Conspiracy Theory

an original screenplay by

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Fade In:

Int. Manhattan Streets - Cab - Day

Behind the wheel: Jerry Fletcher. Flat-out handsome if
not for his eyes. Someone rash, someone making an
uninformed decision might call them crazy eyes. He stops
across from an apartment building, toots his horn.

In doorway
A woman and a man, a CYNIC, appear. Jerry smiles as they kiss goodnight. A bit of desperate passion. She watches after him as he gets in the cab.

CYNIC
Luxembourg Towers on 7th.

INT. CAB
Jerry nods, rolls out. The Cynic watches the door to 1257 close, then sighs. Jerry looks at him in the rearview.

JERRY
The sound of love.

CYNIC
Excuse me?

Jerry exhales an exaggerated sigh.

JERRY
That's love.

CYNIC
Love? Love's just a pretty way of saying, 'I want to sleep with you'. Love is bullshit.

JERRY
I live on tips, so don't be offended, but you're a liar. I saw you kiss. Admit it, this is the street where love lives.

The Cynic looks back over his shoulder. Down love street. As Jerry hangs a right, the Cynic faces forward.

JERRY
Love gives you wings. It makes you fly. I don't even call it love. I call it Geronimo.

CYNIC
Geronimo?

JERRY
Geronimo. When you're really in love, you'll jump. Off the top of the Empire State. Screaming 'Geronimo' the whole way down.

CYNIC
But you'll die. You'll squash yourself. What's the point?
JERRY
Aren't you listening, man? Love gives you wings.

The Cynic just smiles, leans back.

CYNIC
She must be some girl.

JERRY
I love her so bad. She just... wrecks me. I would die for her.

ANOTHER ANGLE
Jerry stops at a light. A road crew are at work ahead. A white strobe light warns motorists that they're here.

CYNIC
She feel the same about you?

Jerry can't take his eyes off the stroke. As he blinks.

JERRY
I don't know.

FLASH CUT TO:

SUBJECTIVE POV
Looking down as a man's arms are strapped to the arm of a chair. The POV JERKING UP as the same is done with the head. A kaleidoscope of flashing lights ahead, then darkness as eyes are shut. They're forced open. We see the reflection of blue eyes in glass as they're taped open. As bright lights strobe...

BACK TO TAXI
Jerry stares at the light, transfixed.

JERRY
I never told her.

CYNIC
Why the hell not?

JERRY
I, uh, I have some problems.

The traffic light glows green; Jerry doesn't see it. The sound of conspiratorial WHISPERS fill the taxi.
FLASH CUT TO:

SUBJECTIVE POV
The contents of a syringe pumped into the strapped arm. The walls begin to melt. The WHISPERS CONTINUE. GARbled, but their tone is perfectly clear. Threatening. Cabalistic. Human forms appear. Stretched impossibly long, melting along with the walls.

We CLOSE ON the reflection of a dozen pair of the same taped-open eyes. The WHISPERING CUTS SHORT. Ominously. The eyes dart from side-to-side as FOOTSTEPS approach. The eyes suddenly widen in agony. As Jerry's scream of pain becomes the BLARE of a HORN, we find ourselves back in the...

TAXI
Going about 60 mph. Jerry snaps to just in time to avoid a head-on collision with a car coming the other way.

CYNIC
Are you crazy?!

JERRY
The guy came right at us!

CYNIC
You turned up a one way street!

Jerry watches, in a sweat, as he passes a "ONE WAY" sign pointing the opposite way. He mutters to himself.

JERRY
I was only going one way.

CYNIC
Drop me off here!

JERRY
Look, I'm sorry --

CYNIC
Just drop me off.

ANOTHER ANGLE
Jerry pulls to the curb. The meter at $3.60. The Cynic slides a twenty through the slot and is out the door. Jerry watches over his shoulder as the Cynic disappears down the street. Jerry rubs his eyes, tries to regroup.

JERRY
Love street...

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE (MANHATTAN) - NIGHT

Late. The cab rolls, this time the right way. Ahead, a well-dressed man steps off the curb, flags Jerry down.

CAB

Jerry slows, stops. As the well-dressed man starts over, Jerry sizes him up. The man seems suddenly sinister.

As he reaches for the door, LOCKS CLICK DOWN. Jerry GUNS the CAB away. The confused man stumbles back, shouts, apparently not a threat at all.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING (UPTOWN) - NIGHT

Headlights out, the cab pulls up to the curb.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Jerry glances at a lit 2nd floor apartment window, then settles in with a bologna sandwich. About to take a bite, he pauses, removes a slice of bologna. He regards it a beat, then carefully peels off the edge. Jerry holds the narrow casing up against the glow of a streetlight, like it was encoded. Then something catches his eye. He trades the sandwich for binoculars, focuses on the window.

BINOCULAR POV - WINDOW

LIZA SUTTON. In a Yale sweatshirt, stretching, earphones on. She forces her head past her kneecap and holds it there. Driven is the word to describe Liza. When she sleeps, she tries to do it better than anyone else does. We can't hear her, but as she finishes stretching, she sings along with the music on her headset.

JERRY

captivated, he sighs -- the sound of love. Then he gets an idea. Still watching, he fumbles for the RADIO. Turning it ON, he SCANS radio STATIONS.

BINOCULAR POV - LIZA

Her lips don't match anything. COUNTING CROWS. DAVID BOWIE. The TRAFFIC REPORT. A RAP TUNE.
JERRY

Never takes his eyes off her, SCANS STATIONS for the elusive number. He finds ANNIE LENNOX singing "Blue Moon."

BINOCULAR POV - LIZA

Lips in synch. That's what she's singing along with.

JERRY (V.O.)

(joins in)

'Blue moon, you saw me standing alone...'

INTERCUT between them. "Without a song in my heart, without a love of my own. Blue moon..." In a weird way, it's a duet. A sweet moment. Then, Liza stops.

She gets on a treadmill and cranks it up. Walking a few moments before she's jogging, before she's running. No easy pace here. Liza gets grim, cranks up the speed and goes hard. She's punishing herself.

JERRY

His voice trails off as he watches. Sad, he lowers the binoculars, doesn't want to watch her do this. Throwing the CAR in GEAR, he takes a last look and drives away.

EXT. NEW YORK NEWS - NIGHT

A classic corner newsstand except that a river runs down the street and over the curb. Newspaper stacks usually on the sidewalk are up on milk crates. The owner, FLIP TANNER, cruises the sidewalk in a battered wheelchair. All sinew and tendons, Flip is black, about 50. He looks to Jerry's cab plowing twin fountains as it approaches.

Flip heaves a stack of newspapers and magazines into his lap. He rolls to meet Jerry at the curb, hands him the stack through the window. Jerry looks down at the water.

FLIP

Water main. Broke all the way over on 40th Street and Seventh. Subway's a damn river.

Jerry stares back over his shoulder at water gushing out a manhole cover. Flip watches him, smiles.

FLIP
What're you thinking, Jerry?

JERRY
Water mains usually go in the winter. It's August 1st.

FLIP
Tell you what. Reminds me of life in the Delta.

JERRY
Mississippi?

FLIP
Mekong, my friend, Mekong.

JERRY
You know, Flip, Vietnam War was fought because of a bet Howard Hughes lost to Aristotle Onasis.

FLIP
Sure. And the two of 'em used my legs for a wishbone. Nearly snapped me in half.

JERRY
I gotta go, Flip. Thanks.

As Jerry drives away, Flip smiles, shakes his head.

EXT. VILLAGE BROWNSTONE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Carrying his magazines and newspapers, Jerry climbs onto the roof from the fire escape. He deadpans a look back and forth. All seems clear. Jerry starts across. COOS as Jerry passes a PIGEON coop. He steps back, opens the door.

JERRY
It's your choice, fellas.

As Jerry continues...

SPACE BETWEEN TWO ROOFTOPS

As Jerry leaps, PASSES directly OVER us.

INT. VILLAGE BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jerry enters by a window at the fire escape. Apartment 202. He checks the seam between the door and casing. The tip of a toothpick is just visible. Assured, he unlocks the door. As the toothpick drops, Jerry steps
INT. APARTMENT 202 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacked with filled-to-bursting file cabinets. On the walls, a silvery particle board. Jerry locks the door, balances an empty beer bottle upside down on the door knob.

Satisfied, Jerry enters the file labyrinth. As he moves we FLASH ON some of the labels, some with not bad cartoon drawings. "George Bush," "Delta 30," "Blue Flood," "Sirhan2."

Jerry turns the corner. "Nazis & Nutrasweet," "Patti Hearst," and among many more: "MK Ultra" which features the silhouette of a man holding a handgun & "Council On Foreign Affair" with the C-F-A in heavily Gothic lettering.

KITCHEN - REFRIGERATOR

Locked. Padlocked chains run through steel rings bolted to the sides. Jerry spins the combo-lock. Before opening, he pauses to consider a set of magnetic poetry words on the fridge door. He arranges them, reads:

     JERRY
     The essential goddess death could
     chain bitter men,
     (moves words)
     and crush the ugly moment... like
     life pounding eggs.

Jerry opens the fridge to reveal ten padlocked stainless steel containers. He removes one labeled: "Tapioca."

INT. APARTMENT 202 - JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT


He strides to his desk and a...

PUBLISHING MONTAGE BEGINS

Jerry scans a New York Times spread on a drafting table. He circles headlines, names and dates. Does the same with the San Francisco Chronicle, Le Monde, Time, the Economist and Popular Mechanics. He enters raw data on 3x5 cards: space shuttle launched, base closings, escape
from mental hospital and especially the obituaries. Specifically: "Industrialist Ernest Hariman Drowns."

Jerry flips through 100s of cards on big Rolodexes as he cross-references data. Jerry pulls cards, lines them up. The first connection: the dates of six Space Shuttle launches and six earthquakes all coinciding. Jerry lets out a low whistle. Never too jaded to be shocked.

Jerry types the text of an article, crosses out mistakes. He handcranks copies off an old drum mimeograph. The hand drawn logo: lips whispering into an ear. The title: "Conspiracy Theory."

Jerry writes out five labels. Addresses from across America. Jerry slaps the labels on the newsletters.

EXT. STREET
The sun comes up.

Jerry drops the newsletters into a mailbox. He starts across the street, then stops, looks back with dread. He steps back over, checks the slot. Everything went down. Jerry starts away, then stops again. As he looks back...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - NYC OFFICES - DAY

Jerry passes through the metal detectors. He stops to stare at the blindfolded Status of Justice. As a FEDERAL COP steps over to join him.

JERRY
Smart girl.

FEDERAL COP
How's that, sir?

JERRY
She's got a blindfold on.

FEDERAL COP
Do you have an appointment here, sir?

Jerry continues to stare.

JERRY
Depends on your definition...

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY
The morning meeting yet to begin. Lawyers wait as, THROUGH the glass, treadmill girl Liza Sutton argues with brusque department head WILSON. It's a screaming match, though on this side of the glass their VOICES are MUFFLED THUMPS. Liza waves her arms. Wilson shakes his head emphatically.

As they continue to argue, a YOUNG LAWYER arrives being shown the ropes by an OLDER LAWYER.

OLDER LAWYER
This is the conference room. We start 9 AM sharp. Usually.

The argument in the conference room has gotten so vociferous, that people have stopped pretending not to watch.

YOUNG LAWYER
Wow. How long till I can talk like that to Mr. Wilson?

OLDER LAWYER
About a thousand years. That's Liza Sutton. You heard of the federal judge? Tom Sutton? Assassinated a few years ago?

YOUNG LAWYER
By that cult leader who's in prison, right? Ezekiel Walters. The one who blew up the Citibank Building.

OLDER LAWYER
None of it ever proven. But Sutton did deny Ezekiel a writ of habeas corpus. Anyhow, Liza is Sutton's daughter.

A commotion down the hall. Jerry. The cop from downstairs and a second one try everything short of violence to usher him out.

JERRY
I'm an American and I demand to see Liza Sutton!

CONFERENCE ROOM

Wilson and Liza are nose-to-nose. THROUGH the glass, the head of every lawyer turns from them to Jerry. Like deftly executed synchronized swimming, Liza and Wilson can't help but notice. Jerry. Liza shakes her head in despair.
WILSON
Ah, your psychotic is here.

LIZA
Not today...

Liza crouches down on the floor behind the chair.

LIZA
Tell him I'm on vacation. That I won't be back for two weeks.

WILSON
I don't know if you're the best lawyer I've got or a high school sophomore.

Wilson shakes his head, exits.

OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM
As Jerry struggles with the guards who are definitely getting more physical.

WILSON
Get him out of here.

CONFERENCE ROOM
Liza peeks out. They're hurting Jerry now. As Liza sighs.

OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM
They drag Jerry back. Liza appears.

LIZA
It's okay! Let him go!

The guards hesitate. Wilson nods. As they let Jerry go...

LIZA
Jerry, you are a restraining order waiting to happen.

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - LIZA'S OFFICE - DAY
In its own way as cluttered and overflowing with files as Jerry's apartment is. At her desk, Liza watches Jerry pace. The door is intentionally open. Liza's secretary JILL keeps a protective eye from the outer office.
LIZA
I don't see the connection.

JERRY
Come on! Six major earthquakes in the last three years? The space shuttle in orbit for every one of them?

LIZA
(incredulous)
Testing some top secret seismic weapon.

JERRY
Not testing. Using. Nukes are passe. This is the weapon of the future.

As Liza exchanges a look with Jill, Jerry pauses to look at a framed photo on a credenza.

Liza, 20, in full riding gear, gracefully jumping a horse over a set of rails.

LIZA
I still don't see what it has to do with the President.

JERRY
(re: photo)
Do you still ride?

LIZA
Not for years.

JERRY
So why do you keep the picture up? You wish you hadn't quit?

LIZA
Well, I -- Jerry, the point. Get there. What does it have to do with the President?

It takes him a moment to switch gears. Setting down the picture, he pulls out a map, unfolds it on Liza's desk. A seismic survey map. He points as he talks.

JERRY
The President's in Europe. Tomorrow he'll be in Turkey. Right along this fault line. They launched the space shuttle yesterday.

LIZA
Motive?

**JERRY**
He's cutting funding for NASA.
The milk cow of the aerospace industry. We're talking billions.
Motive enough?

**LIZA**
NASA is going to kill the President of the United States with an earthquake.

**JERRY**
(nods)
Not exactly the kind of thing a Secret Service Agent can throw himself on top of.

Liza sighs. On another day, Jerry might have been welcome comic relief. Not today. As she folds his map...

**JERRY**
You going to warn him?

**LIZA**
I can't promise you anything.

**JERRY**
You think I'm crazy.

**LIZA**
I think you're different.

**JERRY**
You know, to be 'normal' and live in the 'real world,' to swallow Coca cola and eat Kentucky Fried Chicken, you have to be in a conspiracy against yourself. I can't lie to me, Liza. And the more I strip through the sham, the crazier I look to people like you. Can't you see that's what they're counting on?

(a beat)
You want to go out sometime?

**LIZA**
No.

Jerry smiles, looks away, embarrassed in an appealingly boyish way. If he wasn't crazy, the answer might be yes.

**JERRY**
I better get going.
LIZA
You don't have to burst in here
every time, Jerry. Just call and
make an appointment.

He nods, gathers his map. Halfway out, he looks back.

JERRY
What was your horse's name?

LIZA
Johnny Dancer.
(a beat)
You've been in my office ten
times. How come you never asked
me about that picture before?

JERRY
Was waiting till I knew you
better. Johnny Dancer, huh?
Sounds like a racehorse.

Jerry heads out. Liza watches after him a beat as he
goes.

EXT. 40TH STREET AND 7TH AVENUE - DAY

Cordoned off with cops redirecting traffic. A lake. Big
diesel pumps gush water into the gutters, and the
sidewalks are sandbagged. All the same, water flows over
Jerry's sneakers as he flags down a passing PUBLIC WORKS
GUY.

JERRY
Hey, don't water mains usually go
in the winter?

D.P.W. GUY
Summer, winter, all I know it it's
beaucoup overtime.

