

"SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY"  
(SEVENTH DRAFT)

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. CAPE COD BEACH - DAWN

Early gray light on a still shore. Upscale vacation homes line the handsome beach. They are glass-walled, austere. And silent. No one on the sand this morning, except...

...LAURA BURNEY. Blonde and lovely. A quiet face with a woman's mysteries behind pale eyes. There is a grace to her as she stands in her sandy t-shirt and shorts at the water's edge. We see now that she is...

...clamming. Squeezing the wet sand with her bare feet, searching for clams beneath the surface. Dipping now, to scoop her catch into a bucket. She works quietly, alone with her thoughts, until...

...soft footfalls make her turn. Coming across the sand...

...MARTIN BURNEY. Tall, slender, strikingly handsome in an immaculate business suit. There is an effortless charisma to Martin. Laura beams to see him.

LAURA

I like a man who dresses for clamming.

He smiles gently. Sorry to tell her...

MARTIN

...business. And on our vacation. Do you forgive me?

Her smile says she would forgive him anything. She holds up her nearly full clam bucket for his approval...

LAURA

How about these? Aren't they beautiful? I can steam them for starters, with that herb broth you like, and...

\*  
\*

But his eyes are sorry. Again.

MARTIN

I told the Blanchards we'd do their stupid party.

She lets him see some of her disappointment. He glances to the bucket. A shame to waste...

MARTIN

...all your hard work. I'll call them and cancel.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

She shakes her head. You don't have to do that.

LAURA

...you're so sweet. I'll dig you fresh ones tomorrow.

He'd like that. Strokes her hair. And just above a whisper...

MARTIN

I missed you this morning.

\*

That's what she wanted to hear. She nestles inside his arm. Reaches her mouth up to his...

...the kiss is lingering, beautiful. A dream kiss from a dream woman. Who suddenly...

...pulls back. Perhaps a little too suddenly. As she feared, her sandy t-shirt has soiled his silk tie. She is so sorry. A little too sorry.

LAURA

Oh, look what I've done.

She tries to brush it clean. But he takes her fingers in his hands.

MARTIN

No problem. I have time to change.

A deep look in her eyes. A reassuring smile. And he leaves her there. HOLD on her now. Watching him go.

2 OMITTED

2

2 CONTINUED:

...CARMEN sweeps Laura's hair back behind an ear. Laura's fingers reach up. Tug the hair back down across her forehead. Carmen disapproves...

CARMEN  
Every summer you come down here. And you never change even...

LAURA  
...my husband likes it this way.

The voice is soft but very quiet. Definite.

CARMEN  
Well, maybe he doesn't know how much he'd like it...a little different...

The beautiful face stares at itself in the glass. Fingers tug the forelock once more. Just so.

CARMEN  
...just for once, hmnn?

LAURA  
It's fine like this. Really, thank you.

Carmen smiles.

CARMEN  
Let's ask him.

In the mirror, Carmen glances toward the door. Laura turns quickly, startling slightly to see...

...Martin, waiting patiently. She beams to see him. And he smiles back. Laura is already pulling off her smock, standing...

LAURA  
...we're done, aren't we?

Carmen supposes so. Laura reaches into her purse. Carefully counts out bills into Carmen's hand. And another...

LAURA  
...for you.

As Carmen nods her thanks, Laura is going to Martin's side. Excited to see him, like a newlywed.

MARTIN  
You look so pretty.

(CONTINUED)

PAGE -3.- OMITTED

3 OMITTED

3

3A EXT. BEACH HOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

3A

Establishing shot of the Burney beach house. Martin alone on the balcony, watching the night. He turns now, enters the beach house. We PUSH THROUGH the glass wall to follow him...

4 INT. BEACH HOUSE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

4

Laura sits at a lighted mirror. Making her face perfect. She wears a lime green cocktail dress that is clinging and chic.

Martin steps up from behind. Looming over her, as he uses her mirror to knot his tie.

MARTIN

That's a pretty dress. I wouldn't have thought of it.

There's a pause in her work. Then, she continues tracing the eyeliner.

LAURA

...what, you were thinking the black?

MARTIN

The red, actually.

Her eyes go up to him now. In the mirror.

LAURA

...it's backless. Could be chilly tonight.

But he says nothing. Tugging his knot firmly in place. He walks out of frame.

5 INT. BLANCHARD'S PARTY - NIGHT

5

Party in progress. Low lights, hors d'oeuvres, soft jazz tape. Upscale summer crowd. Through the wide glass wall, a moonlit beach below. And through the front door...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

...Martin and Laura enter. She is wearing the backless red dress after all, and it turns heads. Martin and she are perfect together. He puts his hand her bare back, guides her through the room, with a gentle smile or wave to familiar faces.

LATER...Martin stands in a little knot of chatting guests. He glances across the room, toward...

...Laura, looking back at him, from her own little group. She sends him a slight, sexy smile. An unspoken sign between them. And then...

...each excuse themselves. Make their way through the crowd. Toward each other. And when they meet, a very low...

LAURA

Have I been social long enough?

She discreetly traces a fingertip up along his wrist.

MARTIN

...for the whole season.

He catches her fingers neatly, the sudden movement almost violent. Their eyes light with mutual anticipation...

6 OMITTED

Moving through the kitchen of their summer cottage. She's ahead of him, slipping off her wrap. Martin punches the play button on the stereo wall unit.

SARA

Hungry?

He smiles, devouring her with his eyes. She opens the refrigerators and pulls out a bowl of dark red cherries. They glisten. Martin grabs her. The cherries spill, cascading to the floor. At that moment the music starts, Mahler's Ninth.

Martin's hands reach up under Sara's dress. She shivers with pleasure at his touch. With a powerful gesture of dominating strength Martin lifts her off the floor and lowers her onto the island in the middle of the kitchen.

He fills his mouth with hers. Sara winds her slender arms around his neck. His hands glide up her legs, reaching for her panties. Her mouth opens wide as they come sliding off.

Sara wraps her long legs around Martins waist, eating his mouth, the hunger raw, building, their bodies moving with it as he swings her around, sweeping a crock of wooden spoons from the counter. It SHATTERS VIOLENTLY on the floor, the spoons skittering in all directions.

Martin swoops Sara off the island and carries her off, through the room.

8 INT. BEACH HOUSE HALL - NIGHT

8

We follow the couple down the hall, kissing and laughing with delicious hunger. They disappear into the bedroom, and we stop. The door shuts HARD in our face. Hold a beat. Muffled laughter. Mahler's Ninth.

8A INT. BEDROOM - DAY

8A

CLOSE UP on Martin's bare feet vigorously climbing the high tech treads of a Versaclimber exercise machine.

CUT TO HIS FACE, his bare back. Muscles strain. Sweat flies. He is all animal, pure physical force.

CUT TO LAURA, standing in the bathroom doorway, watching, observing his massive form, his unrelenting power.

## 9 INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Martin at the table. Sipping his juice. Laura leans down to take his empty breakfast plate.

LAURA

How was it?

MARTIN

It was perfect.

Said quietly. She pours his coffee now. Sets the cream beside it. As she returns the pot to the stove, her eyes drift out the window...

## 10 EXT. BEACH/DOCK (POV) - DAY

...below on the beach, a handsome MAN carries sails onto a small day-sailer tied to the dock. She watches for a beat. And across the room...

## 11 INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

...Martin watches her. Then he stands, very quietly. Leaves the room without a word. She notices, and something flickers across her eyes. Then she turns back to gaze absently at the beach...

## 12 INT. BEACH HOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a sink, on Martin's hands, rinsing off.

CLOSE ON a towel rack -- on three immaculately pressed and folded guest towels hanging there...their bottoms not quite precisely aligned.

## 13 INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Sitting at her breakfast now, Laura HEARS Martin's footfall. She arranges her hair so it falls just so across her forehead. She opens her robe at the top, just a little. Modestly seductive. And as Martin comes into the room...

(CONTINUED)



13 CONTINUED:

...she turns to him. Showing a face that is bright, young, oddly innocent.

Martin comes to her. A silent, restless intelligence behind his eyes. At once refined and purposeful. He stares down at his young wife. And...

...leans gracefully to lift her in his arms. She blinks seductively at him. For a moment, they once more look like newlyweds.

14 INT. BEACH HOUSE HALL - DAY

Without a word, he leads her to the bedroom.

LAURA

Isn't it a little early for this?

15 INT. BEACH HOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Martin smiles absently as he detours into the bathroom. It is a spacious room divided into two separate and distinct areas, his and hers. He walks into "his" section and sets her down in front of his sink. The smile stays easily in place.

MARTIN

Everything here...as it should be?

The voice is calm. Unnaturally quiet. A look of what could almost be panic in Laura's eyes as she quickly makes a mental inventory of the bathroom. The fear deepens as she seems to be missing something.

Finally Martin fingers the towels. Laura GROANS apologetically as she straightens them, lines their bottoms up exactly.

LAURA

I don't know why I forget.

MARTIN

We all forget things. That's what reminding is for.

There's a chill in the quiet. She smiles sweetly into it...

LAURA

Thank you.

Now he kisses her tenderly. When he disengages he simply turns away from her. Runs the tap. Dismissed, she withdraws. We hold on his meticulous hand washing. Then, he dries his hands on one of the towels -- realigning it carefully with the others when he's finished.

16 INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY (LATER)

16

Laura is rinsing the breakfast dishes. As she works, she is clearly tense, preoccupied. Suddenly, with obsessive thoroughness, she goes through every cabinet, lining up the cans and containers so their labels face smartly forward. The readjustments are minute, insane.

She stops suddenly. Once more, we hear Martin's footsteps. She shuts the cabinet instantly, and back to her dishes just as Martin enters.

He pauses a beat. Staring at her from behind. She keeps working. Aware of his eyes. He reaches to touch her hair, in a gesture at once tender and possessive...

MARTIN

What's for supper?

Without turning back...

LAURA

Lamb. With rosemary. And the peach chutney.

He stares at the back of her head. Walks on, as...

LAURA

...and new potatoes, just in butter.  
And baby peas...

She turns to see him leaving the kitchen. Calls after him...

LAURA

...and I thought maybe I'd...make some herb bread.

He stops. Just at the doorway. Turns to her expectant face. And he smiles.

MARTIN

Sounds lovely. I can hardly wait.

...and he's gone. The front door opens. Closes quietly.

17 INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

17

Laura leans to the window, watching Martin descend the wooden stairs to the beach.

18 EXT. DOCK - DAY

18

Martin walks down to the dock and watches the man with the sailboat load several seat cushions on board. Waves at him when he turns.

MARTIN

You renting from the Driscoll's?

The man smiles and comes up to him, sticks out his hand.

MAN WITH BOAT

Hi! John Fleishman. Just for the month. I take it we're neighbors.

MARTIN

Martin Burney. We live up there.

FLEISHMAN

That must be your wife I keep seeing, looking down from the window.

And Martin smiles. Easily.

MARTIN

Laura.

Fleishman's eyes glance up toward the window.

FLEISHMAN

It's a beautiful house. Best on the beach.

Just a flicker before...

MARTIN

Well, thanks. You're from Boston...?

FLEISHMAN

I've...escaped from Mass General. I'm a neurologist there.

Martin nods his approval...affable as hell.

MARTIN

We live in Boston too. I'm an Investment counsellor.

(admiring the boat)

That is a terrific looking boat. Boats are a passion of mine. One I don't get to indulge very often.

FLEISHMAN

That's too bad. I wouldn't let anything keep me off the water.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MARTIN

My wife doesn't like sailing.  
She can't swim...nearly drowned  
when she was a child.

Fleishman gives him an understanding look.

MARTIN

I usually try to get her on a  
boat, at least once a season.  
Build up her confidence. It's  
difficult. But I try.

FLEISHMAN

Look, I'm taking a run along the  
coast tonight. Full moon. Maybe  
this would be a good time.

Martin looks down at the sand. Wistful, somehow.

MARTIN

You're kind to offer.

FLEISHMAN

I'd enjoy the company, and the  
weather's supposed to be good.

MARTIN

We'll maybe. Let me talk to  
her. I'll raise it...gently.

Martin smiles at Fleishman. It is a disarming grin...

19 INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

19

Laura is bending at the oven. Checking on the progress of her  
bread. Martin appears in the doorway. She doesn't seem to  
realize.

MARTIN

Nice-looking man. The doctor.

She startles slightly...something in the tone.

MARTIN

He says I have a beautiful...house.  
Best...on the beach.

Real fear now. He comes slowly toward her.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

When was he in here? Yesterday? While I was in town?

He's right there. She seems so small.

LAURA

Doctor? Martin, I don't...

MARTIN

Sure, you do. Blond, young. Outfitting his sailboat down there...

Twist of a smile.

MARTIN

He says...you've been staring at him. From the window. All...day.

As her head begins to shake involuntarily, his arm LASHES OUT, the back of his closed FIST CRASHING against her ear. She SLAMS against the oven and crumples to the clean tile floor. So sudden, so violent, she is too stunned to cry. Her eyes wide and staring, like a dead person.

MARTIN

Does it give you. That much pleasure. To humiliate me?

And now, the soft sobbing begins.

MARTIN

Stop it.

She can't. And so he KICKS her SAVAGELY. Only once. She grasps her thigh in agony. And somehow, she manages to desperately choke back the sobs, the sounds. He stands above her...

MARTIN

Now you'll sulk, won't you?

Gasping for breath. Shaking her head, no. I won't. He kneels. Just beside her head. His voice is no longer menacing. It is gently chiding, parent-to-child...

MARTIN

Yes, you will. You'll pout. And spoil our supper.

His hand caresses her hair. Very gently. She tries not to shiver at the touch.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

MARTIN

...our beautiful supper. The lamb...with  
the chutney.

His voice itself is a caress.

MARTIN

...and the baby peas. And that bread.  
Just smell the bread...

His face is very near hers now. Voice just above a whisper...

MARTIN

...will you smile?

...and somehow, somehow, she does. It's even pretty. He  
kisses her lips. Tenderly. When he pulls back...

MARTIN

Your doctor friend asked us to go  
sailing. Tonight.

She's caught her breath. But there's a new terror now. Some-  
thing deeper than mere assault. Almost inaudibly...

LAURA

Darling, you know how...

His finger touches her lips. And she stops.

MARTIN

Just a run along the coast. Less  
than an hour each way.

In spite of herself, her head is shaking, no. Please, no.

MARTIN

I'll be right there, princess. Right  
by your side.

Reassuring. Caring.

MARTIN

I know how you feel. But we can't  
conquer our fears. By running away.  
(smiles)

Do it. For me?

She draws a ragged breath. Her head nods. And the fear stays  
in her eyes. He stands now. Slowly.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

MARTIN

Think I'll run into town. Anything you need?

Her head shakes. She's fighting back the tears again. His smile is disappointed. Sure there's nothing I can do for you? No? Well, then.

MARTIN

I'll be back.

He turns and leaves. She lies frozen, listening to the steps. The door open. Quietly close. Still afraid to move. Is he really gone? Finally, slowly, her fingers explore her hairline just above her ear. Blood. Just a trace.

She tries awkwardly to rise. Winces sharply at the pain in her leg. Lifts her skirt to reveal a shocking BRUISE. Black-ening yellow and purple. As she stares at it, her tears begin. Silent now. Unnoticed.

Struggles to her feet. She limps first to the fridge. Cubes of ice. Ties them in a dishcloth and places them to her temple. She's done this before. \*

20 OMITTED

20\*

21 EXT. BEACH - DAY

21

Laura on the lonely beach. Walking by the low wall in front of the beach houses. There are beach lights on poles, and coarse rocky grass just against the wall. She stops. Staring at the gentle waves of the bay. Not fear, but fascination. As if there were something out there.

She dips to the rough grass. Scrabbling for stones. Big ones. A handful at last. Stands once more to survey the beach. There is no one. Only her beach house. And Fleishman's down the way.

She squints up now. At one of the beach lights. Suddenly HURLS a stone at it. Misses. Not by much. Another, and we HEAR the glass TINKLE and break. She stares down at the shards for a beat. Then...

...takes aim at a second light. Throwing and throwing and finally...the gentle CRACK once more. The glass rains down. She looks at it thoughtfully.

Drops the rest of her stones. Heads slowly back up toward her beach house.

