.)
Your blood...all over me.

Pause. Jill is terrified.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

JILL

You don't know me. You don't know who I am or where I live. I'll get Dr. Mandrakis to drive me home. Him or the police.

VOICE (O.S.)

You've called the police?

Pause. Jill searches for some way of answering him.

JILL

I want to talk to you.

The line goes dead. Jill hangs up. She stands. She starts to shake.

The phone rings and Jill snatches it up.

JILL

Leave me alone!

SACKER (O.S.)

Jill, this is Sergeant Sacker! Listen to me!

(beat)

We've traced the call. It's coming from within the house. A squad car's on its way over there now...just get out of that house!

Jill hangs up. She stands frozen in shock. Several seconds go by. She doesn't move.

Then the phone rings. She turns and tiptoes toward the front door. Halfway there, the phone stops ringing. She pauses for a second, then continues.

14 INT. FRONT HALL

14

Jill reaches the front door. Carefully, quietly, she turns the bolt. Then O.S. she hears a creak. She turns and looks up the staircase. At the top, a door is opening. Someone is coming out! A mumbling sound is heard on the sound track.

Jill whirls around back to the door and yanks at it. It opens, but only an inch. The chain is still across it! She frantically works to get the chain free. After agonizing seconds, the chain falls clear and the door swings open.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Standing there on the other side of the door, is a police Detective, JOHN CLIFFORD. (We have cut ahead in time some twenty or thirty minutes.) Behind him on the street, several patrol cars and an ambulance are pulled up at the curb, their domelights silently flashing.

CLIFFORD

Are the parents here yet?

COP'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah, they arrived about ten minutes ago.

CLIFFORD

Christ!

(beat)

What a homecoming!

COP'S VOICE (O.S.)

They wanted to talk to someone. I asked them to wait until you got here. Come on in.

Clifford sighs and steps into the front hall. The door is closed by the uniformed COP with whom Clifford has been speaking. The cop is a man in his thirties. His name is CHARLES GARBER. Garber and Clifford stand in the front hall and talk as POLICEMEN and AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS move around them. In the living room beyond can be seen several other POLICEMEN, Dr. Mandrakis and his wife.

GARBER

We were only a block away when the call went out. When we got here, the guy was still waiting upstairs in the children's bedroom. He was covered with blood.

CLIFFORD

Blood?

GARBER

Not his own. The children had been dead for several hours.

CLIFFORD

Jesus...

GARBER

He'd been using an old phone in their bedroom that the parents had never had disconnected.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

15

CLIFFORD

Who is he?

GARBER

We found a Merchant Seaman's card on him. He's English. Entered the country less than a week ago.

CLIFFORD

How about the babysitter?

GARBER

She's going to be all right.

As Garber delivers his final line, we see ambulance attendants dressed in white, taking a sheet-covered stretcher out the front door.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

15

EXT. STREET - LATER AFTERNOON

15

An upper-class neighborhood. The CAMERA is facing down the street. A car approaches the intersection at the end of the block, turns and comes slowly up the street.

Because it is not a new car or an expensive car, and because it is moving at a rate which suggests that its sole male occupant is looking for house numbers, we can assume that the DRIVER is a visitor to this neighborhood.

The CAMERA PANS with the car ninety degrees as it turns into the semi-circular driveway of a mansion and rolls up to the front door.

A TITLE appears across the bottom of the screen:

4:30 pm Thursday, April 20, 1978

As the TITLE FADES, the driver shuts off the car engine and opens the door to get out.

CUT TO:

16

INT. MANSION - DAY

16

The doorbell rings. A HOUSEBOY comes into the front hall, goes to the door and opens it for the visitor. It is John Clifford, the detective from six years ago.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

He has aged noticeably over the years. His hair is grayer, his stance not so aggressive, but his eyes still smoulder with the accumulated frustration of having spent years in an uncertain, sometimes unsatisfying, and frequently unsafe occupation.

No words are exchanged as the houseboy leads Clifford across the entrance hall and up an imposing flight of stairs. Still keen in his observation of things, Clifford quickly takes in this new atmosphere.

The house is richly decorated but with an underlying theme of melancholy. There are no bright or cheerful furnishings, and the houseboy advances with guarded tread, his face steady and reverent.

The houseboy stops before a door at the top of the staircase and raps lightly on it with his knuckles. Without waiting for an answer, he opens the door and steps aside for Clifford to enter.

Clifford pauses briefly, then walks into what appears to be an upstairs study.

17 INT. STUDY - DAY

17

A MAN is sitting behind a desk which faces the door. Presumably he is the master of the house. Although his face is hidden in shadows, we can see from his hands that he is engaged in writing something down.

Clifford quietly approaches the desk and takes a seat in front of it. Then, vaguely in keeping with the spirit of the house, he waits to be spoken to rather than interrupt the pervasive stillness.

After a moment, the master of the house lays down his pen and leans back in his chair. Pause.

MASTER

So you're in business for yourself now.

CLIFFORD

(quietly)

Yes, sir, for the past three and a half years.

(CONTINUED)

MASTER

That's good.

(beat)

And you'd heard about Curt
Duncan's escape?

CLIFFORD

Oh, yes.

MASTER

Do you think the police will...
find him?

Pause.

CLIFFORD

I know they haven't assigned
anyone to it specifically.
It's an old case.

MASTER

(a tinge of
bitterness)

An old case.

(beat)

Can you find him?

CLIFFORD

Yes. Maybe not tomorrow, may-
be not this week, but I'll find
him.

MASTER

He could be anywhere by now.

CLIFFORD

I don't think so...because he's
a foreigner. He'll come back
to the city. After six years
in confinement, it's the only
place that's familiar to him.
That's important.

Pause.

MASTER

A man murders two children in
cold blood. A jury declares
him insane. How could such a
person not be?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Clifford lowers his eyes, doesn't answer.

MASTER (CONT'D)

He is sent to a state mental institution where the security is...less than perfect. And he escapes. It...it isn't fair.

The master of the house leans way forward over his desk, and his face comes out of the shadows and into the light. It is Dr. Mandrakis.

He seems much older. His complexion is pallid. His eyes stare out from beneath his brow like a wounded animal hiding in a dark cave.

MANDRAKIS

A thing like that should never be allowed to happen again.

CLIFFORD

I couldn't agree with you more.

They look at each other for a long moment of acknowledgment. Then Mandrakis stands up with a sigh.

MANDRAKIS

Go ahead then. My accountant will contact you.

Clifford stands and they shake hands.

CLIFFORD

Thank you.

(beat)

How is Mrs. Mandrakis?

MANDRAKIS

She is...unable to have any more children.

CLIFFORD

I'm sorry. Please give her my best.

MANDRAKIS

Of course.

Clifford turns to go.

18 INT. MANSION - STAIRCASE & ENTRANCE HALL

18

As Clifford finds his own way down the stairs and out the front door.

A WOMAN watches Clifford leave from the back of the staircase. It is Mrs. Mandrakis. As with her husband, the change in her is remarkable. She is now a brooding, barren woman.

O.S. the front door closes. Clifford is gone. Mrs. Mandrakis walks around the front of the stairs and begins slowly ascending them.

The houseboy silently steps into the entrance hall from a side door and watches her.

CUT TO:

19 INT. A HALLWAY - MENTAL INSTITUTION - DAY

19

A male PATIENT wearing green, institutional pajamas and slippers shuffles slowly up the hall. His movement is catatonic, unfocused.

Canned Musak faintly underscores the scene.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Curt Duncan isn't going to run right out and kill more children. I'm not worried about that.

ANGLE ON CLIFFORD

Standing in the doorway of an office, facing into the hall, watching the patient.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.-CONT'D)

We had him for six years... under continuous therapy, some of it rather forceful...

ANGLE ON PATIENT

Moving past CAMERA. He is really out of it. It is a depressing, vaguely unnerving sight.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.-CONT'D.)

...and drugs...tranquilizers depressants, lithium...

ANGLE ON CLIFFORD

He turns and goes back into the office.

20 INT. OFFICE - DAY

20

We see now the MAN who's been talking - the director of the State Hospital, DR. MONK. He is sitting comfortably behind his desk; his jacket off, his tie loosened, his feet up on the desk. He is very matter-of-fact.

DR. MONK (CONT'D)
Eventually, anyone will respond
to the treatment here.

Clifford sits down in front of the desk, picks up a folder and leafs through it.

CLIFFORD
You gave him electric shock?

DR. MONK
Yeah, we zapped him a few times.
It's fairly standard.

CLIFFORD
It says here thirty-eight...
thirty-eight times.

Monk shrugs, then yawns expansively. He needn't justify himself to the layman.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
What will happen to him now,
without the drugs he was on?

DR. MONK'S SECRETARY enters the office and hands him a folder. Without interrupting the delivery of his lines, Monk takes the folder, opens it, initials something on the inside, closes the folder and hands it back to the secretary who turns and leaves the office without uttering a word.

DR. MONK
There'll be some deterioration.
That's inevitable, but we can't
say how much.

Pause. Clifford looks at the doctor as if questioning his casual assessment of "some deterioration."

CLIFFORD
During the time that you had him
here, did you discover any parti-
cular habits of his, peculiarities,
quirks, anything that might help
me find him?

(CONTINUED)

DR. MONK
(shrugging again)
It's all in the folder.

CLIFFORD
Any letters from people back
in England? Family?

DR. MONK
That, too, is in the folder.

Clifford directs a bleak look back down at the open folder,
then looks up again, his eyes narrowing.

CLIFFORD
Let's get something straight
here, Doctor. I've been 33
years in the business of track-
ing people down and putting
them away. I spent almost a
year on Curt Duncan alone, with
the trial, the testimonies, the
background investigations. I
didn't come here today to look
in your goddamn folders. In
fact, I wouldn't have come here
at all if you'd done your job
right.

Pause.

DR. MONK
Mr. Clifford, this is a hospital,
not a penitentiary. Everything
that pertains to one of our pa-
tients is meticulously recorded
in that patient's folder...whether
you can make sense of it or not.

They glare at each other for several seconds. Monk is the
first one to look away.

DR. MONK (CONT'D)
Curt Duncan is a classic para-
noid-schizophrenic. They see
themselves as victims, and they
always blame other people for
the way they are. When Duncan
killed the Mandrakis kids, it
wasn't an act of hostility
against the children but against

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

DR. MONK (CONT'D)
their parents. He was getting
back at his own parents for
traumas he suffered in early
childhood. The criminal side
of Curt Duncan is one of terri-
ble, symbolic vengeance.

CLIFFORD
(looking up)
Assuming he isn't found right
away... what will happen to
him?

Monk rises and walks to a window.

DR. MONK
I think you'll find him. Some-
body will find him. He can't
function out there. He'll make
a mistake.

(turning to
face Clifford)
This is where he belongs. After
six years in here, he's suddenly
gone out to confront the world
again. I think he's in for a
bit of a shock.

Monk looks back out the window.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. CITY STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

21

Not a terribly good section of town. We are looking at the
nondescript exterior of a bar across the street.

22 INT. BAR

22

This is not a slum bar, but it's close. There are a few
tables and chairs and a pool table in the back. The atmos-
phere is quiet, almost depressed, and the handful of REGULARS
here are exercising their privacy without having to be alone.

They include: HANK, the bartender, also the owner, who ab-
sently polishes things with his cloth; TRACY, an unemployed
woman in her mid-forties who sits at the bar with a drink and

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

a cigarette and silently rummages through her current feelings -- none of them new or particularly hopeful; a COUPLE, probably retired, sitting at the same table they come to every afternoon at this time -- him for his beer, her for a glass of sweet white wine; and BILL, at the pool table, a young man lithe and powerful, minding his own business and playing his game of pool with a steady, aggressive concentration.

