BLOWOUT

Previously
Personal Effects

BY

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Shooting Script
10/21/80
FADE IN

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT - POV OF MANIAC

SOUND of deep, heavy, asthmatic BREATHING. The MANIAC moves past some trees across a lawn.

SOUND of FOOTSTEPS on grass... SOUND of wind through TREES.

He comes toward a lit dormitory. He stops before a ground floor window and peers in.

EXT/INT. DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT

A young girl, FAM, dressed only in a tight T-shirt and bikini underpants lies on her bed reading a book.

SOUND of BREATHING increases. SOUND of two PAIRS of rapidly approaching FOOTSTEPS.

EXT./INT. DORM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The Maniac looks away from the window to see a BOY and GIRL sneaking into the dorm entrance.

Above the doorway is a sign:

Immaculate Conception College
For Women

The MANIAC moves back from the window and hides behind a large bush. A surgically gloved hand comes into view, parting the bushes, so he can see the girl opening the dormitory doors. She freezes in her tracks - seeing something inside.

GIRL

Christ!

She turns to the Boy who's come up behind.

GIRL

Get down!

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

The boy and girl hit the dirt beside the door.

SOUND of FOOTSTEPS on a concrete FLOOR approaching the door.

EXT/INT DORM ENTRANCE—NIGHT

Finally a CAMPUS GUARD emerges out of the doorway. He stops for a moment looking around. At his feet, inches away, the Boy and the Girl lie stone still on the ground. The Guard reaches into his coat and takes out a dark, oval object.

SOUND of liquor SLOSHING around in bottle. SOUND of bottle CAP being UNSCREWED.

'The Guard puts the bottle to his lips and takes a healthy swig.

SOUND of liquor GURGLING down throat. SOUND of bottle cap being SCREWED tight. SOUND of SLOSHING Liquor.

The Guard slips the bottle back into his coat and moves away.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS — NIGHT

The Maniac watches him vanish down a campus path into the darkness.

SOUND of Boy and Girl GIGGLING.

EXT/INT DORM—ENTRANCE—NIGHT

The Maniac looks back to the Boy and Girl who get up from the ground.

GIRL
(trying to stop Laughing)
Will you shut up?

The Boy can't. Her laughing now under control, she speaks in an urgent whisper.

GIRL
Do you want to get me campused?

CONTINUED
The Boy stops laughing. The Girl shakes her head and turns back to the dorm door, opens it and goes inside.

EXT/INT CAMPUS DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Boy follows.

SOUND of loud DISCO MUSIC.

EXT/INT CAMPUS DORM - NIGHT

The Maniac stands up from behind the bushes and moves toward the music.

SOUND of MUSIC INCREASES. SOUND of FOOTSTEPS.

The Maniac moves past the window of PAM, the reading girl, to the next window where the disco music is coming from. He peers inside. Two girls, BARBARA and JUDY, are dancing. He watches the suggestive movements of their well shaped young bodies.

SOUND of KNOCK on door. The Girls continue dancing. SOUND of LOUDER, more insistent KNOCK.

One of the Girls rolls her eyes up and dances over to the door. She opens it.

EXT/INT DORM ROOM - NIGHT

PAM, the reading girl, stands in the doorway.

PAM
Could you turn that down please?
I'm trying to study.

GIRL AT DOOR
What do you think we're doing?

PAM
Making a hell of a lot of noise.

GIRL AT DOOR
Ever heard of modern dance? This is it. And we've got finals too! So get fucked.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

She slams the door in Pam's face.

PAM (V.O.)
I'm going to Sue about this.

SOUND of FOOTSTEPS clattering away from the door.

The Girls continue dancing.

EXT/INT CAMPUS DORM—NIGHT

The Maniac moves past the window toward the entrance of the dorm.

SOUND of disco MUSIC FADEING.

Passing another window in the dorm, he catches sight of a Girl pulling off her clothes. He stops and watches.

SOUND of asthmatic BREATHING quickens.

Moving closer to the window, the Maniac watches the Boy and Girl he saw earlier finish pulling off their clothes and start making love on the floor. He presses his head to the window.

EXT/INT DORM ROOM—NIGHT

The Girl rocks her head back and forth and pulls the Boy on top of her.

SOUND of passionate MOANS.

The Girl's eyes jerk open in a wave of passion and she looks directly at CAMERA (The Maniac).

SOUND of Girl CRYING out in terror.

EXT/INT CAMPUS DORM—NIGHT

The Maniac quickly moves back from the window, hiding himself in the bushes.

The Girl stands naked at the window. The Boy comes up behind her.

CONTINUED
BOY
What's the matter?

GIRL
I saw a face. Right here. In the window.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - NIGHT - BOY'S POV

The Boy looks at where she's pointing and sees nothing.

EXT/INT DORM ROOM - NIGHT

The Boy walks away from the window and disappears from view. The Girl still stands there, rigid with fright, searching across the campus with her eyes.

GIRL
I did see something.

SOUND of Boy pulling on CLOTHES.

The Girl then turns away from the window and walks back into the room out of view.

EXT/INT CAMPUS DORM - NIGHT

The Maniac stands up from behind the bushes and moves quickly across the grass to the dorm doorway.

SOUND of FOOTSTEPS moving across grass.

EXT/INT DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Maniac opens the door and enters the dorm. He looks down the hallway. It's empty. He starts down it.

SOUND of Maniac's FOOTSTEPS moving down hallway. SOUND of TWO PAIRS of FOOTSTEPS coming down a staircase at end of hallway.

The Maniac stops.

Down at the end of the hallway, RAM and another, taller, beefy girl, SUE, head up the hallway.
INT. DORM HALLWAY ACOVE - NIGHT

The Maniac ducks into an alcove.

SOUND of FOOTSTEPS STOPPING. SOUND of KNOCK on door.

SUE (O.S.)
Barbara, this is Sue.

SOUND of DOOR OPENING - SOUND of DISCO MUSIC - SOUND of knife CHOPPING.

INT. ACOVE - ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

The Maniac turns around in alcove and sees a FAT GIRL in dorm kitchen chopping up a piece of celery. SOUND of VOICES coming down hall.

BARBARA (disco girl) (O.S.)
What's the problem?

SUE (O.S.)
What do you think?

BARBARA (O.S.)
Pam's got her period?

FAM (O.S.)
You're disgusting.

BARBARA (O.S.)
I thought I told you to fuck off.

SUE (O.S.)
Cut it out! Now you turn the music down or I'm putting you on report.

BARBARA (O.S.)
Hey, Judy, do you believe this? The Little fink brought back the master fink.

The sound of the argument turns the Fat Girl around...
19 INT. DORM KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Fat Girl looks directly at CAMERA (The Maniac). Her face contorts in horror, her mouth opens wide. She starts to SCREAM, but it is cut short by the two surgically gloved hands that suddenly grip her around the throat.

The Maniac slowly eases her to the floor, choking the last bit of life out of her.

He releases his grip, stands up to find himself facing a chopping board. On it lies a large kitchen knife. He picks it up.

SOUND of BARBARA, SUE . and PAM arguing down the hall.

SOUND of another DOOR opening.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Will you guys shut up? I'm trying to study!

SOUND of door SLAM.

The argument stops abruptly.

SUE (O.S.)
I think we should continue this discussion in your room.

20 INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Maniac peers out of kitchen alcove and sees the three girls, BARBARA, PAM and SUE enter Barbara's room.

SOUND of DOOR being SHUT behind them.

As soon as it closes, the adjacent door opens and the BOY tiptoes out into the hallway. He races for the dorm entrance, passing by the kitchen alcove.

Once the boy has passed, the Maniac starts down the hallway toward the room the Boy just exited.

21 INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Suddenly the door opens and the GIRL enters the hallway. She

CONTINUED
is wearing a bathrobe.

The Maniac freezes.

The girl closes the door, keeping her back to the Maniac. She turns and walks down the hall. He follows. She goes through a door at the end of the hall and disappears from view.

The Maniac stops in front of the door and reads the sign across it: SHOWER

SOUND of SHOWER being TURNED ON.

INT. DORM SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

The Maniac opens the shower door and enters the room. At the end of the white-tiled room a shower stall is filling up with steam.

The surgically gloved hand is extended out in front of the CAMERA. It holds the large kitchen knife.

The Maniac moves toward the steam-enveloped GIRL, who innocently soaps herself. He moves up behind her. She turns to face him, eyes closed, a hot stream of water cascades across her face.

He jerks the knife down into her flesh. She SCREAMS. SOUND of a very unconvincing scream - thin, shrill, almost comical.

CUT TO:

INT. MIXING STUDIO - DAY - ECU THE PRODUCER'S EYES TO TWO SHOT WITH JACK

The Producer is SAM. He winces.

JACK
That terrible!

SAM
What cat did you strangle
to get that?
JACK
The cat you cast. That's hers.

SAM
You mean that's not yours?

JACK
No— it's hers

CUT TO:

INT. MIXING STUDIO — DAY

JIM, the Mixer, SAM, the Producer, and JACK, the Sound Effects Editor, are all seated behind a mixing console. Before them on the screen is the Girl being hacked to death with the kitchen knife. Sam stands up and starts to pace. He is in his late twenties, overweight, bouncy and hyper-active.

SAM
Run it back, Jim. I want to hear that scream again.

Jim, a middle-aged, mild-mannered robot, punches the reverse button and the screen goes black. A moment later the image reappears on the screen moving backwards. The knife comes out of the Girl's breast, her mouth closes, and we HEAR the same sound of a cat being strangled backwards.

JIM
Far enough?

Sam nods and Jim hits the forward button. We get a replay of the Girl being stabbed. Same lousy scream.

SAM
Kill it!

Jim hits the stop button. The screen goes black. He punches the 'lights' button. The lights pop on.

CONTINUED
Jack blinks, shielding his eyes from the light. They are not that bright, but he's a man that's been in dark rooms too long. He's about the same age as Sam, but lanky, reserved, given to making wry wisecracks.

JACK
* Don't stop now, Jim - It's beginning to grow on me.

SAM
* C'mon Jack - it's shit.

JACK
* Look, Sam. You didn't hire her for her scream. You hired her for her tits.

SAM
* Then what have we got to worry about? With those tits, who's going to be watching her scream?

JACK
Right!

Sam stops pacing and stares at Jack.

SAM
How long have I known you?

JACK
Let's see. We met on 'Blood Bath' - this is our fifth.

SAM
(remembering)
Almost two years.

Jack nods. Sam starts to pace again.

SAM (Cont'd.)
And I still don't understand what a smart guy like you is doing this shit for.
JACK
Hey, I do the sound-- you do the shit!

SAM
(getting mad)
No-- you do the shit-- like that wind in the trees.
Sounds like you're whistling in the crapper.
JACK
It's out of the library. We've used it a million times.

SAM
That's the trouble. I've heard it a million times — get something new.

Jack nods.

SAM (Cont'd.)
And what about that scream? We got to dub it.

JACK (innocently)
Right.

(Beat)
Know any good screamers?

SAM
I got a few ideas...

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S EDITING ROOM - DUSK

A large room with two long wood benches covered with sound equipment: tape splicers, sound readers, a Nagra 1/4" tape recorder, mikes, a 16 mm double system projector, a 16 mm moviola, a 16 mm KEM, 1/4" to 16 mm transfer machine, a soundproof booth, etc.

Against one wall is a large tape library. 1/4" boxes of tape line the shelves. There's every sound from airgun to zipper.

There's been no attempt at decorating or humanizing the room. Only blinds hang over the few windows and a single cot and a small TV complete the furnishings.

Jack pulls out a box of wind effects and transfers them to
CONTINUED

16 mm mag. He runs them against the picture of the 'wind through the trees' and decides they're not good enough.

He crosses the room, looks at his watch (it says 6:30), and turns on the TV. During the news broadcast he's assembling equipment to record.

OMIT

INT. TV NEWS SET - NIGHT - (tape)

Image of ANCHORMAN #1 at his desk. Over his shoulder, in a box, are presented the statistics as he talks about them.

ANCHORMAN #1

... The same poll gave evidence of a groundswell of nationwide support for Governor George McRyan in his bid for the party's nomination.

If an election were held today, the poll concludes, Governor McRyan would be the hands-down winner, drawing a remarkable sixty-two percent of the vote to the President's twenty-three. The President's campaign manager, Jack Manners, told reporters earlier today:

CUT TO:

INT. LIMBO - DAY - MANNERS' TALKING HEAD

Superimposed on the image: Washington, D.C. - Jack Manners Campaign Manager

MANNERS

(heavy accent)
The President's had to make some tough economic decisions. But when these policies go in- to effect, and when the, uh... the economic climate improves, as we are confident it will, the people will rally to support the President in the upcoming primaries.
INT. LIMBO - DAY
// Angle on REPORTERS taking notes.

MANNERS' TALKING HEAD
//

MANNERS
The primaries are still several months away.