22 INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

22

Laura at her cutting board. Dicing herbs with a large knife. Her face absent, reflective. HEAR the door open now. Softly. The tension flickers across her eyes. The door closes. Still dicing. Footfalls approach.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Afternoon, Miss. You all alone in here?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She looks up with her best expression of delight. He's holding a dozen roses. Red. Like the kitchen.

LAURA

Oh, darling. They're so lovely.

They are. Perfect. He comes to her counter. Sets the flowers down gently. Produces a box. Beautifully wrapped.

MARTIN

I'm sorry we quarreled.

The barest flicker as she stares at the box. She's been here before. But quickly enough, the bright eagerness is in place. Her fingers fumbling girlishly with the ribbon. He watches her face intently, as the box comes open...

LAURA

Oh. Oh, my...

Laura pulls from the tissue a red silk TEDDY. She drapes it across her body, lacy and clinging.

MARTIN

If you don't like it...

LAURA

You know I do.

Shy. Seductive. Perfect. He says only...

MARTIN

Have you showered?

Her smile is warm and small...

LAURA

Well, of course. Just an hour ago.

His eyes move across her face. And then he smiles at last. The smile makes him handsome, loving. His fingers go to her blouse. Gently undoing the buttons. Pulls the cloth back from her body. Kissing her skin.

Her fingers dig into his hair, as if thrilled by his touch. Her lips kiss his head, neck, as he swiftly undresses her. We see the blotches, the marks on her skin. Old and new.

She is naked now. At her kitchen sink. He holds the teddy for her to step into. She does, and he slowly pulls the silk up along her body. Across her breasts. Slipping the straps over her shoulders. He says so softly, considerately...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

MARTIN

Is it too early? In the day.

She slips her arms around his neck. Her dreamy, lying smile.

LAURA

Please, now.

He slides his arms beneath her. And carries her off.

23 INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

23

The room is as dark as curtains can make it. HOLD on a chair, with Martin's clothes neatly folded across its back. Over the sounds of Mahler's Ninth Symphony we HEAR...

...Laura's SOUNDS of love, we pan to the foot of the chair. Martin's shoes, perfectly aligned. Panning to...

...the bed. Martin's rhythmic, ferocious cadence, as if synchronized to the Mahler. Violence as passion. Laura's hushed, exquisite moaning. As Martin finishes, she brings her song to its appropriate instant of crushed ecstasy.

Her audience rolls over. Stares at her face. So close to her. She holds the smile. Perfect to the end. His eyes linger, opaque. Then he slips from their bed, without a word. Into the bathroom, closing the door.

Her breath holds until we HEAR his shower stream clatter against the tile. And, finally, the air within her slowly releases.

24 EXT. BEACH HOUSE BALCONY - DAY

24

China. Crystal. Laura brings the supper one platter at a time. Martin sits, sipping his wine absently, eyes far away. She serves him, but he scarcely seems to notice. When she returns to her seat...

MARTIN

You want something.

Calm. Neutral. But the eyes are intense. A small smile now, that doesn't change them...

MARTIN

I know my princess.

Her eyes flutter down. Nothing to say.

MARTIN

It's not about...our sail tonight.  
I thought...we'd...made up our minds.

She turns her face up to his. Her jaw set. Silent. He contemplates that for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

MARTIN

I'm waiting.

LAURA

Mrs. Clark called from the library. She says they could...use me full time, now.

Full time. It sits there.

MARTIN

And how would you honor. Your responsibilities. At home?

Silence. This is an old lesson. But he is never too tired to teach it. She can only stare.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

You work three mornings a week.  
And I support that. Because I  
know your love of books.

(beat)

But what about our home? Don't  
you love our home. As much?

She draws a breath...

LAURA

Has your dinner been late to the  
table? Even once?

MARTIN

Oh, I can remember...not so far  
back. It was late...by two days.

A deep silence. A clock is ticking. A man is waiting.

LAURA

That was six months ago.

She looks to him. Searches his eyes...

LAURA

My mother, Martin. She was all I had.  
I'll never forgive myself...for  
not bringing her to live with us.

He actually smiles. His voice so quiet...

MARTIN

You shouldn't beat yourself.  
You always treated her with love.

LAURA

She died, Martin. How could I  
not go to her funeral?

He seems to lean forward.

MARTIN

But that isn't the point, is it?  
We know. What the point is.

Yes, they do.

MARTIN

If you had told me. I would  
have taken you.

(beat)

Given me a chance. To pay my  
last respects.

(CONTINUED)

He sighs. As if more weary than angry.

24

MARTIN  
But you sneaked off. Inexplicably.  
Without a note, a word.

An honest man. Grievously wronged.

LAURA  
I didn't sneak off...

\*  
\*

MARTIN  
Need I remind you. How I worried?

LAURA  
No. You reminded me enough. The  
night I came back.

She is looking directly at him. That is strange. Her  
courage interests him.

MARTIN  
You aren't suggesting I enjoyed  
that.

LAURA  
God, no. That would make you a monster.

And holds it steady. Right at his eyes. He doesn't  
know how to take that. His face, dead as stone, finally  
curls the trace of a smile...

MARTIN  
If I didn't...know you better.

The words hang. In the air.

MARTIN  
...I might think you were...  
deliberately...provoking a  
quarrel. So that you'd  
be...unable. To sail tonight.

The deadly smile blooms.

MARTIN  
This is a useful discussion. But  
one best...postponed. Until  
after our sail. Don't you think?

Reaches for the platter now. In silence, he begins to  
slide the lamb onto his plate. As if he were alone in  
the room. HOLD on Laura. Watching.

25 INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

25

Laura dips to put the last of the dishes in a low cupboard. Martin looms up behind her.

MARTIN

Time to go.

And though her back is to him, she nods slightly. Time to go. And when she rises, as he gently helps her on with her jacket...

...her eyes move about this room. They glance at one object, then another. And her fingers reach absently. Touch a...

...small stone carving. The primitive figure of a round, comical woman. With an enigmatic smile.

MARTIN

...thinking of our honeymoon?

She is. Her eyes are naked, lost in it. But her back is to him.

MARTIN

The night I gave you that. I taught you to dance.

Just there, his voice is lovely. The whisper holds no malice. Only remembered love. And when she turns to him, we see...

...she remembers that, too.

LAURA

Those were the happiest days.  
Of my whole life.

Complete honesty in that. Her wide eyes stare at him openly, unafraid. He's not used to that. But in this moment...

...he rather likes it. He takes her hand and holds it next to his. Slowly, almost lovingly, he fondles her wedding ring. He speaks quietly, as if recounting their marriage vows.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MARTIN

We are one. We will always be  
one. Nothing. Can keep us apart.

\*  
\*  
\*

ANGLE ON LAURA. Words which were once a joyful memory are now a threat.

\*  
\*

26 OMITTED

26\*

26A ESTABLISHING SHOT OF FLEISHMAN'S BOAT, cutting through  
the water. The dark sea sparkles in the moonlight.

26A\*  
\*

27 EXT. FLEISHMAN'S BOAT - DUSK

27

Fleishman steers and Martin holds the main sheet on the windward side of the cockpit. Laura sits and shivers on the leeward side of the stern.

FLEISHMAN  
(to Laura)

How are you doing?

MARTIN

She's a brave little girl.

FLEISHMAN  
(ignoring him)

If at any point you want to turn around, we can always turn back.

\*  
\*

She presses her lips together and shakes her head. The effort to smile is visible. Fleishman smiles back helplessly.

LAURA

Tell me about your practice, John. Martin says you're a neurologist?

FLEISHMAN

Can't imagine anything more boring.

LAURA

Not to me. Little girls are fascinated by such things.

Fleishman can't suppress a grin. Martin just stares out to sea.

28 EXT. THE DAY - NIGHT

28

A WIDE SHOT of the boat rounding a buoy. A BELL on top of it is ringing. Laura looks out at it.

FLEISHMAN  
(explaining)

Heading for open seas.

Laura nods.

A SHOT of the moon fading behind a dark cloud bank. The boat sails on. The sky looks ominous.



Laura glances into the darkening night, facing into the wind. She is clearly holding herself together by an act of sheer will. She fixes her eyes once again on the floor of the cockpit, as though wishing the sea away. Fleishman peers out into the restless gloom around them.

FLEISHMAN

I wish that moon would come back.

It starts to rain. Laura looks concerned.

FLEISHMAN

(feeling the drops)

Well, so much for weather reports.

MARTIN

(annoyed)

I thought you said the forecast was good.

FLEISHMAN

I don't know where this is coming from. I'm going to turn back.

There is a sudden crack of thunder. It does not bode well.

The boat turns around, swinging past a second buoy and heading back toward the channel.

MARTIN

(to Laura)

Relax princess. Nothing to worry about.

The rain comes down in torrents.

For a short while they sail silently, and except for the discomfort, things seem to be going well.

FLEISHMAN

There's the first buoy. We're almost home.

Then, suddenly, the jib begins to luff.

FLEISHMAN

Tighten the jib! Crank it in!

Martin begins cranking with all his might. The winds are swelling the mainsail. Suddenly a snap shackle breaks and the jib goes wild. It flaps insanely, out of control. Fleishman locks the wheel and rushes to help Martin. The wheel lock breaks. The wheel starts to spin and the boat begins to turn. A huge gust of wind and the boom whips across the deck.

The boat lurches violently, heeling from starboard to port. The men are thrown to their knees. Martin grabs

(CONTINUED)

for the railing and tries to stand. Fleishman, too, pulls himself up. They both NOTICE at the same time that Laura is no longer there at the leeward rail.

For a moment they seem only interested in this as a curious fact. Then it dawns on them what has happened, what it means.

FLEISHMAN

Oh, my God.

MARTIN

She can't swim! What are you going to do! She can't SWIM!

Martin rushes toward the back of the boat. He is like a madman. Fleishman pulls down the jib sail furiously, as if he could turn the boat around by sheer main force.

Martin starts to go over the side of the boat. He's halfway in the water, about to let go, when Fleishman grabs him, tries to wrestle him back into the cockpit...

FLEISHMAN

Jesus Christ! I'm not going to lose both of you!

...but Martin flings him away, and plunges into the black water. He looks desperately around him and dives beneath the surface...

FLEISHMAN

Burney!

Martin reappears and dives again. And again. Gasping. Whirling now, his head lurching in all directions at the darkness...

MARTIN

LAU-RAAA!!

Rage. As if he could command her to return from the waves.

MARTIN

Laura...

Helpless. A lost child. We see the thin beam of Fleishman's flashlight probing the blackness. And as it swings toward us, it becomes...

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

MARTIN

Laura...

Helpless. A lost child. We see the thin beam of Fleishman's flashlight probing the blackness.

30 EXT. POLICE BOAT - NIGHT (LATER)

30\*

...the powerful SEARCH BEAM of a police boat. From the deck...

\*

...a SHOUT. Men RUNNING toward the bow. As we PUSH in on the action, we see...

\*

\*

...Martin BOLTING from the wheelhouse, RACING toward the commotion, as Fleishman and the boat's CAPTAIN run after him to see...

\*

\*

...Laura's floatation COLLAR being gently lifted from the water with a grappling hook. There is a silence among the men. Deepest in Martin. Whatever last hope flickered has now gone. And as the hook swings the collar above the railing...

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...Martin goes to it. As the collar drips icy water down across his arms, his fingers are reaching up to...

\*

\*

...the cloth straps. The ones Laura never tied to hold the collar fast. Absently, tenderly, his own fingers complete that task now. He murmurs...

\*

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MARTIN

You try. To make everything perfect.  
And this is what they do.

\*

\*

\*

The self-pity turns everyone silent. Martin's gaze turns straight at the captain. Sudden, complete honesty in...

\*

\*

MARTIN

She was the only thing. I ever loved.

\*

\*

31 OMITTED

31

32 INT. BEACH HOUSE DOOR/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

32

Darkened beach house. Door swinging open. Martin's silhouette.

Only a single dim lamp. Walking aimlessly, thinking of Laura. To the cherrywood bar. Opens the cabinet. In the darkness, he squints at the bottles, not unlike the way we saw Laura do it. He takes down the scotch. Fills the tumbler nearly half full.

- 33 OMITTED 33
- 34 INT. BEACH HOUSING LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 34
- ANGLE...the kitchen. Martin with his scotch. Stopping at...  
...the stone carving. The round, comical woman smiles her enigmatic smile. He lifts her slowly. Staring at her, remembering only hours ago...
- 35 INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 35
- ...into the living room. His eyes come up from the stone figure to...  
...the glass wall. The balcony and moonlit bay beyond. His own image superimposed on the window. Capturing his helpless, self-pitying rage and he...  
...FLINGS the stone carving VIOLENTLY...  
...THROUGH the glass, which EXPLODES with shocking force, the cold wind RUSHING in, and Martin...  
...STALKS toward it, through broken glass CRUNCHING heedlessly beneath his feet, PUSHING through dangling SHARDS at the window and...
- 36 EXT. BEACH HOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT 36
- ...OUT into the night. Grasping the balcony railing, throwing back his head in grief and loss as we CUT TO...
- 37 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT 37
- A WIDE VIEW of the place, with its unlighted windows, its quiet aura of tragedy. HOLD here a long while, listening to the sound of the WAVES gently lapping at the beach.
- 38 OMITTED 38\*

39 EXT. MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

39

HIGH ANGLE above a green memorial park. Folding chairs. Fifty mourners sit near a rose garden. All around, family plots, weathered headstones. And to one side...

...a gentle mound of flowers, wreaths, garlands bright and fragile. Below us, a MINISTER is concluding his remarks.

MINISTER

And while her body has returned to the sea, her spirit soars from the watery depths, free of its mortal concerns and earthly bonds. Our loved one's life has ended in this world, but we know that she has found new and eternal life in the world beyond. We will miss her. But we know that our separation is only temporary. For we shall all come together once more in God's gracious love and warm embrace. For it is promised, that whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Amen.

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He folds his notes and slowly...

\*

THE CAMERA BEGINS A LONG TRACKING SHOT over the heads of the MOURNERS. It finds Martin standing before a simple wreath with a black and white photo of Laura placed inside it.

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(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Martin leans down, gently clearing grass from around it. His fingers reach to touch its surface. We push over his shoulder now, down at the words...

...LAURA WILLIAMS BURNEY. BELOVED WIFE. 1964-1990. And as the words fill our frame, we begin to hear...

...an overlapping SOUND. Pen scratching across paper. The sound we've heard when Laura wrote in her diary. And one thing more...

...the gently lapping waves. Of a bay...

LAURA (V.O.)

That was the night Martin Burney lost his wife. That Laura Burney died. It was then that I was lost...

40 EXT. THE BAY - NIGHT

40

Moving swells in moonlight. The night Laura was lost. We are just at the water's surface. In the far distance, a dim flashlight beam. A voice fading in wind and sea...

MARTIN (V.O.)

Lau-ra! Laau-raaa!

PULL BACK slightly to see the buoy. The arm and hand grasping tight. The blonde hair trailing, eddying in the waves.

LAURA (V.O.)

...and someone else was saved. Someone who was afraid of water, ...but who had learned to swim...

41 INT. YWCA POOL - DAY

41

Close on a woman's body in the shallow end of the pool. Blonde hair stuffed up under a bathing cap. Behind her, SEE three middle aged ladies clap and cheer her on as she paddles deeper, over her head -- but all in silence, as we still LISTEN to the WIND and indistinct HISS of the waves on the bay beside Bankton.

42 EXT. THE BAY - NIGHT

42

Back in the darkness.

LAURA (V.O.)

Someone who knew a chance would come...if she waited. Someone who knew...how to wait.

See her now, blonde hair trailing, a small figure swimming on a dark sea. Slow and steady strokes.

43 EXT. BEACH HOUSE (POV) - NIGHT 43

The line of beach houses on the shore. The Burney's place clearly marked by the absence of two beach lights. The ones Laura smashed.

44 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 44

Under a shattered light, a woman's figure rises above the water's surface, finds a foothold, struggles up to dry land shedding her wet, cold clothing. Laura walks onto the shadowy beach, shaking out her hair, like a goddess just born out of the waves. \*  
\*  
\*

45 INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT 45

Darkened beach house. Door swinging open. Laura's silhouette.

She leaves the lights off. Walks through her kitchen. The dishes are rinsed and stacked, but she ignores them. Pauses instead at a crystal vase. Twelve roses carefully arranged. They look black in this light. Black and perfect.