Something catches Jerry's eye -- a tan sedan parked
inside the cordon. Official U.S. Government plates. As
Jerry frowns, two suits, CLARKE and PIPER, exit the
subway kiosk, head to the sedan. Jerry watches, then
heads for his cab.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING (MANHATTAN) - DAY

The sedan pulls up, double parks. As Piper and Clark
head inside, Jerry pulls up across the street.
INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Jerry enters, watches Clark and Piper get on the elevator for the 14th to 25th floors. As the door closes, Jerry steps to a podium with a directory of the building's occupants. He drops a finger onto a listing. Floors 18 to 22 are occupied by: the Central Intelligence Agency.

JERRY
Spooks. I knew it.

LOBBY SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV - JERRY

Grainy black and white as Jerry exits. Is he being watched?

EXT. DINER - DAY

Jerry's cab is reflected against the glass. THROUGH the window, we see Jerry at the counter. Standing, he throws a few bills down and exits.

Jerry reappears in reflection, stops short as Piper is reflected on one side, Clark on the other. They grab Jerry. As he struggles Clark jams an air syringe against his neck. Jerry's reflection goes slack.

As they drag him into his cab, a single OLD MAN at the counter looks over, then back to his meatloaf as the yellow of the cab streaks away.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM (GERONIMO) - JERRY - DAY

Strapped to a chair in the middle of what looks like an old hospital room. Jerry's groggy, starting to regain consciousness. As he comes round, we hear FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING from the hall.

CLOSE ON JERRY

Two men enter. They may or may not be Piper and Clark, but we only see their torsos as they move back and forth. We hear a CLOSET OPEN, EQUIPMENT being DRAGGED. Jerry knows he's righteously fucked. But he also knows...

JERRY
I was right. Wasn't I? I was right.
(a beat)
What was I right about?

They don't seem to pay him any mind.
JERRY
Are you guys from NASA?

Without warning, one of the figures grabs Jerry's head from behind, straps it to a slat he attaches to the back of the chair.

Jerry struggles, but his head is immobilized. The second man goes about taping Jerry's eyes open.

JERRY
I was wrong! I was wrong!


JERRY
Do I know you?

JONAS (O.S.)
Yes you do, Jerry. Quite well.

WIDEN to include --

JONAS
Standing opposite Jerry. Genteel looking, professorial. There's something calm, oddly soothing about him.

JONAS
Have you ever been in a place from which hope has gone? All that's left is patience. Everywhere. Like a fog.

A beat as Jonas considers Jerry.

JONAS
I'm a very patient man.

JERRY
That's great. Good for you.

JONAS
Who have you been talking to, Jerry? Who else knows what you know?

JERRY
Could you be a little more specific?

Jonas doesn't answer. Instead, he methodically loads a
syringe. Jerry watches with grave apprehension.

JERRY

What's that?

JONAS

Lysergic acid diethylamide... With a little kicker of my own. Surely it must be coming back to you by now?

There's nowhere to go, but Jerry still tries to go there as the needle descends. And then the plunge.

JERRY

What do I know?...

Jonas switches on a row of strobe lights. They flash into Jerry's face. In between them, on a screen, images.

JERRY'S POV

A man on fire. Kennedy with the waiter on the floor in the Ambassador. That guy in Vietnam being shot in the side of the head. Rhesus monkeys subjected to direct brain stimulation. Reagan catching it under the armpit. A slaughterhouse. And interspersed between it all, a rather official-looking photo of a middle-aged man we'll call Mr. S. Then --

JONAS

is dancing back and forth before Jerry. The strobos freeze him like some club from the '70s.

ROOM

But Jonas isn't really dancing. He's directly across from Jerry -- profile-to-profile.

JONAS

Who else knows what you know?

Slack-jawed, Jerry doesn't answer. Jonas holds an electrode to Jerry's leg, touches a second to his side. Jerry arches back as current flows.

JERRY'S POV

as the ceiling melts and drops in heavy globs around them.
ROOM

Jonas cuts the flow.

JONAS
Who else knows what you know?

Jerry's only answers are the tears running down his cheeks. Jonas hits him again.

Jerry jerks back so hard the chair snaps right off the floor and topples over backwards. Jerry's left wrist and right leg burst through the straps which were holding them down. A wisp of smoke rises.

Jonas sighs. He looks down at Jerry who moans, whispers...

JERRY
I'll tell you...

Jonas smiles paternally, steps over. Jerry's mouth moves, but we can't hear him. Mr. S flashes on the screen.

JONAS
(crouching)
From your lips, to God's ear.

JERRY'S POV

As Jonas leans in, his nose looks enormous.

ROOM

Grabbing Jonas' shirt with his limited left hand, Jerry uses the only weapon he's got. He bites Jonas on the nose. Blood pulses as Jerry's teeth find an artery. Howling, Jonas tries to scramble out of reach.

Jerry kicks him in the stomach with his free leg and then keeps kicking. It's inarticulate, roughshod work, but he connects and Jonas feels it and each new kick as a little more fury than the last.

Finally Jonas rolls away. Jerry half-crawls, half-rocks his way to a crouched position. Rising, he staggers into the window, the top of the chair smashing through the glass. Jerry stares down to the ground below.

JERRY'S POV

As the earth rises and falls like a wave. The distance down is impossible to gauge.
As Jonas staggers to his feet, Piper and Clark charge in. They move forward, but without warning, Jerry gathers what balance he has and heaves himself out the window.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - DAY

Partially obscured by trees, Jerry does a half-gainer from exactly two stories above the ground. The chair back takes the brunt of the landing. Wood splinters.

ROOM

Blood spurts between Jonas' fingers. Clark and Piper draw their guns and rush to the window...

GROUND

Slats of wood hang at his elbows and knees as Jerry reels across the lawn.

ROOM

Clark and Piper FIRE.

JONAS
Don't kill him! Get him!

As Clark and Piper rush off...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jerry slogs, sinks into asphalt up to his knees. A truck sets a dumpster down on the street ahead. As it pulls away, Jerry dashes, grabs hold of a handle on the rear.

EXT. STREET TWO - SOME BLOCKS AWAY - DAY

We see the truck approach. As it turns right, the centrifugal force flings Jerry off the back and into the oncoming lane. Several taxis slam on their brakes to keep from running him over.

All Jerry sees is yellow.

JERRY
I'm one of you! I'm one of you!
As one driver leans out one window, shouts at him in Hindu.

CUT TO:

INT. JUSTICE - ELEVATOR - DAY (END OF DAY)

Liza's in the back next to, but not with, one of the Lawyers seen earlier. He seems nice enough.

LAWYER
So, you doing anything tonight?

LIZA
(hefts briefcase)
Working.

LAWYER
Hmm, how about tomorrow night?

LIZA
Working.

LAWYER
Night after that?

LIZA
(smiles)
Look, you're a nice guy, but I'm not really dating right now.

LAWYER
I'm not that good at 'no,' Liza.

LIZA
Too bad. Because I'm terrible at 'yes.'

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

As the elevator doors open, Liza steps into her worst nightmare.

JERRY (O.S.)
Liza Sutton! I need to see Liza!

Jerry is being blocked by three FEDERAL COPS.

COP# 1
You don't leave now, you're under arrest.

As Jerry spots her....

JERRY
Liza! This is it. They just tried to kill me! I don't know what I know, but it's big!

They tangle him up, a few feet from his destination. Liza can see that something, real or imagined, has happened.

In the struggle, Jerry wrenches free, taking one of the Cops' .45s with him. He waves them off with it.

JERRY
Get back!

Everyone freezes. Stand-off city.

LIZA
Easy, Jerry. Easy.
(realizes)
There's blood on your shirt.

Indeed, blood is splattered across his chest.

JERRY
I bit the bastard's nose off.

LIZA
You bit someone's nose off?

JERRY
Yes! Don't let's get into this thing where I have to repeat myself!

As one of the Cops moves to flank, Jerry aims the gun.

JERRY
(to Cops)
It's a man without a nose you want, you dumb complicit sons of bitches!
(to Liza)
You've got to listen to me.

LIZA
Put down the gun and I'll take your statement. Okay?

JERRY
You're the boss. Just don't make me repeat myself. I hate that.

Liza sees blood dripping onto Jerry's shoe. She looks to where he clutches his side, blood oozing out. To his face.

LIZA
Jerry, you're bleeding.
Jerry takes his hand from his side, looks at the blood.

JERRY
I didn't even feel it till a few minutes ago.

As Jerry's distracted, one of the Cops moves in. He forces Jerry's gun hand up while the other two Cops take him down. Jerry struggles till one jams a thumb into a pressure point in his neck. Jerry winces, collapses.

JERRY
Who are they? I don't even know who they are. But it's on the tip of my tongue.

And Jerry starts to sob. As Cop one cuffs him.

LIZA
One of you call an ambulance.

A hesitation before one of them moves to do so. Liza pushes her way through the other two.

LIZA
Ease off of him.

They back off a step, keep him covered. Jerry continues to sob, desolate. And Liza, despite herself, puts an arm around him, does what she can to comfort. Her life's never going to be the same.

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

A definite inner city feel. Liza stands out in her smart, stylish business suit. She sits in a plastic chair, tries not to scream into her cell phone.

LIZA
I need the files tonight. Have them sent to my apartment. I don't give a rat's ass what you're doing! Hello? Damnit!

Phone's dead. Sitting beside Liza, fidgety in the early stages of withdrawal, is DOLLY, a 20-year-old prostitute.

DOLLY
Sucks, huh?

Liza doesn't even look over. Dolly holds up a pager.

DOLLY
You should get one of these. Then
use a pay phone. Cell phones can be traced.

LIZA
I'm not doing anything illegal.

Dolly looks her over.

DOLLY
Yeah. Right.

A bedraggled DOCTOR enters, scans the waiting faces.

DOCTOR
Who's here for Jerry Fletcher?

LIZA
(standing)
I am.

The Doctor steps over.

DOCTOR
He's lucky. Bullet passed clean through his side, didn't touch anything vital. He lost some blood, but he should be fine.

LIZA
When can I talk to him?

DOCTOR
They're moving him to the police ward. Maybe in twenty minutes.

LIZA
But --

The Doctor's already on his way out. Liza sits back down.

DOLLY
You're lucky. I had a boyfriend get shot in the stomach. Now he takes a dump through a plastic tube. I guess that's life, huh?

Liza reaches into her day planner, pulls out a crisp $100 bill, holds it out to Dolly.

LIZA
It's yours. Just go sit someplace else.

Dolly looks at her a beat. Plucking the bill from Liza's fingertips, Dolly gets up and moves.
INT. HOSPITAL - POLICE WARD - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A cop reads the paper at the end of the hall. He barely looks up as Liza walks down, steps into...

ROOM 322

Liza enters as a NURSE injects a syringeful of "something" into Jerry's IV. Jerry's strapped to the bed.

JERRY
What's that?!

NURSE
Something to help you sleep.

JERRY
I don't want to sleep! I want to be checked out!

LIZA
You're under arrest.

Jerry looks over at Liza as the Nurse exits.

JERRY
What's the charge?

LIZA
You were there, Jerry. Figure it out.

He nods. Is quiet a moment.

LIZA
If you could remember who shot you and where it happened, it might help.

Jerry's suddenly fighting to keep his eyes open.

JERRY
What a day. Wish I could tell you so it made sense.

He tries to sit up. She eases him back down.

LIZA
Just relax.

JERRY
Switch the charts.

LIZA
What?

Jerry's as serious as a guy about to pass out can be.

   JERRY
   Switch 'em. Or I'll be dead by
   morning. Don't want to be dead.

   LIZA
   I'll see you tomorrow.

As Jerry eases back into the mattress.

   JERRY
   Wouldn't bet on it.

As Liza starts to go...

   JERRY
   Hey...
   (as Liza looks back)
   I can't control it. It's just,
   something that happened.

   LIZA
   What is?

   JERRY
   Love.

They look at each other a moment. Then, as Jerry's eyes
flutter.

   JERRY
   Switch 'em.

A long sigh and Jerry's out. Liza starts out, then
stops, laughs at herself as she realizes what she needs
to do. Stepping over, she switches the chart at the foot
of Jerry's bed with that of his unconscious roommate.
This guy's handcuffed to the bed frame.

Liza looks at Jerry a beat, sighs, then exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIZA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - WINDOW - NIGHT

Back on the treadmill. Liza practically sprints. Her
teeth grit. Driven near collapse. Like she's punishing
herself. As we PULL BACK, leaving her to her demons...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - POLICE WARD - HALLWAY - DAY
The next day. Liza, arriving, stops short as an orderly flanked by a COP, wheels a sheet-covered body out of 322.

LIZA
What happened?

COP
Guy came in with a gunshot wound, but he died of a heart attack. Go figure.

Fearing the worst, Liza pulls back the sheet. It's Jerry's roommate. The guy who got Jerry's chart.

COP
Are you Miss Sutton?

Liza looks up, nods.

COP
They said send you downstairs.

LIZA
Who?

COP
The F.B.I., the C.I.A. You name the initials and they're down there.

LIZA
Any special reason?

COP
All I know is, they said to send you and the body to the basement.

They think the dead guy is Jerry. Liza eyes the door.

LIZA
I'll be right down.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM 322 - DAY

Jerry sits in bed, one hand cuffed to the bed rail.

LIZA
People do have heart attacks.

JERRY
Sure. You switched the charts, didn't you?

Liza doesn't answer. Jerry jubilant. This is big.
JERRY
It's okay. The guy traded bullets with some old man in a liquor store. He had it coming.

LIZA
You expect me to believe what, that someone came in here last night. Gave that guy... something that stopped his heart?

JERRY
You switched the charts; you tell me.

LIZA
I got to get downstairs. The C.I.A., they want to see your body.

JERRY
Really?
She nods. Jerry regards the cuff, then her.

JERRY
I won't be here when you get back, but I'll be in touch. And thanks.

LIZA
For what?

JERRY
You saved my life.

LIZA
Heart attacks happen.

Liza exits. Jerry thinks, smiles. He dips his hand into his oatmeal, smears it across his chin, onto his chest.

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT - DAY

Liza steps off the elevator, is met by AGENT LOWRY. Darkly handsome, Lowry is all business with a twinkly in his eye.

LOWRY
Ms. Sutton? Agent Lowry, F.B.I.

They shake hands. Both impressed with each other.

LOWRY
We're waiting for jurisdictional problems to be cleared up. This guy Fletcher's something else.
LIZA
Tell me about it.

LOWRY
While we walk.
(they move briskly)
D.C. police want him for assault.
Secret Service for counterfeiting
and we're tracking him on a string
of bank robberies. No one knows
what the C.I.A. wants him for.

LIZA
Wait --

OPERATING THEATER
Lowry enters ahead of her. The body is here. All backs
are to Lowry and Liza. Wilson from Justice looks back
over his shoulder. The other five are CIA. One man
stands a bit apart. Lowry points him out, whispers into
Liza's ear.

LOWRY
Guy's a C.I.A. shrink. Here to
I.D. Fletcher. They knew each
other somehow.

LIZA
You don't understand --

Lowry shushes her. The sheet is pulled away to reveal
Jerry's roommate. His back still to us, the CIA
PSYCHIATRIST is not happy.

PSYCHIATRIST
This isn't him.

WILSON
(turning)
Liza?

The Psychiatrist takes the chart from the foot of the
bed.

LIZA
I was trying to tell, um, Jerry, I
mean Fletcher, he's --

Liza stops short as the Psychiatrist turns around. His
nose is bandaged. His eyes look right through her. It's
Jonas! Jerry's man with no nose.

JONAS (PSYCHIATRIST)
He's what?
INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM 322 - DAY

Covered in oatmeal, Jerry clutches his chest, groans. Three nurses, two orderlies and an INTERN surround him.

INTERN
He's having a heart attack!

The Intern tugs on the handcuff.

INTERN
Where's that goddamn cop?! (giving up) Get a crash cart in here!

JERRY
No! Get me to the crash cart!

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - DAY

Liza, Jonas, Lowry, Wilson and the CIA agents get into the elevator. Liza can't take her eyes off Jonas's nose. He looks over at her. It's unnerving.

LIZA
Can I ask you something?

JONAS
A dog bit it.

LIZA
Excuse me?

JONAS
You were going to ask about my nose. The poor animal is slated to be destroyed today.

LIZA
And you feel bad for it?

JONAS
It was my dog. Let me ask you a question. How long have you been acquainted with Jerry?

