

BASIC INSTINCT

Joe Eszterhas

INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is dark; we don't see clearly.

a man and woman make love on a brass bed. There are mirrors on the walls and ceiling. On a side table, atop a small mirror, lines of cocaine. A tape deck PLAYS the Stones: "Sympathy for the Devil."

Atop him... she straddles his chest... her breasts in his face. He cups her breasts. She leans down, kisses him...

JOHNNY BOZ is in his late 40's, slim, good-looking. We don't see the woman's face. She has long blonde hair. The CAMERA STAYS BEHIND and to the side of them.

She leans close over his face, her tongue in his mouth... she kisses him... she moves her hands up, holds both of his arms above his head.

She moves higher atop him... she reaches to the side of the bed... a white silk scarf is in her hand... her hips above his face now, moving... slightly, oh-so slightly... his face strains towards her.

The scarf in her hand... she ties his hands with it... gently... to the brass bed... his eyes are closed... tighter... lowering hips into his face... lower... over his chest... his navel. The SONG plays.

He is inside her... his head arches back... his throat white.

She arches her back... her hips grind... her breasts are high...

Her back arches back... back... her head tilts back... she extends her arms... the right arm comes down suddenly... the steel flashes... his throat is white...

He bucks, writhes, bucks, convulses...

It flashes up... it flashes down... and up... and down... and up... and...

EXT. A BROWNSTONE IN PACIFIC HEIGHTS - MORNING

Winter in San Francisco: cold, foggy. Cop cars everywhere. The lights play through the thick fog. Two Homicide detectives get out of the car, walk into the house.

NICK CURRAN is 42. Trim, good-looking, a nice suit: a face urban, edged, shadowed. GUS MORAN is 64. Crew-cut, silver beard, a suit rumpled and shiny, a hat out of the 50's: a face worn and ruined: the face of a backwoods philosopher.

INT. THE BROWNSTONE

There's money here -- deco, clean, hip -- That looks like a Picasso on the wall. They check it out.

GUS
Who was this fuckin' guy?

NICK
Rock and roll, Gus. Johnny Boz.

GUS
I never heard of him.

NICK
(grins)
Before your time, pop.
(a beat)
Mid-sixties. Five or six hits.
He's got a club down in the
Fillmore now.

GUS
Not now he don't.

Past the uniformed guys... nods... waves... past the forensic men... past the coroner's investigators... they get to the bedroom.

INT. THE BEDROOM

They walk in, stare -- it's messy.

It's like a convention in here. LT. PHIL WALKER, in his 50's, silver-haired, the Homicide guys: JIM HARRIGAN, late 40's, puffy, affable; SAM ANDREWS, 30's, black. A CORONER'S MAN is working the bed.

LT. WALKER
(to Nick and Gus)
You guys know Captain Talcott?

They nod.

GUS
What's the Chief's office doin' here.

CAPT. TALCOTT
Observing.

LT. WALKER
(to the Coroner's
Guy)
What do you think, Doc?

THE CORONER'S GUY

The skin blanches when I press it --
this kind of color is about right
for six or eight hours.

LT. WALKER

Nobody say anything. The maid came
in an hour ago and found him.
She's not a live-in.

GUS

Maybe the maid did it.

LT. WALKER

She's 54 years old and weighs 240
pounds.

THE CORONER'S GUY

(deadpan)

There are no bruises on his body.

GUS

(grins)

It ain't the maid.

LT. WALKER

He left the club with his
girlfriend about midnight. That's
the last time anybody saw him.

NICK

(looks at body)

What was it?

THE CORONER'S GUY

Ice pick. Left on the coffee table
in the living room. Thin steel
handle. Forensics took it
downtown.

HARRIGAN

There's come all over the sheets --
he got off before he got offed.

GUS

(deadpan)

That rules the maid out for sure.

CAPT. TALCOTT

This is sensitive. Mr. Boz was a
major contributor to the mayor's
campaign. He was Chairman of the
Board of the Palace of Fine Arts --

GUS

(to Nick)

I thought you said he was a rock
and roll star.

LT. WALKER

He was a retired rock and roll
star.

CAPT. TALCOTT

A civic-minded, very respectable
rock and roll star.

GUS

What's that over there?

We see the white powder laid out in lines on the small
mirror on the side table.

NICK

(deadpan)

It looks like some civic-minded,
very respectable cocaine to me,
Gus.

CAPT. TALCOTT

(evenly, to Nick)

Listen to me, Curran. I'm going to
get a lot of heat on this. I don't
want any... mistakes.

Nick and Talcott look at each other a beat, then --

NICK

Who's the girlfriend?

Lt. Walker looks at the notepad in his hand.

LT. WALKER

Catherine Tramell, 162 Divisadero.

Nick writes it down. He and Gus turn, leave. Captain
Talcott watches them. He looks disturbed.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

as they head out --

NICK

Talcott doesn't usually show up at
the office 'till after his 18
holes. What are they nervous
about?

GUS

They're executives. They're
nervous about everything.

LT. WALKER (O.S.)

Nick!

He stops, turns, sees Walker behind them. Walker comes up to them.

LT. WALKER
(to Nick)
Keep your three o'clock.

NICK
Do you want me to work the case,
Phil, or do you want me to --

LT. WALKER
I said keep it.

EXT. A VICTORIAN ON DIVISADERO - DAY

It is more a mansion than a house. They ring the bell. An Hispanic MAID answers. They flash their badges.

NICK
I'm Detective Curran, this is
Detective Moran. We're with the
San Francisco Police Department.
We'd like to speak to Ms. Catherine
Tramell.

THE MAID
(after a beat, an
accent)
Just moment. Come in.

She leads them into a lavish, beautifully done living room that offers a sweeping view of the Bay.

THE MAID
(continuing)
Sit, please. Just moment.

They look around, impressed. There is a Picasso on the wall here, too.

GUS
Ain't that cute? They got his and
her Pig-assos, son.

NICK
(smiles)
I didn't know you knew who Picasso
was, Gus.

GUS
(grins)
I'm a smart sonofabitch. I just
hide it.

Nick smiles -- and at that moment a beautiful BLONDE walks into the room. She looks like she has been asleep. She is in her early 20's. She wears a very sheer robe.

NICK
We're sorry to disturb you, we'd
like to ask you some --

THE WOMAN
Are you vice?

GUS
(after a beat)
Homicide.

THE WOMAN
What do you want?

THE WOMAN
(continuing)
Is he dead?

NICK
(after a beat)
Why do you think he's dead?

THE WOMAN
You wouldn't be here otherwise,
would you?

GUS
Were you with him last night?

THE WOMAN
You're looking for Catherine, not
me.

NICK
Who are you?

THE WOMAN
I'm Roxy.
(a beat)
I'm her -- friend.

She looks at them a beat.

ROXY
She's out at the beach house at
Stinson. Seadrift. 1402.

NICK
Thanks.

They start to head out.

ROXY
You're wasting your time. Catherine
didn't kill him.

A beat, they look at her, and go...

EXT. SEADRIFT - STINSON BEACH - DAY

Foggy. Cold. It is an expensive spit of land on the ocean. Multi-million dollar "beach houses" with gardens and swimming pools. There are two Ferraris in the driveway -- one black, one white.

They get out of the car in front of the house. They see a woman in back of the house, sitting on a deck chair, staring at the sea, a blanket around her.

As they get to her --

NICK
Ms. Trammell?

She takes a long look at Nick, then looks away.

CATHERINE TRAMELL is 30 years old. She has long blonde hair and a refined, classically beautiful face. She is not knockout gorgeous like Roxy; there is a smoky kind of sensuousness about her.

NICK
(continuing)
I'm De--

CATHERINE
(evenly)
I know who you are.

She doesn't look at them. She looks at the water.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
How did he die?

GUS
He was murdered.

CATHERINE
Really. Maybe that's why you're
from Homicide. How?

Nick glances at Gus.

NICK
With an ice pick.

She closes her eyes a beat and then, still staring out, we see a thin smile. They see it, too, and glance at each other.

NICK
(continuing)

How long were you dating him?

CATHERINE
I wasn't dating him. I was fucking
him.

They glance at each other again.

GUS
What are you -- a pro?

Catherine looks at him -- that thin smile again.

CATHERINE
No. I'm an amateur.

She looks away.

NICK
How long were you having sex with
him?

CATHERINE
About a year and a half.

NICK
Were you with him last night?

CATHERINE
Yes.

NICK
Did you leave the club with him?

CATHERINE
Yes.

NICK
Did you go home with him?

CATHERINE
No. We had a drink at the club.
We left together. I came here. He
went home.

NICK
Was there anyone with you last
night?

CATHERINE
(looks at Nick)
No. I wasn't in the mood to have
sex with anyone last night.

They look at her a beat.

NICK

Let me ask you something, Ms.
Tramell? Are you sorry he's dead?

Catherine looks at him.

CATHERINE
Yes. I liked fucking him.

They stare at her. She looks out at the water.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
I don't really feel like talking
anymore.

GUS
listen, lady, we can do this
downtown if you --

CATHERINE
Read me my rights and arrest me and
I'll go downtown.

She doesn't even look at them.

CATHERINE
(continuing;
quietly)
Otherwise, get the fuck out of
here. Please.

A long beat as they look at her.

INT. A CORRIDOR - POLICE HEADQUARTERS

The door says: Dr. Elizabeth Gardner, Counseling. Nick
opens the door, peeks in. The receptionist is not there.
A clock says 3:15.

INT. THE COUNSELING OFFICE

He walks in -- sees the inner door open, walks in.

NICK
I'm sorry, Beth. I -- I got hung
up in Stinson.

DR. ELIZABETH GARDNER, the police psychologist, is a very
good-looking, dark-haired woman. She is 30.

BETH
(smiles)
How are you, Nick?

NICK
I'm fine. Come on, Beth! You know
I'm fine! How the hell long do I

have to keep doing this?

BETH
As long as Internal Affairs wants
you to, I suppose. Sit down, Nick.

NICK
It's bullshit. You know it is.

BETH
(smiles)
I know it is -- but sit down anyway
so we can get it over with, okay?

He sits down.

BETH
(continuing)
So -- how are things?

NICK
(after a beat)
Things are fine. I told you.
They're fine.

She watches him closely.

BETH
(after a beat)
How is your -- personal life?

NICK
My sex life is fine.
(a beat)
My sex life is pretty shitty
actually since I stopped seeing you
-- maybe I should think about my
Electrolux again.

That embarrassed her; she looks away from him.

NICK
(continuing; after a
beat)
Sorry.

She shrugs. A beat.

BETH
How about the booze?

NICK
It's been three months.

BETH
(after a long beat)
How about the coke?

NICK
No.

BETH
No?

NICK
(hard)
No! I'm working my tail off. I'm
off the sauce, I'm not even smoking
anymore.

She smiles.

BETH
How's not smoking?

NICK
It's fucked -- now will you please
tell I.A. that I'm just you average
healthy totally fucked-up cop and
let me get out of here?

BETH
(after a beat;
smiles)
Yes.

NICK
Thank you.

And he starts heading out.

BETH
(behind him)
I still miss you, Nick.

He doesn't even turn, pretends he didn't hear.

INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU

He walks in. Gus Moran gets up from his desk as soon as he
sees him.

GUS
Talcott's in there. They're
waiting.

They start heading for Lt. Walker's office.

GUS
(continuing)
How'd it go, son?

NICK
She misses me.

GUS
(grins)
Hallelujah.

INT. LT. WALKER'S OFFICE

He and Gus sit there with Lt. Walker, Harrigan, Andrews and Captain Talcott.

HARRIGAN
Sixteen stab wounds to the chest and neck. No usable prints, no forcible entry, nothing missing. No prints on the ice pick, either -- it's available at any Safeway. The scarf is Hermes, expensive -- they sell about 20,000 a year worldwide.

ANDREWS
The powder was cocaine, high-quality, high-content. He inhaled it; there were minute quantities on his lips and penis. Mr. Boz leaves five million dollars, no insurance, no direct survivors. He liked his coke, he liked his girls, and he liked rock and roll.

NICK
He liked the mayor, too, right?

Talcott gives him a look.

GUS
What about his girlfriend?

TALCOTT
Is she relevant here? I didn't know she was a suspect.

LT. WALKER
She's a suspect.

TALCOTT
On what basis?

LT. WALKER
(looks a notes)
Catherine Tramell. Age 30.

LT. WALKER
(continuing)
No priors, no convictions. Double major, magnum cum laude, Berkeley, 1980. Literature and Psychology.

Daughter, sole survivor -- Marvin and Elaine Tramell, killed in a boating accident, 1978, Catherine Tramell sole heir. Estimated assets: \$110 million.

It hangs there.

NICK
Are you kidding me?

LT. WALKER
(continues)
Formerly engaged to Roberto Vasquez, deceased --

ANDREWS
Bobby Vasquez?

LT. WALKER
Bobby Vasquez, former middleweight contender, killed in the ring Atlantic City, 1984.

NICK
(smiles)
I love it. She's got a hundred million bucks. She fucks fighters and rock and roll stars. And she's got a degree in screwing with peoples' heads.

LT. WALKER
You forgot her degree in literature. She's a writer. She published a novel last year under a pen name. Do you want to know what it's about?

They just stare at him.

LT. WALKER
(continuing)
It's about a retired rock and roll star who is murdered by his girlfriend.

It hangs there a long beat.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

His apartment is very bare -- very few things -- with wide open spaces. There is a lot of chrome.