RETIRED MAN

Rackin' 'em up today, Bill?

Pause.

BILL

(over his shoulder)

Doin' all right.

The old man smiles stupidly around the room. He racked 'em up a little in his day, too. His smile fades as he looks at his wife. He takes a sip of beer and lapses into memories.

Then the door opens to the outside and the yellow-orange light of late afternoon floods into the bar. The regulars turn to glimpse who's coming in. They see the figure of a MAN silhouetted in the doorway. He stands there for a long moment, not coming in. Finally even Bill interrupts his game to turn and look.

HANK

C'mon in and shut the door.

The intruder enters, indecisively. The door swings shut behind him, plunging the room back into darkness. This man is "a little weird", and the regulars continue to stare at him until he makes his way to a table near the wall and sits down. Then everyone returns to his own thoughts.

HANK

(after a moment)

What'll it be?

(pause, no answer)

Hey! What'll it be?

CLOSEUP- INTRUDER

A bit startled, a bit defensive toward the directness of this question. It is Curt Duncan. He looks understandably harried. He hasn't slept or shaved in at least a couple of days, and is wearing regular clothing.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED

22

He clears his throat to answer...

CLIFFORD (O.S.)
What kind of clothes was he
wearing...when he escaped?

CUT TO:

23 INT. DR. MONK'S OFFICE -DAY

23

Clifford is looking through the folder again.

DR. MONK
Ordinary street clothes. Not
all of our patients have to
wear the green Gucci gowns.

CLIFFORD
Did he have any money with him?

DR. MONK
Probably. But not more than,
say, fifty dollars. Some of
the patients are given little
jobs around the ward, for which
they are paid. It's part of
the rehabilitation.

Looking down, Clifford pauses over a page in the folder.

CLOSEUP - FACT SHEET IN FOLDER

A page of legibly organized facts and statistics about Curt
Duncan. One of the entries reads: Guy du Marraux.

CLIFFORD (O.S.)
(reading)
What's Guy du Mar--

DR. MONK (O.S.)
(pronouncing it
correctly)
Guy du Marraux syndrom.

BACK TO SCENE

DR. MONK (CONT'D)
It's a psycho-motor dysfunction.

(CONTINUED)

CLIFFORD

Duncan had it?

DR. MONK

Only from time to time, which is unusual.

CLIFFORD

What is it?

DR. MONK

It attacks the nervous system. People suffering from it are irresistibly compelled to utter obscenities, sometimes one, sometimes a whole string of them. They can't control it.

CLIFFORD

(somewhat taken
aback)

Are you being serious?

DR. MONK

Yeah. Here, I'll give you an example.

He opens a file cabinet drawer, finds a reel of quarter-inch magnetic tape and starts to thread it through a recorder on his desk.

DR. MONK (CONT'D)

Duncan never had the twitch that sometimes goes with it. And with Duncan, as I said, the disease would only manifest itself in periods of extreme anxiety. When he was really flipping out, in other words.

There is a pause as Monk fiddles with the tape recorder and Clifford looks back down at the folder.

CLIFFORD

Duncan was Catholic?

DR. MONK

Yeah.

(beat)

So am I.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

CLIFFORD
(mildly surprised)
That makes three of us.

DR. MONK
Is that right? So we all share
the same guilt.

Clifford smiles. Monk keeps fiddling.

DR. MONK (CONT'D)
Here. This is Curt Duncan
shortly after he was admitted
here in 1972.

Monk turns on the tape recorder as Clifford sits forward in
his chair to listen.

At first, nothing can be heard. Then there is a click as if
the machine was turned on in the middle of a conversation:

DR. MONK (O.S.)
-- to put the situation right.
The hypodermic needles are only
used to give you medication that
will calm you down. They make
you feel good, relaxed. All
right?

(no answer)
We're not putting anything in
your food either. The food is
just food.

DUNCAN (O.S.)
(extremely agitated)
No. I don't eat the food. It
doesn't taste right.

DR. MONK
(to Clifford)
That's Duncan.

Clifford nods and keeps listening:

DR. MONK (O.S.)
Curt, why are you fidgeting?
Can't you get comfortable?

DUNCAN (O.S.)
No, I'm not comfortable!

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

DR. MONK (O.S.)
Wait a -- Hey!
(to someone else)
Hold him down there. Grab him!
Never mind the chair!

There are scuffling noises underneath which can be heard, heavy breathing and then, getting louder and more furious, Duncan falling into the throes of Guy du Marraux.

DR. MONK (O.S.)
(periodically interjecting)
Pull him down... That's right...
Just lay him out... Lay him right out... Steady... Pull out his knees...

Finally Monk is heard no more and Duncan continues with the frightening verbal torrent of Guy du Marraux.

DISSOLVE TO:

24

INT. BAR - LATE AFTERNOON - CLOSEUP - DUNCAN

24

Sitting at his table inside the bar. He takes a long, noisy drink from what looks like a bourbon on the rocks. It tastes good, being the first real drink he's had in over six years. But Duncan cannot relax enough to enjoy it fully. His eyes are ever restlessly, suspiciously moving about.

ANGLE ON BAR

As Bill walks up and stands next to Tracy. Hank moves off to get Bill another beer.

Tracy looks up at Bill and smiles. As regulars at the same bar, they are loose and comfortable with each other.

TRACY
(sotto voce)
A little action for your game?

BILL
(sotto voce)
What, him?

They both turn and look across the room at Duncan.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED;

24

POV - DUNCAN

As Bill and Tracy look straight at him over their shoulders and then turn back.

ANGLE ON BAR

As they both smile at her joke.

TRACY

I wouldn't bet against you.

BILL

What's the matter? You don't like me playing with myself?

Tracy grimaces as Hank comes back with Bill's beer. Bill picks up the bottle, nods his thanks to Hank and heads back to the pool table.

CLOSEUP - DUNCAN

As his eyes follow Bill to the pool table, then come back to Tracy at the bar.

POV - DUNCAN

Looking at the back of Tracy. She reaches into her purse.

ON TRACY

She takes her pack of cigarettes from the purse. She pulls out a cigarette, taps it lightly on the bar, puts it to her lips.

O.S. we hear the sound of a match being struck.

WIDER ANGLE

Duncan is standing beside her holding a lit match. He shoves it forward at her. It goes out.

Duncan fumbles for another match as Tracy regards him with undisguised repulsion. Duncan gets the second match lit and holds it out for her. She accepts the favor and lights her cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Duncan smiles. Tracy nods and turns away. Duncan is still holding the burning match for her to blow out. As it doesn't look like she's going to, he lets it drop, still lit, to the floor.

REACTION SHOT - BARTENDER

He gives a look as if to say, "Jesus, what a fuckin' weirdo".

TWO SHOT - DUNCAN AND TRACY

Pause. Duncan is still smiling at her.

DUNCAN

Hi.

No response.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

What you been up to?

TRACY

(looking at him)

My own business.

(beat)

Thanks for the light. Okay?

The Englishman sits down beside her, but doesn't look at her.

Tracy looks away too, determined to ignore him, not to let him get into her space.

Duncan coughs. After a long moment, he turns back to her.

DUNCAN

Next round's on me.

Tracy keeps her eyes straight ahead, acknowledging nothing.

Pause.

Duncan takes some money from his pocket and lays it on the bar, staring at her. Tracy turns to him:

TRACY

(annoyed)

Listen, mister, I've got my own money. So, if you don't mind...

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

She looks away again. Pause.

DUNCAN

After what I been through, I
don't mind anything.

Longer pause.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

See, that's the whole point.
My mind... Your mind... Where
do they fit in? You know what
I mean?

Tracy abruptly picks up her purse and moves down the bar
away from him one seat, then another seat.

ANGLE ON ELDERLY COUPLE

They are watching this little spectacle with growing curios-
ity.

ANGLE ON DUNCAN

Still looking at her. By pointing at what she has, he
orders two more drinks from the Bartender. When they arrive,
he takes a big swallow from one, picks up the other, stands,
moves down the bar and sits beside Tracy again.

DUNCAN

(setting her drink
before her)
Do you live around here?

TRACY

Get offa me!!

REACTION SHOTS

Even Bill now looks up from the pool table. His expression
darkens.

ANGLE ON BAR

Tracy has clammed up -- her elbows on the bar, head between

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

her elbows, arms covering her ears, hands clasped behind her neck. Duncan looks at her nervously and starts to talk again:

DUNCAN

(rapidly)

Listen, I didn't mean nothin'.
I don't live around here.
See --?

BILL (O.S.)

I think the lady wants to be
left alone.

Duncan looks up. Bill enters the frame and stands in front of Tracy, confronting Duncan.

CLOSEUP - DUNCAN

Looking up at Bill, his eyes red, his gaze unsteady.

WIDER ANGLE

The air is charged with tension.

BILL

I think an apology is in order.

Duncan doesn't know how to handle this. He looks at Bill, half shrugs, half smiles.

BILL (CONT'D)

That the best you can do?

Duncan looks away. A long moment passes.

BILL (CONT'D)

I think you'd better just move
along, pal.

Duncan doesn't move, says nothing. He swallows hard.

HANK

He'll be okay now, Bill. He
just --

BILL

No! I want him out of here!

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

The bartender steps back, deciding to mind his own business. Tracy gets up from her seat and cautiously moves even further down the bar.

BILL (CONT'D)

(to Duncan)

Go on, beat it.

They glare at each other. The longer Duncan sits there without moving, without saying anything, the angrier Bill gets.

REACTION SHOTS

As the tension builds.

ANGLE ON BAR

Duncan looks away.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'm not going to say it again,
mister.

Duncan reaches for his drink, but Bill reacts quicker. With a swipe of his hand, he knocks the glass off the bar, and it shatters on the floor behind the bar.

Duncan sits there, stunned, not looking up. After a long moment, Duncan coughs. Then he turns and looks at Bill. He purses his lips. It looks like a nervous facial movement. Then suddenly, Duncan spits at Bill, hitting him square in the face.

Before anyone can register what's happened, Bill lunges at Duncan, knocking him clean off the barstool and onto the floor.

The fight is fast, vicious and one-sided from the very start. Pinned to the floor on his back, Duncan flails his arms ineffectually like a panicked insect as Bill holds him in place with a left-handed grip on the collar while his powerful right arm, pumping up and down like a piston, pounds into Duncan's face time and time again.

Duncan's screams diminish into pathetic, sickening groans and the others in the bar are compelled to avert their eyes from this brutal spectacle.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Hank has picked up a phone from beneath the bar and is dialing a number. He turns away from the fight to talk.

Then, as suddenly as Bill first sprang at Duncan, he leaps to his feet and turns to the bar. He reaches over and grabs the phone from Hank, slamming it down into the cradle.

BILL

Who're you calling?

Bill takes the cloth from the bar and vigorously wipes his face off. He snaps his fingers and points to a row of bottles on a shelf behind the bar. Hank quickly hands him a bottle. Bill pours himself a shot and downs it, fast. He is still charged with adrenalin and he takes two more shots in rapid succession, spilling the alcohol on the bar and on himself.

As Bill picks up the cloth to wipe himself off again, Tracy stands up and quickly walks out of the bar, slamming the door behind her.

BILL

(calling after her)

You're welcome, baby!