46 INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 46

Through the living room. She slows at the bookcase. Her eyes trailing over the volumes she will leave behind. The breakfast. Behind the glass, the volume in worn leather. The diary. It too seems black now. She walks on by.

47 INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT 47

Into the bedroom. Past the bed, neatly made. Past the photo on the dresser. No thought for these. Into the closet. Flick on the light. Drop to her knees...

48 INT. BEACH HOUSE CLOSET - NIGHT 48

Laura pries up a floorboard. Begins to pull out a series of plastic bags. These are filled with clothing, toilet articles, all brand new. A rolled-up wad of money. Candy bars and cheese and biscuits.

(CONTINUED)

48

She checks the few possessions carefully. Then places them in a rolled-up nylon duffel also taken from beneath the floorboard. One plastic bag goes with her now.

49 INT. BEACH HOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laura enters the bathroom and crosses to her private area. Standing in front of the mirror, she pulls out dry clothes. A small pair of scissors...

LAURA (V.O.)  
Someone who thought of everything...

Grabs nearly a foot of her long blonde hair. And slowly, calmly...cuts it off.

LAURA (V.O.)  
Almost.

Laura realizes she doesn't know what to do with the fistful of hair. She looks around. Goes to the toilet. The golden hair settles softly on the water...and is flushed away.

At the mirror now, Laura is quickly dressing. Pulls from the plastic bag a short brunette wig. Fits it on. Tinted glasses from the bag...stares at the stranger in the mirror.

She tries to pull off her wedding ring. But it won't come. Twists, tugs. Too tight. Water and soap now. Lots of soap. And off it comes. She walks back over to her toilet, throws it in, and flushes it from her life.

Check the bathroom now, for any signs. The sink. The counter. The floor. Everything clean...as though she's never been there. She turns to leave But we do not...

...slowly THE CAMERA TRACKS BACK TO THE TOILET BOWL and peers down inside. As we watch, the backwater returns Laura's wedding band to the bottom of the bowl. The overhead light catches it for a moment as Laura steps out the door. A tiny gleam of gold. The light snaps off. Darkness.

50 OMITTED

50

50A INT. BEACH HOUSE DOOR - NIGHT

50A

Laura at the front door. A look back at all she's leaving, as lightning CRACKS behind her, the screen blackening as it fades, and becoming...



51 OMITTED 51

51A INT. GREYHOUND BUS (TRVL) - NIGHT 51A

Lightning FLASHING on the window of a rolling BUS. The passengers sleep through a late night storm. All except Laura, who stares fixedly out at the passing miles.

51B EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAWN 51B\*

A Greyhound bus travels down a lonely highway. The sun is just starting to rise.

52 OMITTED 52

52A INT. GREYHOUND BUS (TRVL) - DAY 52A

CLOSE on Laura sleeping in soft light of midday. She rolls her head to one side and it leans against...

...a man, now sitting next to her. She startles slightly. Rolls back tight against the window.

53 INT. GREYHOUND BUS (TRVL) - NIGHT 53

Dark of night. Laura staring out the glass without seeing anything. When she turns back, the woman next to her is holding out a large green apple. The woman is fifty, but weathered and older somehow. The apple is clearly being offered to Laura. She doesn't understand.

WOMAN

Doncha like green? I haven't got a red one left.

Laura's eyes go from the woman to the apple. We realize she is hungry, before we hear...

WOMAN

(smiles)

Please. I got plenty.

And Laura smiles back. The first honest one we've seen, and so, the most beautiful. She nods her gratitude and takes the apple. She bites in eagerly.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

WOMAN

You...visitin' out here?

Laura thinks that over as she chews.

LAURA

My...mother's all by herself in a nursing home. She's blind. Can't move her right side very well... She had a stroke.

The woman looks at her warmly.

WOMAN

I'm sorry to hear that.

Laura takes another bite.

WOMAN

So you...live back East?

Laura chews. She can't look away.

LAURA

I was with an old friend...who needed me.

WOMAN

Sick, was she?

But Laura doesn't answer. The woman seems a little hurt.

WOMAN

...course, it's none of my business.

And without knowing why, Laura blurts...

LAURA

...she left her husband.

There is a desperate need to know. How a normal person will react to...

LAURA

He was a horrible man. He used to beat her.

WOMAN

No.

LAURA

Started right after their honeymoon.

(pause)

He said if she ever left him he would punish her. And he meant it. His punishments were terrible.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

The woman looks disapproving, but somehow not surprised.

LAURA :

He would never let her go. He  
said he would find her anywhere.

Laura draws a ragged breath. The woman understands. Pretty  
upsetting stuff.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

WOMAN

Couldn't she call the police?

LAURA

She did. She talked to them.  
A lawyer too. They said she  
could make a citizen's arrest.  
Or get a restraining order. It  
was pathetic.

WOMAN

How did she leave?

LAURA

She risked everything...escaped...  
ran away. Started a new life.

The woman nods. Clearly moved by the story and the telling.

WOMAN

Brave girl.

LAURA

She thinks she's a coward.

Quiet now. Laura can't really go on.

WOMAN

A coward? Not a girl like that.

Laura's eyes are lost again. The woman shakes her head. Laura  
turns to look out the window.

WOMAN

How long did she stay with him?

LAURA

Too long. Three years...seven  
months.  
(almost to herself)  
...six days.

The woman shakes her head. Laura turns to look out the window.  
Her reflection is obscured by the lights of a small town as the  
bus passes through.

54 OMITTED

54

55 OMITTED

55

56 OMITTED

56

57 EXT. CORN FIELDS - DAWN

57

It is dawn now. Liquid light across a still cornfield. The  
Greyhound bus rolls right past a sign: WELCOME TO IOWA.

58 OMITTED

58

59 EXT. CEDAR FALLS (POV-TRVL) - DAY

59

SERIES OF ANGLES...as the Greyhound rolls slowly through the small college town. Quiet Victorian homes. Lazy shopping streets. Library. Post office, with its flag going up. The town square.

A safe haven in gentle golden light. And reflected in the window...

60 OMITTED

60 \*~~4~~

61 EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION/TOWNSQUARE - DAY

61 \*~~4~~

HIGH ANGLE. The Greyhound bus pulls to a stop alongside a lovely Mid-western town square. Laura is the only one getting off.

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\*

Laura stands there a moment, getting her bearings. We sense an incredible joy welling up inside her. And then, suddenly, she begins bounding toward us, across the grass. Her hand reaches up and, with a gesture of total delight, tears the brunette wig away. Her long beautiful hair falls free in the sunlight.

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...SLAM DUNK. The wig flies into a trash basket. Sara, beaming, rushes past.

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## 61A EXT. TREE LINED STREET - DAY

61A

Laura is walking down a lovely tree lined street. She has a newspaper in her hands and appears to be searching for a house that is circled in the rental column of the want ads.

## 62 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Suddenly Laura stops. She is standing in front of a grand Victorian pile, small but sprawling just the same. A "for rent" sign is posted on the lawn. A short, immaculate blue-haired lady is waiting on the steps of the house. Laura's eyes are wide: the place is a dream. The old lady, MRS. NEPPER, watches sharply as Laura approaches.

## 63 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Laura comes down the stairs in silence. Mrs. Nepper trails just behind. Still watching her. They stand at the edge of the room. Laura looks around, eyes lingering on every inch of the place. Mrs Nepper walks straight past her now. Out the door, to...

## 64 EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

64

...the graceful, weathered porch. She waits until Laura joins her. Then turns, a little coldly, to hear...

LAURA

How much is it, again?

MRS. NEPPER

Six hundred a month, Miss Walters.

LAURA

Waters. Sara Waters.

MRS. NEPPER

(nodding)

Of course I'll need a first and last, and one months deposit.

LAURA

Eighteen hundred.

Laura looks back through the open door, a loving glance. Slowly she pulls out the roll of money she took from under the floorboards of her house. She unfolds it and begins to count her money. It is obvious that there will be little left.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED

6-

THE CAMERA CRANES BACK SLOWLY into a long shot of the house.

64A EXT. FRONT PORCH - DUSK

64E

MATCH DISSOLVE to a sun dappled view of the same porch. Sara Waters is sitting in the porch swing, slowly gliding back and forth. There is a huge, contented smile on her face. For the first time since we have known her she looks happy and at home.

64B INT. HOUSE - DAY

64E

DISSOLVE to draperies opening and sunlight flooding into the house.

64C INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

64C\*

DISSOLVE to billowing white sheets as Sara pulls them off the furniture. They rise in the air like spirits flying, like ghosts departing. One sheet after another floats into Sara's arms. A new and inviting home is beginning to emerge.

64D INT. HOUSE - DAY

64D

DISSOLVE to a dust rag wiping clean every surface of the house, window sills, cupboards, and even crown mouldings as Sara places the dust cloth over the top of a broom and wipes along the edges of the ceiling. Everything looks new. Everything sparkles.

64E OMITTED

64E\*

64F OMITTED

64F\*

64G INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

64G\*

DISSOLVE TO SARA painting the walls of the dining room. It is raining outside and the watery shadows form lovely designs on the fresh paint. Slowly THE CAMERA dollies toward the wall as the paint roller lays a new sheen on top of it. THE CAMERA moves tight into the newly painted surface as we...

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64H INT. SARA'S HOUSE - DAY

64H\*

DISSOLVE TO SARA passing through the living room carrying a load of groceries. It is obvious that time has passed. We track with her as she walks through the house and enters the kitchen. The rooms glisten in the bright daylight. Everything looks clean and cozy. Plants are everywhere.

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64I INT. KITCHEN - DAY

64I\*

DISSOLVE TO SARA unloading groceries in the kitchen. Large bags of rice and beans pile onto the counter. She is a frugal shopper. A handful of small bills and coins empty from her wallet. She looks at it with concern. Her cash is running low.

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64J INT. SARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

64J\*

DISSOLVE TO MOONLIGHT brightening Sara's bed as she turns back the covers. The room, the world, grow absolutely still. With a look of delicious anticipation, she enters the bed alone. Slowly she slips beneath the crisp white sheets, flicks off the lamp, and gently closes her eyes.

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64K INT. SHOWER - DAY

64K\*

DISSOLVE TO WATER rushing at the CAMERA. Sara, her face in CLOSEUP, is standing in the shower as the water hits her forehead and rolls down her cheeks. It is warm and cleansing. She stands there in the early morning light, as the spray refreshes and renews her, the water washing away the past.

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65 OMITTED

65

66 OMITTED

66

67 OMITTED

67

68 INT. SARA'S BATHROOM - DAY

68

DISSOLVE TO Sara, wrapped in a towel, drying off at the sink. Absently she folds a hand towel and starts to line it up with another on the rack. Then she catches herself and yanks the towel deliberately off kilter. She smiles.

\*

69 INT. SARA'S BEDROOM - DAY

69

DISSOLVE TO Sara sitting on the edge of her bed. Slowly, luxuriously, she lies back.

\*

Suddenly, as if out of nowhere, we hear the finale to act 1 of "West Side Story" blaring through the window. There is a mixture of recognition and amusement in Sara's eyes as she hears it. Curious, she lifts herself up. The sound of a lawn mower joins the music and, over it we can hear a man's voice. He is belting out lyrics to the songs.

Sara, covering herself with a sheet, edges toward the window and peeks outside.

70 EXT. BEN'S YARD (POV) - DAY

70

Glancing over the window ledge we see...

(CONTINUED)



70 CONTINUED:

...her neighbor, cutting the grass. He is BEN WOODWARD, 30, a good looking man, obviously unaware that he is being watched. His singing is big hearted and uninhibited.

BEN

"The Jets are going to have their way tonight. \ We'll win it fair and square, tonight. \ That Puerto Ricans punk'll go down, \ and when he's hollered uncle, \ we'll tear up the town.

His voice shifts to a falsetto as he sings Maria's lines.

BEN

Tonight, tonight. Won't be just any night. \ Tonight there will be no morning star...

Sara smiles and edges forward.

As Ben turns he glimpses Sara's face in the upstairs window. Sara pulls back instantly, embarrassed. Ben stops singing. He is obviously flustered. Hold on Sara a moment. She smiles.

71 OMITTED

72 OMITTED

73 OMITTED

74 OMITTED

75 INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - DUSK

75

Sara heaps rice and then beans onto a plate, then pours boiling water into a cup of instant coffee, sits down at the table and starts shovelling the rice and beans into her mouth. Then she stops. Sits upright.

Sara goes to the overhead cabinet, opens the doors, and takes an old candle off the shelf. Just as she has closed the cabinet...she stops and opens it up again. Three cartons face directly forward, perfectly aligned. Sara reaches up and turns them in different directions. Then, hesitating, not satisfied, she reaches in once more, with both hands, and messes up the entire array of boxes and cans.

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Sara closes the cabinet, lights her candle, and places it on the table. Then she turns off the overhead lights in the kitchen and sits down to eat her meal with dignity.

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She eats slowly and carefully and we WATCH her for a long time.

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76 OMITTED

76 \*

77 OMITTED

77 .

78 OMITTED

78

79 INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - DUSK

79

Sara at her sink in the last light of day. Carefully washing and stacking her few things from dinner. From her eyes, her calm, she's feeling stronger every day now...

...as her glance roams out the window.

79A EXT. BEN'S YARD (POV) - NIGHT

79A

In the moonlight, we catch a glimpse of her neighbor's apple tree. In her voice, a trace of criminal intent.

SARA (V.O.)

Dessert.

EXT. BEN'S YARD - NIGHT

Sara in moonlight. Gathering fallen apples from the ground. Holding them in her skirt, as if it were a basket.

She works quickly, silently. There is mischief and fear lightly on her features. Mostly haste.

She has nearly a dozen. Sorting now. Getting choosier. This one. Not that. Okay, the last one. Stand up quickly, turn and...

...GASP. A MAN stands inches from her. He speaks almost in a whisper...

BEN  
Harvest time?

Sara freezes. It is her neighbor. She glances guiltily at the apples in her upturned skirt.

BEN  
You know, people get arrested for stealing in this town.

SARA  
(apologetic)  
I'm sorry. They were on the ground. They're bruised...damaged.

BEN  
Bruised?

Ben plucks an apple from her skirt. He holds it up to the moonlight. Squinting, he examines it carefully.

SARA  
Well not that one.

BEN  
They all look pretty good to me.  
(gazing at her moonlit face)  
This is unlawful trespass you know.

SARA  
Oh, please. I didn't mean... It's just a few apples...to bake a pie.

BEN  
A pie! Well why didn't you say so. Perhaps we can make a deal, a little plea bargain. I love pie.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

Suddenly Sara realizes that he is trying to pick her up and that his eyes are zeroed in on her thighs. She grows indignant.

SARA  
I don't make deals...and I never  
plea bargain.

With a dramatic gesture, Sara lets go of her hem, and the apples spill to the ground. She turns abruptly and heads back to her house. Ben stands there, amazed.

BEN  
Hey, wait a minute.

She stoops and grabs a fallen apple. When she's too far away to hear, Ben murmurs...

BEN  
...nice meeting you.

81 INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

81

Sara is standing at the sink washing her apple and slicing into it with a serrated knife. Suddenly we hear a strange sound. She shuts off the water to listen better. There is a small scratching. She whirls to see Ben at her screen door, rubbing it with his foot. He is carrying a load of apples in his upturned t-shirt.

BEN  
You forgot these.

Sara just stares at him, her hand holding the knife. \*

BEN  
A shame to let 'em rot on the ground.  
They're really great for baking. \*

Sara's hand holds firm on the knife. \*

BEN  
If you want I can try pressing  
them through the screen.

He notices the knife in Sara's hand. \*

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

BEN

Hey, I didn't mean to upset you.  
Hell, you can have all the apples  
you need, the whole tree if you want.

The words catch Sara by surprise. She stands there quietly for a moment, sensing once again the depth of the fear and anger inside her.

Sara looks at Ben's face, backlit through the screen door. The kindness in his voice, his frankness of tone, affects her. Slowly her hand releases the knife and she approaches the door. Ben smiles, as she opens the door.

SARA

I'll get you a bowl.

BEN

No need.

Ben steps in and hurriedly dumps the apples in the sink. Relieved, he turns to Sara and extends his hand.

BEN

So hi. My name's Ben. Woodward.

She hesitates a second and then shakes hands. Ben is pleased. He turns back to the sink and starts washing the apples.

BEN

That was me this afternoon.

SARA

I know.