He sits on the couch, reading a book. It is a paperback. We see the title -- Love Hurts, by Catherine Adams. He puts the book down a beat, then picks the phone up, dials.

NICK

Page 67, pop. Do you know how she does the boyfriend? With an icepick, in bed, his hands tied with a white silk scarf.

INT. A POLICE DEPARTMENT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Nick, Gus, Lt. Walker, Harrigan, Andrews, Captain Talcott -- and Beth Gardner. With them is an older, white-haired man, DR. ANDREW LAMOTT. There are copies of "Love Hurts" around the table.

LT. WALKER

Dr. Gardner?

BETH

I've asked Dr. Lamott to consult with us. This isn't really my turf. Dr. Lamott teaches the psycho-pathology of psychopathic behavior at Stanford and is also a member of the Justice Department's Psychological Profile team. Dr. Lamott?

DR. LAMOTT

There are two possibilities. One: The person who wrote this book is your murderer and acted out the killing described in ritualistic, literal detail. Two: Someone who wants to do the person who wrote this book harm read the book and enacted the killing described to incriminate the writer.

NICK

(after a long beat)

What if the writer did it? What are we dealing with?

DR. LAMOTT

You're dealing with a devious, diabolical mind. This book must have been written at least six months, maybe years before it was published. That means the writer planned the crime, at least in the subconscious, back then.

DR. LAMOTT

(continuing)

The fact that the writer carried it out indicates psychopathic obsessive behavior in terms not

only of the killing itself but in terms of applied advance defense mechanism.

A long beat.

GUS

Most times I can't tell shit from shinola, Doc. What was all that you just said?

Some grins, titters.

BETH

She anticipates the book to be her best alibi.

DR. LAMOTT

Correct.

BETH

She's going to say: Do you think I'd be dumb enough to kill anyone in the exact way I've described in my book? I wouldn't do that because I'd know I'd be a suspect.

A long beat -- as they think about it.

NICK

What if it's not the writer? What if it's someone who read the book?

DR. LAMOTT

You're dealing then with someone so obsessed that he or she is willing to kill an irrelevant and innocent victim to place the blame on the person who wrote this book. We are talking about deep-seated, obsessional hatred; an utter lack of sense of proportion or perspective.

GUS

We've got a top-of-the-line, once-in-a-lifetime loony-tune either way you cut it -- that's what you're saying, right, Doc?

DR. LAMOTT

You're dealing with someone very dangerous and very ill.

INT. THE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

PROSECUTOR JOHN CORRIGAN, a big man in his 50's, with

Captain Talcott, Lt. Walker, Nick, and Gus.

Corrigan is reading a file. He gets up, yawns, goes to his window, looks out.

CORRIGAN

Come on, you know there's no case here. There's no physical evidence -- okay, she doesn't have an alibi: but there's no motive. Her defense would just beat us to death with the copycat thing. Anybody who read the book could have done it.

A long beat; no one says anything.

NICK

So what do we do -- nothing?

LT. WALKER

(after a beat)

We bring her in for questioning.

TALCOTT

She's got enough money to burn this whole department down.

LT. WALKER

She was the last person seen with the guy -- I'll take the responsibility.

TALCOTT

It's yours.

CORRIGAN

It won't do any good. She'll come in with Lee Bailey and Mel Belli trailing behind her on a solid gold chain from Tiffanys.

TALCOTT

Yes she will.

NICK

(after a beat)

No she won't.

They look at him.

NICK

(continuing; smiles)

I don't think she's going to hide behind anybody. I don't think she's going to hide at all.

TALCOTT
(after a beat)
I think you're as crazy as she
probably is, Curran.

Nicks says nothing.

GUS
You know what they say: It takes
one to know one.

Nick looks at Gus, grins.

EXT. HER HOUSE IN STINSON - DAY

They walk from the car to the door of the big beach house. They ring the bell. They hear typing inside. The typing stops. She comes to the door in jeans and a tight-fitting sweatshirt.

NICK
Ms. Tramell, we'd like you to come
downtown and answer some questions
for us.

CATHERINE
Are you arresting me?

NICK
If that's the way you want to play
it.

They look at each other a beat.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Can I change into something more
appropriate? It'll just take a
minute.

He nods.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Come in.

INT. THE HOUSE

It is beautifully done in a Santa Fe motif. She goes to a bedroom of the living room.

Nick sits down on a couch facing the bedroom she's walked into. Gus sits across from him, his back to the bedroom. There is a coffee table between them. She leaves the bedroom door halfway open.

An old newspaper is on the coffee table there. Nick reaches

for it. The headline says: VICE COP CLEARED IN TOURIST SHOOTINGS. A headline underneath says: GRAND JURY SAYS SHOOTINGS ACCIDENTAL. There is a photograph of Nick.

He stares at the paper.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
How long will this take?

Nick puts the paper down on the coffee table. He is lost in his thoughts. Gus picks the paper up.

NICK
(looks up)
I don't know.

Nick, facing the half open bedroom door, sees a mirror near the wall of the bedroom. The mirror reflects her in the other corner of the bedroom. She is taking her clothes off. He stares. She strips down. He sees her back. She has a beautiful body. Naked, she puts a dress on. She doesn't put any underwear on.

NICK
(continuing)
Do you always keep old newspapers around?

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Only when they make interesting reading.

And she is suddenly out of the bedroom. She stands there, smiles. They look at each other a long beat.

CATHERINE
(finally)
I'm ready.

They get up, head out.

GUS
You have the right to an attorney.

CATHERINE
Why would I need an attorney?

INT. THE CAR - DAY

They sit in the front; she is in the back. The car goes over the winding, two-lane Mt. Tamalpais road.

The fog is heavy. It's starting to rain. We see the beach far below.

CATHERINE
Do you have a cigarette?

NICK
I don't smoke.

CATHERINE
Yes you do.

NICK
I quit.

She smiles, looks at him. A beat, and he turns away.
Another beat, and she lights a cigarette up.

NICK
(continuing)
I thought you were out of
cigarettes.

CATHERINE
I found some in my purse; would you
like one?

He turns back to her.

NICK
I told you -- I quit.

CATHERINE
It won't last.

A beat, as she looks at him, and then he turns away.

GUS
You workin' on another book?

CATHERINE
Yes I am.

GUS
It must really be somehtin' --
makin' stuff up all the time.

He watches her in the rearview mirror.

CATHERINE
It teaches you to lie.

GUS
How's that?

CATHERINE
You make it up, but it has to be
believable. They call it
suspension of disbelief.

GUS
I like that. "Suspension of

Disbelief."

He smiles at her in the mirror.

NICK

What's your new book about?

CATHERINE

A detective. He falls for the wrong woman.

He turns back to her.

NICK

What happens to him?

She looks right into his eye.

CATHERINE

She kills him.

A beat, as they look at each other, and then he turns away from her. Gus watches her in the rearview mirror.

INT. A POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

It is large, fluorescent-lighted, antiseptic.

She walks in with Nick and Gus. In the room are prosecutor John Corrigan, Lt. Walker, Captain Talcott, Harrigan, and Andrews. There is a police stenographer: a plain young woman in her 20's.

As soon as she comes in --

CORRIGAN

I'm John Corrigan. I'm an assistant district attorney, Ms. Tramell. Can we get you anything? Would you like some coffee?

CATHERINE

No thank you.

TALCOTT

Are your attorneys --

NICK

(hiding a smile)

Ms. Tramell waived her right to an attorney.

Corrigan and Talcott glance at Nick. She sees the look.

CATHERINE

(smiles)

Did I miss something?

NICK
I told them you wouldn't want an attorney present.

LT. WALKER
Why have you waived your right to an attorney, Ms. Tramell?

CATHERINE
(to Nick)
Why did you think I wouldn't want one?

NICK
I told them you wouldn't want to hide.

CATHERINE
I have nothing to hide.

The two of them keep their eyes on each other.

She sits down. They sit around her. Nick sits directly across from her. She lights up a cigarette. They watch her. She is poised, cool, in complete command of herself.

CORRIGAN
There is no smoking in this building, Ms. Tramell.

CATHERINE
What are you going to do? Charge me with smoking?

Ever so casually, she blows her smoke across at Nick.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

CORRIGAN
Would you tell us the nature of your relationship with Mr. Boz?

CATHERINE
I had sex with him for about a year and a half. I liked having sex with him.

She has control of the room: she looks from one man to the other as she speaks.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
He wasn't afraid of experimenting. I like men like that. I like men

who give me pleasure. He gave me a lot of pleasure.

A beat, as they watch her. She is so matter-of-fact.

CORRIGAN

Did you ever engage in sado-masochistic activity with him?

CATHERINE

(smiles)

Exactly what do you have in mind, Mr. Corrigan.

CORRIGAN

(after a beat,
little flustered)

Did you ever tie him up?

CATHERINE

No.

ANDREWS

You never tied him up.

CATHERINE

No. Johnny liked to use his hands too much. I like hands and fingers.

They stare at her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

LT. WALKER

You describe a white silk scarf in your book.

CATHERINE

I've always had a fondness for white silk scarves.

(she smiles)

I have a very vivid imagination.

NICK

But you said you liked men to use their hands.

CATHERINE

No. I said I liked Johnny to use his hands.

(she smiles)

I don't give any rules, Nick. I go with the flow.

They have their eyes on each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

CORRIGAN

Did you kill Mr. Boz, Ms. Tramell?

CATHERINE

I'd have to be pretty stupid to write a book about a killing and then kill him the way I described in my book. I'd be announcing myself as the killer. I'm not stupid.

She smiles.

TALCOTT

We know you're not stupid, Ms. Tramell.

LT. WALKER

Maybe that's what you're counting on to get you off the hook.

NICK

Writing a book about it gives you an alibi for not killing him.

CATHERINE

Yes it does, doesn't it?

She holds his eyes a second, then --

CATHERINE

(continuing)

The answer is no. I didn't kill him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

GUS

Do you use drugs, Ms. Tramell?

CATHERINE

sometimes.

HARRIGAN

Did you ever do drugs with Mr. Boz?

CATHERINE

Sure.

GUS
What kind of drugs?

CATHERINE
Cocaine.

She looks directly at Nick.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Have you ever fucked on cocaine?
(she smiles)
It's nice.

He watches her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

NICK
You like playing games, don't you?

CATHERINE
(smiles)
I've got a degree in psych. It
goes with the turf. Games are fun.

They are holding each other's eyes.

NICK
How about boxing? That's a game.
Was that fun for you?

They don't take their eyes off each other for a second.

TALCOTT
I think that's irrelevant to this
inquiry.

CATHERINE
(to Nick)
Yes it was. Bobby died.

NICK
How did you feel when he died?

CATHERINE
I loved him. I hurt.

Their eyes are still on each other.

NICK
How did you feel when I told you
Johnny Boz had died -- that day at
the beach.

CATHERINE
I felt somebody had read my book
and was playing a game.

NICK
But you didn't hurt --

CATHERINE
No.

NICK
Because you didn't love him --

CATHERINE
That's right.

Their eyes are digging into each other.

NICK
Even though you were fucking him.

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
You still get the pleasure. Didn't
you ever fuck anybody else while
you were married, Nick?

A bet; he stares at her, expressionless.

LT. WALKER
How did you know he was married?

CATHERINE
(watching Nick)
Maybe I was guessing. What
difference does it make?

She lights a cigarette. He stares at her.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Would you like a cigarette, Nick?

He just stares at her, expressionless.

CORRIGAN
Do you two know each other?

NICK
No.

CATHERINE
No.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

ANDREWS

How did you meet Mr. Boz?

CATHERINE

I wanted to write a book about the murder of a retired rock star. I went down to his club and picked him up. Then I had sex with him.

LT. WALKER

You didn't feel anything for him. You just had sex with him for your book.

She looks at Nick.

CATHERINE

In the beginning. Then I got to like what he did for me.

GUS

That's pretty cold, ain't it, lady?

CATHERINE

I'm a writer, I use people for what I write. You write what you know. Let the world beware.

She and Nick have their eyes on each other, then --

CATHERINE

(continuing; to
Corrigan, smiles)

Would you like me to take a lie detector test?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE POLICE BUILDING - NIGHT

We see her in a glass-enclosed cubicle with a polygraph EXAMINER. Nick stands outside watching her with Gus and Lt. Walker. Her back is to them. The Examiner shuts the machine down, gathers rolls of papers, and comes out of the cubicle.

THE EXAMINER

No blips, no blood pressure variations, no pulse variance. Either she's telling the truth or I've never met anyone like her.

A long beat, then --

LT. WALKER

Well, I guess that's it.

A long beat, Nick watches her as she sits inside.

NICK

How does somebody beat this machine?

THE EXAMINER

Ninety-nine point nine percent of the cases, they don't. You'd have to be able to mask the truth from your own central nervous system, your circulatory system, your adrenal glands. In my opinion, this woman is telling the truth.

The Examiner walks away. They stand there. Catherine stands at the door of the cubicle behind them --

CATHERINE

Can I go now?

LT. WALKER

(after a beat)

Yes. Thanks for coming in, Ms. Tramell. I'm sorry to inconvenience you.

She says nothing, has a thin smile.

CATHERINE

Can I ask one of you for a ride?

They look at her a beat.

NICK

Sure.

CATHERINE

(smiles)

Thanks.

And he and Catherine walk away. Gus and Walker watch them.

INT. HIS CAR - NIGHT

It is an old, mint-condition silver Porsche.

It is pouring rain; the wind is blowing: a San Francisco winter storm.

Nothing is said a long beat as he drives. She yawns. Stretches. He looks at her.

CATHERINE

(smiles)

I'm tired.

