

Catch As Catch Can

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NORTHERN PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY -- DAY

WE ARE LOOKING AT a winding, panoramic highway on a gorgeous day. You can literally see for miles in every direction. We hear the rev of an engine building to a guttural bark. NOW -

VIEW ON GRAINY B/W PHOTO: dead man slumped on steps.

WHOOSH. Flash zips past. Coming into sight is a white Lamborghini Gallardo Superleggera -- clutch is dumped. Tach needle climbs toward 8000 rpm. NOW -

VIEW ON B/W PHOTO: dead man sprawled in a shadowed corridor.

Sheer drops on either side. Lambo barrels toward a curve -- purposefully turns -- CAREENS into the guardrail. BAM! Goes AIRBORNE -- pauses a moment in mid-air. NOW -

VIEW ON B/W PHOTO: dead man in a bathtub.

Suddenly the driver's door SWINGS open -- DRIVER goes diving out -- spiraling, plunging to his death -- when abruptly -- POP -- he snaps open a damn PARACHUTE --

VERY FAST NOW -- Lambo goes hurling into the Pacific below.

SLAM TO:

EXT. SAUSALITO, CA./CAYNE HOUSE - FRIDAY -- EARLY EVENING

The golden sun caresses fabulous houseboats littering the harbor. Architectural delights dot the overlooking hillside.

It is a charming two-story job. Property is extraordinarily landscaped. There is a large deck with stairs leading to a secluded beach.

OLIVIA (O/S)

Have you seen my charger?

A man is peering through a powerful TELESCOPE on a tripod. This is RICH CAYNE, urban, late thirties, hair trimmed neatly. Pretty decent chap.

RICH

By the pens. Oh, she spanked him.

As Rich unfastens his eye from the telescope, we catch a glint of his sexual appetite. We also realize he, too, is being WATCHED by someone through binoculars --

OLIVIA (O/S)
Leave those freaks alone.

Meet OLIVIA CAYNE, mid thirties, poised and attractive; Julie Christie look-alike. We love her. Rich slides his arms around Olivia, kissing her.

OLIVIA
Don't get anything started, mister;
Debbie'll be here any second.

RICH
Com'on, 'Livia, it's been a month.

OLIVIA
Ah, bébé.

RICH
I'm serious. We used to get frisky
twice a week now it's bi-yearly.

OLIVIA
I'll make it up Sunday in that
little black number you bought me.
How's that sound?

The house is all windows; Brazilian Teak floors, fireplace.
Rich trails Olivia into a mega dream...

KITCHEN

RICH
Like forty-eight loooong hours.
Who is it you're seeing again?

OLIVIA
Doug Fullerton. My Fresno client.
Debbie sold him this fabulous beach
house, well, more a Château in
Carmel and he asked us to come down
to sign the papers. He has a
daughter Alice's age so it's
perfect. Besides, he's with the
Montgomery project and my champion
for lead counsel.

RICH
Any other husband would be jealous.

OLIVIA
Any other would toss *those* khakis
per his wife's request.

RICH

Not if they were his favs. Look at these babies they're lived in!

OLIVIA

Danielle has the weekend off so you're flying solo. Yes, we have peanut butter, and yes, salmon. Alice. Sweetie. Come now.

ALICE, seven leaps into Rich's arms.

ALICE

Daddy, I want you to come!

RICH

Oh, bumblebee I have to study and, do things around here.

ALICE

Like fix my playhouse!

RICH

Chore number uno.

OLIVIA

You have your homework?

ALICE

Mom, I'll do it Sunday.

OLIVIA

All right, missy but you have a spelling test Monday and I expect an 'A' this time. Don't roll your eyes. (horn) There's Debbie.

Olivia and Alice snatch their bags and pad onto...

BALCONY

OLIVIA

You have no distractions so study hard so you can pass.

RICH

Don't worry about ole me I'll be dandy. Love you past space!

ALICE

Love you to the next galaxy!!!

Olivia and Alice disappear into an awaiting Maybach.

INT. MAYBACH G-CLASS 650(MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel is a beautiful blonde. DEBBIE RICE is mid thirties. She is fit and finicky. Olivia is shotgun, Alice is in the rear with her iPad.

DEBBIE

Marriage, like sex, requires a peculiar balancing act so she fucks strange men and women allowing Rolf to watch behind a two-way mirror.

OLIVIA

They're swingers?

DEBBIE

Honey, that's so seventies. They're open, free and hosting a soirée Thursday you shouldn't miss.

OLIVIA

That kind of stuff creeps me out.

DEBBIE

I say whatever blows your hair back. You have a comfortable, healthy, mutual satisfying relationship us mortals envy.

OLIVIA

With the firm's involvement in the Montgomery project -- Oh, I forgot Duncan's considering me lead counsel -- And Alice's school activities, I haven't been stirred.

DEBBIE

I am constantly on the fix.

OLIVIA

You and Rich both. I noticed he's visiting porn sites. What? I was paying bills.

DEBBIE

I read where men whack-off more to their computers than mow the grass.

Suddenly, Debbie SLAMS on the brakes! She screams. The auto shutters to a halt. A man looms millimeters from the hood. Olivia's viewpoint peculiar BESPECTACLED MAN is staring at her. EDGAR, sixty, dressed in vintage three-piece suit, thick glasses is carrying BINOCULARS. Off Olivia's reflection in the freak's glasses --

INT. CAYNE STUDY -- NIGHT

Rich is at his desk flipping through manuals. He pads to the window, and peeks out. Withdrawing CIGARETTES hidden under a couch cushion, he lights one. Back at his computer, Rich studies the screen, actually grows a little horny. Then, succumb by careless anxiety, his fingers work the keyboard.

A cozy fire flickers. Rich is studying at his desk. DING of an incoming e-mail grabs his attention. A carnal smirk plays on his face -- when like that -- antique PHONE beside him SHRILLS, sudden -- scares the hell out us.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. CAYNE HOUSE/LAWN - SATURDAY -- AFTERNOON

The sky glaring indigo. On a lovely lush slope Rich cuts the grass. Repairs Alice's playhouse. Performs Karate.

INT. CAYNE STUDY -- NIGHT

At his desk, Rich is steeped in coursework. DING. He reads an e-mail. He cogitates, then scrambles around the room. Throws on his coat, and bounds out the door.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO -- NIGHT

The city. Alcatraz Island. Golden Gate. We descend on a red stream of tail lights separated from white headlights, locating Rich's burgundy sedan, and stay with it.

EXT. JUSTINE'S NEIGHBORHOOD/RICH'S SEDAN -- NIGHT

The sedan's wheels ease to a stop in a tree-lined district. ON Rich's face, contemplating. Then a sinister blue force opens the sedan's door pushing Rich toward...

EXT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

1900s Edwardian job illuminated by lawn lamps. Rich double-checks the address. Making his way onto the porch with second thoughts. Rich rings the bell. Hearing the faint whine of a lens motor on a surveillance CAMERA, he looks up.

The door opens to a shape of a woman. It startles Rich.

JUSTINE

Come in.

INT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE - PARLOR

A fire crackles in the fireplace. Chet Baker croons. Pad is deeply-textured combining Chippendale/Phillip Stark. Rich's eyes go at once to COCAINE on the coffee table.

JUSTINE

It's not everybody's poison.

Rich is out of his element, has no idea what he is doing here. He closes the door behind him.

JUSTINE

Let me take your coat.

This is JUSTINE SPEYER, thirty-five. She is stunning, and she knows it, men have always gone nuts over her and she knows that too. She is dark and sexy, and her distinctive voice, deep, flinty, is suggestive of mortal sin.

Justine allows her silk robe to slide from her shoulders revealing a sexy ensemble, bulging cleavage, never-ending legs. Rich is out of his league, and he knows it. Justine puts a cigarette between her lips, looking boldly into Rich's eyes. He fumbles for some matches; strikes one. Justine guides the flame to her cigarette, staring deeply into Rich's eyes before blowing out the flame.

JUSTINE

Have a seat.

Rich awkwardly parks himself on the oversized sofa. Justine sits next to him. She rakes back her Comanche hair, allowing Rich to glimpse the crescent moon TATTOO on her wrist.

JUSTINE

Anxiety is a marvelous stimulus.
That tingling sensation coursing
through your veins swirling your
emotions, pounding your heart...

CHRISTOPHER (O/S)

Libations anyone?

Rich jumps like a cat on a lit stove.

JUSTINE

It's okay. Shhh. Relax.

The kitchen door is swinging wildly behind a MAN striding toward us. He is carrying a tray with an ice bucket, frosted mugs, and Coors Light bottles. His eyes say everything about this freak case.

Rich is intimidated and unnerved; dislikes this guy on sight. He studies CHRISTOPHER FREY STIPE, thirties, trim, blonde, perma-tanned, possessing bravado air and foppish tendencies.