INT. TV NEWS SET - NIGHT
3/

ANCHORMAN #1
Meanwhile, leaders in Congress are waiting anxiously for Governor McGovern to declare his candidacy. They may not have much longer to wait. The Governor is now at the ballroom of the Fairmont Hotel where in a few moments he is expected to address the kick-off dinner of this year's Liberty Day celebration. Some people are guessing that he will use the occasion to throw his hat into the ring.

(turning away from the camera)
What about it, Joan? Is there any word from the Fairmont yet?

ANOTHER ANGLE - INT. TV NEWS SET - NIGHT
3/

JOAN, the anchorwoman, is revealed at a desk adjoining that of Anchorman #1.

JOAN
Not yet, Bill, but as soon as there is we will be going there live. As we all know, Liberty Day is one of the most eagerly awaited of all Philadelphia's celebrations. But this year it's going to be extra special. It is exactly one hundred years since the Liberty Bell was last rung, and to honor this centennial there will be a parade on Saturday down Market Street, ending at Penn's Landing for a spectacular display of fireworks. In addition

(M ore)
JOAN
a full-size replica of the Liberty Bell has been made of pennies donated by the school children from every state in the union.

ANCHORMAN #1
That must have taken a lot of pennies.

JOAN
Exactly three hundred and five thousand, four hundred and sixty-two of them.

ANCHORMAN #1
(pulling a coin from his pocket)
Here—— I think you forgot one.

JOAN
(Laughs obligingly)
It weighs two thousand and seventy-three pounds, fourteen ounces. And, believe it or not, it rings. For the first time in a hundred years we will hear what the Liberty Bell really sounds like.

ANCHORMAN #1
I understand that they'll be ringing it after the fireworks at Penn's landing.

JOAN
That's right.

(suddenly listening to her earphone)
Hold it, Bill. I think we're getting something from the Fairmont right now. Let's go live to out Eye-on-the-City political correspondent, Frank Donahue, at the Liberty Ball, in the Fairmont Hotel.

CUT TO:
INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

DONAHUE, a young, hip TV reporter, stands before a large dance floor. Behind him, TUXEDOED GUESTS move about to a lively foxtrot, (Lawrence Henry among them).

DONAHUE
Yes, it's me. I was afraid you guys wouldn't recognize me in this monkey suit.

CUT TO:

INT. TV NEWS SET - NIGHT

DONAHUE's IMAGE appears either on a TV monitor beside Joan's desk or in a chroma-key zone behind her.

JOAN
Frank, you look fabulous. Have you spoken with the Governor?

DONAHUE
Not yet. He's dining on the balcony now, but I'm told he will talk to me afterwards.

CUT TO:

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

DONAHUE
As he arrived I did get a chance to ask him what he thought about our Liberty Day celebration this year.

JOAN (O.S.)
What did he say?

DONAHUE
He said he was honored to be here. He plans to attend the parade and hear the ringing of the new bell Saturday night. He thought it was a shame the Liberty Bell has been silent for so long and he is looking forward to hearing a new voice of liberty ringing in the land.
C31 INT. TV NEWS SET - NIGHT

JOAN
I guess we all are, wouldn't you say? It couldn't hurt. Thank you, Frank. We'll get back to you at the end of the broadcast.

CUT TO:

31 INT. JACK'S EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

JACK turns off the TV, picks up his recording equipment and heads out the door.

CUT TO:
JACK is standing on a small bridge running across the creek. He is holding a mike up toward the rustling trees.

Down the creek another stone bridge crosses the water. A PAIR of LOVERS stroll leisurely across it.

JACK takes some levels, then begins recording various SOUNDS:

WIND
RUSTLING LEAVES
PAIR OF LOVERS GETTING IN CAR
AND DRIVING OFF
A FROG CROAKING
A SNAPPING SOUND (BUCKS' WIREWATCH)
AN OWL Hooting

After a while JACK picks up the SOUND of an APPROACHING CAR. He pans the mike around to find the direction. His mike points down to the road leading onto the bridge.

A car, a silver-gray Ford, speeds up the road, moving fast and recklessly. JACK follows it with his mike. The car speeds toward him. SALLY in car - OUCH!

Then suddenly a BURST of SOUND comes from the bushes to the left of the oncoming car.

The front tire of the Ford explodes and the car swerves off the road, knocking down a street lamp, crashing through the railing and into the water. KAP! PHOTOGRAPHING.

Jack looks into the bushes for the source of the sound. He looks back to the creek.
The silver-gray Ford slowly sinks out of view. [subtitles]

Jack grabs up his gear and rushes off the bridge and down the creek bank.

He drops his equipment, strips off his jacket and dives into the water.

UNDERWATER

Jack goes under, swimming down to the submerged car, guided by a dull glow from its interior dome light.

The car lies on an angle, nose down, in the mud. It's filled with water except for a pocket of air trapped in the rear window.

A young woman, SALLI, her evening dress billowing in the water, pounds on the window, hysterical. The water is stained with blood.

Another figure, a transparent man, MCKENZIE, floats limply in the car, tangling with the woman, who frantically kicks him away.

Jack swims to the door and tries it, but it's stuck.

He gestures to the woman to open it from the inside, but she can't.

He tries to punch, then kick a window in, but he fails.

He kicks to the surface.

Jack swims to the riverbank. As he catches his breath, he sees a large rock. He dives back in the water.

UNDERWATER

Jack swims to the side window and smashes it with the rock.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - UNDERWATER

Jack swims inside and tangles with the tuxedoed Man. The man's face is badly mangled, his skull is crushed, his eyes wide and staring.

Jack pushes him away and swims to the now semi-conscious Girl, grabs her by the ankle and pulls her out of the car and up to the surface.

EXT. CREEK - WISSAHICKON DRIVE - NIGHT

Jack drags Sally to the shore and collapses down beside her. She sputters out water and starts to shiver.

Jack tiredly stands up and picks up his jacket. He drapes it around her. EQUIPMENT ON SHORE

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

NELSON

A bang?

JACK

Yeah — some kind of bang.

NELSON

Where?

JACK

It came from the left — the left side of the car.

NELSON

You were facing the car?

JACK

Yes.

CONTINUED
NELSON
(matter-of-factly)
You heard the blow-out.

JACK
Yeah — I heard the blow-out — but there was this bang before.
It came from the left. The bang was before the blow-out.

NELSON
Some kind of an echo.

JACK
No. No. It was before. The bang was before the blow-out.

NELSON
What were you doing up there?

JACK
I was recording sound effects for a movie I'm working on.

NELSON
You recorded the blow-out?

JACK
Yes, but the first sound wasn't a blow-out. I know what a blow-out sounds like.

NELSON
So what happened then?

JACK
The car crashed off the bridge and into the creek.

NELSON
And what did you do then?

JACK
I jumped into the creek and pulled out the girl.
NELSON: There was a girl?

JACK: Yes. There was a girl.

NELSON: What girl?

JACK: (indicating a closed door across the hall) The girl in the room over there.

NELSON: She was in the car?

JACK: Yes! She was in the car.

NELSON: You sure?

JACK: I wasn't bobbing for apples – of course she was in the car!

NELSON: It's pretty dark under eight feet of water.

JACK: (sarcastic) Is this what is known as obtaining objective eye witness testimony?

NELSON: (he lets it pass) What about the guy?

JACK: He was dead.
NELSON
How do you know?

JACK
I didn't have time to take his pulse, but by the way
his brains were coming out
of his head, I figured him
for dead.

Nelson looks up from his pad — mad.

NELSON
Is that supposed to be funny?

JACK
(deadpan)
Officer, I'm just reporting
what I saw.


NELSON
You sound like a fucking
vulture! I'm sure you're
going to make a bundle being
so colorful on the talk shows.

Nelson storms out of the room. Jack has no idea what the
hell he's so burned up about.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY HALL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jack shakes his head and goes over to the door of Sally's
room. He is about to knock when he sees an ORDERLY.

JACK
My clothes ready yet?

ORDERLY
Yeah, I'm getting them for
you.

JACK
Thanks.
The orderly leaves and Jack turns back to the door. It suddenly opens and a DOCTOR comes out.

How is she?

DOCTOR
Very lucky. Mild shock, slight hysteria, some cuts and bruises. No major injuries.

JACK
Can I go in? I just want to say goodbye to her.

DOCTOR
She might be asleep. She's been sedated. Don't stay too long.

The Doctor leaves and Jack enters the room.

INT. HOSPITAL - SALLY'S EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

SALLY the girl Jack saved, is in a white hospital gown, lying in bed. She's young, attractive - but not beautiful. Her forehead is bandaged and she has an ugly bruise on her shoulder. She looks at Jack. Then sits up, slowly, painfully.

JACK
Hi.

SALLY
(confused)
Do you have my purse?

JACK
No... I don't have your purse. It's probably still in the car. I'm sure the police will find it.

SALLY
Yeah—I know. I have to leave now!

CONTINUED
JACK
How is it going? Are you okay?

SALLY
He said I was lucky—the doctor.

JACK
I'll say— he should have been there.

SALLY
Thanks for getting me out.

JACK
You're welcome. Anytime... my pleasure.

(beat)
God, I never realized you were so pretty... with all that mud and water and...

(covers her face in panic)
I don't have any makeup on.

JACK
Don't worry about it. It's fine... you look fine. Really.

SALLY
Who are you?

JACK
I'm Jack... Jack Luce.

SALLY
Sally.

JACK
How do you do, Sally.

Sally shakes his hand and falls asleep. Jack rests Sally's hand on her stomach and starts to leave.

SALLY
Are you leaving?
JACK
Uh... well, I was gonna leave.
Look, you need your rest.
You're tired... What do you
say we have a drink sometime
... in a glass?

SALLY
(quickly)
How about tonight?

JACK
I don't think—well, I don't
know... shouldn't we check
with the doctor... I mean...
can you do that?

SALLY
They want to keep me for
observation.

(beat)
I don't like being observed.

JACK
I'm going, Sally—there's
nothing I can do.

SALLY
Please... I really don't like
hospitals. I gotta get out
of here. It's making me ner-
vous. My mother died in a
hospital.

JACK
Alright. Okay—where are
your clothes?

SALLY
I need some shoes... and a
coat.
JACK
Okay... I'll find you something. Now just relax...
I'll be right back.

There's a commotion coming from the hall. Jack opens
the door.

EXT/INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY HALLWAY – NIGHT

Several STATE TROOPERS come barging in the emergency ward
doors, while behind them an ambulance escorted by four
police cars, come screeching up to the emergency ward ent-
trance. Jack steps out in the hall as Sally gets out of bed.

INT. HALLWAY – ANOTHER ANGLE – NIGHT

The AMBULANCE CREW unloads a covered BODY and rolls the
stretcher into the ward.

CREWMAN #1
Let me sign this guy in.

He goes to the desk as THREE DOCTORS come racing down the
hall and over to the stretcher.
CREWMAN #1 (Cont'd.)
Somebody wanna give me a D.O.A.
on this guy?

DOCTOR #1
In here.
The Ambulance Crewman rolls the stretcher into an examin-
ing room and the Doctors follow.

INT. HALLWAY IN EMERGENCY - ANOTHER ANGLE
NELSON comes down the hallway, escorting a middleaged man
who looks like he's been dragged out of bed. His name is
LAWRENCE HENRY.

They're surrounded by a CAPTAIN and some other POLICEMEN.

HENRY
Get some men up here. I want
this place sealed. I'm not
going to have this thing turn
into some kind of circus.

NELSON
Yes, sir. Captain, this is the
guy—

They stop in front of JACK.

HENRY
The one that saw it?

NELSON
(dropping his voice)
He says he pulled the girl out.

HENRY
(to Jack)
Where is she?

JACK
(indicating the door
behind him)
In there.
HENRY
I want to talk to her and you too.

JACK
She's asleep.

HENRY
(to one of the policemen)
Is there a room around here where we can talk in private?

POLICEMAN
I'll find one, sir.

The Trooper starts looking for an empty room. Down at the end of the hall a group of REPORTERS burst through the emergency entrance.

Henry turns away from Jack and rushes down the hall to head them off.

HENRY
Captain, I need your men here now!

The Captain and his men follow after Henry.

JACK
(to one of the policemen)
What's going on?

POLICEMAN
Car accident — guy got killed.

JACK
Yeah, I know.

POLICEMAN
Did you know the guy was McRyan?
JACK
(eyes widening)
Governor McRyan?

POLICEMAN
(nodding)
That stiff on the stretcher
was probably our next president.
Hell, he had my vote.

The Ambulance Crewman who has been at the emergency desk
signing in McRyan's body turns to face them.

CREWMAN #1
He had everybody's vote.

After leaving the Police to barricade the doors, Henry
comes back up the hallway and over to Jack.

HENRY
Let's talk in here.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Henry leads Jack into a small room. He closes the door
behind him.

HENRY
You pulled that girl out
of the car?

JACK
That's right.

HENRY
I want you to forget about
her.