NICK

It's got to be tiring to beat that

machine.

She looks at him and looks away. A beat.

CATHERINE

If I were guilty, and if I wanted to beat that machine, it wouldn't be tiring. It wouldn't be tiring at all.

NICK

Why not?

CATHERINE

Because I'm a professional liar. I spend most of my waking hours dwelling on my lies.

(a beat)

For my writing.

He looks at her.

CATHERINE

(continuing; smiles)

I love the rain, don't you?

He says nothing, doesn't look at her.

CATHERINE

(continuing)

You took a polygraph after you shot those two people, didn't you?

He looks at her now.

NICK

I passed.

CATHERINE

You see? We're both innocent, Nick.

He pulls up in front of her house on Divisadero, stops. He sees the white Ferrari in the driveway.

NICK

How do you know all this stuff about me?

CATHERINE

You know all about me.

29.

NICK

I don't know anything that isn't police business.

CATHERINE

(after a beat)
You know I don't like to wear any
underwear, don't you, Nick?

They look at each other a beat.

CATHERINE
(continuing; smiles)
Thanks for the ride.

And she's out of the car. He watches her as she hurries in
the rain -- his eyes on her until the moment she opens the
door and is inside.

INT. THE TEN-FOUR - NIGHT

It is a police bar, San Francisco style. Ferns Joe
Montana and Will Clark posters. The jukebox has a lot of
Tony Bennett.

He walks in. He sees Lt. Walker at a back booth with Gus,
goes to them, sits down.

LT. WALKER
What is all this "Nick" stuff --
Nick would you like a cigarette.
Nick can you give me a ride.

NICK
She didn't ask me for the ride.
She asked anybody.

LT. WALKER
And you volunteered.

A BARTENDER stays behind the bar, but yells to him.

THE BARTENDER
Perrier, Nick?

NICK
Double Black Jack rocks, Harry.

GUS
(with concern)
What you doin', son?

NICK
It's my first drink in three
months. That okay with you, pop?
(to Lt. Walker)
She doesn't know me. I never saw
her before Gus and I talked to her.

THE BARTENDER
Here you go, Nick.

He gets up, gets his drink --

NICK
Thanks, Harry.

He sits back down. He takes a big slug. They watch him.

LT. WALKER
You sure?

NICK
I'm sure.

He takes another big slug.

NICK
(continuing)
Now what?

LT. WALKER
What now what? Now nothing. She passed the polygraph. That's it.

NICK
She knew she could beat it. That's why she asked to take it.

LT. WALKER
How the fuck do you know? What is it with you and this broad anyway?

NICK
Come on, Phil. You're not gonna let this slide. What about her parents? What about what else she's published? At least we should get the stuff to see if we find anything else that's an amazing real-life coincidence.

LT. WALKER
Her parents died in an accident. I don't care what else she's written. What are you -- a book critic?

NICK
How did they die? Was there an investigation?

LT. WALKER
How you're saying she killed her parents? Did she kill Bobby Vasquez, too?

GUS
Not unless she got up in the ring and turned into one mean sonofabitch.

LT. WALKER
Maybe she did, Gus. Maybe she grew herself an Afro and learned a left hook and put shoe polish on her face. Let's polygraph her again and ask her about it.

NICK
(casually)
Fuck you, Phil.

LT. WALKER
Fuck you, too Nick.

A beat, then --

NICK
(calls to the
Bartender)
Can you get me another double Black Jack, Harry.

Gus looks at him with concern.

A man in his 50's -- LT. MARTIN NILSEN is suddenly there. He is overweight, florid.

NILSEN
(to Nick)
Hey, shooter -- You back on the Black Jack, Shooter?

He grins. Nick doesn't look at him.

LT. WALKER
We're discussing a case, Marty.

NILSEN
I know that. I had no doubt of that.

THE BARTENDER
Here you go, Nick.

Nilsen takes the drink, hands it to Nick.

NILSEN
(grins)
Double, huh, Shooter?

Nick turns to him. He's sitting in the booth; Nilsen is standing there. Nick looks like he's barely restraining himself.

NICK
I'm off-duty, Nilsen. You hear me?

I'm off-duty discussing a case.
Internal Affairs shouldn't have any
trouble with that. Maybe I should
put in for overtime.

NILSEN
(grins)
You do that, Shooter. Why don't
you send it to me? I'll give it
special attention.

A beat, and then Nick gets up, faces him.

NICK
I'm gonna tell you once more,
Nilsen --

Lt. Walker and Gus get up and hold Nick back.

Beth Gardner, the police psychologist, is suddenly there.

BETH
What's the problem?

NILSEN
(grins)
No problem, Doctor. Here comes the
Doctor just in time to save her
patient. Take care, Shooter.

And he walks away. Nick still looks like he wants to go
after him. Beth pulls him away from the booth.

BETH
You okay?

NICK
(after a beat)
Yeah.

BETH
(smiles)
You don't look so okay.

Nick looks at her a beat.

NICK
(smiles)
What are you doing here?

BETH
(smiles)
Baby-sitting.
(she shrugs)
Rookie cop.

NICK
(smiles)

What else is new?

A beat. He looks at her again.

NICK
(continuing)
You want to get out of here?

She looks at him a beat.

BETH
(smiles)
Yes.

At the booth, Gus and Lt. Walker watch the two of them leave.

GUS
Maybe it's for old-time's sake.

LT. WALKER
(watches them go
out)
Sometimes I think he started
banging her just to get himself off
the hook with Internal Affairs.

GUS
(after a beat,
smiles)
He ain't that way. He's got heart.

LT. WALKER
(smiles)
Yeah. I know.

INT. BETH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He is kissing her -- hard, rough. He forces her against the wall.

BETH
Don't -- please, Nick --

We hear her dress RIP. He kisses her harder -- we hear her panties RIP. He gets the dress off, pushes his hands under her bra --

BETH
(continuing)
Please don't -- don't --

He puts his mouth to her shoulder, bites it -- as they move down to the floor.

INT. BETH'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

It is dark. They are still partially dressed. They are on the floor. He lies on his back, staring at the ceiling. She lies next to him -- the torn dress wound around her. There is a bite mark on her shoulder. A long beat, silence -- then --

BETH
What was she like?

NICK
Who?

BETH
Catherine Tramell.

NICK
(after a beat)
She said what you said she'd say.

She sits up, looks away. He looks at her, puts his finger on the bite mark idly, gently. A beat, and he kisses her shoulder gently, then lies back down.

BETH
I met her at Berkeley.

He looks at her.

BETH
(continuing)
We were in some of the same classes.

NICK
(after a beat)
Why didn't you tell me?

She looks at him.

BETH
I'm telling you.

They look at each other a long beat.

BETH
(continuing; with
difficulty)
You've never been... like that...
before.

He says nothing, looks away from her.

BETH
(continuing)
Why?

He doesn't look at her a long beat, says nothing.

NICK
You're the shrink.

She keeps looking at him. He won't look at her.

BETH
You weren't making love to me.

A beat; he looks at her.

NICK
Who was I making love to?

She looks at him a long beat.

BETH
You weren't making love.

They look at each other, a long beat, then away. He lies back down. Beth doesn't look at him, keeps sitting up.

NICK
(finally)
I need a cigarette.

BETH
(after a beat)
I thought you quit.

He says nothing.

BETH
(continuing)
Top drawer in the foyer.
(a beat)
Get it on your way out.

He looks at her; she won't look at him.

INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU - MORNING

He walks in. He looks hung-over. He sees Gus with Harrigan and Andrews and Lt. Walker in Lt. Walker's glass-enclosed office at the end of this big room.

They look at him when they see him.

LT. WALKER
You look like dogshit.

GUS
(grins)
He looks a little shrunk, that's all.

ANDREWS
(after a beat)

We got a call from Berkeley P.D.
There was a killing. A professor.
Icepick. In his bed. Multiple
stab wounds. 1977.

NICK
(a thin smile)
She was there, wasn't she?

LT. WALKER
University records say she was
there.

He and Nick look at each other a long beat, then --

LT. WALKER
(continuing;
suddenly)
Gus -- go over to Berkeley.
Harrigan -- find out what else
she's published. Andrews -- get
the files on her parents' accident.
Carbon Beth on everything. I want
some psychological input on this
one.

Andrews and Harrigan go; Nick is left there with Gus.

NICK
What about me?

GUS
You're already gettin'
psychological input, son.

LT. WALKER
(to Nick)
Go stick your head in a tub of ice
water.
(a beat; then
seriously)
See where she leads.

EXT. THE BEACH HOUSE AT STINSON - DAY

The black Ferrari is in the driveway. He sits in an
unmarked police car on a hillside above the house,
watching. It is a bleak, leaden gray day.

Catherine comes out of the house. She is dressed casually.
She gets into the Ferrari.

INT. HIS POLICE CAR

He stays behind her at a safe distance on the winding
panoramic highway -- a two-lane mountain road which leads
from Stinson Beach into Marin County.

She suddenly starts speeding up on this dangerous road, cutting in and out, passing cars very fast.

He has to start cutting around cars to keep up. This woman really drives.

He cuts out and can barely pass a car without hitting a Grey Lines Tour Bus head-on. Close call: sheer drops on either side.

He looks frazzled.

INT. HIS POLICE CAR

He is behind her at a distance on a hilly Mill Valley road -- little streets, terraced hillsides, sharp turns. He goes slowly, looks around, thinks he's lost her. And then he sees the black Ferrari parked in front of a house obscured by hedges.

He parks the car a distance behind the Ferrari, sits there a long beat. He gets out, goes carefully up to the hedges, looks. A small, nondescript house. He watches. He can't see anything inside the house.

A beat, he reaches over to the mailbox and opens it. He takes an envelope out, looks at the name: Hazel Dobkins.

INT. HIS POLICE CAR - NIGHT

He watches as she comes out of the house. A frail old woman in her 70's is with her. She hugs the old woman, gets into the Ferrari, STARTS it up.

He waits a beat and then STARTS after her. He stays behind her at a distance -- she is going slowly. And then she suddenly GUNS it, cuts her lights -- her wheels SCREECH. He GUNS his car after her. He makes a turn. She is gone. There is a fork in the road. He turns one way, goes a few hundred feet.

Nothing. Blackness. He stops.

NICK
(quietly)

Shit.

INT. HIS POLICE CAR - NIGHT

He pulls his car up to her house at Stinson Beach. The black Ferrari is in the driveway.

A light goes on in an upstairs bedroom. The curtain is drawn. He sees the outline of her body now.

She starts to take her clothes off -- there in the window,

behind the curtain. He watches her body as she does an almost languorous strip. His eyes are intense... ravishing.

INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU - NIGHT

He is alone, nobody else in the big room.

He sits in front of a computer. We see the screen. He has punched in:

HAZEL DOBKINS, WF, 145 ALBION RD., MILL VALLEY.

He is waiting for a response. We see it come on screen:

NOTHING CURRENT.

A long beat, as he stares at the screen, and then we see these words:

RELEASED, SAN QUENTIN, JULY 7, 1965.

We see him type in the words:

PRIOR ARREST RECORD.

A long beat, and then it comes up:

HOMICIDE, JANUARY 10, 1956
SAN FRANCISCO

He stares at the screen a long beat.

GUS

(behind him)

Ain't you go nothin' better to do than to come in here and jack off the damn machine?

NICK

(after a beat; lost in his thoughts)

What are you doing here, Pop?

GUS

(grins)

I came in here to jack off the damn machine.

(a beat)

One dead psychology professor. Noah Goldstein. Dr. Noah Goldstein. And guess what? He was her counselor.

Nick looks at him a beat.

NICK

Was she ever suspect?

GUS
No, sir. They never even got a
statement from her.

Nick sits back a long beat, his eyes off somewhere.

NICK
(slowly)
Do you remember a case -- 1956 --
Hazel Dobkins?

GUS
(grins)
Hell yes! Couldn't get it outta my
head for years. Still can't. Nice
little kids -- nice husband, wasn't
porkin' around -- no financial
problems. One day -- outta the
clear blue sky -- she does 'em.
All of 'em. Used a knife she got
for a wedding present. Didn't even
deny it. Sweet as honey. Said she
didn't know why she done it.

Nick just stares at him.

EXT. THE STINSON BEACH HOUSE - NEXT DAY

He pulls up to the house, gets out of his unmarked police
car. He stands there a beat, thinking. He walks down to
the beach entrance of the house. He hears a Rolling Stones
SONG playing inside. He stands there. The door suddenly
opens. Catherine stands there, smiles. She wears very
tight-fitting spandex leotards.

CATHERINE
Hi.

He looks at her a beat, then --

NICK
Am I... disturbing you?

CATHERINE
No. Come in.

They have their eyes on each other. A beat, and she turns
to go in.

INT. THE STINSON BEACH HOUSE

She goes in ahead of him -- he follows her inside. He
watches her body. His movements are tentative, off-
balance. She turns the Stones DOWN.

On a table by the window, he sees a word processor. Spread

around it are newspaper clippings. They are all about him. We see the headline on one: KILLER COP TO FACE POLICE REVIEW. She sees him glancing at the clips.

CATHERINE
I'm using you for my detective. In my book. You don't mind, do you?

She smiles. He looks at her, expressionless.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Would you like a drink? I was just going to have one.

NICK
No, thanks.

She goes to the bar.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
That's right. You're off the Jack Daniels too, aren't you?

She is making herself a drink. She takes the ice out and then opens a drawer and gets an icepick. It has a fat wooden end. She uses the icepick on the ice, her back to him. He watches her.