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ROOM 322 - DAY

A crash. The Intern staggers back out the door and into the wall. Jerry exits -- wearing a johnny which flaps as he dashes down the hall. Bouncing along behind him is the bed's side rail which he's still cuffed to.
INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - ELEVATORS - DAY

Jerry pounds on the down button. PING! The doors on the middle elevator open to reveal Liza, Jonas, et. al... They spot Jerry the same moment he spots them.

Jerry drives the rail into one agent's gut, staggering him. The second agent trying to exit catches the rail in the teeth. The elevator doors close.

ELEVATOR

Lowry reaches for the control panel. But he's too late. As the elevator starts up, Lowry slaps the emergency stop. Then they pull the doors open. The various agents climb out, step down to the 3rd floor hallway below. Jerry is nowhere in sight. But from the hallway to the right of the elevators, a SHOUT and a CRASH. Everyone heads that way.

NURSES' STATION

A nurse stands over an upended Med-Cart. She looks up at Liza and the suits charging around the corner. Points. PILLS CRUNCH under their feet as they take off in pursuit.

HALLWAY TWO

Jerry pulls a chair cover, hops up and punches a ceiling panel loose. Then he continues down the hall.

The gang round the corner, stop short at the chair and panel. Jonas motions two agents up.

JONAS
The rest of you go room to room! I want dogs! I want motion detectors! I want heat sensors!

As Jonas moves off, Lowry mutters to Liza.

LOWRY
Is this guy a psychiatrist or a field agent?

HALLWAY THREE

A row of beds against the wall. An orderly dumps a load of laundry down a laundry chute. He leaves. Jerry exits a bathroom, heads over. Gripping the lip of the chute, he's just swung a leg inside when the room COP appears
around the corner, gun drawn.

COP
Put your foot down.

JERRY
If you knew what really happened
to Serpico, you'd be doing
everything you could to help me out.

COP
(closing)
Put your damn foot down.

Obliging, Jerry swings his leg back over. But he sets
his heel on a laundry cart, shoves it hard into the Cop.
It gives Jerry a chance to swing the bed rail into the
Cop whose gun skitters away as he tumbles back.

Jerry tries again to jump down the laundry chute, but the
Cop is there, grapples with him. Jerry finally head-
butts him. As the Cop falls back, releasing Jerry, Jerry
falls down the chute. He jerks to a stop as the bed rail
forms a crossbar over the mouth of the chute.

LAUNDRY CHUTE

Jerry dangles from his wrist. That hurt.

Jamming his back against one side of the chute, his feet
against the other, he inches his way up. As he grips the
edge to get out, a face looms! Liza. Jerry loses his
grip again, drops, jerks to another joint-wrenching stop.

HALLWAY THREE

Liza stands beside the semi-conscious Cop, looks down at
Jerry. He looks up at her. At her mercy.

LIZA
He says a dog bit his nose.

JERRY
Arf... You gotta help me.

LIZA
I can't promise you anything.

Liza turns, hears PEOPLE COMING her way. Deciding, she
takes the key ring from the cop's belt, finds the
handcuff key. She slides it into the cuff on Jerry's
wrist.

They share a long look. Click. Jerry drops. Liza's
left holding the rail. She turns, sees the beds by the wall.

LAUNDRY ROOM

Jerry lands hard in a hamper.

HALLWAY THREE

Liza tends to the Cop (returning his keys, pockets the cuffs) as Lowry and Jonas turn the corner.

LOWRY
Which way did he go?

LIZA
I don't know. Didn't see him.

As the Cop starts to sit up groggily.

LOWRY
No way we can shut a place this size down quick enough.

JONAS
You have a half-naked man chained to a bed rail. Just cover the exits.

Lowry nods, heads out. Liza follows.

LIZA
I'll come with.

Jonas looks over at the lone bed rail, then across at the laundry chute. Finally at Liza's retreating back.

JONAS
You.

Liza stops, looks back. Jonas crooks a finger at her.

JONAS
Keep me company.

INT. HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Jerry the doctor. In his scrubs, pulls on a paper hair net.

INT. HOSPITAL EXIT - DAY

Two cops on watch at the exits. Three tired interns on
the way out when Jerry joins them. Just one of the guys.

JERRY
Did you see that spleen? I never saw a spleen like that ever.

The cops don't give them a second look as they exit.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY
Odd looks from the interns, but Jerry's home free.

JERRY
It was unbespleenable!

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY
Jonas dips a tea bag, stares across at Liza who grinds out a cigarette in an overflowing ashtray. He watches as she goes for her pack, realizes that was her last butt.

JONAS
So he thinks NASA is plotting to kill the President?

LIZA
You already asked me that. Why do you insist on making me repeat myself?

JONAS
And you have no idea where he lives?

LIZA
You've asked me that one three times.

JONAS
Here's a fresh one. Why you? Your colleague Mr. Wilson says Jerry won't speak to anyone else. That seems oddly possessive behavior to me.

LIZA
I'm sorry. What was the question again?

JONAS
Why you?

LIZA
Honestly? I think he has a crush on me.
JONAS
A charming term. Now, why him?

LIZA
Excuse me?

JONAS
Jerry's visits to your office. Why do you tolerate them? Why him?

LIZA
A year ago I was leaving work late one night. Two guys tried to mug me. It was horrible. Jerry came out of nowhere. To my rescue. Then he started coming to see me. (smiles) Could've been a storybook if he wasn't crazy. At first I did my beat to avoid him. But there's something inside Jerry and... (shrugs) Jerry made me see it. He made me see him. That make sense?

Jonas nods. As he tends to his tea, Liza notices he wears a Harvard alumni ring.

LIZA
You went to Harvard?

Jonas nods. Liza gestures toward the ring.

LIZA
May I?

Jonas offers his hand so she can get a closer look: three open books with the letters VE-RI-TAS.

LIZA
Veritas. Truth. What is it they say about truth?

JONAS
The truth shall make you free.

LIZA
That's it. (releases his hand) I went to Yale. I hope you won't hold that against me.

JONAS
Only on the football field.
That's as charming as Jonas gets. The sparring continues.

LIZA
I didn't know the C.I.A. had psychiatrists.

JONAS
We're very specialized.

LIZA
Brain washing, mind control, that sort of thing?

JONAS
Re-educating trained killers in the ways of polite society. Making sure the men who've gone over the edge won't hurt anyone. That sort of thing.

Jonas takes a sip of tea, watches her over the rim.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM 322 - DAY

A cop at the door. Liza flashes her ID, enters. She heads to the nightstand, opens it. There's a key ring, a pack of gum and a worn paperback copy of Catcher In the Rye with the familiar crimson and gold cover. Liza flips through it. Certain passages are highlighted, others blacked out.

LOWRY (O.S.)
Catcher In the Rye?

Liza looks up as Agent Lowry enters.

LOWRY
That's the book Hinkley had on him when he shot Reagan.

LIZA
I was just thinking that.

COP
(leaning in)
You remember that Arab guy who shot the Rabbi a few years back?
(as they look over)
I was one of the arresting officers. He had a copy of the goddamn thing too.
(smiles)
You know that expression, it must be the water. Well, maybe it's
the book.

As the Cop laughs it up, Lowry and Liza exchange a look.

LOWRY
Thanks for your input, officer.

The Cop shrugs, exits. Lowry picks up the keys and gum.

LOWRY
Gum, keys and a book.
(checks keys)
Car... Maybe apartment... This is an odd one.

Of the three keys, one is long and narrow.

LIZA
Safety deposit box.

As Lowry nods, three of Jonas' CIA suits enter. As one confiscates the gum and book, another holds his hand out for the keys. Lowry gives them over. As they exit...

LOWRY
You're welcome!
(checks keys to Liza)
Spooks. So, you want to compare notes on this guy.

LIZA
No. Not yet.

Something catches Liza's eye. She steps to the nightstand.

A word is scratched into the side by the bed. Geronimo. Lowry picks a fork off the floor. Just the right size.

LOWRY
Geronimo? What's that?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - EARLY EVENING

Liza exits, starts for the street. A long day. She fishes a small tape recorder from her briefcase, switches it on.

LIZA
Jerry Fletcher. Apparently, a major desperado. Subject of a multi-jurisdictional task force manhunt... I don't buy it. He might be nuts, but there's
something... good about him.

Liza suddenly reacts in shock to something ahead.

LIZA
No!

Liza dashes forward. We see her car at the curb -- a BMW sedan. A traffic control officer has just finished shoving a ticket under the wiper. Liza arrives shouting, as they roll away. Liza grabs the ticket, pissed, frustrated. But after a moment, she gets in the car.

INT. BMW - STREET - EARLY EVENING

She gets in grumbling, STARTS the ENGINE. As six fanned-out parking tickets rise from the back seat behind her, she spots them in the rearview. Liza jumps, her grip on the steering wheel the only thing keeping her from hitting her head on the roof.

JERRY (O.S.)
They've been coming all day.
Nothing I could do about it.

As she recovers...

LIZA
How'd you know this was my car?

JERRY
He lies across the back seat, staring up.

JERRY
Lucky guess... Um, I'd feel a lot less naked if we could get outta here.

LIZA (O.S.)
Don't tell me you're naked back there.

JERRY
Figure of speech. Could we go?

BMW

Liza takes the tickets. Deciding, she hits the gas, starts through the intersection.

JERRY
What took so long? You were in there all day.
LIZA
That's how long it takes to turn a hospital inside out. A lot of people are after you, Jerry.

JERRY
Dead or alive, they'll stick me in there with Oswald. Another lunatic acting alone,

LIZA
Oswald was an assassin. You're not an assassin, are you, Jerry?

JERRY
If you're worried about the President, call and warn him about the Space Shuttle.

LIZA
Right. Sit up so I can see you.

JERRY
Uh uh, don't want them to see me.

LIZA
Them who?

JERRY
Change lanes. Then watch your rearview.

Liza does so. Looking in the mirror, a set of headlights, maybe three cars back, move as well. Liza frowns, turns left, eyes on the mirror. A beat and the car follows her.

JERRY
Flat, wraparound headlights?

LIZA
Yeah.

JERRY

LIZA
As opposed to?

JERRY
People more serious about their work. You know how to drive this thing or do you just like looking good in it?
LIZA
You mean I should speed up and try
and lose them?

JERRY
Yes.

LIZA
That's how a man would do it. I'm
not a man.

JERRY
I noticed.

Liza stops in the middle of the street. Jerry stays low.

JERRY
What are you doing?

STREET
The Crown Victoria has slowed considerably. Liza sticks
her arm out of the window of the BMW, motions it forward.

CROWN VICTORIA
Lowry at the wheel. Knows he's been made. No use trying
to get out of it now. Shaking his head, he rolls
forward.

STREET
Lowry pulls up alongside Liza. Can't see Jerry in back.

LIZA
Agent Lowry.

LOWRY
(shrugs; sheepish)
Wasn't my idea.

LIZA
Jonas?

LOWRY
It's his show for now. Look, you
want to get some dinner? Inter-
Agency cooperation and all?

JERRY
in the back. He doesn't like the sound of that.
INT./EXT. BMW/CROWN VICTORIA

Liza smiles, but isn't biting.

LIZA
When I'm ready to compare notes, I'll let you know.

LOWRY
Your call. Have a good night.

Lowry puts it in gear and takes off. Relieved, Jerry sits up, watches the taillights fade away.

LIZA
See? Wasn't that a lot easier than squealing tires and knocking over trash cans?

JERRY
Nothing is easy.

LIZA
How long have we known each other, Jerry?

JERRY
Six months. Eleven days.

LIZA
Till today, I haven't believed a word. Now, I'm curious. Six months, eleven days. I'm going to give you one more hour to impress me. Where to?

EXT. NEW YORK NEWS - NIGHT

Flip watches from his wheelchair as the BMW pulls up. It takes him a minute to recognize...

FLIP
Jerry? You didn't show last night. First time ever. Had me worried, boy.

JERRY
Sorry, Flip. (re: Liza)
Got sidetracked.

Flip glances at Liza, thinks he understands. As he winks at Jerry, Liza rolls her eyes to the heavens. Flip retrieves a double stack of newspapers and magazines.
FLIP
Saved you last night's, too.

JERRY
Flip was a hero in Vietnam.

FLIP
Sure was. Pounded the V.C. for this Greek cat named Ari Onasis.

Flip smiles as he wheels back over. He likes Jerry.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jerry and Liza by the window. Jerry hands her the front page of The New York Times. As Jerry scarfs bread...

JERRY
Just look at it. Ten seconds and you'll be scared out of your mind.

As Liza scans the paper, a waiter sets a small salad in front of her and a big bowl of spaghetti and sausage in front of Jerry. He digs in like a five-year-old.

JERRY
(re: salad)
You worked all day for that? Lettuce, tomatoes, no dressing. That's what, you're punishing yourself, right?

She looks up. An odd beat. Is Jerry on to something?

LIZA
You have the right to ask me certain personal questions?

JERRY
(slurps noodles)
Yeah. I think so.

Liza hands him back the paper.

LIZA
Nothing scary there. Sorry.

JERRY
Oh, well, maybe to the untrained eye.

(scans it)
Hmm... Ahh...

(raises eyebrows)

Ooooo...
Liza waits as Jerry spreads out the paper.

JERRY
More about life on Mars. From a rock they found on the South Pole. Explain that one to me. But maybe we should go to Mars and find out? How much do you think that's going to cost?

LIZA
What is it with you and the space program?

JERRY
And look here. Cease fire in Chechenia. That's good for the banks who lent the government money, but bad for the guys selling them weapons. (scanning article)
Listen to this, some gas company in Colorado. Their researchers have been blocked from testing a fuel additive. They've accused the E.P.A. of, quote, 'turning a blind eye to the future.'

Jerry grabs a dollar bill from the tip of the adjacent table. He turns it over, points out the "eye" above the pyramid.

JERRY
Well that's the eye right there. Money. And all the power and misery it brings with it. It's a plot to take over the world. The Master Conspiracy. Can take a lifetime to pull off.

LIZA
Do they have a secret handshake?

Jerry takes her hand. He shakes it, employing various complex machinations. Finished, he regards her intently.

LIZA
That's it?

JERRY
I have no idea.

She laughs. He got her that time. But after a beat...

LIZA
So why are they after you?
JERRY
I'm not sure. I think I figured something out.
(lowers voice)
It must've been in my newsletter.

LIZA
What newsletter?

Jerry crosses his lips with his finger, shushes her. He motions her forward so he can whisper. She leans in.

At that moment -- a GUNSHOT!

In one motion, Jerry stands, throws his chair through the plate glass window. As GLASS RAINS down, he's already got one foot out on the sidewalk. He reaches back for Liza.

JERRY
Come on!

Then Jerry sees the waiter, standing nearby, a bottle of wine in one hand, a popped cork in the other -- the source of the sound. Jerry looks back to Liza.

JERRY
So I'm a little jumpy. Who wouldn't be?

LIZA
You're certifiable.

JERRY
You wouldn't be sitting here if you didn't halfway believe me.

LIZA
Believe you about what?

Jerry shrugs. As the manager storms over, Liza peels off a hundred dollar bill.

LIZA
(re: window)
Will that cover it?

He shakes his head. As she peels off a few more...

JERRY
You know that hour you gave me to impress you? How much of it is left?

INT. JERRY'S VILLAGE BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY - NIGHT
Liza enters by a window at the fire escape. Jerry follows. His side is obviously bothering him.

LIZA
You okay?

JERRY
Flesh wound. No big deal.

Jerry heads for the door to his apartment.

LIZA
I still don't think we had to park a mile away.

INT. APARTMENT 202 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry and Liza enter. Closing the door behind them, he switches on the light. Liza looks from the filing cabinets to the silvery particle board covering the walls.

LIZA
Is this supposed to protect you from aliens?

Jerry doesn't answer as he locks the door, picks the empty beer bottle up off the floor.

JERRY
You know why the Grateful Dead are always on tour?

LIZA
Surprise me.

JERRY
The whole kit and caboodle of 'em are British Intelligence agents. Spies. Jerry Garcia had a double-o rating. Just like James Bond.

Jerry sits the beer bottle on the doorknob, turns, heads off. Liza looks at the bottle, then, "a la Bond"...

LIZA
Garcia, Jerry Garcia.

As he moves to follow...

FILE LABYRINTH

They snake their way through the towering files.

JERRY
You want something to drink?

LIZA
Um, coffee. If that's okay?

Jerry looks back over his shoulder, smiles.