Then he throws down the cloth, picks up the bottle, turns and, standing over Duncan's inert form, empties half the bottle onto him. He sets the bottle back on the bar. He grabs Duncan and, half dragging, hurries him out the back door and throws him into the alley where Duncan falls in a heap.

Bill storms back up to the bar and pours himself another drink.

BILL

(to Hank)

Okay?

Hank just looks at him, doesn't answer. At the wife's silent insistence, the elderly couple stand up to go.

OLD MAN

Good riddance to bad rubbish,
eh, Bill?

Bill doesn't answer and the couple quietly leave.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED

24

HANK
(apologetic)
A fight breaks out, there's
gonna be damages. Insurance
company doesn't pay without a
police report...

BILL
You see any damages?

Hank lowers his gaze to the floor. Bill finishes his drink.
He is still very hopped up. He pulls a few dollars from his
wallet and drops them on the counter.

BILL (CONT'D)
See ya 'round.

He turns and strides out of the bar.

CAMERA HOLDS for a beat on Hank alone now in his empty es-
tablishment. The phone starts to ring, presumably the police
calling back.

After several rings, Hank picks up the phone and listens.

HANK
(into phone)
No, it's over now...

DISSOLVE TO:

25 INT. LT. GARBER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

25

All the lights are out inside the house, but we should just
be able to see that we are in the hall, looking at the front
door. Footsteps approach on the walk outside. A key slips
into the lock...

Inside the house we can hear faint whispering. Someone is
moving about in the darkness. Then the door swings open
and the shadowy figure of a MAN crosses the threshold. He
stops just inside.

MAN
(calling out)
Donna. Donna! Hey!
(under his breath)
What the hell --!

Suddenly the lights come on and a chorus of voices cry out,
"SURPRISE!"

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

A broad smile breaks across the man's face. We may recognize him as the cop from six years ago - Charles Garber. Today he is a lieutenant on the force and dresses casually for work, usually in slacks, turtleneck and jacket.

GARBER
(genuinely surprised)
What is all this?!

SCATTERED VOICES
Happy birthday, Charlie!

Garber looks sheepishly at his hand holding the pistol he'd drawn just before the lights came up.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Look at him!

MAN'S VOICE
Don't shoot us, Charlie!

GARBER
(chagrined)
How was I supposed to know?

Everybody starts to laugh, including Garber as he returns the pistol to his shoulder holster.

ANGLE ON DONNA

Garber's wife. She comes out of the kitchen carrying a birthday cake with lit candles and makes her way through the crowd of GUESTS singing "Happy Birthday".

Everyone joins in as Donna moves forward and stands beside her husband. Clifford is one of the guests. He has his arm around a young BLOND who is sort of pretty despite her tacky/plastic appearance.

When the song is over, Garber blows out the candles and hugs and kisses his wife. Everybody cheers.

CUT TO:

26 INT. GARBER'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

26

The party is still in full swing. Garber is following Clifford up the stairs. They are both fairly loaded by now.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Garber, in particular, has reached that stage of inebriation where standing still is pretty hard to do.

GARBER

Will you tell me what this is about, Cliff?

CLIFFORD

Yeah, in a minute.

GARBER

I don't think I can take any more of these surprises.

27 INT. A BEDROOM

27

As Clifford and Garber enter. Garber turns on a light as Clifford closes the door, shutting out the sounds of the party below.

GARBER

Okay now, what's the big deal?

CLIFFORD

Stand still. I want you to remember this in the morning.

GARBER

If you want me to remember something in the morning, then tell it to me in the morning.

Garber half comically turns to go. Clifford stops him.

CLIFFORD

Charlie, come on.

ANGLE ON CORNER OF BEDROOM

A BABY between a year and two years old is lying in a crib. It opens its eyes and starts looking around.

GARBER (O.S.)

All right, all right. What is it? You're getting married.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

CLIFFORD

No. I got a job today, tracking someone.

TWO SHOT - CLIFFORD & GARBER

Garber, still moving restlessly, pats his friend on the shoulder.

GARBER

That's great, Cliff; I'm sure you'll find your man.

CLIFFORD

It's Curt Duncan.

Garber stops suddenly, stunned. In an instant, he has become stone sober.

GARBER

What?

ANGLE ON BABY

Kicking and wiggling about.

CLIFFORD (O.S.)

You didn't know he got out?

The baby opens its mouth and starts to cry.

TWO SHOT - CLIFFORD & GARBER

Garber glances over his shoulder at the baby, then turns back to Clifford.

CLIFFORD

I need your cooperation on this one.

GARBER

Sure. Anything.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

28

It is late. The block is virtually deserted. Across the street is the exterior of a bar -- the same bar Duncan was in earlier. Some PEOPLE are coming out of the bar. It must be near closing time. The people turn left and walk away down the sidewalk. Their voices diminish. Pause.

A car passes. Then the door to the bar opens again and a woman comes out onto the sidewalk. It is Tracy. She turns to the right and starts to walk away.

CLOSEUP - DUNCAN

He is standing in shadows across the street, watching her.

29 EXT. TRACY ON STREET - NIGHT

29

A series of shots of Tracy walking home. The CAMERA remains consistently behind her or off to one side, sometimes DOLLYING with her behind a row of parked cars, sometimes picking up her passing reflection in a darkened store window.

The impression this gives is unmistakable. Curt Duncan is following her. We do not see him, we do not hear him, yet we know he is there. Often we can sense that the very angle from which we see Tracy is his POV.

But Tracy is aware of nothing. We know this when the CAMERA begins to move in front of her, once more becoming an impersonal observer of her walk homeward, to safety.

Tension mounts as we start to expect that Duncan will jump out at her from every alley and recessed doorway she passes. But he doesn't.

Finally, Tracy walks up to the CAMERA at the end of a block and turns a corner; but the CAMERA HOLDS on the dark street she has just come up. We hear a cough which confirms that Duncan is lurking somewhere in the shadows.

30 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

30

Tracy walks up the steps and enters the apartment.

31 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

31

Tracy steps into the elevator. The doors close. CAMERA HOLDS

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

on the elevator and watches the lights above it travel from one to six.

O.S. we hear the door to the apartment building open and close.

32 INT. SIXTH FLOOR

Tracy steps out of the elevator and walks down the hall to her door. She fumbles through her purse for keys, then bends over the lock to let herself in.

Behind her down the hall, Duncan appears. He watches her, starts to move silently forward. Tracy gets the door open, then turns and sees him. Duncan stops.

TRACY

Oh, it's you!

(beat)

What do you want?

DUNCAN

(moving forward)

...Came to apologize. I...

TRACY

Look, I'm the one who should be sorry. I didn't want that to happen.

(she sees his
face; shudders)

Oh, God! Look at you. Are you all right.

Duncan half shrugs, half smiles. Tracy edges into her doorway. Duncan stands opposite her.

DUNCAN

I'm new in town. Don't know anybody...

TRACY

(uncomfortable)

Where're you from?

SANDERS

(coughs)

New York. Ever been there?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

TRACY

Sure. Sure I've been there.

They look at each other. Duncan coughs again.

DUNCAN

Kind of a mean place to be.
Everyone cold, unfriendly...

Inside Tracy's apartment, the telephone rings. Tracy turns vaguely, indecisively, and goes to answer it.

TRACY

(over her shoulder)

Excuse me.

She disappears into the apartment. O.S. she picks up the ringing phone.

TRACY (O.S.)

Hello?...

33 INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT

33

As she sits with the telephone.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(nervous)

...No, I just got in... I
don't know if I can... Listen,
I can't talk now. Can I call
you back? ...Okay... Goodbye.

She hangs up the phone, stands and turns back toward the door. Duncan is standing right behind her.

DUNCAN

I'm not from New York, actually.
But I'm very, very far from
home.

He sits down.

TRACY

Look, you can't come in here.

Duncan looks at her for a moment, then looks about the apartment.

(CONTINUED)

DUNCAN

(mumbling)

I thought we might get some coffee. Can I buy you --?

TRACY

I don't think so.

DUNCAN

Someplace nearby?

TRACY

Not tonight. You'd better go.

DUNCAN

I got no place to go.

TRACY

(anxious)

You can't --

DUNCAN

Just, just a little coffee?

TRACY

Maybe tomorrow.

DUNCAN

Okay, tomorrow. When?

TRACY

I said maybe. I don't know.

(beat)

Listen, I'm sorry about this afternoon. I really am. All right? That was my boyfriend on the phone. He's coming over. So please leave. Now.

Duncan doesn't move. He smiles at her.

DUNCAN

I like you.

TRACY

(her voice rising)

Look, do you want me to call the cops?

DUNCAN

(standing)

It's okay. It's okay.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

He backs to the doorway and pauses.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
I'll see you later...sometime.
I still want to buy you that
drink.

He steps into the hall. Tracy closes the front door and bolts it. She turns, leans against it and sighs.

Outside the door, Duncan's footsteps move down the hall, pause, then come back to the door. A moment passes. Then there is a faint knocking on the door. Tracy doesn't move. The knocking comes again, a little louder this time. Tracy stands and waits, scarcely breathing. After another long moment, the footsteps finally move away.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A car pulls into the parking lot behind the station. Clifford and Garber get out and walk into the building.

35 INT. POLICE STATION

Clifford and Garber walk down a hallway. Uniformed POLICEMEN walk to and fro around them.

CLIFFORD
Jesus, I don't recognize any-
body.

GARBER
Three years is a long time in
a place like this.

CLIFFORD
Three and a half.

Garber stops at the WATCH COMMANDER'S desk and picks up some paperwork. The WC looks up briefly and sees Clifford.

WC
Hiya, Cliff. Howya doin'?

The WC looks down again. Three and a half years mean nothing to him.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

CLIFFORD
(taken aback)

Hi...

He can't remember the man's name. Garber smiles at him and they continue walking.

GARBER
How long will you be here?

CLIFFORD
Depends on how lucky I get.
(beat)
I'll only be coming around once,
maybe twice a week.

GARBER
You want to use your old desk?
Someplace to sit down?

CLIFFORD
(surprised)
Is it vacant?

36 INT. OFFICE - POLICE STATION

36

- A. Clifford and Garber appear in the doorway. Clifford enters, walks up to his old desk, opens some of the drawers -- they are empty -- sits down in his old chair, smiles at Garber.
- B. We see Clifford opening a file cabinet and taking out a folder stuffed with notices and reports --
- C. Clifford standing beside a Xerox machine running off a copy of something --
- D. Clifford standing in a hallway talking to a PATROLMAN. Clifford has a legal pad with him and is jotting something down on it as the patrolman speaks --
- E. Clifford at his desk, making notes on the legal pad --
- F. Garber is at his desk, on the phone, Clifford appears in the doorway carrying his legal pad. He waves goodbye to Garber who nods in response.

CUT TO:

37 INT. LOBBY OF A FLOPHOUSE HOTEL

37

Clifford questions the DESK CLERK. He shows the clerk a photo of Duncan taken some years ago in the mental institution. The clerk shakes his head and starts to hand the picture back when Clifford motions for him to keep it. As Clifford leaves, the clerk turns the picture over...

CLOSEUP - BACK OF PICTURE

Revealing Clifford's name and phone numbers, and a twenty dollar bill paperclipped to the back of the picture --

38 EXT. STREET

38

As Clifford pulls his car up to the curb, then consults his legal pad --

CLOSEUP - LEGAL PAD

The top three addresses are crossed out. Clifford underlines the fourth --

BACK TO SCENE

Clifford looks up from the pad to a bar he has pulled up in front of -- the bar Duncan was in. It bears the address Clifford has just underlined. Clifford gets out of his car and walks up to the bar. A "Closed" sign is displayed in the window. Clifford knocks on the door. After a moment, Hank opens the door.