NICK
I'd like to ask you a few more questions.

CATHERINE
I'd like to ask you some, too.

She turns to him, icepick in hand, smiles.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
For my book.

She turns back to the ice, works on it with the pick. She raises her arm, plunges it. Raises it, plunges it. He watches her.

NICK
(wary)
What kind of questions?

She puts the icepick down, pours herself a drink, turns to him.

CATHERINE
How does it feel to kill someone?

He looks at her a long beat.

NICK
(finally)
You tell me.

CATHERINE
I don't know. But you do.

Their eyes are on each other.

NICK
(finally)
It was an accident. They got in
the line of fire.

CATHERINE
Four shootings in five years. All
accidents.

NICK
(after a long beat)
They were drug buys. I was a vice
cop.

A long beat, as they look at each other.

NICK
(continuing)
Tell me about Professor Goldstein.

A beat.

CATHERINE
There's a name from the past.

NICK
You want a name from the present?
How about Hazel Dobkins?

She looks at him a long beat, sips her drink, never takes
her eyes off him.

CATHERINE
Noah was my counselor in my
freshman year.
(she smiles)
That's probably where I got the
idea for the icepick. For my book.
Funny how the subconscious works.
(a beat)
Hazel is my friend.

NICK
She wiped out her whole family.

CATHERINE

Yes. She's helped me understand
homicidal impulse.

NICK
Didn't you study it in school?

CATHERINE
Only in theory.
(she smiles)
You know all about homicidal
impulse, don't you, shooter? Not
in theory -- in practice.

He stares at her a long beat.

CATHERINE
(continuing;
quietly)
What happened, Nick? Did you get
sucked into it? Did you like it too
much?

NICK
(after a beat)
No.

He stares at her, almost horrified.

CATHERINE
(quietly)
Tell me about the coke, Nick. The
day you shot those two tourists --
how much coke did you do?

She steps closer to him.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Tell me, Nick.

She puts her hand softly on his cheek, He grabs her hand
roughly, holds it.

NICK
I didn't.

CATHERINE
Yes, you did. They never tested
you, did they? But Internal
Affairs knew.

They are face to face. He is still holding her roughly by
the hand.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Your wife knew, didn't she? She

knew what was going on. Nicky got too close to the flame. Nicky liked it.

He twists her arm back behind her -- their bodies are pressed against each other -- their eyes digging into each other.

CATHERINE
(continuing; in a
whisper)
That's why she killed herself?

He is twisting her arm, staring at her, pulling her against him. We hear the DOOR behind them. A beat, and he lets her go, turns away from her.

Roxy stands there, staring at them. Her hair is up. She wears a black motorcycle jacket, a black T-shirt, and black jeans and cowboy boots.

CATHERINE
(continuing;
brightly)
Hiya, hon. You two have met,
haven't you?

Roxy looks at Nick. Catherine goes to her, kisses her briefly on the lips, stands there with her arm around her -- both of them looking at Nick.

He walks by them, opens the door to go, his face a mask.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
You're going to make a terrific
character, Nick.

He doesn't look at her; he's gone.

INT. BETH GARDNER'S OFFICE - DAY

He comes in. He looks like he's going to kill someone. A RECEPTIONIST sits there.

RECEPTIONIST
She's on the phone -- she'll be
right with you, detective --

He sweeps by her into Beth's inner office. She hangs up when she sees the look on his face.

NICK
Who has access to my file?

BETH
What are you talking about, Nick --

what's wrong with you?

NICK
Who's got access to my goddamn file?

She gets up -- he goes closer to her; she backs away from him.

BETH
Nobody.

He goes closer to her; she backs away.

BETH
(continuing)
It's a confidential psychiatric
record, it'd be illegal --

She backs into a wall. She looks very scared. He comes very close to her -- puts an arm behind her to the wall.

NICK
Don't, Beth. Don't lie to me.

She says nothing, looks scared.

NICK
(continuing;
suddenly)
It's Internal Affairs, isn't it?

BETH
No, Nick, please --

NICK
(loud, hard)
Who?

BETH
(blurts it)
Nilsen.

INT. THE INTERNAL AFFAIRS DIVISION - DAY

He storms into the big room. He sees MARTY NILSEN. He is sitting behind his desk in his glass-enclosed office inside this big room. About a dozen plainclothes policemen are in the big room.

He goes by them into Nilsen's office.

INT. MARTIN NILSEN'S OFFICE

He closes the door. Nilsen sees the look on his face, backs his chair away towards the wall.

NILSEN

What do you want, Curran?

He goes to him, picks him up by his lapels, slams him against the wall.

NICK
(out of control)
You sold her the file, didn't you?

NILSEN
(scared)
What are you talking about?

NICK
(out of control)
What'd she pay you?

He slams him against the wall again. The glass EXPLODES behind them -- a chair comes into the room. Nick is frozen, holding Nilsen by the throat against the wall.

ONE OF THE I.A. GUYS
Let him go, Curran. Nice and easy.

He looks back, sees two Internal Affairs men with their guns drawn, pointed at him.

A beat, and he lets Nilsen go.

He turns calmly and starts to walk out.

NILSEN
You're on sick leave, Shooter. As of right now. Pending the outcome of a psychiatric evaluation.

EXT. THE POLICE PARKING LOT - DUSK

He gets into his old Porsche. He STARTS the car up. Gus Moran comes up to the window. They look at each other a beat.

GUS
What's goin' down, son?

NICK
Nothin'
(a beat)
I'll be okay, pop.

They look at each other a long beat.

GUS
No, sir. You won't. There's smoke off yonder on the horizon. They're gonna want your badge.

NICK
(after a long beat)
I got tired of being played with.

GUS
(after a beat)
You sure got real conclusive ways
of demonstrating that.

They almost smile at each other, then --

NICK
(almost to himself)
She knows where I live and breathe.
She's coming after me.

GUS
(after a long beat)
What is it you got between you?

NICK
(after a beat; to
himself)
I don't know.

GUS
Somethin', though.

A beat, and then Nick looks at him.

NICK
Yeah.
(a beat)
Somethin'.

INT. HIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

He sits in front of the TV, watching a lame sitcom. A bottle of Jack Daniels is half-empty in front of him. He is smoking a cigarette.

BETH
(behind him)
I still have my key.

He looks at her, looks away at the sitcom.

NICK
I don't want to see you, Beth.

He keeps watching the sitcom. A long beat.

BETH
(suddenly angry)
Damn it! Don't shut me out! You
owe me more than that?

He goes to the TV, shuts it off.

NICK

I don't owe you anything; you don't owe me anything.

(he looks at her)

We went to bed -- what was it? -- ten or fifteen times?

(he smiles)

It wasn't memorable enough to carry any obligations.

BETH

(after a long beat)

Sometimes I really hate you.

NICK

(smiles)

Yeah? Well why don't you find some friendly therapist and work some of that hostility out.

(a beat)

But take my advice. Put a little more life into it than you usually do.

A beat, and she suddenly hurls herself at him in absolute fury, trying to claw at his face. He grabs her, blocks her. They look at each other a long beat and then he lets her go.

The emotion of the moment is gone now -- they turn away from each other.

BETH

(finally)

I'm sorry... I don't usually... act like that.

Nick looks at her a beat.

NICK

How could you let him have my file, Beth?

A long beat, then --

BETH

(not looking at him)

He was going to recommend your discharge: a behavioral disability. I made a deal with him. He could review the session notes himself. It was the only way I could keep you on the force.

She looks at him. He looks away from her.

NICK
You did it for me.

BETH
Yes. I care about you. I did it
for you.

He turns away from her.

NICK
(quietly)
Get out of here, Beth.
(a beat)
Please?

He goes to the Jack Daniel's, pours some more. She looks at him pour it and turns to go.

INT. HIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

He is asleep on the couch -- the TV is on to a blank screen. The Jack Daniel's is mostly gone. The phone on the coffee table RINGS. It RINGS again. He wakes, picks it up, listens.

NICK
Yeah.
(a beat)
Okay.

He hangs it up. He sits there a long beat, staring. He looks disturbed.

EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND THE TEN-FOUR BAR - NIGHT

He walks down the alley. There are lots of police cars, flashing lights, uniformed men, coroner's men.

As he walks down the alley, he sees Lt. Walker, Gus, and several of the Internal Affairs men we saw earlier in Nilsen's office. They are standing around a Lincoln Town Car.

They look at him as he comes closer to them -- then move aside.

He can see into the car now. Martin Nilsen lies against the front seat. He has been shot in the head. Nick stares.

GUS
One shot. Close range. Probably
a .38 caliber revolver.

Nick stares at Nilsen's body. They watch him.

LT. WALKER

Give me your gun, Nick.

A beat, and then Nick gives him his gun. Walker smells it, shakes his head, gives it to one of the Internal Affairs men.

NICK
(to Walker)
You think I --

GUS
I don't son, but I got the minority opinion.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

He sits in the same room that Catherine sat in -- surrounded by four or five Internal Affairs men, Lt. Walker, Gus, and Captain Talcott. Lt. Walker and Gus sort of sit back -- I.A. is running the investigation. The same police stenographer -- the same plain young woman -- is sitting in the room who was there with Catherine.

NICK
Okay. I went after him. I lost my temper.

AN I.A. MAN
Do you have any evidence that he showed your psychiatric file to anyone?

NICK
(after a beat)
No.

Beth Gardner comes into the room. They look at her.

AN I.A. MAN
We'll speak to you afterwards, Dr. Gardner.

Nick gives her a look.

BETH
I'd like to sit-in if you don't mind.

THE I.A. MAN
I'd really rather --

TALCOTT
I don't see anything wrong with Dr. Gardner sitting-in if Detective Curran doesn't object.

Nick looks at her, shrugs.

AN I.A. MAN
Where were you tonight?

NICK
Home. Watching TV.

AN I.A. MAN
All night?

NICK
Yeah.

AN I.A. MAN
Were you drinking?

He looks at Beth.

NICK
Yeah, I was drinking.

AN I.A. MAN
When did you start drinking again?

NICK
(after a beat)
A couple days ago.

BETH
I saw Detective Curran at his apartment around ten o'clock. He was sober and lucid. I asked him in my capacity as his departmental therapist about his altercation with Lt. Nilsen. He expressed regret and displayed no hostility.

AN I.A. MAN
(to Beth)
How long were you at his apartment?

BETH
About fifteen minutes. I saw there was no reason for my concern and left.

She and Nick look at each other. He looks away and lights a cigarette.

AN I.A. MAN
There's no smoking in this building.

NICK
(after a beat)
What are you gonna do -- charge me with smoking?

It is the exact line that Catherine used. A long beat.

LT. WALKER
I'll ask you once, Nick -- for the
record: Did you kill him?

NICK
No.

They look at him a beat.

NICK
(continuing)
Come on -- I'm going to storm into
his office in front of everybody in
the afternoon and then that night
I'm going to kill him? I'd have to
be really dumb to do that.

AN I.A. MAN
Going after him before gets you off
the hook for killing him: that's
your alibi.

LT. WALKER
Like writing a book about killing a
guy gets you off the hook for
killing him.

AN I.A. MAN
(to Walker)
I don't understand. What are you
talking about? What book?

LT. WALKER
(to Nick)
Private joke.

NICK
I don't think it's funny.

GUS
(grins)
Well, hell, son, it's got a certain
ring to it, I'll say that.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

He is by the elevators with Gus and Lt. Andrews. He spots
Beth going for the stairway.

NICK
(to Lt. Andrews)
I'll get my stuff tomorrow.

INT. THE STAIRWAY

NICK

Beth.

She stops. He catches up to her. They walk down the flights together. They speak quietly.

NICK

(continuing)

Thank you.

She looks at him, smiles. They keep walking down the steps.

BETH

It's the least I could do...
considering I got you into this
mess with those reports.

NICK

(smiles)

No. I mean it, thank you.

She looks at him, smiles.

BETH

How do you know Catherine Tramell
saw my reports?

NICK

She knows stuff about me that only
you know.

BETH

(after a beat)

She must really be something.
(she smiles)
From a clinical point of view.

NICK

What was she like in school?

BETH

I hardly knew her. She gave me the
creeps, though. I don't know why.

EXT. THE BUILDING - NIGHT

They get outside. Beth kisses him quickly, softly on the
cheek.

BETH

Get some rest. Promise?

He nods. She starts walking toward her car.

NICK

Beth. I didn't mean what I said.
About --

BETH
(smiles)
Yes you did. I'm a big girl. I
can handle it.

She goes to her car.

INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU - NEXT DAY

He is cleaning his desk out, putting things into a duffel bag. Only Andrews is in the room. We see Lt. Walker sitting in his glass-enclosed office.

He closes the duffel bag, looks at the place a long beat. Andrews is watching him. He goes up to Andrews

ANDREWS
(after a beat)
Take care, you hear?

NICK
(after a beat)
Did you find out about her parents?

ANDREWS
You're on leave, man.
(a beat)
You're on psycho leave. I'm
talking to a possible whacko here.

NICK
You know I'm whacko, Sam, what'd
you find?

A beat, and Andrews opens the file.

ANDREWS
The boat blew. There was a leak in
the gas line. There were two
previous repairs. There was a five-
mil policy on both of 'em. A real
heavy investigation. Zilch. Goose-
egg. It was an accident.

NICK
(after a beat)
Thanks.

54.

He sees Lt. Walker looking at him. He goes into Walker's office.

LT. WALKER
I.A.'s going to talk to you more
about Nilsen. They're handling the
investigation, we're not. Stay in

touch with Dr. Gardner, it'll help
on the evaluation.