JERRY
Coffee's our friend.

KITCHEN

Liza watches as Jerry unchains the refrigerator. He misinterprets the look on her face.

JERRY
I keep the beans in the fridge. They stay fresher that way.

As Jerry removes one of the stainless steel containers, Liza reads some of his magnetic poetry off the door.

LIZA
Must language produce a thousand knives and not recall a whisper?
(then another)
I love the delicate shadow of she wanting me to be.

Liza smiles at Jerry who looks up sheepishly from the container. He's having trouble with the lock.

JERRY
Forgot the combination... You want some grapefruit juice?

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry enters with Liza. The photo of Lennon gives her pause. She looks at the surrounding files then watches as Jerry turns the mimeograph drum, starts printing something.

JERRY
If my universe had a hub...

LIZA
This would be it?

Jerry nods. Liza steps to the drafting table where Jerry has done several rough, but competent sketches of horses in motion. There's a book open to a photo of a horse and rider jumping a rail. Liza closes it, reads:

LIZA
Equitation.

JERRY
I've been reading up on it.

LIZA
(re: sketches)
Are these yours?

Jerry nods, embarrassed. As he staples some papers together, Liza stops short. In the margin of one of the drawings are two small profile sketches of her. Eyes closed, it looks like she's sleeping.

JERRY
Here it is. *Conspiracy Theory*
(proudly hands it over)
It just went out Tuesday. Third issue this year. I bet I struck a nerve. Pissed someone off.

LIZA
(scans contents)
'The Space Shuttle's Seismic Secret'. 'The Oliver Stone-George Bush Connection'.
(looks up)
Oliver Stone?

JERRY
Stone is their spokesman. You think if someone really had all that information and a national podium to shout it out from that they'd let him do it? Stone’s a disinformation flunky. The face that he's alive says it all.

LIZA
Can you prove any of this?

JERRY
Absolutely not. A good conspiracy is an unprovable conspiracy. If you can figure it out, they screwed it up.

Liza flips through, reads the lead-in to one story aloud.

LIZA
'On July 8, 1979, security forces under control of the Trilateral Commission abducted the fathers of all American Nobel Prize winners. The men, many of them octogenarians, were forced at
gunpoint to ejaculate into small plastic bottles. The sperm collected is now under study in a laboratory beneath the headquarters of the Rand Corporation in Santa Monica, California.'

JERRY
Pretty scary, huh?

LIZA
Yeah... how many subscribers do you have?

JERRY
(embarrassed)
Just five. It's the economy... You think maybe one of them is not who they seem?

LIZA
You got a list?

Jerry nods, goes about digging one up. Liza steps to a bookshelf and fifteen different copies of *The Catcher in the Rye*.

LIZA
You're a Holden Caulfield fan.

JERRY
Who?

LIZA
Holden Caulfield? *Catcher in the Rye*?

JERRY
Never heard of him.

LIZA
You have ten copies of the book, but you don't know who the main character is?

JERRY
I've never read it. I just -- Every time I see one I buy it. I don't know why exactly... Wanna hear my favorite part?

Strange. As Liza nods, Jerry opens to a particular page.

JERRY
(reads)
'I keep picturing all these little
kids in this big field of rye...
And I'm standing on the edge of
some crazy cliff...' 

FRONT DOOR - BEER BOTTLE

Nothing until, almost imperceptibly, the door knob moves.

    JERRY (O.S.)
    'If they're running and they don't
    look where they're going I have to
    come out from somewhere and catch
    them.'

JERRY'S BEDROOM

    JERRY
    (finishing)
    'That's all I'd do all day. I'd
    just be the catcher in the rye.'

FRONT DOOR - BEER BOTTLE

The BOTTLE FALLS as the knob turns.

JERRY'S BEDROOM

A brief look between them before Jerry hits a switch
which kills the lights, then pulls her down alongside
him.

    LIZA
    It probably fell by itself.

Jerry puts a finger over her lips.

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Two black-clad snipers aim at Jerry's window, OPEN FIRE.

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liza stifles a cry as tear gas canisters CRASH the
WINDOW.

FRONT DOOR

It's bludgeoned open. Light streams from the hallway.
BUILDING HALLWAY

Ten black-clad assault team members dives for cover as their leader tosses in a CONCUSSION GRENADE.

JERRY'S LIVING ROOM

Cabinets split at the seams as the air is rent by the THUDDING IMPLOSION.

JERRY'S BEDROOM

A beacon shines through the shattered window, but they're clear. Jerry shoulders the desk across the floor. He pulls a barely visible wire loop, opens a trap door in the floor.

JERRY

Go.

As Jerry guides Liza down the hatch...

LIVING ROOM

The assault team enters military style.

KITCHEN WINDOWS

Smash as two commandos rappel their way inside.

JERRY'S BEDROOM

Grabbing the subscriber list, Jerry drops down the hatch pulls the trap door shut behind him.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark. Jerry lands alongside Liza on a mattress.

JERRY

Always rent a spare apartment!

Standing, Jerry hauls down on a handle attached to another thin wire. Really putting his weight into it.

JERRY'S BEDROOM

The desk slides back into position over the trap door. Just an instant before the assault team rolls in.
DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT

Jerry dashes to a closet. Liza watches as he opens the closet door, strikes a waiting match. He lights a fuse which burns up toward a hole in the floor.

LIZA
What are you doing?

JERRY
Getting rid of my hub!

Liza stops short. The white light from the fuse illuminates the Wonderwall. Liza stares at a 6x12 painted montage. One image dominates. In fact, it's arresting.

Bliss: Liza in full equestrian fear, hands outstretched, head thrown back. Astride a winged horse. It soars over a gate and up into the heavens.

Jerry has eyes only for the fuse. As it disappears through the hole in the floor, it takes its light with it. The Wonderwall goes dark.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - FILE CABINETS - NIGHT

Branching off, the fuse runs into them, through them. Incendiaries ignite.

FILE HALLWAY

Bursting into flames. Everywhere. The assault team members shout, beat a retreat.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry pulls a jacket from the closet, starts to pull it on. It's too dark to make out exactly what he's doing.

Liza grabs the matches, lights one. It casts a barely adequate glow on the wall.

LIZA
What is this?

Jerry's wearing a fireman's greatcoat, pulls on a fireman's helmet. Realizing what she's seen, he's very embarrassed.

JERRY
Don't know. It was here when I moved in.
The match burns to Liza's fingertips. Darkness once again.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

No shortage of light up here. As the last man exit, it's become an incinerator. White hot flame shoots out. Paint peels. The housing of the typewriter melts. A locked METAL CYLINDER on the kitchen counter EXPLODES in a shower of popcorn. Polaroids blister. But more than anything -- files burn. As the sound of SIRENS builds...

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Smoke, but no fire. Six NYC firefighters escort squinting residents to the fire escape. A FIREMAN exits an apartment with a woman slung over his shoulder.

FIREMAN
Make a hole. Watch your backs.

It's Jerry. The woman is Liza. As a path is cleared...

STAIRWELL

Jonas and his men trot up the stairs led by a FIRE CAPTAIN. Lowry follows, looking like he wished he were someplace else. Jonas no longer wears the bandage, just a small strip which partially covers the stitches across his nose.

They meet Jerry and Liza on the landing, cross right past them. Oblivious. Jerry and Liza continue down.

LIZA
Was that who I thought it was?

JERRY (FIREMAN)
Uh huh.

LIZA
Has this happened to you before?

JERRY
Never, but I've been practicing.

LIZA
(beat; then...)
Who are you, Jerry?

JERRY
Just a guy trying to put out a fire.
They continue down OUT OF SIGHT.

EXT. JERRY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - NIGHT

Jerry dumps the fireman's coat in the trash, jumps in the BMW as Liza TEARS AWAY from the curb.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonas and his men are walked through the smoldering ruins by a Fire Captain. He pauses at the silver on the walls.

FIRE CAPTAIN
See the aluminum stuff? Firewall. Guy designed it so he could turn the place into an incinerator. Leaves the rest of the building untouched.

CIA AGENT
(stepping up)
Dr. Jonas, there's something else you should see.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Illuminated with flashlights. Jonas enters, stares at the Wonderwall, mainly Liza, a moment before.

JONAS
In one hour I want to know what she eats, where she sleeps, the name of her gynecologist. Everything.

INT. LIZA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. Liza enters followed by Jerry. An awkward beat as Jerry looks suspiciously about.

LIZA
See? Home safe and sound.

They stand there like two teenagers at the end of a date. Liza holds her copy of Conspiracy Theory.

JERRY
You gave me an hour; now give me a day.

LIZA
Jerry, there's something I have to
ask you. Actually about a hundred things, but we can make progress, if you answer one question. To my satisfaction.

JERRY
Shoot.

LIZA
It was that painting. The one on the wall.

JERRY
(embarrassed)
I didn't mean for you to see it. It's like looking in someone's diary and taking it out of context. Know what I mean?

LIZA
It made me feel like you could see inside of me. And I don't know how that's possible.

JERRY
So what's the question?

LIZA
How is it possible?

Jerry doesn't answer. He looks around. Trapped. Then he spots a particular doorway...

JERRY
Could I, um, could I look at something?

Without warning for her answer, he walks into...

INT. LIZA'S APARTMENT - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Big enough for a chair, bookshelves and a treadmill. Jerry steps onto the treadmill. Tentatively, like it might swallow him. He looks forward, then looks back. At...

A framed 8X10 photo on the bookshelf: Liza, maybe 21 years old, in full equestrian gear holding the reins of her horse -- Johnny Dancer. She stands beside an older man who surely must be her father. He's also the "Mr. S" from Jerry's bizarre strobe show.

Liza stands in the door.

LIZA
I'll give you 100 bucks if you
leave right now.

    JERRY
    (steps to photo)
    Is this your dad?

    LIZA
    That was him.

    JERRY
    (picks up photo)
    Is he dead?

    LIZA
    Please put it down.

    JERRY
    How'd he die?

    LIZA
    He was murdered.

Liza tries to keep her cool; it's not easy. Jerry looks from the photo to the treadmill. It's all suddenly clear.

    JERRY
    He's why you punish yourself.

    LIZA
    Not this again.

    JERRY
    You run with your back to the picture. Like you were trying to get away. Once in awhile you sing along with music, but mostly you punish yourself.

    LIZA
    (realizes)
    You watch me, don't you?

Jerry realizes he's blown it. Liza looks out the window, down to the street.

    LIZA
    Where do you stand? In the alley?
    Do you sit in a car? Is it every night? What?

Jerry counters by pointing out the horse in the photo.

    JERRY
    Johnny Dancer, right? You don't ride him anymore, do you? Not since your dad died.
LIZA
Fuck you.  I know you're crazy, but fuck you.

Forlorn, Jerry sets the picture back down. The walls of books reminds him of something.

JERRY
Do you have a copy of that book I can borrow?  *Catcher*?  I don't usually go this long without one.

Liza closes her eyes, rubs them.

LIZA
You got your twenty-four hours.  Just give me the next eight off.

Jerry nods, exits in front of her. She stays put. A few moments pass before we hear her front DOOR OPEN and then CLOSE as Jerry leaves. Liza's eyes flicker over to the treadmill. A moment and then...

LIZA
(re: treadmill)
Fuck you, too...

Liza turns, switches off the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE LIZA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A drizzle has started to fall. For a street lined with parked cars, it has a rather desolate feel. There's a certain car -- a Crown Victoria. A silhouette behind the wheel. Liza's apartment is being watched.

CROWN VICTORIA

It's Agent Lowry. And in the back seat AGENT MURPHY. They sit in silence, a relaxed, practiced state of alert. Murphy frowns at the RAINDROPS which SPLAT the rear window.

MURPHY
I'm gonna take a piss in the alley before it starts to pour.

Lowry nods, keeps his eyes on the entrance to the apartment. Murphy opens the door. As he climbs out of the back seat, we see a black 9mm in a shoulder harness.

A few moments pass. Agent Lowry leans forward to look up
to the dark window of Liza's apartment. Behind him, he hears the back door open, Agent Murphy slide in the back seat. As Lowry leans back:

    LOWRY
    How's your bladder?

The barrel of Murphy's black 9mm is pressed squarely against the side of Lowry's head.

    VOICE (O.S.)
    Not bad. (cocks hammer) How's yours?

It's Jerry in the back seat! But Lowry's a pretty cool customer. He regards Jerry evenly in the rearview.

    LOWRY
    Lot of folks are looking for you.

Lowry's hand inches toward a .45 on the front seat.

    JERRY
    Then you must be the smart one. Hands on the steering wheel.

A little nudge of the 9mm and Lowry does as he's told.

    JERRY
    Thank you.

    LOWRY
    You're welcome. Where's my partner?

    JERRY
    I like that. A gun to your head and you ask about your partner. He's okay. May have a headache for a few days. Are you here with honorable intentions?

    LOWRY
    I'm not sure what you mean.

    JERRY
    You should think of me as Liza Sutton's guardian angel.

    LOWRY
    That's ironic. Because we're here to protect her from you.

    JERRY
    You're here because you figured I might show up.
LOWRY
It seemed like a possibility.
What about your intentions? Are they honorable?

JERRY
I'm not a violent man, Mr. Lowry.
Not by nature, anyhow. But if you hurt Liza in any way, I'll kill you. Does that seem honorable?

LOWRY
Well, I don't know if --

Jerry creases the back of his head with the gun barrel. As Lowry slumps unconscious, Jerry starts out, then pauses.

JERRY
Are you pretending?

It sure doesn't seem so. Till Jerry cocks back the hammer.

LOWRY
(all but motionless)
Yes.

Jerry whacks him again. Jerry's about to go when the front door to Liza's building opens and Liza steps out in her running gear.

Jerry crouches, but he needn't bother. She's not looking his way. As she takes off down the street:

JERRY
Shit...

Jerry pulls Lowry over to the passenger's seat, then climbs into the driver's seat. He starts the car, then rolls out after her.

LIZA
runs. Looks every inch the athlete as she moves. Her feet splash through the growing puddles as she's off the curb and on the street.

CROWN VICTORIA - JERRY
Jerry "talks" to Lowry as he drives, shadowing Liza.

JERRY
She shouldn't be outside at night.
What's she doing?  
(looks to Lowry)  
I know you can hear me.

LIZA

cuts through a gap in the wall and enters Central Park.

CROWN VICTORIA - JERRY

As he stops short, Lowry slams into the dash. He turns, rides along looking for a place to turn into the park. And then she's gone from sight. Jerry abandons Lowry and the car in the middle of the street and takes off on foot.

PARK - LIZA

Moving between the trees. Elusive. Tireless.

PARK - JERRY

Gasping. It takes everything he's got to keep her in sight. He strips off his jacket to lighten the load.

STREET

As Liza exits the park, continues on her way, unaware that behind her...

Jerry collapses against the wall. Taking each breath like it was his last, he watches as she disappears from sight. Finally, as he staggers out of the park...

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE BOOKSTORE (MANHATTAN) - NIGHT

Jerry down the aisles. Getting desperate. Finally, the classics section. Moby Dick. Pilgrim's Progress. Of Mice And Men. Bingo! The Catcher In The Rye. One copy left. Jerry grabs it. Whew...

CASH REGISTER

The clerk waits as Jerry steps up, hands him the book.

JERRY

Been a long day.

The clerk nods, picks up a scanner, runs it over the bar code on the back of the book.
IMMEDIATE CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER SURVEILLANCE ROOM (SOMEWHERE) - NIGHT

Three bleary-eyed TECHNICIANS sit up and take notice as an alarm goes off on one of several computer screens.

TECH #1
Somebody bought one!

The second Technician watches as city grid maps flash across his computer screen. It narrows to a single street.

TECH #2
Barnes and Noble. McKinley Avenue.

Tech #3 grabs a radio mic.

TECH #3
CLEET code 115. Location is 11-546 McKinley. Barnes and Noble. Keep collateral damage minimum.

CUT TO:

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE - NIGHT

The clerk hands Jerry his bag, thanks him. Jerry starts out. Throwing the bag in the trash, he's out the door.

EXT. BARNES AND NOBLE - NIGHT

Jerry walks down the street, reading.

A popular area, there are still quite a few people about. Suddenly the pages flutter in Jerry's hand. Trash swirls at his feet. He stops, slowly looks up as he hears the HELICOPTER.

