

SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME

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FADE IN:

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - QUEENS - EARLY EVENING

Winter. A celebration. Close friends, cop friends, family all here to celebrate patrolman MIKE KEEGAN'S promotion to detective, NYPD.

The party spills through the house -- front room, dining room, kitchen, with a small fenced backyard visible beyond that. A community of cops on their off-hours, their wives, kids. A mix of generations, all the way from MIKE'S kid, TOMMY, and his FRIENDS, playing among the

adults, to an elderly woman observing quietly from her chair at the side. The mood's warm, spirited; there's a lot of friendship here.

ANGLE: MIKE, in the dining room, posing for a photo with his ten-year-old son, TOMMY, proudly displaying his new gold detective's SHIELD pinned to his jersey.

MIKE

(calling to his
wife, for a family
portrait)

Ellie! C'mon! Over here!

ANGLE: ELLIE, MIKE'S wife of fifteen years, a local product, bright and lively, and clearly proud as hell of her man. She frees herself from the crush of friends, hurrying to join him.

ANGLE: MIKE, ELLIE giving him a full-mouthed smack on the lips as he hooks her into his arms.

The picture's snapped, to a chorus of hoots and hollers. Behind, a banner and poster blowup of Mike in gun and uniform read: "FINALLY THEY'VE RECOGNIZED YOU, DETECTIVE **KEEGAN**."

SCOTTY, a patrolman with the 117th and one of MIKE'S best pals, puts his hand vigorously, in congratulations, on **MIKE'S SHOULDER**.

SCOTTY

(to Mike)

No joke? You're being transferred to the 19th as your first assignment? Who the hell loves your ass downtown?

ROOKIE

(naively)

What's the 21st?

BROOKLYN, a cop about Mike's age, joins in.

SCOTTY

What d'you care? You'll never know.

BROOKLYN

Manhattan. The Upper East Side,
East 59th to 96th.

The ROOKIE stares, impressed.

SCOTTY

(to the others)

Remember Curran from the Sixteenth?
He posted a coupla months there on a
floater outside the French embassy.
He met Jackie Kennedy.

BROOKLYN

Curran, that fuckin' noodlehead. He
probably wrote her up for letting
her dog dump on Rockefeller's
doorstep.

ANGLE ON MIKE, trying to swallow a mouthful of potato
salad as a plump and pretty middle-aged woman (HELEN
GREENING) pulls him into a bear hug, planting a kiss on
him.

HELEN

Mmmmmm-glimmmeee-kissss! I'm so
proud of you! What the hell took
you so long?

MIKE

Hey, don't ask me. Ask the man who
put in the good word.

ANGLE ON T.J. GREENING, Helen's husband, Mike's best
friend. He's forty, stocky, looks up, horsing around with
some of the kids in the next room.

MIKE

If T.J. didn't push for me, I never
would've made it.

BROOKLYN

Bet your ass... I give you six weeks
before you're back on the beat,
Keegan, they got no room for hero
cops...

MIKE

Appreciate, that vote of confidence,
Brook.

BROOKLYN

Hey, am I supportive, or what?

ANGLE ON TOMMY: in the hallway, trying to show SCOTTY'S
date -- a "real" BIMBO, who's spilling out of her woolly
sweater and tight jeans -- how to stand on his SKATEBOARD.

She shrieks a laugh, toppling off. HELEN, passing by with an empty platter, catches the action.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

ELLIE, another WIFE at the sink, wives all; HELEN enters.

HELEN

He left Elaine for that?

WIFE #1

And what about little Scotty?

ELLIE continues washing the dishes as HELEN and the WIFE dry. MIKE enters to get more beers.

HELEN

(still staring)

I'd like to tie her tits together.

ELLIE

That wouldn't be too difficult.

MIKE

(overhearing)

I bet you think she doesn't have a brain in her head. I bet you think the only thing he sees in her is one incredible, dynamite body...

He GRINS at their blank stares... ELLIE'S EYES wryly following... as he moves on out with his beers.

HELEN

I love your husband, Ellie, but he's a real dork.

ELLIE

Yeah, but he's my dork.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Night has descended, PEOPLE talking and laughing quietly, MELLOW music is playing -- CAMERA FINDING MIKE AND ELLIE, dancing close, moving sensually. It's impressive. HELEN convinces T.J. to DANCE. SCOTTY and BIMBO join in too. T.J., whipped, extricates himself and Helen; tousling Mike's hair in affection.

T.J.

We're goin'. Get some sleep,
Detective Keegan. You got a new job
tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

MIKE is holding TOMMY asleep on his shoulder.

ELLIE appears, completing the family portrait.

MIKE

(a whisper)

Think I should put the skateboard in
bed with him?

ELLIE

Too kinky.

MIKE smiles and climbs the stairs.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ELLIE in the bathroom, the door open, she brushes her
hair.

MIKE in bed, thoughtful, a happy man.

MIKE

Ellie, you know I think it's about
time we got outa this place, get us
a house of our own. We can afford
it now.

ELLIE

Amen to that. The supermarket's
full of assholes.

MIKE

Take my advice, don't buy any...

MIKE waits for a response. None comes.

ELLIE

Mike?

MIKE

(aware of her change
in tone)

What?

ELLIE

My ass if falling.

MIKE

Your what...?

ELLIE

My ass is falling. It is.

MIKE

(a laugh)

What are you talking about?

ELLIE

(appears in the door;
stricken)

I just saw it in the mirror, it
doesn't look like my ass anymore.

MIKE

Get in bed.

ELLIE

What am I gonna do? I jog, I do the
exercises on TV in the morning...
gravity...

MIKE

You got a great ass! I love your
ass -- now get that falling ass into
bed before it hits the floor.

She does -- the lights snap put. They giggle, she MOVING
into his arms.

ELLIE

(a declaration)

Tomorrow, I start looking for our
house... You love me?

MIKE

(deeply)

You got no idea...

ELLIE

Imagine... I'm sleepin' with a DT.

Another muted laugh -- and they move into an EMBRACE,
CAMERA PANNING WITH THEM, and then STILL FARTHER INTO THE
DARKNESS.

THE DARKNESS HOLDS.

EXT. EAST RIVER - (AERIAL) - NIGHT

... Becoming a darkness pricked with light, as WE FLOAT over the reflective river, MOVING WEST TOWARD AND OVER THE CITY.

EXT. MANHATTAN - (AERIAL CONTINUED) - NIGHT

The fabled city, the ultimate object of man's desire and fulfillment, Oz, the city unfolding itself before and beneath us, till DAZZLING SHAFTS OF LIGHT sizzling up -- KLEIG LIGHTS -- stab our eyes and bring us down into their **BLINDING BRIGHTNESS...**

EXT. CLUB - MIDTOWN - NIGHT

A nondescript piece of rundown city block that's the hottest thing in town. PERSONNEL regulate the CROWD and ARRIVALS. There is a public line, and from it the young, hip and outrageous can look on while awaiting entrance at the formally dressed, stylishly gowned GUESTS arriving at the private line.

A glittering post-Metropolitan Museum of Art opening gala is in progress tonight. The club's private entrance looks like what it once was, a shuttered porno bookstore, and the joke's not lost on most of the formal GUESTS, arriving through the X-rated doorway.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

The latest achievement of money, rock and art. It's a breathtaking multi-leveled theater of light, sound and dance.

There is also an entrance-by-invitation-only grand salon.

ANGLE

The GUESTS arriving here for the Met gala enter almost in enchanted procession, each of them being personally greeted by the primary owner and manager of the club, WIN HOCKINGS, a charming, rakish ex-preppy. WIN stands in the middle of the floor in the throw of a spot, greeting. This is his element and his club, a son of old money, and

a crossover creature to the fast life.

WIN

Hi... nice to see you... thank
you... my pleasure...

A MET BENEFACTRESS

(effusively)

Thank you so much for agreeing to
host us tonight. It's really
extraordinary!

WIN

Glad I could be of help.

CAMERA MOVING IN ON A NEW ANGLE, CLAIRE GREGORY and NEIL
STEINHART. The way our CAMERA covers them makes it clear
they are major characters in our story. NEIL steps
forward to introduce himself, but WIN, looking up, spots
CLAIRE first: A special beauty and clearly someone very
special to him...

WIN

Claire!

CLAIRE

Hello, Win.

And he embraces her.

CLAIRE

(introducing her
companion)

You know Neil Steinhart?

He grins broadly, taking NEIL'S hand; then right back to
CLAIRE.

WIN

Of the filthy rich Steinharts? Why
is it Claire always connects with
the richest men this side of Saudi?

NEIL

(to Win; meaning the
club)

This gives new meaning to the word
nightlife.

WIN acknowledges the obligatory compliment with a closed
smile, impatiently returning to CLAIRE:

WIN

C'mon, let's get outa this lowbrow
rag trade...

(smiles, cutting
Neil out)

You don't mind, do you?

NEIL stares, polite, as WIN whisks her away; turning, as he is addressed by someone else coming his way.

EXT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

as a BLACK PORSCHE PULLS UP, its dark-tinted window rolling down TO REVEAL JOEY VENZA. The MANAGER of the club comes over to him, with a clipboard list of only the invitees.

MANAGER

(a dilemma)

I'm sorry, Mr. Venza...

VENZA jams the ACCELERATOR to the FLOOR, the CAR burning rubber like a DRAGSTER as PEOPLE SQUEAL and JUMP OUT of the way; the CAR fish-tailing away, screeching AROUND the **CORNER**.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

WIN and CLAIRE. The music, noise, other conversations can still be heard as they walk through the club.

He smiles, mid-conversation; there's a real affection here.

WIN

Skiddy and Kit? I haven't seen them since that shitty pasta dinner on the cape.

CLAIRE

They've got two monsters now. Both boys.

WIN

And so what's with Steinhart? Is it serious?

CLAIRE

You didn't like him?

WIN

Looks a little constipated to me.

CLAIRE

(needling him)

It's called "solid"... Nice to find someone you can count on, Win.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - REAR - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

VENZA entering, a rush, NOISE and ACTIVITY from the alley outside; the throbbing new MUSIC overhead.

JOEY VENZA

Immaculate as always, in a conservatively-cut European pinstripe, VENZA strides tautly into the shabby corridors.

CUT TO:

INT. MEZZANINE - MAIN BAR - NIGHT

WIN shows CLAIRE the main dance floor below, sound-filled and crowded, private and paying GUESTS mixing, indistinguishable now. He raises his voice to be heard.

WIN

The main floor stays public. The side rooms we try to keep available for special functions like tonight.

He turns and takes her arm.

CLAIRE

It's terrific Win.

WIN

You still writing the occasional magazine article?

CLAIRE

Occasionally.

WIN

Then c'mon. Follow me. The art's in the basement, you're going to get a privileged peek.

He leads her to the freight elevator.

VOICE (O.S.)

Claire!

A sociable FOURSOME descends on them. It looks like it's going to be a long conversation.

WIN

(to Claire, quietly)
Just press the button all the way
down when you're ready, okay?

He turns as she's engulfed, heading towards the elevator, runs into NEIL, CLAIRE'S escort. NEIL doesn't see her.

NEIL

Where's she go?

WIN

Probably found somebody nicer...
Kidding. You're great.

He smiles, entering the elevator and disappearing from view. NEIL looking around, with thinly-veiled impatience, at the benefit-types streaming into the room.

INT. BASEMENT TUNNELS - NIGHT

VENZA navigates the labyrinth that connects to the offices.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The elevator reaches bottom. WIN exits into an area of tall rows of stacked boxes still awaiting unloading. Beyond, a bright, high-ceilinged linen whiteness gleams.

It's a soon-to-be restaurant-gallery area.

THE RESTAURANT GALLERY

The walls have already been painted white. Tables have been positioned. Chairs are stacked, waiting. So are mounds of folded laundry and tablecloths, boxes of accessories, glass and dish and kitchenware, etc.

Except for FRED, the elderly stock boy, the bright silence is empty.

FRED scores open the sealed cardboard cartons with a curved case cutter. Several tablefuls of unloaded

servers, kitchen utensils, etc., bear witness to the size of his job.

WIN

You're in overtime, Freddy.

FRED nods, putting down his case cutter, using a side exit.

WIN, left alone, turns to look up proudly at his powerhouse modern art collection lining the wall.

INT. MEZZANINE - NEAR ELEVATOR - NIGHT

CLAIRE extricating herself; to the foursome.

CLAIRE

I will... I promise...

She smiles graciously and steps into the freight elevator, pushing the down button. The doors close.

INT. BASEMENT TUNNELS - NIGHT

VENZA approaches an intersection. Ahead, FRED crosses on his way to the offices. The elderly STOCK BOY doesn't see VENZA, but VENZA sees him, realizing where else to look here.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

CLAIRE closes her eyes, leaning back against the metal walls, taking advantage of the refuge for the moment. Music and crowd noise still vibrate. The elevator, shuddering, continues its descent.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

WIN turns in the silence, looking out over the bright space edged by darkness, every reason to be pleased.

WIN doesn't even hear VENZA enter.

VENZA

(bear, icily)

You need money, you come to me.

WIN turns.

VENZA

(approaching,
soundlessly)

Who the fuck do you think you are,
raising cash without coming to me?

WIN

(calmer)

Your ex-partner... I'm buying you
out, Joey. Read the contract.
There's ample provision.

VENZA

Fuck the contract!

INT. ELEVATOR - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The elevator arrives. The doors open. CLAIRE steps out
into the shadowed area of stacked rows.

INT. RESTAURANT - WIN AND VENZA

VENZA

(stares, wildly)

Two years ago you were begging me
for the money. Nobody would've
touched you...

WIN

You're making an eighty percent
return. Which is what you wanted.

WIN turn away from VENZA. VENZA grabs his arm violently.

VENZA

Don't turn away when I'm talking to
you.

WIN

(beat with
deliberation)

Grease and water still don't mix,
Joey.

VENZA

slashes one of the canvases (A Rosenquist) with the case
cutter... Then another...

ANGLE - WIN

WIN

(stunned)

Jesus Christ... are you crazy?

ANGLE

Venza slashes another.

WIN

Joey!

VENZA

turns, slashing WIN.

WIN

gasps. Blood begins to seep from his wound.

ANGLE - CLAIRE

hearing, emerges into the light, smiling, thinking WIN'S saying something she's supposed to respond to.

VENZA

slashing WIN again, losing all control.

WIN

(staggering back)

Jesus...!

CLAIRE ROUNDS THE CORNER

Seeing WIN, she stops.

ANGLE

VENZA continues to attack him, stabbing WIN to the floor.

CLAIRE

screams, unable to imagine or believe it.

VENZA

looks up, hearing her.

WIN sprawls, a lifeless, bloodied mass at VENZA'S feet.
VENZA stares, returning CLAIRE'S stare, trying to

concentrate, to focus and pull himself back together. He puts down the cutter, taking a step toward her.

CLAIRE

steps back, turning and moving back toward the elevator, running.

VENZA

quickness his step, after her.

ANGLE ON THE ELEVATOR

as she REACHES IT and HURTLES inward, HITTING all the BUTTONS, the doors beginning to RUMBLE CLOSED. But VENZA is there, THRUSTING HIS HAND INSIDE to stop them. The doors CLOSE on his fingers. He cries out, pulling his fingers free. He slams his fist against the doors as they close shut, POUNDS the button again.

ANGLE INSIDE - CLAIRE

But CLAIRE grabs the POWER SWITCH, pulling it -- the elevator goes dead, the overhead lights go out -- and somewhere, in the shaft above, an ALARM BELL begins to RING.

Relentlessly, VENZA pounds on the other side of the door.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE

giving way in the darkened cubicle.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLAIRE

sagging against the elevator wall, weeping, hearing VENZA'S FRANTIC BREATHING on the other side subside, and finally move away in the darkness.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The PHONE RINGING -- a hand fumbling on the telephone in the darkness. WE HEAR MIKE'S VOICE as he turns on the light.