BEN

You caught me by surprise up there.

SARA

(smiling to herself)

So I gathered.

BEN

I didn't realize anyone had moved in.  
If I'd known I'd have rehearsed a  
little.

SARA

(a moment's pause)

You were pretty good.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

You serious?

She makes a half hearted gesture with her hand.

SARA

It's one of my favorite shows. My mom took me when I was little.

BEN

(pleased)

I directed it last semester. I teach drama at the college here. You like theater?

SARA

I haven't been in a while.

Silence. There is an awkward moment.

BEN

So, tell me something. Who are you? What's your name? Where do you come from?

Sara just stares at him for a moment.

SARA

That's a lot of questions.

BEN

Only two.

SARA

Look, I'm sorry but it's very late for me. Maybe we can do this some other time.

BEN

How 'bout tomorrow? I'm making a pot roast for dinner. Seven o'clock. It'd be great with apple pie.

SARA

I'm sure it would.

BEN

Look, don't say anything. I'll set two places. If you don't show I'll be eating pot roast for a week. No big deal, right?

SARA

(slightly amused)

Right.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3)

81

Ben smiles as he backs toward the screen door and bumps right into it. Sara laughs. Ben, trying to recover his poise, nods goodbye. Sara nods too. The camera lingers on her as she watches him go.

81A EXT. BEACH - DAWN

81A\*

Martin walks alone in gray-crimson sunrise. The vacation homes lining the beach are silent, sleeping still. But Martin's eyes are rimmed with the sunken exhaustion of his longest night...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

...barefoot, he walks. By the low wall in front of the cottages. His gaze fixed on the gentle gray water beyond the sand, as...

\*  
\*  
\*

...shit! He has stopped. Stepped on something painful. He bends slowly to retrieve...

\*  
\*

...a broken shard of glass. In the rough grass. And as he looks...

\*

...there are others. Many. That is a little strange. He looks up now...

\*  
\*

...to the light pole. The one Laura had broken with her stones. And as he rises, his gaze goes to...

\*  
\*

...the second light. Also shattered. Stranger still. A flicker of wondering, and he...

\*  
\*

...shivers slightly against the morning chill. Heads slowly off. Down the beach.

\*  
\*

82 OMITTED

82\*

83 OMITTED

83\*

84 OMITTED

84\*

Pages 42 and 43 OMITTED from Script.

Next page is 43A.

REVISED 4/6/90

-43A.-

84A OMITTED

84A\*



85 OMITTED

85

85A OMITTED

85A\*

86 OMITTED

86

87 OMITTED

87\*

87A EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF SARA'S AND BEN'S HOUSES - DUSK

87A

88 EXT. SARA'S KITCHEN DOOR - DUSK

88

CLOSE UP OF AN APPLE PIE as Sara flicks on her back porch light, edges out the screen door, and steps down into her yard. Suddenly we hear strains of "Oklahoma" blasting through the next door window. Sara looks up and smiles.

89 EXT. LILAC PATH - DUSK

89

Sara, carrying the pie, makes her way past lilac bushes to Ben's back porch. She seems nervous, tentative. The music blares from the house.

90 EXT.\INT. BEN'S KITCHEN DOOR - DUSK

90

As Sara reaches Ben's screen door she is shocked to find him bending over an oven that is belching smoke. Yet in the midst of fighting off a grease fire and trying to save his roast, he is still singing and wiggling to time to the music. It is a comical sight.

Ben manages to get the roast to its platter on the sink. The charred surface is still aflame and he hits it with the dish towel to put it out. Suddenly he notices Sara standing at the door. He is obviously pleased.

SARA  
(smiling)

Fire department.

Ben laughs as he walks to the door and opens it for her. As he reaches to take the pie, Sara gasps. His dish towel is still burning.

BEN

Jesus!

He drops the towel to the floor and quickly stomps out the flames.

BEN

Is this what they mean by a warm  
welcome?

Sara laughs.

REVISED 6/2/90

-45.-

91 OMITTED

92 OMITTED

93 INT. BEN'S KITCHEN

Sara hands him the pie.

Apple? BEN

What else. SARA

BEN  
Can I get you something? Eye drops?  
Gas mask?

SARA  
(smiling)  
No thanks.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

BEN

How about some more music?

SARA

I liked what you had on.

BEN

I mean classical. For during dinner.

SARA

Sure. I love classical. Anything but Berlioz.

BEN

(intrigued)

Oh?

SARA

His Symphony Fantastique gives me the chills.

BEN

Really? Thanks for the tip. So I understand you're looking for a job.

(CONTINUED)

SARA

Where did you hear that?

BEN

Small towns are funny places. Everyone knows everyone. Like, I probably know everyone at the college. It shouldn't be hard to get you a job.

SARA

Oh yeah? Why? Why would you do that?

BEN

God. Such paranoia. Where are you from? New York?

(she doesn't answer)

Listen, it's no problem. With a few letters of recommendation...

SARA

I don't have letters of recommendation.

BEN

Well, transcripts then?

Sara shakes her head.

BEN

You've got a driver's license, right?

(CONTINUED)

SARA

Listen, this is not something I want to talk about, okay?

BEN

...Gotcha.

(beat)

Look, I don't mean to put you on the spot. It's just... except for the fact that you live next door, I don't know anything about you. I don't know who you are.

SARA

(smiling)

Well join the club. Sometimes I don't know who I am either.

Ben smiles.

BEN

You know, I'm sure there's a way to get you a job.

SARA

I'm not asking for anything, Ben.

BEN

Neither am I.

(there is an awkward beat)

Hey, do me a favor. That bowl there...

As she spins to grab the bowl her hair falls away from her forehead, revealing a terrible black bruise. Ben notices and before he can stop himself he is almost touching it.

BEN

Jesus, that's really nasty.

Sara recoils, nearly dropping the bowl as she pulls away from the counter. Her eyes glare at Ben, angry at him for exposing her shame. Ben pulls back too, sensing the message the bruise conveys. He asks tenderly...

BEN

You okay?

SARA

I'm going to be.

Ben looks at her warmly.

BEN

Listen, there is only one thing I'm going to ask, only one thing I want to know. Do you have a name?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (4)

She nods, surprised she's never told him.

SARA  
It's Sara...Waters.

He smiles.

BEN  
Well, that's a start.

PAGE 49 OMITTED

94 OMITTED

94

95 OMITTED

95

96 INT. MARTIN'S BROKERAGE - DAY

96

Stock market TICKER TAPE, flashing above two dozen cubicles. Brokers on telephones, at quotron monitors. The BUZZ of an overload morning.

PAN to a row of private offices. Glass-enclosed. The key producers. STOP at Martin Burney. His high-rise view of downtown Boston. His tasteful decor. His twinge of concern as he reads something disturbing on his computer screen...

97 INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

97

ANGLE...with him now. His eyes roaming the green print on the monitor. Something is out of place in his perfect world. He punches up more data. Eyes sifting, analyzing, as his intercom buzzes.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Mr. Burney. I have a woman on the phone.

MARTIN  
(annoyed)

What are you doing? I told you to hold my calls.

\*\*  
\*\*

SECRETARY (O.S.)

I know but...she says she knew your wife.

\*\*

(CONTINUED)



97 CONTINUED:

97

Martin stops mid-breath. He sits quietly for a moment and then turns away from his computer.

MARTIN

Put her through.

\*\*

He turns on the speaker phone.

MARTIN

Hello. Martin Burney speaking.

The disembodied voice of a middle-aged woman fills the office, occupying every inch of space surrounding Martin.

VANESSA (V.O.)

Hello, Mr. Burney. My name is Vanessa Shelly.

MARTIN

Yes.

VANESSA (V.O.)

I hope I'm not disturbing you. I just got back from Florida and heard about your wife. I'm so sorry. I wanted to call...to tell you how much we'll miss her.

\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*

MARTIN

Why...thank you. I appreciate that. And how did you know her?

\*\*

VANESSA (V.O.)

From the YWCA.

\*\*

The simple words catch Martin off guard. There is a cold sharp look in his eyes. He stands up and begins pacing the room..

MARTIN

The YWCA?

(an awkward pause)

No, you must be thinking of someone else. My wife never went to the YWCA.

VANESSA (V.O.)

(taken aback)

That's odd. We took swimming lessons there: Monday, Wednesday Friday, 8:00 A.M.

\*  
\*\*  
\*\*  
\*\*

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

Martin crosses to the window partition dividing him from the rest of the office. He leans against it. We see his hand pressing up against the glass. It is turning white.

VANESSA (V.O.)

Mr. Burney?

His voice is low, measured.

MARTIN

Look there's obviously some mistake.  
my wife drowned. She couldn't swim.

VANESSA (V.O.)

Couldn't swim?

(pause)

Well, at first she couldn't. But  
she became...an excellent swimmer.

MARTIN

There's no question you have the  
wrong woman.

VANESSA (V.O.)

This is so strange.

(beat)

Mr. Burney. Your wife studied  
gymnastics, didn't she?

A sudden look of relief in his eyes.

MARTIN

No! She never studied gymnastics.

Vanessa is very confused.

VANESSA (V.O.)

But she told us that's how she  
got all those terrible bruises.

Martin's face freezes. He staggers toward the desk, the room  
reeling around him.

VANESSA (V.O.)

Mr. Burney, I don't understand.  
I hope I haven't upset you. This  
is just so...confusing. Please  
accept my...

Martin's hand grabs for a glass paperweight, and in a gesture  
of uncontrolled hostility, slams it crashing into the telephone  
speaker. Mrs. Shelly's voice goes dead.

97A CUT TO A SHOT OF MARTIN from across the office. Computers and  
business machines obscure the sound of his rage. We see him  
behind the partition raise the paperweight once more and slam it  
at what remains of the speaker. It crashes in total silence.

97A

- 98 EXT. CAPE COD HIGHWAY (TRVL) - DUSK 98  
The colors of sunset move across the bay. A lone car cruises the highway just above the sand, as...another car TEARS by, impossibly fast. Streaking toward something.
- 99 INT. MARTIN'S CAR (TRVL) - DUSK 99  
INSIDE the speeding car. Martin at the wheel. Eyes clear and cold. Driving with a purpose.
- 100 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT 100  
Martin's car parked at the entrance to the beach house. Every light is on.

## 101 INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

10

PAN the room as Martin methodically dismantles it. Every drawer open. Carefully through her clothes. Sweaters. Blouses. Panties. No sentiment, no reverie. Only hands exploring the sides, the bottoms, every inch of each drawer.

## 102 INT. BEACH HOUSE CLOSET - NIGHT

10

Into the closet. Meticulously sliding each garment down the rack. Inventory. Is anything missing? Patting down anything with a pocket, a lining.

## 103 INT. BEACH HOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT

10

Martin passes through his section of the bathroom and opens the sliding partition to Laura's. Her toothbrush is still in place. Her tube of paste. Into the medicine chest. Cosmetics, perfume. Tylenol, band-aids. All there. Open the drawers. Each item reviewed with insane precision.

The toilet cubicle. Sits on the floor, just in front of the bowl, to open the low cabinet. Paper. Kleenex. And a small pouch. He unzips it. Tortoise-shell bobby pins. Small barrettes. Nothing more. He scoops out a small handful. Sits staring into distance with dead eyes. End of the road.

Slowly now, he stands. Starts to go, and...

...DROPS one of the bobby pins. A tiny, useless item. On a floor he'll never see again. But reflex makes Martin bend. Pick it up. And see...

...at the bottom of Sara's toilet bowl. The glint of light. He stares. There, just barely glimpsed, Laura's ring. Martin kneels down, absolutely frozen, a stab wound through his brain. With a look of primal disgust he rolls up his sleeve and slowly lowers his arm into the bowl. His fingers reach now...

...take the ring. Dripping wet, he pulls it out. Without drying, he moves it between his fingers, feeling it, sensing it. Slowly, he lowers it over his ring finger, trying to merge it with his own wedding band. But the ring is too small. There is anger in his eyes as he forcibly works it back and forth. It will not fit. After a moment he takes the ring and slides it onto his pinky. It fits perfectly. The two rings side by side. He caresses them with his fingertips. But not his eyes.

## 104 OMITTED

104

## 104A INT. HUMANITIES LIBRARY - NIGHT

104A

THE CAMERA moves through the vaulted interior of a large university library. It crosses open public spaces and then glides toward the long rows of card catalogues. It is a slow, sensuous, predatory advance.

A female form is glimpsed between going through the cards and speaking to a young student. As we draw closer we realize that it is Sara.

SARA

...in fact, we have six translations of Dante's Inferno. This is the only one I've read. I don't speak Italian but you can tell the translator's a gifted poet.

Suddenly a hand reaches out and touches Sara on the shoulder. She spins around. It is Ben.

BEN

Hi. They told me you were around here.

SARA

(surprised to see him)

Ben! Hi.

BEN

How are you?

SARA

I'm good.

BEN

Do you have a moment?

Sara looks at the student beside her.

STUDENT

I'm fine. Thanks for the help.

The student leaves.

BEN

You look right at home.

SARA

I am.

Sara pushes a cart of books off into the stacks. Ben follows beside her.

SARA

You know, I really appreciate this.

(CONTINUED)

104A CONTINUED:

104

BEN

I'm glad.

They enter the stacks and Sara starts putting books away. Ben reaches down and takes a few.

BEN

Let me.

He begins to help her.

BEN

I saw you in town yesterday. You were going into Walgreens.

SARA

Oh yeah?

BEN

I called your name. You didn't even blink.

SARA

Maybe I didn't hear you.

BEN

You're name isn't Sara Waters is it?

Sara stops what she is doing and stares at him, upset.

SARA

Maybe I didn't hear you..

BEN

Who are you?

She turns away.

BEN

I need to know.

(beat)

Look, I know this is crazy. I Hardly know you, really.

(beat)

I told you I didn't want anything, I wouldn't ask for anything, but...

(beat)

It's just, I don't know how to feel what I'm feeling when I don't even know your name.

A woman in a nearby stall motions for Ben to be quiet. Sara pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

SARA  
Look Ben, don't. I can't...  
(beat)  
All I need is a friend.

BEN  
"Friend?" I hate that word.

She starts to walk away. Ben reaches for her. She does not like that.

SARA  
Stop it. You're dangerous to me,  
Ben.

BEN  
Dangerous? How am I dangerous?  
Sara, this is scary for me too.

Sara's face is etched with pain.

SARA  
I can't be...with someone. Just  
let me alone. You're going to  
hurt me.

\*\*  
\*\*

BEN  
Why would I hurt you?

\*

SARA  
God, what is it with men?

The woman in the stall looks up angrily.

WOMAN  
Would you please...!

Ben, ignoring her, grabs for Sara:

(CONTINUED)

04A CONTINUED: (3)

104A

BEN

Look, I've got to know. We're either truthful with one another, or it doesn't happen. It just stops here.

Sara hesitates for a long time. When she finally looks back up at Ben, it is with a deep resolve in her eyes.

SARA

It never started.

Ben stares at Sara for a few moments and then, with a painful, wrenching gesture, he turns and leaves.

05 EXT. OAK-REST HOME - DAY

105

Brick and ivy and stone steps. A shaded street. A small sign that says: THE OAK-REST HOME, A MINNEAPOLIS TRADITION.

A man in a crisply-tailored suit, passes the sign. Skips briskly up the steps. Martin.

06 OMITTED

106\*



107 INT. RISSNER'S OFFICE - DAY

107

Martin sits across the desk from DR. RISSNER, the Director of the facility. White coat, sixty. A fleshy face with the calm gaze of someone perpetually interested in what you have to say.

MARTIN

...well, she spoke so highly of you.  
The quality of care. Laura's mother  
was...so happy here...

A professional beat. That slightly filtered thought before the bland nod...

RISSNER

It's always nice to hear that. We  
enjoyed having her with us.

He's waiting for the point of his visit. Martin draws a breath...

MARTIN

Laura's passing was so...sudden. So  
shocking. I tried to talk to as many  
of her family, old friends, as I could  
find...

He spreads his hands. A helpless gesture.

MARTIN

Then I thought, maybe...there were people  
close to her...that I never knew.

Silence. Martin's eyes watch for reaction.

RISSNER

...and how may I be of help, exactly?

MARTIN

Perhaps they visited her mother here.  
You might...remember...or have records...

Rissner seems slightly puzzled. Though he continues his barely perceptible professional nod.

RISSNER.