Black, no running lights, equipped with a sound damper. It descends quickly over the intersection. Silky black cords drop. Traffic snarls as CLEET COMMANDOS slide down.

Four of them. Plainclothed with discreet com-headsets. Wearing jackets, we catch glimpses of the equipment slung on their hips, including machine pistols. Each has a 2X3 piece of paper taped to his wrist. Like NFL quarterbacks with the plays, except the papers are photos of Jerry.

The helicopter is gone so fast some people haven't even
noticed. The commandos disperse into the crowd, refer to their wrists as they advance in Jerry's direction.

Jerry hightails it the opposite way, tries not to attract attention. He pulls up in front of a movie theater as a second chopper swoops in to drop four more commandos at the south intersection. The street has been sealed off.

Jerry stands there a beat, not sure what to do. Something makes him look across the street where CLEET #1 pulls up, looks over at him. As CLEET #1 refers to his wrist photo, Jerry dashes into the theater.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - THIRD HELICOPTER - NIGHT

In a hurry. The skyline whizzes past as Jonas listens in on his headphones.

CLEET #1 (V.O.)
I repeat. Target has entered the theater.

JONAS
Oswald tried the same tactic, if I recall.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Nearly a full house. Jerry sits near the front, nervously looking back over his shoulder, watching the aisle.

Four CLEETs appear silhouetted at the entrance. As they start down, checking faces...

As the manager drones, people head for the aisles. Jerry moves for the emergency exit. Sticking out like a sore thumb as the emergency door opens and a shadowy figure steps inside the alcove. A CLEET commando.

He spots Jerry, starts forward.

CLEET #3
(into com-set)
He's in the third theater.

Jerry starts back through what's been an orderly proceeding.

JERRY
Bomb! There's a bomb in here!

As the cry of "Bomb!" gets taken up, panic spreads. No one gets trampled, but the shoving is fierce. As the
CLEETs fight their way down, Jerry heads for the rear exit. A few other patrons go that way as well.

EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND THEATER

Jerry exits with a solid head-start, but as he turns there's a CLEET in the alley. Checking faces -- not looking Jerry's way yet. Jerry keeps close behind another patron, then darts out, swings the CLEET face first into the wall.

As the CLEET draws his machine-pistol, Jerry slams his face once, twice into the wall. As the CLEET drops, Jerry makes eye contact with a woman who watches aghast.

JERRY

I didn't like his looks. Did you?

As she shakes her head "no," Jerry continues on his way.

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

A big crowd. As police cars pull up, the CLEET commandos exchange a look. Removing their headsets, they disperse, dissolving into the crowd like they were never even here.

INT. LIZA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She's asleep. All seems peaceful. Then, low WHISPERING. It STOPS, STARTS again. Low, conspiratorial, cabalistic. Liza tosses, turns in her sleep. A shadow seems to pass over her. But as she wakes up, the WHISPERING FADES.

Liza sits up, a bit spooked. She cocks her head, listens. Was that a click in the other room. Unsure, she gets up, heads for the door.

LIVING ROOM

Filled with long, dark shadows. Liza steps out, puts a hand on the light switch. Steeling herself, she switches them on. The room is empty.

SITTING ROOM

Liza sticks her head in. Empty.

BATHROOM

Lights go on. No one here. Liza slowly pulls back the shower curtain. Nothing. She switches the lights off.
LIVING ROOM

Liza returns from the kitchen, something in her hand. Stepping to the door, she first checks to make sure it's locked. Then she balances an empty bottle upside down on the knob. She looks at it a second, shakes her head.

LIZA
I'm turning into Jerry.

Switching off the lights, she exits for the bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - BINOCULAR POV - DAY

as Liza starts up the steps. Being watched.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Two surveillance drones monitor Liza's movements.

BINOCULAR POV - SURVEILLANCE VAN

Someone's watching the watchers.

CLOSE ON JERRY

Observing the van through a pair of binoculars. It's difficult to say where he is.

INT. ACROSS STREET - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jerry stands at the window, looking through a small telescope.

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - WILSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Wilson looks across his desk to where Liza stands.

WILSON
I've been given a cease and desist on all matters relating to Jerry Fletcher. We're not to discuss him with the press, the N.Y.P.D., anyone. Building police are to arrest him on sight and we're to report any attempt he makes to contact you.
LIZA
This doesn't make sense.

WILSON
It makes perfect sense. Field work is not our oeuvre.

LIZA
I don't like it. Something's wrong.

WILSON
Dr. Jonas thought you might be inclined not to cooperate. Why is that?

LIZA
We don't know who Jonas is. We don't know who it is we're cooperating with.

WILSON
I've had a lot of credentials flashed in my face, Liza. What I saw yesterday, I know not to ask questions. We're out. Shut off. Terminated. Understood?

LIZA
-- Understood.

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Liza strides down the hall. LAWYERS, seen earlier in the conference room, are talking. One looks over as Liza nears.

LAWYER
Liza, settle a bet for us.

LIZA
(snaps)
What do I look like to you? Switzerland?

They all lean a little closer to the wall, make sure she has room to pass.

As Liza passes her secretary, Jill.

LIZA
Any messages?

JILL
Nothing so far, Liza.
INT. LIZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Liza enters, she looks at her equestrian photo a moment, then BUZZES the INTERCOM.

    LIZA
    You're sure?

    JILL (V.O.)
    (over intercom)
    Not a thing.

Sighing, Liza opens her briefcase, pulls out the *Conspiracy Theory* newsletter and Jerry's subscriber list. Sitting at her desk, she turns on her computer.

EXT. ACROSS FROM JUSTICE BUILDING - SIDEWALK - DAY

Lunchtime. A big crowd on the street. Among them -- Jerry. He wears a baseball cap, heads right for the van.

    JERRY
    Can't see the forest for the trees.

He holds a six inch length of steel rebar and a coil of wire cable. He passes the van. No one in the front. At the rear quarter, Jerry bends down to tie his shoes.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

The DRONES hunch over a speaker as a reel-to-reel records. We hear a TELEPHONE RING, a WOMAN'S VOICE say "Hello?"

    LIZA (V.O.)
    (over speaker)
    I'd like to speak to Mr. Ketcham.

    WOMAN (V.O.)
    This is Mrs. Ketcham.

INT. LIZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Liza's on the phone, unaware it's a party line.

    LIZA
    Hi, Mrs. Ketcham. Your husband subscribes to our newsletter. I'd like to ask him if he'd like to renew his subscription.
INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Where they listen, unaware of Jerry.

MRS. KETCHAM (WOMAN) (V.O.)
My husband's dead. He was killed two nights ago in a car accident.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

On one end, the cable is sinched around the middle of the length of the rebar. Jerry slides the bar through the center hole of a manhole cover. The other end has a loop which he attaches to the van's undercarriage. Shoes tied, Jerry rises, continues on his way.

INT. LIZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Liza crosses the name Ketcham off the subscriber list. There's just one name left: Henry Finch. In St. Louis.

Liza looks up as her office door opens and Jill carries in a bouquet. Sunflowers -- seven of them.

JILL
They just came for you.

Liza opens the car: Go out front. Take the westbound bus.

Liza stands, grabs her cell phone off the desk.

LIZA
Jill, I'm expecting a call from the post office in St. Louis. Transfer it to me when it comes.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

The Drones watch as Liza exits and heads for the bus stop. As Drone #1 moves up into the driver's seat, Drone #2 makes a call.

DRONE #2
Subject is on the move.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

A bus pulls up and Liza gets on.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY
Facing the other way. As it pulls out, the wire unspools.

INSERT - INSIDE MANHOLE

The wire whips up until the piece of rebar hits the hole.

STREET

The 155 pound manhole cover pops loose, bounces along behind the van. As the van pulls a U-turn, the MANHOLE whips around, SLAMS in the door of a parked car.

VAN

Drone #1 checks the side mirror, spots the manhole cover bouncing along behind. He HITS the BRAKES. The van stops, but the MANHOLE keeps coming. It SLAMS the rear of the van, tears a three-foot gash before CLANGING to the ground.

Drone #2 jumps out, tries to lift the manhole to thread the rebar out. As he struggles, Drone #1 hits the HORN.

DRONE #1

We're losing her!

Giving up, Drone #2 gets back in the van. They take off. The MANHOLE CLANGS along behind them, sideswipes a car. That draws the attention of a police cruiser coming the opposite direction. As the cherry lights flip on, the manhole takes out the cruiser's windshield.

As the van turns the corner, the manhole wraps around a pole. As the rear axle tears free of the van...

EXT. BUS STOP #2 - DAY

Jerry waits as the bus approaches, stops. Down the street, the cops approach the van. Smiling, Jerry boards the bus.

INT. BUS - DAY (ROLLING)

Jerry walks to the back, sits beside Liza.

JERRY

Did you see the van back there?

LIZA

(turning)

What van?
JERRY
Never mind. You'd think I was making it up.

LIZA
Where'd you get your subscribers?

JERRY
I put an ad on a computer bulletin board. I log on at the library so I can't be traced.

LIZA
Well, I've been tracking them down all morning.

JERRY
You haven't been bothering them, have you?

LIZA
They're dead. Four out of five anyhow. All in the last 24 hours. One car accident, two heart attacks and a stroke.

JERRY
Jesus... It's my fault. They drew a black line over me and now I'm passing it on.

(realizes)
I'm passing it to you, too.

LIZA
I'll be fine. Let's worry about Henry Finch. P.O. Box in St. Louis. He's the last on the list. I haven't been able to reach him yet.

JERRY
Maybe you better not try... I worked so hard to keep quiet. Like a mouse. I should have realized.

LIZA
Realized what?

JERRY
Henry Finch. That they monitor everything. That it was only a matter of time. And now four people are dead.

Liza reaches into her pocket, takes out the newsletter.
LIZA
Elaborate on 'they,' okay?

JERRY
There are all kinds of groups, all kinds of initials. But they're all part of two warring factions. One: families that have held wealth for centuries. They want one thing. Stability. Group Two: the boat rockers. Eisenhower's military industrial complex. They want instability. It's a trillion dollar a year business. When there isn't a hot war, they make a cold one.

LIZA
Cold War's over, Jerry.

JERRY
So now they feed us terrorists. To create fear. How much do you think an airport security system goes for? Then multiply it by every airport in the country.

LIZA
And you think Group One is at war with Group Two.

JERRY
Latest casualty? Ernest Harriman. You heard of him?

LIZA
Sure. One of the richest men in America until he died a few days ago.

JERRY
His obituary was in every paper. But not one of them said he was murdered.

LIZA
Murdered?

JERRY
Right here in Manhattan.

LIZA
It said in the paper he drowned in a swimming pool. In Newport.

JERRY
Nobody dies in Newport. They couldn't even kill Sunny von Bulow there. Harriman drowned, but it wasn't in Newport.

LIZA
Where then?

INT. 7TH AVENUE SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Jerry and Liza stand amidst the hustle and bustle.

JERRY
Right here. In the 7th Street subway station.

LIZA

JERRY
I see the big picture and you stumble around in the details.

LIZA
They're big details, Jerry.

JERRY
Do you watch the news? Read the paper. Last week, this whole place was underwater.

LIZA
A water main broke.

JERRY
They don't break in the summer! Do you know what building is right over this spot? Harriman Tower. Their sub-basement was flooded! He didn't die in a pool. Call the coroner in Rhode Island! Ask if the water in his lungs was chlorinated!

LIZA
Okay, I will.

JERRY
You will?
LIZA
If that's what you want. Yes.

She means it sincerely. She'll help. Jerry's touched.

JERRY
I don't know what to say.
(blurts)
I love you.

LIZA
What?

A spontaneous moment. Jerry's barely sure he said it.

JERRY
I -- It's like, I resolve to call you up 1000 times a day. To ask you if you'll marry me in some old-fashioned way.
(shrugs)
Everything you do is magic.

LIZA
Those are song lyrics, Jerry.

JERRY
I know that. I'm just -- I'm nervous. I reached out and grabbed the first thing out there. I know they're song lyrics. And I know how I feel.

LIZA
I like you, Jerry. A lot.

JERRY
Oh, Christ, here it comes. Look, I know you think I'm crazy. I don't think I am, but...

LIZA
Jerry, I --

JERRY
What if I reached a point where you didn't think I was crazy anymore? If I was normal.

LIZA
If you were eating Kentucky Fried Chicken and drinking Coca-Cola again.

JERRY
Yeah... Would you, I mean, could you love me then? If I was
normal. Maybe?

LIZA
Don't do this to yourself. Jerry. You don't love me.

Jerry shakes his head.

JERRY
You're wrong. Since I met you, I don't dream about holes anymore.

LIZA
Holes? I don't know what you're talking about.

JERRY
Yesterday you were wondering about the wall. How it was possible.

LIZA
Now's not really the time to get into this --

JERRY
It's Geronimo. Love. It lets you see things. It gives you insight. I've loved you since the first time I saw you.

After a long beat...

LIZA
And when was that? Was it that night I got mugged? Or was it before then?

Jerry looks away.

LIZA
Answer me. Was the first time you saw me the first time I saw you? Was it? You've been following me around. Do you see how that could be disconcerting to me? That's not love, Jerry. It's obsession. And it isn't normal and you can't expect me to respond to it and you can't expect me to feel the same way.

(long beat)
Can you?

JERRY
I would never hurt you, Liza. Think whatever you want, but don't think that.
LIZA
I don't. I know you wouldn't.

JERRY
I thought you -- Why -- Love ruins everything, doesn't it?

Jerry starts off through the crowd.

LIZA
Jerry? Come back.

Jerry starts to run. Liza starts after him, but she runs into a commuter, then another. Jerry's lost in the crowd.

The subway is about to leave. As Jerry gets on, Liza spots him. The doors close. The train rolls. She moves alongside, tries to get his attention, but he won't look over.

SUBWAY TRAIN

Jerry finally looks back. He sees Liza an instant before entering the tunnel, then a row of white strobe lights on the tunnel wall. Jerry tries to blink them out as the sound of conspiratorial whispers fill the train. He looks about. It's all suddenly unreal. Certain passengers turn their heads, leer at him.

FLASH CUT TO:

SUBJECTIVE POV

Mr. S. Mr. Sutton. Liza's father. Standing at a white horse fence. His BACK TO us as whoever it is comes up from behind. As a pistol is raised INTO FRAME, the WHISPERING GROWS IN VOLUME. Mr. Sutton turns and somewhere along the way, it BECOMES A SCREAM.

INT. 7TH AVENUE SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Liza stands there, curses herself as the last of the train is swallowed by the tunnel. This isn't how she meant things to turn out. Then, her CELL PHONE RINGS. She takes it from her pocket, flips it open.

LIZA
Hello?

JILL (V.O.)
Liza, we got a call from the P.O. in St. Louis. The mail for Henry
Finch is being forwarded. Right here to Manhattan.

LIZA
Where?

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING (MANHATTAN) - DAY

The same place where Jerry followed Clarke and Piper in the beginning. As Liza enters.

JILL (V.O.)
The International Fund For Mergers and Acquisitions.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Liza steps to the building's directory, slides a finger across. The Central Intelligence Agency occupies the 18th to the 22nd floors. Just like Jerry saw. Liza drops her finger down... The 24th floor -- The International Fund For Mergers and Acquisitions.

EXT. 24TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Liza gets off the elevator, heads over to the door to the I.F.M.A. What's really behind here? Liza takes a breath, grabs the doorknob to find out.

INT. INTERNATIONAL FUND FOR MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS - DAY

A group of bureaucrats pass by discussing interest rates. Liza steps over to a RECEPTIONIST.

LIZA
I'm here to see Henry Finch.

RECEPTIONIST
Who?

LIZA
Henry Finch.

The Receptionist looks her over a moment.

RECEPTIONIST
Is he expecting you?

Jackpot! Liza, dropdead official, flashes her credentials.

LIZA
I'm Ms. Sutton with the Justice Department. Could you tell Mr. Finch I need to see him at once.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A SECRETARY leads Liza past cubicles full of clerks going about business. They come to a door. Finch. They enter.

FINCH'S OFFICE

No one's at the desk, but the door to the adjoining bathroom is open. Liza can hear WATER RUNNING in the SINK.

SECRETARY

He'll be right with you.

The Secretary exits, closing the door behind her. Liza watches the bathroom door, apprehensive as she hears the WATER TURN OFF. A prolonged moment before ...