MIKE

T.J...? Is this a joke? Are you kidding me?

(listening, not liking what he

hears)
Give me 20 minutes.

MIKE hanging up the phone, turns to ELLIE.

ELLIE

(mumbling from under
the covers)
Switch the light off on your way
out.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

MIKE and T.J. disheveled and tired, drinking out of
styrofoam coffee cups, arriving at the club.

T.J.

(grinning)
Hey Mike, out of the bag into the
bureau, huh... How do you like it so
far?

MIKE

(giving a half smile)
Right behind you, T.J.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

A rare tableau; swirling disco lights reflecting off
strategically placed mirrors, illuminating a room filled
with POLICEMEN (in uniforms and polyester suits), trying
to ride herd on the BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, in contrasting
attire.

The man in charge and coping is LIEUTENANT GARBER; in
plainclothes, fiftyish, rough-hewn.

GARBER

Did you ever hear the chatter.
They're worse than fuckin' four-
year-olds... Miller, let's clear
this path here, all right?

T.J. and MIKE arrive.

GARBER

(to them, on the
move)

Blood bath downstairs. The owner of this place is dead. And I got a witness, and a suspect... Joey Venza.

T.J. reacts to the name.

T.J.

Where's Venza?

GARBER

Nice question. I like questions like that.

A massive "GASP" goes up from the CROWD as a cumbersome BODYBAG is brought up a stairwell from downstairs. GARBER temporarily moves away to oversee.

MIKE

(to T.J.)

Who's Joey Venza?

T.J.

Bad fuckin' news. Even the families dropped him when they found they had a fruitcake on their hands. But he knows where a lot of bodies are buried. It'd cap it for Garber if he could bring him in.

GARBER

(returning, re: the crowd)

Okay, let's find out what we know. Herd'm up and check'm out. Anybody know more than gossip about the deceased or Venza, I wanna talk to them myself. Go.

T.J. moves into action with typical "T.J. style" diplomacy.

T.J.

Okay, will all the beautiful people shut the fuck up, before it starts gettin' real ugly here!

The uniformed COPS take their cue, moving in for quiet.

GARBER

(to Mike, the "new boy")

Keegan, go baby-sit the witness.
Just sit and look impressive. Make
her feel protected. And if you can
get her boyfriend outa my hair, I'll
promote you to fuckin' Joint
Chiefs...

CUT TO:

EXT. WIN HOCKINGS' OFFICE - CLUB - NIGHT

A uniformed COP guarding the door as MIKE approaches,
flashing his shield.

COP

Quit playing with yourself, Keegan.
I know who you are.

MIKE

(grinning)
A Detective's supposed to identify
himself.

CUT TO:

INT. WIN HOCKINGS' OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is dim, lit only by a desk lamp, CLAIRE seated on
a couch, catatonic, NEIL kneading her hand, trying to
comfort her. A KNOCK at the DOOR: NEIL JUMPS UP to open
it -- MIKE ENTERING before he gets there.

NEIL

(upset)
Are you in charge here?

MIKE

No, sir...

NEIL

I asked for the man in charge...

MIKE

That would be Lieutenant Garber, and
he's very busy upstairs...

NEIL

Don't tell me he's "busy". I asked
for an ambulance for this woman
and...

MIKE

Is she injured?

CLAIRE

(softly)

No.

MIKE gets his first view of her as she TURNS her head into the light. It is an almost storybook vision of beauty that emerges from the darkness around her; her vulnerability penetrates to the very core.

NEIL

(to Claire)

You're not going to talk to anyone without a lawyer.

MIKE

She's not a suspect, sir, she's a witness. Could I ask you to step outside, please.

NEIL

No, I will not step outside.

MIKE

Sir, I am just trying to do my job, it's standard procedure to question the witness alone. Help me out here, could you please leave.

NEIL

(icily)

I don't really see what that has to do with...

CLAIRE

(deadened; to Neil)

Neil, do what he says.

ANGLE ON MIKE AND NEIL: at a standoff.

CLAIRE

(quietly)

Please.

MIKE OPENS THE DOOR for NEIL. NEIL reluctantly swallows it.

NEIL

I'll be right outside.

NEIL grudgingly leaves. MIKE quietly closes the door.

ANGLE CHANGE: CLAIRE and MIKE alone. He sits down. A beat.

MIKE

Can I get you a cup of coffee or something?

Her plaintive eyes turning to meet his.

CLAIRE

(lost)

I've never seen anyone killed before.

MIKE

It's okay... I've never been a detective before either...

She lifts her gaze quizzically, catching his smile. She returns it in spite of herself, disarmed by his frankness, and curiously reassured.

MIKE

We'll go slow. Okay? We'll get through it together.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

PHONES RINGING, TYPEWRITERS TYPING, BODIES moving at cross-current -- CAMERA FINDING LIEUTENANT GARBER, hustling through the bullpen, MIKE FOLLOWING, toward his office.

GARBER

I don't know how you did it, but whatever it was, keep doing it.

MIKE

(puzzled)

I just sat and listened.

GARBER

Safe and secure is how we want her. Until she I.D.'s Venza.

T.J. has joined them.

GARBER

Venza's either going to skip or try

to get to her and Venza likes it here. I want her ass covered, 24 hour protection, but I don't want her to know there is any real danger.

T.J.

I don't like what I'm hearing...

MIKE

(to Garber)

I don't understand. If there's any danger, why not just level with her...

GARBER turns back to MIKE

GARBER

(with mock tolerance)

T.J. your friend's a little dense. When she realizes there's a killer tryin' to shut her up, she'll be on the next plane for Tahiti... somehow I think my way is better.

He MOVES ON, leaving them not very happy.

MIKE

Chief?

GARBER turns back.

MIKE

Why not Patrol? They'd do just as good a job.

GARBER

When I want your advise, Keegan, I'll make an appointment.

GARBER MOVES ON OUT. MIKE and T.J. left alone.

MIKE

(disappointed)

Shit! A Nursemaid! My first detail, and I'm a fuckin' slug!

(turning to T.J.)

I got a 'choice' at all.

T.J.

Do it, or look for another profession. That's a choice I

guess.

MIKE

You in this with me?

T.J.

Yeah! Seniority gets the day shift.

EXT. BACK OF MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

ELLIE IS SEEN unloading groceries from the rear of a small hatchback...

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

MIKE is in the kitchen; he's making eggs in agitation, throwing in everything he can find (tuna fish, chopped pickles, mustard), his kid, TOMMY, in evidence in the b.g., on a SKATEBOARD, whizzing through the kitchen, even RIDING IT down the STAIRS.

MIKE MOVES TO A CABINET -- and his FEET GO OUT FROM UNDER HIM. He's slipped on a SKATEBOARD -- barely catching himself in time.

MIKE

(yelling)

Tommy! Goddamnit! Get these skateboards off the goddamn kitchen floor!

TOMMY whizzes through, expertly picking it up "on the move," MIKE taking a futile swipe at him.

TOMMY

What're we having?

MIKE

My special, scrambled eggs surprise.

TOMMY

(frowns dubiously)

Scrambled eggs surprise?

TOMMY goes whizzing on out again. ELLIE comes in loaded up with the groceries. Puts them down, giving MIKE a kiss.

ELLIE

So how'd it go?

MIKE

Not great. I've got a babysitting job for a material witness on a homicide.

It explains his mood. ELLIE starts putting away the groceries.

ELLIE

For how long?

MIKE

'Til they pick up the perp.
(he sits)

Seniority gets day shift... You know what that means.

CLOSE ON ELLIE: she sits, realizing, upset, but taking it in stride, now putting plates on the table.

ELLIE

Well, I'll live with it, I've lived with it all my life. My Dad was a cop, he said, "whatever you do, honey, never go out with a cop". So, what did I do? I got a job with the cops. Then I married a cop. I probably gave birth to a cop.

(shouting)

Tommy! Come over here and eat, it's hot.

TOMMY enters.

MIKE

Maybe you and Tommy should stay with my Mom.

ELLIE makes an expression of dislike.

MIKE

Don't start... The only reason is that the neighborhood's shi...

(realizing that

Tommy is listening)

... crummy. I just don't like the idea of leaving you alone here at night.

ELLIE

I can still use a gun.

MIKE

Just keep it someplace safe, but handy.

TOMMY joins then at the table.

TOMMY

(zooming in)
Keep what handy?

ELLIE

Nothing.

TOMMY

The gun? It's in the upstairs closet.

MIKE

How do you know where the gun is?

TOMMY

I know where everything is.

MIKE

Except the goddamn skateboards, which are everywhere! I'd like to kill the guy who invented those things.

TOMMY

Lay back, Mack.

MIKE

Lay back, Mack!! What's this "lay back, Mack?"

(to Ellie)

Where does he get this?

Silence; they eat... ELLIE'S eyes finding MIKE'S.

ELLIE

Keep the weekends for us, huh? Get a replacement for Saturday nights. That'll give us the weekends together.

TOMMY'S face screws up, tasting the lump of food in his mouth.

TOMMY

God! Scrambled eggs surprise?!

These are pickles...! God!

MIKE

Just "lay back, Mack"... lay back...

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN - FIFTH AVENUE - EARLY EVENING

Mike emerges from the subway alongside the park.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDINGS - EARLY EVENING

Out front, the DOORMAN opens the door for the building's children returning from music lessons.

Across the street in Central Park, handsome, elderly tenants stroll in the company of their nurse: a nanny pushes a pram, taking advantage of the last light. This is one of New York's most exclusive co-ops. Distilled civilization and quiet wealth. A world away from Queens or anything else. MIKE arrives on foot.

INT./ EXT. LOBBY - EVENING

A notice behind the locked front door informs: "ALL VISITORS MUST BE ANNOUNCED". MIKE displays his shield to the DOORMAN through the glass. The DOORMAN opens, taking the time to inspect his credentials before returning them, then STEPS ASIDE, allowing ENTRY.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

MIKE rides up in silence, examining the ornate walls.

INT. VESTIBULE - CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - SAME

The elevator delivers him. MIKE finds himself in a wall-papered trompe l'oeil foyer. Nothing to get his bearings.

The front door clicks open, startling him. MARY, the cleaning lady, an older, capable woman in functional civilian clothes, greets him matter-of-factly, taking him in.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Marble-floored and high-ceilinged, absolutely palatial;
MIKE'S EYES registering amazement as he's led inward.

Floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking Central Park, where
the VOICES are REVEALED belonging to GARBER, T.J., CLAIRE,
and CLAIRE'S boyfriend, NEIL -- who's trying his best to
be "in charge".

GARBER

(approaching Mike)
You remember Detective Keegan?

NEIL

(expressionless)
I do.

The doorbell RINGS AGAIN: MARY goes to answer it as MIKE
mumbles his greetings to all -- noticing that CLAIRE,
reclining on a couch, seems extremely put out -- or is it
"disinterested"?

NEIL

I want to make sure that everyone
respects the privacy of Miss
Gregory's household. You're limited
to the outer vestibule, so you can
watch the elevator, the kitchen, so
you can get something to eat, and
the washroom.

T.J.

(under his breath to
Mike)
So you can take a shit.

The THIRD DETECTIVE enters, being led by MARY. It's
KOONTZ, a package of razz and sarcasm, somebody you
definitely don't take home to mother.

MIKE

(reacting; to T.J.)
Not Koontz.

T.J.

Be happy. He's good at this.

GARBER

(to Neil)
We'd like to, just once, get a look
at the entire layout, so we can
evaluate security.

CLAIRE

This really isn't necessary. The security in this building is about the best in the city.

GARBER

(ever the diplomat)
I'm sure you're right, Miss Gregory, but I'd consider it a favor if you'd let us look around.

CLAIRE

Be my guest.

GARBER

(to his troops)
Guys.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

as GARBER withdraws; MIKE, T.J., KOONTZ to start their check.

MIKE

(to Garber)
What about when she goes out?

GARBER

Discourage it. But stay with her if you can't. Call it in first so we can have a car on tail. She's agreed to travel only with her own driver and limousine... okay, let's check it out.

They split up.

ANGLE - MIKE

following orders, continues down the hall. He moves to a door that he ATTEMPTS TO OPEN -- discovering it's not real. It's a TROMPE L'OEIL. He turns around to find he's not alone in the long hall. NEIL stands just outside the living room, watching him.

MIKE

(re: the "door")
Pretty good.

ANGLE - NEIL

turns, returning to CLAIRE in the LIVING ROOM.

NEIL

Why an I reminded of the Three
Stooges?

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

KOONTZ checking the windows and terrace.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

MIKE, MARY the MAID in there with him.

MARY

(officially)

You a vegetarian? Miss Gregory's a
vegetarian, so I'm gonna put food
for you people in a separate fridge.
You know how to use a microwave?

(before he can
answer)

Just about everything you'd want
will heat up by turning this to
ninety seconds.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Utterly sumptuous; T.J. uttering a low "whistle" of awe.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S POWDER ROOM

There's an enormous circular bathtub and a Jacuzzi,
endless mirrors, a writing desk, carpeted, a place one
could spend one's life in -- MIKE SEEN, in the MIRRORS,
wandering through -- idly pushing a mirrored door open, to
gaze, in awe, at the walk-in closet.

MIKE

(under his breath)

Fuckin' A.

ANGLE: He see T.J., or what he thinks is T.J., reflected
among the other reflections at the other end of the room.
Sees T.J. sit on edge of bed. MIKE is standing in center

of the MIRRORS, slightly disoriented. And T.J. sees him, similarly astounded, MOVING OUT OF SHOT.

CLOSE ON MIKE: Moving inward, he gawks at the racks of clothes, gently brushing his hand through the lush fabrics. CLAIRE'S VOICE -- ANGRY, ALMOST TREMBLING, A FIRM EFFORT OF WILL -- rustles the silence behind him.

CLAIRE

Excuse me.

ANGLE ON CLAIRE

CLAIRE

This is my dressing room, and these are my clothes.

(holding herself
firm)

I understand your responsibilities...
but I'd appreciate you staying out
of here at all times.

MIKE: chastened, nods.

MIKE

Sorry. Just checking.

He starts away. MOMENTARILY baffled by the MANY-ANGLED REFLECTIONS OF HIMSELF in the MIRRORS.

CLAIRE

Straight ahead.

MIKE

Hard to find doors in this place.

MIKE: embarrassed, apologetic.

CLAIRE

... Detective Keegan, I hope you
understand how upsetting this is?

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S OUTER VESTIBULE - NIGHT

All silent; MIKE on "watch". Just him and a wooden desk chair, the grade-school variety. No books, no crossword puzzles; he came unprepared. He checks his watch and looks to an ornate wall clock. And he's bored. He picks up an empty coffee cup, looking for a last drop. Settles for sniffing it. Replaces it on the floor beside him.

Then he looks to the closed doors of the apartment and makes a decision. Picking up the coffee cup, he quietly pushes the DOORS OPEN, and ENTERS.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As MIKE pads quietly across the marble floors in the quiet; pausing to gaze, in awe, at the vast, empty LIVING ROOM. It is gigantic, his eyes roaming the ceilings, as though to estimate their height.

Moving inward, his eyes fall on a BOOK RACK, and he crosses to it, perusing the shelves for possible reading material.

They're all ART BOOKS, the big, thick kind. A Renoir, because of a NUDE FIGURE on the cover, catches his eye. But as he pulls it out and begins to leaf through -- he HEARS VOICES. CLAIRE'S and NEIL'S; her tone is agitated.

NEIL (O.S.)

(barely audible)

... just saying you should think twice about it...

CLAIRE (O.S.)

... I don't want to talk about it...

CLOSE ON MIKE: book under his arm, quietly moving toward the SOURCE: the DEN. It's door is slightly ajar; there is a suitcase in front of it, ready for travel.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

CLAIRE

... You know, and I know, that the only thing standing between a life sentence for Venza and his freedom is my testimony at his trial...

NEIL

Claire...