JACK
(Laughs incredulously)
Wait a minute -- who the hell
are you?

CONTINUED
HENRY
My name's Lawrence Henry -- I work for Governor McRyan.
(suddenly hit with
a wave of emotion)
I mean, I did work for him.

JACK
Look, I'm sorry about McRyan,
but I was there -- She was there.

HENRY
We know what happened. But the
Governor's dead now -- and we
don't want to embarrass his fam-
ily. Do you have any idea what
the press would do with this if
they got a hold of it?

JACK
What about the girl?

HENRY
I'll talk to her.

JACK
So what do you want me to do?
Say she wasn't there? I al-
ready told the police.

HENRY
That's all taken care of.

JACK
Great -- one playmate just van-
isie'd from McRyan's car.

HENRY
That's right.

JACK
I don't know ...
HENRY
Can't you keep your mouth shut? It's better that the Governor died alone.

JACK
I don't know if I can do this. I was there...

HENRY
(bursting out, angrily)
Who gives a damn that you were there! You want to tell his wife that he died with his hand up some girl's dress? Or maybe you'd rather she read it in the papers.

Jack shakes his head.

HENRY (Cont'd.)
Good — I knew you'd cooperate. We'll slip you and the girl out the back.

JACK
I don't know.

HENRY
Think about it. I'm sure you'll see it's for the best. But don't say anything to anybody unless you talk to me first. Wait here— while I talk to the girl.

Henry leaves Jack, crossing the corridor into Sally's room.

51 INT/EXT JACK'S CAR - NIGHT - CITY STREET

SALLY lies against the door, half asleep. JACK drives aimlessly through the empty city streets.

CONTINUED
JACK
You sure you wouldn't settle for a cup of coffee?

SALLY
(distant)
Buh?

JACK
A cup of coffee... instead of a drink. I just don't think we're gonna find a bar open this time of night.

SALLY
How about your place?

JACK
You're afraid to go home, aren't you?

SALLY
They told you who was in the car?

JACK
Yeah.

SALLY
So... reporters might figure out I was there, too. They'll find my purse... my name, my address, they'll probably be camped out on my doorstep.

JACK
How about my doorstep? They'll be camped out there, too.

SALLY
Right. Let's go to a motel.

JACK
(laughs)
First it's a drink, then my place, now a motel. We're really living in the fast lane.

CUT TO
52 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT
SPUSES
/
SALLY leans heavily on JACK as he opens the door to their motel room. He helps her over to the bed. She lies down and is immediately asleep.

JACK takes off her dress and her shoes, puts her under the covers and goes back out the door.

53 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT
RAIN
/
JACK goes to the trunk of his car. He opens it and takes out his tape recorder and equipment bag.

54 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT
/
JACK sets up his tape recorder on a table and plugs in a headset. He sits down in a chair, puts on the earphones, turns on the recorder playing back the tape of the accident.

He HEARS the wind in the trees, the church, the car approaching, the burst of sound, the tire exploding, the swerving car, the street lamp smashing, the crash through the fence and the splash into the river.

He rewinds the tape and PLAYS it AGAIN. He stops the tape after the burst of sound. He PLAYS it AGAIN.

It sounds like a gunshot.

55 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT
/
MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

55 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY
/
JACK is asleep in the chair. SALLY stands over him, sipping coffee out of a steaming cardboard cup. She puts it down next to another unopened coffee container on the table.

She gently slips JACK's earphones off. He wakes up.

CONTINUED
SALLY
Coffee? You want some coffee?

JACK
(waking up)
Uh... yeah... good morning.

SALLY
Morning. You listening to music?

JACK
No. This is my tape recorder.
I do sound effects for movies.

SALLY
Sound effects? ... I love movies.

JACK
Yeah? Well, whenever you see a movie and you hear a door shut, or a foot step or wind blowing - I do those sounds. I go out and record them and put them in the movie.

SALLY
Big movies?

JACK
Well... no. They don't do big movies here, they only do bad ones.

SALLY
You know... this is a very interesting subject to me, because I do makeup. Right now it's only at Korvettes, but I have this dream about doing makeup for movies. I mean, I've seen these big movie stars, like Barbra Streisand, you know, and they don't do her right. I mean, I know how to fix her face.
JACK
Mmm. Well, that's good... but I want you to hear something. Last night, right before we... met... I was recording some wind sound when you had the accident and I got the whole thing on tape.

SALLY
You recorded the accident? 

JACK
Yeah. But I don't think it was an accident. I think your tire was shot out.

Jack plays the tape. Sally Listens.

JACK
There— the gunshot— just before the blowout— did you hear it?

SALLY
Well, I heard a noise. I don't know, was that a gunshot? I don't feel like listening to a replay right now.

JACK
Look— can I ask you something? What were you doing with McRyan last night?

SALLY
That is none of your business... That's a very personal question.

JACK
Look, I don't want any details.

CONTINUED
Sally gets up to leave.

**SALLY**
Look, I have a bad cold—I
don't have my makeup and I
really have to go.

**JACK**
Sally, look... I'm sorry.

**SALLY**
I don't even know who you are.

**JACK**
Okay, let's drop it. I'd like
to get to know who you are.
We never had that drink and I'd
like to take you up on that.
Okay, Sally? Where can I get
ahold of you?

**SALLY**
Okay... I'll be staying with a
girlfriend, Judy Demming. You
can call me there.

**JACK**
What's the number?

**SALLY**
Uh... LO 5-9967.

**JACK**
Okay, I'll call you... maybe
tonight.

**SALLY**
All right.

**JACK**
Thanks a lot, Sally.

**SALLY**
Yeah... thank you.
55 CONTINUED (4)

JACK
Can I give you a lift some-where?

SALLY
No, that's okay. Oh... but could you loan me five dollars for a cab?

JACK
Sure.

Jack hands her the money and she leaves.

56 thru OMIT (Flashback - to be inserted later in story)

65 (Current scene numbers D82-M82)

66 INT. MOTEL - DAY - OMIT
INT. JACK'S EDITING ROOM — DAY

Jack sits at a work bench transferring the 1/4" tape of the accident to 16 mm magnetic tape. Again we HEAR the Lovers, the wind in the trees, the car approaching, the snapping sound, the gunshot, the blowout, the lamp smashing, the crash through the fence and the splash into the river.

He takes the 16 mm transfer, rewinds it on a reel, threads it through a sound reader and reels it through — slowly. We HEAR the same sounds as before, but at half speed.

He marks the mag track at the beginning and end of the wind through the trees and cuts it out of the reel, labels it, and hangs it up in the film bin.

He then pulls a moviola over, threads up the scene with the Maniac stalking the girl, runs it down to the head of the scene of the Maniac looking through the rustling trees. He takes the wind effects out of the bin, clamps on the moviola next to the frozen frame of the Maniac's POV thru the trees, starts up the machine and we HEAR the sound of wind through trees as the Maniac moves onto the college campus.

Suddenly the door to the editing room bursts open.

CONTINUED
It's SAM. He hurries over to Jack's TV set and snaps it on.

SAM

They got movies of McRyan's getting killed. I heard it on the radio. They may have it on the Midday News.

Sam madly switches the channels, finally stopping at:

(EXT. WASSAHECKON DRIVE - DAY) 69

There's a picture of McRyan's silver gray car being hauled out of the water.

ANCHORMAN #2 (O.S.)

...of the casket, and a memorial service will be held at three o'clock on Monday afternoon at Grace Chapel.

ANCHORMAN #2

Incredible as it may seem, a local photographer, Manny Karp, was on the scene of the accident last night with his camera. Eye-on-the City News has learned that late this morning Mr. Karp sold his film to News Today magazine for an undisclosed sum of money.

Our own Frank Donahue spoke with Mr. Karp just a few minutes ago outside the magazine's offices.

CUT TO:
MANNY KARP stands surrounded by REPORTERS, among them DONAHUE.

KARP
... so I'd gone out there to try out this new film stock, right? Very high speed, good for night shooting. I do a lot of work at night.

Then all of a sudden I hear this car careening down the road — I didn't pay too much attention 'til I hear it start skidding. I wasn't even thinkin', I just turned 'round, the camera runnin' and I catch him going through the rail.

DONAHUE
Was Governor McRyan in control of the car?

KARP
It went into the drink, didn't it? He wasn't in no control.

DONAHUE
Was he alone?

KARP
I didn't see anybody.

REPORTER #1
Why didn't you go to the police that night? Why didn't you show the film to them?

Manny Karp smiles, pauses, chuckles.

KARP
No cop ever did anything for me. He sure wouldn't gimme the kinda money these guys—

(gestures to building) are givin' me.

More)

CONTINUED
KARP (Cont'd.)
Hey, dead is dead, right? It
don't make a damn bit of dif-
ference to the guy, right?
Okay.

DOMAHUE
Just how much are you getting
for the...

KARP
You work for the IRS or what?

The newscast continues with further commentary on the
accident, reaction to McKean's death and the sale of the
film.

INT. JACK'S EDITING ROOM - DAY

SAM
(disappointed)
Newsday owns it now. They're
not gonna let anybody see it
for nothing.

EXT. SOUTH STREET - KARP'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack is on the sidewalk looking up at the second floor of
offices over a porno movie house. Not only the building,
but the whole area is cheap and run down.

On one of the second story windows is a sign:

KARP PHOTOS
Baby Portraits, Passports, Weddings.

CUT TO:

INT. KARP'S OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Jack walks down the hall toward Karp's office. A CITY COP,
a young guy, is in a chair, tilted back against

CONTINUED
Karp's door. He is leafing through a stack of 8 x 10 photos. Jack stops in front of him.

JACK
Is he in?

The Cop nods negatively. There's a pause.

JACK (Cont'd.)
Can I go in?

COP
What for?

JACK
I've got to pick up some pictures.

COP
You anybody?

JACK
Just a customer.

The cop smiles, turns over another photograph and rubs tired eyes.

COP
He's got a lot of customers.
You're a reporter, aren't you?
Want to get a piece of Karp's film, don't you? Too bad
there isn't a law against lying
— I could have made a hell of a lot of dollars today—
(a beat, and then with sarcasm)
Mr. Customer.

JACK
I am a customer.

The Cop holds up one of the pictures in his lap.
It's a 'caught-in-the-act' shot. A flashy, fifty year old MAN unsuccessfully tries to cover his face with a blanket. He's in a motel bed with a naked girl, SALLY, and by the look on his face, he wasn't expecting the photographer.

COP
He's a customer too. — Offered me a thousand bucks. His wife offered me three.

Jack stares at the picture.

COP (Cont'd.)
Don't seem worth it but I guess you had to be there.

Jack nods, concealing his surprise with a smile. He has recognized the naked girl. It's Sally.

COP (Cont'd.)
Some baby picture. Looks like Karp did a little divorce work on the side.

JACK
I didn't realize he was into that kind of work.

COP
Sure didn't give a shit about protecting his customers. I found these filed in a heap under his bed.

JACK
I really got to get my pictures. *
Do you know where I can find him?

CONTINUED
COP

You know— that's what
everybody asks... popular
guy.

(shrugs)
Beats me. He's disappeared.
Fast.

The cop indicates the office behind him.

COP (Cont'd.)
Left the place a mess.
CONTINUED (2)

JACK
(turning to leave)

Thanks.

COP

Glad to be of service.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT MAGAZINE STAND - DAY - CHESTNUT ST.

It is one of those little dinky news stands that sells a lot of newspapers, magazines, paperback books and candy, lottery tickets, etc.

A large banner is displayed over the counter. It reads:

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OF MCRAY'S DEATH

JACK in his car pulls up adjacent to the news stand. He looks over and reads the banner.

He jumps out of the car. He forces his way past the other CUSTOMERS. He reaches out and grabs a copy of Newsday and turns to MARY's photos. Jack stares at them for a second, then fumbles some money out of his wallet, scoops up another copy and runs back to his car.

A COP is writing him a ticket. He grabs the ticket from the cop, gets in the car and takes off.

EXT. FILM CO. - DAY JACk arrives and enters with magazines.

INT. FILM COMPANY - LOBBY - DAY

JACK enters the lobby of his film company brusquely. He has the copies of Newsday with him. DEBBY, the receptionist, is on the phone.

DEBBY

It's about time you...

JACK

Is Rick here?

CONTINUED
DEBBY
No, but Sam...

JACK
Let me have the key to
Rick's office.

DEBBY
(hands Jack a key).
Sam's got some girls here
he wants you to hear.

Jack is already way down the hall.

JACK
Not now.

INT. FILM CO. ANIMATION ROOM - DAY

Down in the animation room Jack locks the door behind him.

Then he cuts the blow-ups out of the magazine and mounts
them on heavy, white paper, numbering them sequentially.
They number eighty — every frame of the film from the one
before the blowout to the crash off the bridge.

He goes over to the animation stand, sets up the lights,
loads and checks out the camera. He notices that Sally does
not appear in the passenger seat next to McRyan.

He starts photographing the magazine frames, one at a time.