RICH

Look, I, I've made a big mistake --

CHRISTOPHER

-- Please. Don't be foolish. Sit.
I'm merely present if desired.

Toying with his CRUCIFIX NECKLACE, Christopher gives an icy smile. Justine is now face-to-face with Rich. She is caressing his cheek. His neck. His crotch.

JUSTINE

Shhh. Don't go. You came all the way over. I want you to do something for me. Will you? I want you to recall the best fuck you've ever had. Close your eyes. See her face. Calm. Her breast. Are they small or ample? Shhhhh. Are her nipples hard? Feel them. Now kiss them.

Cupping Rich's chin, hard. His eyes spring to life.

JUSTINE

You can do whatever you want to me.

Rich is drawn to her. Suddenly, Christopher snatches an ICE PICK. The pick's point frenziedly stabs the block, sending ice splinters scattering over the table. Rich is scared, but curious. Christopher plops the cubes into the mugs... clink, clink. He downs the beer then inhales a mega rail of blow...

Moments later, Christopher is sprawled on the sofa. We hear swelling strains of *Opéra de Francesco Filidei*, as Justine and Rich float down a HALLWAY of intermittent light, into...

INT. JUSTINE'S BEDCHAMBER -- NIGHT

The walls are lined with Marquis de Sade horror/erotica oils on canvas. Encircled with candelabras is a mammoth-sized four-poster bed where Justine motions Rich. The conflict inside Rich is growing as Justine unfastens her corset.

Note behind the two-way mirror SOMEONE is watching.

Rich caresses Justine's pierced nipples. His trousers hit the floor. Justine BITES Rich's lower lip. He recoils, and looks at her as if she were mad.

Rich wipes BLOOD creeping along his mouth onto his shirtsleeve, as Justine sweeps him onto the bed, straddling his chest, thrusting her neck toward his mouth.

JUSTINE

I want you to bite me. Bite me.

Rich places his lips on her neck and bites. Justine moans "harder." Rich hungrily sinks his fangs into her flesh, drawing droplets of blood, which she takes onto her thumb and inserts into Rich's mouth.

Meanwhile the doorknob is slow-ly turning...

BEDCHAMBER

SOMEONE'S viewpoint Justine kneeling over Rich's face moving her vagina oh-so-slightly. Rich glimpses a SHADOW on the wall. He is squinting, trying to make out when -- his EYES BULGE. Justine attempts to calm him while coming into focus is...

Christopher kneeling bedside.

This momentarily unnerves Rich. Justine gyrates her vagina against Rich's face. Christopher grows horny watching Justine slide down Rich's chest. Rich is anxious and jerks Justine toward him.

Justine inserts Rich inside of her. Rich is conflicted by Christopher, but... he is climaxing -- quivering. His eyes roll into his skull with unholy exhilaration -- most mind-numbing fuck of his life.

Justine's whole body strains upward during the long, powerful orgasm. She collapses onto Rich's chest. But there is no basking in the afterglow for Rich. He dresses.

Justine holds his eyes a second, then -- Rich regards Christopher sucking on his crucifix, resting his head atop Justine's perspiration sheen stomach. Rich is more than a little ashamed of himself, and storms out --

EXT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE/RICH'S SEDAN -- NIGHT

Rich padding for his sedan. It comes alive, lights flaring.

INT. RICH'S SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Oncoming headlights slash at the windshield. Rich is nauseated. He sees 'message' on his phone. Drives faster.

EXT. HIGHWAY/RICH'S SEDAN/DRIVEWAY -- LATE NIGHT

It is late. No one on the road. Rich pilots his sedan through the velvety darkness. Moisture has formed on the windshield making it difficult to see. The wipers move across the view. Soon the car swings around, headlights illuminating Rich's house. He peers ahead at a dead RAVEN in the drive --

INT. CAYNE HOUSE/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The shower is running. Tracking with a pair of sneakers, they pause at the foot of the stairwell before stalking toward the bathroom. The door is gently pushed open. Steamy. We can't see a damn thing -- then --

Suddenly a hand reaches up. It grasps the shower curtain -- RIPPING it aside -- Rich's hand is gripped on the curtain when he spots, scrolled on the mirror: 'Naughty, Naughty.'

Frozen there. Now moving -- Rich throws open the door to darkness, dead silence. Off his crazed, panicked eyes --

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The spacious room is in-keeping with the house. Bed-tables flank the bed. Rich slips on his wedding band. Identity crisis. Morality crisis. He collapses atop the covers.

Gorgeous sunlight pours into the room. Rich opens his eyes. Stares at the ceiling a beat. He swings his feet to the floor. Near-dead men have more flame in their eyes.

EXT. SAUSALITO HARBOR/BOARDWALK - SUNDAY -- AFTERNOON

The sound of jogging shoes over wooden planks, become louder. Rich is running, shirt drenched, mind doing cartwheels.

EXT. CAYNE HOUSE/MAYBACH - SUNDAY -- LATE AFTERNOON

Dark green lawn. A sprinkler goes around and around shooting water droplets sparkling in the light. Debbie's Maybach tops the crest. Rich on the deck, as the car eases to stop.

ALICE (O/S)
Daddy. Daddy!

Alice bounds up the stairs. As Rich folds his daughter into his arms, his mind is a concoction of happy visions colliding with twisted, dark thoughts.

RICH
Missed you! (to Olivia) Need help?

OLIVIA
Got it. How are you?

Olivia tops the stairs to Rich's exuberant embrace.

OLIVIA
Well, hello to you, too.

RICH
What? Can't a guy miss his wife?

ALICE
Daddy, we saw dolphins!

OLIVIA
This place. You should have seen it. It was perched high upon a cliff overlooking the ocean... Are those pants new? Hum. Your weekend good?

RICH
Yup. Uneventful.

OLIVIA
Confident about the exam?

ALICE
Did you fix my playhouse?

RICH
Of course!

ALICE
I'm going to see it!

Rich eyes Alice sprint off, then turns to Olivia, and smiles. Everything is as it was, yet different.

RICH
Good to have you home.

OLIVIA
Happy to be back. Are you hungry?

RICH
I'm way ahead of you.

OLIVIA
Okay. The last time you cooked we were at Brown. I still believe you put something in the sauce.

RICH
Go wash up, Mrs. Cayne. Bumblebee!
Come. Dinner is ready.

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

There are remnants of dinner on the table. Alice is now in bed. Rich and Olivia at the table. Rich replenishes her wine, struggling with his personal devil to be in the moment.

OLIVIA
Seems Danielle has competition.

RICH
Glad you liked it.

OLIVIA
What is it with you? Behind that smile I see a frown.

RICH
Huh? No frown.

OLIVIA
I know your moods.

RICH
I'm smiling. See. A'right, detective, you caught me. I was thinking about this weird case.

Olivia comes behind Rich, rubbing his shoulders. He tenses.

OLIVIA
You're tense. I'll draw a bath.

RICH
No, no, no let me clean this up.

Rich rises, and begins collecting the dishes.

OLIVIA
I'll start a load of laundry, and, uh, meet you in bed wearing my little black ensemble, as promised.

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

Olivia is readying the wash. Her eyebrows go skyward noting BLOOD on Rich's shirt sleeve, as we move to --

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olivia is staring with disbelief, and concern at her reflection in the mirror, regarding unsuspected news.

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

ON Olivia's full breasts peeking through lingerie. She joins Rich in bed, noting the freshly laundered sheets.

OLIVIA
Did you wash?

RICH
Eh, I placed my muddy trainers on
the bed...

OLIVIA
There was blood on your shirt.

RICH
I scraped myself repairing the
playhouse.

Rich extinguishes his bed-table lamp.

OLIVIA
In your good shirt?

Olivia extinguishes her lamp. Sliver of moonlight falls across our couple. Olivia begins to caresses Rich. She moves to kiss him but he subtly withdraws. Rich brushes her cheek with his fingers, allowing them to linger for a moment on her face.

RICH
I'm sorry. I'll be sounder after
this damn test. It's me. Ok?

OLIVIA
Perhaps later in the week. Night.

RICH
Night. Love you.

The two of them turn back to back, and stare at the walls.

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - BATHROOM/HALL - MONDAY -- MORNING

Rich is in a suit, crisp, clean. He and Alice are brushing their teeth. Rich now scoops Alice into his arms. They come bounding down the stairs in a fit of giggles...

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - KITCHEN

Sun spills through the wall of windows. Olivia in an Armani suit is preparing Alice's lunch.

OLIVIA
She is too big to be carrying.

RICH
She'll never be too big for her daddy. I don't know when I'll be home, but I'll call ya.

OLIVIA
I'm in the office swamped with the Montgomery project. Oh, Trip Roxburghe emailed me this morning.

RICH
From the D.A.'s office? What's he want?