CLAIRE

... He killed Win... he enjoyed it...

NEIL

Win made his choices, Claire. We

all do --

CLAIRE

And I'm making mine.

She looks at him; a beat, emotionally. He remains steady.

NEIL

(gently)

You're dealing with a psychopath.
He gets out of jail in ten years, or
five... or ninety days, and you'll
be looking over your shoulder for
the rest of your life...

CLAIRE

What am I supposed to do?! I saw
one of my oldest friends get killed!
And I saw who did it!

(through tears)

I can't just -- "let it go away"!!

NEIL

(gently)

Claire...

ANGLE - DEN. NEIL takes her in his arms, holding her tightly, affectionately, protectively. Holding her from behind, NEIL KISSES CLAIRE gently on her neck. She calms in his arms.

RETURN: MIKE DODGES back quickly, through the living and dining rooms until he's in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Spotting the microwave, MIKE QUICKLY TOSSES in an English muffin -- peering at the dials, as he switches it on.

But he hasn't escaped being a trespasser to what's going on in the far room. He can still HEAR THEM, though HE WHISTLES, trying not to.

The English muffin BURSTS INTO FLAMES, MIKE desperately pulling it out, tossing it into the sink, feverishly fanning the air.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON MIKE: becoming aware that HE'S NOT ALONE. He TURNS SUDDENLY to see MARY, the housekeeper, not ten feet from him, in the laundry room, coat on, fluffing her collar, ready to go home.

MIKE

(chagrined)
I like 'em toasty.

ANGLE ON MARY: staring at him, amused.

MARY

Good night, Mr. Keegan.

She moves through the kitchen and EXITS.

INT. VESTIBULE - LATER - NIGHT

NEIL, with his briefcase, finally leaving. He crosses from the hallway.

The TWO EYE EACH OTHER: MIKE attempting a cordial smile.

NEIL

You're here 'til what time?

MIKE

I'm relieved at 4:00 A.M.

NEIL noticing the Renoir.

NEIL

When you're through with it, put it back, please, exactly where you found it, and don't use the library again. I have to leave town for a few days. Let's do everything we can to make this less of a trial for her, shall we?

MIKE NODS. But when NEIL leaves, he makes a mock "military salute"; a click of the heels.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S VESTIBULE - LATER

2:45 A.M. (the clock ON THE WALL); pindrop silence; MIKE alone.

CLOSE ON MIKE: thoughtful, leafing through the Renoir. Like a man making the most of solitary confinement -- becoming aware of a NOISE. Though hard to make out in this windowless capsule, it is DISTANT THUNDER. It stirs life in him and his eyes wander reflexively upward,

studying the ceiling -- then the doors of the apartment, left slightly ajar.

ANGLE INSIDE THE APARTMENT: CAMERA FOLLOWING MIKE as he wanders inward, becoming aware of light coming from a drawing room. HE MOVES TOWARD, STOPPING.

ANGLE FROM HIS POV: CLAIRE, dimly illuminated by the light of a desk lamp that throws a gentle glow around her -- seated, still as statuary, gazing out into the rain.

CLOSE ON MIKE: watching her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUBWAY - ON THE MOVE - LATER

The uncivilized hour indicated by the TOTALLY EMPTY SUBWAY, MIKE a lone figure, somewhat numbed, his eyes set into distant space -- as the SUBWAY reaches its DESTINATION, the blurry platform signs decelerating until we can make out the word "QUEENS".

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - QUEENS

The neighborhood still asleep in the predawn hour; MIKE picks up the newspaper... glancing at it, he opens it, sees an article and photograph of CLAIRE on the second page. He heads inwards...

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Afternoon sunlight SPILLING IN as MIKE AWAKENS to the SOUND of a CAR MOTOR, faltering, then "chug-chugging" to another start, gasping, then revving. Someone's working on MIKE'S car. He looks at his alarm clock; it's 4:00 in the afternoon.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKE'S BACKYARD - DAY

ELLIE and TOMMY visible only as fragments as they work on MIKE'S car. ELLIE IS SEEN as a rear-end in blue jeans, the rest of her inside the hood; she calls to TOMMY to "try it again". It looks like no one's behind the wheel; but the very top of his head CAN BE SEEN as he strains to reach the accelerator.

ANGLE ON MIKE: appearing at the door, in a freshly pressed suit, a steaming cup of coffee in hand. He walks across the lawn towards them.

MIKE

Hey! What the hell're you doin' to my car?

ELLIE emerges from underneath the hood, flushed.

ELLIE

Changing the sparks. They showed it on TV. What d'you think?

MIKE

I think television's a dangerous thing.

ELLIE

It's twenty bucks in the bank.

Slamming the hood. TOMMY revs the engine ELLIE moving down the steps towards MIKE.

ELLIE

Enough, Tommy! C'mon. Get out of there!

ELLIE moving towards MIKE, she slipping her hand into his underpants: Their eyes meet, lovingly. She laughs.

MIKE

Hey. The neighbors.

ELLIE

Let 'em eat their hearts out.

She retrieves her cold coffee cup from the POTTING TABLE, checks out the picture of CLAIRE in the newspaper, he's left there. MIKE adjusts his tie. It's very colorful.

ELLIE

I read the article. You didn't tell me she was so beautiful.

MIKE

(Mister Honest)

Well, actually, she looks better than that.

ELLIE playfully makes a move, JABBING AT HIM, MIKE stops her, ending WITH A HUG.

MIKE

I've got to go.

MIKE kisses her. ELLIE holds MIKE'S face with her gloved hand.

MIKE

See you Tommy.

ANGLE ON ELLIE: as TOMMY comes up and leans against his mom: both watching MIKE primp, they share on the joke. MIKE turns, his face with grease on it.

MIKE

Okay?

ELLIE

Unbelievably handsome. You look fantastic in a suit.

TOMMY

Nice threads Dad.

MIKE

Yeah, I think so.

MIKE leaves.

INT. CLAIRE'S KITCHEN - LATER - NIGHT

The WALL CLOCK reads 6:30. The remains of a teeny gourmet meal, before him on the kitchen table.

MIKE is playing an improvised hockey game, shooting peas through a goal made up of two water glasses, using his knife as a hockey stick. He HEARS the CLICK of HIGH HEELS approaching, crossing the vast marble floors.

ANGLE FROM HIS POV: CLAIRE coming toward -- clearly dressed for the evening, her stride signaling determination.

MIKE

(brilliant)

Hi.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry. I'm not sure how this works. I have to go out... is that all right?

MIKE

(unprepared)

Uh...

CLAIRE

I have to pick something up before Bergdorf's closes, then stop at a reception just a few blocks away.

MIKE

(faltering)

I think, maybe, that isn't such a great idea...

CLAIRE

Lieutenant Garber said that in all likelihood there was no real danger, is that true?

MIKE

Right. That's true.

CLAIRE

Can we go then?

MIKE

I'm supposed to call in.

CLAIRE

There's a phone in the car.

She MOVES TOWARDS THE ELEVATOR: MIKE, stymied.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME - NIGHT

They descend in silence, MIKE aware of being scrutinized. The ELEVATOR STOPS, MIKE about to get off, realizing they're stopped at the THIRD FLOOR, another TENANT stepping on. He's dressed in an expensive JOGGING SUIT, his key dangling from around his neck; he nods to CLAIRE and pushes "DOWN". The elevator RUMBLES downward.

CLAIRE

Do you have another tie? Something more conservative?

MIKE

(confused, then realizing)

Oh... Yes... I don't have it with

me. It's at home.

EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - SAME - NIGHT

The JOGGER first out the door, taking off with fierce determination, followed by MIKE, who nervously checks the street, then opens the limo door and checks inside, then, finally, MOTIONS CLAIRE OUT. She moves smoothly into the limo; MIKE checks traffic behind them, then gets in, after.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - SAME - NIGHT

MIKE fumbles, searching the console for the car phone. She finds it easily, picks it up.

CLAIRE

What's the number?

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN HEADQUARTERS - GARBER'S OFFICE

GARBER is on the other end of the line.

GARBER

Oh, Jesus, what a fucking lunatic.
Fucking shopping.

(he thinks)

I don't see that we have much
choice. Jesus Christ. Tell her
she's a fucking lunatic.

GARBER slams down the phone.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIMO - NIGHT

MIKE sets down the phone.

CLAIRE

What did he say?

MIKE

He thinks you're being a little
careless. He made the point several
times.

MIKE sets down the phone. They settle back; trying to

feel "comfortable" in one another's presence. It's plenty awkward.

CLAIRE

You live in Manhattan?

MIKE

Queens... You know Queens?

CLAIRE

My father founded a music school there. The Milton Gregory School.

He politely tries to place it, with no idea.

CLAIRE

I'm supposed to speak at their tenth anniversary.

MIKE

Nice. Maybe you'll stop by... have an aperitif...

It evokes a slight smile but nothing more.

MIKE

Maybe not.

CUT TO:

EXT. 5TH AVENUE SHOP - NIGHT

The limo pulling up, MIKE hopping expertly out before it stops moving.

It's parked in a red zone, with tow-away signs everywhere; a PATROLMAN notices from the curb.

MIKE

(to the driver)

Don't move it.

He flashes his shield at the PATROLMAN, takes a firm grip on CLAIRE'S elbow, guiding her in.

ANGLE - AT THE ENTRANCE DOORS

MIKE stiff-arms the revolving door, stopping outgoing shoppers to clear the way for CLAIRE; hops over to the fixed door, opening it quickly for her, hustling her effortlessly in, zip.

ANGLE: CLAIRE, taken by it, but not displeased.

INT. FIFTH AVENUE SHOP - NIGHT

They cross toward the up escalator; she knows where she's going.

PERFUME LADY

Hello, Miss Gregory.

CLAIRE steps onto the ESCALATOR; MIKE on alert, scrutinizing the crowd. He gets on right behind. They ascend.

At the top LANDING, A DARK-SUITED MAN VEERS RIGHT INTO HER. CLAIRE flinches. MIKE MOVES PAST HER to the front, quickly handling the guy. The MAN jumps back.

DARK-SUITED MAN

I'm sorry... I thought this was down...

ANGLE ON MIKE; SHAKEN. CLAIRE giving him a long unsteady look, too.

CLAIRE

Are you nervous?

MIKE

No, Ma'am.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOP - GIFT COUNTER - NIGHT

MIKE keeping close watch as CLAIRE approves her purchase: a silver frame, containing an inscribed photo of CLAIRE and an elegant older woman.

CLAIRE

Would you wrap it for me, I'll be back in a moment.

CLAIRE walks past MIKE.

CLAIRE

Could you come with me please.

MIKE follows her.

CLAIRE at the TIE COUNTER, points to the tie rack.

CLAIRE

Would you pick one out, please?

MIKE

Beg pardon?

CLAIRE

Since you're going to be my escort,
you'll need a new tie.

MIKE begins to connect, glancing down again at the tie he's wearing. CLAIRE selects a TIE, turning to the SALESPERSON, for his reaction.

SALESPERSON

Perfect.

CLAIRE handing it to the SALESPERSON.

CLAIRE

Put it on my account, please.

MIKE

I got money.

CLAIRE gives a look to the clerk to go ahead with her order. SALESPERSON goes off.

CLAIRE

If we had more time we'd work on the
suit too.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LIMO - IN MOTION - SAME - NIGHT

MIKE AND CLAIRE; CLAIRE favorably assessing him in the new tie.

CLAIRE

You look quite elegant, actually.

He looks down at it in silence; then, finally:

MIKE

My wife likes this suit.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE: his vulnerability makes her smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - NIGHT

Clearly a "big deal," with Kleig lights and heavy LIMOUSINE and TAXI traffic being directed into place by COPS, some of whom we recognize.

ANGLE ON A PAIR OF COPS, using flashlights to guide traffic -- spotting CLAIRE'S LIMOUSINE with the BLACK-AND-WHITE PATROL CAR following it, and signaling it into place.

TRAFFIC COP

(re: Claire's limo)

Bring it in, close.

The COP OPENS THE DOOR -- stunned to see MIKE STEP OUT, in suit and new tie -- looking like he belongs there.

COP

Jesus Christ.

MIKE

I'm on duty.

COP

What kind of work? Gigolo?

CLAIRE steps out, utterly elegant, taking MIKE'S arm -- the traffic COPS now joined by those from the BLACK-AND-WHITE, as MIKE and CLAIRE head INWARD. The COPS wolf-whistle MIKE and razz him as they go, some beginning the STRAINS of "Just a Gigolo"...

MIKE GIVES THEM THE FINGER behind his back.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RECEPTION - SAME - NIGHT

MIKE and CLAIRE caught in a crush of people jamming the ENTRANCE WAY -- their bodies coming into close contact, so close that MIKE is forced into an awkward posture in order to stay close to her; one arm up in the air, uncomfortable about taking her arm.

CLAIRE

You can touch me, I won't bite.

MIKE

Not too sure about that.

He takes her arm, guiding her through the crowd.

The SOUND of a WOMAN'S (MARGE GOODWIN) VOICE attracts their attention.

MARGE

(pushing through)
CLAIRE! Claire! Darling! Are you all right?

She's a SOCIETY MATRON-TYPE, grabbing CLAIRE in an ever-so-concerned HUG.

MARGE

My God! I couldn't believe... my poor darling... and Win Hockings...! Antonia'll be so happy you're here, she says a "Lifetime Achievement Award" is like being invited to your own funeral while you're still alive...

But ANTONIA, an elegant OLDER WOMAN, has already SPOTTED **HER**.

ANTONIA

Claire...!

She pushes through, and fairly falls into CLAIRE'S arms. ANTONIA almost emotionally overcome, that CLAIRE has managed it.

CLAIRE

I wouldn't have missed it, Tony.

ANTONIA

You look so beautiful...

ANTONIA looks up to see MIKE.

CLAIRE

This is Mike Keegan, the policeman assigned to protect me. Antonia Bolt...

She looks up to SEE MIKE: it directs others to do the same.

MARGE

(change of tone)
Hello.

CLAIRE

(introducing)
Marge Woodwin, Antonia Bolt, this is
Mike Keegan...

MIKE

(ultra respectful)
Hello...
(a deferential nod
to Antonia)
... Ma'am.

ANTONIA

(liking him; to
Claire)
He's got nice eyes. Very gentle.
(re: Mike's
embarrassed
reaction)
And he blushes. I like that. Take
good care of her.

INT. THE RECEPTION - LATER - NIGHT

CLAIRE in the thick of things -- a BAND PLAYING NOW --
occasionally glancing at MIKE -- who stands against a
wall, ever watchful...

CLOSE ON MIKE: TURNING to see a VERY PRETTY YOUNG THING
come up to him; just "oozing" seduction.

PRETTY YOUNG THING

I hear you're a policeman.

MIKE nods; eyes fixed on CLAIRE.

MIKE

Uh, yeah. I'm a policeman.

PRETTY YOUNG THING

Ever shot anyone?

MIKE

Yes.

PRETTY YOUNG THING

Does it make you... hard?

MIKE

... Hard?

PRETTY YOUNG THING

Erect. You know, a "boner?" I'd heard that it gives you a boner, to shoot a man.

MIKE'S eyes register abject dumbfoundment.

MIKE

Would you excuse me, please?

HE PUSHES TOWARD CLAIRE, catching her eye.

MIKE

Would you consider leaving here pretty soon?

CLAIRE relaxed, clearly having a good time.

CLAIRE

People think I'm stepping out on Neil. We're causing quite a scandal.

MIKE

(confidential)

Hey! There are crazy people here.

CLAIRE

Let's get a drink.

MIKE

Ah... I shouldn't... on duty.

She plows toward the crowded bar, just inside the ballroom entrance, MIKE following.

CLAIRE

I'll have a spritzer, order something soft for yourself... I must go for a pee.

MIKE

I'll come with you.

CLAIRE

I think I can probably do that on my own.