There is a KNOCK at the door. It's Sam.

SAM (O.S.)
Jack? You hon. C'mon, open
up. It's Sam. Jack?

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMATION ROOM - LATER - DAY

Finished, Jack takes the film out of the camera, picks up
the blow-ups and leaves.
79 INT. FILM CO. HALLWAY - DAY

SAM calls out to JACK as he passes Sam’s office.

SAM
Where the fuck are you going?

JACK
I can’t talk now. I have to—

SAM
(cutting him off)
I need you now. Now get in here!

80 INT. FILM CO - SAM’S OFFICE - DAY

JACK reluctantly enters SAM’s office. Seated against the wall are THREE full-breasted young GIRLS.

JACK
Now what’s so important it can’t wait an hour?

Sam points to the First Girl. She SCREAMS. He points to the Second Girl. She SCREAMS. He points to the Third Girl. She SCREAMS. He looks back at Jack.

SAM
(with the pride of artistic discovery)
What do you think?

JACK
(exiting)
Keep looking.

81 EXT. STREET NEAR CITY HALL - DAY

JACK parks his car near a small film processing plant. He gets out the car and film in hand enters the building.

82 EXT OR INT. PUBLIC PHONE - DAY

JACK goes into a phone booth by the lab. He dials Judy Demming’s number. SALLY answers the phone.

CONTINUED
JACK
(into phone)
I'm so glad I caught you.
If it had been a minute
later I would have missed
you.

SALLY (O.S.)
I was out the door. I've
only got twenty minutes.

JACK
(into phone)
No problem. We'll just have
a quick drink then you'll be
on your way.

SALLY (O.S.)
Well... I wanted to get a
good seat.

JACK
Don't worry... c'mon, you
promised.

SALLY (O.S.)
Okay, ten minutes.

CUT TO:
B32. INT. 30TH STREET STATION - MAIN ROOM - LATE AFTER. B32
JACK meets SALLY. They walk into bar

C32. INT. 30TH STREET STATION - BAR - LATE DAY
JACK and SALLY are at the bar. Sally is a little bit
drunk.

SALLY
Oh, I could kill you for
making me miss that train.

Jack laughs.

SALLY (Cont'd.)
Oh, shut up... now what was
I saying?... I know it was
something important.
JACK
You were explaining to me about these models.

SALLY
Right.

JACK
When you see them without makeup, they look totally different... and with makeup they look like glamor girls.

SALLY
Makeup is a whole philosophy of life. I mean, what is the first thing you see when you meet somebody?

JACK
Uh... their face?

SALLY
Right! Exactly! So if your face doesn't look right, no one is gonna look at you again.

JACK
Well, I don't think your face needs any makeup.

SALLY
Every face needs makeup... but it shouldn't look like makeup. Now look at my face. I've worked on it and hidden everything. You don't see the makeup.

JACK
You're wearing makeup right now?

SALLY
Yes I am.
JACK
I don't believe it.

SALLY
It took me two hours... this
is the no makeup look.

JACK
I'd like to see what you look
like with makeup.

SALLY
Well, I only do that for spe-
cial occasions.

JACK
What would you do for a broken
nose?

SALLY
That's easy. Just take a little
brown line right here, smudge it
in and no one will know. It has
to be very subtle, but you can
fix up things like that.

Jack laughs.

SALLY (Cont'd.)
Why are you laughing at me?—
You're really not interested in
this. You just kept me talking
so I'd miss my train.

JACK
I don't want you to go, Sally.

SALLY
Why?

JACK
I just met you. I like you...
and now you're disappearing on
me.

CONTINUED
SALLY
I don't get you. Why are you so interested in me?

JACK
I like you... simple as that.

SALLY
I don't know... I don't know anything about you.

JACK
What do you want to know? I'll tell you anything you want to know.

SALLY
Well... like how did you become a soundman?

JACK
Raw talent. It all started when I was in school. I used to build stereos and fix radios; I won all the science fairs... and after that instead of going to college, I refined my skills in the army.

SALLY
Were you in any wars?

JACK
(Laughs)
No, I was such a communications whiz they never let me leave New Jersey. When I got out of the army, I worked for the police and then I got into the movies.

SALLY
The police. You were a cop?

CONTINUED
JACK
No, I worked for the Keen Commission.

SALLY
What's that?

JACK
A group of politicians set up to stop corruption in the police force.

SALLY
What did you do?

JACK
It's a long story... you really don't want to hear about it.

SALLY
No... I do.

JACK
I bugged their top squealer... a cop named Freddie Corso. You see when Freddie busted a dealer and took his drugs... instead of turning them in, Freddie would make a bundle selling them back on the street. Trouble is, he gets caught... so they haul him downtown, and give him a choice of going to jail for ten years or working as an informer for the Commission. Well, Freddie gets ethics overnight.

(Beat)
His first case is to set up a corrupt police captain who's trying to shake down a mob guy. So Freddie set up a meeting and my job was to rig a wire on Freddie so we could record their conversation.
SALLY

A wire?

JACK

Yeah... a tiny mike attached to a transmitter that I strapped around Freddie's waist. It was a great wire... Freddie could be in a car... blocks away from us and we could pick up every sound within ten feet of him.

JACK (V.O.)

So they all pile into the mob guy's car and take off. We follow. The captain tells the mob guy who happens to be on parole, that he saw him having an espresso with his brother-in-law... a known criminal... and that he's going to have to report to his parole officer that he's fraternizing with known criminals and that he's gonna have his parole revoked. But since the captain likes the guy, he's willing to forget what he saw for five grand.

The mobster explodes and calls the captain a scumbag, Freddie a scumbag, the whole world's a scumbag—and offers him a grand.

We're getting all this on tape clear as a bell. Then we start getting this static.

Freddie starts saying he doesn't fell so good... must've been something he ate.
JACK (V.O.)
So he says he has to take a
leak and they pull over to a
gas station.

Freddie gets out of the car
and heads for the bathroom and
now the static is getting worse.
He's scratching his stomach like
he's got the worst kind of itch
and I realize what's wrong.

Freddie is sweating. He's sweat-
ing so bad that the battery in
the transmitter is shorting out
and burning him... the one thing
the fucking whiz kid didn't
think of... that maybe Freddie
was human... that he'd get nervous
and sweat...

(Beat)
When Freddie goes, the mobstar
looks at the captain like something
is not right... and follows Freddie
into the bathroom.

By this time I'm going crazy. I
had to get to Freddie before my
battery burned a hole in him...
but I couldn't...

SALLY (V.O.)
What happened?

JACK (V.O.)
The mob guy comes out and takes
off with the captain. We head
for the bathroom.

We find Freddie strung up by my
wire from one of the stalls.

(End of Flashback)

CUT TO:
N82 INT. 30 STREET STATION BAR - LATE DAY

SALLY

Dead?

Jack nods.

JACK

I quit working for the police and got into the movies.

SALLY

It wasn't your fault.

JACK

Tell that to Freddie.

SALLY

Are you okay?

JACK

Just tired... got a lot of things on my mind. This thing with Henry.

SALLY

He talked to you too?

JACK

Yeah.

SALLY

That's why I'm leaving town. Henry gave me some munny to disappear for a couple of months.

JACK

I figured that... you know. Sally, they're covering up a lot more than you just being with Mckay. I'm sure the tire was shot out.

SALLY

How can you be so sure?
JACK
Did you see those pictures today?

SALLY
Yeah.

JACK
Well, I figured out a way to put my sound with them.

SALLY
Really?

JACK
Yeah... and when you see it all together... I'm sure you'll see it's no blowout.

Sally just stares at him.

JACK (Cont'd.)
Look, Sally... will you help me and just stick around for a couple of days?

SALLY
What for?

JACK
I need you, I like you... just help me.

SALLY
Jack, I'm in enough trouble already... if I stay here—

Jack pulls her close.

JACK
Please... once I get myself clear of this... I can go with you... why disappear alone when we can disappear together?

CONTINUED
Sally smiles.

SALLY
Okay, I'll stay... just for you, Jack... but just for a couple of days.

JACK
Thanks, Sally.

CUT TO:

82 EXIT: STREET NEAR CITY HALL - NIGHT

Jack walks out of the film lab he visited earlier. He has the processed film with him.

CUT TO:
INT. JACK'S EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

JACK makes a copy of the tape he made the night McRyan was killed. He makes the dub onto 16 mm sprocketed sound tape.

He takes the dub of the newly processed film and sits down at an editing table. He syncs the film with the tape by matching the frame where the street lamp smashes to the ground with the sound of the smashing light on the tape. He puts the picture and the sound track into a movieola and runs them together.

He watches the picture intently — just before the tire explodes there's a gunshot.

He freezes the frame at the gunshot and studies the picture carefully. There, at the top of the frame, in a clump of trees, is a small flash of light followed by a hazy balloon of white smoke.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK drives up and gets out of the car. [CARE OF FILM & TAPE RECORDED]

Nearby on the sidewalk is a STREET MUSICIAN OR a crazy HAWKER of Liberty Bell replicas.

Jack pauses to record the man's spiel before turning to enter the building.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK is standing on a chair, removing one of the acoustic tiles from the ceiling. When it's out, he takes the original McRyan killing tape and one of the prints of the film and, with black electrician's tape, secures it to the upper side of the a pipe in the ceiling. He puts the tile back.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

JACK drives into the police parking lot. He gets out of his car and goes inside. He has the cans of film and tape with him. ALSO TAPE RECORDER - BLOW-UPS
INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE MCKEE'S OFFICE - DAY

JACK sits uncomfortably in a hard wooden chair before MCKEE's cluttered desk. Resting on the corner is Jack's tape recorder. Next to it lies the single frame photo of the gunshot.

MCKEE, a burly, middle-aged man, eyes Jack with hostility. He picks up Jack's sound tape and pictures and waves them at him.

MCKEE
Do you know how many conspiracy nuts we've had in here?

Jack shakes his head.

MCKEE (Cont'd.)
I wish I had a dime for every one of them. I could buy the whole state of Florida and retire — in peace.

JACK
(pointing to the photos)
You saw the flash and the smoke.

MCKEE
It could have been a lot of things. Why does everything have to be a conspiracy? A guy wins a tough primary, has too many drinks, and drives off a bridge — an accident — just a plain and simple accident.

JACK
It wasn't an accident. The tire was shot out. I heard it. I recorded it.

MCKEE
An earwitness to assassination. I like it. Has a nice ring.
JACK
Aren't you heading the investigation?

McKIE
Yeah.

JACK
Did you check the tire of McRyan's car?

McKIE
Why should I?

JACK
Because there's got to be a bullet hole. Because McRyan was killed.

McKIE
Says you — everybody else says it's an accident.

JACK
Who says it's an accident?

McKIE
We got a special commission forming up that says it's an accident.

JACK
But they haven't seen the evidence — the tape, the tire — I was there.

McKIE
(suddenly exploding)
I know all about you and your fucking tapes. They put away a lot of good cops.

JACK
What's that got to do with this?

McKIE
I think you stink — that's what it's got to do with this.
CONTINUED (2)

Blow-up?
Jack picks up his tape and film and starts to leave.

McKee: (Cont'd.)
Wait a minute. Just because
I don't like you, doesn't mean
I don't do my job. Let me
have that crap — I'll run it
over to the lab and see what
they have to say.

Jack hands him back the tape and film.

JACK
If I could get a hold of the
original film, the gunshot
smoke would be a lot clearer.

McKee:
Karp's disappeared. He's mak-
ing a pile selling his pictures
to one magazine after another.
What's he want to give it to
us for?

JACK
It's evidence. He's got to
give it to you.

McKee:
If we can find him.

JACK
You've got to. He could
answer a lot of questions.
Like what the fuck he was
really doing there with his
camera.

McKee:
But nobody wants to know —
no sordid details — no pol-
itical assassination — just
an accident — the guy's dead
for Christ's sakes — none of
this shit is going to help
him now.

CONTINUED
87 CONTINUED (3)

JACK
This isn't for him—he's dead and gone—but if they can kill him and get away with it, who's next?

MCKEE
They! Who's they? The Communist Conspiracy or the Right Wing Terrorists? Save the paranoia for public television.
(indicating the film and tape)
I'll check this stuff out and get back to you.

88 INT. FILM CO. RECORDING STUDIO — DAY

Two girls, BETTY and JEAN, are in a recording booth, dubbing their SCREAMS to picture. One is pulling the other's hair. SAM sits with JIM behind the recording console.

SAM
(speaking to them through the console mike)
C'mon girls — try again —

JIM hits the 'record' button. He speaks into a mike protruding from the console.

JIM
Take twenty-eight.

The first girl starts pulling the other's hair again. The SCREAM is phony and unconvincing.

SAM
Cut! Cut!

The girl keeps SCREAMING.

CONTINUED
JIM
You have to speak into
the mike. They can't
hear you.

SAM
Christ.
(speaks into mike)
Cut! Okay — switch now —
Betty, you pull the hair,
and Jean, you scream.