Dr. Jonas exits the bathroom. He looks at her, smiles.

JONAS

If you're as impressed to see me as I am to see you, you're very impressed indeed. How's Jerry feeling this morning?

LIZA

Fine. What the hell is going on?

JONAS

Please, sit.

Liza sits across from the desk. Jonas watches her closely.

JONAS

What I'm about to tell you is partially documented. The Freedom of Information Act saw to that. But much more of it isn't. For reasons which will soon be regrettably clear, I'm going to share -- secrets -- with you. Repeat any of it and you'll simply bestow the title of 'paranoid' upon yourself.

LIZA

Truth'll set you free. I'm listening.
Jonas smiles sadly, turns his alumni ring around his finger.

JONAS
Years ago, I worked for the C.I.A. in the M.K. ULTRA program. Are you familiar with it?

LIZA
It was mind control. Manchurian Candidate kind of stuff, right?

JONAS
A vulgar pop term, but yes. Take an ordinary man and turn him into an assassin. That was our goal.

LIZA
Ask what you can do for your country. That kind of thing.

JONAS
(ignores comment)
M.K. ULTRA was terminated in 1973. But not the research. It was renamed. EX CATCHER.

LIZA
As in Catcher in the Rye?

JONAS
I am impressed. We used the distinctive cover as a sort of mental flash card.

Jonas steps over, his tone growing more confidential.

JONAS
We experimented with hallucinogens. We used electro-shock to produce a vegetative state. We conducted terminal experiments in sensory deprivation.

LIZA
Terminal?

JONAS
As in 'resulting in death.' We pushed the envelope until it wasn't even an envelope anymore.

LIZA
If I had any idea what to charge you with or how to prove it, I'd
arrest you right here.

JONAS
Me? I was a minor missionary, a heretic really. But where else could a red-blooded American boy lie, cheat, steal and kill with the sanction and blessings of the All-Highs? Besides, now I'm trying to pay my penance.

LIZA
Missionary? Penance? You talk about it like it was a religion.

JONAS
It was. It was.

Jonas says it almost sadly.

LIZA
Jerry told me he bit your nose.

JONAS
And what did I say?

LIZA
A dog.

JONAS
My dog. One I intend to put to sleep. Extrapolate from there.

LIZA
These things you're talking about. You did them to Jerry?

JONAS
Yes, that's right.

Liza looks at Jonas with revulsion. A moment.

LIZA
Why don't you continue with your religious experiences?

Jonas smiles, nods in acquiescence.

JONAS
M.K. ULTRA, EX CATCHER, it all ended the moment John Hinckley shot Ronald Reagan.

He sees her eyes widen.

JONAS
It wasn't us. The science had
been sold. Pandora's Box opened. My children were taken from me and employed by the private sector. Jerry was one of them.

A long beat as they consider each other. We hear the CLOCK TICK on the credenza.

LIZA
I'm still listening.

JONAS
Jerry is dangerous. Jerry has killed --

LIZA
I don't believe you.

Jonas looks a bit melancholy as he smiles, shrugs.

JONAS
Belief is immaterial. What's important is the truth... It's been my job to find Jerry. I'm very much responsible for him.

LIZA
If this was a spy novel, your next words would be something like I now know too much to live. Why are you telling me all this?

JONAS
So you'll believe what I tell you next. Because I need to find Jerry. And I don't think I can do that without you.

Jonas reaches into a file on his desk, hands Liza a worn, creased wallet-sized photo.

JONAS
Do you recognize this?

It's a smaller version of the photo of Liza and her father that Liza keeps behind the treadmill. Liza's stunned.

LIZA
Where'd you get it?

JONAS
You do recognize it then?

LIZA
It was my father's. Kept it in his wallet. He was murdered --
JONAS
I know the story. A federal judge. He denied a man in prison an appeal for a new trial.

LIZA
Not a man. Ezekiel Walters.

JONAS
Walters had nothing to do with your father's murder.

LIZA
You sound so sure.

Jonas doesn't answer. Liza looks at the photo. Jonas' watches -- the observer.

LIZA
When they found him, he was holding his wallet.
But he hadn't been robbed.
(to Jonas)
The only thing missing was this photo. Where did you find it?

Jonas picks up a keyring, holds up an odd-shaped key.

JONAS
In Jerry's safety deposit box.

LIZA
I don't understand.

Jonas is coldly paternal as...

JONAS
Jerry killed your father, Liza.
And he's been obsessed with you ever since... It's not even really his fault. The blame is mine.
I'm sorry.

Liza looks up at the ceiling, the walls. Like a bird in a cage as it sinks in. She blinks out a tear. Another. No place to hide. Jerry.

LIZA
It all makes sense. Oh God. He killed him. Jerry killed him.

Liza gulps a breath, covers her mouth with her hand. She's going to be sick.

Jonas sees it. Like he's done it before, he turns his trash can over, dumps the contents, hands it to her
PHOTO OF LIZA AND HER FATHER

TIGHTEN ON it as we hear LIZA RETCH. Painfully. Like glass was coming up.

INT. OFFICE - CLOSE ON BUSINESS END OF TELESCOPE - DAY

Jerry on the other end. He stands at a half-washed window with a bucket of soapy water and a squeegee, stares up the street at ...

TELESCOPE POV - BLINDFOLDED JUSTICE

PAN DOWN the building TO the street. Two operatives wait in a black sedan. PAN UP and ACROSS the street. Two more operatives in a second black sedan facing the opposite direction. The VIEW SWINGS AROUND.

TELESCOPE POV - HELICOPTER

Black. On a helipad two blocks away. An eight member plainclothed CLEET unit milling. The VIEW SWINGS again TO an adjacent rooftop. Two last operatives stand at the edge, headphones on, scanning the area with parabolic microphones.

JERRY

Smiles grimly.

JERRY
At least someone's finally taking me seriously.

Spotting something below, Jerry raises the telescope.

TELESCOPE POV - STREET

A truck shaped like a slice of pizza pulls up. As the pizza guy climbs out.

JERRY

Checks his watch, smiles. Pizza's right on time. He turns, starts out. A hand clamps down on his shoulder.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!
WIDEN to include a BIG MAN. As Jerry balls a fist ...

BIG MAN
(gesturing)
You call that a clean window?

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - WILSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Wilson and Liza and Jonas and various hovering aides sit in silence.

Waiting for something to happen. Liza jumps as the door opens. WILSON'S SECRETARY steps in with the pizza.

WILSON'S SECRETARY
Ms. Sutton's pizza, sir.

LIZA
I didn't order... a pizza.

As Liza realizes, Jonas is already waving the Secretary in. He grabs the box, sets it in front of Liza. She looks at Wilson, then opens it. Pepperoni. With a note on top.

LIZA
(reading)
Go to the northeast corner. Call a cab. Bring the pizza.
(looks up)
Then there's a poem.
(reading)
Roses are red, violets are blue, if the Pope goes to Washington, I would, too.

WILSON
What the hell does that mean?

As Liza hands Wilson the note.

WILSON
Somebody find out if the Pope's scheduled to visit Washington?!

As people scramble, Jonas looks across at Liza.

JONAS
If you're up to it, I'd like to follow him. See where he goes.

WILSON
No, hold on. I don't think --

LIZA
It's okay. I'm game.

JONAS
(re: pizza box)
I want this box rigged with a beacon!

EXT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Liza exits carrying the pizza. MOVE WITH her as she heads to the NE corner. She has no sooner raised her hand when a Yellow Cab pulls up at the curb. Jerry behind the wheel.

JERRY
Where to, lady?

Liza hesitates a beat, then gets in on the passenger side.

LIZA
You tell me.

The cab rolls. A sedan follows; the second pulls a U-turn.

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

The helicopter lifts off.

EXT. COMMAND VAN - PARKED BEHIND JUSTICE - DAY

A big box van. Jonas and Wilson enter. A dot (the beacon) flashes on a city grid. They roll.

EXT. YELLOW CAB - HELICOPTER POV

Driving the city grid. There are other taxis down here, but not so many that they'll be lost.

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - DAY

The PILOT flies. His SPOTTER is on the radio.

SPOTTER
Rolling east. Fender number 1301.

INT. SEDAN ONE - ROLLING - DAY

One of the Operatives on the radio.
OPERATIVE
We're on him. Seventy-five yards back.

INT. COMMAND VAN - ROLLING - DAY
Wilson and Jonas listen as the OPERATIVES AND the SPOTTER TALK BACK AND FORTH.

INT. YELLOW CAB - ROLLING - DAY
Liza instinctively sits as close to the door as possible. Not noticing, Jerry grabs a piece of pizza, eats.

    JERRY
    It's good. Have some.

She waves him off.

    JERRY
    How'd they like that thing about the pope? I made it up. Threw it in there to get 'em going.

Liza doesn't answer. It's no longer cute. She anxiously starts to check the side mirror. Catches herself.

    JERRY
    You look great.

    LIZA
    (flat)
    Thanks.

Liza looks away, can barely stand this.

    JERRY
    Are you okay? I wish I hadn't told you what I did. But I can't help the way I feel. You don't hold that against me, do you?

    LIZA
    No. That wouldn't be fair. Where are we going, Jerry?

    JERRY
    It would be a lot easier for me to show you instead of tell you. But first things first.

Jerry checks his rearview mirror, looking for the car. Liza feigns ignorance.

    LIZA
What is it?

JERRY
There's a car following us.
Probably another one flanking us
the next street over.

Jerry leans forward to look upwards through the
windshield.

JERRY
And somewhere up top, a chopper.

Liza looks up as well, her acting convincing.

JERRY
They think they're so smart...
Actually, they are.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY
1000 feet above. Tough to lose.

EXT. YELLOW CAB - ROLLING - DAY
The light ahead goes yellow. The cab speeds up. Red
light. The car ahead stops. The cab weaves around,
squeezes the intersection just ahead of the cross
traffic.

INT. SEDAN ONE - DAY
Turns into the oncoming lane to follow, but is forced
back.

OPERATIVE
He made us!

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - DAY
No problems up here.

SPOTTER
We've got him. He's headed for
the bridge.

Down below and ahead, the Queensboro Bridge.

EXT. SEDAN TWO - ROLLING - DAY
Flanking as Jerry thought, they turn left ahead of where
Sedan One is stuck in traffic.
OPERATIVE #2

We're on him!

INT. COMMAND VAN - ROLLING - DAY

Watching the blip, Jonas gets on the air.

JONAS
Jonas to ground units. The helicopter has him. Hang back and let him think he lost you.

INT. SEDAN TWO - ROLLING - DAY

Following orders, they slow.

INT. YELLOW CAB (QUEENSBORO BRIDGE) - SUNSET

They turn onto the ramp for the bridge. Headed for the lower section of the double-decker.

LIZA
We're going to Queens?

JERRY
Not today.

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

They watch as the Yellow Cab disappears from sight.

SPOTTER
On the bridge. Lower level.

As they ZOOM over it...

INT. YELLOW CAB (BRIDGE) - SUNSET

Halfway across it. Without warning, Jerry locks it up, whips the wheel around. Liza screams as the cab slides sideways.

EXT. BRIDGE - BRONX-BOUND LANES - SUNSET

HORNS BLARE. The cab blocks traffic. Jerry exits, shouts for Liza to follow. The grabs the pizza box, joins him at the center guardrail.

LIZA
Now what?
JERRY
This way.

Jerry climbs over the median, drops over to the other side. He holds out his hand. She pauses, then takes it.

As she goes over, she drops the pizza box. She reaches for it, but Jerry pulls her along.

JERRY
Forget it! I'll buy you another one!

MANHATTAN-BOUND LAKES
already slow with commuters. Across the lanes, an abandoned car, its rear end up on a jack.

Jerry raises a cautionary hand to traffic, starts across with Liza in tow. He steps over to the abandoned car.

JERRY
After you.
(as she hesitates)
It's okay. I'm the one who left it here.

LIZA
Where are we going, Jerry?

JERRY
Connecticut.

LIZA
What's in Connecticut?

Jerry takes her arm, guides her in.

JERRY
I don't mean to be mysterious, but you'll know when we get there.

Jerry, behind the wheel, STARTS the CAR. Suddenly, he stares to the left, transfixed. Liza follows his gaze, but the only thing apparent are the three red-and-white smokestacks of the Con-Edison plant.

But before Liza can ask, Jerry snaps out of it.

The front-wheel-drive digs in. The jack spits loose and the rear end hits the asphalt. As they blend into traffic.

EXT. HELICOPTER - SUNSET
Waiting over the Jersey-end of the bridge, no idea of what's going on. The Spotter realizes ...

          SPOTTER
         Drop down.

They drop, see that no more cars are coming off the bridge.

EXT. BRIDGE - SEDAN TWO - SUNSET

Stopped in traffic. The helicopter Spotter on the radio.

          SPOTTER (V.O.)
         Something's wrong. We're going in.

The Operatives get out of the sedan, rush forward.

EXT. HELICOPTER - SUNSET

Hovering low, deploying its CLEET unit onto the bridge.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - SUNSET

The abandoned car drives off the bridge. Jerry and Liza go completely unnoticed. PULL BACK AS they become a very small needle in a very big haystack.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The CAR WHIZZES past the "Entering Connecticut" sign.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jerry drives. The RADIO PLAYS SOFTLY. Liza sits as far over as possible. Quiet, then finally...

          JERRY
        Ted Bundy. David Berkowitz.
        Richard Speck.

The names just hang in the air. Liza is scared. Finally, curiosity gets the best of her.

          LIZA
       What about them?
          JERRY
How come serial killers have two names, but lone gunman assassins have three. John Wilkes Booth. Mark David Chapman. Lee Harvey Oswald.

LIZA
(after a beat)
John Hinkley. The guy who shot Reagan. He only had two names.

JERRY
(without hesitation)
Reagan didn't die. If he had died, everybody would know what Johnny's middle name was.

Jerry smiles, but she doesn't smile back. As he concentrates on his driving...

Liza eases her little cell phone out of her pocket.

Holding it at her side, half-turning away from Jerry, she flips it open, turns it on. Enter a pre-dial code: "WILSON" flashes across the display. As Liza holds her thumb over the ear speaker-holes...

INT. WILSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As Wilson and Jonas and the team confab, the PHONE RINGS. Wilson's SECRETARY answers it in the b.g.

WILSON'S SECRETARY
Mr. Wilson's office. Hello?
Hello?

As she hangs up...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Liza sees the light go out on the phone. Shit. She glances at Jerry, hits redial.

INT. WILSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As the PHONE RINGS again...

WILSON'S SECRETARY
Mr. Wilson's office. Hello?

She moves to hang it up again when suddenly, Jonas grabs her wrist. He takes the PHONE, listens. CELLULAR CRACKLES, ROAD NOISE. Jonas knows.
JONAS

It's her. The line's open. Get a trace on it.

As they go into action...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Liza sticks the live-line phone between the seat and the back.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The abandoned car takes the exit for "Bumps River Road."

INT. ABANDONED CAR - NIGHT

Liza sits up, doesn't like this at all. For the third time.

    LIZA
    Where are we going?

Jerry doesn't answer.

    LIZA
    Where?!

Jerry pulls over, stops alongside the woods.

EXT. ROADSIDE - WOODS - NIGHT

    JERRY
    Haven't you figured it out yet?

Liza stares into the woods, knows what's in there.

    LIZA
    My father's house.

    JERRY
    Come on.

Liza takes a last look at the cell phone antennae sticking out from the seat and follows Jerry out. They head into the woods, he a bit behind her.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

The trees thin. Liza and Jerry step out, start to walk along the side of an old barn.
JERRY
How do you really know there's
gold in Fort Knox? Just because
they say so? We should go to
Tennessee and demand to see it.

LIZA
You go. Send me a postcard.

They continue, Liza nervous as hell. Her eyes dart
ahead.

LIZA'S POV
An old well at ground level. Covered over with boards,
some of which are rotten.

BARN
A plan taking shape, Liza heads toward the boards.
Jerry's nervous, can't keep his mouth shut.

JERRY
You know who was the first
President to be assassinated?
George Washington. His doctor
bled him to death.

They near the rotten boards. Jerry's behind and to
Liza's right. She's leading him into a trap.

JERRY
There's a fraternity of secrecy.
And anyone trying to expose it is
labeled a hopeless paranoid.