NICK
(after a beat)
She killed him.

LT. WALKER
Beth? Now you've got Beth killing
people?

NICK
Catherine Tramell. It's part of
her game.

LT. WALKER
First you've got her buying your
file. Now you've got her killing
Nilsen. Forget her, willya? Go
someplace. Sit in the sun. Get
away from this goddamn fog. Get
her out of your system.

NICK
You don't but it, do you? She knew
nobody would but it.
(he smiles)
She knew I'd say she did it. And
she knew nobody would buy it.

Lt. Walker looks at him a long beat.

LT. WALKER
She's screwing with your head,
Nick. Pretty soon you're gonna
look in the mirror and think you're
seeing her.

EXT. HIS APARTMENT

It is in the Marina District; on a street like Cervantes.
He gets out of his old Porsche; he sees her black Ferrari
there. She is sitting on the front stoop. She wears an
Indian jacket, jeans and a T-shirt. He goes up to her.
She looks at him a beat.

CATHERINE
I heard about what happened. What
good's a shooter without his gun?

55.

She smiles.

NICK
(a beat)
How exactly did you hear?

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
I have attorneys. They have
friends. I have friends. Money
buys you a lot of attorneys and
friends.

NICK
(after a beat)
I don't know about that: I don't
have any money: I don't have any
attorneys: Gus is my only real
friend.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
I wasn't talking about real
friends. Why doesn't Gus like me.

NICK
(after a beat)
I like you.

CATHERINE
Do you?

NICK
(smiles)
Yeah. Would you like to come up
and have a drink?

She looks at him a beat.

CATHERINE
I didn't think you'd ask me.

He looks at her a beat.

NICK
(smiles)
I'm not that easy to figure.

They start walking inside. She walks ahead of him. He
watches her. She turns suddenly.

CATHERINE
You're not easy to figure. I'm
just very good at figuring.

NICK
(after a beat)
Don't get too cocky.

CATHERINE
Why not?

NICK

You can make a mistake.

CATHERINE
(smiles)

Not me.

And she turns, heads inside; he follows her.

INT. HIS APARTMENT - DAY

They walk in. She looks at the bareness of the place.

CATHERINE
You should put some warmth into it.
You don't want it to reflect on
your personality.

She turns, smiles at him. He looks at the bottle of Jack Daniel's; there's not much left.

NICK
Jack Daniel's okay? It's gonna
have to be.

CATHERINE
Fine.

NICK
Ice?

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Please.

There is a palpable tension between them.

He takes the ice out, opens a drawer, takes out an icepick.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Let me do that. You like to watch
me doing it, don't you?

She smiles; a beat and he hands her the icepick. She takes it, starts to use the icepick, her back to him. He lights a cigarette.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Can I have a cigarette, please? I
told you you'd start smoking again.

He watches her working on the ice.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Light it for me, will you?

He does, steps to her. She parts her lips -- he puts it on her lip, watches it. Their eyes are on each other.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Thank you.

She works on the ice again, opens the cabinets for glasses.

NICK
What did you pay Nilsen?

CATHERINE
(doesn't look at
him)
Isn't he the policeman that you
shot, Shooter?

She makes the drinks.

NICK
What if I as you not to call me
Shooter?

CATHERINE
What if I call you Nicky?

NICK
(after a beat)
My wife used to call me that.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
I know, Nicky, but I like it.

She hands him his drink, holds hers.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Cheers. My friends call me
Catherine.

NICK
What did Bobby Vasquez used to call
you?

CATHERINE
Bitch mostly, but he meant it
affectionately. You don't have any
coke, do you? I love coke and Jack
Daniel's.

NICK
(after a beat)
There's Pepsi in the fridge.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
It's not the same thing, is it?

They look at each other a long beat, their eyes very involved.

NICK
(quietly)
Where's it going? What do you want from me?

Their faces are close together.

CATHERINE
Say -- "What do you want from me, Catherine?"

NICK
(after a beat,
quietly)
What do you want from me, Catherine?

A beat, and she suddenly turns away.

CATHERINE
(brightly)
I brought you something.

She goes to her purse, takes a paperback book out of it. We see it -- The First Time, by Catherine Smith. He looks at it.

CATHERINE
(continuing; smiles)
Aren't you going to thank me?

NICK
What's it about?

CATHERINE
A boy kills his parents. They have a plane. He makes it look like an accident.

He stares at her. A long beat, then --

NICK
Why does he do it?

CATHERINE
To see if he can get away with it.

They look at each other a beat.

NICK
When did you write it?

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
You mean did I write it before my
parents died?

NICK
Yes.

CATHERINE
No. I wrote it years afterwards.

He watches her; she has turned away from him -- and then
she turns back to him in a different mood.

CATHERINE
(continuing; smiles)
You're not going to stop following
me around now just because you're
on leave -- are you?

NICK
(after a beat)
No.

CATHERINE
Good. I'd miss you.
(a beat)
You can get into trouble, though.
You're not really a cop anymore.

NICK
I'll risk it.

CATHERINE
Why take the risk?

NICK
To see if I can get away with it.

She looks at him: she smiles.

NICK
(continuing)
How's your new book?

CATHERINE
I'm getting deeper and deeper into
my character.

They look at each other a long beat.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Thanks for the drink.

He nods, say nothing as she goes to the door --

CATHERINE
(continuing)
I'm leaving the house around
midnight. In case you're going to
follow me.

(a beat)
I'm going down to Johnny's club.

NICK
(after a beat)
I'll meet you there.

She looks at him a long beat; and she's gone.

INT. THE STAIRWAY

As she is going down the stairs, Gus Moran is coming up.
He does a real double-take as he goes by her.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Hi, Gus.

He looks at him a long beat, and he goes upstairs, into
Nick's apartment.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT

Nick stands at the window, watching her outside. A long
beat, and he looks at Gus.

GUS
(after a beat)
Forgive me for askin', son, and I
don't mean to belabor the obvious,
but why is it that you've got your
head so far up your own ass?

NICK
(after a beat)
She want to play? Fine. I can
play.

GUS
(after a beat)
Everybody that she plays with dies.

NICK
(after a beat,
quietly)
I know what that's like.

INT. JOHNNY BOZ'S CLUB - NIGHT

It is dark, cavernous: there are a thousand people in
here. The MUSIC is ear-splitting, pulsing. Lights flash.

The floor is huge. At one time, this club was a church.

He walks around the sides, a drink in his hand, looking for her. He doesn't see her.

The he catches a glimpse of Roxy. She is dancing with another woman. He watches her. She is wearing pants and a jacket, her hair off to the side. She looks very masculine tonight.

Roxy laughs at the other woman, leaves her on the floor, starts moving through the sea of dancers. He follows her through the press of bodies. She goes towards the men's room. She walks in.

INT. THE MEN'S ROOM

It is large, dark, shadowy: It was once the sacristy.

A crowd scene: men and women. Roxy presses through them. A haze of crack smoke; we see people doing poppers.

She opens the door to a toilet stall, walks in. Nick is behind her. As the door opens, he sees Catherine.

She wears a black motorcycle jacket, a very short skirt, stiletto heels. Her hair is up. He make-up is severe, I the darkness, in the shadows she looks about 19. A hot 19. A hot flash-trash 19.

She is in there with two men -- one of them is a big, body-built black guy. She has a vial of something near her face.

She sees Nick watching her. She whispers something to the tall black guy. He looks at Nick, smiles a condescending smile. The door to the stall closes

INT. THE CLUB

He is walking along the side, watching the floor, a drink in his hand. The song ends and it seques right into the Stones's "Miss You."

He sees her. Her black leather jacket is off.

She wears a very tight, flimsy top, the short skirt, the heels. She is dancing with Roxy and the black guy. He watches her move... watches her body.

She turns, sees him, dances, watches him... gets between Roxy and the black guy... they sandwich her with their bodies... keeps moving, turning... eyes on him... playing to him with her body. He watches.

A long beat, and he goes up to them. His movements are almost trance-like. They look at each other. A long beat. Catherine stops dancing. he reaches for her. She moves

away. A beat: their eyes are on each other. She moves a step towards her. A beat, as they look at each other... and they start to move together.

Their eyes are on each other as they move, the eyes burning... the movements tighter, hotter... and he suddenly grabs her and kisses her... as they keep moving... the song seques into the Stones's "Gimme Shelter."

She is melting into him now, kissing him... Tex watches, expressionless... the black guy is gone... he holds her by the back of the neck, kissing her... their bodies pressed into each other... his hands are on her butt now, pulling her into him now, almost holding her up now... and then under her skirt, under her panties... as he kisses her neck.

People around them stare... he moves his hands under her top as she keeps moving with the song, her head back, her back almost arching... cups her breasts now... she keeps moving... the song sweeping them into its rhythm: "it's just a shot away, it's just a kiss away, a kiss away..."

They devour each other. Right there on the floor. Barely able to hold it back. As Tex watches expressionless. As people stop dancing and stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HER BEDROOM

It is dark. We can't see clearly. A side table, lines of cocaine on a small mirror. A CD player: The Stones play "Love In Vain."

There are mirrors all over the walls and ceiling. They are in bed. The bed is big and brass.

Atop her... he kisses her neck... his hands under her, raising her... he moves down, kisses her breasts... puts his mouth around a breast... she arches, moves... he kisses her shoulder... biting into it... she opens her mouth... we hear no cry... we hear the Stones.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HER BEDROOM - LATER

The Stones play "Monkey Man."

Atop him... she kisses his chest, licks it, lowers her head... lower... lower... he arches his back... her mouth comes up... her mouth on his lips again... he turns her.

Atop her... he moves her legs apart... (the CAMERA is behind them)... she holds his back... digs in her nails... rakes his back with them... digs in again... his back bleeds... he moves inside her... harder... the nails dig...

blood trickles down his back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HER BEDROOM - LATER

The Stones play "Wild Horses."

He is behind her... she is on her stomach... he rises her by her hips... kisses her back... races her spine with his tongue... traces her lower back... he kneels... moves into her... kisses her neck... his fingers are in her mouth... as he moves.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HER BEDROOM - LATER

The Stones play "Sympathy for the Devil."

Atop him... she leans close over his face, her tongue in his mouth... kneeling over him... she moves his arms above his head... moves higher atop him... her breasts in his face... she reaches over to the side... a white silk scarf is in her hand... she moves higher above him... kneeling over his face... moving oh-so-slightly... his face strains towards her.

The scarf in both hands now... she starts to tie his hands with it... his eyes are open, watching her... she ties it loosely, gently... it isn't tight... but his hands are tied to the brass bed.

She kisses him... moving her hips lower now... over his chest... lower...

And he is inside her... her arms above him... his eyes open... she kisses his neck... bites but not hard... moves... grinding hard against him now.. she is on her knees... head arches back.. her breasts high.. still grinding.

Her back arches, strains... he strains toward her... she holds her arms high... she comes out of the arch... shivering... falling over him... the scarf loosens... his arms come forward and hold her close.. closer... closer... as she moves with slight... shivery... movements.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is dark, quiet. Pindrop quiet. He is sitting on the side of the bed, his head down... his back a line tracing of dried blood. She is asleep nest to him, naked.

He looks around the room. The white scarf around the

bedpost... the coke on the side-table... clothes all over the floor.

He gets up, walks into the bathroom.

INT. HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The light is too bright. He looks at himself in the mirror. He pours the water, lowers his head, puts cold water on his face. A long beat, he comes back up, opens his eyes. Roxy is in the mirror behind him. She startles him.

He looks at her in the mirror a long beat, doesn't turn. She is expressionless; she wears the same thing she wore at the club.

He lowers down into the basin again, puts more water on his face, comes back up, uses a towel this time, finishes with the towel. She is still looking at him in the mirror the same way. He looks at her in the mirror, doesn't turn.

ROXY
(quietly)
If you don't leave her alone, I'll
kill you.

He looks at her a beat, then turns --

NICK
Tell me something, Rocki. Man-to-
man.
(he smiles)
I think she's the fuck of the
century, don't you?

For a second, she looks like she's going to spring at him, then controls it and turns to go.

NICK
(continuing)
How long you been here, Rock? You
like to watch, do you?

ROXY
(after a beat,
looks at him)
She likes me to watch.

And she turns and she is gone.

INT. HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

He lies on the bed in the dark, quiet room. He is on his back, his eyes open. He has his arm around her. She is asleep.

CATHERINE
(murmurs)

Nicky.

He looks at her.

INT. HER BEDROOM - MORNING

He wakes up. She is not there. He looks around. The white scarf is gone. The coke on the side table is gone. In its place, a scrawled note: "The Beach -- C."

EXT. HER STINSON BEACH HOUSE - DAY

A cold and foggy day. He gets out of his old Porsche, walks down the driveway. He sees her out on the beach by the water. A small bonfire is near her. He walks towards her.

Roxy watches him, expressionless, from an upstairs window of the house. He doesn't see her.

He walks up to Catherine. She has an Indian blanket over her and is wearing a black felt English derby hat, her hair loose underneath.

NICK
(expressionless)
'Morning.

She doesn't look at him -- he smiles slowly. She doesn't smile and she doesn't seem to like his smile, either. She walks along the beach. He walks with her. A long beat.

NICK
(continuing)
I think Roxy got jealous.

She looks at him. He looks like he is trying to hide a smile.

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
She's seen me fuck plenty of other
guys.

That wipes the hidden smile off his face.

He looks at her, walks with her. A long beat.

NICK
Maybe she saw something she didn't
see before.