OLIVIA
He wants to have lunch next week. I thought you would be thrilled. You look spent, baby.

RICH
I'm fine. Just hoping to survive the week. I expect an 'A' on the spelling test, bumblebee.

ALICE
You got it, daddy!

RICH
See ya, girls.

OLIVIA
No kiss? (Rich pecks her cheek)
Don't forgot about Wednesday.

RICH
Give me some credit, will ya?

OLIVIA
Just to be safe I'll make reservations.

A concerned look masks Olivia face, watching Rich glide down the stairs, and into his sedan.

RADIO NEWS

KOIT 96.5. News time is 8:25.
Philadelphia police report a man
killed his wife because she changed
her Facebook status to single.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO/RICH'S SEDAN -- MORNING

Sky glaring indigo. Bustling computers. Rumbling cable car.

RADIO NEWS

In local news two San Francisco
police officers shot a burglary
suspect armed with a crowbar early
Saturday morning.

EXT. S.F.P.D. NORTHERN STATION/ROBBERY DIVISION/SEDAN

Foot traffic everywhere. Uniformed cops pass. Through
Rich's sedan windshield we spot a MAN on the corner. Rich,
the weekend boiling behind his eyes, eases stop the sedan.
The man leans through the passenger window.

PETE

Your squawk box broke?

PETE ROGAN, forty, suit looks like it belongs on a scarecrow,
affable, slides into the sedan, flips on the police radio.

PETE

Even a future *lieutenant* needs a
radio. You got another one.

RICH

What? When?

PETE

Early this morning.

RICH

Told you ring the house.

PETE

Boss said we've got two days before
Sexual Assaults takes it. I can't
believe he's given us that long.
Ran into Sullivan this morning,
fucker's smelling blood. You hung
over?

RICH

No, why?

PETE

You look like a flattened cat.

Pete activates emergency lights. Sedan lurches forward.

INT. RICH'S SEDAN (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Windows open -- cold air whipping through. Rich drives like a maniac, weaving in and out of traffic with the ease of a racecar driver. Pete hangs on for dear life.

PETE

I can't figure why we're wasting our time with this, we got plenty of priority cases.

RICH

Something about it makes me think could be serial.

PETE

I think it's the sex part that pumps your willy. Weekend good?

RICH

Uneventful. Yours?

PETE

Boys were up so fantastic.

Pete unfolds a DRAWING of a policeman arresting a perp.

RICH

Yeah, how'd that go?

PETE

Peter drew me this. We pier fished, played ball. Miss the hell out of those rascals.

RICH

Couldn't imagine life without Al.

PETE

Been six months and I still drive by the house. Hell, even stopped at the park the other day. Looked like an old perv sitting alone.

RICH

They meet the new gal?

PETE
Nope. And they ain't goin' to.

RICH
Why, she ugly?

PETE
She's Miss Carmel. I'm reluctant
to toss her into the lion's den.
Y'know how kids can be.

RICH
Little fear keeps you alert?

PETE
What's that supposed to mean?
Clear right.

Sedan goes bouncing through an intersection.

PETE
Yours decent?

RICH
Eh girls went to Carmel. I studied
and did chores around the house.
Boys adjustin'?

PETE
Good as possible. Doris enrolled
'em in some 'hoity-toity' school.

RICH
Someone hit the lotto?

PETE
Look who's talking, smart man.

RICH
Not ashamed to admit I married up.

PETE
You're not the only one. Doris got
engaged last week.

RICH
What? You're bullshitting.

PETE
Wish I were. To some Beverly Hills
whaddyacall those gum doctors?

RICH
 Periodontist. Shit, that's a knife
 in the gut. Whatta the boys think?

PETE
 That's what gets me right here.
 Thad said, "His new dad plays ball
 with 'em."

RICH
 Ouch. How's the joint custody?

PETE
 No chance in hell I'm getting it
 with this gig.

EXT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS NEIGHBORHOOD -- MORNING

Lush, flowering bushes. Mission Revival Chateau houses.

EXT. CRIME SCENE HOUSE -- MORNING

Rich and Pete exit the sedan. They gaze at the 1890 Queen
 Anne Victorian parked atop the hill.

PETE
 Seems the rich keep getting richer.

Walkie-talkies squawk from an unmarked squad car. We notice
 a HELICOPTER tilt downward and buzz the scene. Rich and Pete
 shield their eyes, and look up.

RICH
 Uh. That's not ours.

PETE
 Suspect lifted jewels, cash valued
 over a few thou. Vics, Helen and
 Keith Ward; he's ah, he's a-a
 fuckin' periodontist.

INSPECTOR WHITE, forty, jots something in a notebook.

INSPECTOR WHITE
 There's our future LT. Morning.
 You ready for Wednesday, sarge?

RICH
 What do we got?

INSPECTOR WHITE

Alarm was choice, had weight, motion sensors, heat detectors. Probable means of entry; some scratches on the side door cylinder. Not forced. Foot patrols are canvassing, checking local churches, charities. Team's inside.

RICH

Come up with anything?

INSPECTOR WHITE

Prelims identical to the other one. Appears to be your 'Gentle Rapist.'

Rich. Not pleased but suspected.

PETE

Two incidences in fourteen days...

RICH

I believe there are more.

PETE

Vic have enemies, owe money, anyone see someone casing the joint?

Rich glimpses in Pete's NOTEBOOK: 'Call Olivia Cayne.' His eyebrows go skyward.

INSPECTOR WHITE

Not that we could determine. Sweet safe too -- he popped it.

RICH

This stays in our squad only.

PETE

Crooks have learned to exploit the very isolation and privacy that make the area attractive. Why this guy does Chinatown.

RICH

We should work on the assumption he possesses, or had access to a key.

Rich spots Bespectacled man across the street. Yes, Edgar from earlier, is jotting notes into a ledger. We hear the caw of RAVEN, as an OFFICER pulls aside Rich.

POLICE OFFICER
We just located the jewels.

RICH
Where?

POLICE OFFICER
Salvation Army deposit.

RICH
Fucking kidding me?

PETE
What about the cash?

POLICE OFFICER
Get this: they found the envelope
with \$5,000 jammed into the mailbox
at Saint Agnes Parish. Dusting it
now.

RICH
Rules out a fence job. Make sure I
get a copy of that.

Partners split up. Well-rehearsed routine. Rich ventures
inside the house. Pete interviews neighbors, as we go to --

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRFIELD -- DAY

The Bell helicopter lands. Man exits. We don't see his
face, but it is Christopher. He disappears into a gorgeous
Roll Royce bespoke Sweptail, as we return --

INT. CRIME SCENE HOUSE/PARLOR -- DAY

The scale and taste of money. Lab tech rove, dusting for
prints. Photographer -- flashbulbs pop. Rich withdraws his
notebook, slipping into rubber gloves re-enacting the crime.

RICH
Any prints?

TECHNICIAN shakes his head. Rich notices a FEMALE INSPECTOR
questioning KEITH and HELEN WARD, late fifties. They are
attractive and polished. Rich is perturbed by another
squad's member on his scene. He pulls the inspector aside.

RICH
I thought we still had this.

Female inspector hands Rich a bagged BUSINESS CARD: 'Live each day as though it were your last, for it may BE.' Rich frowns with recognition.

FEMALE INSPECTOR
Cap'in Sullivan asked I interview
the vics.

RICH
Sonofabitch. Got anything?

FEMALE INSPECTOR
Paramedics retrieved samples but
appears no physical evidence.
We've requested she sees her doc.
Mr. and Mrs. Ward. This is
Sergeant Cayne in charge of the
robbery investigation.

RICH
Here's my card. Please don't
hesitate to ring. Someone one from
my team will follow-up with you
when you're done here.

The couple nod in unison. Helen eyes Rich pad to the alarm before stalking up the stairs, and into...

WARD'S BEDROOM

Huge. Opulent. Strangely in order. ON the bed, evidence bags holding bedding/Helen's nightgown. Rich peeks under the bed. Closet. Sees the half open SAFE and inspects it. Half looks into the bathroom. Rich's eyebrows go up.

ON the dresser is small BOTTLE of vaginal lubrication. Rich has seen a similar at another crime scene. He bags the bottle, slipping it inside his coat pocket. Peeling off the rubber gloves, Rich tries to think like the perp. He cannot.

EXT. CRIME SCENE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

At this point, Rich and Pete pad toward their sedan.

PETE
Find anything?

RICH
Value of evidence is limited: got
another card and vaginal lube...

PETE

Tell me you didn't take it.

RICH

(grins; then)

But no trace evidence or DNA.

PETE

I got a lady taking her dog out see someone scurry west around 4:45. Perhaps an accomplice.

RICH

This punk flies solo. We're dealing with a different class. He's no petty thief; he's good, knows his stuff.

PETE

Perhaps a delivery person or cleaning service employee copied a key... But why the card?