CLOSE ON MIKE: Not amused. CLAIRE heads to the ladies' room across from the bar. MIKE watches her enter. Turns back to the bar, which is very busy and confused.

MIKE

(irritated)
Gimme a spritzer, and a... vodka
martini.

MIKE seeing the Pretty Young Thing.

MIKE

Make it a double.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES' ROOM - SAME - NIGHT

as a pair of WOMEN finish their "touch-up" and head out, making way for CLAIRE to step up to the mirror to assess herself. The room momentarily empties. Putting her purse down she moves to a stall and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR COUNTER - NIGHT

MIKE, waiting, glancing back at the door as the TWO WOMEN EXIT, then turns to the BARMAN to receive the drinks.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES' ROOM - SAME

LOW ANGLE on the door -- as a pair of men's shoes pass through frame.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE, inside a stall SHE HEARS FOOTSTEPS QUIETLY ENTER, followed by a CLICK of a DOOR. It's not the click of a stall door, because the FOOTSTEPS then proceed inward; WE HEAR A STALL DOOR CLOSE and LOCK. It gives her momentary pause, but she dismisses it, looking for her purse -- realizing she left it on the sink -- opening her stall door and heading out.

She barely hears the "click" of the bolt sliding behind her -- and looks up, into the MIRROR, SEEING VENZA appear behind her. She SPINS -- but doesn't have time to CRY OUT. He's grabbed her by the THROAT.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - SAME MOMENT - NIGHT

MIKE and the PRETTY YOUNG THING: she doesn't notice him trying to drift away.

PRETTY YOUNG THING

You know what? I don't think you're a policeman at all. I think you're just some schmuck who uses that "policeman" line as a come-on.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES' ROOM - SAME - NIGHT

CLAIRE attempting to breathe -- her FACE being brought to within an inch of his.

VENZA

Christ, you're one beautiful woman. I could kill you right now, but I'm not gonna... 'cause you're gonna help me. You're gonna see me in a police line-up and say it wasn't me. And if you don't do that, someone will come after you. They're gonna find you dead, with your face missing -- understood... Good... Because otherwise, it'd be this easy.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE: her eyes wide with TERROR. He rubs his thumb across her mouth, smearing the lipstick.

VENZA

Now walk outta here. And if you ever see me again... you never saw me before.

To make his point, he SQUEEZES HARDER -- CLAIRE'S eyes bulging, as TEARS run from her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM - UPPER TIER - SAME - NIGHT

MIKE, finally putting distance between him and the "PRETTY YOUNG THING."

ANGLE: MIKE, as he catches sight of a back of a man (VENZA) moving out of the ladies' room. Stunned, MIKE PIVOTS, TURNING, SPRINTING IN THE DIRECTION of the ladies' room.

OUTSIDE THE LADIES' ROOM: Two women just go in. MIKE pushes his way in, slamming the door behind him. The OTHER WOMEN GASP, seeing MIKE invading their sanctuary.

INSIDE THE LADIES' ROOM: MIKE

CLOSE ON MIKE: RELIEVED BUT SHOCKED to see CLAIRE, disheveled, lipstick smeared across her mouth, throat and face, but otherwise uninjured.

MIKE turns, calling to the TWO WOMEN coming in.

MIKE

Take care of her!

MIKE TAKES OFF AFTER VENZA --

INT. UPPER TIER

OUT OF LADIES' ROOM, AND UP THE RAMP TO THE NEAREST (THE UPPER) LEVEL.

ANGLE: He sees VENZA get into the ELEVATOR. There is only one place for it to go -- DOWN. MIKE CHANGES DIRECTION and FRANTICALLY RUNS DOWN THE SPIRALING RAMP trying to keep pace with the descent of the elevator. At the GROUND LEVEL HE SEES THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN and VENZA **EXITS AMIDST THE PARTY.**

ANGLE ON VENZA: VENZA MAKES HIS WAY TO THE FRONT ENTRANCE AND EXITS THE BUILDING.

ANGLE ON MIKE: MIKE HURTLES DOWN THE RAMP AND DESPERATELY FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE CENTER of the PARTY and OUT the FRONT ENTRANCE.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - NIGHT

MIKE EXITS the BUILDING bewildered; lost him... RUNS BLINDLY amidst PEDESTRIANS -- SPOTS VENZA AHEAD.

ANGLE ON VENZA reaching someone MIKE CAN'T SEE. MIKE puts his hand in his jacket for his gun.

MIKE

Venza!

VENZA HEARS and SLOWS, but DOESN'T TURN. ONLOOKERS turn. VENZA is talking to someone, taking his time.

ANGLE ON VENZA: untroubled, turning; raising his arms, and SMILING.

ANGLE ON MIKE: confused -- seeing that the man VENZA stopped to talk to is a PATROLMAN, he'd stopped to give himself up.

CLOSE ON MIKE: breathless as he moves toward VENZA. MIKE frisks VENZA as he turns, SMILING at MIKE.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

MIKE and T.J. with GARBER, MIKE being CONGRATULATED by COPS who pass. But GARBER doesn't look happy.

MIKE

(protesting)
But I got him! He's in jail!
Wasn't that the point...?!

GARBER

You apprehended him after he gave himself up --

MIKE

It wasn't a bad bust. He gave himself up because he knew I was gonna nab him.

GARBER

Anyone who turns himself in makes a good case for bail.

MIKE

Even Joey Venza?!

GARBER

He's got a good lawyer, and he made a smart move. We've got a scared witness and a suspect who proved "good will" by turning himself in.

MIKE

(protesting)
What about when she identifies him?!

GARBER

If she identifies him.
(turns, unloading on him)
Where the fuck were you anyway, cowboy! Venza was meat. He walked

right past you, and now we're the ones playing catch-up! You better hope she identifies him.

GARBER turns on his heel, ENTERING HIS OFFICE; leaving MIKE looking at T.J. Dismayed.

T.J.

Wasn't your fault.

MIKE

(exasperated)

It was my fault, T.J. Fuck!

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACT HOME - BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - AFTERNOON

A tree-lined neighborhood. The house has a FOR SALE sign in front; MIKE is standing in front of a cab, he's dressed for work -- he looks around. The cab pulls out, he heads for the front door.

INT. TRACT HOME - AFTERNOON

MIKE enters the house. It's nothing special. ELLIE is in another room. She joins MIKE.

ELLIE

The real estate lady left, she couldn't wait anymore. What took you?

MIKE

(upset)

Oh, some shit.

ELLIE

What shit, honey?

MIKE

You don't want to hear about it.

ELLIE begins to show him the place.

ELLIE

... Look at the fireplace. You don't get workmanship like that anymore.

ANGLE ON MIKE: preoccupied.

ELLIE

Ninety-seven five. What do you think?

He nods, trying hard to "be there," but ELLIE isn't fooled; she assesses him with concern.

ELLIE

Honey. You got him.

MIKE

I don't know that Ellie. He might get out. Garber's not bein' straight with the witness, she could be in deep shit if she identifies him, and it's my job to convince her she won't be.

ELLIE

(the voice of
sanity)

She's got to identify him.

MIKE

Why?

ELLIE

(taken aback)

Because the the only way to stop crime is to identify criminals. I can't believe you're talking this way Mister Detective -- I think she's got a lot of guts.

MIKE

I think -- she's crazy.

ELLIE

I'd identify him.

MIKE

I might stop you.

A beat.

ELLIE

Oh I can see you've had a bad day. We'll see the house another time, okay?

MIKE

(trying to recover)
No! No! I'm sorry. Ninety-seven
five right?

ELLIE

Where'd you get the tie?

He's wearing the tie CLAIRE bought him.

MIKE

(distracted)
Bought it.

ELLIE

It's not your taste.

MIKE

What did she say the down payment
was?

PAUSE. DEAD SILENCE.

MIKE

She didn't like the other one, so
she picked this one.

ELLIE

She took you shopping for a tie?

MIKE

I had to follow her to a store.

ELLIE

What's wrong with your paisley tie?

MIKE

Ellie, it was a formal party...

ELLIE

Excuse me! You went to a party with
her?

MIKE

I'm her bodyguard, goddamnit...

ELLIE

I know you're her bodyguard. Did
she buy it or did you?

MIKE

She bought it.

ELLIE

Why?

MIKE

I don't know why she bought me a tie! -- She's a generous person -- and she's a nice person -- and I could be settin' her up to be killed... you want the fuckin' tie?

His VOICE resonates through the empty house, creating a ringing silence. ELLIE begins to giggle.

ELLIE

(joking)

No, I don't want the 'fuckin'" tie -- I'm sorry --

(conciliatory)

I'm glad she bought you a tie. You needed one. You look good in that tie.

(a beat)

Next time you two go shopping, maybe you could tell her we need a new Maytag stackable, double-decker washer and dryer set.

MIKE smiles, she gives him a kiss, and a flick on the nose.

ELLIE

You want to see the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - LATER - NIGHT

The WALL CLOCK reads 9:45. CLAIRE is working at her desk. She gets up and moves into the hallway where she sees MIKE through the half-opened door. CLAIRE moves to the doorway.

CLAIRE

Hi. Just checking to see if you're here.

MIKE

I came on at 8:00.

An awkward silence.

MIKE

You all right?

CLAIRE

Yeah.

MIKE

I'm sorry about what happened.

CLAIRE

Listen, that was my fault.

MIKE

(disagreeing)

I shouldn't have listened to you, I should've followed you right into the "can" the way he did.

CLAIRE

If I had known I was going to have company, he was right next to me. I think he heard me peeing! I hate that, I am glad he's in jail.

She laughs, he smiles, both attempting to make light of it. But it's hard to make light of; the attempt quickly fades.

CLAIRE

Lieutenant Garber says when I identify him, they're going to lock him up and throw away the key.

MIKE nods; buttoning his lip.

CLAIRE

I guess I'm supposed to do it in the morning. Identify him.

MIKE

(uneasy)

Sooner, the better.

CLAIRE

He said he'd kill me.

MIKE

Big talk... Desperate guy.

CLAIRE

Right. How could he do that if he's in jail and they've thrown away the key...?

MIKE is TORN.

MIKE

It's the right thing to do.
Identifying him.

She starts to walk away.

MIKE

Claire?

CLAIRE

Hmm...

MIKE

(holds up a book)
You wouldn't happen to know what
language they speak in India, do
you?

CLAIRE

Urdu and Hindi.

MIKE

(amazed)
Yeah, what a woman.

He marks it in his CROSSWORDS: she moves closer, leaning
over his shoulder to see.

CLAIRE

Didn't do very well, did you?

MIKE

(a laugh)
Nope... never finished one yet. I
hate these things.

CLAIRE

You were reading my Renoir.

MIKE

How did you know?

CLAIRE

You put it back in the wrong
place... Do you like Renoir?

MIKE

(thoughtful)
They're kind of fuzzy.

CLAIRE

You know why they're like that...?
He was myopic... going blind.

MIKE

No kidding.

In the SILENCE that follows, their eyes on each other,
appraising.

CLAIRE

So, this could be your last night,
huh?

MIKE

Could be, I guess.

CLAIRE

(a thought)
Want to go out for a drink?
(re: his surprised
expression)
I mean, we're both sitting here, and
Joey Venza's in jail...

MIKE

(a beat)
Yeah, I like that! Where you go, I
follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

CLAIRE and MIKE walking; her arm looped in his -- the
BLACK-AND-WHITE keeping pace alongside them -- their
conversation animated, clearly enjoying one another's
company.

CLAIRE

(laughing)
You mean to tell me, a mugger would
stay away from someone because they
walked a certain way?

MIKE

Absolutely. Look at this.

He demonstrates a peculiar walk; arms and legs moving in
ridiculous awkwardness.

CLAIRE

That's the dumbest walk I ever saw!

MIKE

(indignant)

No, no seriously! There's a study done on this, you walk this way, the muggers are gonna single you out.

CLAIRE

And die laughing, because you're walking so stupid!

MIKE

(mock anger)

Hey. This is my business. Do I tell you your business.

CLAIRE

Okay. Let's just see if a mugger gets me.

She takes off down the street; walking stupidly, worse than he did -- he's LAUGHING as he WATCHES HER GO.

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

The COPS following exchange dubious glances, getting a glimpse of the strangeness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT

CAMERA FINDING CLAIRE and MIKE, at a small table, in darkness, a piano bar playing in the background. The song being sung is "SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME."

MIKE

... It was like... the minute I saw her... I knew. She looked so damn adorable in a cop's uniform... puttin' on a big, tough act...

CLAIRE

So it was "love".

MIKE

Yeah. It was.

CLAIRE

And "is"...?

He hesitates; but nods.

MIKE

(confirming it)

Yeah.

CLAIRE

That's nice. And you live in Queens? With a child, and a dog...?

MIKE

No dog.

CLAIRE

I saw you with a dog, in my mind.

MIKE

No dog.

CLAIRE

But "nice".

MIKE

Very nice.

Her envy is plain.

MIKE

What about Neil?

CLAIRE

You don't like him, do you?

MIKE

(a pause)

What's to like?

CLAIRE

(amused)

Tell it like it is.

MIKE

You asked.

CLAIRE

He's very caring, in his way. You haven't seen him at his best.

MIKE

You could do better.

CLAIRE

(laughs)

I'll miss you, Mike...

ANGLE ON BOTH: the music playing.

CLAIRE

It was nice having you "watch over me"...

MIKE

Yeah. I liked being around you too... Claire.

CLOSE ON MIKE: feeling a moment of awkwardness.

MIKE

Let's go home.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The PATROL CAR keeping pace as the two walk home; the COPS in the BLACK-AND-WHITE exchange a look at what they are seeing. MIKE is holding her arm, she's huddled up; she is cold and he removes his topcoat and puts it around her shoulders.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

The PATROL CAR comes to a STOP as MIKE and CLAIRE ENTER.

ANGLE ON THE TWO COPS AGAIN: watching them go.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S ELEVATOR - NIGHT

As they ride up in silence -- on opposite sides of the elevator -- looking at each other. It comes to a stop, and neither moves; the tension is palpable.

She steps out first, he follows. She moves to the doors and stops -- her shoulders visibly relaxing as he moves up behind her. But he stops, too. And she turns.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Both captive to indecision. It is he who

makes it, just by staying immobile for too long. She smiles and takes off her coat, holding it out to him. And in the moment of exchange is the return to reality.

CLAIRE

Good night, Mike.

MIKE

Sleep good.

She turns to open the door. Entering she -- and we -- suddenly can see Neil pacing in the hall, b.g. He's returned. He looks up, worried and very upset.

CLOSE ANGLES ON FACES.

NEIL

It's 3 o'clock in the morning.
Where the hell have you been?

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

MIKE heading down a LONG HALL TOWARD GARBER'S OFFICE:
It's like running a gauntlet.

COP #1

Hey, Mike, tough night.

KOONTZ

I guess it happens, you know? A chick gives you a ride in her limousine, the next thing she wants is to wear your clothes...

(a beat)

... I heard he had her underpants on his head.

That one got to him; stopped dead by it, he turns, giving KOONTZ a challenging look.

COP #1

Ease up, Mike. Ain't nobody gonna tell the old lady.

CLOSE ON MIKE: cooling down -- then girding himself for **GARBER.**

KOONTZ

Ain't the first time the taxpayers paid for a blow-job neither.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

GARBER and MIKE on the carpet.

GARBER

(steamed)

Don't tell me it was "no big deal," it was out of line, it makes you look like an asshole, and it makes me look like an asshole. She's coming in, in a few minutes to I.D. Venza. If Steinhart's with her, I want you to apologize.

(in motion)

Let's get this over with...

In the room next to the corridor, KOONTZ interrupts the shift already there, entering.

KOONTZ

Okay, we're gonna have a line-up here...

The OTHER COPS grab their things and scatter, not wanting to get involved in another cop's headache.

CUT TO:

INT. FARTHER DOWN THE CORRIDOR - SAME - DAY

CLAIRE approaching with NEIL, with T.J. on guard-duty.