And you flew here just to...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

Well, no. I thought Laura might want to be laid to rest here. In whatever place her mother was buried.

Professional sadness ensues.

RISSNER

Her mother...has passed on as well?

Martin's face stops. There's a beat before.

MARTIN

Six months ago. Her mother died in this place. In your care.

And now the doctor's stare is very strange indeed.

RISSNER

Six months ago...your wife removed her mother from this institution. She was handicapped, of course, but otherwise in reasonable health.

One more surprise for Martin. He tries to hold it together through...

RISSNER

Mrs. Burney simply showed up. Paid the bill. And collected her mother.

(concerned)

Mr. Burney, are you...

MARTIN

Did she say. Where was she taking her?

RISSNER

Why...home, of course. To live with you.

EXT. POST OFFICE - DUSK

Sara coming out of the old-fashioned post office. Someone is pulling down the flag. The green square is mostly empty, as Sara...

...steps to a pay phone. There is an air of tension, compulsion about her. She drops coins. And as she waits...

...we can almost feel her heart pounding. What can this be? Four rings, five. her anxiety building until...

NURSE (V.O.)

Eagle Grove Nursing Home.

(CONTINUED)

SARA

May I speak to Chloe Williams, please?

NURSE (V.O.)

Who's calling?

SARA

I'm a friend of the family.

NURSE (V.O.)

Just a minute. I'll put you through.

A short wait.

CHLOE (V.O.)

Hello?

The voice is dry and aged, but still lively.

CHLOE (V.O.)

Speak up please. I can't hear too well.

Tears start running down Sara's cheek. She places her hand over the phone's mouthpiece and whispers...

SARA

I miss you, mom.

CHLOE (V.O.)

Hello...I can't hear. Is there anyone there?

A silence. Sara's hand is white, across the mouthpiece. Clutching the phone tight enough to crush it. Murmurs...

SARA

I love you. I'm okay.

There is a CLICK. And the BUZZ of a disconnect. But Sara still holds the receiver. From all her heart, a vow...

SARA

...see you soon.

109 OMITTED

109

110 OMITTED

110

111 OMITTED

111

112 OMITTED

112

113 INT. LOCKE'S OFFICE - DAY

113

CLOSE UP of a hand with two wedding bands, one on the ring finger, one on the pinky. It is holding a photograph and passing it across a desk. Another hand reaches to take it.

PHOTO of a WOMAN. She looks sixty. Gaunt, but still hauntingly beautiful. Smiling bravely, with watering, vague eyes.

LOCKE (O.S.)

...but this isn't your client?

See him now behind his desk. Young, hard. An ex-cop, maybe, in executive dress. He's not getting an answer...

LOCKE

Mr. Saunders...?

Mr. Saunders is Martin. Standing by a window. Gazing down on the city.

MARTIN

My client died. That's his sister.

Martin turns easily. Fixes Locke with a stare as flat as his own.

MARTIN

Under the terms of my client's will...we're going to have a devil of a time settling the estate, unless we find her.

LOCKE

And where was she last seen?

MARTIN

In a nursing home, here in Minneapolis.

\*\*  
\*\*

Locke nods. Jots a note.

LOCKE

So you tried there...?

MARTIN

Yes. She was removed. Six months ago. Driven elsewhere... but in her condition...not very far.

(beat)

I'd suggest...two days drive at most.

(CONTINUED)

LOCKE  
...in any direction.

Martin just stares at him. The cold, quiet look we've seen before.

MARTIN  
I thought needles...in haystacks...  
were your specialty.

Not very friendly. But Locke's concern is elsewhere...

LOCKE  
They are. I can put three men  
on it. But it'll cost. \*

MARTIN  
Good. I want this taken very  
seriously. \*

The look holds. Locke pulls a contract from his desk. Martin comes, takes out his gold pen. Glances down the page. And to Locke's surprise, Martin begins to write at the bottom...

MARTIN  
...and if she's found. A ten  
thousand bonus to the man who  
does. In cash.  
(beat)  
...and another ten to you.

Locke can only stare at the page. And then at Martin's eyes.

LOCKE  
Very. Seriously. Indeed.

114A EXT. DOWNTOWN, CEDAR FALLS - DAY

A crash of cymbals and the Cedar Falls 4th of July parade turns the corner onto Main Street. The entire town seems turned out for the event. Streets are lined with flags and streamers. Families, sitting on lawn chairs, are packed along the curb.

The town square is crammed with booths selling everything from the latest tractor hitches to baked goods for the local churches. It is a sea of people.

Riding above the waves is a YOUNG GIRL bobbing up and down over a multitude of heads. As she draws closer we see that she is perched on Ben's shoulders. A couple, obviously HER PARENTS, are walking along side as Ben hurries through the throngs. Suddenly the girl call out.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy, Daddy, the parade! Hurry  
Ben, hurry!

Ben hurries.

A contingent of Shriners in tiny cars does figure eights on Main Street as crowds cheer and wave to the drivers. Ben and his friends jostle for a view. The little girl is all smiles.

Sitting on a curb across the street, is Sara Waters. She is all alone. Holding a small American flag, she seems both part of the celebration and strangely out of place.

Ben is feeding the young girl cotton candy which is getting all over his fingers and his hair. Her parents laugh. A high school band marches past. A trombonist glances at an upturned skirt and crashes into the saxaphonist just ahead. People smirk.

Ben, focusing on the passing thighs of the drum majorettes, catches a glimpse of Sara across the way from him. Suddenly, without thinking, he jumps up and dashes into the street. His friends call out.

FRIENDS

Ben!

Suddenly he realizes he still has the little girl on his shoulders. He quickly returns her to her parents.

BEN

Sorry. Gotta run! Bye princess.

(CONTINUED)

114A CONTINUED:

114A

The little girl gives Ben a big, sticky kiss, as he spins around and dashes right into the heart of the marching band. Two baton twirlers drop their batons. By sheer accident and amazing timing, Ben catches a third. The crowd roars and applauds. Ben, red faced, hands it back, and hurries across to Sara.

Sara is still laughing as he approaches. She seems happy to see him.

SARA

Hi.

BEN

Hi.

He reaches out to shake her hand. Their hands stick.

SARA

Yuck.

BEN

Sorry. Cotton candy. I was with this little girl...

SARA

I saw. She's beautiful.

BEN

And knows it too.

(beat)

It's nice to see you.

SARA

Same.

BEN

Look...about that night at the Library.

SARA

It's okay. Don't worry.

Ben is pleased that she is open to him.

BEN

You wanna get some water, wash off these hands?

She nods yes. He reaches out once more. Again their hands stick. They both make a face and then smile as they head off toward the square.

114B EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

114B

Sara and Ben are strolling through the square, eating hotdogs, and looking at the handiwork of local artisans.

BEN

Heartland, huh?

Sara nods warmly, appreciating its simple values. Students pass Ben and greet him warmly. There is much mutual affection which reinforces Sara's comfort in his presence.

SARA

Have you always lived here?

BEN

No. I went to New York for two years. The worst time of my life. I directed one off Broadway play that closed in two nights, and another that lasted a week. The closest I got to Broadway was standing room at "A Chorus Line". Part of me still feels like a failure for coming back here. Part of me feels its the smartest move I ever made.

Sara takes his arm. She feels secure.

SARA

You know why I came?

He shakes his head, quietly. But beneath his easy exterior, he's holding his breath.

SARA

To be near my mom.

There is trust in her voice. It is a gift offered, her first secret.

SARA

She had a stroke three years ago. I couldn't care for her.

BEN

(softly)

How is she...now.

(CONTINUED)



114B CONTINUED:

114B

SARA

(emotional)

I don't know. I haven't seen her yet. Haven't...gone there yet.

BEN

Why not?

Pain and fear are close to the surface. When he looks, she turns away.

BEN

I won't ask any more questions. But if there's any way I can be of help... I want to help.

SARA

(appreciating his offer)

I wish you could.

115 INT. CHLOE'S ROOM - DAY

115

A small room. Antiseptic, but reasonably pleasant. Sunlight falls on Sara's mother, CHLOE. She is, of course, the woman in Martin's photo. She sits in a wheelchair near a hospital bed, crocheting with a long hooked needle.

The room is completely still. Chloe's blind eyes stare into absent distance as her fingers work haltingly. She stops now. Reaches slowly to a hospital stand. Finds the paper cup filled with water. Brings it carefully to her lips. The tiniest sip, as if only wanting to dampen the skin. The trembling hand returns the cup, as we SNAP to REVERSE ANGLE revealing...

...MARTIN. He's standing not five feet in front of her. Lifeless eyes staring. A silent reptile measuring a meal. She has no idea he's there. Her fingers resume their work, and she begins to HUM...

...a rasping, broken version of "You Are My Sunshine". Oddly loud, as might suggest someone hard of hearing. On silent feet, Martin steps closer now. Directly to her. She is oblivious. Slowly, he circles her chair. His eyes sweep the room...

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

...a small desk. A few toilet articles. A blind woman's photograph in a filigreed frame. Chloe in her forties. Slim and handsome. In her arms, a beaming round-faced child of four. Sara's golden hair frames the child's face, and Martin cannot help but stare.

He turns to Chloe now. And as her humming continues, he steps up directly behind her. Staring down with eerie concentration...

116 EXT. SARA'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

116\*\*

Sara comes up the walk to her own house, carrying her library books. It's very late. Very still. The tree casts huge shadows over the walk.

Up to the porch now. To the silent front door. She hesitates a moment.

Sara stands. Staring at the door. The, fits the key. Opens...

117 OMITTED

117

118 OMITTED

118

119 OMITTED

119

119A INT. SARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

119A

Sara enters a dark house, carrying a stack of library books. It's late. A window is open and curtains flutter aimlessly. Ambient streetlight sends strange moving shadows creeping across the hallway.

Sara flips on a hall light, but only some of the shadows are dispelled.

THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH SARA as she takes off her coat and moves to the hall closet. There is a look of apprehension on her face as she opens it and carefully hangs up her coat. Stepping out of the closet she glances toward the front door. Reaching for the door handle, she checks the lock, and switches on the porch light. At that exact instant we see the silhouette of a man rushing up the steps. Sara gasps. It takes a moment to realize that it is Ben.

BEN

Hi.

Ben's smile fades as he sees her fear. She is still breathing deeply.

BEN

I didn't mean to scare you.

SARA

It's okay. I'm just on edge.

...said thin and strange. He wants so much to ask. But instead, he puts the easy smile back up there...

BEN

Sara, I'd like you to come with me.

SARA

Come? Ben, it's almost midnight.  
Where?

Ben doesn't answer. But there is a smile on his face that is so genuine, so full of promise, she cannot resist his invitation.

120 INT. THEATER - NIGHT

120

Sudden BLACKNESS. We HEAR Sara's voice.

SARA

Ben, where are you?

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

Suddenly, a single spotlight comes on. We SEE Sara, standing center stage. Before she can react, a smaller, second spot comes on next to her. A swing rocks softly in the light. As she crosses to it, the larger spot fades out.

Sara sits on the swing and begins to swing gently. The lights on the stage change colors and smoke creates shafts of brightly hued light around her.

As if by magic, a vast starfield, thousands of tiny lights, begin to shine all around her. It is a brilliant and dazzling moment. Awed by the wonderous transformation occurring around her. She leaves the swing as snow begins to fall. Sara walks through the snow - experiencing the magic.

SARA

Oh Ben!

BEN (O.S.)

It's all yours Sara.

We SEE Ben in the control booth, high above the balcony. His hands work a master control board labeled with many different scenic and lighting effects. The CAMERA PANS FORWARD into the theatre. Far below, we see Sara, so small and alone.

SARA

It's so beautiful.

An autumn moon begins to rise as the stars and snow fade.

SARA

I don't believe this.

We HEAR the sounds of a cow mooing as we fade to black.

A Cut-out of a cow pops up as the spotlight by the swing comes on again. Music comes up, as an idyllic farm backing, complete with farmhouse, barn and fields of corn drops into place. Sara spins around. She gazes at the stage - amazed, speechless. Early morning light glows over the stage as the sun rises. We HEAR a rooster crowing as a cut-out rooster pops up.

SARA

I love it, Ben.

A scarecrow flies down, holding a bouquet of field flowers.

(CONTINUED)



121 INT. THEATER COSTUME ROOM - NIGHT

121

Ben shows Sara into a vast room filled with racks of clothing from many productions. Dressmaker's dummies wearing costumes from Candide in various stages of completion.

Slowly, Sara goes from one exquisite dress to another.

SARA

These are amazing.

Her eyes are shining now. She's forgotten that they shouldn't. Running her fingers over velvet, lace...

BEN

May I show you...something in your size...

Without turning...

SARA

Oh, I couldn't.

BEN

Well, maybe not. Takes someone...breathtaking...to wear this.

Sara smiles.

## 122 INT. THEATER COSTUME ROOM - NIGHT (MONTAGE) 122

MONTAGE: SARA MOVING ACROSS THE MIRRORS in a succession of costumes from a half dozen productions: Greek chiton from Tiger at the Gates, silvery flapper from O'Neill, Edwardian bustle from Pygmalion. And then...

Ben holds out a gown of special, luxuriant beauty. Sara gasps, takes hold of the dress and disappears excitedly.

ANGLE...Ben alone at a wall-unit tape deck. He punches on an early rock and roll tune, Dion's "Runaround Sue". And then turns, hearing...

...a RUSTLE. Gentle bumping of crates and props, and finally...she emerges in the Venetian court gown.

She walks as a dancer, fitting her deportment to the period. She laughs, but she looks ravishing and she knows it. We watch as she whirls past rows of mirrors, spinning and multiplying her bewitching image.

Ben watches in silence. Then, suddenly, he steps forward and takes her in his arms. They begin to waltz around the room. Sara is happier than we have ever seen her. They are magical together.

Then, unexpectedly, Ben stops. Without warning he changes his dance step. He is doing the Lindy. Sara roars with laughter and in seconds they are moving wildly across the floor. Their image is totally ludicrous and somehow, totally wonderful.

For an instant Sara's head flips back. Their eyes lock. Ben, unexpectedly, impetuously, leans down and kisses her. Beautifully, lovingly. With more tenderness than she knew was in him. Her hands go to his shoulders, but they do not push away. The kiss lingers, deepens, as...

...the hunger hits her. INTO his mouth now, starving for him, his hands reaching for her zipper, PULLING it down, reaching for her dress, pulling it off.

...she's TEARING at his shirt. His mouth and hands crossing her body.

She writhes beneath him. His hands reach behind her back, finding the bra. Snap. It opens. He slides it off. She inhales sensuously as her breasts emerge in the dim light. Slowly he touches her, feels her softness. Then his fingers move down, searching, groping for her panties.

Suddenly, Sara stiffens, but he stays with it, smothering her body with his own, as a helpless...

SARA

Ben, no...

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

...and she PULLS her knees up between them, SHOVING him away with all her strength, WHIRLING her face to the wall in a desperate...

SARA

NO-O-O-O!!

His frustration flashes before us.

She begins to cry, a soft, low moan from deep within her. It is the sound of shame and fear.

BEN

Sara. What is it? Tell me.

She's sobbing with everything in her, gasping for breath...

SARA

Please, no.

BEN

I'm not going to hurt you.

Holding her with powerful hands, as she writhes.

BEN

God, what did he do to you?

SARA

Go away!

A wrenching SHRIEK from the pit of her soul, and she PULLS free, rolling her body into the wall, BURYING her head in her arms.

BEN

Sara, what can I...?

SARA

Please...go.

Slowly Ben backs across the room. The space between them grows greater and greater, until we see such separation that one senses a gulf that can never be bridged.



123 OMIT

124 OMIT

125 OMIT

125\*

126 OMIT

126

127 OMIT

127

128 OMITTED

129 EXT. BEN'S FRONT PORCH - DAWN

Ben gently rocks on his porch swing. Sara climbs onto the porch and sits down next to Ben. They rock in silence for a moment.

OR

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

SARA  
Everything you said...is right.

Ben looks at her.

SARA  
I had a husband.

Her voice cracking, almost unable to speak.

SARA  
He...beat me, Ben. He hurt me. And  
now, I'm afraid, I'll never... I'll  
never be... whole...

BEN  
It just feels like never.

His eyes are strong, his voice firm.

BEN  
Some day...you'll surprise yourself.

He brushes her hair back from her eyes. Such a small, tender  
movement.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2)

SARA

I'm glad you're here.