RICH

I dunno. He took out the alarm, popped the safe like a pro.

PETE

Yet fails to control his impulses.

RICH

He'll definitely cruise another vic. Were the Blacks and Wards acquaintances?

PETE

I can check. Tell me why he ditches the loot?

RICH

Beats me. Then you throw in the rush he gets from having the hubby watch as he bangs the missus...

PETE

It's scary, weird shit.

RICH

Vic bound?

PETE

Supposedly she and the mister.

RICH

Hmm. Didn't see any ligature marks. They secured when the responding officer arrived? Vic seemed more perturbed to see us than hysterical. Make sure I see the video footage.

PETE

But let's not exert too much on...

Rich eyes a police sedan. It's Captain SULLIVAN, forties, (Sexual Assaults) throwing Rich a 'fuck you' stare.

RICH

Two teams from different squads... Look at him wearing that same shit-eatin' grin and Good Samaritan pin.

PETE

Shows no matter how vicious a person is when he looks in the mirror he's blind to what he is.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO -- DAY

The view. Wham. A panorama of the San Francisco skyline.

E/I. INSPECTOR BUREAU/HALLWAY -- DAY

Controlled chaos of a police department. Pete and Rich pass CAPTAIN TOMASINI's office. He is fifty; low-key Italian by-the-book fella with protruding ears. Nods to Rich balancing a coffee cup atop his notebook. Two COPS stride toward us.

PETE

Peter jumps from behind the couch scaring Thad so much he pees...

COP

He leaves a card calling himself 'Le Corbeau.'

COP 2

What th' fuck's that mean?

RICH

Means 'raven,' Einstein.

PETE

You guys got another?

COP
Late shift. Popped vic in both
eyes.

SNAPSHOT -- B/W PHOTO: dead man slumped on steps.

RESUME TO PRESENT -- Pete and Rich moving on.

COP 2
Another pedi, too?

RICH
Damn shame.

PETE
Look at you understanding French.

The men round the corner, and into...

INT. ROBBERY INSPECTOR'S BUREAU

Basic police office. Glass partitions. Facing desks.

PETE
Anyway, he pees his pajamas...

Suddenly, Rich looks like he's plowed with a sledgehammer.
Pete glances to the figure behind the glass partition.

PETE
Y'know him?

RICH
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

Rich's heart is slamming around in his chest. Depositing the
notebook and coffee onto his desk, he trudges toward...

Christopher flashing a chilling smile. He is sporting horned-
rimmed glasses, and Tom Ford suit; manila ENVELOPE shoved
under his arm.

CHRISTOPHER
Top of the morning, in-spec-tor.

Extending his hand to which Rich declines.

CHRISTOPHER
Forgive me for startling you. By
your expression you look as if
you've seen the grim reaper.

RICH
What's this all about?

Tapping a finger against his lips, he grins, malevolent.

CHRISTOPHER
Oh, I simply thought I would drop
by and present a proposal --

RICH
Yeah, what's that?

CHRISTOPHER
There is a lovely little salon
around the corner which has the
finest white tea in the city
(whispering), and fabulous bathroom
to do coke in. Whoops...

His quiet authoritative look deflates.

RICH
Stop talking, slick and get on with
what the fuck you want.

CHRISTOPHER
A coffee and donuts guy are we?
Well. All right. I must confess
to my true inquiry.

RICH
Let's get on with this so you can
get the hell outta here.

CHRISTOPHER
The city knows you're a top-notch
cop who has earned major service
awards. An inspector with an air
of respectability whom rumor has
it.. will be chief of...

Rich is indignant, and fuming with held-in rage.

CHRISTOPHER
Anyway. As a child I delighted in
playing cops and robbers... myself
always Dick Tracy in constant
pursuit of colorful villains.
However, as of late, I have been
toying with this ridiculous notion
of turning fantasy into reality, by
perhaps, entering the field of law
enforcement. I thought whom --

RICH
I'm fucking married.

CHRISTOPHER
Yes, you ole devil, I know. To a strikingly gorgeous creature of means and our next D.A. A yummy power couple indeed you make.

Fast. Calm. Methodical. Rich SLAMS Christopher against the wall.

PETE
Jesus Christ!

Rich has his forearm pressed against Christopher's throat. Christopher is struggling to breathe. Pete leaps over his desk. He and an OFFICER pry Rich off Christopher.

PETE
Let him go, man! What the hell is wrong with ya?

Rich drills Pete a look. Christopher adjusts his glasses. He flashes a winning smile, as Pete returns to his desk.

CHRISTOPHER
These days one can locate anything about anyone on the world-wide web.

RICH
Get another mentor.

CHRISTOPHER
No need to undersell your skill sets. Or is it against your code. I hear you boys pay strict adherence to the 'code.'

RICH
Making a deadly mistake. Move.

Rich is ushering Christopher to the door, when -- phwap! The manila envelope, wedged under Christopher's arm, hits the floor. Rich retrieves it. He proffers to Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER
I am disappointed. I so knew we shared similarities that a friendship could be forged but alas I see it was merely our carnal affinity fate decided to merge.

On Rich. He is eyeing Christopher struts like a show horse down the hall. Pete strides up.

PETE
Who the hell was all that?

RICH
Nobody.

PETE
Sure like to get the name of his
tailor.

Off Rich under the delusion the unfolding crisis is containable.

INT. OLIVIA'S LAW FIRM/RECEPTION LOBBY -- DAY

Vibrating with attorneys representing high-end clientele. A DELIVERY BOY glides down an opulent corridor carrying a VASE of exotic Passiflora and Luscious Lotus.

CONFERENCE ROOM

Glass enclosed. Vaulted ceilings. Long mahogany conference table. Olivia and ten other LAWYERS discussing the *Montgomery Mall & Lifestyle Center*. There are diagrams and blueprints, most notable the depilating SHAMROCK HOTEL.

Olivia eyes the delivery BOY disappearing into her office.

OLIVIA
Pardon me quickly.

INT. OLIVIA'S OFFICE

Best view in the building: Coit Tower on Telegraph Hill. Olivia cradles her PHONE, admiring her gorgeous flowers.

OLIVIA/PHONE
Hey. Thank you for my gift.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INSPECTOR BUREAU

Rich and Pete at their desks. A fan whiffs kid's drawings tacked to Pete's bulletin board. Pete watches Rich. He has the PHONE pressed to his ear.

RICH/PHONE

Sorry, what?

OLIVIA'S VOICE

I received the most extraordinary floral arrangement.

RICH/PHONE

Yeah. From who?

OLIVIA'S VOICE

I was hoping you.

RICH/PHONE

Again, the bad husband. What's the card read?

OLIVIA'S VOICE

That's just it, there isn't one?

Rich looks up to a MESSENGER BOY proffering a manila ENVELOPE. Yes, the one Christopher had.

OLIVIA'S VOICE

Are you still there?

Rich tears opens the envelope. He withdraws a PHOTO of Olivia's flowers. Rich's jaw clenches in angry silence. He leaps to his feet. The receiver slams to the desk with a thud -- Rich is all MOTION -- on the move -- tearing desperately down the hall, out the doors -- Rich --

EXT. INSPECTOR BUREAU - CONTINUOUS

Standing there, wild eyes, scanning for a target. People pass, staring. The world is a noisy blur around Rich. His rage transforms into despair, struggling to comprehend the unfolding terror.

JAM TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN HILL/LOMBARD ST. -- DAY

It's quaint residential neighborhood teeming with cafes. Hyde-Powell cable car rumbles past. Christopher is strolling down Lombard, 'world's crookedest' street. We follow him along Polk where he converses with an African MAN peddling DVDs, who we will see again.

EXT. CHRISTOPHER'S HOUSE - RUSSIAN HILL -- DAY

Upscale with stone pillars and dagger-shaped windows. Christopher retrieves his post, padding into...

INT. CHRISTOPHER'S HOUSE -- DAY

An insanely modern-lavish, art-infused pad. Christopher straitens a Picasso. But the most striking feature is the view of the Bay. Patting a bust of Pallas, Christopher continues into...

BEDROOM

Impeccably neat, and oddly impersonal. It is crowded with books. French doors lead to a balcony with a pair of vintage field glasses. There's a credenza on which Christopher flips a switch. The lid rises to REVEAL a mirror lined with PILLS and POWDERS. Christopher inhales a rail of blow.

Stripping down to silk boxers, we trail Christopher into

WALK-IN CLOSET filled with rows of expensive shirts, shoes and designer suits organized according to color. We catch a glimpse of stacked GOLD bars in the Russian wardrobe.

CHRISTOPHER'S GYM

Verde's *Rigoletto* plays loudly. Shirtless, Christopher passes a framed 'Goodnight Moon' BOOK signed 'With all my love, Mother.' We catch his crescent moon TATTOO as he performs a rigorous exercise routine: abdominal crunches, weights, push-ups -- complete maniac. Meanwhile...