The girls switch positions. Betty grabs a couple of
handfuls of Jean's hair and they wait for Jim's cue.
JACK pokes his head into the studio. RECORDER & BLOW-UPS?

SAM
Where the fuck have you been?

JACK
I had some business to take
care of.

SAM
I thought you were working
for me.

JACK
That's right — what do you
want?

SAM
What about the other effects
for the second reel? We made
a list last week — remember?
We have to mix it today because
we don't have a good scream
for the first.

JACK
Okay. I'll get them for you
and be right back.
INT. JACK'S EDITING ROOM - DAY

JACK checks the effects list for reel two. It reads:

Police car drives up
with siren
Cards being flipped
Telephone rings,
Etc.

He looks up to his tape library and takes down a 1/4" tape labeled 'Cars Drive Up'. He threads it onto a tape recorder and turns it on.

There is NO SOUND.

He turns the volume up. He HEARS a faint clean tape HISS.

He realizes the tape has been erased. He pulls another tape out of the library and hastily threads it up. It, too, is clean. He yanks it off and tries another.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S EDITING ROOM - LATER - DAY

A pile of opened tape boxes. JACK sits blank-faced in front of his recorder. They've erased his whole tape library.

There is the repeated SOUND of his extension being BUZZED. Finally DEBBY sticks her head in the door.

DEBBY
(hassled)
Why don't you pick up? —
It's the police.

JACK
Was anybody in this room this morning?

DEBBY
The guy came to fix the machine. You weren't in so I gave him a key.
JACK

What guy?

DEBBY

I don't think I like your tone of voice.

She SLAMS out of the room.

Jack slowly goes over to the phone, punches the flashing extension button and puts the telephone receiver to his ear.

JACK

(monotone)

Yeah. This is Jack Luce.

MORTY (O.S.)

What the fuck are you trying to pull?

JACK

What?

MORTY (O.S.)

That tape you gave me — it didn't have a fucking thing on it.

JACK

(still in shock)

All my tapes are blank.

MORTY (O.S.)

I don't get you. What did you feed me this nutty assassination shit and give me a blank tape for?

JACK

Somebody erased it. Somebody erased all my tapes.
MCKIE (O.S.)
You hearing voices too? Maybe
THEY are trying to kill you now.
I think you're nuts, Luca.

We HEAR the phone being SLAMMED DOWN.

Jack holds the receiver in his hand. He doesn't know
what to do. Slowly he hangs it up, takes his phone book
out and dials a number. The PHONE RINGS twice and is
picked up.

A Girl's VOICE (Judy Demming) comes on the line.

GIRL (O.S.)
Hello?

JACK
Is this Judy Demming?

GIRL (O.S.)
Yes, who is this?

JACK
My name is Jack Luca—I'm
a friend of Sally's. She
told me to call you if I
wanted to get in touch with
her.

GIRL (O.S.)
Yes, she told me about you.
When do you want to meet her?

JACK
Now.

INT. FILM CO. RECEPTION AREA — DAY

DEBBY is talking to DONAHUE, the TV reporter. She
points towards Jack's door. Donahue walks in that
direction.

DONAHUE
He's in here?
Debbie nods.

DONAHUE
Thank you, sweetheart.

INT. JACK'S EDITING ROOM — DAY
DONAHUE enters.

DONAHUE
Jack... how are you? Frank Donahue here.

JACK
Yes, I recognized you. How are you?

DONAHUE
Fine. Good to see you. Great set-up you have here.

JACK
Thank you. Uh... what brings you here?

DONAHUE
Well, I told you... I came to see you. Have you got about two minutes that you could spare? Could we sit and talk?

JACK
Sure... sure. What can I get you?

DONAHUE
Not a thing. I'm just fine. Sit down.

Jack sits down across from Donahue.

DONAHUE (Cont'd.)
I don't have a lot of time and I know your time is important. So I want to get right to the point.

MORE
CONTINUED
DOMAHUE (Cont'd.)
I know you've been questioned
by the police. And I feel a
little awkward approaching you
on this at this time, but I
think that you'd agree that I
would be less than a competent
newsmen if I didn't ask you a
few things myself. Jack, you
told the police that someone
shot out the tire of McRyan's
car.

JACK
Who told you that?

DOMAHUE
That's not important. I have
my sources.

JACK
What do you care what some
assassination nut has to say?

DOMAHUE
I don't think you're a nut at
all, Jack. In fact, that's why
I'm here. Because I've looked
into this thing myself and there
are a helluva lot of things that
don't add up about this... let's
see, what are the police calling
it... "a freak accident". Like
the girl. Everyone's pretending
she wasn't in the car. You saw
her, didn't you?

JACK
Wait a minute... what else did
your "sources" have to say?

DOMAHUE
Well, among other things that
you recorded that gunshot. I'd
sure like to hear it, Jack...
Could I hear it?
JACK
Why? That gunshot's not going to mean anything...

He points to his sound effects library.

JACK (Cont'd.)
I could have made it up in the studio.

DONAHUE
Yeah... you could have. But I don't think you did, Jack. I don't think you did. I know you've got the tape... I know it's the real thing. So let me put you on the air. Then you can say what you saw, you can say what you heard that night, then---BOOM---we play the tape.

JACK
Oh, come on. That's bullshit. Nobody would believe it.

DONAHUE
Hey, Frank Donahue believes it. And he's got twenty-five million people a night that watch him. And I'll guarantee you... now go along with me on this... by eight thirty tomorrow night, everyone of those twenty-five million sons of bitches are gonna believe Jack Luce's story... I promise you that.

JACK
I don't think so.

DONAHUE
I promise you. Trust me, okay? And I insist that my people take care of your... uh... out of pocket expenses. Anything you might incur in coming on the show.

CONTINUED
JACK
Like... you'd take care of
the cost of the tape...
transfer time... transportation.

DONAHUE
No problem... no problem. You
name it... my people will take
care of it.

JACK
And how about me?

DONAHUE
Of course, that goes without
saying...

JACK
What could I get for this?

DONAHUE
I tell you... this is the hottest
story in the country right now.
The HOTTEST! The sky's the limit.
You just name your price.

JACK
Look, what the fuck makes you
think I would take money for
this story? I saw a man get
killed. I don't care if it's
McRyan or some fucking bum off
the street. Okay?

DONAHUE
I agree.

JACK
I want to know why he was
murdered and who murdered him,
okay? And you know why? Be-
cause you're not supposed to
kill people in this country and
get away with it.
DONAHUE
Hey, Jack... I believe that.
I happen to believe that
very firmly.

JACK
Look, I think you're full
of shit, okay?

(beat)
Look, I gotta go... I've
got an appointment.

DONAHUE
Jack, do me a favor, will you?
Will you take my card?... will
you think it over? Will you
give me a call at the studio?

JACK
This is not a negotiation. The
gunshot is not for sale.

DONAHUE
(angry)
Now, excuse me... isn't that
what you do? Sell sounds?

JACK
Fuck you, man... get out.

DONAHUE
Hey, I'm sorry... think it
over... give me a call...

JACK
Get out!

CUT TO:
EXT. CITY IMPOUND GARAGE - NIGHT

The CAMERA CRANES down to a car parked outside of a garage.

We HEAR the SNAPPPING SOUND as we near the car. A GARAGE ATTENDANT comes out of a door, locks it behind him and walks on down the block. The SNAPPPING SOUND STOPS.

A MAN (Burke) gets out of the car and opens the trunk. Next to a magnetic tape eraser lies a tire. He takes out the tire. He rolls it across the street to the garage door entrance.

He pulls a crowbar from under his coat and forces open the garage door. MAY HAVE TOOLS IN BAG.

INT. CITY IMPOUND GARAGE - NIGHT

Inside we see the wrecked remains of McRyan's car. The MAN rolls the tire inside over to the car. He leans it against the car door, walks up to the left front tire and kneels down next to it.

He studies the tire for a second, running his hand around the perimeter. His fingers stop on a small hole near the rim on the bottom edge.

He stands up, opens his coat and takes out a tire iron. He starts changing the tire.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK removes the other print he made from the magazine photos and the original 1/4" tape from their ceiling hiding place.

He transfers the 1/4" tape to 16 mm magnetic. He pulls out a small 16 mm projector that can run the pic in sync with the track and packs it in a suitcase with the film and the track.

He puts the 1/4" original back in its hiding place, picks up the suitcase and heads out the door.

EXT. JUDY DEMMING'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We see flickering lights in a darkened window.
INT. JUDY DEMMING'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK switches off the projector. SALLY is seated next to him and has a shocked look on her face. He has just shown her his film of McRyan's accident with the sound.

SALLY
(remembering)
That's what I heard... just
before the tire blew out.
You're right... it was a shot.
You took this to the police?

Jack nods.

JACK
I gave them a copy. Then
they sent it to the lab...
it came out blank. Somebody's
erased it.

SALLY
Are you sure?

JACK
I transferred it myself. I
heard it played back. Now it's
clean like the rest of my tapes.

Sally doesn't quite follow this.

SALLY
The gunshot is real clear—
but the smoke's all fuzzy.

JACK
It's shit. Anybody could've
made it in the studio. That's
what they could say and they'd
be right. Whoever's in this
thing has contacts to the police.
They want McRyan to sink without
a trace. They don't want to
know about the gunshot.

CONTINUED
SALLY
What are you going to do?

JACK
What am I going to do? What are we going to do?

SALLY
What do I have to do with it?

JACK
Will you cut the shit, Sally? I know what you were doing in that car.

SALLY
What do you know?

JACK
You and your pal Karp were setting up McRyan to be blackmailed... getting scummy pictures of the candidate getting laid after the Liberty Ball... What did you tell him? Running water under a well-lit bridge gets you hot?

SALLY
Who told you that?

JACK
I got a look at some of your earlier work. Candid Camera motel shots. You've got nice tits. Who was paying you to flash them for McRyan?

SALLY
I wasn't in the car... haven't you seen the papers?
JACK
How long do you think Henry's coverup is going to hold together? I just talked to a reporter that knows everything... they've erased my tapes... made you disappear... and I'm next... but I'm not disappearing.

SALLY
I am.

JACK
What makes you think it won't be permanent?

SALLY
What's that supposed to mean?

JACK
Didn't I meet you in a car wreck ten feet underwater?

SALLY
That was an accident. Manny wouldn't get me hurt.

JACK
Didn't Manny get you into the car?

SALLY
Yes, but he didn't know...

JACK
(completing her thoughts)
... some guy was going to shoot the tire out.

SALLY
(less convinced)
He couldn't have.

CONTINUED
JACK.
Sally, if I hadn't been there

to pull you out of that car

you would be dead.

(beat)

Now, how did it all start?

SALLY

It was a job... like the

others. I'd get them into

bed and Manny would get it

all on film.

JACK

Them?

SALLY

Bustards, sometimes city

officials, mostly small town

guys.

Why?

JACK

The money.

Sally gets up and starts pacing the room.

JACK

You need the money that bad?

She stops and turns to him.

SALLY

You know where I work. Be-

hind the makeup counter at

Korvettes. I'm paid to smile

my ass off to show the twenty

seven different color lip-

sticks they're pushing. Know

how much I make? I make shit

is what I make. I sure as hell

can't type. That doesn't leave

much, you know.
Sally starts pacing again.

SALLY (Cont'd.)
So I did it. And I didn't
really have to do anything,
like screw them. Just make it...

JACK
Embarrassing?

SALLY
Yeah, right. Manny said it
served them right. If the
guy stuck his hand in the
cookie jar, he deserved to
get it cut off.

JACK
Can't cheat an honest man?

SALLY
Yeah, right.
(beat)
I wanted to believe it...
made it easier.

JACK
What about McRyan?

99-100 INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT
101 EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL BACK ALLEY - NIGHT
FLASHBACK

SALLY (V.O.)
Manny got me into the Liberty
Ball. I went over to McRyan and
told him what a great man he was
and he was hot to show me. We
slipped out the back and took
off in his car.

(End of Flashback)
102 INT. JUDY DEMMING APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK
Who hired Manny to get the pictures?

SALLY
I don't know. I never really wanted to know.

JACK
Don't you think Manny knew this client planned to shoot out the tire?

SALLY
No.

JACK
It wouldn't pay to tell you, would it?

SALLY
Manny wouldn't do that.

JACK
But didn't Manny want to make a buck?

SALLY
That's right.

JACK
He's making big bucks off those pictures now. What's your cut?

SALLY
I got paid.

JACK
Underpaid, you mean.

SALLY
What do you care?
JACK

I'm sick of being fucked by these guys. Henry gets me to clam up to preserve the reputation of the great Governor.

Then I find out that instead of getting layed, he was murdered and nobody wants to know about it. Nobody wants to know about a conspiracy to assassinate. Okay for some crazy South American republic, but not for us. We're too decent, too innocent, too American.

So where does that leave me? The asshole that heard the gunshot? They make me into a fool, a liar, a nut.