CATHERINE
She's seen everything before.

She looks at him: he's smiling now.

NICK
She's never seen us before.

He's serious. She looks at him. She smiles slowly.

CATHERINE
Did you think it was so special?

NICK
I told her it was the fuck of the
century.

He can't hide his smile anymore. She says nothing, keeps walking.

NICK
(continuing; after
a beat)
What did you think?

CATHERINE
I thought it was a pretty good
beginning.

They look at each other. They keep walking. A long beat.

NICK
How about Roxy? Is she a fuck to
the century, too?

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
Do you want her to join us sometime?

He looks at her: she's serious.

NICK
I didn't mean for me -- I meant for
you.

She looks at him.

CATHERINE
I'm not as judgmental about women
as I am about men.

They keep walking. A long beat.

NICK
How's your shoulder?

CATHERINE
Fine. How's your back?

NICK

It hurts.

She stops, looks at him. A long beat.

CATHERINE
We're alike, you know.

A beat, he looks at her --

NICK
Are you kidding? You think this is
my idea of morning-after
conversation?

CATHERINE
(keeps walking)
Do you want personal insights and
adolescent secrets? I don't do
those.

They keep walking.

NICK
You mean getting inside you isn't
going to get me any deeper into
your character.

She looks at him. A beat. She smiles slowly.

CATHERINE
Not unless you confuse my character
with my body parts.

They keep walking. A long beat.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Were you frightened, Nicky?

He looks at her.

NICK
(after a beat)
I thought that business with the
scarf was pretty nifty.

CATHERINE
I told you I had a vivid
imagination.

They look at each other. A long beat.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
You shouldn't play this game.

NICK

(after a beat)
I don't have a choice.

Their eyes are into each other.

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
You're in over your head.

NICK
(after a beat)
I know.

A long beat. They look at each other.

CATHERINE
I've got a book to write. I'll see
you around, Shooter.

A beat, and she walks away towards the house. He watches her.

INT. A COUNTRY AND WESTERN BAR - NIGHT

Nick walks in. Waylon Jennings is on the JUKEBOX. Gus is sitting at the bar wearing jeans, a cowboy shirt, and a cowboy hat.

Nick goes, sits next to him.

NICK
(grins)
What is this place? Hillbilly
heaven?

He glances around.

GUS
(loud)
Where in the fuck you been? I went
over to your place.

He is drunk, slurring. Nick sees it.

NICK
Easy there, partner -- I wasn't
there.

GUS
I went over last night, too.

NICK
(grins)
I wasn't there last night, either.

Gus takes a long, drunken look at him.

GUS
You... fucked her! Goddamn dumb
sonofabitch... You fucked her!
Goddamn, you are one dumb
sonofabitch --

NICK
(trying to quiet
him)
I'm not gonna get AIDS, pop --
don't worry about it. I always use
a rubber.

GUS
(loud)
I don't give a... flyin'... chili-
bean... fart about AIDS!

NICK
(grins; quietly)
You oughta use a rubber, pop. You
really should.

GUS
(loud)
What in the hell for? You think
I'm gettin' any at my age? I don't
like blue-haired women. I don't
like 'em.

NICK
(straight)
You don't like punk rockers?

GUS
(loud)
Say what?

INT. A DINER - NIGHT

Gus is eating chili, drinking coffee. Hick keeps pouring
him more coffee.

NICK
(grins)
You feeling better?

GUS
(loud)
I feel fine!

Nick pours him more coffee; Gus guzzles it.

GUS
(continuing; loud)
How could you fuck her?

It gets some looks from the other people in her -- Nick shushes him, pours him more coffee. He drinks it.

GUS
(continuing;
quietly)
You wanna die, son? What is it -- those goddamn tourists -- you still feel so bad about that you're wigglin' your way into an icepi --
(suddenly louder)
We got too many goddamn tourists comin' here anyway -- plenty more goddamn tourists where they goddamn came from.

Some people here really give him the looks now. Gus looks angrily away from them, drinks more coffee.

NICK
(after a beat;
quietly)
I'm not afraid of her.

GUS
(loud)
Why the hell not?

NICK
I don't know. I'm just not.

GUS
(loud)
That's her pussy talkin' --

He gets a real nasty look from a very fat woman eating a cheeseburger. He winks at her. The woman looks away from him, shaking her head.

GUS
(continuing;
smiles; to Nick)
It ain't your brain.

They look at each other a long beat. Gus drinks more coffee. He sits back, pulls his cowboy hat over his eyes. A long beat.

GUS
(continuing;
quietly)
I.A. done did a track on Lt. Martin D for Dickhead Nilsen. They found a safety deposit box with fifty-thousand dollars in it, taken out three months ago, used that one time.

He looks at the fat woman again -- leers at her obscenely. She looks away.

NICK
(after a long beat)
It doesn't make sense. She didn't know me three months ago.

GUS
Maybe it wasn't her that paid him. Maybe the money was for somethin' else. How the fuck do I know? I'm just an old city cowboy tryin' not to fall outta his saddle.

Nick looks at him and smiles a thin smile; he's not there, he's completely preoccupied.

INT. A CAR - NIGHT

Someone is watching as he and Gus come out of the diner.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

He stands by Gus as Gus gets into his battered, rusted, vintage Cadillac.

NICK
You all right, pop? You want me to drive you?

GUS
In that little pissant car of yours? Hell, no. I ain't gettin' no back pain disability retirement -- I'm gettin' me a full pension and a real gold-plate Seiko watch.

NICK
Come on, I'll drive you in this thing.

GUS
You think I'd let you drive my Cadillac car? I ain't lettin' no hear-up-his-ass person drive my Cadillac car.

And he steps on the gas and ROARS out of there, forcing Nick to get out of the way. Nick looks after him a long beat, shakes his head.

INT. A CAR - NIGHT

Someone is following him slowly as he walks down the street. He turns a corner, walks down the alley towards his Porsche, parked behind the country and western bar.

The car suddenly speeds up -- ROARS down on him from the back, full bore.

EXT. THE ALLEY

He hurls himself across the Porsche's hood... barely avoiding the car. He sees the car at the end of the alley, turning out: It is a black Ferrari.

INT. HIS PORSCHE

He GUNS it down the alley, makes a wild turn in the direction the Ferrari turned.

EXT. THE STREET

The Porsche dodges around cars very fast, almost side-swiping them, looking almost out of control, its MOTOR screaming.

INT. THE PORSCHE

He sees the Ferrari turn ahead. When he gets to where it turned, he turns wildly.

EXT. THE STREET

The Ferrari is making fast, wild turns into little streets in North Beach, its MOTOR screaming -- the Porsche is gaining ground behind it, making turns.

INT. THE PORSCHE

The Ferrari is up ahead and makes a wild right turn onto a road going up a hillside. He yanks the wheel hard.

EXT. THE STEPS

The Porsche rockets up the steps -- bouncing high into the air, almost out of control.

73.

INT. THE PORSCHE

As it crests the steps and gets to the street. Nick GUNS it and it looks like it flies high down the hill-side into blackness.

EXT. THE STREET

But it lands on more steps -- heading downward -- bucking, almost spinning, it bounces onto the next street.

INT. THE PORSCHE

Another set of steps leading up: he GUNS it, it rockets up, ROARS, bucking --

EXT. THE STREET

And lands on the next street. Nick makes a wild right turn onto the street. And the black Ferrari appears from around a curve to the right, heading right for him.

INT. THE PORSCHE

Nick steps on the GAS and heads head-on for the Ferrari. The Ferrari SCREAMS head-on for him.

EXT. THE STREET

And at the last moment, in the game of chicken, the Ferrari tries to swerve around him on this narrow road, goes out of control and over the side, turning over and over as it rolls down the hillside.

EXT. THE HILLSIDE

The Ferrari has landed right-side up.

He runs down the hillside and gets to it. A beat, and he opens the car door.

Roxy lies hunched over the wheel, her eyes open. Her neck is broken. She is dead.

EXT. THE HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Police lights have been set up. He stands there with Lt. Walker and several of the Internal Affairs men.

LT. WALKER

Tell me again. I want to hear you say it again.

74.

NICK

(after a beat;
sheepish)

It was an accident.

LT. WALKER

You're driving around North Beach for no particular reason and this car won't get out of the way --

NICK

I don't think she meant to go off the hill, do you?

LT. WALKER

(quietly)

Don't fuck with me, Nick. I don't need a reason to put your ass in a sling.

He and Nick look at each other a long beat. Andrews comes up to them with a piece of paper in his hand.

ANDREWS

Full name, Roxanne Hardy. Last address -- Cloverdale, California. No priors, no convictions. The car is registered to Catherine Tramell.

Lt. Walker looks at Nick like he's going to kill him. Nick looks calmly away.

LT. WALKER

You knew her, didn't you?

NICK

Gus and I talked to her at Tramell's house. All we did was write her name down.

LT. WALKER

(after a beat)

I told you to stay away from Tramell.

NICK

(after a beat;
smiles)

Yeah. But you didn't tell me to stay away from her car.

Walker looks at him in absolute disbelief.

AN I.A. MAN

I want you in Dr. Gardner's office at nine o'clock. You're out of control, Curran.

NICK

(to the I.A. Man)

Who are you guys gonna sell my file to this time?

They stare at him. He watches as Roxy's body is taken away.

INT. A POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM -DAY

He walks in. He looks good, in control. Beth Gardner is sitting there with two middle-aged MEN, both of them wearing suits, who smile and scrutinize him the instant he walks in the door.

BETH
Hello, Nick. This is Dr. Myron and
R. McElwaine. They've been asked
to consult with me on this
evaluation.

They shake hands with him.

DR. MYRON
Sit down, Nick.

Nick gives him a look: What did he think he was going to
do -- stand there?

He sits down, looks at them. A beat, as they look at him,
then --

DR. McELWAIN
(courtly)
Nick -- when you recollect your
childhood, are your recollections
pleasing to you?

Nick looks at them a long beat in disbelief.

NICK
(calmly, directly)
Number one: I don't remember how
often I used to jack off, but it
was a lot.
Number two: I didn't get pissed
off at my dad -- even after I was
old enough to know what he and mom
were doing in the bedroom.
Number three: I don't look in the
toilet before I flush it.
Number four: I don't wet the bed
and haven't for some time.
Number five: You can go fuck
yourselves because I'm out of here.

INT. THE CORRIDOR

He is walking away quickly. Beth is with him, trying to
keep up. She is very angry.

BETH
What is your problem? I'm trying
to help you. Why won't you let me
help you?

NICK
I don't need any help.

BETH
Yes you do. Something's on with

you.

(a beat)

You're sleeping with her, aren't
you?

A beat, he stops looks at her, then keeps walking.

NICK

What is this interest you've got in
her?

BETH

My interest is in you, not in her.
She seduces people, she
manipulates --

NICK

I thought you hardly know her.

BETH

I know the type. I'm a
psychologist.

He stops, looks at her.

NICK

(after a beat)

That means you manipulate people
too, doesn't it, Beth? You're a
practicing psychologist -- that
means you're better at it than she
is.

She looks at him a long beat.

BETH

(quietly)

I feel sorry for you, Nick

A beat, and she turns and walks away.

EXT. ROAD TO STINSON HOUSE - DAY

Nick is driving down winding road to Stinson house. He is
driving very fast, passing other cars on the winding and
twisting road.

INT. THE STINSON BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Nick enters and shuts door. Looking around, he does not
see her.

NICK

Catherine!

(after a beat)

Catherine!

Finally he sees her sitting by the window. He walks over to her.

CATHERINE

(near tears)

I should have known. I came into the house when you were down on the beach. She looked at me so strangely. She left right after you.

(a beat)

I shouldn't have let her watch us. She wanted to watch me all the time. She tried to kill you, didn't she?

NICK

(a beat)

Did you like her to watch?

CATHERINE

(a long beat)

Do you think I told her to kill You?

NICK

(softly, with intensity)

No.

CATHERINE

(after a beat, near tears)

Everybody that I care about dies.

She is about to break into uncontrollable sobbing. Nick puts his arms around her.

NICK

(soothing)

It's OK. It's OK.

CATHERINE

(quietly, almost begging)

Make love to me.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They are seen rolling and turning around on each other. Their love making is sensual, sincere.

Later in bed.

NICK

(calmly, but seriously)

Do you think she killed Johnny Boz?

CATHERINE
(surprised,
startled)

For what... to set me up? She
loved me she wouldn't frame me.

NICK
(a beat)

Maybe she got jealous of Johnny
Boz, too.

CATHERINE
(after a beat)

No, she didn't... she never got
jealous before... she got excited.

(a beat)

I don't have luck with women.
There was this girl I met while I
was in college. I slept with her
once. She started following me
around, taking my picture. She
died her hair, copied my clothes.
Lisa something... Oberman. It was
awful.

A long beat, he looks at her.

NICK

I thought you didn't do adolescent
secrets.

CATHERINE
(after a beat)

I never have before.

EXT. THE DECK - MORNING

It is a bright, sunny day. He is out there looking at
the water. She comes up behind him, hugs him.

CATHERINE
(full of life)

Isn't it just beautiful? I love it
here like this.

He looks at her.

NICK
(cold)

We're still playing games, aren't
we?

She looks hurt.

CATHERINE

No.

NICK
(cold)

No?

CATHERINE
No more games, Nick. I'm tired of
playing games!

They have their eyes on each other.

NICK
Then tell me about Nilsen.

She turns away from him. He watches her.

CATHERINE
You won't believe me.

NICK
Try me.

A beat, she looks at him.