He takes her hand.

BEN

Me too.

She nestles her head on his shoulders. He strokes her hair.  
Ben rocks her back and forth in his arms.

R

A green pond. Overhanging trees. Quiet water, perfectly still, until...

...grains of corn fall gently to the surface of the pond. Two ducks swim greedily into frame. Followed by another. And as more corn arrives, we SNAP TO...

REVERSE ANGLE...Chloe in her wheelchair at the water's edge. Blind fingers in a plastic bag. Flinging corn toward the rippling water, the gentle quacking. Rising from the path next to Chloe...

...someone's footsteps. Not familiar to Chloe. She stops. Listening with naked curiosity, as...

...someone sits. Just beside us. A heartbeat before...

VOICE (O.S.)  
Sure are scraggly ducks.  
Lookit that little one...

A gentle, friendly drawl. Vaguely Southern. A voice we've never quite heard before. But we know who it belongs to. Even tho he's not in frame, until...

CHLOE  
I can't see them. But they do sound a little scraggly...

And Martin stares at her. So intently. So close. Only his voice smiles with...

MARTIN  
I had a teacher once. In Georgia. She turned blind...

Such compassion in the voice, such openness. That Chloe's smile is already forming at the edges...

MARTIN  
She was a very brave, dear lady. And she said she saw pictures of everything. Inside her mind. Do you do that...?

Chloe nods. And grins shyly...

CHLOE  
Course, I don't have much mind left, either.

MARTIN  
Still got your looks, tho.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Yes she has. And she still likes to hear it.

MARTIN

I'm Andrew Barrows, ma'am.  
People call me A.G..

He gently lifts her wrist. Clasps her hand in a firm shake.

CHLOE

I'm Chloe, A.G.. You visiting family...?

MARTIN

No. I'm just a volunteer...  
helpin' out a little.

Martin takes some corn from her bag. Without looking, tosses it on the pond. The ducks react. But his eyes are only on Chloe...

MARTIN

Can I take you for a walk,  
Chloe?

CHLOE

I'm s'posed to be back for  
breakfast. Could you push me?

And slowly. Martin rises. Begins to push her chair. Gently, carefully...

MARTIN

You have family nearby?

...but not toward the building. He's taking her down the path toward a secluded clump of trees...

CHLOE

I just have the one daughter.  
She lives in Boston.

MARTIN

I'd bet you're close.

CHLOE

Haven't heard a peep from her.  
In half a year.

Honest. Martin hears that. His face clouds, uncertain for the first time. Tries an easy...

MARTIN

If she looks like her momma.  
Sure love to meet her...

CONTINUED

CHLOE

She's already got a husband.  
He's very successful. This  
isn't the way back to the building...

MARTIN

No, ma'am. I thought you'd just  
enjoy the air. What kinda birds  
are those? \*

CHLOE

Starlings.

We are in the trees now. Utterly secluded. And Martin  
stops.

MARTIN

This son-in-law. You sure  
he's good enough for your baby?

CHLOE

...not by half.

That sure came back quick. He looks down. Narrowly.

MARTIN

Inattentive, is he?

She shakes her head. Her faded eyes far away.

CHLOE

Cold as Hudson's Bay. He doesn't  
love her. It's not in him.

MARTIN

Oh, I'm sure you're wrong.

...and with that. The accent slips, just a little. And  
the eyes have grown quite terrible.

CHLOE

She only stays. Cause she's  
scared to leave him.

The sound of that. The conviction in her voice. Have  
lit a flame. Twisted an unseen mouth.

CHLOE

A.G.? Can I feel your face...?

His eyes click through their options. A quiet, charming...

MARTIN

I'm not sure I know you that well.

CHLOE

Please.

And slowly, he leans down. Closer. Closer. She puts her hands on his face. Runs them across his features as he stares into her dead eyes. And...suspicious.

CHLOE

Don't I know you? Haven't we met?

Martin freezes.

MARTIN

I'm sure I'd have remembered a beautiful lady like you.

A held moment. Then she smiles, reaches down and feels his hands.

CHLOE

Ahh, A.G. You're as nice as your hands.

MARTIN

Well. I hope I get to spend some time with you next week.

CHLOE

If I'm still here.

And his face stops. Cold. Her hands are still on it, and she reacts slightly. He takes it real slow with...

MARTIN

You plannin' a jailbreak?

Nope. She shakes her head.

CHLOE

Last thing my little girl said...

She does have his attention.

CHLOE

Stay put. I'll come get you.



131 INT. BEN'S KITCHEN\WORKSHOP DAY

13:

CLOSE UP on Sara's head from behind. Her forehead is tilted upward looking into an overhead light. We see Ben approaching her, leaning into camera.

\*  
\*  
\*

BEN

Hold still.

SARA

I am holding still.

BEN

Your mouth. Don't talk.

Ben's hands enter frame with a wispy black moustache. He appears to glue it over Sara's lip. Once it's in place, THE CAMERA PULLS BACK A LITTLE and we see that she is perched on the counter of Ben's workroom sink. From the back we see that she is wearing leather and zippers. She turns to look into the mirror. We glimpse her in partial profile.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SARA

Ben, that looks great. You're amazing.

BEN

Makeup 101.

Carefully now, Ben fits a wig in place, black and sleek, a biker's special. Sara tries to catch the mirror from the corner of her eye...

SARA

Oh wow!

BEN

Even your mother won't know you.

There is a momentary pause. Sara is full of confidence.

\*

SARA

She'll know me.

132 OMITTED

132\*

Pages 80 and 80A OMITTED.

Next Page 81.

133 OMITTED

133\*

134 EXT. NURSING HOME PARKING LOT - DAY

134

The Toyota pulls into VISITOR PARKING. Up ahead, the two story building: EAGLE GROVE NURSING HOME. Sara cruises past the visitor lot, and around the side. The entrance says: EMPLOYEES ONLY.

135 OMITTED

135

136 INT. NURSING HOME CORRIDOR - DAY

136

Sara walks down a corridor, past nurses, orderlies. No one pays particular attention. Past the doorway of the cafeteria. She stops. Trays are stacked for lunch.

Sara steps cautiously inside. Name cards on the racks. DONALDSON - 8 ... EVANS - 9. Keep scanning to...  
...WILLIAMS - 14. Low sodium. Low cholesterol.

NURSE (O.S.)

May I help you?

Sara freezes for an instant. Then turns slowly, in character. The nurse is thin and drawn. A harsh, bird-like woman with narrow, mistrustful features. Sara clears her throat. At once insouciant and polite...

SARA

I'm looking for the rest room,  
Ma'am.

NURSE

It's right behind you.

Sara turns around and is surprised to see the Men's room door.

SARA

Ahh, thanks.

Embarrassed, she quickly steps inside. Happily, there is no one there. She smiles, pleased that at least so far, her disguise is working.

137 INT. NURSING HOME CORRIDOR - DAY

ANGLE on the Men's room door as it opens. Sara exits and heads down the corridor. Past rooms 22, 20...and then to 14. No one is watching.

138 INT. CHLOE'S ROOM - DAY

138

She enters quietly, closing the door behind her. Chloe is alone. Hands twisting absently in her lap. Listening to a soap opera on the television. Sara: stares at Chloe. As if she had thought she might never be with her again. She crosses to the TV now. SNAPS it off.

CHLOE

Miriam...

Sara goes silently to her mother's wheelchair. Kneels at her feet. Chloe looking around the room. Looking for a sound...

CHLOE

Is that you, Bobby...?

And softly, Sara begins to sing...

SARA

You are my sunshine, my only  
sunshine\ You make me happy  
when skies are gray\ Nobody knows  
dear, how much I love you\ You  
chase all my gray skies away.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

But her voice is breaking now. And she stops. Chloe's eyes have filled. Her hands grope in wonder for...

CHLOE

...Laura?? You're here.

\*

And Sara takes them. Holds them tighter than tight.

SARA

Hi, Mom...

That's as far as she gets. Her own tears are flowing now. She brings Chloe's hands to her lips. Kisses them. Puts them against her own cheeks, so that Chloe can feel the tears...

SARA

You look...so wonderful...

Chloe's fingers explore the face eagerly. And stop. The moustache.

SARA

It's a disguise.

CHLOE

Oh, Laura... My baby. Are you  
alright?

\*  
\*

The old fingers come slowly away. Sara snuggles to her. Arms around her waist.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

SARA

I left him, Mom. It became so terrible. But I'm all right now. We're going to be fine. Everything's ...good. God, you're so beautiful.

Chloe's hands find the biker's oily hair...

SARA

It's a wig.

She strokes her momma's head. Tender. Reassuring.

CHLOE

Is he looking for you?

SARA

I don't think so. I'm just not sure.

CHLOE

Oh baby.

(beat)

What did he do to you?

SARA

It doesn't matter anymore.

CHLOE

Are you okay...alone?

SARA

I'm okay. I have a job. I'm making my own money. I have a friend.

CHLOE

A man?

SARA

He's nice, Mama. He teaches drama at the college in Cedar Falls.

Chloe takes Sara's hand and kisses it.

CHLOE

It's been hard for you.

Sara nods.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (2)

138

CHLOE

Honey, you're going to be fine. Inside you always were. Nothing Martin or any man can do or say to take that away. You have yourself.

Sara's eyes fill with tears.

SARA

Thanks mama.

She begins to cry. Chloe hugs her.

138A INT. NURSING HOME CORRIDOR - DAY

138A

EXTREME CLOSEUP OF A DRINKING FOUNTAIN as mountainous lips curl around the geyser of water. AS THE CAMERA PULLS AWAY the shot widens out and we see Martin wiping the water from his mouth. He heads down the corridor and rounds the bend.

139 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - DAY

139

JULIE, A VERY ATTRACTIVE NURSE, is standing at bulletin board. Martin approaches her. He is all soft-spoken charm...

MARTIN

Hi. I was wondering if you can help me.

JULIE

I can try.

MARTIN

It's a little bit hard to explain but...

Beyond her shoulder, in soft focus down the hall, Sara exits her mother's room and heads for a supply cart. THE CAMERA LEAVES MARTIN AND JULIE AND BEGINS TRACKING TOWARDS HER.

MARTIN (O.S.)

My...younger sister. Used to work for the lady in Room 14.

Down the hall, Sara has reached the cart. Rummaging through.

MARTIN (O.S.)

I understand she's returning to this area. And I know she'll want to visit Mrs. Williams.

JULIE (O.S.)

...and you want to leave her a message?

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN (O.S.)

The thing is...my sister married  
a man we didn't...approve of,  
really. And we grew apart.

(beat)

I was wrong to let that happen.

SNAP to focus on Sara. She has her Kleenex. Heading  
back this way. THE CAMERA TRACKS BACK, And in the soft  
focus f.g Martin and Julie reappear.

MARTIN

I want to...surprise her, sort of.  
If she knows I'm here, she...won't  
see me, or..take my call.

Sara's still coming. Eyes dead ahead.

MARTIN

I just need someone to...tell me  
she's here. Someone I can trust.  
To keep a secret.

Sara turns into Room 14. We SNAP back to focus on...

MARTIN

This is my name, and the motel  
number...

He holds out a slip of paper. And a neatly folded  
hundred dollar bill.

MARTIN

...it would sure mean a lot to me.

Julie takes paper and the money. Glances down. Then up  
with her loveliest smile...

JULIE

I'd be glad to help.

Martin smiles and heads toward Chole's room, room 141.

140 INT. CHLOE'S ROOM - DAY

140

Inside Chole's room we see the door open, slowly,  
quietly, as Martin looks inside. To our astonishment  
and relief we see...

...Chloe ALONE. Smiling. The room around her is still.  
She seems to sense a presence. Turns straight toward  
him...

140 CONTINUED:

140

CHLOE

Miriam...?

He stands staring. Cold, dead eyes.

CHLOE

Miriam...?

...and silently, he withdraws. Closes the door behind him.  
And...

...Chloe's bathroom door opens. Sara EMERGES with water and pills.

SARA

Who you talking to...?

CHLOE

Nobody, I guess.

And as Sara kneels, she puts the cup into Chloe's hand and helps her with her medicine.

SARA

Mama, I love you so. I just love  
you so much.

\*\*

\*\*

They embrace.

141 OMITTED

141\*

142 INT. NURSING HOME CORRIDORS - DAY

142

Sara walking down a corridor. Rolling her shoulders slightly in her loose biker's stroll. Our ANGLE is left to right, as she turns a corner, and we CUT TO...

143 INT. NURSING HOME CORRIDOR - DAY

143

...Martin walking another corridor. Briskly. Heading this way. Our ANGLE on him is right to left, as he turns a corner, and we...

...INTERCUT between the two. Each moving faster. Switching the angles, to create the awareness that they are converging toward a common point. End on...

...Sara now. The front entrance with its nurse's station is clearly in sight.



## 144 INT. NURSING HOME WATER FOUNTAIN - DAY

Sara stops at a water fountain. CLOSE on her now standing over the fountain. The button seems stuck. She SLAMS it with the heel of her hand and the water shoots up. As she leans down to snap to REVERSE ANGLE...

...Sara bending toward us, drinking. A figure moves into frame behind her...MARTIN. He stands behind the leather-studded biker. Waiting his turn with faint impatience.

Sara takes a long slow drink. When she finishes, the button won't come back up. Water keeps pouring. She fiddles with it, oblivious to Martin, glancing to his watch behind her.

Finally, she SLAMS it again. And the water stops. Sara nods. She heads for the entrance now. Never looks back.

Martin takes her place at the fountain. His turn to struggle with the button. Finally SLAMS it like the biker did, and the water comes on. He takes a quick drink. Leaves the water running and...

...heads for the entrance. Following Sara down the corridor. She's well ahead, but ambling along. He's gaining. She passes through the doorway. Skipping down the steps toward the lot.

As he reaches the doorway himself...

EDNA (O.S.)

Oh, Mr. Randall...

Martin turns. Edna is still on the phone. Holding up one finger for him to wait, then continues with her murmured conversation.

Martin can't decide whether this could be trouble. As he's evaluating, Edna smiles across at him, hand over the receiver...

EDNA

...won't be a minute.

Warily, he comes closer now. Steps to her desk. She ignores his presence, as...

EDNA

So he told me to kiss it. I said, "kiss it? I won't even touch it."

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED

144

Martin watching her. Edgy.

EDNA

Men...aren't they all. Listen,  
I'll call you after, and...sure...  
why not...bye, now.

\*

She hangs up real slow. Turns that neutral smile up to  
him...

EDNA

...and how are you today?

He's fine. Just a little tense.

MARTIN

You...wanted to see me...

EDNA

You asked me about Chloe Williams  
visitors? For six months, not  
one. And then suddenly today...

\*

\*

\*

Every nerve in his body springs to full alert.

MARTIN

...a lady?

\*

EDNA

A young man. A leather jacket,  
little moustache. He just walked  
out that...

\*

\*

\*

But he's gone before she can say...

EDNA

...door.

145 EXT. NURSING HOME FRONT STEPS - DAY

145

Martin on the steps. Looking frantically around the  
lot. No one. Nothing.

146 EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

146

THE CAMERA CRANES UP HIGH ABOVE THE DRIVEWAY AND THE  
PARKING LOT. For as far as the eye can see...still  
nothing.

\*

\*

\*

147 EXT. BEN &amp; SARA'S STREET - DUSK 147

Ben's Toyota pulls up the street and turns into his open garage. Sara, still dressed in the Biker costume, jumps out. She is excited and happy.

Ben is standing across the lawn and she flies to him. Giddy, joyful, her feet scarcely touch the ground. Nearly flying, she leaps into his arms.

Ben delights in her happiness, spinning her around and hugging her joyfully.

BEN

...couldn't see her, huh?

She just grins.

SARA

It was wonderful. She looked beautiful, Ben. It just felt so good. It was perfect. And nobody knew. Nobody suspected. I felt so safe.

He squeezes her.

BEN

You are safe.

REVISED 3/19/90

148 INT. CHLOE'S ROOM - DAY

148

Chloe is sitting in her room eating from a tray of food that is set before her. She eats slowly, proudly, carefully navigating the food from the plate to her mouth.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Suddenly someone speaks. It is a strong, reassuring voice. Its very timbre relaxes her a little.

\*  
\*

VOICE

...will you let me help you with your lunch? It does look delicious.

CHLOE

Who...who are you...?