Well, I know what I heard and saw. And I'm going to make everyone else in this fucking country hear and see the same thing. And you're going to help me.

No, let me put it to you in a way you can understand. You're going to help yourself. You're going to find your pal Karp and get his film. This isn't any good.

Jack points to the film can.

JACK (Cont'd.)

I need the original. Because if we don't get this cut... get it on television for everyone to see they're going to close the book.

(M o r e)
JACK (Cont'd.)
And any loose ends that happen to be hanging out... like us... are going to get cut off.

What do you want to be... crazy or dead? Either will do.

SALLY
Alright! I'll try to get the film. Then will you leave me alone?

JACK
I wish I was the only person you had to worry about.

SALLY
If you're trying to scare me, you're doing a good job.

JACK
I'm trying to save our asses.

SALLY
I'll look after my own ass, thank you.

CUT TO:
103 INT. GALLERY SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT -

SOUND of wire SNAPPLING. A MAN (Burke) waits on the balcony of a shopping mall, facing a moving escalator. It's the same man that changed the tire.

104 INT. MALL ESCALATOR - NIGHT - P.O.V.

He sees a BLONDE come down the escalator. She looks like Sally.

105 INT. READING MARKET - NIGHT

The man follows her through the Reading Market, picking up an ice pick.

106 EXT. STREET NEAR EXCAVATION - NIGHT

The Blonde turns down an empty street adjacent to an excavation site.

107 EXT. STREET NEAR EXCAVATION - NIGHT

He moves up behind her, pulling a wire out of his watch band and looping it around her neck from behind. He garrottes her.

108 EXT. EXCAVATION SITE - NIGHT

They tumble down the side into the site.

109 EXT. BOTTOM OF EXCAVATION SITE - NIGHT

She struggles, but it's too late and she slumps to the ground. He rolls her over on her back. We see her face clearly for the first time. It's not Sally.
EXT. EXCAVATION SITE AND SURROUNDING BUILDINGS - NIGHT

He looks up to see a large Liberty Bell billboard on the street above. He looks at the Liberty Bell.

EXT. EXCAVATION SITE - NIGHT

He looks back at the girl. He tears open her dress. He raises the ice pick and rather calmly proceeds to stab her in the stomach and groin in the pattern of a bell.

EXT. EXCAVATION SITE TO BOND HOTEL AND CITY STREET - NIGHT

CRANE UP from the Man stabbing the Blonde to SALLY walking down the street. She stops in front of a sleazy hotel—complete with a flashing red neon sign with the letter 'h' in hotel burned out. She walks inside.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Exhausted, SALLY finally makes it to the fifth floor. She walks slowly, checking to door numbers in the dim light. She stops at Number Six and KNOCKS.

MANNY (O.S.)

Yeah?

SALLY

It's Sally.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and SALLY steps inside. It's a single room, but a large one: double bed, sofa, a table, two chairs. The room hasn't been cleaned in several days. Ends of sandwiches, junk food wrappers, empty cardboard coffee containers and soda bottles, dirty clothes and an unmade bed.

A photographic enlarger threaded with Manny's 16 mm film stands in a corner. This is what he's been using to make the enlarged negatives he's been selling to the magazines.

A beat-up floor lamp illuminates the room. The red glare from the hotel sign intermittently flashes through one of
the windows. MANNY looks more worn out than he did on the news. He seems more haggard, less cock-sure.

SALLY
Jesus, Manny. Don't they ever clean this place?

Manny closes the door.

MANNY
Well, you gotta get up really early to catch the maid. I haven't made it yet. Uh... I'm sure glad you came by. How did you find me?

SALLY
There's only so many holes you'd crawl into, Manny.

MANNY
Is that any way to say hello? You want a drink?

SALLY
This isn't a social visit... You know you almost got me killed the other night. Dead, you understand?

MANNY
Hey... I didn't have nothing to do with that. That was an accident.

SALLY
What happened to you?

MANNY
What do you mean—what happened to me? I took off as soon as I saw that kid jump in the water after you. I mean, he did a hell-va lot better job than I could've done. I don't know if I even told you this, but I can't even swim, babe.
SALLY
You know, I've been thinking...

MANNY
(interrupting)
You sure you don't want a drink?

SALLY
Yeah, alright.

MANNY
What do you want... scotch?

SALLY
Yeah... scotch.

MANNY
You want it straight or you want some water?

SALLY
Straight.

MANNY
There you go.

Manny gives Sally the drink.

SALLY
You know, I've been thinking about things... and they're not adding up. Like how did I end up in that car in the bottom of the creek.

MANNY
Well, listen... what do you think? Guy's driving along... has a blowout...

SALLY
It wasn't a blowout, Manny. Somebody shot out the tire.

CONTINUED
MANNY

What are you talking about?
How do you know that?

SALLY

I just know, Manny. Now, who was it?

MANNY

Nobody.

SALLY

C'mon, Manny... justs level with me.

MANNY

Ahh Christ... some nut. I mean, how did I know the guy was gonna turn out to be a jerk? I thought he was a normal guy like you and me.

Listen, this nut calls me a couple of weeks ago, right? Says he's working for a candidate. Some candidate that's interested in getting McRyan out of the race. He sounds like a normal Joe. He's heard about our fine divorce work, and he offers me six grand.

SALLY

Six! You told me three.

MANNY

Well... yeah. Three before and three after.

SALLY

And when were you gonna tell me about the three after?
MANNY
What do you think? When I collected it.

SALLY
Yeah... sure.

MANNY
What's the matter with you? You don't believe me? Think I'm pulling your leg or something? Have I ever let you down before, sweetheart?... Listen... how could I be sure he was gonna come through? You know, six grand is a lot of money for this kind of a job.

SALLY
I'd say he got his money's worth...

MANNY
Look, he wasn't supposed to die... he wasn't even supposed to get hurt. Christ, I figured out later... this nut had this idea to shoot out McRyan's tire and then cause a little crack-up. The police show up, they pull him out of the car...

SALLY
With me...

MANNY
With you... and I get it all on film.

SALLY
Some "little" crack-up.
MANNY
He wasn't supposed to die...
it was an accident...How many
times I gotta tell you that?

SALLY
We got him killed.

MANNY
What do you mean... we? We
didn't do nothing. You were
in the car, I was in the woods.
I didn't shoot out no tire,
you didn't either... WE! We
had nothing to do with this...
so please don't give me none
of this conscious shit. And
besides, no one is exactly cry-
ing over how things turned out.
What would've happened, even if
he'd lived?

His career was finished thanks
to us. This way, the guy comes
cut ahead. Christ... he's a
saint... a martyr... they passed
one of his bills this morning.

SALLY
You're a pig, Manny... and I'm
a pig too.

MANNY
What is this with this "pig"
shit? What's the matter with
you?

SALLY
Manny, we've got to tell the
truth before the books are closed
and the loose ends are cut off.

MANNY
What?
SALLY
McRyan... was murdered... and everybody should know that!

MANNY
Are you crazy? We got him killed... you want to go to jail?

SALLY
But you were in the woods... I was in the car.

MANNY
You think anyone's gonna believe that?

SALLY
I don't know... but I've got to do something.

MANNY
Like keep your mouth shut and take the money. Babe, this is the biggest thing since the Zapruder film. Bigger! This is history we got here, girl. We've got a fortune. This is gonna be in every newspaper, every magazine... it's gonna be on the fuckin' Six o'Clock News, they're gonna build a TV special around it... They're gonna ask a goddamn fortune for this thing... don't you understand... we're set!

SALLY
I'll tell you what. You can keep your three after... I don't want any part of this thing.

MANNY
Hey, don't be a dope. Money's money.
SALLY
We sound like a couple of vultures.

MANNY
Pigs... vultures! What did you do, swallow a whole box of animal crackers? Hey girl, if the corpse is there... why not dig in?

SALLY
That isn't a porposal, is it?

SALLY (Cont'd.)
Oh, God. I need a drink. Just give me the bottle.

MANNY
You know, sweetheart, this is our money. We could do a lot of things with this... have a lot of fun, go away together until the whole thing blows over. Take a trip to Atlantic City maybe. Blow a few on the tables. We could have a good time. C'mon... what do you say? Think it over...

Sally beans Manny with the scotch bottle. Manny falls to the floor, unconscious.

She stands up, goes over to the enlarger and unloads the film.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDY DEMMING'S APARTMENT - DAWN

All we see at first is Manny's film. only this time with SOUND. SALLY is clearly visible, seated next to MCKEAN in the undoctored film.

CONTINUED
The CAMERA Pulls Back and we see that we have been watching the film projected against the wall. The flash of the gun and the puff of smoke is very clear. In its midst one can make out the barrel of a rifle. The film ends.

SALLY looks drawn and pale. **JACK switches off the machine.**

**SALLY**

Now what?

**ANOTHER ANGLE — DAWN**

Jack gets up and goes over to the window. The sky is just beginning to lighten.

**JACK**

I'm going to talk to that TV guy.

CUT TO:

**INT. DEMING APT — MORNING**

**JACK** is on the phone.

**JACK**

Mr. Donahue?

**DONAHUE (O.S.)**

(filtered)

Yeah.

**JACK**

It's Jack Luce. I've been thinking about what you said.

**CONTINUES**
DONAHUE (O.S.)
(filtered)

Yeah.

JACK

I want you to hear that gunshot I recorded. I've got Karp's film too. If you run them together, anyone can see it was no accident.

DONAHUE (O.S.)
(filtered)
I can't talk now. Let me get back to you in an hour. What's your number?

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH — DEMING APTS — MORNING

The MAN (Burke) is on the phone. He watches. JACK walks away. FILE / PROJECTOR

MAN (Burke)
(hysterical and weepy)
I don't know why... she wanted me to... she asked for it... begged for it... the bitch. I didn't want to do it. She made me do it. You ask her... she'll tell you. What?

VOICE ON PHONE
(filtered)
Where is she?

MAN (Burke)
I don't know — an alley. The excavation site on 12th off Market. But don't listen to her — she made me do it.

CONTINUED
VOICE ON PHONE
(filtered)
Okay. Everything's going to be fine. Now where are you?

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - ANOTHER ANGLE - MORNING.

The MAN (Burke) abruptly hangs up the phone. He dials another number. As he waits for the call to go through, he SNAPS the WIRE that comes out of his watch. This is the same sound Jack heard in the bushes before the gunshot.

MAN (Burke)
(very cool now, with military control)
It's Burke, sir.

MANNERS' VOICE
(filtered - sleepy)
What?

We recognize the voice of the campaign chairman we saw interviewed earlier.

BURKE
It's Burke, sir.

INTERCUT WITH

125: INT. MANNERS' BEDROOM - MORNING

MANNERS
(waking up fast)
Burke, what have you done?

BURKE
I don't understand the question, sir.

MANNERS
Are you crazy? You were just supposed to get some pictures of...

(he stops in mid-sentence)
Where are you?
BURKE
I'm calling from a secured public phone booth, sir. I suggest you call me back on the same.

MANNERS
What's the number?

BURKE
LO 4-2130.

MANNERS
I'll call you back in ten minutes.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. PHONE BOOTH — MORNING — SHORT TIME LATER

INTERCUT WITH

127 INT. MANNERS' BEDROOM — MORNING — SHORT TIME LATER

The phone in the booth rings. Burke picks it up.

MANNERS
You were supposed to get some pictures of McRyan, not kill him.

BURKE
I understood the objectives of the operation. I never concurred with them. But I didn't kill him. It was an accident.

MANNERS
(incredulous)
You accidentally shot out the tire of his car?

BURKE
That I did as planned.

MANNERS
Whose plan?
BURKE
As I'm sure you're aware, I never felt that the pictures obtained from the operation would be of sufficiently scandalous nature to ensure McRyan's withdrawal from the election.

I determined an accident — minor in degree — would completely secure our objective. You may recall... this was my initial plan as proposed in our meeting of June six.

MANNERS
We rejected that plan! Don't you remember?

BURKE
Of course, I admit that I did exceed the perimeter of my authority, but I always remained within an acceptable margin of errors after the objective was achieved. He was eliminated from the election.

MANNERS
Burke, I don't know you. I've never seen you. Don't ever call me again.

BURKE
But there are loose ends. Witnesses... I erased the sound guy's tape so no one believes him. Karp's disappeared — which leaves the girl.
BURKE (Cont'd.)
I'm going to terminate her and make it look like one of a series of sex killings. This would completely secure the operation.

MANNERS
What operation?

Burke winces at the SOUNO of Manners SLAMMING DOWN the phone.

CUT TO:

128: EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY - (INT. APT.)

CAMERA CRANES past JACK waiting by his phone down to basement door.

DISSOLVE THRU TO

129: INT. BASEMENT OF JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

BURKE, dressed as a telephone repairman, is hunched over a small cassette tape recorder that's attached to Jack's phone box. He rewinds the tape and plays it back. We HEAR Jack talking with Frank DONAHEU.