CUT TO:

39 INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

39

There are only a few CUSTOMERS sitting around, waiting for their wash. A BUM is stretched out on his back across one of the tables like a corpse awaiting autopsy. This is CHEATER.

A MAINTENANCE MAN in grey work clothes enters from the back. He opens a broom closet, takes out a bucket and mop and rolls them toward the front of the laundromat. He stops at Cheater's table and shakes him hard.

MAINTENANCE MAN

Okay, man, move it out. Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

CHEATER

Wha--?

Cheater sits up and starts to pull himself together. An OLD WOMAN sitting against the wall points down one of the aisles of washing machines and says to the maintenance man:

OLD WOMAN

There's another one down there.

The maintenance man goes to the end of the aisle and looks down into the nook created by the absence of one of the washing machines.

MAINTENANCE MAN

Hey!

He nudges at whatever's inside the nook with his foot.

MAINTENANCE MAN (CONT'D)

(nudging again)

Come on, bright eyes. Wake up. Wake -- Jesus Christ! What happened to you?

ANGLE ON NOOK

As Curt Duncan raises his head into the light and looks up at the maintenance man. Overnight, his face has swollen considerably and a bright yellow and purple discoloring around his bruises has emerged.

MAINTENANCE MAN (O.S.)

You get hit by a truck or what?

He bends over and helps pull Duncan to his feet.

WIDER ANGLE

As the maintenance man guides Duncan to the door.

MAINTENANCE MAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, man, but you can't stay in here. Go out to the park, lay in the sunshine. You'll feel better. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Duncan goes out the door. The maintenance man turns and sees Cheater stretched out again on the table.

MAINTENANCE MAN (CONT'D)

God bless it! Hey!

He pulls Cheater off the table and pushes him to the door.

MAINTENANCE MAN (CONT'D)

Out. Out. Out. Out. Out.

40 EXT. LAUNDROMAT

40

As Cheater is pushed out onto the sidewalk.

CHEATER

(angry)

All right! All right!

He straightens his rags indignantly, then looks at Duncan and grins.

CHEATER (CONT'D)

Whaddya say, pardner. I'm dry as a bone. You got any money?

Duncan looks at Cheater distrustfully and shakes his head.

CHEATER (CONT'D)

You neither, huh?

(with a laugh)

My name is Morgan, but it ain't J. P. Guess I better go to work. Take 'er easy now, pardner.

Cheater shuffles off in one direction. Duncan turns and goes in the other.

CUT TO:

41 INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - DAY

41

A knock at the front door. After a moment, Tracy comes into the front hallway and, crossing to the door, stubs her toe on the open closet door. She swears under her breath and angrily slams the closet door shut. Then, grabbing her injured toe, she hops to the front door.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY

Who is it?

CLIFFORD (O.S.)

My name's John Clifford. I'm
a private investigator.

TRACY

A what?

CLIFFORD (O.S.)

A private detective.

Pause.

TRACY

What do you want with me?

CLIFFORD (O.S.)

I'd just like to talk, ask a
few questions.

TRACY

I've got nothing to say about
anything or anybody.

Pause.

CLIFFORD (O.S.)

Listen, lady, I can be back in
thirty minutes with a search
warrant and a handful of cops,
and I can probably have you
arrested, whether or not the
charges would stick. Now do
you want to let me in and talk?

TRACY

Have you got a badge?

CLIFFORD (O.S.)

I'll show you a badge when you
open the goddamn door!

Tracy unbolts the door and opens it. Clifford walks right
in and closes the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

I don't carry a badge. I'm issued a license, a piece of paper, and I left it at home. You're Tracy Fuller?

Tracy nods.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Can we sit down?

Tracy leads him into the living room. They sit. Clifford gives her a picture.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Do you recognize this man?

TRACY

Why?

Clifford lets out a sigh of frustration, realizing that this woman will continue to be difficult.

CLIFFORD

He's escaped from the insane asylum. In 1972, he murdered two children...broke into a house and found them asleep in bed. It was a little boy, five and a half, and a little three-year-old girl. After the coroner's investigation, their bodies were taken to the mortuary, where the undertaker took one look at them and said he couldn't have their bodies reconstructed for the funeral without six days of steady work. Then he asked what had been the murder weapon, because looking at the mess in front of him, he couldn't imagine what had been used. The coroner told him there had been no murder weapon. The killer had used only his hands.

(beat)

The undertaker went to work and had them done in four.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

The picture falls out of Tracy's hands. She is stunned to the point of nausea.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

TRACY

(barely able to
say it)

He's been here.

42 EXT. STREET

42

Duncan is standing on the sidewalk huddled close to a wall. He is looking up at Tracy's apartment building across the street.

POV - DUNCAN

Traveling up the wall of the building to the open window of Tracy's apartment on the sixth floor. SLOW ZOOM IN:

CLIFFORD (O.S.)

Do you think he'll try to see
you again?

TRACY (O.S.)

I don't know. He said he had
no place else to go.

43 INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT

43

CLIFFORD

Let's play it safe. Let's assume
that he will.

CLOSEUP - TRACY

Reacting to this possibility.

CLIFFORD (O.S.)

Will you work with me?

She nods, hesitantly.

44 EXT. STREET

44

Duncan turns up an alley across the street from Tracy's apartment building and disappears.

Sound over: knocking on a door.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. BAR - DAY

45

Clifford is standing at the door. The "Closed" sign still hangs in the window. The door opens, and Hank sticks his head out.

HANK

You again?

CLIFFORD

What are your hours tonight?

HANK

No hours. Bar's closed on Mondays.

CLIFFORD

I want you to be open if that's possible.

HANK

(closing the door)
No way. Monday's my night off.
Come back tomorr...

Clifford violently pushes the door open. The bartender backs off, surprised.

CLIFFORD

(through clenched
teeth)

This is tomorrow! Now what
are your hours?

CUT TO:

46 INT. LT. GARBER'S OFFICE - DAY

46

Garber is sitting behind his desk as Clifford walks in.

GARBER

(looking up)
Any luck?

(CONTINUED)

CLIFFORD

I've come to say goodbye, and
thank you.

GARBER

You found him?

CLIFFORD

I think so.

GARBER

Where?

Pause.

CLIFFORD

From here on, I go it alone.

GARBER

What's the point of chancing
it, Cliff? We'll let you take
the credit.

CLIFFORD

No.

Pause. Clifford sits down.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

I'm going to kill him, Charlie.

Garber leans forward in his chair and stares at Clifford. A long moment passes. A button on the lieutenant's phone lights up and the intercom buzzes. Garber doesn't even look down at it. The button flashes on and off, on and off. Finally it stops.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

The closer I get to this guy,
the more I... It gets to me.
I don't know...

GARBER

I think you'd better go on home,
Cliff. You've fallen in.

CLIFFORD

No. Not this time. This is the
case that makes up for a whole
career. If you can't understand
it now, you will in a few years.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

Pause. Garber considers another tack and follows it.

GARBER

What part does money play in all this? Play straight with me.

Clifford is stunned by the question, but he tries to be casual.

CLIFFORD

(shrugging)

For what I'm being paid, it's not out of line.

GARBER

Who's hired you for this?

Clifford glares at his friend and doesn't answer.

GARBER (CONT'D)

(cynically)

So you're a hitman now.

CLIFFORD

(passionately)

He murdered two kids in cold blood. You were there, too.

Garber doesn't have to be reminded of his own feelings. He doesn't pursue the argument.

GARBER

You could get busted.

CLIFFORD

I understand that.

GARBER

What are you going to use?

CLIFFORD

Jimmy needles.

Garber nods slowly, considering it a good choice of weapons at least.

GARBER

You're stretching our friendship, Cliff. If you blow this at all --

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

CLIFFORD

You'll never hear from me
again.

Garber looks away for a moment. When he looks back, he just shrugs his shoulders, "washes his hands".

GARBER

Take your time. Do it right.

CLIFFORD

Don't worry.

GARBER

Do you need any help preparing
for this thing?

CLIFFORD

(standing up)

I'm ready. I'm just trying to
think where he could be in the
meantime.

CUT TO:

47 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

47

A few customers sit quietly minding their own business. A WAITRESS leans near the cash register at one end of the counter. A transistor radio plays country music blues. The waitress looks up as somebody enters.

WAITRESS

What happened to you?

VOICE (O.S.)

Coffee.

It is Duncan. He moves to the counter and sits.

WAITRESS

You get mugged?

DUNCAN

Black.

Snubbed, the waitress comes back and sets the cup in front of him. She looks down at the change on the counter. There isn't enough.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

WAITRESS
Coffee's twenty-seven.

Duncan looks up at her resentfully.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
(pulling away
the cup)
Coffee's twenty-seven cents.
Ya got it or don't ya?

Duncan glares at her. He doesn't have it.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Okay, buster, one cup. On the
house.

She pushes the cup back to him. Some of the coffee spills
onto the counter.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Drink it and be on your way.

Duncan slowly reaches for the cup, raises it to his lips.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
You're welcome.

Duncan stops, sets the cup down, pushes it away from him and
slowly rises from his seat.

DUNCAN
No, thank you.

Duncan and the waitress stand face to face, shooting darts
at each other. Then a MAN sitting two seats away reaches
over and places a quarter on the counter between them.

The waitress looks at the man irritably, then picks up the
money and moves away.

Duncan slowly sits down again. He pulls the cup back to him-
self, then turns and looks at the man for a long moment, un-
able to express his gratitude.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. CITY STREETS - DUSK

48

A series of shots of BUMS, "homeless persons", hanging out,
in alleys, in the doorways of old buildings, sitting on the
sidewalk in front of liquor stores.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

Then we see Duncan, alone but looking no different from the others. He is panhandling PASSERSBY, without much success. We see him fall into a fit of coughing that incapacitates him for several seconds. He's obviously getting sicker..

We lose sight of Duncan as our MONTAGE continues. We see Clifford talking to a BUM, then another. He is passing the time combing the streets in the neighborhood of the bar.

49 PARK - DUSK

49

A handful of BUMS are sitting together on the grass passing a bottle in a brown paper bag. Duncan is not among them, but Cheater is there, sitting at the end of the line.

CAMERA PANS from one bum to the next as the bottle is passed. By the time it gets to Cheater, it is empty. Cheater looks as if he's about to cry like a baby when a hand enters the frame from the other side -- the hand holding out to Cheater a full bottle of wine. Cheater takes the bottle and looks up gratefully...to see John Clifford standing beside him.

CHEATER

Well! I can't say much for your protocol, but your timing's dead on. Here's to you, pardner.

Cheater takes a long drink, then passes the bottle back down the line.

CLIFFORD

(to all the bums)

I'm looking for an old buddy of mine, English fella. Name's Crazy Curt. Any of you guys seen him?

Nobody responds.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

I owe him some money.

CHEATER

Aaahh. Show me an honest man...

CLIFFORD

(gesturing)

Stands about so. Brown hair. Face kind of banged up. Was in an accident.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CHEATER

Oh, yeah? I was just with that guy, not more'n an hour ago. Looked bad. Crazy Curt, huh?

CLIFFORD

Where?

Cheater scratches his head, and glances anxiously down the line.

CHEATER

Hell, I can't remember. Prob'bly see him again though. Tell you what. You leave the money with me, I'll see he gets it...as a favor to you.

Clifford shakes his head.

CLIFFORD

I have to talk to him.