INT. INSPECTOR BUREAU OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Rich is sipping coffee. He sits around a table gazing at the harbor. Four discouraged INSPECTORS - White, BLUE, ORANGE, RED thumb through 'Gentle Rapist' files. Pete is exasperated.

INSPECTOR RED

Unless we get lucky or the maggot missteps we're going to miss the collar.

INSPECTOR BLUE

'Member the Hodge's case? We dropped the ball.

(MORE)

INSPECTOR BLUE (CONT'D)

Allowed the perp to execute two other vics. We can't replay that.

RICH

Come on, people, think. A certain kind of crime should correspond to a certain type of criminal -- why does this one not? Let's go over and formulate a hypothesis.

INSPECTOR WHITE

Throw us something to chew on --

INSPECTOR BLUE

-- We have: Caucasian male 30-35, between 5'8 to 6'2 --

INSPECTOR YELLOW

-- Disguises his voice in a husky or gruff tone --

INSPECTOR RED

-- Wears dark overalls with face and teeth painted black and some type of cosmetic eyes.

PETE

Which is why we toss this to Sullivan's crew and focus on our hot cases.

RICH

A'right. I get it. Run the face painting and cosmetic eyes and see what it kicks out.

INSPECTOR BLUE

We did. Nada.

RICH

Check if any of the vics had paint or makeup on their persons. The overalls could be a biohazard or chemical protection suit. Vics were bound and knotted with a diamond knot. Let's see who uses those. Com'on.

INSPECTOR RED

We assuming he wears a condom to the scene, or takes the wrapper?

At that moment, Rich's cell vibrates. He reads an incoming TEXT: 'Trust the missus relished the flowers.' Rich grimaces; so hates being played.

PETE

Let's look at factors the vics had in common.

INSPECTOR WHITE

Caucasian high-net-worth couples.

INSPECTOR RED

The Blacks' house was on the market. Perhaps the suspect posed as a realtor, building inspector or prospective home-buyer.

INSPECTOR BLUE

Both attacks took place Tuesday between the hours of 0240 and 0430.

INSPECTOR YELLOW

What if he's taunting us. Frequently, serial offenders are those who failed in their efforts to join police departments.

PETE

Ya want us to comb through every applicant in the last ten years?

INSPECTOR WHITE

She's tossing out potentials.

RICH

We have to cast a wider net. Remember the classroom, 'the crime scene doesn't initiate our search for the suspect. It defines the suspect for us.' We need to look at this with fresh eyes. I want you to go back and interview the victims, neighbors, milkmen; find the part of the story we're missing. Save it for the playground, kids. Let's move before Pete gives it to S.A.

Pete eyes Rich withdraw a cigarette, and light it.

PREGNANT COP

Hey. You can't smoke in here.

PETE
When did you start smoking again?

RICH
You like flowers?

EXT. MONTAGE OF UPSCALE FLORIST SHOPS -- AFTERNOON

We watch Rich and Pete pop in and out of countless shops.

PETE
Don't sell me this is case
connected 'cause I know better.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO FLOWER MART -- LATE AFTERNOON

The light is very cold. We're at a massive warehouse.

PETE
What is it you're hoping to find?

A forklift whizzes past Rich and Pete, strolling inside...

INT. SAN FRANCISCO FLOWER MART - CONTINUOUS

A sea of color spreads itself along the ground. The mart teems with SHOPPERS. Undaunted, Rich presents the PHOTO of Olivia's flowers to various VENDORS, who offer nothing.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO FLOWER MART -- DUSK

The sun is dying. Rich and Pete drift past. Bird cries and wing flaps overhead.

PETE
Enough of the secretive ops. Wanna
fill me in on what this is about?
(Rich reveals the text)
Yeah, and?

RICH
I had Jill reverse the number.
Came back to a bar in Prague.

PETE
I'm an inspector I draw parallels
so I'm gonna assume this ties in
with candy-ass earlier.

RICH
Put it on the shelf.

PETE
You check the courier service?

RICH
Digits are registered to the
Neptune Society.

PETE
Eek. The crematorium? What have
you gotten yourself into? I see
what you're doing. You're
directing your suspicions at
Olivia. Sure. Ya think she may be
seeing someone. She goes outta
town for the weekend, receives
fancy flowers. Now this guy finds
out she's hitched, shoots you a
text.

RICH
I trust my wife.

PETE
So did half the men in divorce
court, once.

RICH
It's complicated.

PETE
Thought the same about Doris.

RICH
They're two different animals.

PETE
Both have vaginas.

RICH
You drove Doris into the arms of
the FedEx dude because of your
extracurricular activities.

PETE
You make it sound like I was
fucking around.

RICH
Frequenting titty joints six outta
seven nights is not nun's work.

PETE

Joint. Singular. Lace Kitten.
And lemme tell ya, some of those
gals certainly made you want to
come-to-Jesus.

RICH

You're twisted.

PETE

My wife's not the one receiving
flowers from a morgue. I realized
long ago relationships are like
sharks; they've got to keep in
motion. They've got to keep going
into deeper, sometimes scarier,
darker territories for them to stay
alive.

RICH

Don't go all fucking deep on me.

PETE

Talk to her. Work this out before
it gets out of hand.

RICH

I wanna be home for supper.

PETE

Considering some of us don't have a
home cooked meal waiting think I'll
hit some balls with the fire boys.

RICH

What about mystery gal?

PETE

Eh, it's her league night. What's
with the look? All right. It's
melancholy Monday. After the boys
leave it takes me a few to get the
engine back on the rails.

RICH

Like to come for dinner? Call me
when you find out from forensics.

Pete is strolling away as Rich opens the sedan's door.

RICH

Petey. Would you...?

PETE

On Doris? Fuck no, Tonto. I
wasn't gonna be the one to screw up
my boys' lives.

Off Rich's eyes heavy with tragic and torment.

EXT. AERIAL OF THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE -- DUSK

Sunset. Golden beauty. Commuter's nightmare.

EXT. LOCAL PARK -- DUSK

We find Pete on a park bench. In his hand is an untouched
burger. He is staring at the playground reliving fond
memories. If Pete would ever cry, it would be now.

FADE TO:

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Rich enters to a tousle-haired blonde with a dazzling smile.

OLIVIA

There you are. You weren't just
'down the road.'

With apron over her suit, Olivia is making cookies. Rich
embraces her. Tosses his keys, sheds his coat.

OLIVIA

What happened today?

Preparing a Campari soda using a vintage soda bottle.

RICH

Ya figure out who sent 'em?

OLIVIA

I still haven't the slightest. I
had Tracy ring a few clients'
assistants but... Actually, someone
in the office said they are mostly
found in Singapore. You should see
them, they are stunning.

Rich with a crashing defeat, slugs his Campari, mixes
another.

OLIVIA

Listen. I have unfortunate news about Wednesday. Before you start in. We're hosting cocktails for our Montgomery clients. It begins at 7:00. I thought you pick me up shortly afterwards and then we have dinner. I made reservations at Boulevard for 8:00.

RICH

After my exam I won't be in the party mood, besides, I had hoped to spend my anniversary with my wife.

OLIVIA

I can assure you plenty of alone time with the missus, lieutenant.

Olivia kisses him in some light humorous way.

RICH

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Olivia is robbed of words. Breezes to the stove.

RICH

Al already in bed?

OLIVIA

She was beat from hockey.

At that moment, the telephone RINGS sharply. Olivia sinks onto the stool, cradling the phone. We trail Rich into..

INT. ALICE'S BEDROOM

Rich opens the door. Light cascades Alice, asleep in her bed. Rich kneels bedside and strokes her hair. Alice's big magic eyes alight. She smiles.

RICH

Hey. Practice go well?

ALICE

I scored the only goal, daddy.

RICH

That's my girl. This weekend we'll work on your defense. Go back to sleep now. Love you, bumblebee.

ALICE
Love you past space.

Rich is stealing one last look, meanwhile...

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - KITCHEN

Olivia is putting the final touches on the table. Rich enters, pours a glass of wine while downing his Campari.

OLIVIA
You look spent. Hard day?

RICH
Who was that?

OLIVIA
On the phone? They hung up.

Rich's eyes narrow. He pads to the phone. Checks caller id: 'unknown.' Cogitates.

OLIVIA
Come on, before it gets cold.

Our couple sits at the table across one another. Olivia notes Rich's wondering mind --

RICH
Whatta you say of having Pete and mystery girl over this weekend?

OLIVIA
That's not what that look is about. Care to share? Sure. I've been looking forward to meeting her.

RICH
Get this: Doris is gettin' hitched.

OLIVIA
No! Really?

RICH
To some Beverly Hills quack.

OLIVIA
Her divorce has only been final two months. Poor Pete. How is he taking it?