DONAHEU on tape
Right... yeah... I'm glad you called. You know, this doesn't mean shit unless you say it's what you heard.

JACK on tape
It's what I heard.

DONAHEU on tape
Okay... now what about the girl? She was there— she must have heard it. Can we get her on?

continued
JACK on tape
She heard it... but don't get her involved, okay?

DONAHUE on tape
Why not?

JACK on tape
Because she's not exactly proud of what she did.

DONAHUE on tape
Can I at least talk to her?

JACK on tape
That's up to her.

DONAHUE on tape
Sounds great, Jack. When can I hear it?

JACK on tape
Anytime.

DONAHUE on tape
Jack, I tell you... if you've got the real thing, I'm putting it on the Eleven O'Clock News. Now, the bottom line... what's the cost?

JACK on tape
Just get it on the air... that's the cost.

DONAHUE on tape
Great, Jack. I'll get back to you this afternoon and we'll set up a meeting.
130 INT. JACK'S BASEMENT - DAY - ANOTHER ANGLE

BURKE advances the tape. He HEARS the sound of Jack dialing a number. Sally picks up.

SALLY on tape

Hello.

JACK on tape

It's Jack. I just talked to Donahue.

Burke runs the tape forward. There are no other calls. He rewinds it to the place Jack dialed Sally's number. He plays it back, noting each dialing digit.

131 ANOTHER ANGLE

BURKE disconnects the tape recorder and puts it in his pocket. He unscrews the phone box and starts re-wiring it. He fixes it so Jack's phone gives a BUSY SIGNAL to all incoming calls.

132 INT. T.V. NEWSROOM - DAY

DONAHUE is at a desk, dialing his phone. He gets a BUSY SIGNAL. He's annoyed. This is not the first time.

133 INT. BASEMENT OF JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

The rewired phone box. On the soundtrack we HEAR the sound of a BUSY SIGNAL, getting LOUDER, starting to reverberate.

134 INT. JULY DEMMING'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

The phone is RINGING as SALLY comes in. She looks very weary. She goes to the kitchen, pours herself a stiff drink and takes a heavy swallow. The phone is STILL RINGING. She lets it ring some more before finally picking it up.

INTERCUT WITH
135 INT. JACK'S BASEMENT

BURKE is on the phone.

BURKE
Hello?

SALLY
Yes?

BURKE
Is this Sally Badina?

SALLY
Who wants to know?

BURKE
Frank Donahue. Your friend Jack called me.

SALLY
From television?

BURKE
Yes.

SALLY
You were supposed to call...

BURKE
You know, Sally, it's the damnest thing. I can't get Jack on the phone to arrange a meeting. His line has been busy all day so I thought I'd give you a ring.

SALLY
(suspicious)
What for?

BURKE
Sally, I've got to level with you. Sally... I need both of you on the air. Don't say 'no' now. Maybe we could meet...

(MORE)
BURKE (Cont'd.)

--- just the two of us... so we

--- can talk. Hey, I tell you what.

--- Bring that tape and film along

--- and maybe we can wrap this whole

--- thing up over a drink. What do

--- you say?

SALLY

(reluctantly)

--- I don't know... I have to talk

--- to Jack about this... when do

--- you want to meet?

She writes the information down on a small pad by the

--- phone. Then she hangs up and leaves.

--- CUT TO+
INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

JACK watches the Afternoon News, looking over at the phone. It hasn't rung all afternoon.

INT. TV NEWS SET - D - (Video Tape)

The ANCHORMAN is seen at his desk, and in a 'box' over his shoulder is a picture of Police Chief McKee standing at a microphone.

ANCHORMAN

Police Chief McKee told a news conference today that the preliminary investigation into Governor McRyan's death revealed that he was the victim of a freak accident.

Also in the news is the bizarre sex killing of Mary Robert.

CUT TO:

A SERIES of SHOTS of Stretcher with BODY under sheet, CROWD of onlookers, Ambulance drives off, POLICE taking measurements at the site of the murder.

ANCHORMAN (O.S.)

Her body was found early this morning in the Reading Terminal excavation site. The police were summoned to the site by the murderer himself. The girl was first strangled and then repeatedly stabbed in a bell-like pattern across her stomach and groin area.

CUT TO:

ANCHORMAN

Police warn women in the center city area to be especially cautious until the murderer is apprehended.

There is an urgent KNOCK at Jack's door.

CONTINUED
SALLY (O.S.)
(through the door)
Jack— it's Sally— open up.

JACK snaps off the television, crosses the room and
opens the door.

SALLY walks into the room.

SALLY
Something's wrong with your
phone. I tried to call you
and I kept on getting a busy
signal.

JACK
I haven't used the phone all
afternoon. I've been waiting
for Donahue's call.

SALLY
He's been trying to call too,
but he got a busy signal.

Jack walks over to his phone and picks it up. He HEARS
a dial tone.

JACK
How do you know that?

SALLY
He called me. He wants to
meet me at Thirtieth Street
Station at five.

JACK
How did he get your number?

SALLY
Didn't you give it to him?

JACK
No.

CONTINUED
SALLY
What difference does it make? Reporters have a way of getting numbers. I can give him the tape and film and that will be it.

JACK
You can give him the tape and film? Why didn't he call me?

SALLY
He wants to talk to me alone. He's trying to talk me into going on the air.

JACK
He said he was going to call me back.

CONTINUED
SALLY
Your phone's out of order.
Big deal.
(sarcastic)
Or maybe the phone company's
in on the conspiracy? What
difference does it make?
C'mon, let's give him the
film and get it over with.

JACK
Once he's got the film, that's
it.
(he thinks for a moment)
He wants to talk to you, right?

SALLY
Yeah.

JACK
You meet him. Talk to him. If
he sounds okay...well, give him
the film.

SALLY
Where are you going to be?

JACK
Close.

SALLY
I don't get it.

JACK
I'm going to wire you. If he
disappears with the film, we'll
have him on tape so he can't
pretend he didn't take it.

SALLY
Aren't you getting a little
paranoid? He's a newsmen —
this is a big story — why
wouldn't he want to put it on
the air?
JACK
I don't know. — What's wrong
with covering ourselves?

SALLY
Okay, okay —
Let's get this over with

(she starts unbuttoning
her dress)
Bring on the wire.

JACK
I've got to stop by the office
and pick up some equipment.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT — LATE AFTERNOON

SALLY and JACK walk out onto the street and get into Jack's
car. The Liberty Bell Hawker is peddling his wares.

INT. 30TH STREET STATION — LATE AFTERNOON

SOUND of wire SNAPPPING, CLICKING. BURKE sits on a bench
and watches the clock. It's 4:30. He finishes flicking
plaster dust off his jacket, gets up and walks over to the
news stand and buys an evening paper. The headline reads:

**Liberty Bell Strangler Kills Girl**

Burke smiles and returns to the bench to read the article.

ANOTHER ANGLE — LATE AFTERNOON

On the bench across from Burke, a young, blonde hooker,
MARGO, propositions a YOUNG MAN. He's not buying.

ANOTHER ANGLE'

A train has arrived and a GROUP of SAILORS come into the
station. One SAILOR (Barry) catches Margo's eye. He walks
over and sits down beside her. They talk for a second,
negotiating a price for a between train blow job. They
agree.
143 ANOTHER ANGLE - LATE AFTERNOON
// MARGO gets up and leaves, heading into a deserted waiting room.

144 ANGLE ON BURKE
// BURKE checks his watch, thinks for a moment, then stands up and follows Margo.

145 INT. DESERTED WAITING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON
// MARGO goes to the rear of the waiting room into the last phone booth of a bank of five. She kneels down and disappears from view.

146 ANOTHER ANGLE
// A few seconds later the SAILOR (Harry) enters the same booth, loosens his pants and sits down.

147 ANOTHER ANGLE
// BURKE moves into the first phone booth and watches through the glass as Margo (out of view) services the Sailor.

148 ANOTHER ANGLE
// After Margo finishes, the SAILOR stands up, buckles his pants, drops a twenty on the phone counter and leaves the booth. Then MARGO stands up.

149 ANOTHER ANGLE
// BURKE smiles at her and holds up a twenty. MARGO smiles back, holds up five fingers and leaves the booth to go to the Ladies' Room. Burke follows her.

150 INT. LADIES' ROOM - 30TH STREET STATION - LATE AFTERNOON
// MARGO walks into the Ladies' Room. It's deserted. She walks over to a group of five stainless steel toilet stalls, opens the door to the first and goes inside.

CONTINUED
INT. BATHROOM STALLS - LATE AFTERNOON

MARGO enters the door and locks it behind her. She goes over to the sink and TURNS ON the cold WATER. She opens her purse and takes out a tube of toothpaste and a toothbrush. She squeezes some toothpaste onto her toothbrush and dips it under the cold running water and proceeds to brush her teeth.

Suddenly a wire is looped around her neck, jerking her up off her feet. The CAMERA PANS UP to reveal BURKE, leaning over the stall partition, strangling the life out of Margo.

CUT TO:

INT. 30TH STREET STATION - INT. JACK'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

JACK and SALLY sit in his car. On the dashboard is a wireless receiver hooked up to a cassette recorder. As Sally talks we hear her voice echoed in the speaker of the receiver.

SALLY
(eyeing the receiver)
You don't think this is a little overkill, do you?

JACK
We've got nothing to lose.

Jack hands her the film and tape. She looks at them for a second and then stuffs them in her bag.

SALLY
If I had any sense, I'd dump this stuff in the trash - and that would be it.

JACK
I got the original at home.

CONTINUED
SALLY
(indicating the wire).
Then why all this?

JACK
Manny's film. We got to be careful with it.

SALLY
You know, the only real trouble I ever got into was when I was too careful.
(beat)
Okay.
(checks her watch)
I better get going.

JACK
If you need any help —
(tapping the mike between her breasts)
— just give a holler.

SALLY
Affirmative.

She gets out of the car.

EXT. 30TH STREET STATION AND JACK'S CAR — LATE AFTERNOON

SALLY
Over and out.

She walks into the Station.

The camera cranes up to reveal BURKE watching from the sixth floor catwalk.

INT. 30TH STREET STATION — MAIN WAITING ROOM — LATE AFTERNOON

SALLY walks across the room to the Information Desk.

INT. CATWALK — LATE AFTERNOON

BURKE watches SALLY waiting by the Information Desk.
JACK adjusts his receiver. The sound coming from Sally's wire is clear as a bell.

SALLY looks up at the huge clock over the Information Desk. It reads 5:15.

SALLY
(whispering into the mike between her breasts)
He's late.

BURKE comes up behind her.

BURKE
Sally?

SALLY
Yea?

She turns to face Burke.

BURKE
I'm Frank Donahue.

SALLY
(nodding)
Nice to meet you.

BURKE
Look— I think we've got a little problem here.

SALLY
What?

BURKE
Sounds crazy but I think I'm being followed.

CONTINUED
SALLY
(a little nervous)
Really?

BURKE
(nodding)
Yeah – but I think I know how
to lose him. Follow me.

They walk off toward the entrance to the subway.

CUT TO:
JACK shakes his head, realizing it isn't Donahue's voice.

JACK (to the receiver) Don't go. Oh please -- don't go.

SOUND of TWO PAIRS of FOOTSTEPS moving across station.

Jack jumps out of the car, carrying the receiver and wearing earphones.

EXT. SUBWAY -- LATE AFTERNOON

BURKE Where's Jack?

SALLY At home -- resting.

BURKE I know what THIS pressure can do to you -- this way.

SALLY What train are we taking?

INT. MAIN WAITING ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

BURKE'S VOICE (over receiver) I don't know yet. You got the tape and film?

SALLY'S VOICE (over receiver) Yeah, in my bag.

Jack looks from one side of the Terminal to the other, hoping to see Sally and Burke. They're not there. Then
he HEARS over his receiver the SOUND of a subway TURNSTILE. It turns twice. He looks to his left and sees a subway entrance sign. He runs toward it.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM — LATE AFTERNOON

BURKE leads SALLY to the far end of the platform. He looks over his shoulder, pretending to be concerned that they are being followed. The end of the platform is deserted and leads into a dark tunnel. On the subway platform walls are Liberty Day posters, already covered with graffiti.

As Burke is about to pull out his strangling wire, a BLACK SUBWAY WORKER steps out of the tunnel. He's holding a water hose. He points the STREAM OF WATER to the graffiti-covered walls and starts wiping them clean.

Burke snaps his wire back in his watch.

INT. SUBWAY TURNSTILE — LATE AFTERNOON

JACK passes through the turnstile into the subway underground. He looks bewildered at the different signs directing him to different trains. He doesn't know which one to head for.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM — LATE AFTERNOON

A trolley is coming toward SALLY and BURKE. The location sign reads:

Franklin Bridge Express

SALLY
Franklin Bridge — isn't that where they're going to have the fireworks tonight?

BURKE
I don't know, but it's a cheap place to park your car inexpensively.