GARBER

Good morning, Miss Gregory.

MIKE AND CLAIRE catch each other's eyes. He sees how nervous she is.

CLAIRE

It was my fault not Detective Keegan's, I'm sorry for all the fuss.

NEIL catches MIKE'S glance at her; reassures himself with a glance at CLAIRE, straightens, still steamed from last night.

GARBER picks up on it, not liking the tension, especially not now; his eyes throw daggers at MIKE.

GARBER

(to Claire)
You all ready?

NEIL

(playing the
protector role)
Will this take long?

GARBER

We'll see.

GARBER TURNS, getting them started.

CUT TO:

INT. VIEWING ROOM - SAME - DAY

They crowd in; another MAN already standing there --
VENZA'S PARK AVENUE LAWYER. A one-way window looks into
the brightness of the line-up (squad) room that's emptied
now and undergoing preparation by KOONTZ.

GARBER to CLAIRE, a professional reassurance.

GARBER

They can't hear you, they can't see
you...

(introducing pro
forma)

Mr. Venza's attorney, Mr. Neuman;
arresting officer Keegan...

(to Claire)

Good luck.

With that, GARBER leads NEIL out. NEIL manages a final
concerned stare at CLAIRE before he goes. The DOOR
CLOSES. MIKE, CLAIRE, and an unruffled MR. NEUMAN, THE
LAWYER, are left alone in the cramped space.

INT. LINE-UP ROOM - SAME - DAY

KOONTZ beckons VENZA and the OTHER FOUR LINE-UP
PARTICIPANTS IN.

KOONTZ

Okay, take a seat... you, put a
couple phone books under your
rear...

VENZA enters confidently, with the others. He's number three. He takes his place, staring unconcernedly past the bright lights toward the direction of the mirrored window, as if he could see through it, into CLAIRE'S EYES.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - SAME - DAY

CLAIRE, staring expressionless, her eyes etched with fear. MIKE aware of that fear. VENZA'S LAWYER waiting patiently, casually.

INT. LINE-UP ROOM - DAY

VENZA and the OTHERS WAITING, now STANDING ON DISPLAY.

KOONTZ (V.O.) (OVER SPEAKER)

Will everyone except number three
please take one step back?

VENZA'S JAW TIGHTENS, a flicker, before catching himself and controlling the reaction. Realizing. She's making positive identification.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY - EVENING

MIKE, empty-eyed. On his way HOME.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ELLIE dressed for sleep, in a DISNEYWORLD T-SHIRT, pauses to glance with worried eyes -- toward the living room where WE HEAR the SOUND of a TV.

ANGLE ON MIKE: on a couch, beer in hand -- mindlessly watching.

ELLIE

Coming to bed?

MIKE

Few minutes. Want to catch the news.

ELLIE

(hesitant)

Should I wait up? We've got to get

up early for the beach tomorrow.

MIKE

I'll be right up.

She accepts it, reluctantly -- returning to the BEDROOM.

CLOSE ON MIKE: hitting the remote to SCAN the channels; troubled.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S DEN - EVENING

CLAIRE at ease on the couch, staring, trying to follow the images of the television. NEIL, at the bar, pours them both a drink.

NEIL

They need me back in Miami, but I'd really like it if you could join me. The marlin fishing's supposed to be great off the Keys...

He steps forward with her drink.

NEIL

The change would do you a world of good.

She straightens, suddenly attentive, in response to something on the TV.

It's a REPORT FROM OUTSIDE THE COURTHOUSE, with the TV NEWSMAN reporting:

TV NEWSMAN

Denied bail, Joey Venza will remain behind bars at least until the time of the trial --

ANGLE ON NEIL, watching.

NEIL

Hallelujah.

He gives her a drink, leaning down to kiss her on the forehead.

NEIL

At least now we can get on with our own lives.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Where life has indeed returned to normal, except for the heavy weight of memory. MIKE, at the counter, makes SANDWICHES, packing a cooler for the game. He grabs TOMMY with an arm-hook as TOMMY tries to swipe a sandwich on the pass through.

MIKE

Hey, not yet! How many times...

Roughhousing TOMMY, MIKE gets him squealing. ELLIE enters, stomping her feet clean, coming in from the garden.

ELLIE

God, it's freezin' out there.

She blows on her hands, shows MIKE how cold, putting them against his cheeks.

MIKE

(wincing)

Ah!

She does it to TOMMY, too, except he's too fast for her, yelling and squirming out of the way. The PHONE RINGS. ELLIE doesn't answer it. TOMMY picks it up.

TOMMY

(a beat)

Wait a sec.

He offers the phone out to ELLIE.

ELLIE

Hello.

(a beat)

Yes, just a second.

(hands it to Mike)

It's the Whip.

MIKE takes it. ELLIE turns to TOMMY, who yelps and darts away, avoiding her cold touch.

MIKE

(into phone)

Hey Lieutenant, how are you...?

What?!

(to Ellie)
Venza's out.
(back to phone;
pissed)
Why didn't the I.D. unit or the
D.A.'s office know about his sheet?
(a beat)
Ah shit... Yeah, yeah, okay I'm on
my way in.

He SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE, raging.

ELLIE

What?

MIKE

Goddamn Venza assaulted a taxi
driver in the Bronx, thirteen months
ago. It's coming to court and the
judge let him walk because of the
pending case law.

In a fit of RAGE, he SWIPES at a MILK CARTON, sending it
HURTLING AGAINST A WALL. ANGLE on TOMMY: amazed.

ELLIE

Mike, take it easy...

MIKE

Take it easy! I set her up. I saw
it coming.

ELLIE

It's not your fault. Mike, please
get off the case.

MIKE

(distracted)
It is my fault! I'm responsible for
her!

ELLIE

Did you hear what I said?

MIKE

Did you hear what I said?!!

SILENCE.

MIKE

(to Ellie, with
finality)

I'm due on at seven.

He dumps the rest of the lunch preparations in the sink, exiting.

ANGLE on TOMMY and ELLIE looking distraught.

TOMMY

(dismally)

We're not going to the game, are we Mom?

ELLIE

(pulling herself together)

Sure we are, let's go!

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

MUSIC TURNED UP FULL.

CLAIRE spills red wine over the counter, uncorking the bottle. She leaves the stain, grabbing the bottle and a wine glass, taking them with her, in emotional extremis.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

ANGLE on MIKE: as he rounds a corner ALMOST BUMPING INTO the JOGGER from CLAIRE'S BUILDING; MIKE hurries, sidestepping him, HEADING toward the ENTRANCE.

ANGLE FROM HIS POV: CLAIRE'S FRONT ENTRANCE; extra SECURITY -- A SQUAD CAR PARKED IN FRONT now.

ANGLE ON MIKE: SPRINTING INWARD.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S VESTIBULE - SAME - NIGHT

The ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN and MIKE steps out, breathless, confronting KOONTZ. The MUSIC CONTINUES TO BLAST from behind the closed apartment doors.

KOONTZ grabbing his stuff, massive understatement.

KOONTZ

She's a little upset. You're going

to have to piss in a bottle.

He holds up a beer bottle; half-filled with urine.

KOONTZ

(packs it under his
arm)

Sorry, I don't have any extras.
Have a nice night.

HE WILLINGLY LEAVE, and MIKE WAITS but a split second,
before going to the doors. They are closed. MUSIC blares
from within. No other response.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME - NIGHT

Distraught, CLAIRE tries to bring herself back from the
brink, placing the wine bottle rack down after she's
poured.

MIKE (O.S.)

Claire?

CLAIRE

(frightened)

What do you want?

MIKE (O.S.)

Open the door, will you?

CLAIRE

I can't open it.

MIKE (O.S.)

It's just me. I want to talk to
you. Let me in...

The lock turns and it opens, but just a crack, enough to
see that she's hysterical, her eyes reddened from crying.

CLAIRE

You put me life in danger.

MIKE

No, you'll be safe. We're gonna
pick him up again...

CLAIRE

And then what? I'll never be safe.
I'll have to leave the country! You
can't protect me, and you can't keep

him in jail! And you knew that all
the goddamn time!

Near bursting, she SLAMS THE DOOR, leaving MIKE STUNNED:
Inside, the MUSIC is TURNED UP AGAIN to THUNDEROUS
PROPORTIONS.

Clenching his fists, MIKE PACES in frustration, then SLAMS
his fist against the wall -- NOTICING the door has failed
to FULLY SHUT.

HE PUSHES IT OPEN, ENTERING THE APARTMENT, CAMERA
FOLLOWING HIM as he looks for her. The MUSIC, bounding
off the high ceilings and marble floors, is thunderous.

INT. CLAIRE'S HALL - NIGHT

MIKE

(searching for her)
Claire...?

He moves HURRIEDLY DOWN THE HALL to her BEDROOM, entering,
without warning, to SEE HER REFLECTION in the MIRROR as
she PULLS ON SOME CLOTHES.

MIKE

What are you doing?

The dress on, she SWEEPS past him, heading toward the
doors.

CLAIRE

You told me I'm safe? I'm going for
a walk in the park.

MIKE

Claire, will you calm down?

CLAIRE

I'm perfectly calm, I'm a normal
human being. I'm going for a walk
in the park.

MIKE

Claire...!

She heads out the bedroom door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - SAME - NIGHT

ANGLE ON CLAIRE: as she heads down the hall moving fast,
he's right behind her.

MIKE

Stop, will you?!

HE GRABS HER, SPINNING HER AROUND.

CLAIRE

(struggling)

Let go!

MIKE

Stop being nuts!

CLAIRE

(hysterical)

I trusted you! I thought you cared
about me?!

MIKE

I do care about you!

CLAIRE

More bullshit! More bullshit!
(struggling)

What kind of odds are they giving
me? There must be some kind of
office pool. One month? A couple
of days?

Their physicality reaches a CLIMAX with MIKE pinning her
against the wall, she, restrained by him, finally GIVING
UP, with a SOB, and COLLAPSING INTO HIS ARMS.

MIKE

(handling her close)

Easy... easy... I'm not gonna leave
you alone like this...

ANGLE ON CLAIRE: gasping as she clings to him.

MIKE

I'm not gonna let anything happen to
you...

He holds her; makes a tentative move toward her -- and
stops. She CLOSES THE DISTANCE. THEY KISS. They
separate, making sure. They KISS AGAIN, certain.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ELLIE startles awake, premonitorily.

ELLIE: She turns in the darkness to look at the clock. Heart beating, she reclines again, lying awake, realizing what it was that woke her. She listens, hearing it again.

A shuffling SOUND, something moving, outside.

She stirs, sitting up, listening.

ANGLE: Only silence answers.

ELLIE gets up, dissatisfied by the silence, and moves to the rear bedroom window.

AT THE REAR WINDOW, she looks out into the darkness.

HER POV - BACK YARD

It's almost impossible to see anything. Nothing moves.

INT. HALL/LANDING - NIGHT

ELLIE closes TOMMY'S door, listens again for the SOUND; starts quietly down the stairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

ELLIE reaches the ground floor, moving for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

ELLIE enters. She GASPS. A SMALL SHADOWED FIGURE TURNS, CONFRONTING HER. It's TOMMY, having left his room earlier.

TOMMY

(hushed)

There's somebody outside...

Recovering from the scare, ELLIE grabs him, relieved, sinking to her KNEES and HOLDING HIM TIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIKE gets up, dressing. CLAIRE watches from the bed. He returns her gaze, reluctant to go, but hesitating to touch her again. CLAIRE clasps his hand, bringing him closer. They kiss, in affirmation.

INT. VESTIBULE - NIGHT

MIKE stands by the front door as T.J. arrives to begin his duty.

T.J.

We're gonna need snow boots.

MIKE nods, absently, entering the elevator. The PHONE starts to RING in the apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY - EARLY A.M. - NIGHT

MIKE; miserable. The "QUEENS" exit is SEEN APPROACHING through the TRAIN WINDOW; he attempts to pull himself together, rising, waiting for the train to stop.

EXT. MIKE'S STREET - SAME

As MIKE rounds the corner and looks up. His breath catches. His heart starts to pound.

AHEAD, lights ablaze. ONE COP CAR is in front of his HOUSE, and a JEEP (Belonging to SCOTTY). MIKE BREAKS INTO A RUN.

INT. MIKE'S ENTRY - NIGHT - MORNING

He rushes in. The front door is unlocked, lights are on, but otherwise there is nothing different. He hears VOICES.

INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - MORNING

MIKE hurries in. The room is bright. SCOTTY and another cop, BROOKLYN from the 117th, look up from the kitchen table, nursing cups of coffee. BROOKLYN is on duty; SCOTTY has come over on his own.

TOMMY has long since been ushered back to bed. ELLIE

making coffee at the stove, turns as MIKE enters.

She is okay, returning MIKE'S stare with embarrassment.

SCOTTY

Calm down, everything is okay.
Ellie reported a prowler. Probably
one of those peepers who've been
making this neighborhood such a
pleasure...

SCOTTY collects his gun from the table, rising.

SCOTTY

We all look like hell.

BROOKLYN

(rising)
Well, there you are...
(to Ellie,
unconcerned)
I'll come 'round in the car from
time to time so you can get some
sleep. Just keep the shades pulled.

He gives her a peck, yawning.

BROOKLYN

Thanks for the coffee.

ELLIE

(to both)
Thanks. You're terrific.

SCOTTY waves her off with a goodbye, exiting after
BROOKLYN. ELLIE turns back to MIKE.

ELLIE

(sheepishly)
I'm sorry. I know I heard noises...
the detective's wife...

MIKE

(tensely)
I want you and Tommy to stay with my
mother.

She shakes her head, amused.

ELLIE

Don't be ridiculous... That's all I
need, rubbing up against your mother

and grandmother every day... I can
take care of myself...

(gently, to him)

C'mon, let's go to bed... we all
need some sleep...

CLOSE ON MIKE. Feeling like absolute hell.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE AND ELLIE'S DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

MIKE is threading his necktie. ELLIE stands behind him,
in the kitchen, grinning.

ELLIE

C'mon, don't make an issue of it.
Do you want the fucking meatloaf or
not?

MIKE

D'you have to say "fucking" every
other word?

ELLIE

What was that?

MIKE

You heard me.

ELLIE

Jesus, Mike, somebody's been feeding
you a line of crap.

MIKE

What're you talking about --

ELLIE

I'm talking about I've been talking
this way for sixteen years and now,
out of the blue, it's vulgar!

She leaves the room, slamming the door behind her. He
looks at himself in the mirror, wondering what's possessed
him.

MIKE

Fuck. What's happening?

INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - DAY

MIKE sits at the table with a cup of coffee. He watches ELLIE from the window.

MIKE'S POV

ELLIE: Tight jeans, workshirt, scarf tied around her head, she looks great. She looks up, rinsing a greasy grill over a bucket of hot water, playfully sprays the window with the hose, seeing him watching her.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY - EVENING

MIKE walking along the platform amidst the crowded car, returning to his work and his destination.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S ENTRY HALL - EVENING

A heavy silence. MIKE sitting, on duty again. He keeps to himself. He doesn't move from his chair.

CLAIRE finally enters. She holds tensely, waiting, aware of his mood.

CLAIRE

Is everything all right?

His stare is unyielding.

MIKE

Yeah.

CLAIRE

They called here after you left...

MIKE

(sharply)

She's okay. Everything's okay...

He looks up.

MIKE

(anguished)

I don't know you...

CLAIRE

This is me, Mike. There's nothing else...

MIKE

You don't wash your clothes at the Boulevard Laundromat... you don't pick up your kids from some crummy public school... what is this? A fuckin' joke?

CLAIRE

(beat; sustaining)
Okay, then let's make it easy. It was a mistake. Don't make me feel guilty now that it's over, let's forget about it.

She walks away; MIKE sits.