RICH

Not good. You know how is with those boys. Little Peter was six months before Pete let Doris change his Pampers.

OLIVIA

He certainly is a proactive dad. Oh. If we see Debbie Wednesday play along with my story I have Pilates Thursday. You know how determinedly annoying she is when she's selling something.

RICH

What now, Amway?

OLIVIA

There's a mega party she deems necessary I attend. One of those underground, eclectic I'm getting-to-old-for kind.

RICH

Walt must be out of town.

By this time remnants of dinner on the table. Rich is seated. Olivia is O/S in the kitchen. Rich struggles to relax, almost succeeds when his phone RINGS. He is sprung to tension, as he answers.

RICH

Yeah.

We hear breathing on the other end, and see an incredible rage building in Rich. He slides into the shadows, quietly:

RICH

Who the fuck is this?

CHRISTOPHER'S VOICE

Give you one guess, busy boy.

RICH

How did you get this number?

CHRISTOPHER'S VOICE

I can't help but sense we have a special bond. Any chance I could persuade you to reconsider meeting?

RICH

Look, I'm all out of guesses. Why the hell you doing this?

CHRISTOPHER'S VOICE

Why not?

RICH

Let me tell you something...

CHRISTOPHER'S VOICE

No, lemme tell you: fasten your seat belt, buddy boy, because it's going to be a bumpy ride.

The phone clicks dead. Olivia presses her cheek against Rich's spine. He tightens, as she wraps her arms around him.

OLIVIA

Where are you?

RICH

I'm here.

OLIVIA

I may not be a detective but I can read clues. Come on. Let's take a bath.

RICH

Eh, I'll, uh, take a shower.

Off Olivia's razor-keen gaze...

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The shower stops. Olivia is in her sleeping gown. She hands Rich a towel. They are performing their nightly rituals.

OLIVIA

Did something happen this weekend?

RICH

What? No. It's this test and case. I'm good. Promise.

Olivia pushes her eyebrows skyward and breezes out. Rich squirms, staring at his reflection in the mirror.

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - BEDROOM -- LATE NIGHT

Olivia and Rich are snuggled in bed. Moonlight caresses Olivia deep in slumber, while Rich is tormentedly awake.

FADE TO:

EXT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE - TUESDAY -- MORNING

The sun is pounding its way through the orange haze of smog. School bus passes. Rich on the porch. He is noticeably nervous increasing the tension. He knocks, and paces. He doesn't look put together, and as the story progresses, becomes less intact.

The door opens to Justine. A towel wrapped around her golden body. Expectancy shines in her eyes, then suddenly slant into Rich with a hard curiosity. Rich leans in.

RICH

Forgive me for disturbing you.

Her tone is cold and distant.

JUSTINE

Who are you and what do you want?

RICH

Look lady, I get my coming is a bad idea but I need --

JUSTINE

-- Mister, I would leave before I phone the authorities.

Looks like he's barely restraining himself.

RICH

Let me tell you --

Suddenly, Rich's sentence breaks off. His eyes widen, because looming in the threshold is a well-groomed man of fifty. This is ROLF.

ROLF

Perhaps I may be of service. I, too, am curious of your presence. I am not certain who it is you are attempting to locate but I can personally vouch for my wife who was in my company all weekend. That should concluded your inquiry. Now good day, inspector --

WHAM. The door slams on Rich's pale and weary face --

INT. INSPECTOR BUREAU/COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

We hear the sound of typing and see on a computer monitor:
8432 RANDOLPH ST. Computer cross checks, delivering -- ROLF
AND JUSTINE SPEYER. PROMINENT BAY DEVELOPER, ETC.

Rich is at the computer scouring information. Inspector
Orange, Asian girl, thirty, looms over his shoulder. Rich
glances up from the computer, cuts a glare.

INSPECTOR ORANGE

Sorry. The security video from
yesterday will be ready in an hour.

RICH

What is it?

INSPECTOR ORANGE

I believe she or her family built
the Opera Center's new wing.

RICH

You know her?

INSPECTOR ORANGE

My sister sits on the Center's
board and was afraid they would
have to scrap the new wing until
these 'Devout Donors' stepped in.

RICH

You know her maiden name?

INSPECTOR ORANGE

My sister knows her brother. Try
'Stipe.' Have to get these to
booking. Good luck on your exam.

Inspector Orange exits.

We see Rich type in

JUSTINE STIPE

A long beat, and then it comes up.

Rich looks like he's been whacked in the balls.

Justine and Christopher are SIBLINGS.

Rich is struggling to digest this. He types CHRISTOPHER
STIPE. The computer scrolls names at a dizzying speed. Rich
stares blankly at it, waiting for a response.

SEARCH NOT FOUND

Further enquiry reveals Christopher's life is shrouded in secrecy, and by no accident, he has manufacture it, paying two PR firms to keep his name out of papers.

What Rich discovers:

- Christopher attended Phillips Exeter Academy, Trinity College, and University of Oxford Business School.
- Mother, Elisa died when he was 10; father, Ben killed himself three years afterwards.
- Ben ran the largest electronic gaming corporation in the country. Christopher is worth, in attainable assets, \$200 million dollars.

Rich sits back a long beat, his eyes off somewhere. Pete breezes in chomping a wad of gum.

PETE

Caught your missus lunching with some kickstand. Maybe he's the florist fairy.

RICH

Don't you have a case to work?

PETE

Thought this was priority one.

RICH

You don't get paid to think, nor investigate my wife.

PETE

What's crawled up your ass?

RICH

Olivia invited you and mystery gal over this weekend.

PETE

I'll think about it.

RICH

What's that?

PETE

I'll check with her and get back to you. Wanna hit the gym?

RICH

Later. I got something to do.

EXT. CHRISTOPHER'S HOUSE - RUSSIAN HILL -- DAY

Afternoon and the sun is strong. Fire engine passes, sirens, lights going full blast.

Rich's sedan is easing to a stop across from Christopher's house. He spots Edgar perched on the porch of a pink house three doors down. He sits in a director's chair, watching Rich like a famished buzzard.

Rich's viewpoint a large block of houses. Beyond it is the door into Christopher's house. There is no activity save for a WOMAN (Christopher's maid) who emerges, floating past Rich's sedan. The front door now swings open to Christopher, slipping on Tom Ford shades; looking dapper as hell.

ON Rich. He exits the sedan, and stalks across the street. He cuts a hard look at Edgar. Christopher. Now those blue eyes flash fear. A paralyzing silence, as Christopher adjusts a .38 REVOLVER tucked in the small of his back. He is now eye-to-eye with Rich.

CHRISTOPHER

Well, what a marvelous coincidence.

RICH

What kind of perverse game you two playin'?

CHRISTOPHER

I beg your pardon.

RICH

Cut the bullshit, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

First name bases, are we?

RICH

Is she in on it?

CHRISTOPHER

You mean the girl you fucked over the weekend? Beats me.

A GENTLEMAN strolls past in a suit. Christopher grins noting Rich sporting the exact cut.

CHRISTOPHER

That is so vulgar. His jacket.
See my lapels are high. You see
his. His are low. They make him
look like a restaurant owner.

RICH

Are you following me?

CHRISTOPHER

Actually, no, I am not. What, now
I'm off to the slammer because I
sought your expertise and sent your
sexy wife a lovely floral
arrangement? I mean, gee talk
about a police state.

RICH

No jackass, 'cause of this deranged
drama you and that little bitch are
performing. Whatta ya hoping to
get from this?

CHRISTOPHER

Pure entertainment. I already A.
Have want I want, or B. Can
purchase it. But pure
entertainment, the joy of watching
someone squirm is simply priceless.
If you will I'm late for lawn
bowling.

RICH

Could be a dangerous hobby.

CHRISTOPHER

Are you threatening me?

RICH

Call it educating.

CHRISTOPHER

Marvelous. I'm being threatened
right here in broad daylight by an
officer of the law.

RICH

That wasn't a threat, this is.

Rich drapes his jacket behind his duty weapon, gripping the
handle.

CHRISTOPHER

The Turkish Stoeger Cougar 8045.
Sweet. However, I have you know
that action and type of declaration
could cause one serious trouble
with the department. Imagine if
there were witnesses.

We note Edgar speaking rather cautiously into a telephone.
We don't hear what he is saying, but the inclination of his
face makes Rich believe he's making some reference to him.

RICH

I'm gonna tell you something and
you should pay strict attention:
you got problems now; you don't
want troubles, too. Cease
contacting myself or my wife.
You're batting out of your league.

CHRISTOPHER

What scares you? I mean truly
horrifies?

RICH

Not you.

CHRISTOPHER

Now, now. I do scare the living
hell out of you. Because you know
there is nothing you can do to stop
what I may say or, what I will do.
You are powerless and that put fear
into anyone.

RICH

You think you're some kind of wise-
guy, huh?