The trolley comes to a stop.
164 INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM – LATE AFTERNOON

SALLY and BURKE climb on the trolley.

SALLY
Are we driving somewhere?

BURKE
Out to the TV station—
you know it's not in town.

SALLY
I didn't know.

BURKE
Yeah, it's on City Line Avenue.

SALLY
Ok. City Line Avenue.

165 ANOTHER ANGLE – LATE AFTERNOON

BURKE and SALLY sit down in the back of the trolley. Just as the trolley is pulling out, JACK races down the subway steps, waving madly at Sally. She doesn't see him, and to anyone who does, he looks like a guy who just missed his train.

166 INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM – LATE AFTERNOON

JACK races down the platform and up the staircase.

167 INT. SUBWAY TURNSTILE – LATE AFTERNOON

JACK races toward the exit.

A168 INT. SUBWAY EXIT – JACK races through

B168 INT. WAITING ROOM – JACK races through

168 EXT. 30TH STREET STATION – STREET – LATE AFTERNOON

JACK comes out of the station, runs over to his car, jumps in and drives off.

169 EXT. MARKET STREET – LATE AFTERNOON

JACK drives downtown toward the City Hall Circle. We HEAR

CONTINUED
CONTINUED (1)

from his receiver the SOUND of the subway TROLLEY traveling downtown.

EXT. MARKET STREET NEAR CITY HALL — LATE AFTERNOON

The circle of TRAFFIC forming a ring around City Hall is hopelessly congested. JACK hits his HORN and drives right into it.

EXT. CITY HALL — LATE AFTERNOON — HELICOPTER SHOT

JACK's car cuts its way through the circle of traffic — going through City Hall instead of around it.

When his car emerges on the Juniper St. side, he runs smack into the Liberty Day PARADE.

INT. JACK'S CAR — LATE AFTERNOON

JACK's surprised face.

EXT. STREET — MUMMERS — JACK'S POV — LATE AFTERNOON

A group of terrified MUMMERS jump out of the way of Jack's car.

EXT. STREET — LATE AFTERNOON

In order to avoid a head-on collision with a huge Liberty Day FLOAT, JACK turns his car onto the sidewalk. It careens out of control.

EXT. STORE WINDOW — LATE AFTERNOON

The car crashes through a store window (a historical dummy replica of Nathan Hale on the scaffold) and comes to a sudden stop.

JACK's head hits the dashboard leaving him unconscious in the smashed up car.
SALLY and BURKE walk over to Burke's car. They stop in front of the trunk. Burke unlocks the trunk.

BURKE
Sixteen or thirty-five?

SALLY
What do you mean?

BURKE
They've only got sixteen millimeter equipment at the station.

SALLY
I think that's what it is.

BURKE
Why don't you let me take a look?

SALLY
Here.
(sound of opening purse)
See for yourself.

Burke takes the film and tape. He opens the film can and checks the gauge.

BURKE
It's sixteen.

He drops it in the trunk. He looks at the tape.

BURKE
This is the original?

SALLY
No - Jack's got the original.

BURKE
This is no good. I got to have the original.

CONTINUED
SALLY
This is the same thing. What
do you need the original for?

Suddenly Burke grabs her throat, squeezing the life out
of her.

Sally struggles and tries to scream, but it’s hopeless.
He lowers her into the trunk.

BURKE
Where is it?

SALLY
(gasping for breath)
Jack’s – it’s at Jack’s

Burke doesn’t relent until Sally passes out. He then
ties her arms and legs, tapes her mouth closed and SLAMS
the trunk shut.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE – NIGHT

JACK Lies on a stretcher inside an ambulance that races
through the city streets. As he opens his eyes and looks
cut the window, he realizes it’s night.

On his belt is his wire receiver with the earphones dangle-
ing from it. He reaches down, grabs the earphones and puts
them to his ear. An AMBULANCE ATTENDANT is standing by.

He HEARS the sound of the Liberty Bell HAWKER, the man he
recorded outside his apartment.

EXT. CITY STREET NEAR PARADE – NIGHT

A large GROUP of PARADERS block and cross the street,
causing the ambulance to skid to an abrupt stop.

INT/EXT. AMBULANCE – CITY STREET NEAR PARADE – NIGHT

BRUISED EAYPHONES & RECEIVER
JACK jumps up from the stretcher, pushes the AMBULANCE
ATTENDANT aside before pushing open the rear doors.
EXT. BLOCKED CROSSWALK - STREET NEAR PARADE - NIGHT

\[ EARPHONES + RECEIVER \]

JACK jumps out of the ambulance and runs down the street.

AMBULANCE ATTENDANT &

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BURKE exits Jack's apartment, carrying the original tape and film.

He walks over to the car and tells the Liberty Bell BAWKER to get lost. The Liberty Bell Bawker jumps up and down in response. Burke grabs him by his coat and gives him a forceful shove down the street.

Finally alone, Burke opens the trunk and takes out the tape and film he took from Sally, a roll of wire and a lead weight.

He takes little notice of SALIX's tear-filled eyes as he shuts the trunk again upon her.

Burke walks around to the front of the car and gets inside.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - INT. CAR - NIGHT

There he carefully wires the weight to the film and the two tapes (the original and the copy). When he's finished, he has a solid bundle perfect for 'deep sixing' in the Delaware River.

As he starts up his car to drive, all we see is JACK down the street running toward him.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

\[ BRUISED + EARPHONES + RECEIVER \]

But JACK's too late again and BURKE drives off, leaving Jack staring after him on the deserted street.

Jack stands for a second to catch his breath, then turns dejectedly to his apartment building and walks toward it.

CUT TO:
INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK walks in. The place is in shambles and the TV set is on. He immediately sees a large gaping hole in his ceiling where Burke has removed Jack's original tape. He drops to a chair, totally beaten, buries his face in his hands.

EXT. WALKWAY ADJACENT TO DELAWARE RIVER - NIGHT

BURKE drops the weighted bundle into the river. He turns and looks at the upper balcony of the Port of History Building.

EXT. PORT OF HISTORY BUILDING - POV - NIGHT

It overlooks the New Liberty Bell, a large AUDIENCE standing on bleachers, looking up at the fireworks display over the boat basin.

EXT. PARKING AREA NEXT TO BOAT BASIN - NIGHT

BURKE opens the trunk of his car, unties and ungages SALLY.

BURKE

One sound and you're dead!

SALLY

Please don't hurt me.

BURKE

Shut up.

He SLAPS her.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK HEARS the slap - then he starts to HEAR a POPPING sound from his wire receiver. It sounds like static. 'Oh God' he thinks - is the transmitter burning Sally like it did Freddie Corso.

CONTINUED
But then Jack sees a flashing at his window. It's in sync with the popping he's hearing over Sally's wire.

He rushes to the window and looks out over the river-front skyline.

185. EXT. SKYLINE WITH FIREWORKS - NIGHT

Fireworks are bursting in the sky. That's what the popping sound is - Sally is near the fireworks.

186 INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK rushes out of the apartment.

187 OMIT

CUT TO:

188 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

JACK races down the street toward the fireworks.

189 EXT. RIVER FRONT SKYLINE WITH FIREWORKS - NIGHT

TRUCKING SHOT - JACK'S POV

CAMERA is PUSHING IN as Jack advances.

190 OMIT

191 OMIT

192 EXT. PORT OF HISTORY BUILDING NEAR BLEACHERS - NIGHT

BURKE pushes SALLY into a narrow passage behind the bleachers that leads to a hole in a fence that stands before a staircase that leads up to the lower balcony.

193 EXT. BOAT BASIS WALKWAY - NIGHT

JACK races down the walkway, the earphone of his receiver pressed to his ear.
194  EXT. PORT OF HISTORY BUILDING — LOWER BALCONY — NIGHT

BURKE drags SALLY across the lower balcony adjacent to the New Liberty Bell.

Suddenly the fireworks stop and there is a fanfare from the band.

195  EXT. BOAT BASIN WALKWAY — NIGHT

JACK is running down the walkway toward the Port of History Building. He listens intently to the receiver for some clue of where Sally is in the Liberty Day CROWD.

196  EXT. MIDDLE BALCONY ADJACENT TO THE NEW LIBERTY BELL — NIGHT

BURKE drags SALLY up the stairs as the Liberty Bell CHIMES.
197 EXT. BOAT BASIN WALKWAY - NIGHT

JACK HEARS the chiming BELL coming through his receiver. He stops running and looks directly at it.

198 EXT. PORT OF HISTORY BUILDING - STAIRCASE TO UPPER BALCONY
NIGHT - JACK'S POV

On the staircase to the side he sees SALLY. He cries out her name and starts running toward the Port of History Building.

199 EXT. WALKWAY BY BOAT BASIN - NIGHT - SALLY'S POV

JACK is running towards the building.

200 EXT. PORT OF HISTORY BUILDING - STAIRS TO UPPER BALCONY - NIGHT

SALLY sees Jack running toward her and cries out. The SCREAM is HEARD distinctly between the LAST TWO bell CHIMES.

201 EXT. WALKWAY, GRANDSTAND AND PORT OF HISTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

JACK HEARS Sally's SCREAM over the wire. He pushes his way behind the grand stand, over the fence and up the stairs of the Port of History Building.

202 EXT. UPPER BALCONY - PORT OF HISTORY BLDG. - NIGHT

SALLY is starting SCREAMING again when BURKE loops his wrist wire around her neck and drags her down to the ground.

203 EXT. LOWER BALCONY - NIGHT

JACK races across the lower balcony as the fireworks and band start up again.

204 EXT. STAIRCASE TO UPPER BALCONY - NIGHT

JACK takes the stairs three at a time until he reaches the upper balcony.

205 EXT. UPPER BALCONY - NIGHT - POS. REAR SP? E?

BURKE is hunched over SALLY's prone body. He slips the CONTINUED
wire from around her neck and snatches it back in his watch. He takes the icepick out, raises it up above Sally's stomach, and then jerks it down.

**BRUISE W IMPRENSA - AGOSOW**

JACK runs up behind Burke and grabs the hands with the upraised icepick.

**EXT. UPPER BALCONY - NIGHT**

They fight until BURKE has JACK pressed against the wall adjacent to the upper staircase.

Burke slowly presses the icepick into Jack's neck.

Jack rocks over the wall, pulling Burke with him.

**EXT. STAIRCASE TO UPPER BALCONY - NIGHT**

JACK and BURKE roll down the stairs together.

**EXT. BOTTOM OF STAIRS - MIDDLE BALCONY - NIGHT**

BURKE lies on top of JACK. They lie dead still for three beats. Then Burke moves. He pulls himself to his feet and starts to walk away from Jack's motionless body.

Halfway across the balcony he suddenly drops, and as he hits the ground WE SEE the icepick protruding from his chest.

A beat later Jack starts to move. He rubs his hand across the back of his head as he slowly rises to his feet. He looks across the balcony and sees the dead Burke. He looks back up the staircase and remembers Sally.

**EXT. UPPER STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

**MORE A.N.F.**

JACK starts running back up the stairs.

**EXT. UPPER BALCONY - NIGHT**

JACK stumbles over to SALLY. She lies face up on the concrete, her eyes staring, glazed and dead. Her dress

CONTINUED
CONTINUED (1)

is slit open and her body is covered with ugly stab wounds.
Blood is everywhere.

211 ANOTHER ANGLE

JACK's eyes are blank. His face erased of emotion.

CUT TO:

212 INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - DAWN

MORE BRUISING

JACK pushes the door open. The television is blaring out
the early morning news. The place is a shambles. He sits
down in the middle of the rubble.

He takes the cassette recorder out of his pocket. He
rewinds the tape. He presses 'playback'. We don't hear
the tape because of the sound from the television set.

213 INT. TV NEWS SET (ON TV SCREEN)

An ANCHORMAN gravely reads a local news story.

ANCHORMAN #3

Two more young women were killed
last night by the Liberty Bell
strangler. But the tragedy ended
late last night when the final
victim, Sally-Badina, killed her
attacker in a bloody struggle on
the top of the Port of History
Building during the Liberty Day
fireworks celebration.

The identity of the strangler
remains unknown.

CUT TO:

214 INT. COLLEGE DORM - GIRLS' SHOWER ROOM - THE MANIAC - NIGHT

He moves toward the steam-enveloped GIRL. She's innocently
scaping herself. He moves up behind her. She turns to
face him, eyes closed, a hot stream of water cascades across her face.

He raises a knife high above her breast.

SOUND of asthmatic BREATHING reaches a fever pitch.

The Maniac jerks the knife down into her flesh. She SCREAMS.

SOUND of Sally's SCREAM. Those horrible violent death cries that Jack recorded from Sally's wire. 

CUT TO:

INT. MIXING STUDIO - DAY

SAM, JACK and JIM are seated behind the mixing panel. Sam, smiling, slaps Jack on the back.

Jack stares at the screen blankly.

SAM
Now— that's a scream!

CUT TO:

BLACK

THE END