INT. CLAIRE'S STUDY

She turns to her table to resume work. Scribbled pages litter the surface. Her hands betray her. It's an effort of will. MIKE enters, moving closer.

Beginning to cry, she feels his embrace, turning into it.

CLAIRE

Don't you think I know what this is doing. I know you have a wife. I know you have a family... I'm not asking for anything. I don't want anything... Just please hold me I'm scared...

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - EARLY A.M. - NIGHT

CLAIRE lies asleep. MIKE leans over her as she wakes, meeting his gaze, bringing him closer before he goes. They kiss. He withdraws, tenderly returning her gaze and returning her to sleep.

INT. HER HALLWAY - EARLY A.M. - NIGHT

T.J. standing in the hallway.

T.J.

Mike...?

ANGLE ON T.J., as the bedroom DOOR OPENS -- REVEALING MIKE. T.J. recoils with surprise.

T.J.

Oh, man. I don't believe you.

MIKE steps out, closing the door behind him; distraught.

MIKE

(beat)

All fucked up, T.J.

T.J. issues a long, saddened sigh; just staring at him.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE AND ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIKE sits in a chair by the far wall, staring out toward Manhattan, which glows palely, in the distance. Now PAN OVER THE BED where ELLIE lies asleep. But as WE MOVE CLOSE TO HER FACE, WE SEE she is not asleep; wide-eyed, aware of MIKE in the chair.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIKE AND ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

ELLIE stirs as MIKE slips between the sheets. She embraces him, starts to kiss him. He rolls over.

A moment of silence.

ELLIE

You gotta get another tour. We're gettin' too old for this.

MIKE

I'm sorry.

ELLIE

I'm not saying it's your fault.

More silence.

MIKE

What did you do tonight?

ELLIE

I watched TV.

MIKE

What did you watch?

ELLIE

I don't remember Michael, go to sleep. You don't have to make conversation with me.

She snuggles up to him.

ELLIE

I'll make a reservation tomorrow for early dinner. You can sleep till noon.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN RESTAURANT - EVENING

THE LIGHTS of New York beginning to sparkle against a darkening sky; MIKE and ELLIE at a table that looks out on the East River. It's an OK restaurant, not the poshest in the world. ELLIE finds herself carrying most of the conversation. They scan menus to order.

ELLIE

Hey, we qualify for the Senior Citizens Early-Bird Special... Did you see Tommy today? He misses you...

MIKE

Well. This'll be over soon. Venza's such a nut job, we're bound to pick him up soon.

ELLIE

(carefully)

I'd like you to switch to the day shift, Mike. To be home for dinner. Helen insists that T.J. be home for dinner... That's why he's on the morning shift.

MIKE

Well, T.J.'s... seniority... and all.

(evasive)

I'll talk to Garber about it.

ELLIE

(girds herself)

I already did. I mean, I talked to his wife, and she talked to him...

MIKE

(stopped)
You talked to his wife?

CLOSE ON MIKE: incredulous.

MIKE

My wife talks to his wife about what
shift I'm gonna take?

ELLIE

What's the difference?

MIKE is nonplused; not knowing how to respond.

ELLIE

Unless there's some particular
reason why it feels better to be
around her at night.

He shakes his head, dismissively.

ELLIE

Is there, Mike?

No response; MIKE having trouble with it.

CLOSE ON ELLIE: sensing deception. Her eyes begin to
glisten.

CLOSE ON MIKE: seeing her distress. Unable to hide his
own.

She looks at him -- and knowing him as well as she does,
is certain. She puts a hand in front of her mouth in an
attempt not to cry.

ELLIE

What, what is it? Is it serious or
what...? Quit looking at me like
that! What's with this ridiculous
silence?!

Her eyes flush with tears.

ELLIE

Goddamn. I never thought this
would happen to me... you fuckin'
sonofabitch...

She UPSETS her SETTING, GETTING UP from the TABLE, shaking
him off.

ELLIE

I just want you off the case. Get off it, or don't come home.

(her voice trembling)

And I want you to remember... when we're old... that when this awful thing happened... I behaved like a lady.

(embittered)

The kind of "lady" you apparently prefer.

WAITER

(approaching)

We got some specials.

She BOLTS from the room; MIKE following her.

MIKE

(to the waiter)

We'll be right back.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

She weaves toward the car. MIKE goes after her.

MIKE

Let me drive...

ELLIE

Get away from me... get away! She means that much to you, you stay with her. But you come back, you come back for me. Not for Tommy, not for your mother, or your fucking job, but for me.

MIKE

(tortured)

El? I'm sorry. I do love you.

(with difficulty)

And you are a lady. I have so much respect...

She TURNS and SWINGS AT HIM, catching him SQUARE IN THE NOSE; he's stunned and bleeding.

ELLIE

(through her tears;

screaming)
You fucker! Don't tell me how much
respect you have! You dumb mother
fucking FUCKER! Now get off this
case or don't come home!!

She RUNS to her car, BURNING RUBBER as she PEELS out of
the PARKING LOT -- leaving MIKE, distraught, gazing after
her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - BROOKLYN BRIDGE - SAME - EVENING

TRAFFIC ROARING BY -- revealing MIKE, upset, on a pay
phone, a finger in one ear, waiting for the phone to
answer.

MIKE

Hey, T.J.? Yeah, listen, I need a
huge favor from you, man. I know
Helen doesn't like you to miss
dinner, but I need you to switch
shifts with me tonight.

(a beat)

Just "personal". I don't know what
the hell I'm doin', I need some time
to think.

(angered)

Look, do it or don't do it, but
spare me the fuckin' lecture, all
right?

He HANGS UP: miserable.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - EVENING

A SQUAD CAR parked in front, CAMERA PANNING to the DOORS,
as the JOGGER (MR. SPARKS) EXITS, dressed in his usual
outfit, POUNDING DETERMINEDLY across the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as he LOPES INTO THE PARK.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as he REACHES a STOPLIGHT CROSSING that's
"RED"; he waits to cross, jogging in place; crosses into
the park. A sinister lone black LIMO approaches, slowing
to a stop behind him, its back door slowly swinging open,
engulfing our sight of him...

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - LATER

The "JOGGER" returning, obscuring his identity from the parked PATROL CAR, by wiping his face with a towel. Before heading to the door, where a DOORMAN stands guard, he delays as though WAITING FOR SOMETHING.

It's happening: A dainty teenage VIETNAMESE GIRL, distracts the DOORMAN at his post, getting enough of his attention SELLING FLOWERS, and SPOUTING VIETNAMESE, for the "JOGGER" to SLIP BY, making it inside.

DOORMAN

I know sweetheart... we have enough flowers here.

ANGLE: VIETNAMESE GIRL, still spouting.

DOORMAN

No, no, sweetheart... not here... get going... Okay.

ANGLE: VIETNAMESE GIRL, backing off, seeing the JOGGER slip by and her mission accomplished.

VIETNAMESE GIRL

(sweetly, to Doorman)
Have a nice day.

THE GIRL: slyly cursing the DOORMAN in Vietnamese as she skips off.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - SAME

The "JOGGER," his face still obscured by the towel waits for the elevator, as T.J., arriving, ENTERS the building. They both enter the elevator in silence.

ANGLE on T.J. glancing at the JOGGER quizzically. The JOGGER avoids his stare, CAMERA TILTING UP to the indicator, beginning to rise.

CUT TO:

INT. SPARKS' VESTIBULE

CLOSE ON "JOGGER'S" key, entering the LOCK. IT TURNS.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE. He ENTERS.

CUT TO:

INT. SPARKS' APARTMENT - SAME

As the killer closes the door. He's in the kitchen. All is quiet in there.

IN CLOSEUPS, WE SEE his JOGGING SHIRT coming off, revealing a shoulder holster; a specially designed "belt" removed and laid on the kitchen table. A "SILENCER" within.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

CLAIRE eagerly and earnestly preparing dinner. She makes some fluffs, not really used to this. CLASSICAL MUSIC plays. She looks up expectantly, hearing the FOOTSTEPS.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE: surprised to see it's T.J.

T.J.

Detective Keegan is... Mike...
"Michael" asked me to tell you he's
under the weather.

CLAIRE: She handles it, crestfallen.

T.J.

He'll probably take the morning
shift.

CLAIRE

He's okay?

T.J. spots, over his shoulder, the table, set for two.

T.J.

Yeah, just... bad gut. Y'know.

CLAIRE

Oh.

Nothing left to say; she hides her disappointment with a nod.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

Active with nightlife; CAMERA PANNING to a lone figure walking in the night. It's MIKE; his collar turned up against the cold, his face grim and pensive. He passes an art gallery and PAUSES to gaze in, his eyes refocusing on his own reflection staring back at him.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - SAME - NIGHT

CLAIRE immobile, on a window seat in her LIVING ROOM, the CLASSICAL MUSIC still playing softly in the background, her eyes empty as she gazes out into the park.

THE MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Outside and far below, the GLOW from the tip of a CIGARETTE REDDENS the darkness with an inhalation.

VENZA: He stands, impervious to the cold, looking up at the windows of CLAIRE'S apartment.

ANGLE UP TO CLAIRE: SILHOUETTED in the distant window.

VENZA: finishes his butt, flicks it, satisfied, getting into HIS CAR curbside and driving away.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S VESTIBULE - NIGHT

T.J., DOZING as the ELEVATOR INDICATOR HEADS UPWARD -- finally reaching our FLOOR.

The DOORS OPEN, STARTLING T.J. He stares at MIKE with DISMAY. MUSIC IS HEARD from just inside.

T.J.

(fatigued)

Tell me I'm dreamin'.

MIKE

I just gotta talk to her, T.J.

MIKE ENTERS, closing the doors behind him.

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - SAME - NIGHT

Silent, save for CLASSICAL MUSIC -- as MIKE quietly enters.

He pauses a moment, his eyes filled with unhappiness, then MOVES in the direction of the MUSIC -- SPOTTING CLAIRE, immobile since we last saw her, still gazing out the window.

CLOSE ON MIKE: as always, AFFECTED BY HER.

She becomes aware of his presence and slowly TURNS. For a long moment, neither seems willing to move -- or speak. Finally, he does.

MIKE

T.J. agreed to take my shift. He knows about us.

She absorbs it, without response.

MIKE

(a beat; with
difficulty)

So does Ellie.

She nods. Thoughtfully. As though willing to deal with it intellectually, but avoiding any encounter with her emotions.

CLAIRE

You told her?

MIKE

Not exactly.

CLAIRE

What do you want to do?

MIKE

I don't know.

Her eyes turn to his. She moves toward him and sits. CLAIRE pulls him close to her. A soft GERSHWIN TUNE plays. She sees how drawn MIKE is.

CLAIRE

You're tired.

(smiles, gently)

Let me watch over you tonight...

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's quiet. MIKE sleeps deeply on the bed. CLAIRE does her work at the bedroom desk nearby; glances gently over, keeping her watch, glad of the feeling.

CUT TO:

INT. SPARKS' APARTMENT - SAME - NIGHT

The MERV GRIFFIN SHOW playing on the TV; it ends, a VOICE OVER indicating to "stay tuned for the news". It is SILENCED by remote control -- we HEAR FOOTSTEPS moving away.

ANGLE INSIDE THE KITCHEN: CLOSE on the murderous paraphernalia left on the kitchen table, being assembled by the "JOGGER".

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S VESTIBULE - SAME - NIGHT

The apartment pin-quiet and darkened. T.J. in his chair -- head arched back; snoring; his self-help book abandoned on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. SPARKS' VESTIBULE - SAME - NIGHT

SPARKS' FRONT DOOR quietly "CLICKING" SHUT as the KILLER **EXITS.**

CLOSER ANGLE: THE BUTTON of the ELEVATOR being PUSHED by a GLOVED HAND. It activates a "HUM."

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - SAME - NIGHT

LONG ANGLE down the HALL, on the CLOSED DOOR TO THE **BEDROOM SUITE.**

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S VESTIBULE - SAME - NIGHT

As the ELEVATOR slides to a stop, its DOOR GLIDING OPEN. THE KILLER, keeping himself flattened back out of sight, glances quickly out, gun and reflexes at the ready.

It's unnecessary. The vestibule's deserted; T.J.'S post is momentarily empty.

The KILLER steps silently, EASING out the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - SAME - NIGHT

T.J. at the TOILET; yawning as he pees.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S HALLWAY - SAME - NIGHT

The KILLER pauses, hearing the TOILET FLUSH, retreats the other way.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - SAME - NIGHT

As T.J. emerges from the bathroom. He stretches, trying to shake his fatigue. Making a decision, he HEADS for the KITCHEN to get a cup of coffee -- CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM as he ENTERS, snapping on the light.

MOVING directly to the stove, he examines the Mr. Coffee; the red "ON" button glows, but the pot is virtually empty.

Picking it up, he MOVES TO THE SINK, turning on the tap, which is a thin, gooseneck spigot. He look up, hearing a slight SHUFFLE, seeing the KILLER'S FEET sticking out of the shadows of the floor of the LAUNDRY ROOM.

T.J. reacts -- TOO LATE -- there's a slight chug, and a hole opens up in T.J.'S gut; the bullet that went through him, ricocheting and nicking off the end of the thin, curving tap, sending a stream of water gushing straight up.

The KILLER moves quickly, catching T.J.'S body, trying to break its fall as it hits the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - SAME - NIGHT

CLAIRE asleep in MIKE'S PROTECTIVE EMBRACE: MIKE, awake, his eyes to the bedside table, notices the almost imperceptible disturbance of VIBRATION ripple the surface

of the DRINK left there by the clock.

MIKE sits up; as if by instinct, sensing something is wrong. CLAIRE continues to sleep.

INT. CLAIRE'S HALLWAY/OUTER BEDROOM - SAME - NIGHT

The KILLER OPENS THE BEDROOM SUITE DOOR, steps into the ANTEROOM. Off to the right is the closed DOOR of the BEDROOM. He steps in the direction, reaching the doorknob -- thinks twice about it, though, seeing the door on the other side of the anteroom which would take him the longer, but unexpected route into the bedroom. He backs off, moving silently to the OTHER DOOR, turning it open silently and slipping through into the CLOSET and WALK-THROUGH DRESSING ROOM leading to the bedroom by the far side.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIKE: on the other side of the door, listening.

He opens the door quietly, sees the anteroom door ajar, remembering that he had closed it before. He tightens, closing the door and moving back to his gun in its holster draped over the chair with his other clothes.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The KILLER enters the reflective maze.

INT. MASTER BATH - NIGHT

MIKE moves silently, backtracking through the bedroom and bathroom toward the DOORS leading to the dressing room ahead.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The KILLER passes the door he wants, thinking it's just another mirror; finds himself in the totally MIRRORED ENVIRONMENT of the MAIN DRESSING AREA.

On the other side of the door, MIKE HEARS HIM, tightening his grip on his gun and on the doorknob as he REACHES for it. MIKE grasps it, turning and opening the door silently. But the latch connects to the light, and the

LIGHT GOES ON OVERHEAD of MIKE.

The KILLER reacts quickly, gun drawn, on the turn. But he faces SEVERAL REFLECTIONS OF MIKE in front of him -- and **MIKE IS BEHIND HIM.**

MIKE LEVELS AIM AT HIM.

MIKE

Put it down!
(beat)
Think about it!

The KILLER takes his chances, WHIRLING. MIKE FIRES FIRST, NAILING HIM right through the HEAD. The KILLER SPINS AGAIN, SLAMMING UP against the MIRRORS and falling DEAD to the floor.

IN THE BEDROOM: CLAIRE wakes.

MIKE: checking quickly on the dead assassin, flattens himself against the wall and scurries back through the bath the way back into the BEDROOM.

MIKE

(entering, to Claire)
Get on the floor! There may be more!

CLAIRE does what he says.

MIKE RACES into the CORRIDOR, hugging the wall; he PAUSES momentarily, then RACES down the HALL.

ANGLE ON THE OPENED FRONT DOOR as he REACHES IT, seeing T.J.'S CHAIR empty.