CHEATER

Whatsa matter? You don't trust me? I'll have you know I used to be a college professor. We can work together.

Clifford stands to go. The bottle comes back to Cheater, three-quarters down.

CLIFFORD

Sure. Keep the bottle. I'll be back.

CHEATER

"Long life to the grape!
For when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar
Shall gladden our own."
That's Shelley, you know.

Clifford is gone. Cheater takes a long drink and almost forgets that Clifford was ever there.

CUT TO:

50 INT. CLIFFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

50

Clifford is "suiting up" for his night's work. He is dressed casually -- blue jeans, shirt open at the neck, sports jacket, Adidas running shoes. He looks at himself in the mirror, is satisfied. Then he picks up from the dresser two awl-like instruments with short handles and long, glistening tapered needlepoints -- his weapons. He slides them into a leather sheath inside his jacket and turns to go.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

51

It is lit up inside. The bar is open for business. Across the street in a dark space between two buildings, Duncan is waiting, watching the front door of the bar to see who comes out.

52 INT. BAR

52

The place is empty but for Hank who half watches the television over the bar, and Tracy who sits alone in a corner. Several moments pass as both of them sit and wait.

Then, the front door starts to swing open. Someone is coming in. Tracy and Hank both glance nervously toward the door.

A MAN'S head peeks in. He is somewhere in his forties, a regular customer.

CUSTOMER

Hey, Hank, what're you doing open tonight?

HANK

(relaxing)

Trying to make a buck.

The customer walks up to the bar, sits down and talks quietly with Hank.

Tracy looks nervously at her wristwatch. She stubs out her cigarette, takes one last gulp of her drink and stands up to go.

She walks to the bar, opens her purse and reaches inside.

HANK

Keep it, honey. My treat.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

They exchange a meaningful look. Then she heads for the door.

CUSTOMER

(under his breath)

That how you make a buck?

53 EXT. BAR

53

Tracy looks up and down the street, hoping to see Clifford somewhere, afraid of glimpsing Duncan instead. Then she starts walking quickly homeward.

54 EXT. STREETS

54

Following Tracy to her apartment. We pick up Clifford now, and we cut back and forth between the two of them -- her walking quickly, never looking back, and him sneaking along several hundred feet behind her, looking everywhere for Duncan, whom we never see.

55 EXT. TRACY'S APARTMENT

55

She walks up the steps and enters.

56 INT. SIXTH FLOOR

56

Tracy steps off the elevator and goes to her door. She fumbles through her purse for the key. Then she hears footsteps on the stairs. She turns. It's Clifford.

CLIFFORD

(coming forward:
half-whispering)

No luck. You see him?

Tracy shakes her head.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

He still could be out there,
though.

TRACY

(softly)

Oh, God...

She is starting to come apart, and she suddenly leans on Clifford for support.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

CLIFFORD
Are you all right?

Tracy stands there for several seconds to regain control of herself. Then she steps away and turns back to the door.

TRACY
I'm okay.

CLIFFORD
I'm going to hang around outside for awhile. I'll be back on and off again all night.

Tracy gets the door unlocked. She pushes it open.

57 INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - FRONT HALL

57

Tracy steps in. Clifford stays in the doorway. They are still whispering.

CLIFFORD
Are you sure you're okay?

TRACY
I'm fine.

CLIFFORD
All right. Bolt your door. Don't let anybody in, no matter what.

TRACY
Okay.

CLIFFORD
I'll be seeing you.
(starts to move off; comes back)
Listen. Thanks.

TRACY
Sure.

Tracy closes the door and throws the bolt. Then she walks into the apartment and out of frame. CAMERA STAYS in the hallway. We can hear Tracy moving about O.S.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Then, as if on its own, the door to the hall closet slowly swings open...

... until we can see Duncan standing inside the closet.

58 INT. KITCHEN

58

Tracy is putting some coffee on. Then she removes her coat and walks out of the kitchen.

59 INT. FRONT HALL

59

Tracy goes up to the closet with her coat. The door is closed. She opens it. She hangs up her coat and closes the door again. Then she turns and starts walking out of the hallway to the living room.

As she is rounding the corner into the living room, she walks right into Duncan. She barely has time to gasp before he clamps his hand over her mouth and pushes her against the wall.

DUNCAN

(urgent whisper)

I just have to talk to you.

(pathetically)

I want you to be my friend.

As she isn't struggling, he starts to loosen up on her.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Please...

He takes his hand away from her mouth, lets go of her, and slowly, cautiously steps back. Tracy looks at him for a breathless moment, her eyes wild with fear. Then she screams.

Duncan jumps back, stunned, frightened and confused. Tracy doesn't move. She just keeps screaming hysterically.

60 EXT. STREET

60

Tracy's screams carry out into the night as Clifford races across the street and into the apartment building.

61 INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT

61

Duncan runs to a window, throws it open and climbs out onto the fire escape.

62 INTERCUT - APARTMENT STAIRS AND FIRE ESCAPE 62

As Clifford bounds up the stairs, flight after flight, and Duncan tears down the fire escape.

63 INT. SIXTH FLOOR 63

The screaming has stopped when Clifford reaches Tracy's door. He grabs the doorknob and heaves himself against the door. It's bolted shut.

Clifford pulls one of the needles from his jacket and hammers it into the lock. The bolt springs and Clifford runs into the apartment.

64 INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT 64

As Clifford bursts in. Tracy gestures toward the window. Clifford runs to it and sticks his head out.

POV - CLIFFORD

Duncan is gone.

BACK TO SCENE

Clifford runs to a window on another wall and looks out onto the street.

POV - CLIFFORD

No sign of the Englishman.

BACK TO SCENE

Clifford runs out of the apartment, yanking his needle from the lock as he passes the door, and charges back down the stairs.

Tracy moves to the door and closes it. She is breathing heavily.

O. S. we hear the angry sizzle of coffee spilling onto the hot stove, as Tracy goes to get it.

- 65 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING 65
Clifford comes out, looks around and moves rapidly up the street.
- 66 EXT. A STREET 66
Duncan is hurrying along, dodging in and out of people, trying to move quickly but not draw attention to himself...
- 67 EXT. ANOTHER STREET 67
Clifford is travelling along the sidewalk, crossing the street, looking everywhere...
- 68 EXT. ALLEYWAY 68
Duncan is running up the alley. He comes to a stop beside some piled up trash cans. He leans against the brick wall of the building, huffing and puffing. He is frightened, but he feels safe for now. He slowly slides down the wall to the ground...
- FLASH BACK TO:
- 69 INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY 69
Duncan is curled up in the corner of a bare cell with padded walls. He is in a strait-jacket. His head is shaved. We can't tell what he is thinking, except that he's obviously deeply frightened and cannot understand what's happening to him.
- CUT TO:
- 70 INT. A ROOM - NIGHT 70
This is the children's bedroom in Dr. Mandrakis' house of six years ago. It is dark. Two small beds occupy one corner of the room. We can see two small lumps on the beds, but no more.
Duncan sits in the foreground with a telephone on his lap. He is dialing a number. The phone rings three times before it is answered -- or rather, picked up, because there is no voice on the other end. After several seconds the phone is hung up.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

Duncan hangs up and thinks for a moment. He picks up the phone and dials again. This time he gets a busy signal. He hangs up, stands and goes to the door. He opens it slowly, peers out. Jill's voice can be heard faintly talking to the operator, asking for the police.

Duncan closes the door and comes back into the room, mumbling. He goes to the window, looks out. Then he goes to the children's beds.

CLOSEUP - DUNCAN

As he raises the covers and stares down into the CAMERA.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. DECK OF A SHIP - MORNING

71

A freighter, broad and low, arduously cuts through the water. Early morning mist hangs over the deck which is empty but for a lone FIGURE standing on the prow.

MIDDLE SHOT - LONE FIGURE

It is Curt Duncan. He is looking out over the front of the ship. Another SEAMAN comes up behind him and claps him on the shoulder.

SEAMAN

So this will be your first time?

(laughs)

An old salt like you?

Duncan moves away, wanting to be left alone.

SEAMAN (CONT'D)

(still laughing;
slightly punchy)

You'll love it here. It's where they make the bombs. It's where they make the planes that carry the bombs; the planes we saw over Singapor and Manila.

He walks away laughing.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

SEAMAN (CONT'D)
There she is. That's America.

DUNCAN'S POV

The coast of Southern California emerges through the mist.
A foghorn blows somewhere in the distance.

CLOSE-UP - DUNCAN

As he peers ahead with inscrutable interest.

CUT TO:

72 INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NIGHT

72

Dark. A little BOY is lying in bed, apparently asleep. This is Curt Duncan as a child.

Some voices approach in the hallway outside the bedroom. They are gruff, with heavy English accents, but subdued; a MAN and a WOMAN, well into middle-age.

The boy's eyes open as he listens:

MAN (O.S.)
What's the matter?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Save it for later. Let's go out and get some food.

MAN (O.S.)
What about the lad? You can't leave him.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Curt's asleep. He'll never know we're gone.

From outside, a key enters the lock of the bedroom door and turns. The bolt slips and the door is securely shut.

The boy sits up in bed, apprehensive. In TIGHT SHOTS of the floor we see a rat come out from under the bed, then another. They make "chit-chit" noises as they begin to explore. One of them maybe goes up on its hind legs and nibbles on the bedpost. Then we see two more rats appear.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

We go for a TIGHT SHOT of the boy on top of the bed. The "chit-chit" noises grow steadily louder as the boy's apprehension turns to fear, then to terror. The boy starts to whimper.

Suddenly, we cut back to a WIDE SHOT of the room. The floor is crawling with rats, hundreds of them. The "chit-chit" rises to practically a roar as the boy, alone on top of the bed, begins to wail.

The room seems to darken, and the boy becomes just a little white speck in it. The focus is turned. The picture becomes a black and white blur.

DISSOLVE TO:

73 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

At first all that can be seen is a white blur against a black screen. The previous sound of a boy crying increases. Then the blur grows larger, coming more into focus as the entire screen image moves toward normal definition. Finally, we know we are back in the alleyway, that it is night, and that the white blur is actually a little BOY lost, sobbing uncontrollably.

CLOSEUP - DUNCAN

Awakening to the scene, coming back to reality. He is confused.

WIDER ANGLE ON DUNCAN AND BOY

The boy continues sobbing, moving about in little circles. Duncan, amazed at what he sees, slowly crawls out from the wall on his hands and knees, crawls toward the weeping child, staring at it with a strange look on his face.

Suddenly the boy stops crying and looks at Duncan quizzically, hesitantly. They are less than a foot apart, almost face to face. Together they form a kind of frozen tableau. Something close to sympathy crosses the killer's expression, and the boy, likewise, achieves a faint sense of recognition.

Then, just as suddenly, the boy starts wailing again and he runs off down the alleyway. Duncan watches him disappear. Then he slowly pulls himself to his feet.

74 EXT. STREET

74

Clifford is coming up the sidewalk. As Clifford crosses the entrance to an alleyway, the boy comes running out and almost collides with him. Clifford grabs the boy and looks down at him. Then he passes the wailing child off on a nearby PEDESTRIAN and runs up into the alley.

75 EXT. ANOTHER STREET

75

Duncan is hurrying along the sidewalk. Something makes him look up.

POV - DUNCAN

He is looking at a neon "Jesus Saves" sign above the doorway to an inner city mission.

BACK ON DUNCAN

As he stares at the sign.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Crazy Curt!

Duncan turns to see Cheater elatedly hobbling up to him.