CHRISTOPHER

I don't know about that. But what
I am certain there's not much that
challenges me and sometimes that
makes life a little, well, bor-ing.

RICH

Find a new hobby and stay the fuck
from my crosshairs. Clear, toots?

And on that -- Rich pivots...

CHRISTOPHER

There's nothing more arousing than
the smell of desperation.

(MORE)

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Like when a famished shark sets his sight on a wounded seal floundering about.

Off Rich padding to his sedan under Edgar's watchful eye.

INSPECTOR RED (O/S)

Video's up.

INT. INSPECTOR BUREAU - MEDIA ROOM -- DAY

RICH

Let's have it.

We are looking at a surveillance video from the rape scene. Pulling back to four separate monitors. Footage is grainy. Pete, Rich and Inspectors Red/Blue are present.

INSPECTOR RED

Got someone. Screen 2, far corner.

Screen reveals a figure stop, unfasten his trouser, and urinate. Rich leans toward the monitor.

RICH

Here we go. Mark the time.

INSPECTOR RED

3:45.

A figure clad in black slithers through the gate of the Ward's mansion, and disappears from frame.

PETE

Front door is opening and closes.

INSPECTOR RED

4:00 we have the front door opening. Is that...?

PETE

We have two perps running. Where did the second perp come from?

INSPECTOR BLUE

We're dealing with two perps?

PETE

One's a decoy.

INSPECTOR BLUE

Yeah, but where the hell did he come from?

INSPECTOR WHITE
Could be a lookout.

RICH
Damn it! Listen, we got another day to break this. As motivation, it'd be nice parting gift for your sarge and a fantastic welcoming gift for your new LT.

GO TO:

INT. LA FITNESS GYM -- AFTERNOON

Blaring tunes. Testosterone. Weight-lifting freaks. Rich is bench-pressing. Pete spots.

PETE
Forensics tests came back. Found a synthetic fiber in the vaginal region. No trace of DNA.

RICH
What's that mean?

PETE
Beats me, I'm no Einstein.

RICH
We're missing something here, some small tie-in.

PETE
You mentioned there could other vics who haven't reported...

RICH
We're dealing with some moneyed cats, folks who don't like their dingy underwear aired publicly.

PETE
What if we bring the press in? Others see this is serial could start them singing.

RICH
Interesting theory but we don't have the time nor will the captain approve.

PETE

Com'on sissy, my granny can bench more.

Rich is struggling under weight's pressure when he spots across the gym, preparing to dive into the POOL -- Christopher. Rich is confused; his mind doing cartwheels.

GO TO:

INT. FIRING RANGE/ROOF - LATER

A target. BAM, BAM, BAM. Three bullets center mass. Rich drops a magazine and inserts a fresh one, as we hear...

EXT. SWAT TRAINING FACILITY/ROOFTOP -- LATE AFTERNOON

The sound of automatic gun fire, and see SWAT OFFICERS below, maneuvering an obstacle course.

Rich and Pete are parked on the roof overlooking the SWAT facility. They are nursing a six-pack. ON Rich. Something is festering inside him.

PETE

I can see this Olivia thing's eatin' at ya.

RICH

For the last time she is not screwing around.

PETE

Then what the fuck is up?

RICH

I'm gonna to tell ya something that's not very healthy to know. I made a major error in judgment...

As Rich reveals, we watch SWAT perform maneuvers. ON Pete. His blood pressure is past boiling.

PETE

I wish the hell you hadn't told me. You stupid son-of-a-bitch. I

RICH

My whole orbit is out of whack. I can barely stand to look at Alice, much less, Olivia.

PETE

Porking some deviant off the internet who could be whack-job.

RICH

She found me. Last month I started receiving these emails from this site, this erotic chat site.

PETE

Which should have been deleted.

RICH

We sparked up a flirty dialogue, after a few exchanges, coupled with Olivia out of town...

PETE

You gotta sniff of adultery and decide to go on a little joy ride.

RICH

Gets worse.

PETE

This I can't wait to hear.

RICH

Remember the dude?

PETE

Candy-ass? Yeah. What of him?

It hangs there. Real nasty. Pete goes nauseous.

RICH

It's not exactly like that --

PETE

Good. Because I was about to deck you in the damn melon.

RICH

Although, he, was there. Never mind the details. He's my stalker.

PETE

Seems you got the makings of a good ole lurid melodrama.

RICH

This Christopher has a hunting license on me. Even more fucked-up: he's Justine's brother.

PETE

Jesus, Mary and Joseph. What th' hell? What does he want? Trying to provoke ya -- toy with your sanity.

RICH

I believe it's more sinister... I think premeditated.

PETE

You talking frame job?

RICH

Think about it. Unsolicited e-mails. The rendezvous.

PETE

You what you got? A reverse 'Fatal Attraction.'

RICH

I'm in a real panic here. I need you to do something for me.

PETE

If you weren't the boys' God --

RICH

-- I need someone I can trust --

PETE

-- To do what?

RICH

See what he's into.

PETE

That's a bad idea.

RICH

That's all I got. Maybe all we got. What if candy-ass is our guy? He said something earlier that started me thinking.

PETE

Fuck, I don't know what to believe.

RICH

Here's his address and photo. He's got no arrests. We have no history. Clean on NCIC.

PETE

I sitting here racking my mind asking what straight guy has another dude stalking him? (off photo) He is a handsome son-of-a-bitch, I must admit. I gotta split. I'm pretty fuckin' steamed and looking at you nears my boiling point.

They keep their eyes on each other.

PETE

You are telling Olivia. No. That wasn't a question.

RICH

Pete, rest of 'em won't understand.

PETE

You got that straight down the line, my friend.

Off Rich like he's been plowed with a Mack truck.

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - FOYER -- EVENING

Rich enters to Olivia, breezing past. She twirls.

OLIVIA

What happened to you?

RICH

Combination of matters I care not to bore you with.

OLIVIA

You look completely undone.

RICH

I feel like it.

OLIVIA

Rich, what is going on? I'm beginning to worry.

RICH

Don't. I'm fine. How was your day?

OLIVIA

Splendid.

Olivia kisses Rich, then floats into the...

KITCHEN

OLIVIA (O/S)
Now you're home and can relax.

RICH
Fuckin' wish.

OLIVIA (O/S)
Oh. Hey. Do you know a Charlie Vanguard?

RICH
Not off the top of my head, why?

OLIVIA
Oh, no reason. He tried to friend me on Facebook; thought he may be a friend of yours.

RICH
What he look like?

OLIVIA
No photo.

RICH
I would decline. There's always nutcases on that site befriending strangers. Otherwise, how can you qualify someone who has three friends in real life and six hundred in the virtual? Ignore him. Better yet, block him.

OLIVIA
Inspector. Have some wine.

RICH
I'm taking a shower and studying.

OLIVIA (O/S)
Danielle made dinner; it's almost ready. Al is in her room writing a thesis on the history of the Mayans and how capitalism caused their demise.

RICH
 For Christ's sake what kind of
 nonsense is that?

GO TO:

E/I. CHRISTOPHER'S HOUSE/PETE'S SEDAN -- NIGHT

An unmarked police sedan is parked on the street. Inside is Pete, sinking his teeth into a hamburger. Mustard plops on his shirt. His viewpoint Christopher's house, lights aglow. He snatches the photo, cross-referencing it with the figure leaving. It is Christopher totting a BAG.

PETE
 Let's see what you got, candy-ass.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO -- NIGHT

Pete's sedan eases to the curb. He observes Christopher exit the TAXI. He blends into PEDESTRIAN traffic. Pete is out of the sedan, following twenty yards, tailing Christopher ascending a sidewalk that hugs the San Francisco Bay to his right.

About thirty feet behind Pete nods approvingly at the Golden Gate; usually a heavy fog hangs, but tonight it is clear.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE/STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cars whiz past. We are on the Golden Gate sidewalk, approaching the west gate. Christopher converses with a security GUARD. A nod, and Christopher strides through the gate. It slams tightly behind. Pete presses his mug against the chain-link fence, observing Christopher ambling away.

GO TO:

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Olivia is curled on the settee, reading. Rich is on the sofa, studying for his exam. When -- right then -- the phone RINGS. Rich flinches. Springs up.

RICH
 I got it! (into phone) Yup.

PETE'S VOICE
 This cat has an elevator that don't
 go all the way to the top.
 (MORE)

PETE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

You're not gonna believe this but
he's scaling the Golden.

RICH/PHONE

Maybe the bastard'll do himself.
Keep me posted.

Rich places down the receiver to Olivia taking his hand in hers, leading him down the hall, as we hop back to --

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

Carefully positioned spotlights accentuate the vertical ribbing on the horizontal tower.

WIDER REVEAL

Our hearts drop a peg. Christopher is climbing the north tower of the Golden Gate Bridge.