MIKE

(desperate)

T.J.!

MIKE RUNS, frantically, into the living room, the bathroom, the den -- CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM into the **KITCHEN.**

CLOSE ON HIS FACE: twisting with GRIEF.

ANGLE ON T.J. face down in a pool of blood, MIKE RACING TO HIM, rolling him over.

MIKE

(sobs)

T.J...!

MIKE moves by REFLEX, starting mouth-to-mouth. But there is blood everywhere.

MIKE desperate; pumping T.J.'S chest.

MIKE

Live, T.J. Please...!

CLAIRE appears behind him, to help.

MIKE

(to her)

Get security on the phone!
Emergency!

She RUNS to the KITCHEN PHONE; it's dead, the WIRES CUT.

She TURNS, HURRYING to the VESTIBULE and THE ELEVATOR, pulling the alarm, sagging in collapse. The ALARM goes off within the shaft, THROUGHOUT the building.

ANGLE ON MIKE: shirtless and shoeless, on his knees in T.J.'S blood, desperately pumping his chest.

MIKE

(his voice cracking)

Ambulance! Ambulance! He's got a
heartbeat...!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NEAR DAWN

MIKE alone on a bench, his head in his hands: a couple of COPS we recognize from the Precinct stand a distance away, at a coffee machine, talking softly as they glance at him. It is not yet dawn.

FOOTSTEPS are HEARD coming TOWARD; MIKE looks up to see GARBER APPROACHING, his expression appropriate to the occasion. GARBER reaches him; they exchange a long look, MIKE'S eyes etched with anguish.

MIKE

(softly)

They're operating on him. He's
still alive.

GARBER

(grim)

I heard.

A long pause, as he looks at MIKE.

GARBER

I heard a lot... Anything you want to deny, Mike?

MIKE

(almost inaudibly)
It should've been me...

GARBER: aware of his own dilemma.

GARBER

Then it would've been her, too.

(beat)

I don't know... but I gotta protect the Precinct, too. You're on suspension, pending Disciplinary Hearings. Don't hold your breath. And you're not to go near that woman until she's no longer under Police protection and this case is closed.

ANGLE ON MIKE: responding with a silent nod as GARBER stands looking down at him.

GARBER

Is it "love," Mike? I hope so. I want it to be worth it, for your sake.

No response.

In the response that follows, they HEAR MOVEMENT at the end of the HALL, looking up to see the silhouetted figures of ELLIE, with HELEN GREENING in tow. They look small, and lost, framed against a floor-to-ceiling window that's beginning to illuminate with the first light of day.

Heavy with sadness, GARBER turns and heads toward the women. Taking a long moment. MIKE decides not to follow.

CLOSE ON MIKE

CAMERA STAYS AT THIS DISTANCE as the THREESOME comes together. We do not hear their words, but sense the emotion by what WE SEE. After a brief exchange of words, GARBER takes HELEN GREENING under his arm, and they MOVE AWAY -- leaving MIKE and ELLIE alone.

CLOSER ANGLE: MIKE and ELLIE, gazing at each other across the gulf of their collective misery.

ELLIE

I'm going to visit my sister for a few days. I'd like you to get your stuff out.

MIKE

What about Tommy?

ELLIE

He'll live through it. They all live through it.
(bitter)
What a world, huh?

Nothing left to say; after a long, last look, she turns to go. But stops.

ELLIE

Was it Venza? Did you get him?

MIKE

No.

The last thing she's going to do is cry.

ELLIE

(her voice giving out)
What a shame.

She TURNS and LEAVES: MIKE gazing after her.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTTY'S "BACHELOR PAD" - DAY

MIKE is being shown in by SCOTTY, luggage in hand, SCOTTY doing his best to be a good "host," under trying circumstances.

SCOTTY

You see a couple of the parties that go on at this place, you'll realize that marriage is an institution whose time has come and gone.

Opening a bedroom door. They've entered a bedroom that's sparse, but decorated with A BOY'S PARAPHERNALIA; skateboard, "rock" posters, etc. It looks sad and barren.

SCOTTY

Little Scotty stays on Wednesdays,
and every other weekend. And know
what? Our relationship's never been
better.

MIKE stares at the room, his heart too heavy to respond.
SCOTTY, with a pat on the back.

SCOTTY

Make it home, Mike...

He leaves -- and after a long moment MIKE sits on the edge
of the bed, like an automaton. Staring.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME - DAY

CLAIRE and NEIL in the aftermath. CLAIRE remains silent,
staring. Whatever is to be said is his.

NEIL

(frustrated)

I'm no saint, Claire, but I do love
you. I can understand the pressure
of the circumstances... but what
about when it's over? Are you going
to feel the same way about him? Is
he going to move in here and do
shift work at the 21st if they'll
have him back. Think this through
Claire.

(with feeling)

This is the rest of your life we're
talking about.

NEIL staring at her.

CLAIRE

I have thought it through, Neil.

He adverts his gaze, turns, controlling himself, and picks
up his coat to go.

NEIL

Call me if anything changes. I love
you, Claire.

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S VESTIBULE - SAME - DAY

KOONTZ and a uniformed COP on guard duty.

KOONTZ scanning The Post, which has a front page article on it with a headline that indicates the whole story has not "quite" been told: "INTRUDER SLAIN IN DARING EAST SIDE BREAK-IN"

KOONTZ

Unbelievable, man, the fuckin' jogger... they found him in Atlantic City, totally drugged out and still jogging...

The APARTMENT DOOR SWINGS OPEN and NEIL EMERGES. KOONTZ and the COP look up, straightening. KOONTZ folds away the paper. But NEIL hardly even acknowledges or notices them, **EXITING.**

CUT TO:

INT. CLAIRE'S STUDY - SAME - DAY

The PHONE RINGING -- CAMERA FINDING CLAIRE, looking like a ghost of her past self -- REACHING FOR THE PHONE.

CLAIRE

Hello?
(relieved)
Mike. Where have you been?

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTTY'S KITCHEN - SAME - DAY

MIKE on the telephone.

MIKE

You don't want to know.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Oh, I do want to know. I tried to reach you at the precinct.

MIKE

I've moved into Scotty's... Good news about T.J., though. Looks like that tough son of a gun is gonna pull through.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Oh God, that's great!

MIKE

(gently)

Are you okay?

CUT TO:

CLAIRE - SAME

CLAIRE

(trying to brighten)

Oh, I'm fine. They've replaced you with quite an entourage. It's a regular "marching band". You should see me on the street, you'd think I was the First Lady --

She attempts a laugh, trying to keep it "light".

CLAIRE

I'm taking them all out to Queens, as a matter of fact, right in your neighborhood. There's an event at my Father's school... an anniversary... I thought maybe you could come...

MIKE (V.O.)

Oh that thing in Queens.

CLAIRE

(faltering)

I'm going away after that, the next morning.

CUT TO:

MIKE - SAME

Impacted by it.

MIKE

Where?

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Pretty far. I'm told not to say anything about it on the phone, in case it's tapped... they think it's best, safer, if I go away, at least till Venza's found.

CLOSE ONE MIKE: absorbing it.

MIKE

When can I see you?

CUT TO:

CLAIRE - SAME

CLAIRE

I don't know. Garber's left orders
here not to let you in the building.

CUT TO:

MIKE - SAME

CLOSE ON MIKE: beat.

MIKE

Oh yeah. When is it? This thing in
Queens.

CUT TO:

CLAIRE - SAME

CLAIRE

Tomorrow night. Can you come?

MIKE (V.O.)

(torn)

I don't know. It wouldn't be very
smart.

CLAIRE

Listen, you're right. Don't do it.
I'll just... send you an address,
okay?

Fighting tears; not wanting him to know it.

MIKE (V.O.)

Claire...

CLAIRE

No really, it's okay, I've gotta go.
I'm expecting some calls. I'll be
fine, really.

MIKE (V.O.)

I'll think about Wednesday.

MIKE hangs up, torn.

CUT TO:

CLAIRE - SAME

Hangs up.

EXT. QUEENS - SAME - DAY

CAMERA PANNING TO REVEAL MIKE, leaning on a CAR, under the "El" waiting. HE SPOTS TOMMY, coming around the corner with his SKATEBOARD under his arm, going into a grocery store. MIKE crosses the street as TOMMY comes out of the store.

MIKE

Tommy!

TOMMY SPOTS HIM: hesitant -- slowly approaching the car.

MIKE

How are things going, pal?

TOMMY

Okay, I guess.

MIKE

How about dinner tonight?

TOMMY

(evasive)

Mom and I got plans.

MIKE

What "plans?" You and Mom got "plans?"

TOMMY

(after a long pause)

She's taking singing lessons.

MIKE

(incredulous)

She's what?

TOMMY

She met some friend of Aunt Millie's who works for a record company. He thinks she's got a great voice.

TOMMY is mum: something dawns on MIKE that sobers him up.

MIKE

(outraged)
What! What kind of pathetic line is that?

TOMMY

(pointing)
We're gonna pass the street.

MIKE stops. His goat is gotten.

TOMMY

You coming in?

MIKE

No, I'm not coming in. And if you'd rather go to a "singing lesson" than have dinner with your father...

TOMMY

We're not going to a singing lesson, she's just gonna start taking singing lessons.

MIKE

So, what are you doing tonight?

TOMMY

Shooting.

MIKE

Shooting?

TOMMY

Yeah. She says we gotta get used to being alone in this neighborhood.

(a long beat;
observing his
father)

'Bye, Dad.

TOMMY starts toward the HOUSE. He's emotional, but doesn't know how to express it.

MIKE

Tommy!

(a parting shot)

The guy's a sleaze-bag. She can't sing.

TOMMY

(turning back,
smiling)

I don't think she can sing, either.

MIKE

Take care, pal.

HE TURNS AWAY.

ANOTHER ANGLE: MIKE'S CAR LEAVING. TOMMY watches it until it can be seen no longer, then TURNS, going into the house.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY -- REVEALING, far down the BLOCK, a CAR. VENZA, and ANOTHER MAN (SOSA), are within:
WATCHING.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

MIKE pounds it out running on the darkened street. He pauses to look up at his dark, empty house as a PATROL CAR slows to check him out. He studies them as they pass.

CLOSE ON MIKE: he gazes after them, then continues to jog.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRING RANGE - SAME - NIGHT

GUN BLASTS going off in OUR EARS, CAMERA PANNING A LINE of COPS putting in their PRACTICE HOURS; ENDING ON ELLIE, her EAR BLOCKERS on, FIRING AWAY.

CLOSE ON TOMMY watching from a booth behind her.

ANGLE ON HER TARGET. Its balls blasted off.

She comes out.

TOMMY

Aren't you supposed to aim at the head?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

ELLIE in the driver's seat, TOMMY in the back seat.

TOMMY

(thoughtful)

Mom, what's going to happen with you
and Dad?

ELLIE

I don't know Tommy.

A LONG BEAT as TOMMY thinks about this. His attention
switches to a passing McDONALD'S.

TOMMY

Hey, can we go to McDonald's?

ELLIE

Absolutely.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON GREGORY - BANQUET HALL - EVENING

Overhead, chandeliers gleam. A small orchestra comprised
of STUDENTS of the school plays a variety of tunes.
Mirrors reflect a profusion of flowers, carved gilt and
candlelight.

Gloved service PERSONNEL wait to be of service at the
sides. The room is quite large yet intimate. The tables
set perfectly. GUESTS continue to move toward their
places engaged in animated chatter.

ANOTHER ANGLE: CLAIRE moving through the crowd,
PLAINCLOTHESMEN flanking her as anonymously as possible
(KOONTZ among them), HER EYES anxious, scanning the crowd.

SHE'S SPOTTED by the PRINCIPAL of the school (GIDDINGS),
who APPROACHES, surprised to see her.

GIDDINGS

Hello, Claire. How extraordinary
that you came.

CLAIRE

It was something my father always
liked me to do.

GIDDINGS

(apprehensive)

You're planning to speak?

CLAIRE

Not if you don't want me to.

GIDDINGS

(a brief hesitation)
Well, of course, we'd be...
honored...

CLAIRE

(understands; gamely)
Just putting in an appearance then.

SHE GLANCES around, her "ESCORTS" mistaking it for anxiety, one of them taking her arm and escorting her in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BANQUET ROOM - LATER

SPEECHES droning on -- CAMERA FINDING CLAIRE at a round dinner table, with OTHERS, who think they're engaging her in conversation; but her thoughts are elsewhere, her eyes continually glancing toward the doors -- both hoping and fearing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BANQUET ROOM - LATER

The SPEECHES have long since ENDED, PEOPLE DANCING, slow dances to the live orchestra -- CAMERA PANNING to CLAIRE, sitting in silent isolation at the now sparsely populated table, having lost hope, feeling utterly alone. Her chin is resting in her hand, her eyes fixed sadly on her wine glass. PLAINCLOTHESMEN, situated around her, study her dispassionately.

CLOSE ON HER FACE: expressionless. But it slowly gains animation, as she realizes the MUSIC has changed, made a segue to something new. It's "SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME."

SHE LOOKS UP -- to see MIKE; his approach from the bandstand indicating that the change of music was his doing.

HER FACE breaks into the most enormous, and grateful,
GRIN.

CLOSE ON MIKE: returning the smile as he COMES TOWARD.

KOONTZ

(as he passes)
Don't do it, man. I love ya, but

you're out of your mind.

Uncaring, MIKE MOVES TO CLAIRE.

ANGLE ON BOTH: gazing at each other.

CLAIRE

(overwhelmed)

What a memory.

MIKE

Do you dance?

CLAIRE

Do you?

MIKE

Pretty bad.

CLAIRE

Let's do it.

They TAKE to the FLOOR, she MOVING INTO HIS ARMS. She puts her head on his shoulder, then draws back to look at him, studying his face with the hunger of a woman who knows it might be for the last time.

MIKE

They guys treatin' you all right?

CLAIRE

(too emotional to
really talk)

Yeah.

MIKE

I've been doing a lot of thinking.

CLAIRE

(a pause)

I know.

CLOSE ON HIM: studying her saddened eyes.

MIKE

It wouldn't work.

CLAIRE

I know.

The conversation is deeply caring; the tone opposite to the words.

MIKE

I'd miss my life...

CLAIRE

... Don't explain.

She rests her head on his shoulders again; they continue to dance.

MIKE

How long you going away for?

CLAIRE

Long enough.

MIKE

"For"...?

CLAIRE

"To"... Forget about you.

CLOSE ON HER: awash in the nearness of him.

CLAIRE

I'll have to pack a lot of clothes.

MIKE

(choked up)

Yeah...

He holds her tight -- his eyes EMOTIONAL as they roam the room --

But HIS EXPRESSION CHANGES as he SPOTS SOMETHING at a far end of the room. Near the rear doors.

It's a PLAINCLOTHESMEN, headed purposefully toward KOONTZ, conferring with him -- both men looking to MIKE, a sense of bewilderment in their eyes.

ANGLE ON MIKE: Stopping -- as KOONTZ heads quickly toward.

KOONTZ

Brook's patching a call through to you. He thought he'd find you here. It sounds urgent.

MIKE: Baffled.

KOONTZ

He says it's your son.

Exchanging a quick LOOK with CLAIRE, MIKE heads for the DOORS; she pauses, heading after.

CUT TO:

OUTER LOBBY - SAME

as MIKE BARRELS through doors.

KOONTZ

(pointing)

The office down the hall.

MIKE BREAKS INTO A RUN.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - SAME

as MIKE RACES IN; A PLAINCLOTHESMAN hands him the phone.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #2

He's crying.

MIKE

(grabbing the phone)

Tommy? What...?

(frightened)

What?! Hello?

(listening; stunned)

Who is this?

(trying to be calm)

Yeah. I'm listening.