CATHERINE
I paid him \$50,000 in cash for your
psychiatric file.

NICK
(after a beat)
When?

CATHERINE
About three months before I met you.

NICK
Why?

She turns away from him.

CATHERINE
I'd read about your shootings in
the papers. I decided to write a
book about a detective. I wanted
to know my character.

NICK
You paid \$50,000 for your character?

CATHERINE
I would've paid more. I wanted to
know everything about you. Then
you came down here after Johnny got
killed... it gave me a chance to
get to know my character better.

NICK

(after a long beat)
What about the other night. What
about last night? Was that to get
to know your character?

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
Maybe I'm losing interest in my
book.

Their eyes are on each other.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Do you believe me?

NICK
(after a beat)
I don't know.

CATHERINE
I'll convince you.

And she kisses him slowly, with more and more heat, on the
lips.

The cordless phone on the deck table goes off. It keeps
RINGING. She breaks finally from the kiss, picks it up.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Hello?

She listens a beat, then hands him the phone.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
It's Gus-who-doesn't-like-me.

He takes the phone.

NICK
Catherine says you don't like her.

INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY

GUS
(on the phone)
She's right. You got an icepick in
you yet?

EXT. HER DECK - STINSON

Catherine sees him smile.

CATHERINE
What did he say?

NICK
He asked if I had an icepick in me
yet.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Funny.

INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY

GUS
(on the phone)
You know that stuff they say about
how you can judge people by their
friends?

EXT. HER DECK

NICK
I don't believe it.

INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY

GUS
Why not?

NICK
(smiles)
You're my friend, Gus.

She watches him.

INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY

GUS
(seriously)
I'm gonna make you believe in it,
friend.

INT. CLOVERDALE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

In CLOSEUP: We see a large, glossy photograph of Roxy.
She looks about thirteen. She has braces in her teeth.

Nick is looking at the photo -- it is in a file in his
hands. He sits there with Gus in front of a woman juvenile
officer.

He turns the file and we see a glossy of a little boy in a
pool of blood.

Nick looks up at the woman.

NICK
(after a beat)
How old was she when this happened?

THE WOMAN

Fourteen. We seal juvenile records until they're deceased. That's why you didn't find it in your computer.

GUS

What was the motive?

THE WOMAN

She said she didn't know herself, just sort of did it on impulse.

(she shrugs)

The razor just happened to be there.

They stare at her.

THE WOMAN

(continuing)

That's what she said.

INT. CLOVERDALE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

It is a small, old, rural building: a lot of Four-H type stuff on the walls.

NICK

I don't understand what the hell's going on here, pop.

GUS

Ain't that hard, son. This young farmgirl, she got tired of all that attention goin' to her little brothers -- she fixed 'em. Just like 'ole Hazel Dobkins fixed her whole family -- except young Roxy here, she didn't use a wedding present. She used Daddy's razor.

EXT. THE CLOVERDALE POLICE DEPARTMENT

They are going to their cars, parked side by side. The Porsche looks pretty badly banged up.

GUS

It sure makes you wonder what they talked about when they set themselves down in front of the campfire at night. You ever met any of her friends who hasn't killed somebody.

Nick looks at him.

GUS

(continuing)

It musta beat your ordinary
everyday girl talk.

Nick get into his car, sits there a beat.

NICK
I'm not sure anymore she did it.

GUS
(after a beat)
Which one you talkin' about now,
son? We know ole Hazel did it; we
know young Roxy did it -- and the
other one: Well, hell, she's got
that magna come lawdy pussy on her
that done fried up your brain.

Nick looks at him.

INT. THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - U.C. BERKELEY

A young woman is checking a computer. Nick is with her.

THE WOMAN
Anderson. Jack W. Donald M. I'm
sorry. No Lisa.

NICK
Did you check all four years?

THE WOMAN
Yes I did.

NICK
(in disbelief)
Can you check again?

She gives him a look, but punches it in again.

THE WOMAN
No Lisa Anderson, detective.

NICK
(after a beat)
Can there be some mistake?

THE WOMAN
(straining patience)
Only if you're making it.

He looks at her.

EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE ON DIVISADERO - DAY

He gets out of the Porsche, starts to go in. He looks
disturbed

Catherine comes out of the house with Hazel Dobkins, the old woman we saw with her in Mill Valley. Nick watches them a beat, then goes up to them.

CATHERINE
Hazel , this is Nick. I told you
all about him. This is Hazel
Dobkins.

HAZEL
(smiles)
You're the Shooter, aren't you?
How are you?

NICK
(after a beat)
Fine. Thank you.

He looks at her sort of warily.

NICK
(continuing; to
Catherine)
Can I talk to you a minute?

CATHERINE
(to Hazel)
Honey, why don't you go in the car?
I'll be right there.

The old woman starts going to the Ferrari.

HAZEL
(brightly)
Goodbye, Shooter.

Nick looks at Hazel a beat, then at Catherine.

NICK
You like to hang out with murderers
or what? Did you know Roxy --

CATHERINE
Of course I knew.

He looks at her a long beat.

CATHERINE
(continuing;
casually)
Look. Sometimes when I do my
research, I get involved with
people. It happened with you, too.

She smiles. He looks at her, doesn't know what to say.

CATHERINE

(continuing)
Killing isn't like smoking. You
can quit.

He looks at her: What did she say?

CATHERINE
(continuing;
preoccupied)
I've go to go. I promised to get
her home by six o'clock. She just
loves "America's Most Wanted."

America's Most Wanted? She turns to go.

NICK
There was no Lisa Anderson at
Berkeley when you were there.

She stops, looks at him a beat.

CATHERINE
What were you doing, checking up on
me? What for?

He says nothing. A long beat, she looks hurt.

CATHERINE
(continuing; after
a beat)
Henderson.

And she's gone.

INT. A PHONE BOOTH - DAY

He is on the phone.

NICK
Henderson. Lisa Henderson. With
an H.

He waits.

NICK
(continuing)
You do?

INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU - NIGHT

He sits in front of a computer screen with Andrews.

ANDREWS
I can get my butt kicked for this.
You're not supposed to be in here.

NICK
It's not gonna take long, Sam.

We see the computer screen. The screen says:

LISA HENDERSON DMV LICENSE CHECK

We wait and then we see the words:

1983 RENEWAL -- ELIZABETH GARDNER, 147
QUEENSTON DRIVE, SALINAS, CAL.

Nick stares at the screen.

NICK
(continuing)
Bring it up, will you, Sam?

A beat, and then we see the license itself: It is Beth Gardner on the photo. Nick stares.

ANDREWS
Hey, that's Dr. Gardner, isn't it?

NICK
Bring 1976 up.

A beat, and the license comes up. We see a young Beth Gardner on the photo. She has blonde hair.

Nick stares.

INT. BETH GARDNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She walks in. The apartment is dark.

NICK (O.S.)
You shouldn't leave your door open.

She is startled.

BETH
(after a beat)
I didn't. Something's wrong with
my lock.

A beat, she looks at him.

BETH
(continuing; cold)
What do you want, Nick?

NICK
(quietly)
Tell me about Catherine.

She looks at him a long beat, then turns away --

BETH
She told you, didn't she?

NICK
(after a beat)
What did she tell me, Beth?

BETH
(after a long beat)
I slept with her once in school.
(a beat)
I was just a kid. I was
experimenting. It was just that
one time.
(a beat)
She developed a... fixation... on
me. She styled her hair like mine.
She wore the same kind of clothes I
did. It scared me.

She looks at him, sees his look.

BETH
(continuing)
Isn't that what she told you?

He looks at her a long beat.

NICK
She told me it was you. You wore
the same kind of clothes. You dyed
your hair blonde.

A long beat as they look at each other.

BETH
I did dye my hair. It didn't have
anything to do with her. I was a
redhead for a while, too.

NICK
(after a beat)
Did you know Noah Goldstein?

BETH
I had him in two classes.

NICK
You saw all the reports, Beth!
Phil had you copied. You never
said anything!

BETH
(after a beat)
What do I say -- Hey, listen, guys,
I'm not gay, but I did fuck your

suspect.

(she turns away)

I was embarrassed. It's the only time I've been with a woman.

She turns to him.

BETH

(continuing)

She's really sick you know. Don't you know what she's doing? She knows I went to Berkeley. She knows I knew Noah. She makes up that story about me. She's handing you somebody who's obsessed with her.

NICK

She didn't hand you to me. She doesn't even know who you are. She told me about Lisa Henderson.

BETH

She knew you'd find out who Lisa Henderson is. You're a good cop -- what did she do? Tell you casually and make it seem irrelevant?

(she smiles)

Did she tell you in bed, Nick? That's how I'd do it.

Nick looks at her a long beat.

NICK

Why did you change your name?

BETH

I got married.

(a beat)

He was on staff at the clinic. I was down in Salinas. It didn't... last long.

He gets up. He looks at her a long beat.

BETH

(continuing)

Nick -- Do you really think I... that I could kill someone... I never even met Johnny Boz. What about Nilsen? What possible motive would I have to kill him?

He turns to go.

NICK

You should do something about this

lock.

BETH
She's evil. She's brilliant. Be
careful, Nick.

He looks at her.

EXT. HIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

He gets out of his Porsche. He walks toward the door.

INT. HIS APARTMENT HOUSE - THE STAIRWAY

He starts going up the dark stairway. There is a hand on
his neck. He spins.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Do I scare you, Nick?

He looks at her, doesn't say anything.

CATHERINE
(continuing; smiles)
I just thought I'd surprise you.
(a beat)
What's the matter?

NICK
(after a beat)
I found Lisa Henderson.

CATHERINE
Did you? What's she doing?

He looks at her, doesn't say anything.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
You're not going to tell me what
she's doing.
(a beat)
I thought we weren't playing games
anymore.

NICK
(after a beat)
I did, too.
(a beat)
She told me it was backwards -- she
said you even styled your hair the
way she did.

Catherine looks at him a beat, then smiles.

CATHERINE

And you believed her? I even went down to the campus police and made out a report about her.

He just looks at her.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
You still think I kill people, don't you?

NICK
(after a beat)
No.

CATHERINE
Liar.

And she's gone.

INT. CAMPUS POLICE RECORDS ROOM - BERKELEY - DAY

He stands with an old CAMPUS COP. He is going through files.

CAMPUS COP
Who'd you say you were with?

NICK
Homicide. San Francisco.

He stops at a file, opens it.

CAMPUS COP
Don't you guys communicate over there? You must be the same way we are.

Nick doesn't get it.

CAMPUS COP
(continuing)
There was a report about Lisa Henderson -- January, 1977 -- the file's not here.

NICK
What do you mean it's not here?

CAMPUS COP
San Francisco P.D. Detective Nilsen. Internal Affairs. You know him? Tell him we want it back. He's had it a whole year.

Nick says nothing.

INT. HIS APARTMENT - DAY

He and Gus sit there -- they look tired, upset.

GUS

So Nilsen had a report on her -- so what. You don't know what the hell was in it?

NICK

Catherine told me what was in it.

GUS

If she's telling you the truth.

NICK

Don't you get it, Gus? If Beth killed Johnny Boz to frame Catherine -- she wouldn't want anyone to know what happened at Berkeley. It gives her the motive to kill Nilsen.

GUS

How did she know Nilsen knew about it -- if it happened?

NICK

He was I.A. He probably asked her about it.

Gus thinks about it.

GUS

She'd have to be nuttier than a twenty-pound Christmas fruitcake. She's not the one who hangs out with multiple murderers -- your girlfriend is.

NICK

She's a writer -- it's part of what she does.

GUS

(irate)

Goddamn writers -- all they do is use up trees and ruin people's eyes.

(a beat)

There's gotta be somebody at Berkeley who knows what the hell happened.

NICK

I know what happened. Catherine told me what happened.

GUS
(after a beat,
quietly)
You got goddamn tweety-birds
flutterin' around your head, that's
what you got. You think you're
gonna fuck like minks, raise
rugrats, and live happily ever
after? Oh, man.

INT. THE STAIRWAY - HIS APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

He has his key out to open his door. He hears MUSIC
inside. A beat, and he opens the door.

INT. HIS APARTMENT

It is dark. We hear a Rolling Stones SONG. He sees
Catherine standing by a window, watching him. She wears
black jeans and the black motorcycle jacket.

They look at each other a long beat.

NICK
How'd you get in here?

CATHERINE
I decided to give you one more
chance.
(a beat)
I missed you.

NICK
You didn't not see me long enough
to miss me.

CATHERINE
Did you miss me?

NICK
No.

CATHERINE
Come over here and tell me no.

He walks up close to her.

NICK
No.

She unzips her motorcycle jacket slowly. She wears nothing
underneath it.

NICK
(continuing)
That's below the belt.

She reaches for him.

CATHERINE
Not yet it isn't.

She pulls him close.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
But we're getting there.

INT. HIS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They sit in the window seat, naked. His back is against the wall. She sits against him. He has his legs around her. They don't look at each other. She is smoking.

NICK
I have to do some research tomorrow.

I'm very good at research. I'll help you.

NICK
(continuing)
No thanks.

CATHERINE
What are you researching?

NICK
I'm writing a book.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
Really. What are you writing about.

NICK
A detective. He falls for the wrong girl.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
What happens to them?

NICK
(after a beat)
They fuck like minks, raise rugrats, and live happily ever after.

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
It won't sell.

NICK
Why not?

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
Somebody has to die.

NICK
Why?

CATHERINE
Somebody always does.