CHEATER (CONT'D)

Hail fellow well met, and all that jazz. It's our lucky day!

(taking Duncan
by the arm)

A friend of your's got money for you. We got to get back to the park and meet him.

Duncan pulls his arm free.

CHEATER (CONT'D)

C'mon. He'll be comin' for you, Crazy Curt. S'got some money.

(reaching for
Duncan's arm)

We'll get us a little joy juice.

Duncan pulls free again and heads toward the mission.

CHEATER (CONT'D)

C'mon! Hey!! You really are crazy! C'mon!

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

Duncan enters the mission and Cheater stands out on the sidewalk for a moment, bitterly frustrated.

CHEATER (CONT'D)

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow, you cata-racts and hurricanoes, spout till you have drench'd our steeples and drown'd the cocks!"

Several PEDESTRIANS stop and gape at this sudden outburst.

76 EXT. ANOTHER STREET

76

Clifford comes out of a derelict hotel, looks up and down the street and hurries off, not giving up the chase.

77 INT. MISSION - MOMENTS LATER

77

A MAN is leading Duncan to the bathroom. Duncan enters slowly and goes to one of the wash basins where there is an old razor blade and a can of shaving cream. Duncan picks up the razor for a moment and looks at it. He is lost in thought. Then he sets it down and turns on the tap water.

He glances at himself in the mirror and is suddenly transfixed by his own image. He looks deeply into the mirror for several seconds. Then he starts to cry, and having begun, a flood of emotions comes pouring out of him. He drops to his knees.

The man comes running back into the bathroom. He holds Duncan and helps pull him back to his feet.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

78

Cheater is trudging along the sidewalk, hands in pockets, head lowered. He looks up and sees something that brings him back to life.

POV - CHEATER

Clifford is standing on the corner up ahead, looking around.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

WIDE ANGLE ON STREET

Cheater calls out and starts to run toward Clifford.

Clifford turns, sees Cheater.

CUT TO:

79 INT. MISSION - NIGHT

79

The "sleeping dorm". It is a large empty room. Thirty or so OUTCASTS are stretched out on the bare floor in the darkness. Their combined snoring/wheezing creates a steady, ghastly din.

The door at the far end of the hall opens. A figure steps in and quietly closes the door behind him. He stands for a moment taking in the scene, letting his eyes adjust to the darkness. Then he slowly creeps forward to the prone body of the nearest sleeper.

CLOSEUP - FIGURE

It is Clifford. He moves stealthily from one body to the next. In one hand he carries a small flashlight. He turns the bodies over just long enough to shine the light in their faces and identify who they are, or rather who they are not. Then he moves on. In his other hand he holds a small, gleaming Jimmy needle.

CLOSEUP - DUNCAN

He's sleeping, but his eyes suddenly open, sensing danger. He turns over and sees the dark figure of Clifford slowly advancing toward him.

WIDER ANGLE

Clifford keeps coming, closer and closer to where Duncan lies. He is but six or seven bodies away when Duncan jumps up suddenly and bolts for the door.

Clifford looks up, sees the fleeing figure and charges after it.

80 INT. CORRIDORS

80

Racing through a maze of narrow hallways, Duncan can't stop

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

to think where he's going. Clifford is barreling after him some forty yards behind.

Duncan rounds a corner and ten yards up ahead, the hallway deadends in a set of double doors. Duncan has no choice but to hurl himself against the doors. They yield and he goes through them.

Four seconds later, Clifford comes to the same doors and pushes through to the other side.

81 INT. CHURCH

81

As Clifford comes through the doors which are a side entrance into the chancel of this large, gothic-style church. Behind him now, is the altar. Before him stretches the nave of the edifice with its rows of pews, its dimly glowing stained glass windows, and way in the back, its choir loft. At regular intervals, tiny shafts of light pierce the darkness from on high.

There is no sign of Duncan, but Clifford knows he must be in here, hiding somewhere. He slowly walks forward to the front of the chancel.

CLIFFORD

Duncan. Duncan. It's over now. Come on out.

Pause. Duncan doesn't come out. Clifford holds very still. He hears nothing. He speaks again and his voice echoes through the large empty church.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

My name's John Clifford. I'm a private detective. I've been hired by Alexander Mandrakis to take you back. I'm not going to hurt you.

CLOSEUP - DUNCAN

Hiding beneath a pew. He hears the name "Mandrakis" and it registers like a thunderbolt. He silently mouths the name "Mandrakis".

Then he hears Clifford's footsteps approaching.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

ANGLE ON CLIFFORD

Slowly moving up the center aisle, looking from side to side into the pews.

CLIFFORD

(gently; coaxing)

I'm not going to hurt you...
I'm not going to hurt you...
There'll be no more pain...
You're safe now...

Clifford moves closer and closer to Duncan's row until finally, Duncan can bear it no longer. He jumps up from beneath the pew and runs.

DUNCAN

(hysterical)

No! Mandrakis! No!

Clifford chases him through the pews and up the aisles to the front of the church. He is clutching a needle in both hands, ready to strike.

Duncan flees through a narrow door off to the side of the church.

82 INT. BELL TOWER

82

Duncan faces a spiraling stone staircase. He has no choice but to climb them, higher and higher, the sound of Clifford's angry footsteps always coming up behind him.

Finally, Duncan can climb no higher. He is at the top of the bell tower. A lanceted opening in the stone wall ahead of him looks out over the narrow shaft of the tower. Above him are the huge iron bells. A rope hangs down from the bells, dangling all the way down the shaft, forty or fifty feet to the floor of the church.

Clifford is bounding up the last flight of steps to get him. Duncan has little choice. He is trapped. Just before Clifford reaches him, Duncan leaps out into the shaft and catches the bell rope.

The bell starts to clang as Duncan, hanging in mid air, swings back and forth within the narrow shaft. Clifford leans way out through the lancet window and takes a swipe

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

at Duncan, but the madman is just beyond his reach and hurriedly climbing down the rope.

Clifford reaches out and tries to grab at the rope. At last, he gets it, and he shakes it violently to get Duncan to lose his grip and be dashed against the stone floor below.

But Duncan holds firm, climbing ever downward. The bell continues to clang, sending its alarm out into the night. Then Clifford braces himself and slowly, laboriously begins to haul up on the rope.

Clifford gains momentum until Duncan is being pulled up faster than he is climbing down. Still twenty feet off the ground, Duncan lets go of the rope and plummets to the hard stone floor.

Then PEOPLE come rushing into the church, awakened by the commotion of the bells. Duncan rolls into the shadows and drags himself out a side door, while Clifford plans his own escape from the bell tower.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. ALLEYWAY NEAR CHURCH - NIGHT

83

Clifford runs up the alleyway, looks around and finally realizes he's lost his prey.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. ANOTHER ALLEYWAY

84

Duncan is hidden deep in the shadows of a nook between two buildings, catching his breath. CAMERA MOVES IN on him, and we see him looking the craziest he's ever been. He shakes uncontrollably and begins to mumble, softly at first, then getting louder. He's falling back into the grips of Guy du Marraux.

DISSOLVE TO:

85 EXT. CITY - MORNING

85

A. All is still and quiet as soft, warm sunlight pours into the dirty streets and alleyways. In the background, the bell tower of the church rises above the skyline.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

- B. We see a SHOT of the park -- all the bums are asleep.
- C. Then a SHOT of the mission -- its front door open, the sidewalk empty.
- D. Then the bar, where the same peaceful mood prevails.
- E. Then the alleyway where we last saw Curt Duncan. Now he is gone.
- F. Then the exterior of Tracy's apartment building. Clifford's car is parked out front.

TRACY (O.S.)

I used to see my two kids every weekend. They lived in a nice house with their father, outside the city.

CUT TO:

86 INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT

86

Tracy and Clifford are sitting at a small table in the kitchen, looking haggard, drinking coffee.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Now...it's been years. They're grown up.

They look at each other. Clifford is a sympathetic listener.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I look at where I am now. I know I could've done better, but...it's too late for that.

CLIFFORD

(quietly)

I know.

Pause.

TRACY

Well, you've got to keep looking, I suppose.

Taking his cue, Clifford slowly rises.

CLIFFORD

I don't think he'll come back here.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

Tracy looks up at him questioningly, wishing she could feel as sure about it as he does.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
(extending his
hand)

Thanks...for all your help.

Tracy takes his hand. They shake warmly.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)
I know it wasn't easy.
(turning to go)
Maybe, someday, I'll be able
to...

TRACY
I wish you wouldn't leave me
altogether...

Clifford turns back to her.

TRACY (CONT'D)
(with a laugh)
I'm not a young woman anymore.
I've given up all my dreams of
the future. Now, I just want
to make it to the end. You
know what I mean.

Clifford smiles at her gently. He knows exactly what she means.

CLIFFORD
I'll be around.

TRACY
Sure.

Clifford takes a few steps, turns back, looks at her.

CLIFFORD
You like ice cream?

TRACY
Yes.

CLIFFORD
What flavor?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

TRACY
Chocolate chip.

Clifford nods his head slightly, as if registering this in his memory.

CLIFFORD
(quietly)
Okay.

They smile at each other for a second then Clifford leaves and Tracy sits alone in her kitchen, listening to him go, hearing the door close behind him.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. STREET - DAY

87

CLOSE UP on a section of a newspaper lying in the gutter. A pair of feet enters the frame and stands beside the newspaper. We hear a familiar cough. Then a trembling hand reaches down and picks up the newspaper.

Pause. Something in the newspaper has caught his eye. Then the feet shuffle out of frame.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

88 EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

88

A modest middle-income neighborhood where young married couples buy their first home and start their family.

CAMERA is facing down the quiet street. In the foreground, on the street, two small CHILDREN, a little boy and a little girl, are playing. They are adorable kids.

CAMERA PANS ninety degrees with the children as they run out of the street and up the sidewalk to their house.

A TITLE APPEARS across the bottom of the screen:

5 pm Friday, April 28, 1978

TITLE FADES as the children push open the front door and enter the house.

CUT TO:

89 INT. HOUSE - FOLLOWING CHILDREN

89

They noisily and excitedly make their way to the kitchen.

The children are four and two and a half years old, STEVIE and JUNE respectively.

CUT TO:

90 INT. KITCHEN

90

As the kids enter, their MOTHER is working at the stove, her back to CAMERA.

JUNE & STEVIE

(together)

Hi, Mommy!

The mother turns around. It is Jill Johnson!

JILL

(smiling)

Well, look what the wind blew in!

CAMERA MOVES IN on her as she comes forward, bends down, kisses Stevie, and picks up June. Jill looks older, more mature, but still very pretty. She is Mrs. John Lockhart now, and has left her memories of the past behind her.

STEVIE

Mommy, what's for dinner?
Could we have hamburgers?

JILL

(teasing)

Is that all you ever want?

A wall phone in the kitchen starts to ring. Stevie goes to answer it.

STEVIE

Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)

(surprised)

Hey, how's my little tiger?

It is JOHN LOCKHART on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

STEVIE

Daddy, Junie threw my baseball
down the street; and I can't
find it!

JOHN (O.S.)

Well, we'll look for it real
hard later. Let me talk to
mommy.

Jill, by this time, has come to the phone. She is still
holding June.

STEVIE

Okay. Bye, daddy.

Stevie hands the phone to Jill.

JILL

Hi.

JOHN

Hi, babe - whaddya say you put
on a sexy dress, and I take you
out to dinner tonight?

Jill is very happy about this.

JILL

Great...what's the occasion?

JOHN

(teasing)
Just a little surprise.