(quick)

No. Nobody but me.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME MOMENT

CLOSE ON the RECEIVER of the PHONE: as JOEY VENZA'S mouth SPEAKS into it --

The images of ELLIE and TOMMY SEEN, dimly lit, in the background, petrified; GUARDED by a SECOND MAN (SOSA) whose figure is shrouded in darkness.

VENZA

I'm glad you're where I expected you to be, Detective Keegan, 'cause

you're got two minutes to get home
or I take your family out.

CUT TO:

MIKE - SAME

caught in a nightmare.

MIKE

(desperate)

I heard you. I'll do it. Just
don't touch them.

(a beat)

I...

(a pause)

Lemme talk to my son.

(suddenly)

Hello?

It goes dead. MIKE PARALYZED with FEAR. CLAIRE is
ENTERING, PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1 close to her heels, MIKE'S
breath coming in SHUDDERS as he stares helplessly at her
-- then turns to the PLAINCLOTHESMAN and KOONTZ.

MIKE

(stunned)

They got my family.

(to Koontz)

I need you guys.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1

Who...

MIKE

Venza.

OTHER PLAINCLOTHESMEN are COMING.

MIKE

At my house...!

KOONTZ

(shouting to others)

Call a cruiser!

CLAIRE

... Mike.

MIKE

(to Claire)

It's Venza. He wants you. You, for

Ellie and Tommy.

KOONTZ

(to Claire)

Let's go.

(to others; urgent)

We're takin' her home!

(swinging into
crisis mode)

Move it! Get the cars!

MIKE

(pleading)

Koontz! I need you guys!

KOONTZ

We'll call SWAT. We'll get the
locals.

(re: another cops's
radio)

Throw it!

MIKE

(pleading)

No, I need'm now!

CLAIRE

(to Koontz)

Go with him!

KOONTZ

My job is to protect you!

(into radio)

This is Koontz --

MIKE

(near hysteria)

No One-Seventeen, they'll fuck it
up! He told me not to tell anybody,
to bring Claire and come alone! He
won't wait, he knows I'm two minutes
away! Koontz, please!

KOONTZ

I can't do it, you know that... He's
not gonna allow it anyway, Mike. No
way is he gonna let anybody walk out
of that house alive, who can finger
him.

**MIKE WHIRLS, heedlessly, running for the DOORS, CLAIRE
RACING AFTER HIM.**

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1

(calling after her)

Hey...!

CLAIRE

Mike! Don't go there...! Then make them come with you!

MIKE

They can't, they're assigned to you! I'd do the same thing!

He RACES OUT THE DOOR: she in PURSUIT.

KOONTZ

(re: Claire)

Go get her.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1 hurries out.

KOONTZ

(reconsidering)

Fuck it, man. Our brother needs us.
Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILTON GREGORY SCHOOL - SAME MOMENT - NIGHT

MIKE BOUNDING to his car, CLAIRE hot on his heels. She JUMPS into the PASSENGER SEAT, pounding the DOOR LOCK SHUT.

MIKE

(into his car)

Go! Get outta here!

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1 REACHES HER, pulling on the DOOR.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1

Hey!

MIKE

Get OUT!

CLAIRE

They're assigned to me, they'll have to go if I come with you!

MIKE HESITATES.

CLAIRE

(screaming)

I'm not getting out! GO!

MIKE hits the ACCELERATOR -- PEELING OUT, leaving PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1 stranded on the curb.

KOONTZ

(calling to him,
emerging)

Adams...! C'mon, move it!

ANGLE ON COPS: RACING FOR THEIR CARS -- SCREECHING OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF QUEENS - SAME - NIGHT

MIKE'S CAR tearing down the STREET -- PURSUED by TWO MORE SQUAD CARS, one of them not knowing better, GIVING VOICE TO HIS SIREN!

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S CAR - SAME - NIGHT

MIKE'S terrified eyes glancing into the REARVIEW MIRROR.

MIKE

Turn off the siren...!

Luckily, THEY DO.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE: wide-eyed. In silence.

MIKE

(breathless)

We get there, you get down, stay out of sight. Don't get near that house. Understand me? Venza's not to know you're there!

She NODS: terrified.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - SAME - NIGHT

As MIKE'S CAR COMES TO A SCREECHING HALT, MIKE RUNNING OUT as CLAIRE DUCKS DOWN. The house is COMPLETELY DARKENED, blending in with the night; the PURSUIT CARS CONVERGE as MIKE makes it to the DOOR, his HANDS TREMBLING as he

FUMBLES with his KEYS... takes a deep breath... and
ENTERS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE - SAME - NIGHT

Darkened and pin-drop silent. The only thing that can be heard is the SOUND of CAR DOORS slamming outside, as COPS run into combat positions.

MIKE

Tommy? Ellie...?

The SOUND of a MUFFLED WHIMPER comes from the kitchen; he HEADS TOWARD down a narrow HALLWAY. He falters, ALMOST STEPPING on a SKATEBOARD.

MIKE

(calling out)

I'm not armed! I'm the only one in here! I can help you get away if you listen to what I say!

He's used to the SOUND OF HIS VOICE to mask the slight "roll" of the SKATEBOARD under his foot: He's sliding it into the middle of the doorway.

MIKE

I'm comin' in the kitchen! If you fuckin' shoot me, they'll come in here, and we're all dead! You hear me, Venza?!

No answer -- MIKE continues on, girding himself as he steps into the KITCHEN DOORWAY. He tries the light-switch; it doesn't work. And then a VOICE SPEAKS. Its breath, like his, is labored; the VOICE CRACKLING with tension.

VENZA

You made a terrible mistake, Keegan.
You didn't do what I said.

MIKE

(his voice shaking)

That's right, you're gonna do what I say.

(desperate)

Joey. I want to help you out of this.

VENZA

You should'a brought the girl.

MIKE

I brought the girl. She's outside.

He MOVES to the WINDOW; it's right BESIDE THE TABLE.
VENZA TENSING.

VENZA

Hold it...!

MIKE

I'll prove it!

He LIFTS THE WINDOW, CALLING OUT:

MIKE

Claire!

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Mike...?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE - SAME MOMENT - NIGHT

CLAIRE, having shouted from behind a COP CAR: KOONTZ
grabbing hold of her to keep her in place.

KOONTZ

(a hiss of warning)

Not another word until I tell you.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SAME MOMENT - NIGHT

VENZA; wary.

VENZA

How do I know that's her?

MIKE

I'll bring her in. You let them go,
and I'll bring her in.

VENZA

(wary)

Why should she come in?

MIKE

She trusts me. She'll do what I say.

VENZA

Bullshit! Prove it.

MIKE

(calls out the window)

Koontz! Let her come in! Claire!
It's pitch dark in here!

(his words are carefully chosen)

You're gonna have trouble seeing anything, so just come in, and straight down a long hall. Then stand at the door so we can see you. We want to see your face and we won't be able to until you get to the kitchen door!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE - SAME MOMENT

KOONTZ receiving his "message". Quickly assessing CLAIRE, he looks to the COPS around him -- then GRITS HIS TEETH with DECISION.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN - SAME - NIGHT

MIKE

I want your guarantee they'll be turned loose when she opens the front door.

VENZA

I get my hostage first. No one's turned loose until I say so.

MIKE

Let my kid go.

VENZA

I'm not lettin' no one go.

MIKE

Get that gun away from his head, or I'll keep her from coming in! Put the gun on me, he can't hurt you!

He's tied up! Put him under the table!

VENZA

Don't you fuckin' give orders to me...

MIKE

Put him under the table or I'll stop her from coming in.

MIKE turns to the window, about to shout.

VENZA

(to Tommy, an order)

Under the table.

MIKE

I'll take his place, all right? Put the gun to my head.

MIKE YANKS TOMMY under the TABLE, taking HIS PLACE in THE CHAIR; the COCKED GUN presses up against MIKE'S TEMPLE.

ANGLE ON ELLIE: Her widened eyes continuing to INDICATE "beneath the table".

CLOSE ON TOMMY, ON HIS KNEES, his hands tied behind his back; emitting a whimper of terror.

ELLIE

Be careful, Tommy.

HE LOOKS UP: SPOTTING HER GUN, where she'd hidden it for safe-keeping, TAPED SECURELY, just OVER HIS HEAD.

The FRONT DOOR OPENS -- with a SLOW CREAK -- the FIGURE OF CLAIRE, her dress silhouetted by the moonlight from outside, SEEN standing in the front hallway.

MIKE

(frantic)

Claire! It's dark. Watch your step. Come slowly.

ANGLE ON TOMMY: trying desperately to get his hands, tied behind his back, within reach of the GUN taped over his head. It's impossible.

CLOSE ON MIKE: eyes darting to ELLIE -- as the FIGURE slowly APPROACHES down the DARKENED HALL, his HAND lowering beneath his knees, within reach of TOMMY, under

the TABLE.

ANGLE ON TOMMY: in a near HEADSTAND, his small hands managing to TOUCH THE TAPE, his fingernails futilely attempting to DIG BENEATH IT -- as the FOOTSTEPS continue to APPROACH down the DARKENED HALL.

ANGLE ON THE FIGURE: almost at the kitchen door -- about to STEP INTO THE LIGHT.

MIKE

Watch your step!

VENZA

(rising)

What the fuck you doin'?!

TOMMY'S HANDS are on the GUN.

MIKE

There's a skateboard in the door!

With a sudden SOUND of TAPE "RIPPING" from under the **TABLE. ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE. TOMMY ROLLS, THRUSTING THE GUN INTO MIKE'S HAND** as the FIGURE at the DOOR KICKS THE SKATEBOARD, sending it ZOOMING INTO THE ROOM. VENZA LEAPS ASIDE AND FIRES, the FIGURE at the DOOR OPENING FIRE in RETURN. MIKE LEAPS FOR ELLIE, knocking her off her CHAIR, rolling FAST as the ENTIRE KITCHEN ERUPTS IN GUNFIRE.

ANGLE ON ELLIE: throwing herself OVER TOMMY, BULLETS "PINGING" AROUND MIKE as he ROLLS, RETURNING THE FIRE. The pitch-black kitchen shudders with BANGS and FLASHES like the Fourth of July, mixed with the "WHINE" of bullets hitting pots and pans, and the sight of BODIES hurtling through the dark.

The "FIGURE AT THE DOOR" is firing with both hands, SCORING A HIT ON VENZA'S ACCOMPLICE, who goes down, wounded, HIS GUN CLATTERING to the FLOOR. He REACHES for it, but ELLIE GETS THERE FIRST, grabbing it with her two hands tied in front of her.

ELLIE

(to Tommy)

Stay down!

The ACCOMPLICE is staggering upward as ELLIE gets to her feet, SQUARING OFF in POLICE STANCE -- and FIRES, catching him square between the SHOULDER BLADES; HE SPINS, crashing BACKWARDS through the GLASS DOOR -- SWISH-PAN to VENZA, trying to get out THE KITCHEN WINDOW...

MIKE

Turn around, fuck!

He DOES, BLASTED by MIKE, and the "FIGURE" in the door, SIMULTANEOUSLY. He falls out the window, but still has life in him, staggering to his feet, and hit by SPOTLIGHTS from the CARS OUTSIDE. In a sudden barrage, he's hit by CROSSFIRE, SPINNING, LURCHING -- finally going down.

And then all is quiet.

INSIDE THE KITCHEN -- all sound and movement has suddenly ceased; everyone is a state of shock.

ELLIE

(desperate)

Tommy...!

TOMMY

I'm all right.

MIKE

Ellie...

ELLIE

I'm all right.

The overhead LIGHT is SNAPPED ON by the "FIGURE" in the doorway -- revealing it to be KOONTZ. In CLAIRE'S DRESS. Guns in both hands, still smoking.

KOONTZ

(emphatic)

Fuckin' miracle, man.

In the BACKGROUND distant SIRENS are HEARD heading toward. The SWAT squad. CAMERA MOVING ACROSS THE FACES OF ELLIE, TOMMY, MIKE... and KOONTZ; all holding in place. Listening to them come.

KOONTZ

(re: the sirens)

Told you they'd be here in a few minutes.

The grim humor of it is registered in SILENCE. MIKE picks up VENZA'S HUNTING KNIFE from the floor, cutting through the ropes that bind TOMMY'S and ELLIE'S HANDS; she PULLS TOMMY to HER, in a tearful EMBRACE, shielding his face from the ghastly sight of the man, lying dead, on the floor.

OTHER PEOPLE are MOVING INWARD, CLAIRE among them, clad in an OVERSIZED POLICE OVERCOAT -- looking frail and frightened, SHUDDERING WITH RELIEF when she sees that all are safe. But there is no mistaking the presence of something else in her eyes.

CLOSE ON CLAIRE'S FACE: gazing at MIKE, his family wrapped in his protective embrace. He LOOKS UP, meeting her eyes.

CLAIRE

Everyone's all right...?

MIKE

Yeah. It's all over.

LONG ANGLE on the ROOM: dimly illuminated by the single light, shed from the opened refrigerator door, as people begin to move -- awakening to life, and its necessary details, in the aftermath of the crisis.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE - SAME

The LAWN virtually FILLED with POLICE VEHICLES, their revolving red lights illuminating the grim scene; a small gathering of onlookers gawking from behind police ropes, AMBULANCES pulling SLOWLY, SILENTLY, away.

CAMERA PANS to two figures ALONE, beside a squad car, in the distant shadows. It's CLAIRE, still clad in the police overcoat, and MIKE. They are together, but separate, maintaining the proper distance to say goodbye.

CLOSER ANGLE ON THEM: not knowing quite what to say.

MIKE

So.

CLAIRE

So.

ANGLE ON BOTH: their eyes locked into each other's.

MIKE

You still going away?

CLAIRE

I don't know...

MIKE

You don't have to, now.

CLAIRE

I think it's probably still a good idea.

CLOSE ON MIKE: getting her message.

MIKE

Yeah...

Both are hurting.

CLAIRE

(heartfelt)

I'll miss you, Mike.

MIKE

Listen, I'll... see you again.

Her eyes are glistening; she gives him a bracing smile. But he can't quite manage it.

CLAIRE

(barely able to speak)

Say goodbye.

He struggles with it; unable.

MIKE

I like your coat.

CLAIRE

(half-laugh, half-cry)

You have a weakness for Lady Cops.

MIKE

I do.

Silence now; their eyes adoring.

CLAIRE

Say goodbye, Mike.

MIKE

(thick voiced)

You take care.

MIKE TURNS -- CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM as he WALKS SLOWLY AWAY -- finding himself on a collision course with GARBER.

They meet, spending a long moment in non-communicative greeting.

MIKE

(finally)
What do you think?
(a beat)
Any chance? There's nothin' else
I'm any good at, but this.

GARBER

(noncommittal)
Call me next week. We'll talk about
it.

MIKE absorbs it, looking up to SEE ELLIE and TOMMY, beside a SQUAD CAR, a distance away. Girding himself, he HEADS **TOWARD**.

ANGLE ON ELLIE AND TOMMY -- as he APPROACHES, and stands beside them. Not much to say. Finally he reaches out and tousles TOMMY'S hair.

MIKE

Good police work, kiddo.

He catches ELLIE'S eye, both assessing each other.

ELLIE

(re: Tommy)
He doesn't want to sleep here.
(a long beat)
Neither do I. It's not my house
anymore.

MIKE

Me neither.

ANGLE ON ALL: finding each other's eyes.

MIKE

Let's find some place to start over.

MIKE puts an arm AROUND TOMMY -- and the CAMERA BEGINS A LONG PULLBACK, as ELLIE moves to his side, and the KEEGAN FAMILY begins to MOVE AWAY. WE SEE CLAIRE, being helped into a SQUAD CAR, turning to look back at them as it PULLS AWAY -- CARS REVING UP and PULLING OUT, in ALL **DIRECTIONS**.

From a distance, we HEAR MIKE'S VOICE.

MIKE (V.O.)

(to Ellie)

What this crap about singing
lessons?

FADE OUT.

THE END