EXT. THE SALINAS CLINIC - DAY

He walks in; it is a small valley hospital. He goes up to the desk. There are two women there.

NICK
Hi, I'm looking for a Dr. Gardner?

ONE WOMAN
(after a beat)
We don't have a Dr. Gardner on staff here.

THE OTHER WOMAN
Dr. Joseph Gardner?

NICK
(after a beat)
Yeah.

THE WOMAN
He died -- about five or six years ago.

NICK
(after a beat)
He was shot.

INT. SALINAS SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Nick sits with a sheriff's DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE
He was walking home from work. They only lived a coupla blocks from the clinic. Somebody drove by and shot him.

NICK
What was the weapon?

DETECTIVE
.38 revolver. Never recovered.

NICK
Were there ever any suspects?

DETECTIVE
No suspects, no motive. Unsolved.

NICK
(after a beat)
Was his wife ever a suspect?

DETECTIVE
(after a beat)
I had another one of you guys down here from Frisco -- about a year ago -- he asked me the same question. What's this about anyway?

NICK
Routine.

DETECTIVE
Yeah, he said it was routine too. Now it's two guys saying it's routine.

NICK
Do you remember his name?

DETECTIVE
(after a long beat)
Nope, can't say that I do.

NICK
Nilsen?

DETECTIVE
That's him.

A long beat, then --

NICK
Was she ever a suspect?

DETECTIVE
Nope.
(a beat)
There was some talk; it never panned.

NICK
What kind of talk?

DETECTIVE
The usual -- a girlfriend.

NICK
He had a girlfriend?

DETECTIVE
Nope. She did.

(a beat)
Like I say. It never panned.

NICK
(after a beat, gets
up)
Thanks.

DETECTIVE
I hope I helped you out.

NICK
(after a beat)
You did.

EXT. HER HOUSE IN STINSON - AFTERNOON

He walks around the house; he sees her sitting out on the deck, a portable word-processor in front of her. She is smoking.

He goes up to her.

NICK
(smiles)
Hi. I missed you. I finished my
research.

He moves toward her. She moves away, kills her cigarette.

CATHERINE
I finished my book.

NICK
How did it end?

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
I told you. She kills him.

They look at each other a long beat.

CATHERINE
(continuing;
quietly)
Goodbye, Nick.

He stares at her. A long beat.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
I finished my book.
(a beat)
Didn't you hear me?*

(a beat)
Your character's dead.
(a beat)

Goodbye.

He stares at her. He can't believe what she is saying.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
What do you want, Nick? Flowers?
I'll send you some flowers.

NICK
(after a beat)
What is this -- some kind of...
Joke?
(a beat; he almost
smiles)
Are we playing games again?

CATHERINE
(after a beat)
The games are over. You were
right. It was the fuck of the
century, Shooter.

He stares at her.

A VOICE INSIDE
Catherine?

Nick looks -- Hazel Dobkins is there.

Catherine still has her eyes on him.

CATHERINE
Right there.

A beat, and then she turns to go inside. Hazel Dobkins
smiles slowly at him.

EXT. THE POLICE PARKING LOT - DUSK

He sits in his Porsche, staring ahead. He is parked next
to Gus' Cadillac. Gus is suddenly there, onway to his car.

GUS
(excited)
Catherine Tramell's roommate her
freshman year. I got a call from
her. I've been calling people who
were in her dorm all day. She
must've heard I was trying to talk
to her. She says she knows all
about Catherine and Lisa Henderson.
She's over in Oakland. You wanna
come with me?

Nick just stares ahead.

GUS
(continuing)
You look like you seen a ghost, son?

Nick looks at him.

INT. GUS' CADILLAC - NIGHT

Gus drives.

GUS
(excited)
Johnny Boz's psychiatrist has an
office on Van Ness. Guess who he
shares office space with? Dr.
Elizabeth Gardner.

Nick doesn't even respond. Gus looks at him.

GUS
(continuing)
What in hell's the matter with you?

Nick doesn't say anything, stares ahead.

EXT. AN OFFICE BUILDING - OAKLAND - NIGHT

Gus gets out with Nick. It is an old building.

GUS
Where the hell you goin'?

NICK
(after a beat)
I'm going with you.

GUS
She said alone -- suite 405. It
ain't gonna take long.

A beat, and Nick gets back in the car.

INT. THE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Gus is on the first floor. There is no one around. He hits the elevator button. A beat, and it comes. He steps in.

INT. THE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

He hits the button for the fourth floor.

The elevator rises a floor, stops. The door opens. There is no one there. Then it starts going up again. It rises to the third floor. It stops. The door opens. There is no one there. Then it starts to rise again.

EXT. GUS' CADILLAC - NIGHT

Nick sits there, staring ahead.

NICK
(suddenly,
screaming)

Gus!

INT. THE ELEVATOR

As it goes up. It stops. The door starts to open. As it does -- a figure in a hooded raincoat sweeps into the elevator. It happens very fast. We see blonde hair around the face.

But we don't see the face itself -- the head is down, the hood up. There is an icepick in the figure's hand. The figure explodes into Gus. The icepick goes into his neck.

INT. THE STAIRWAY

Nick tears desperately up the stairway -- he hits the fourth floor door. It explodes open.

INT. THE FOURTH FLOOR

He stands there a beat, sees the elevator door open. He runs there, He sees Gus, crumpled into the corner of the elevator.

INT. THE ELEVATOR

He goes into the elevator -- holds Gus. He is dead. A long beat. He sees the gun in Gus' hand -- he takes the gun out of his hand. He runs out of the elevator.

INT. THE FOURTH FLOOR

He hears something. Gun in hand, he runs towards the SOUND. He stops, gun in hand, listens again. He runs again, hears nothing.

Behind him, we see a figure.

He spins suddenly, gun, in hand. Beth Gardner is there. She wears a windbreaker. She has her hands in the pockets.

BETH
What are you doing here?

NICK
(screaming)
Put your hands up!

She stares at him.

NICK
(continuing;
screams)
Put your fucking hands up! Don't
move.

BETH
I got a message on my machine to
meet Gus here. Where is he?

She smiles a strange smile. She takes a step toward him.

NICK
(screams)
Don't!
(a beat)
I know about your husband. You
still like girls, Beth?

BETH
What?

She smiles strangely again, takes a step toward him.

NICK
(screams)
Take your hands out of your pockets!

She moves a hand in a pocket and moves towards him fast --

BETH
What is wrong with you?

And he FIRES the gun. She is hit in the chest, goes down.
A long beat, and then he goes to her. He gets down on the
ground. Her eyes are open. He empties the pockets of the
windbreaker -- first one, then the other: the pockets are
empty.

BETH
(continuing; in a
whisper)
I loved you.

And she dies.

INT. THE FOURTH FLOOR - LATER

A lot of policemen, coroner's guys, photos being taken.
Nick stands there with Lt. Walker, Harrigan, and some of
the Internal Affairs guys.

LT. WALKER
(upset)
What made you think she had a gun?

Nick says nothing; he looks like a zombie.

LT. WALKER
(continuing)
What the hell was she doing here?
What was Gus doing here?

Andrews yells to them from the stairway door.

ANDREWS
Lieutenant.

INT. THE STAIRWAY

A FORENSICS MAN very carefully handles a hooded rain coat in a stair landing. He wears gloves.

Nick is there with Lt. Walker.

The Forensics Man picks the raincoat up -- a long blonde wig falls out of it. There are flecks of blood on it.

He reaches into the pocket and pulls out an icepick. It has a thin steel handle and is bloody. He hands the icepick to an assistant.

He looks at the raincoat. It has blood on it.

THE FORENSICS MAN
It's departmental issue.

LT. WALKER
(quietly)
Jesus.

INT. BETH GARDNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nick with Lt. Walker. Nick looks like a zombie.

Andrews comes up to them. He has a gun in his hands.

ANDREWS
Thirty-eight caliber revolver.
Bottom drawer, bureau in the
bedroom.

LT. WALKER
Have ballistics check it for
Nilsen.

Harrigan comes out.

HARRIGAN
Lieutenant, you'd better come in
here.

Lt. Walker goes into the kitchen. Nick follows him.

There are several cops around a kitchen cabinet. A drawer is open.

Walker looks -- we look with him. We see a copy of Love hurts, Catherine's paperback book, and a stack of photos of Catherine.

Walker picks the photos up, goes through them -- we see shots of Catherine in college -- Catherine at a fight -- Catherine with Johnny Boz -- Catherine with Roxy.

He hands the photos to Nick.

Nick stares at them.

LT. WALKER
I guess that's it.

INT. THE DETECTIVE BUREAU - NIGHT

Nick sits, his feet up. He looks like a zombie. With him are Lt. Walker, Andrews, and Captain Talcott. We see other plainclothesmen in the b.g. -- a flurry of activity, people on phones. A long beat.

LT. WALKER
She must've heard you on the stairway and dumped the stuff.

Nick says nothing, stares off.

A DETECTIVE comes over to them.

DETECTIVE
There was no suite 405 in that building. Catherine Tramell's roommate in her freshman year is dead. She died of leukemia two years ago.

An INTERNAL AFFAIRS MAN comes over to them.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS MAN
Our files on Dr. Gardner show nothing about a police report in Berkeley -- nothing related to Salinas, either.

A long beat -- the phone RINGS. Andrews picks it up, listens.

ANDREWS
Thanks.

He hangs up.

ANDREWS

(continuing)

Ballistics says the .38 we found in her apartment matches Nilsen. No registration. They're checking with Salinas. The icepick is the same brand and model as the Boz weapon.

A long beat -- Nick just stares.

Harrigan comes up to them.

HARRIGAN

We checked the tape machines at Dr. Gardner's apartment and at her office -- both here and the one on Van Ness. No message from Gus on any of 'em. The one at her apartment was broken.

(a beat)

Johnny Boz's psychiatrist says he thinks he remembers Dr. Gardner and Boz meeting at a Christmas party at his house a year ago.

A long beat.

LT. WALKER

(after a long beat,
sadly)

You just can't tell about people, can you. Even the ones you think you know inside-out.

He and Nick look at each other a beat.

CAPTAIN TALCOTT

Congratulations, Curran.

Nick looks at him, expressionless.

EXT. HIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

He parks his car. It is dark. Foggy.

He starts heading inside.

INT. HIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

He goes in. He starts to walk up the dark stairway, we see him walking up several flights of steps.

INT. THE CORRIDOR TO HIS APARTMENT

He opens his door with his key.

INT. HIS APARTMENT

He walks in. The apartment is dark.

A VOICE
(behind him)

Hi.

It is a whisper, almost a hiss. He spins, fast. Catherine stands there, pressing herself against a wall. They look at each other a long beat. She looks like she is almost in a trance.

CATHERINE
I heard about it... on TV.

He looks at her, expressionless. A long beat, their eyes are into each other. She looks like she is almost shivering.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
I can't allow myself to care about
you -- I can't allow myself to
care -- I can't -- I can't --

She looks very emotional. He moves towards her, puts his arms around her, holds her very close.

CATHERINE
(continuing; in a
whisper)
I don't want to do this -- please --
I don't want to do this -- I lose
everybody -- I don't want to lose
you -- I don't want to --

He presses her closer and closer to himself, holds her.

INT. HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is dark; we can't see clearly.

Atop her... he makes love to her... gently... tenderly... hardly moving inside her... there are tears in her eyes...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIS BEDROOM - LATER

Atop him... she is on her knees, straddling him... he is on his back, his eyes are closed... her head arches back... her breasts high... he strains toward her with his body... she holds her arms high... her right hand is in a fist... (we only see the back of her hand and arm)... it comes down suddenly... he bucks... writhes... then her whole body falls on top of him.

A very long beat...

We can't see him... her body completely covers him...

And then finally he moves... turns her to the side...
kisses her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIS BEDROOM - LATER

The Stones play "Sympathy For The Devil" in the b.g.; the
MUSIC is low.

They lie next to each other on the bed. The CAMERA faces
them. He lies, staring at the ceiling, on the left side of
the bed, smoking a cigarette. She is curled away from him
toward the right side of the bed. A long beat, then --

CATHERINE

What do we do now, Nick?

NICK

(after a long beat)

We fuck like minks. We raise
rugsrats. We live happily ever
after.

We see her right arm go to the side of the bed and then
over. He stares at the ceiling.

CATHERINE

I hate rugsrats.

NICK

(after a long beat)

We fuck like minks. We forget the
rugsrats. We live happily ever
after.

We see from an ANGLE to the left side of the bed now:

Her face is expressionless. Her right arm dangles over the
right side of the bed. Her right hand is clenched. Is she
holding something in it against her arm?

We see them from an ANGLE to the left side of the bed now:

He turns his body away from her to put out his cigarette.

We see her behind him slowly turning towards him and the
CAMERA. A beat, and he turns towards her.

They look at each other. A long beat as the SONG gets
louder. We see them in CLOSEUP. We don't see her right
arm.

CATHERINE
(in a whisper)
I love you.

A beat, and he kisses her. The CAMERA BACKS AWAY from them slowly to the right side of the bedroom as they kiss, and we --

FADE TO BLACK:

... A long beat, as the SONG keeps playing... and we...

FADE IN:

We see them from the right side of the bedroom. And then the CAMERA LOWERS SLOWLY as they kiss with more and more passion.

It keeps going LOWER.

There is something under the bed. The CAMERA MOVES CLOSER towards it as "SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL" plays louder. We see it now in CLOSEUP as the bed rustles above...

It is a thin, steel-handled icepick.

The SONG plays LOUDER and LOUDER, and we --

FADE OUT:

THE END