As she's about to skirt the edge of the well, Jerry
suddenly leaps forward, grabs her. She nearly screams.

JERRY
Watch out!

Jerry gestures at the rotting boards, thinks he saved
her.

JERRY
You could've fallen down there.

He releases her, then stares at the distant silhouette of
a house. She's really scared.

LIZA
What's your middle name, Jerry?

Jerry looks over, cocks his head kind of funny.
JERRY
What do you mean? Liza?

As he takes a step toward her, Liza takes two steps back.

JERRY
Liza?

LIZA
Did you kill him?

JERRY
Is that what they told you?

LIZA
Did you kill my father?

Jerry shakes his head. Liza wants to believe him, but...

LIZA
Then why did you have his picture in your safe deposit box?

JERRY
He gave it to me.

LIZA
I don't understand.

JERRY
Where were you the day he died?

LIZA
At a horse show.

JERRY
That's the last time you rode, isn't it? Do you think it was your fault? Is that why?

LIZA
Did you kill my father?!

JERRY
No...! But they trained me to. M.K. ULTRA. EX-CATCHER. America works. Get rid of the crazy people, the lone gunmen, and the system still works.

Liza tries to stop his rant before it takes over.

LIZA
Jerry. Please. You don't understand. I have to know. It's all I think about. Do you have
any idea what it's like not to know?

JERRY
Yeah. I know what it's like.

LIZA
Then tell me what happened.

JERRY
Can't give you the details because I can't remember. I went to court to kill him. At the Ezekiel Walters hearing. I was supposed to shoot him at the press conference. You were there. That's the first time I saw you.

LIZA
(sarcastic)
Love at first sight?

JERRY
I don't know what it was. All I know is I had a gun in my hand, but when I saw you standing with him, I couldn't do it. If that's love, it's not so bad.

(a beat)
I found a part of myself that day. I couldn't go back.

LIZA
Back where?

JERRY
To Jonas. I didn't know that at the time. Didn't know who he was.

(beat)
But I knew inside, whoever he was, he'd send someone else. So I started watching your father. I wanted to keep him safe.

There's a sincerity in Jerry's voice that's hard to ignore.

LIZA
Someone else might call it stalking. My dad felt it. He started carrying a gun.

JERRY
He kept it in the side table in the front hallway.

(off her look)
He showed me. I visited a few
times. Then one of Jonas's guys visited. When I arrived, your dad was dying.

LIZA
Why? What do these guys have to do with Ezekiel Walters?

JERRY
Walters was their fall guy. Blow up a building and blame a nut. Create fear. Don't you see? Your father wasn't trying to keep Walters in prison. He was looking into getting him out. He didn't believe the official story.

LIZA
Why not?

Jerry looks away, can't answer.

LIZA
Why not, Jerry?

JERRY
(a whisper)
Because he believed me.

A raw honesty to the words. Stunned, she only has one question left.

LIZA
How'd you get the picture?

JERRY
Your father, he was dying. He was worried about you. He took your picture out to look at it. He called you his baby.

Liza starts to softly cry.

JERRY
I told him I'd keep you safe. I took the picture and I've been watching you ever since.
(a beat)
Please don't cry.

Liza looks at Jerry. He looks like he's on the verge of tears himself. She's not afraid of him anymore. But more important than that...

LIZA
I believe you.
JERRY

You do?

She nods. They embrace. Just a lost soul and a lonely one trying to comfort each other. Suddenly, Liza pulls away.

LIZA

You got to get out of here. My cell phone's on. Back in the truck.

JERRY

They'll trace it.

LIZA

I'm sorry.

JERRY

(smiles)

It's okay. You... You thought I was bad.

WHITE LIGHT

hits them from the woods on one side.

Then from the house on the other. Jerry grabs Liza's hand to run, but GUNFIRE RIPS into the FENCE beyond them.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hands behind your head!

A third light. This one from a helicopter descending. Blinded by lights, Jerry knows there's nowhere to run this time. He raises his hands, laces them behind his head.

VOICE (O.S.)

Step away from him, Ms. Sutton!

Jerry squints over at her.

JERRY

Is his gun still in the hall table?

Liza nods.

JERRY

Go get it. And when you got it, keep going.

VOICE (O.S.)

(closing)

Step away, Miss Sutton!
Members of the CLEET Unit step in. Two from either side. They grab Jerry, cuff him and start him toward the helicopter.

LIZA
Wait a minute --

CLEET #1 shoves her back. Jerry dips, drives his shoulder into CLEET #1's back. He looks back over his shoulder at Liza. Not worried about himself.

JERRY
Go get it.

The CLEETs pound him. The chopper touches down, the door thrown open. As Wilson gets off, Jerry is hustled past him and onboard.

WILSON
Liza, are you alright?

Wilson looks back as the CHOPPER MOTOR REVS, the skids lift off the ground. In the doorway, Jonas waves goodbye.

The helicopter rises -- revealing CLEET #5, Clark and Piper standing beyond. They hold 9mms.

As CLEET #5 SHOOTS Wilson TWICE in the chest, Liza turns and runs for the house. They FIRE at her, then give chase.

INT. HELICOPTER - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Jerry struggles. Jammed into a corner, he watches after Liza, his face pressed against the glass.

JONAS
You've embarrassed me, Jerry. You've made certain people take notice of me who shouldn't.

Jerry's not listening. He only has eyes for Liza. Down below, her legs churn her toward the house.

JONAS
We've arranged for you to take the blame. Everyone knows how you've been harassing the poor girl.

JERRY
(ready to burst)
Liza!

JONAS
You shouldn't watch, Jerry. It's
a moment without hope.

JERRY
(chokes it out)
You've never seen her run.

Liza disappears as darkness swallows the scene. Helpless, hopeless, Jerry pounds his forehead against the glass. Jonas watches, amused, till Jerry finds the strength to lunge at him. As Jerry's driven down to the deck...

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Liza turns the corner, runs alongside with CLEET #5 closing. Liza throws a look back over her shoulder then ahead. The rotten planking covering the well looms.

Liza skirts one side, but CLEET #5 steps right into the middle of it. CRASH! As he disappears down...

EXT. CORRAL FENCE - NIGHT

Liza runs. As Clark closes, she jerks back the gate to the hot walker, continues as the aluminum bar catches Clark in the teeth. As he drops...

FURTHER BACK

Piper steadies his aim on the fence, sites through a scope.

INFRARED POV - LIZA

Running away FROM us, but an easy target.

PIPER

Confident, his finger squeezes...

INFRARED POV

As Liza is suddenly blotted out by a big green shape.

CLARK

Mouth smashed, he's gotten up on shaky legs, only to have the back of his head blown off by Piper.
BACK TO SCENE

Piper doesn't get a second chance as Liza disappears from view.

EXT. LIZA'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Liza hits the front steps. In stride, she picks up a porch CHAIR, flings it THROUGH a PICTURE WINDOW.

Piper follows behind as she enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Much to Liza's advantage. She makes it to the hall as Piper trips over a hammock.

HALLWAY

Liza pulls open the drawer of the hall table, fishes out a .38, turns just as Piper turns the corner. Caught by surprise, he goes down as Liza FIRES all SIX ROUNDS. She HITS another SIX EMPTY CHAMBERS before she stops pulling the trigger.

EXT. LIZA'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Reloading, Liza looks out through the broken window. It's quiet. Peaceful even. The helicopter is gone. Just the CRICKETS. She disappears back inside.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Liza goes to the phone on the side table, dials a number.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Federal Bureau of Investigation.

LIZA
I need to speak with an Agent Lowry.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
The office is closed for the evening. Is this an emergency?

LIZA
Do you have an Agent Lowry in your New York office?

Liza closes her eyes, sure the answer will be no.
OPERATOR (V.O.)
Yes.

LIZA
(opens eyes)
Then this is a goddamn emergency.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - STUDY - NIGHT

Seen FROM BEHIND. A MAN sits in a leather chair reading the paper. A PHONE on a stand beside him RINGS.

MAN
(answering)
Lowry.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Agent Lowry, it's Lynn Matthews at the Bureau. I hate to disturb you at home, but I have a Liza Sutton on the phone from the Justice Department. She says it's an emergency.

The CAMERA ARCS AROUND to reveal FBI AGENT LOWRY. About 60, paunchy with white hair. Not our Lowry, but the Lowry.

MAN
Never heard the name... Put her through.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM (SOMEWHERE) - NIGHT

Our Agent Lowry waits with phone in hand as technicians monitor the call. OVER a SPEAKER:

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Go ahead, Miss Sutton.

LIZA (V.O.)
Agent Lowry?

A Technician nods to Lowry as he switches him over.

LOWRY
Liza, what can I do for you?

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - STUDY - NIGHT

The Man holds the phone to his ear.

MAN
Hello?  Hello?
INT. 12TH FLOOR - ELEVATORS - NIGHT

The doors open. Lowry, Liza, six "FBI" agents and a building SECURITY GUARD step off. Badges on jackets, MOVE WITH them as they stride the hallway with purpose. Suite 1203. I.F.M.A. Lowry and Liza wait impatiently as the Guard keys the door. Guns drawn, they burst in.

INT. INTERNATIONAL FUND FOR MERGERS & ACQUISITIONS - NIGHT

Stop short. The place is empty.

The dividing walls are even missing. The only thing that's here are some ladders, tarps and painting materials. Liza is stunned.

SECURITY GUARD
I told you. They haven't moved in yet.

CUT TO:

JERRY

Strapped to a metal chair in front of blinding white lights. Only now, it's really happening. Jonas steps over, an electrode in either hand. Jerry's chin is down on his chest. He's already been through the ringer.

JERRY
Monkey finger. Shoot Coca-Cola.

Gently, Jonas slides one of the electrodes under his chin and lifts his head.

JONAS
Who else knows what you know?

Jerry just blinks back at him.

JONAS
Liza Sutton is dead.

JERRY
Then I can't be hurt anymore.

Jerry squeezes his eyes shut. As tears roll down his cheeks, Jonas fires up the juice.

JONAS
(looming)
I'll be the judge of that.
OVER the CRACKLE of ELECTRICAL CURRENT, the strap snaps taut as Jerry tries to reach through the ceiling for the moon.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A sink and dirty mattress on the floor. Two CLEETs drag in Jerry. Unconscious, he's dumped on the floor by a narrow heating duct. They leave, lock the door behind them. Jerry doesn't move, doesn't make a sound. A rag doll.

EXT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL - DARKENED WINDOW - NIGHT

We hear the sounds of the CITY, but it's impossible to tell where we are. Practically a show, Jonas stares out the window. A CLEET appears vaguely over his shoulder.

CLEET
She got away.

JONAS
Good God... Find her.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR - ELEVATORS - NIGHT

No luck. As the mystery agents pile back onto the elevator, Liza takes Lowry's arm.

LIZA
Can I talk to you a second?

LOWRY
(to others)
Go ahead. We'll be right down.

The doors close leaving just Liza and Lowry.

LIZA
Do you believe me?

LOWRY
Yeah, I do.

LIZA
I want to believe you, too.

LOWRY
What do you mean?
Liza points her father's .38 into his face.

LIZA
Who's the Deputy Director of the F.B.I.?

LOWRY
You think we have time to fool around like this? Come on.

He tries to move on, but she cocks back the hammer.

LIZA
The Deputy Director.

Lowry shrugs. He doesn't know.

LOWRY
What gave me away?

LIZA
Nothing. I was just making sure. So, who are you?

Lowry looks at her, grimly shakes his head.

LIZA
I'm going to find Jerry. I'm -- Who are you? One of them?

Liza looks ready to pull the trigger.

LOWRY
I'm, it really doesn't matter. Think C.I.A. and exponentiate. I'm a government employee and I've been watching Jerry for awhile.

LIZA
And Jonas?

LOWRY
He's why I watch Jerry. Jerry's the bait for Jonas.

LIZA
He's shown himself. Why haven't you arrested him or killed him or done whatever it is you do?

LOWRY
Jonas builds assassins for a living. Several of whom may be in place already. We'd like to kill a few birds with one stone.
LIZA
Where do you think Jerry is?

LOWRY
No idea. Honest. What are you going to do?

LIZA
I'm going to find him. Because he'd find me.

LOWRY
Don't go home. And don't go to work. Either one could be bad.

LIZA
What do you suggest?

LOWRY
That you come with me.

LIZA
I don't think so.

She coldcocks him, the .38 across the back of the head. As Lowry goes down, Liza heads for the stairwell. As she disappears, Lowry gets up, clutching the back of his head. She should have double-checked.

LOWRY
(as he follows)
I don't get paid enough for this...

INT. JERRY'S BUILDING - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ready for anything, .38 in one hand and a flashlight in the other, Liza walks the hall. She stops at a door draped with Arson Investigation Site tape. She wrenches down a nailed 2x4, steps between the others. Enters.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Liza closes the door behind her, shines the light. Debris has fallen through a hole in the ceiling. Liza steps through the rubble to the Wonderwall.

Sooty, singed, partially curled at the edges of the paper it was done on. Liza shines the light. She's as taken with it now as the first time.

The more she stares at it the more frustrating it becomes. Fighting back tears, growling back her anger, Liza grabs a corner and tears, then tears again, trying to destroy this thing which affects her so.
When she's done, the Wonderwall hangs in tatters. And as Liza tries to get a hold of herself, she realizes...

There's a second painting behind the first.

Liza pulls down the tatters of brown butcher paper which made the first. The second is the POVs of a room. In fact, it's entitled: "In My Room." In the b.g., a window. F.g., a sinister chair with straps, hooks and other exaggerated apparatus for keeping someone sitting there. Discarded, macabre syringes litter the floor. A flashing light partially obscures a face reflected in a mirror. Jonas?

The whole effect is unnerving, but tells Liza nothing more. Until... she takes a second look at the window. It's blocked by three red-and-white-striped bars. As Liza runs her hand over them...

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT

Liza pulls her BMW over to the side, gets out and goes to the rail. She stares across at the three red-and-white smokestacks of the Con-Ed plant. The view through the window in Jerry's room.

Liza scans the riverfront buildings on Roosevelt Island across from the plant. There are only a few that would match and one stands out from the rest...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (LATE)

A few lights burn, all on one half of the building. A security board at the desk, the doors are chained and padlocked shut. Liza stops across from a brass inlaid letters which identify it as...

"Germaine O. Nicols Mental ospital."

The "H" is missing from "Hospital." Liza is about to continue when... enlightenment! Running her hand along, she alters the letters, blacking some of them out:

"Germaine O. Nicols Mental ospital."

LIZA
Ger-o-ni-m-o...

CUT TO:
EXT. BACK OF HOSPITAL - KITCHEN DOOR - NIGHT

An institutional foods truck unloads. As the driver passes with the hand truck, Liza slips in the building.

INT. HOSPITAL - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The cook grumbles by. Liza ducks behind a dishwasher, looks across at a roach. As it twitches an antenna...

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A nurse disappears, turning around a corner. Liza pads her way along. Looks into a room.

ROOM

Three middle-aged men asleep on their backs, mouths agape, sleep obviously no release.

INT. NURSE'S DESK - NIGHT

The charge nurse dozes as Liza creeps by.

INT. ROOM TWO - NIGHT

Three WOMEN this time -- two asleep, one rocking back and forth on her knees.

WOMAN
    Hey naw-ne naw-ne. Hey naw-ne
    naw-ne. Hey naw-ne naw-ne.

A horrific sight. Liza turns from it and into...

HALLWAY TWO

She turns right into an ORDERLY. Standing square, hands on his hips.

ORDERLY
    Can I help you?

Collecting herself, she reaches into her pocket for her ID.

LIZA
    I'm with the Justice Department.

As she produces and hands over a $100 bill, he eyes the
.38 in her hand.

LIZA
I need to see any new patients you've gotten in the last twelve hours.
(eyes him eyeing)
You can say I threatened to shoot you.

ORDERLY
Sounds like you got it covered.
Come on.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry's still lying on the floor where he was left. But he's starting to stir. Feeling like he was already dead, maybe even wishing he was.

INT. 2ND FLOOR - HALLWAY THREE - NIGHT

The Orderly leads Liza to a door.

ORDERLY
In here. White guy in his 30s.

He opens the door and they step into...

ROOM THREE

There's a white guy in his mid-30s. He looks up. Wild. Straight-jacketed. Not Jerry. Liza's reached the end of her rope. She just shakes her head.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Balled up. Fetal. Not really all there. Head pressed to the cement, he tries to sing to himself.