JILL

What?

JOHN

I'm leaving here now; be home
in half an hour.

JILL

Okay, see ya.

JOHN

Bye, babe.

As Jill hangs up the phone, Stevie pipes up O.S.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

STEVIE (O.S.)
Mommy, is Daddy gonna get me a
new baseball?

CUT TO:

91 EXT. DR. MANDRAKIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

91

Clifford's car is parked in the driveway, and we see him getting out. He goes to the front door - the porch light is on and perhaps one other lamp somewhere inside the otherwise dark house. He rings the bell, waits, rings again...

Finally the door is opened by the Houseboy.

HOUSEBOY
Dr. and Mrs. Mandrakis are
out of town.

CLIFFORD
For how long?

HOUSEBOY
Three more weeks.

Pause.

CLIFFORD
It's just as well. Will you
be here?

HOUSEBOY
Yes.

Clifford takes a business card from his pocket and gives it to the Houseboy.

CLIFFORD
Here. Call if you need me.

The Houseboy reads the card as Clifford walks back to his car. Then the Houseboy closes the front door.

Clifford pauses beside his car for a moment, looking back at the rich, dark home.

CUT TO:

92 INT. JILL'S HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

92

The children are in bed. Jill is sitting next to Stevie.
Only a nightlight is on.

STEVIE

...I pray the Lord my soul to
keep. If I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
God bless Mommy and Daddy and...

JUNE

And me.

STEVIE

...and Granmom and Aunt Lucy
and Uncle George...

JUNE

And me!

STEVIE

(pausing)
...and her. Now will you tell
us a story?

JILL

No, I will not tell you a story.
You go to sleep now. And be
good. Carol will be here while
we're gone.

STEVIE

Goodnight.

Jill kisses him.

JUNE

Mommy, will you come here a
minute? I want to tell you
something.

Jill stands up and goes over to June's bed.

JILL

What is it?

JUNE

Come closer.

Jill bends closer to her daughter. O.S. the doorbell rings.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

JUNE (CONT'D)

I love you.

JILL

I love you, too, Junebug.
(kissing her)
Goodnight. Sleep tight.

Jill stands up and leaves.

93 INT. FRONT HALL

93

As Jill comes down the stairs. CAROL, the sitter, is at the foot of the stairs with John. Carol has an armful of school-books.

JILL

Hi, Carol.

CAROL

Hello, Mrs. Lockhart. I saw your picture in the paper the other day. Congratulations.

JILL

Ugggh...wasn't it a dreadful picture?

JOHN

I thought it was nice.

Jill crosses to a hall table, picks up a phone book, flips through it, then writes on a notepad beside the phone. Over this action...

JOHN (CONT'D)

Are the kids asleep?

JILL

They will be soon.

(to Carol)

Give them about twenty minutes and then take a peek -- but if Stevie sees you, you'll have to tell him a story.

(beat)

Here's the number of the restaurant. Call us if you need us. For police, ambulance, any emergency like that, just dial 911. You know that, right?

CAROL

Nine-one-one? Oh, sure.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

And just in case, I've written
the number of the children's
Uncle George and Aunt Lucy here,
too.

JOHN

Honey, in ten seconds I eat the
staircase.

JILL

Okay. Okay.

She puts down the pad and crosses to a closet where she takes
out a lightweight coat.

JILL (CONT'D)

(handing the coat
to John).

Here.

JOHN

(not taking the
coat)

I'm not wearing that thing!

Jill shoves the coat into his stomach. Smiling, he takes
the coat and dutifully helps her on with it.

CAROL

Have a good time.

JILL

Thanks, Carol.

JOHN

(pulling her
out the door)

Bye, Carol.

CAROL

Goodbye.

JILL

Goodbye.

CUT TO:

John and Jill walk to the station wagon in the driveway as

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

Carol shuts the front door in the background. Just before Jill gets into the car, she takes a look back at the house -- there is a moment's hesitance, and then she gets in the car.

95 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

95

Carol picks up the phone and carries it into the living room with her. As she does it, we see lying on the phone table, the newspaper clipping with Jill's picture, and headline: "Jill Lockhart Chairs Community UNICEF Drive."

She puts the phone down, then her books, then herself. She dials a number. Her BOYFRIEND answers.

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)

Hello?

CAROL

Hi. It's me.

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)

Oh, hi.

CAROL

Can you come over?

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)

I can't. I really have a lot of work to do.

CAROL

(disappointed)

Ohhh...

CUT TO:

96 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

96

An Italian Restaurant. Quiet music, soft lights, red and white checkered tablecloths, candles, a smokey and seductive atmosphere.

DOLLY with a LATIN WAITER carrying a huge tray of food overhead. He passes right by the table where Jill and John are sitting. John watches him take the food to someone else.

JOHN

(reaching for a
breadstick)

I've eaten enough breadsticks
to turn into a pretzel.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

John, tell me about the surprise.

JOHN

Oh, yeah. Brace yourself.

JILL

I'm braced.

JOHN

Good. I got the sack today.

JILL

What sack?

JOHN

The can...I was fired!

JILL

Oh, sure.

JOHN

You don't believe me?

JILL

No, I don't believe you.

JOHN

Well, Wally did call me into his office today. And he did tell me I didn't have my old job anymore.

JILL

(getting excited)
John, what did you get?

JOHN

Are you ready for this?

JILL

(guessing)
District Sales Manager!

JOHN

Regional!

JILL

Regional?!

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Nah, District.

JILL
(beside herself)
John, I don't believe it!
District Sales Manager!

The WAITER arrives with their food.

JILL (CONT'D)
Well, it's about time!

The waiter looks up, offended.

JILL (CONT'D)
(to waiter)
Not you.
(back to John)
It's about time they recog-
nized you for what you are.

WAITER
Enjoy your dinner, folks.

They ignore him. He moves away. John digs right in.

JOHN
(mouth full)
I'll be the youngest District
Manager in the company's his-
tory. God, am I hungry!

JILL
(not eating yet)
Does this mean a raise?

JOHN
It sure does.

John flags down a passing WAITER and signals that their wine
glasses need filling.

JILL
How much?

JOHN
A lot.

JILL
How much?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

John leans forward and whispers in her ear.

JILL (CONT'D)
You're kidding! And a car?

JOHN
And a car.

JILL
John, I'm so proud of you.

John pauses, looks at her.

JOHN
What's the matter? You don't
like your food?

The MAITRE D' has come up to the table. John stops suddenly.
They are both very chagrined.

MAITRE D'
Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart?

JILL
That's right.

MAITRE D'
There's a telephone call for
you.

John starts to get up. Jill grabs his arm.

JILL
Eat your dinner. It's probably
Carol. I'll talk to her.

Jill stands up and follows the Maitre D' through the other
tables to the telephone. She picks up the receiver. CAMERA
MOVES in on her.

JILL (CONT'D)
Hello?

Pause.

VOICE (O.S.)
Have you checked the children?

Jill screams and falls to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

ANGLE ON JOHN

Around him, other DINERS fall instantly silent and wonder what is going on. WAITERS stop dead in their tracks.

John leaps up from his seat and dashes through the tables like a madman. Suddenly the restaurant comes alive with excitement and alarm.

ANGLE ON JILL

As John runs up and drops to his knees beside her. She is shaking and sobbing uncontrollably.

JOHN
Jill, what's happening? What's wrong?

JILL
It was him! Somebody call the police! Help me!

Other PEOPLE have crowded around and are making urgent noises now about calling the police, an ambulance, etc. John tries to cut through the confusion and anxiety.

JOHN
Wait a minute! Just hold on! Sweetheart, what was him? What are you talking about?

JILL
That man...Curt Duncan... He's home again! He's got our children!

JOHN
He was on the phone?

Jill nods.

John grabs the telephone and quickly dials a number. The crowd tries to quiet down, as much to hear for themselves as to let John talk. The phone rings and rings. Finally...

CAROL
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Hello, Carol, it's Mr. Lockhart.
What's going on over there?

CAROL

Nothing's going on.

JOHN

Is everything all right?

CAROL

Yes, there's nothing --

JOHN

Are you sure?

Pause.

CAROL

Everything's fine. Why?
What's -- ?

JOHN

Carol, listen to me very carefully. If there's a man in the house, if there's any reason why you can't talk to me right now, just answer yes to me over the phone. That's all. If there's any danger of any kind, just say yes.

Long pause. They wait for her answer. Jill is listening into the receiver now, too.

CAROL

I don't understand what's happening. What man in the house?

Jill is confused. John breathes a guarded sigh of relief. Jill takes the phone.

JILL

Carol, it's Mrs. Lockhart.
Answer me truthfully. When was the last time you looked in on the children?

CAROL

About forty-five minutes ago.
Everything's fine. They were fast asleep.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

Jill gives her husband a look. John takes the phone again.

JOHN

Carol, I'm sorry about all the hysterics. We're leaving the restaurant now. We'll explain everything when we get home. Before we hang up, could you do just one more thing for me, please?

CAROL

What?

JOHN

Would you go upstairs and, and check on the children for me?

Jill is violently shaking her head. John silences her with a gesture.

CAROL

Sure. Hold on.

Carol O.S. puts the phone down. Then there is silence on the other end. The crowd of people around Jill and John begin to shuffle and murmur. John tries to keep them quiet while listening into the phone.

Then TWO POLICEMEN come forward through the crowd. One of them kneels down to John and Jill who are still on the floor.

POLICEMAN #1

What seems to be the problem here, sir?

JOHN

(whispering)

Officer, I'm John Lockhart. Just a second please, and I'll explain everything.

JILL

(whispering to
Policeman)

I'm Jill Johnson, the babysitter seven years ago with the child killer.

This means nothing to Policeman #1.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

JOHN

The babysitter. The guy got into the house and killed the two children upstairs.

Policeman #2 kneels down now.

POLICEMAN #2

(whispering)

Oh, yeah, I remember something about that. A Greek doctor...

JOHN

That's right. That's the one.

POLICEMAN #2

(to Policeman #1)

It was in the seventh precinct...

As the two policemen and John mumble between themselves, Jill takes the telephone.

JILL

(listening)

Hello?

She presses the receiver tighter to her ear.

JILL (CONT'D)

Carol?

John quiets down the policemen. Jill can now hear what she couldn't a second ago.

JILL (CONT'D)

(growing hysterical)

Carol? Carol?!

ZOOM into the telephone until we can also hear what Jill is reacting to. It grows louder and louder... A dial tone.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. LOCKHART HOUSE - NIGHT

97

John and Jill pull up in the station wagon followed by a squad car -- no sirens or lights. They all get out and rush for the front door.

John pulls out his key to open the door...and discovers that it's unlocked. Cautiously, they step inside.

98 INT. FRONT HALL

98

They look into the living room. Carol isn't there.

JOHN
Carol? Carol?

No answer. The policemen tentatively draw their guns. Jill bolts up the stairway.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Jill!

Policeman #2 runs up after her.

99 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

99

As Jill runs down to the children's bedroom followed by Policeman #2. She opens the door and rushes inside.

100 INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM

100

The children are in bed, asleep. Policeman #2 stands in the doorway as Jill goes up to June and bends over her.

JUNE
(opening her eyes)
Mommy?

Jill kisses her gently on the forehead.

JILL
Sshhh...

June closes her eyes and immediately falls back to sleep. Jill walks over to Stevie's bed and looks down at him. He turns slightly in his sleep.

Satisfied that her children are safe, Jill pulls up the covers on Stevie and then walks slowly out of the bedroom.