VOICE

My name is Daryl Walker, ma'am. I'm a police officer...

CHLOE

Am I under arrest?

\*  
\*

VOICE

No, no. I just have some questions.

\*  
\*

As he steps into frame we see that it is Martin. He takes the fork from Chloe's hand and reaches for a piece of meat.

\*  
\*  
\*

MARTIN

Goodness, I used to do this for my Grandma Eve. When I was ten years old.

He chuckles good-naturedly. But the eyes are Martin's eyes. Always.

MARTIN

Shall we start with some steak?

He holds a forkful up to her lips. She hesitates. Then takes it into her mouth.

MARTIN

You had a...visitor yesterday.

Chloe chews thoughtfully. As if trying to recall. Then, suspicious...

\*

CHLOE

Yes. That's right. My nephew. He's from Wisconsin.

\*  
\*

...and Martin chuckles again. Just as friendly.

MARTIN

Good girl. Laura should be proud of you. Carrots?

Her fear is easily read. He pauses.

MARTIN

We need to get word to her, ma'am. The Boston police have called us...  
(beat)

Her husband. Is in this area. We think he wants to harm her.

The old woman is frozen still. His voice comes quietly...

MARTIN

So when she calls. You have her ring the police in Sioux City. Ask for...

CHLOE

She won't call. Til Sunday. She said.

He lets the silence hang.

MARTIN

That's...a long time.

Chloe's eyes are beginning to fill. She's trembling slightly.

CHLOE

He's a crazy man.

And at the sound of that word. The magic word. Martin's eyes become impossibly hard. Stones of ice. His voice is all the softer...

MARTIN

...I know that. He's very dangerous. \*

He stands now. Steps to the bed behind her chair.

A tear falls from Chloe's eye. She lets it go undisturbed. Martin has lifted the pillow from the bed. Facing her back. \*

MARTIN

Help us find him, Chloe. For God's sake. We have to warn her. \*

Her head is shaking now. Absently. Distraught.

148 CONTINUED

CHLOE

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

His hands caress the pillow absently. As if unaware he's holding it.

MARTIN

Think! Is she with someone? A man, perhaps?

(beat)

Someone we could contact?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A dim light. In blind eyes.

CHLOE

He teaches...dramatics.

And everything stops.

MARTIN

Where?

\*

Martin and his pillow. Take a step. Toward Chloe's back...

CHLOE

At a college. Near Cedar Falls.

\*

...and as Martin raises the pillow toward Chloe's head...

...the door OPENS. And Julie enters to see...

...Martin gently tuck the pillow. Behind Chloe's neck.

149 OMITTED

149

150 EXT. GARBER'S CAMPUS - DAY

150

A tree-shaded street on the edge of a college campus. Empty. In the f.g., a well-cared-for Chevy sits at the curb. Into frame comes Professor GARBER. Lean and forty. Still blond, attractive. Stops at the car. Fumbles for the key.

Unlocks the door, climbs in.

151 INT. GARBER'S CAR - DAY

151

He pauses. Lost in a private thought for a full beat. Then turns the key, as...

...a hand LASHES OUT from behind, GRASPING Garber by the hair, SNAPPING his head against the seat. Before Garber can scream, an arm is across his throat. In its hand a small black PISTOL.

Garber's eyes bulge with terror. They lurch to see the head from the back seat, grotesquely unrecognizable in a nylon stocking.

MARTIN

(very quietly)

...where is she, friend?

He releases his grip on the man's throat. Sliding the muzzle of the pistol tight against Garber's ear. Garber is fighting for breath. For presence of mind. The voice comes lower still, unimaginably menacing...

MARTIN

...please don't make me ask again.

He JAMS the pistol in the man's ear. Garber WINCES sharply.

GARBER

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

MARTIN

...my wife, friend. She's only my wife. Wonderful fuck, isn't she?

(beat)

...great little ass. And she rolls it...so...slow...

Garber swallows hard.

GARBER

Mister...you have the wrong...

The head SLAMS VIOLENTLY against the seat. Garber GASPS in agony.

MARTIN

Gosh, that's disappointing. I hate to be wrong.

Garber's eyes are rolling wildly...

GARBER

Why...why is it me...?

The silky voice. Just above a whisper...

MARTIN  
Because you teach drama here.

\*

GARBER  
Jesus, God, there must be a dozen...

MARTIN  
It's you!

\*

Garber's breath coming in short bursts.

GARBER  
No, you don't...understand. I live  
with...another gentleman. Ask...  
ask anyone...

\*

A frozen beat. Then the pistol swings away and CRASHES  
back in fury. CLUBBING Garber prone on the passenger  
seat.

HOLD on Garber's still form. The trickle of blood. A  
low, helpless MOAN.

MARTIN (O.S.)  
..If you tell the police. If you  
tell anyone. You...and your...  
gentleman playmate...

The voice trails off. The back door opens. Closes  
gently. Footsteps walk away.



152 INT. BEN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

152

C.U. of Ben. That crooked smile of his. But the eyes are dead straight. Intense.

BEN

...because he feels the whole illusion of his life...of Martha's life, needs to be exposed. It's seething, festering, beneath the surface. This is a guy at the end of his rope.

SLOWLY, VERY SLOWLY, THE CAMERA BEGINS A LONG DOLLY TOWARD THE BACK OF THE ROOM. It reveals a large theater classroom. There are some pretty sophomores staring with ill-disguised adoration at Ben, hiked up on his desk.

From our POV at the back, we see Ben slip off the desk. He paces. Then WHIRLS back at the boy, eyes brimming with pain and anger...

BEN

(in character)

Now, you listen to me, Martha; you have had quite an evening... quite a night for yourself, and you can't just cut it off whenever you've got enough blood in your mouth.

Closer to the straw-haired boy. Stalking him.

BEN

(in character)

We are going on, and I'm going to have at you, and it's going to make your performance tonight look like an Easter pageant. Now I want you to get yourself a little alert. I want a little life in you baby.

In his face now...

BEN

Pull yourself together! I want you on your feet and slugging, sweetheart, because I'm going to knock you around, and I want you up for it.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

15

Stops. The character fades. And softly to the boy...

BEN :

...you ever love or hate anyone that  
much, Harvey?

Harvey doesn't know what to say.

By this time THE CAMERA has pulled out of the window in the back door of the classroom. A hand comes to rest against the glass. As we observe it closely, we see two wedding bands side by side, one on the ring finger and one on the pinky. The hand clenches, slowly, becoming a fist.

153 OMITTED

15

154 EXT. FACULTY PARKING (TRVL) - DAY

15

LONG VIEW from inside a parked car. Through the windshield, a man strolls between the rows. As he turns, we see that he is...

...Ben. He reaches the white Toyota. Sorts through his keys. Unlocks the door. Climbs in as...

...our IGNITION turns over. Our engine softly purring to life. Across the lot, Ben is backing out. Pulling away, as...

...our car eases from its spot. Heads slowly off...

155 OMITTED

155\*

156 OMITTED

156

157 EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

157

The huge banner says: WELCOME CATTLE CONGRESS. And through the warm evening, through the ambling, shifting, crowd...

...we are TRACKING Ben. He stops at the ticket booth. Clearly looking around. Moves on now, and...

...we follow. Food stalls. Ben still looking. We lose him through shifting bodies and...

(CONTINUED)

...find him again. He moves down dusty aisles between booths and exhibits. French Fried Eggplant. Hand-blown Glass. Cow Precognostic: Tells If Your Animal Is In The Family Way.

...he is picking his way through the happy crowd. Still searching. Help Prevent Child Abuse. Caramel Apples and Elephant Ears. Rows of stacked cages with pigeons fluttering. Through the stalls now...

...into the Kiddie Rides. Caterpillars and Tilt-A-Whirls. Looking, looking, and...

...he stops. So do we. He TAKES OFF now into the crowd. But we don't move. And as our view clears, Ben is standing with...

...SARA, wearing the white dress. Not as revealing as the green, but backless and clinging and lovely. She's got purple cotton candy on a stick, and some has lodged on her face. Ben leans to her...

\*  
\*

...gently pulls it off. Strokes her skin. So close together now, and...

...she touches his chest. Tender and real. Something that could only pass between people who care. HOLD on their moment across the distance, and then SNAP to REVERSE ANGLE...

...MARTIN. What we see in his eyes is more complex than rage. A glaze of righteous triumph. That is nearly ecstasy. HOLD on his silent, horrible excitement.

\*

158 OMITTED

158

159 OMITTED

159

160 EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT

160

Sara and Ben riding the ferris wheel. Our view is close, from just beyond their gondola, but too far to hear them above the carny music.

They stare at each other as they ride. Silent now, but they can no longer deny what they feel. She murmurs something MOS, as we CUT TO...

...LONG ANGLE of the ferris wheel. We follow its rotation, focusing solely, obsessively, on their car, and CUT TO...

...CLOSE once more. Their stare holds. As he leans toward her, she comes to him in a deep slow KISS, that holds and lingers and we CUT TO...

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

160

...the LONG ANGLE of their car, their kiss, we hold with perfect obsession as they slowly spin, and we suddenly SNAP TO the REVERSE ANGLE of...

160A EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT

160A

...Martin. The predatory eyes. Rage harnessed by will. Selecting, anticipating. The madness of cruelty savored.

161 EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

161

The sign says WOMEN. And as women enter and exit the doorway, we PAN TO...

...a nearby tree. Ben alone, waiting for Sara's return. Eyes inward on his thoughts of her, as...

VOICE (V.O.)

... 'scuse me.

...turns to see an easy smile. A stranger standing. Very close.

MARTIN

...do you have a light?

Calm, pleasant eyes. That stare so directly. He is pulling out a slender brown cigar. Ben starts to shake his head, but...

...remembers. He's picked up a match book somewhere. And as he fishes it out, the stranger moves slightly closer. Ben strikes the match, and...

...Martin leans his cigar to the flame. Eyes staring dead into Ben as he draws the smoke. When Ben starts to move the match away, Martin shakes his head a little. Murmurs...

MARTIN

...you haven't got it. Yet.

...easy, silken voice. Ben returns the flame. Martin draws deeply now. And smiles. He nods his thanks. And takes his smile...

...off into the crowd.

162 EXT. SARA'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

162

Sara and Ben walk from the garage into the night air. She is carrying an armful of stuffed animals, an embarrassment of riches. They are very happy. Our POV is stationary, as they come slowly toward us. Angling to...

...Sara's kitchen door. They stand.

SARA

You're such a romantic, you know that?

BEN

You can always change your mind.

SARA

No, it's a gorgeous night. It'll be fun.

Still clutching the animals, she squeezes his hand...

SARA

Give me a twenty minutes, I just want to freshen up. Can I bring anything?

BEN

Just you.

(motioning to the animals)

And leave your friends home.

SARA

(grinning)

I won't take long.

They exchange smiles. His lingers as she goes alone through her kitchen door. When she's safe inside, he heads down the lilac path toward his own.

\*  
\*

163 INT. SARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

163

Darkened room. Light flickers on. Sara stands for a moment in the silence. Hugs herself absently.

164 INT. SARA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

164

Into the bathroom now. Begin to run water into the tub. As it fills, she strolls to the sink...

...stares at her face in the mirror. She does look a little dreamy. Catches herself at that. Sends her image a rueful, self-mocking smile. Watch it, girl. Turns on the tap...

...begins to remove her makeup. Slowly, deliberately. Not a sound in the place, but the sink. And the tub. Her face is naked now. She smiles, as if she likes what she sees. Reaches behind her back now...

...unzips her sundress. It falls to the floor.

HOLD on the tub, still running. Very full. Her hand reaches into frame. Shuts it off.

She eases her body into the water now. It is hot and wonderful. She lays her head back. Completaly under the surface. Comes up dripping, wiping her eyes clear. Sweeping the long hair back.

The house is absolute silence. No sound but the movement of her body in the water. She begins to...

...hum now. Our reggae tune. Throaty and full. And...

...stop. Very still. Because across the room, her eye has caught...

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

164

...three TOWELS on the rack. Two of them have their edges precisely aligned. But only two. She stares. Stares and wonders. Stares and...

...stands up. Water sloshing over the rim of the full tub. Hand reaching for a terry robe. Slipping it on as she...

...steps from the tub. Approaches the towels. As if they were an alien life form. Stares. Reaches slowly...and gently...

...tugs the center towel. Out of line. But she's still staring. As if it might move back. All by itself. She doesn't feel so well now. Turns back to the sink....

...runs a pond of cold water into the stopped basin. SPLASHES her face. Blinks against the cold, and suddenly...

...LOOKS UP to the mirror. No one there. Nothing. Just the view into her empty...

165

INT. SARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

165

...bedroom. She goes there now, clutching the robe around her. The made bed. Dresser. Armoire. And...

...the closet door. Slightly. Slightly. Ajar.

She closes her eyes. Can't believe she's doing this to herself. Shakes her head. She doesn't want to. This is insane. But when her eyes come open...

...the door is still ajar. And she goes to it. Slowly. Slowly. And reaches for the knob, and...

...FLINGS it open, to see...

...no monsters. Only clothing. Jumble. She backs away. Shaking her head to clear the cobwebs.

166

INT. SARA'S UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

166

Into her hallway. Stop at...

...a closed door. Another room. Staring at it. Will she yield to the compulsion. Reaches and...

167

INT. SARA'S GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

167

...pushes it open. Into the spare bedroom. Light from the hallway falls across the darkened bed. She FLICKS ON the light...

...empty, clean room. Her glance goes to...

(CONTINUED)



57

CONTINUED:

167

...the closet door. It's closed. Then...

...to the bottom edge of the bed. Is a boogeyman lurking? She backs out of the room...

168

INT. SARA'S UPSTAIRS HALL/STAIRS - NIGHT

168

...pulling her robe tighter around her. Down the staircase now. Very slowly. Stopping to listen. But the house is completely still. And she goes...

169

INT. SARA'S HALL/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

169

...all the way down. Steps into the darkened living room. Turn on a lamp...

...the room is ordered. Nothing out of place. Perfect. She smiles at the room. A little uneasily. Back into the hallway now, and face-to-face with...

170

INT. SARA'S DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

170

...the hall CLOSET. It is most definitely ajar. A black gap of several inches. She stares at that. She wouldn't have left it this way. Or did she?

She reaches slowly. Reaches. Fingers touch the knob. And pull so gently, as if not to disturb a sleeping creature, as the door swings silently open onto...

...blackness. She has to step forward. PULL the cord to a flash of yellow light. Her one coat. An empty rack. But still she stares. Slides the coat down a foot. To where it ought to be.

171

INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

171

Into her kitchen now. Tugging the cord on her robe tighter. Pick up the teapot. Set it on a burner. And stop DEAD...

...five handtowels. On a long rack. Two have edges precisely aligned. Two in the center. She stares. And stares. Her arms involuntarily hugging herself. And suddenly, she...

...BOLTS to the overhead cabinets. THROW open the doors...

...dozens of cans, bottles, packages. All stacked haphazardly. In careless disarray. The air comes finally out of Sara. Reassured, she grins at herself. What a nightmare!

172 INT. SARA'S KITCHEN/HALL - NIGHT 172

...heads out of the kitchen. Down the corridor, toward the front door. But in the silence... \*

...a SOUND makes her stop.

...a soft knocking. \*

173 OMITTED 173\*

173A INT. SARA'S DINING ROOM 173A\*

She walks into the dining room. This is strange. The knocking continues. She walks slowly, tentatively toward the pantry. \*

174 OMITTED 174\*

174A INT. SARA'S PANTRY - NIGHT 174A\*

Coming into the pantry she sees the window, blowing open in the room, banging softly against the jamb. She lets out a sigh of relief. \*

She crosses to the window. As she closes it, she sees the fleeting IMAGE of a ... \*

...MAN in the kitchen behind her, a split second before she can WHIRL SCREAMING to... \*

175 OMITTED 175\*

175A INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 175A\*

...BEN, who screams too, JUMPS a foot. A frozen instant of shocked staring. And she SCREAMS again, right at his face, the SHRIEK turning into... \*

...LAUGHTER, head thrown back. Wild and free and almost a little crazy. He's just staring at her in wonder. And as her laughter subsides, becomes warm and reassuring...

BEN

Boy, you're something when you go nuts.

SARA

...you don't know the half of it.

He goes to her. Puts his hands on her shoulders...

BEN

Gives a new dimension to... startled.