JERRY
Blue moon... Blue moon...

INT. 2ND FLOOR - HALLWAY THREE - NIGHT

Liza just stands there, leaning on a rail on the wall. The Orderly isn't sure what's going on, but he knows it's bad.

ORDERLY
You okay?

Liza starts down the hall with the Orderly following.
ORDERLY
We got some new patients last week. You want to see them?

Liza waves them off. It's hopeless. She stops at a chicken-wired window at the end of the hall, looks out. Light's about to break and Jerry's out there somewhere.

ORDERLY
Look, I gotta get back to work.

She turns, grabs his arms.

LIZA
Did you hear that?

ORDERLY
What?

Liza looks up at the air duct. Pulling a laundry cart over, she climbs up, presses her ear against the grill.

JERRY (V.O.)
(singing)
Blue moon... Blue moon...

LIZA
Jerry... Jerry.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

We hear LIZA'S DISTANT "JERRY," but it doesn't register with Jerry. He's all inside now.

JERRY
Blue moon...

LIZA (V.O.)
(singing back)
You saw me standing alone...

Jerry's eyes open. He heard that. Maybe. He sings.

JERRY
Without a song in my heart.

LIZA (V.O.)
Without a love of my own.

INT. 2ND FLOOR - HALLWAY THREE - NIGHT

As Liza sings into the vent, the Orderly thinks he may have a new customer.
JERRY (V.O.)
Blue moon...

LIZA
(jointing)
You knew just what I was there for.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry moves closer to the vent as the two of them sing their "duet." She's alive. It finally, really sinks in.

JERRY
Liza?

LIZA
Where are you?

INT. 2ND FLOOR - HALLWAY THREE - NIGHT

Liza, now joined by the Orderly, listens as...

JERRY (V.O.)
Here. North wing. First floor.

Liza looks to the Orderly for help.

ORDERLY
The north wing's closed off...
This way.

GALVANIZED DOOR

A heavy locking bracket riveted to the door. The Orderly smacks the padlock with a fire extinguisher. Once, twice. The lock flies off. Liza pushes the door open to a dark hallway. The windows are boarded over. Foreboding.

ORDERLY
This is as far as I go.

LIZA
Get the police down here.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry has crawled his way over to the sink.

JERRY
Diversion. Need a diversion.

Hands cuffed, he pulls himself up, leans heavily on the
lip. As an afterthought, he stares into the mirror.

JERRY
Liza's coming. Gotta look sharp.

Jerry runs a hand through his hair, collapses.

INT. DECREPIT HALLWAY ONE - NIGHT

A CLEET on patrol. He passes a doorway into an abandoned room. As he turns a corner, Liza steps out of the room, continues the opposite way.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

His feet braced against the wall, Jerry pulls on a PIPE under the sink. It GROANS, CREAKS, and then SNAPS. Water geysers up. Jerry sputters out of the way.

INT. DECREPIT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Liza makes her way down.

INT. DECREPIT HALLWAY TWO - NIGHT

A CLEET GUARD outside a door. He looks down as water pools at his feet. Turning, he sees it runs from under the door. There's a 5x5-inch window on the door, but the view is blocked by a hard, white surface. The Guard raps the glass.

GUARD
What's going on there?!
(off no answer)
Where's the water coming from?

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry holds a toilet lid over the glass. Another RAP.

GUARD (V.O)
Answer me!

The BOLTS BEING SLID BACK. Jerry stumbles as the door is pushed open. The Guard enters, leading with his 9mm.

JERRY
You had to see for yourself, didn't you?

GUARD
(re: sink)
Where'd you think that was going
The Guard is unaware that Liza has appeared in the doorway behind him. Jerry smiles.

JERRY
Right where we are now.

The Guard steps forward to let Jerry have it. He freezes at the HAMMER CLICKING back on the .38.

LIZA
Drop it.

Cursing himself, the Guard lets the 9mm slip to the floor.

LIZA
Turn around.

The Guard turns. As he does, Jerry raises the toilet lid, cracks it down over the top of the Guard’s head. The exertion sends Jerry sprawling, as well. He looks up.

JERRY
So, what do you think? Is something going on here or what?

INT. DECREPIT HALLWAY TWO – NIGHT

Jerry (armed with the 9mm) and Liza exit. Liza slides the bolts back on the door. Footsteps and voices ahead. Jerry leans on Liza as they start their escape in the opposite direction. They’ve just disappeared around one corner when Jonas and CLEETS #3 and #4 appear around the corner.

JONAS
Where’s the guard?

Slipping in the water, the CLEETS hurry forward. One of them looks through the window, scowls as the second unbolts the door. As Jonas sees the unconscious Guard and the toilet lid, he does not look happy.

EXT. GERMAINE O. NICOLS MENTAL HOSPITAL – NIGHT

A man approaches from one end of the sidewalk. Flip, the black owner of the newsstand Jerry frequents. No longer wheelchair-bound. As he converges with Agent Lowry.

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRY – NIGHT

The old security guard watches a little TV.
TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The President had left the area only moments earlier and is currently in Germany. Again, the quake in Southern Turkey measured seven-point-three on the Richter scale. Thousands are feared missing or dead...

He looks up as from outside, Lowry shoulders back the door, exposing the chain. Flip cuts through it with a portable torch. Lowery bursts through, passing the sputtering old security guard. The whole entry takes about two seconds.

INT. INTERSECTING HALLWAYS - NIGHT
Jerry and Liza make their way along. Ahead, a CLEET crossing the intersection. SHOTS are exchanged. Liza and Jerry hug the wall, move back the way they came. As the CLEET gets on his headset, they duck down...

EAST HALLWAY
Jerry, who knows where he's going, motions Liza ahead.

JERRY
This way.

Only a few steps and another CLEET ahead. More SHOTS FIRED and they duck down...

SOUTH HALLWAYS
Jerry takes Liza's hand and they run. Left here. Right there.

EAST HALLWAY
Flip and Lowry, infiltrate. They exchange FIRE with a CLEET.

INTERSECTING HALLWAYS
The GUNFIRE is DISTANT here. Jonas gets the report from CLEET #4, who gets it over his headset.

CLEET #4
He's somewhere on the south side of the wing.
(thinks a beat)
I know where he's going.

Jonas strides away, CLEETS #4 and #3 hurrying to keep up.

INT. ALCOVE/DEAD-END HALLWAY - DAWN

They reach the end, a narrow alcove to the left.

LIZA
It's a dead end.

A 2-foot by 2-foot sliding door on the wall. Padlocked. Jerry aims, SHOOTS the lock off. He opens the door to reveal a dumbwaiter.

LIZA
How did you know?

JERRY
I spent two years here. This used to bring the med-cart. Demerol. Phenobarb. It's Jacob's Ladder.

Jerry hits a button on the wall. Nothing. No power. Liza looks back over her shoulder at distant gunfire.

LIZA
Something's going on back there.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! She spins as Jerry FIRES into the wall. He tears plaster back in huge chunks to reveal the dumbwaiter mechanism. A looped bicycle chain, running over teeth on a motor below and disappearing up a shaft above.

He kicks the bottom loop off the motor.

JERRY
Get in. I'll pull you up to the fourth floor.

LIZA
What about you?

JERRY
Get up there and we'll get it back down here for me. Now.

Liza thinks a beat, then nods and climbs inside.

JONAS
Jerry, you continually amaze me.

Jerry and Liza freeze. The voice is close. Liza starts
to climb out, but Jerry holds her back, whispers.

    JERRY
    Geronimo.

He shoves her back, hauls down on the chain. The dumbwaiter starts up.

    LIZA
    Geronimo is down.

    JERRY
    It's up. Love gives you wings.
    You can fly away from here.

    LIZA
    Don't do this.

Jerry hauls down again. Liza disappears from view. He clutches his side in pain. Then he hauls again.

DEAD END HALLWAY

CLEETS #3 and #4 advance.

DUMBWAITER

jerking upwards. Liza despairing.

    LIZA
    Jerry!

ALCOVE

Jerry hauls harder. Faster. Hand over fist. Determined to get Liza out of there.

    JERRY
    Too good to be true. Last thing I do. Like life pounding eggs.

Up, up, up, the dumbwaiter goes. Finally, it won't go any further. It's out of sight.

DEAD END HALLWAY

CLEETs #3 and #4 move up.

DUMBWAITER

The door won't budge. Liza leans back, FIRES a ROUND at where she guesses the lock should be. She throws the
door up. The 4th floor. As she squeezes out...

ALCOVE

Jerry holds the chain with one hand, FIRES through it with the 9MM. A tug and 60 feet of chain spools down at his feet. Liza's away.

As Jerry smiles, CLEETs #3 and #4 appear behind him, each FIRING once into his back.

4TH FLOOR - LIZA

Reacting to the shots. Appalled at what must be happening.

    LIZA
    Jerry!

ALCOVE

Jerry hears her call, closes his eyes.

    JERRY
    Liza...

Jerry drops his gun, corkscrews down into a broken heap. His eyes flutter up as Jonas looms over him.

    JONAS
    A patient man can accomplish anything.

4TH FLOOR - LIZA

Liza runs.

DEAD END HALLWAY

CLEETs #3 and #4 turn as Lowry and Flip approach. As they head down to the end of the hall, Jerry's eyes flicker to the 9MM. As his hand inches that way...

STAIRWELL

Liza runs, possessed. Only this time she's running to something and not away. She stumbles, slams into the wall at the landing, continues.

DEAD END HALLWAY
Jonas starts back for Jerry, stops short as he sees him, still on the ground, pointing the 9MM at him. CLICK. Jerry's out of ammo. Jonas continues toward him.

1ST FLOOR HALLWAY

Liza comes off the stairwell. Runs.

CONNECTING HALLWAY

CLEET #3 goes down, SHOT by Lowry. #4 makes a dash for it, is pursued by Flip.

DEAD END HALLWAY

Jerry, spitting blood, waits as Jonas calmly sets the barrel of his gun against Jerry's forehead. The coup de grace is imminent. Jerry's ready for it.

LIZA

Lungs ready to burst. She hurdles #3's body, turns the corner, screaming as she raises her father's gun.

LIZA

No!

Jonas looks back over his shoulder just in time for a bullet to drill his forehead above his left eye. He's dead before he hits the ground.

And Liza is at Jerry's side. One look and she knows it isn't good.

LIZA

Help! Somebody help me!

He just looks up at her as she cradles his head.

LIZA

Don't die on me, Jerry. Okay?

JERRY

I can't promise you anything.

She cries at the allusion, takes his hand.

LIZA

You've been my best friend for years and I didn't even know you were out there.
JERRY

Top pocket... Go on.

Liza reaches in, pulls out one of the "new" $100 bills. It's bloodstained.

JERRY

Remember when you gave me that? A hundred dollar bill to get lost?

(re: bill)

That's it. My lucky charm.

As a tear rolls down Liza's cheek...

JERRY

They changed Franklin's portrait.

LIZA

You think it's a conspiracy?

JERRY

Don't know, but he looks a lot more like Rosie O'Donnell than Ben Franklin.

Liza looks at the bill a moment, shakes her head, then:

LIZA

Fred Mertz. It's Fred Mertz.

Jerry smiles. Liza smiles back. Then:

JERRY

(almost apologetic)

I don't know why I love you. But I know that I do.

Liza lowers her head, her heart stripped bare.

LIZA

I love you, too.

JERRY

(a sigh)

Now she tells me.

Overwhelmed, Jerry squeezes his eyes shut. Liza turns back as Agent Lowry appears.

LIZA

(desolate)

Help him. Please.

EXT. HOSPITAL - AMBULANCE - DAWN

A madhouse. Police arriving in droves. Jerry in the
back of the ambulance. Liza watches, horrified, as his body jerks as they defibrillate him. The back doors close.

LIZA
Wait! Wait for me.

She's restrained by Flip and Agent Lowry, tries to fight past them as the ambulance pulls away.

Overwhelmed, Liza collapses. As they hold her up...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A beautiful day. Maybe not a bad place to end up after all. We COME UPON a particular stone, freshly turned earth on the grave. Jerry Fletcher. He didn't make it. Liza stands here all alone. Paying her last respects.

LIZA
(softly)
You got away, Jerry. They'll never find you now.

Her eyes well up with tears. Liza fights it off.

LIZA
(deep breath)
Get a hold of yourself, baby.

One last moment and then she turns and walks away. As she moves, the sound of FOOTSTEPS. On the FLOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. STERILE HALLWAY (SOMEBWHERE) - DAY

Agent Lowry strides down the hall, full of purpose. At an intersection, he's joined by Flip. The two of them continue, without speaking, to a door. They enter.

INT. STERILE ROOM (SOMEBWHERE) - DAY

His chest bandaged, tubes running in and out, Jerry looks up as Lowry and Flip enter. He's weak, but very much alive. They look at him. He looks back as defiantly as his situation will allow.

JERRY
Flip. Howard Hughes gave you your legs back.
Flip doesn't even crack a smile.

LOWRY
You made your decision yet?

JERRY
I'm leaning toward no.

LOWRY
That's your option. Ours could be to keep you locked up for a very long time. In case you didn't know it, you're crazy.

FLIP
Not to mention the fact that everyone thinks you're dead.

LOWRY
We need you. We need what you know. To bring these guys down. Believe it or not, we're on the same side.

(as Jerry scoffs)
One thing's for sure. You don't have a choice.

Jerry stares back. That may be the truth.

JERRY
I'll do it. On one condition. I want to make sure she's okay.

LOWRY
We got someone watching her 24 hours a day. She --

JERRY
That's not what I mean. I want to see her.

LOWRY
I don't know...

JERRY
Then screw you. I'll rot.

LOWRY
Alright. You can see her.

(as Jerry smiles)
But she can't see you.

JERRY
Whatever.

Lowry and Flip turn to leave.
JERRY

Flip.
(as Flip looks back)
You're the closest thing I got to a friend around here. Tell me something. You think I'm crazy?

FLIP
Shut the hell up.

EXT. OX RIDGE HUNT CLUB (CONNECTICUT) - DAY

Pastoral to say the least. Liza steps from her BMW, leans against the fence and watches as three 10-year-old girls on horses receive a riding lesson.

INT. OX RIDGE HUNT CLUB - BARN - DAY

Liza moves along the well-maintained stalls. One particular HORSE WHINNIES excitedly as she approaches. Liza stops to look him over.

LIZA
J.D., I'm back. If you'll have me.

He WHINNIES, stomps a hoof. Liza hugs him around the neck.

LIZA
Johnny...

The horse has to be the fabled Johnny Dancer. Their moment is broken up by a rough-looking GROOM.

GROOM
Can I help you with something?

LIZA
You got a saddle around here?
This is my horse.

GROOM
I've never seen you here before.

Liza reaches into her jeans pocket, pulls out her trademark denomination: a $100 bill. But something hesitates inside her. She rubs her thumb over Franklin: Rosie O'Donnel or Fred Mertz? She pockets the bill, looks up.

LIZA
Could you help me out? Please.

GROOM
(a beat; softens)
I think I can find a saddle for that horse.

EXT. ROAD - SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY
Pulled off the road. A view to the farm.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY
Jerry sits with Lowry and Flip, scans with binoculars.

JERRY
I see her car, but -- Oh...

BINOCULAR POV - LIZA
Riding Johnny Dancer out into the ring. She canters back and forth. Tentative at first, but gaining confidence.

INT. RIDING RING - DAY
Liza pulls up, eyes a fence.

LIZA
I must be crazy.

Deciding, she whispers something into Johnny's ear.

LIZA
Geronimo.

They're off at a gallop.

BINOCULAR POV - LIZA
Picking her spot, Liza guides Johnny up and over. Fluid. A thing to behold.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY
Jerry, holding his breath, lets it out in a long sigh, the sound of love. He smiles sadly, lowers the binoculars.

JERRY
She's okay.
(to Lowry; grim)
Let's go.
EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

It rolls down the road. Destination unknown.

EXT. OX RIDGE HUNT CLUB - FIELD - DAY

Liza gallops out into the sun. Feeling it, remembering, realizing just how much she missed this. But now she has it again. A gift.

Head back, she holds her arms out in hope and faith, very much like the painting on Jerry's Wonderwall.

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END