101 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

101

Jill quietly pulls the door shut, and Policeman #2 walks back up the hallway. Jill leans against the wall and buries her face in her hands. She is drained. She starts to cry.

JOHN (O.S.)
Nothing was wrong?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

CAROL (O.S.)

When I got back to the phone,
the line was dead. I figured
we got cut off somehow. What's
been going on?

CUT TO:

102 INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

102

Jill is sitting on a corner of the bed, looking at the floor.
John sits on the other corner, facing away from her, slowly
unbuttoning his shirt. After a long silence...

JILL

What are you thinking about?

JOHN

If I ever get my hands on the
guy that made that call...

JILL

John, it wasn't a prank. I
know that voice.

JOHN

He disguised it though, didn't
he? Same as before?

JILL

I know that voice.

Pause.

JILL (CONT'D)

How can we just sit here?

John turns and moves over beside her.

JOHN

Look, we promised never to talk
about this.

REACTION SHOT of Jill. She is shocked.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What are we supposed to do?
Leave town? Take the kids and
lock ourselves up somewhere?
Come on...Let's get a good
night's sleep, and in the morn-
ing we can rethink this whole
thing.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

Nothing has to be rethought.
And I'm not about to fall
asleep.

JOHN

Try to relax, honey. I'm here.
We're both here. The house is
locked up. The cops'll be just
outside all night long. We're
safe now.

JILL

That's what they told me before.

John stands up and goes to his dresser.

JOHN

Okay. Look. If it'll make you
feel any better...

He takes a revolver from the dresser drawer and emphatically
checks the action. Then he walks to his side of the bed
and sets the pistol on his bedside table.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'll keep it right here beside
me all night. You know I'm a
light sleeper and a damn good
shot. Are you satisfied?

Pause. Jill tries to smile.

JILL

John, I'm sorry to be putting
you through all this.

JOHN

Hey, you're not putting me
through anything that you don't
have to go through yourself.
I'm with you all the way. Trust
me. Okay?

Jill nods. John leans forward and kisses her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

He gets up and walks out of the room talking.

(CONTINUED:

JOHN (O.S. - CONT'D)

Now try to relax. We'll get some sleep. You'll be surprised how differently things will look in the morning.

JILL

(complaining)

Honey...

JOHN (O.S.)

What?

JILL

Not so loud. You're going to wake the children.

John comes back into the bedroom with a glass of water and a couple of pills in his hand.

JOHN

(smiling)

Naw. Those kids'd sleep through an earthquake. They're good kids.

(handing her the pills and water)

Here, take a couple of these. They're just what the doctor ordered.

CLOSEUP - JILL

As she takes the pills and swallows them, one at a time.

JOHN (O.S.)

You know, I read somewhere about this psychological thing called hysterical delusion or hysterical recall or something. It had to do with how an event from your past can sneak up on you sometimes and fool you when it's only just a memory. I don't know. We'll talk about it in the morning. Maybe there's someone we can see about that...

CUT TO:

103 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

103

The lounge area in the back of the station. At one table, three OFFICERS are playing bridge. Garber with his back to CAMERA rounds out their game.

At a nearby table closer to CAMERA, Policeman #1 is working on a crossword puzzle. POLICEMAN #3, sitting next to him, is reading a paperback novel.

POLICEMAN #1
What's a word for "an outsider,
of sorts"?

POLICEMAN #3
Trespasser.

POLICEMAN #1
Uh-uh. Eight letters.

POLICEMAN #3
Stranger.

POLICEMAN #1
Uh-uh. Starts with an "I".

Policeman #3 thinks briefly, then goes back to his novel. Policeman #2 enters the room carrying a printout of some sort.

POLICEMAN #2
Hey, Bert. A report just came
in on that guy, Curt Duncan.

ANGLE ON GARBER

At the bridge table, perking up his ears, looking around.

POLICEMAN #2 (O.S.)
Broke outta the nuthouse two
months ago.

Garber is keeping only half an eye on the card game. He pulls a card from his hand and throws it down.

POLICEMAN #1 (O.S.)
Oh, yeah? You going to put that
in our report?

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Diamonds, Charlie. Diamonds
was led.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

Garber hastily picks up his card and throws down another.

POLICEMAN #2 (O.S.)
Course I'm going to put it in
the report. Maybe this gal
tonight really did get a call
from him. Who knows?

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Your lead, Charlie.

Garber throws down another card.

OFFICER #1 (O.S. - CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?
That's a trump.

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
A card laid is a card played.

POLICEMAN #1 (O.S.)
Yeah, you're right. We'd better
leave that on Ruznik's desk in
the morning.

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
Toss 'em in. I got the rest.

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Jesus Kay-Reist!

Garber throws down his cards. He stands up and approaches
Policeman #2.

GARBER
Hey, Tucker, lemme see that a
minute.

Policeman #2 hands the sheet of paper to Garber. Garber
quickly scans the information.

GARBER (CONT'D)
You guys have a stake on the
house?

POLICEMAN #2
Bernstein and Waller are checkin'
it every twenty minutes or so.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

GARBER
(handing back
the sheet)

Thanks.

Garber exits to his office. Policeman #2 walks over to where Policeman #1 is still sitting, working the crossword.

POLICEMAN #1
Hey, what's an eight letter
word for "an outsider, of
sorts"? Starts with an "I".

POLICEMAN #2
Intruder!

POLICEMAN #1
Right! Intruder!

CUT TO:

104 INT. GARBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

104

Garber sits thinking for a moment. He is trying to come to a decision. He reaches for the phone and dials. It rings and then is picked up.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hello?

GARBER
Cliff?... I think I got some-
thing for you...

CUT TO:

105 INT. LOCKHART HOUSE - NIGHT

105

A shot of the downstairs hall. All is dark and still, very still.

106 INT. BEDROOM

106

Jill is tossing in her sleep. John is fast asleep next to her, on his side facing away from her. Then, Jill wakes up. She is heavily sedated, groggy. She hardly knows where she is at first.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: 106

She pulls herself up to a sitting position on the side of the bed. She tries to gather her wits. Then she gets up and walks slowly out of the room.

107 FOLLOWING JILL 107

Through the upstairs hallway, down the staircase and toward the kitchen. The darkness around her is ominous, threatening.

She stops at the dining room window and looks out. On the street a patrol car slowly passes and disappears down the block.

108 INT. KITCHEN 108

Jill enters, turns on the light, opens a cupboard and takes out a glass. She goes to the refrigerator and opens it. Suddenly, the lights go out.

Jill closes the refrigerator door and goes and turns on another light. Apparently, only a lightbulb has blown. Jill unscrews the burned-out bulb from its socket and throws it in the trash.

She leaves the kitchen.

109 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL 109

Jill walks to a hall closet and opens it. A light comes on inside as she does so. A puzzled, half-startled expression comes onto her face.

JILL'S POV

Inside the closet, half the hangers with coats, etc., are on the floor.

Sound over: A telephone being dialed.

CUT TO:

110 INT. CLIFFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 110

Clifford has just finished dialing the phone. He waits,

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

nothing happens. Then a strange, siren-like noise comes out of the telephone. Clifford listens, then hangs up.

He picks up the .38 he has lying on the desk and idly starts flipping the cartridge chamber with one of his jimmy needles. After a moment, he lays the gun down and picks up the phone again, this time calling the OPERATOR.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Operator.

CLIFFORD

Can you dial a local number for me?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

What is the number, please?

CLIFFORD

555-2183.

The operator dials. There is a pause. Then the same strange noise cuts in.

CLIFFORD (CONT'D)

Operator, what does that mean?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I'm sorry, sir, that line seems to be disconnected.

CLIFFORD

Why don't I get a recording?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I don't know, sir. Maybe the number was just recently disconnected. Maybe there's a temporary malfunction in the wiring. Why don't you try it again in the morning?

CLIFFORD

Yeah, okay. Thanks.

CUT TO:

111 INT. LOCKHART HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

111

Jill is walking down the hall to the children's bedroom. She opens the door.

112 INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM

112

As Jill quietly enters. The children are asleep. Jill goes to June and tucks her in. Then she walks over to Stevie's bed. He is sleeping, but with a Sugar Daddy in his hand. Jill looks down at him, again puzzled. She leans over, takes the Sugar Daddy and gently wakes him.

JILL
Stevie... Stevie...

STEVIE
(stirring, but not
fully awake)
Yes?

JILL
Stevie, listen to me. Where
did you get this candy?

STEVIE
What?

JILL
Where did you get this?

STEVIE
(very groggy)
The man gave it to me...

JILL
What man?

STEVIE
(drifting off)
I don't know... He was...
Wings on a horse...

He closes his eyes and is asleep.

Jill stands up, turns and starts to walk out of the room. Halfway across the floor, Jill stops. She stands rigid as a thought penetrates her own drowsiness. She turns very slowly and moves to the closet in the children's bedroom.

She stands before it a moment. Then she reaches her hand forward for the knob on the closet door. She very slowly pulls the door open. She looks inside. There is nothing.

Jill quietly closes the closet door and leaves the room.

113 INT. BEDROOM

113

Jill enters. John is still asleep facing the wall. Jill gets into bed, sitting up. She is wide awake now. She sits for a moment in the darkness, thinking.

Then she reaches for the princess phone on the bedside table. She doesn't get a dial tone. She quietly pushes the phone's disconnect button up and down several times. Still no dial tone.

Jill hangs up and thinks for another moment, apprehension creeping over her face.

Then, in the darkness of the bedroom, she begins to hear the muttering of a man's voice, low and deep. It is Duncan in the throes of Guy du Marraux.

Jill freezes. As the voice gets steadily louder and more menacing, her attention focuses on the door to the bedroom closet which is a couple of inches ajar.

JILL
(urgently whispering)
John?... John?...

She reaches for the bedside lamp and turns it on, never taking her eyes away from the closet door. As soon as the light comes on, the voice stops.

Her eyes still rivited to the door, Jill grabs her husband's shoulder and shakes him, her voice cracking with fear.

JILL
John! ... John! ...

The body beside her stirs, rolls over, looks at her hideously. It is Duncan!!

Jill shrieks, and makes a move to leap out of the bed.

Duncan, the hideous and terrifying sound of his madness grumbling out of his throat, manages to grab the back of her nightgown.

As Jill struggles to get off the bed, the gown rips slightly while she fights to get away.

Duncan rolls to her side of the bed and manages to grab Jill's ankle while letting go of the gown. It causes Jill to lose her balance and tumble onto the floor just short of the doorway leading out of the room.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

Duncan is on her in a flash, clutching at her and moving his hands for her throat. Jill screams again. It is the desperate sound of a woman facing certain death.

Suddenly, two quick shots ring out, overwhelming all other sound. Duncan falls back with a groan and a thud.

Out of the darkness of the hallway steps Clifford, pistol in hand. He crosses to Duncan. He is dead. Then Clifford walks around the room to the far side of the bed and looks down.

On the narrow strip of floor between the bed and the wall lies John. Clifford nudges the body with his foot. John stirs, as if he has been knocked unconscious, but it will be some time yet before he comes to.

Clifford starts to walk out of the room, stepping over Duncan's body, edging past Jill who is propped up in the doorway, sobbing hysterically.

CLIFFORD

Your husband's okay.

Then he is gone.

As Jill sits there unable to rein in her emotions, June and Stevie toddle up to her groggily from the hallway.

JUNE

Mommy?

Jill clutches her children to her heaving breast and buries her face between them.

114 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL

114

Looking through the open front doorway into the quiet night beyond.

FADE OUT.

- THE END -