(CONTINUED)

175A CONTINUED:

175\*

She puts her hands over his.

SARA

I think I'm saying goodbye...to  
old ghosts. Past lives, you know?

He gives her an understanding smile...

BEN

Get dressed. Come on. It's  
all set.

\*  
\*

176 EXT. BEN'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

176

Two people. On a picnic blanket. Eating their supper under stars. They are ringed by flickering candles, and by the tall black trees above. As we watch them from a distance...

...they are close together. They do not kiss. They do not touch. But they are lovers. And when the man stands...

...the woman kneels. And blows out the candles. He helps her to her feet. And hand-in-hand. They walk...

...toward us. And we PULL BACK to...

177 EXT. BEN'S/LILAC PATH/SARA'S - NIGHT

177

...a LONG ANGLE of their approach. They are on the lilac path now. Heading for her kitchen door. Comfortable in the silence. And in each other.

178 EXT. SARA'S KITCHEN DOOR - NIGHT

178

When they reach her kitchen door he runs his hand along her hair.

BEN

Will I see you tomorrow?

SARA

You've got a date.

BEN

Thanks for a great night.

(he begins to back away)

Tomorrow.

She nods. On that he turns his back and saunters off. She watches him go.

REVISED 3/19/90

179 INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

179

When she enters the kitchen, the ghosts aren't with her. Only thoughts of Ben. She puts her sweater and some pans she is carrying on the counter. Without noticing, one of the pans pushes down on the lever of her toaster oven. It turns on.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As she heads back past the kitchen she passes her cassette deck. She PUNCHES the button ON as she goes by. Into...

\*  
\*

180 INT. SARA'S DOWNSTAIRS HALL/STAIRS - NIGHT

180

...the hallway now. Climbing the stairs. As she hears...

...MAHLER'S NINTH. The liquid notes STOP her. Right there on the stairs. Then she has to smile. Murmur...

SARA

Ben...

181 INT. SARA'S STAIRS/HALL/BEDROOM - NIGHT

181

Thinking of him, up the last few steps. Into her room. Flick on the light.

\*  
\*

...drip. Drip. And so slowly...

...she turns. To the bathroom. But it's very dark in there. She hesitates a beat...

...drip.

182 INT. SARA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

182

...and walks toward it. Flicks ON the light. The sink is NOT dripping. So how...?

...drip. And her head SNAPS to...

...the TUB. The dripping has somehow filled the tub to the rim. A clear, empty lake. Just beginning to...

...SPILL over the edge. Trickle in a thin sheet down the side...

...drip. Drip. She watches with staring eyes. Her steps are backward, halting. Into...

REVISED 3/19/90

183 INT. SARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

183

...her bedroom. Looks to the closet... Her white dress is extending from the armoire, floating in the breeze from the window. Sara, curious, walks toward the dress. It is like a ghostly apparation. Cautiously, she reaches out to it. Her fingertips just...barely... touch...as...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

...SCRRREEEEEE, she GASPS, as the smoke detector howls from the kitchen, and she...

\*  
\*

184 INT. SARA'S UPSTAIRS HALL/STAIRS/HALL - NIGHT

184

...BOLTS out of the room, RACING down the stairs, the SHRIEKING smoke detector BLASTING above the Mahler, as she STUMBLES, catches herself...

\*

...DOWN the last stairs,

185 INT. SARA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

185

INTO the kitchen, smoke pouring from the toaster oven.

\*

...LURCHES to YANK the plug from the oven. The smoke detector is still screaming. Grabbing a broom, she pushes the smoke detector off switch. It doesn't budge. She pushes again, nothing. Furious, she slams the broom handle into the infernal machine. Plastic cracks and bits of metal fall to the floor. The noise stops. Her shoulders HEAVING now, fighting to catch her breath, she seems triumphant. She picks up the broken plastic and puts the broom away.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

...and FREEZE. The towel rack. Five towels. The three in the center have edges meticulously aligned. She stares. Murmurs...

SARA

Two. Wasn't it...only...

Slowly, her eyes turn. To the cabinets.

CLOSE ANGLE...on the closed doors. HEAR her footfalls. As if drawn in a trance. The Mahler plays on, so far away, as...

...Sara steps into frame. Hands reach to the knobs. Steady. And...TEAR them open...

...three dozen cans. Face perfectly straight. Their labels aligned by an insane hand.

185 CONTINUED

185

Sara's hands are at her mouth. They can't stifle the strangled SCREAM that leaps from within her. She staggers backward. Her eyes LEAP in terror to...

...the screen door. Open. Shut. Open. And she...

...WHIRLS away.

186 INT. SARA'S HALL - NIGHT

186

Into the hall. RUNNING for her life, running to the front door, and...

...STOP. Eyes wide in horror. For there on the hardwood. Just against the door...

...the TAPE DECK. Its music smoothly flowing. Guarding the door like a sentinel. As she stares, immobile, we SNAP TO...

REVERSE ANGLE...her face. And over her shoulder, the hallway stretches its full length behind her. As in soft focus...

...a FIGURE MOVES past the frame. Far behind her. A frozen instant for its reality to register on us, and we SNAP to SHARP FOCUS on...

...MARTIN, at last. APPROACHING stealthily from behind her shoulder. Sara can't hear him above the Mahler, as she stares dead ahead... \*

...too terrified to move. Or scream. And Martin is closer. And closer. Stepping now...

...JUST behind her. LOOMING above her as at the water fountain. And we TIGHTEN ANGLE to only...

...Sara's face. Her eyes...

MARTIN (V.O.)

...hello, princess.

...the frozen instant. Before she can...

...WHIRL, panic STRANGLING her, to face...

...the calm, knowing smile.

MARTIN

It's wonderful to see you...alive. \*

The pistol hand unobtrusively at his side. He lifts the other, as if to gently reach toward her, and...

...she FLINCHES horribly. His smile curls at one corner. Becomes even a little more knowing.

MARTIN

Yes, the first touch. After so long apart...

He leans. A little closer. Almost a whisper with...

CONTINUED

MARTIN  
Exciting. To anticipate.

She stumbles backward. Into the door. No more room.

MARTIN  
Have you been...thinking of  
it, too?

And he steps toward her...

MARTIN  
All...these...

...the KNOCKING stops him. Short, sharp RAPPING on the  
door at her back. They hold their breath...

BEN (O.S.)  
Sara? Are you there...?

A gun appears in Martin's hand. Rising slowly. The \*  
barrel levels dead at her eyes.

BEN (O.S.)  
Can you hear me...? \*

Martin reaches. Just past her face. Slips the door  
CHAIN into its slot. So quietly. Then gestures with  
the pistol...open it!

As he steps back, away from the opening. She calls  
through the door...

SARA  
...just a second.

Martin backs away one more step. Pistol levelled. And  
Sara...

...opens the door. The chain PULLS tight.

BEN  
Hi.

She nods. Tries to keep her smile easy.

BEN  
It's tomorrow.  
(he points at his watch)  
12:05. I couldn't wait.

Her eyes belie the words...

SARA  
Oh Ben, I'm just so tired.



186 CONTINUED: (2)

186

And now there is silence. Ben's glance flicks to the chain.  
And back to her...

BEN

Still spooked by ghosts, huh?

SARA

They're all around me.

A held beat, and...

BEN

How 'bout I come in...?

She shakes her head.

SARA

...not a good time.

His eyes reach to her. Across the distance. He just nods.

BEN

Well. Later then.

She nods back. Fights to keep the tears from her eyes.

BEN

Night, Sara.

PULL BACK to view from over Martin's shoulder. His raised pistol. Sara at the door's opening. Stepping back as she closes it softly.

MARTIN

He doesn't matter. He's nothing,  
Laura. Nothing.

WITH A VIOLENT ROAR, THE DOOR CRASHES OPEN, as Ben CRACKS the chain bolt FREE, the door HURLING the tape deck like a missile. Just PAST Martin, SPLINTERING against a wall, and Ben...

...SEES Martin. He charges at him, grabbing him from behind, and throwing his arm around Martin's neck. Choking, Martin dives back against the door and slams his elbow into Ben's gut. Ben gasps as all the air rushes from his lungs. Martin spins around and elbow's Ben in the face. Ben's head flies into the wall. Sara screams.

Dazed, Ben whispers defiantly into Martin's face.

BEN

Fuck you...

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (3)

186

Martin's pistol slams into Ben's skull. His body falls limp and motionless to the floor. Blood runs from his wound, as Martin steps over him and...

...KICKS the door VIOLENTLY SHUT.

Absolute silence now. For the first time.

Sara against the wall. The hallway is empty, except for a small buffet at the far end. On it, a china figure, a telephone. Above it, a mirror, in which we see...

...Martin gesturing toward Ben's body. With the pistol.

MARTIN

What's his name?

...so quietly. A pleasant question. And when there is no answer, the pistol raises at the still, fallen form, and...

SARA

...Ben.

Ah. As if that were an interesting name. Pistol levelled, he studies Ben now. An interesting species.

SARA

Martin, he...

MARTIN

...doesn't have anything to do with us.

And turns to her. Silken, silent...

MARTIN

Does he?

He comes for her now. One step at a time.

And he's there. Inches from her.

MARTIN

...does he, princess?

An innocent question. She licks her lips. Staring into his strong, calm eyes.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (4)

186

The hand comes up. The fingers gently curved. Just away from her hair.

The hand touches her hair. But she does not shudder. Her eyes looking so directly at his...

And as the hand strokes her hair. In a firm caress. She tilts her hand back. Moves with...

...involuntary pleasure. At the touch.

MARTIN

Do you remember. Our honeymoon...?

She nods slowly. And her eyes soften. Yes, she does.

MARTIN

The night...I taught you...

The barrel of his pistol traces now. So delicately up her leg. her thigh...

MARTIN

...to dance?

The pistol at her waist now. The flat side of it travelling up...

...scarcely brushing past her breast. There is a small shiver of pleasure in her. We can hear her breathing now...

MARTIN

You said. Those were the happiest days...

The pistol. The fingers. Touch her face.

MARTIN

...of your whole life.

(CONTINUED)

Without moving the gun, he leans to her, and raises his pinkie  
finger in front of her nose. \*

MARTIN

You forgot this...when you left. \*\*  
This is yours...Laura. \*\*

The gun still in place, he slowly slides Laura's wedding  
band off his finger and takes her hand. It is almost \*  
as if he is proposing marriage. \*

MARTIN

We are one. We will always be  
one. Nothing. Can keep us apart.

She murmurs...

SARA

Martin, I'm so...

Leaning closer. His lips parting...

SARA

...confused, and... \*

...her eyes flutter closed. Her lips part. And as he leans  
his mouth into hers, into a deep kiss. Sara's knee comes... \*

...sharply UP BETWEEN his legs, his SLO-MO CRUMPLING in shock  
and pain, her DOUBLED FISTS LASHING OUT...

...crashing SOLIDLY into the pistol, which FLIES across the  
hall, as Martin sinks to his knees, and she is...

...PAST him like a cat, SCRAMBLING up the hall, CRASHING into  
the buffet, going DOWN HARD, as...

...the china figure falls, SHATTERING in a thousand shards, the  
telephone spilling after it, Martin LURCHING to his feet,  
LUNGING after her as Sara...

...WHEELS on him from her knees, pistol LEVELLED at his face.

An instant's impasse. And then he smiles. Takes one step  
toward her, as...

...BLAM, a deafening SHOT straight PAST his head SPLINTERS the  
wall behind him. And he stops. But the smile, knowing and  
calm, remains...

MARTIN

I'm impressed.

He stares at her with steely eyes. \*

MARTIN

Now let's end this. While  
you're still ahead.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (6)

186

Sara straightens her spine. Holds the pistol rock steady. And in a voice he's never heard before...

SARA

Walk this way, Martin.  
Come to me.

...he thinks. A reflection unnerving to watch. Before his soft...

MARTIN

Always my pleasure.

He walks toward her now. Down the hall. Very slowly. The closer he gets, the more anxious he seems. Finally...

SARA

That's close enough.

He stops. No question, he is enjoying this.

MARTIN

Oh, I don't think so.

Takes one step closer. And another.

MARTIN

Here, feels right.

Very close now. Not within reach. Not quite.

MARTIN

Well, there's a telephone...

He points to her feet. The phone that was knocked from the buffet. We can barely hear the purr of the disconnect against the silence.

MARTIN

You could call the police.

But she doesn't move. His ease is making her all the more nervous.

MARTIN

...but you don't know. If you really want to.

His voice is intimate now. No other word for it.

MARTIN

I know your mind, Laura.  
Every...thought.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (7)

18

She holds the gun as steady as she can. But we see it waver.

MARTIN:

You're wondering...can the police...  
protect you.

Shakes his head. Almost sadly.

MARTIN

Who knows, there may be a court  
order. Instructing me to stay  
away. From my own wife.

He draws a deep breath. The condescension just below the  
surface.

MARTIN

But nothing could ever...keep me  
away. You see, I have...strong feelings.  
About the woman I love.

Straight at her eyes.

MARTIN

I can't live without out you...

(beat)

And I can't let you. Live without  
me.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (8)

186

They stare for a frozen moment. Slowly, she reaches to the floor.

Gun pointed dead at his chest. She hangs up the phone. And on his smile...

...she lifts the receiver once more. Punches 911.

MARTIN

Think carefully. You don't want to act out of anger. Ever again.

SARA

Yes, give me the police. Hurry, please.

She's still crouching below him. Staring up. As if held by his eyes.

MARTIN

There's still time to hang up...

We HEAR the click. The officer's muffled VOICE. But Sara says nothing.

MARTIN

This is our last...chance.

\*\*

She draws a ragged breath...

SARA

Yes, this is Sara Waters. At 28 Tremont...

Staring at the eyes. That know her so well. And just above a whisper...

MARTIN

...take that chance.

She seems to sway before his eyes. And into the receiver...

(CONTINUED)

SARA  
...come quickly.  
(beat)  
I've just killed an intruder.

The disconnect. Sara rising in slow motion. Martin's  
uncomprehension as she...

...FIRES straight at him, BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! And he...

...SPINS in shock and AGONY, HIT in the shoulder,  
disbelief across his face, as...

...BLAM! She MISSES, he suddenly...

...LURCHES for her, Sara...

...FIRING straight INTO his chest, and Martin...

...STAGGERS, rocked, his eyes beyond fury, LUNGING now,  
as the pistol RISES toward his face, and we SNAP TO...

...REVERSE ANGLE from behind his shoulder, MARTIN FLYING  
toward her in SLO-MO, SARA FIRING point-blank at his  
FACE and Martin...

...CRUMPLING suddenly, horribly. Motionless. Just at  
her feet. And...

...silence. Absolute stillness. Sara staring down at  
the body. HEAR the pistol DROP to the floor. Sara  
sinks now, slowly to her knees. And...

...begins to tremble. Tears, silent and unnoticed. But  
her shoulders, her limbs, shaking now uncontrollably, as  
the sobbing overcomes her and she...

...buries her face in her hands. Her entire body  
convulsing with emotion, as a HAND...

...VIOLENTLY GRASPS her hair and, SHRIEKING, she is  
YANKED DOWN to face...

...MARTIN, the side of his head a bloody wound, his face  
a savage rictus, as he lifts the pistol...

...POINT BLANK to her terrified eyes and...

...CLICK!! A flicker of his disbelieving glance at the  
empty gun and...

...his fingers lose their grasp on her hair, as life  
flows from them, and he...

...sinks from frame.



Sara looks down at the open, lifeless eyes. And struggles to her feet. Across the floor, staggering, tripping, PLUNGING to her knees, at...

...Ben's side. She leans over his still form. Touches his face with all the tenderness in her. And his eyes blink open. She stares at him for a disbelieving beat. He manages a smile. He's all right...

Tears stand in her eyes. She slowly sinks her head...

...to his chest. Snuggles into him. As close as she can get. And as the release surges through her...

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, tracking down low, through the hallway. It glides slowly over Martin's body, along his outstretched arm, and comes to rest just inches from his hand. A rivulet of blood runs down his fingers, deep red slowly staining the gold of his wedding ring. \*

The camera follows the blood as it trickles onto the floor. Slowly, in the foreground, a huge glimmer of light sparkles in the camera. It takes a moment to realize that it is Laura's wedding band, freed from Martin's grasp. It is lying quietly, untouched, on the hallway floor. \*

CUT to BLACK. ROLL END CREDITS.