PETE

You are some kind of crazy.

Christopher is now a mere speck. Right then Pete hears -- Whoop-whoop-whoop-whoop. He cranes his neck up to catch --

Bell HELICOPTER, sweeping toward us --

WE ARE NOW ATOP THE NORTH TOWER OF THE GOLDEN --

Whereupon the chopper lowers a 10x10 steel PLATFORM -- one with oversized cushions and blankets -- oh, and knockout BIMBO with Champagne. The platform perfectly fits the circumference of the tower. We are amazed. Meanwhile...

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Flickering CANDLES. Rich and Olivia are on a Calgon ride. Rich is leaning against Olivia. Her legs are spread open and her knees comes out of the water on either side of Rich's body. Olivia is caressing his chest with a washcloth. Right then -- the phone jingles. Rich snatches it. He almost drops it into the water.

Exasperated, Olivia exits the tub.

RICH/PHONE

Yeah.

But nobody is on the other end. Rich hangs up and, too, exits the tub. He is drying himself off.

RICH
Look. Sorry.

OLIVIA
Why apologize? I'm used to it.

RICH
Pete is on something --

OLIVIA
-- Otherwise, why would he
constantly interrupt our evening.

RICH
It's complicated.

OLIVIA
It always is with you.
(pinching his stomach)
Looks like somebody's putting on a
little weight.

RICH
What? This? You're crazy. I was
leaning over. That's muscle.

Olivia snatches her BRA from Rich's hand leaving him sucking
in his stomach.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NORTH TOWER -- NIGHT

We are approximately 245 feet above the frigid Bay water.
Wind is gusting. We now discover Christopher perched on the
deck's edge, toes teetering. The slightest movement would
send him tumbling to his death.

Below, Pete is craning his neck, scrambling for the gate...

PETE
You idiot!

BACK UP TO: Christopher. Jesus. He is going to jump off the
Golden Gate Bridge. He raises his arms. Exhales a breath.

Then, he takes that fateful step -- DOES A DAMN SOMERSAULT
RIGHT OFF THE DECK! HE IS FALLING -- SPIRALING. We watch in
horror as he descends several feet then -- RIP -- POP -- A
PARACHUTE SNAPS OPEN.

He operates the toggles like a pro, like he did with the
Lambo. He floats over the gorgeous, sparkling city.

FADE TO:

E/I. CAYNE HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A PAIR OF EYES. They are peering through the window, watching Rich and Olivia make love. They seem to be just going through the motions.

The gorgeous orange MOON is high. It's now the middle of the night. Rich and Olivia are in a deep slumber. Those same EYES from earlier, disappear.

EXT. CAYNE HOUSE/ALICE'S BEDROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

SHOES stalk toward a window. A pair of gloved hands come into view. Tools are laid on the window ledge: glass cutter, wire cutter, screwdriver. The screwdriver quietly unfastens the first screw, then the second, removing the screen...

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - BEDROOM/HALL - CONTINUOUS

Quiet. Pin drop silence. Olivia rolls over resting her arm across Rich's face. When suddenly --

A SHRILL PIERCES THE STILLNESS. Rich bolts upright. Olivia screams. Rich -- INSTANT -- MOTION -- darting for the door. Olivia trails -- racing down the HALL towards Alice's room --

The door is locked! Rich jiggles the handle.

RICH
ALICE! OPEN THE DOOR! ALICE!

Rich rearing back -- coming in hard now and -- SMASH! Hinges and splitters of wood, scatter. Rich comes flying into --

ALICE'S BEDROOM

Light illuminates Alice. She is terrified, sitting bolt upright in bed. Rich's eyes go immediately to the dancing curtains. He freezes -- absolutely numb -- because there --

ON the dresser -- and here it is -- rests a bottle of vaginal lubrication similar to the crime scene.

Rich stumbles a bit. Acid bile collects in his throat. He's nauseated. Olivia is hysterical. RICH IS MOVING. Olivia is cradling Alice. She trails Rich down the hall into their --

BEDROOM

Where Rich snatches his duty PISTOL.

OLIVIA

Rich! Stop it! You're scaring me.

Rich studies the weapon, then arrives at a better solution. He swings open the closet door. He rummages in a trunk, coming up with a 'throwaway' REVOLVER. That's better.

RICH

I know who did this!

Olivia with pleading eyes to Rich's guilt-bitten ones.

OLIVIA

No! Not like this!

(grabbing Rich)

Stop! Do you hear me? Whatever is going on you're not going to accomplish anything in your present state except to worsen matters. Now calm down. Please. Wait until tomorrow. Please, Rich.

Rich tosses the gun. Closes his eyes. Purses his lips together. A long steady silence. Rich cradles Alice recording Olivia's anxiety and fears.

RICH

Did he hurt you? Did he touch you?

ALICE

I heard my - window open - and then this person - was in my room. I screamed and they left.

RICH

I'm calling Sausalito P.D.

ON Olivia, pure horror erupting in her face.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. CAYNE HOUSE - WEDNESDAY -- EARLY MORNING

Pre dawn. Vampire morning. It is very, very quiet. Olivia is watching from the window, Rich speed away in his sedan.

E/I. HIGHWAY/RICH'S SEDAN -- EARLY MORNING

Gorgeous sunrise. We follow Rich's sedan. Rich, wearing his game face, is motoring down a winding road. Driving very fast, passing other cars on the twisting road.

EXT. CHRISTOPHER'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Rich's sedan shutters to a halt. Rich emerges. Then he pauses. Because there is Christopher, decked in fatigues. He is climbing into a stunning 1958 AC Ace roadster.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - MOMENTS LATER

Rich begins to turn his sedan away gently from the curbstone.

Ace pulls out and turns down a side street. Through the windshield of Rich's sedan we see the Ace moving ahead. The speed is casual. Ace lumbers up to a traffic light. Stops behind several vehicles.

Christopher checks the rear-view mirror. Ace makes a few turns. Rich anxiously looking ahead, fearing he might lose Christopher.

Suddenly, Ace speeds up. It is going down a steep, downhill street. Sedan is traveling down the slope toward the jutting point of old Fort Scott.

As the Ace crests the next street, Christopher RAMS the stick shift into gear. Ace ACCELERATES. Sedan roars to life. Rich sees ACE speeding toward the intersection, just as the light changes to red. Rich floors it with a burst of speed, SCREAMING through the red light.

INT. ACE - CHASE SCENE - MORNING

Christopher spots Rich's sedan in his rearview mirror. He knows he's being pursued.

EXT. TWO-LANE MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Winding, panoramic highway spangled with rocky outcroppings and green cypress trees. Ace ROARS into view, passing cars very fast. Eighty yards behind, the sedan appears fast over the hill.

Rich whips wildly, cutting in and out of traffic. He attempts to pass -- lookout -- Range Rover head-on. Close call. Rich accelerates. Christopher's ACE is slowly escaping Rich's large sedan --

By this time, the Sedan eases to a stop. Rich slams the wheel, pissed. He takes in his surroundings, noticing muddy tire tracks coming onto the highway. Now --

EXT. FOREST DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The sedan rumbles into woodland. Passing a BANNER: 'A BETTER TOMORROW.' Rich's antennae goes up. Cranks down the window. Sound breaks through first, sound of distant GUNFIRE. Rich's viewpoint a SENTRY speaking on a walkie-talkie.

EXT. SURVIVAL CAMP/OBSTACLE COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Sedan glides into a clear area dotted with cabins, solar panels, water purification systems. Eases to stop behind the ACE. Rich exits the sedan. His eyes settle on two MEN trap shooting. TARGET soars into the air. Machine gun spits out a volley of shots. When right then, Rich hears...

CHRISTOPHER (O/S)
Peek-a-boo, Mister Stalk-er.

Rich draws his pistol. Demon-eyed and wired, his face contorts seeing Christopher -- wearing a freaky, colorful MASK. Rich tackles Christopher. They hit the ground, hard.

RICH
You sonofabitch! My fucking home!

Rolling in dirt. It's difficult to determine who is getting who. Christopher staggers to his feet.

RICH
Game's over... dickhead.

Rich grabs Christopher in a headlock. Christopher is struggling to free himself. He can't breathe. Christopher punches Rich in the groin. Rich doubles over. Both men are bent over gasping for breath.

CHRISTOPHER
I didn't break into your home!

Rich grits his teeth, vicious. Stares a moment in defiance at Christopher, actually, believing him.

RICH
Then who did?

CHRISTOPHER
That's not my concern -- you are. See, I pinpointed your soft spot and today it is accompanied by a naughty tale with a stimulating and demeaning plot line.

RICH
Yeah, what's that?

CHRISTOPHER
Imagine a brilliant detective
arrives at a future rape scene
where some forensic yo-yo stalks up
and advises, "Inspector, we have
found your family juices inside the
victim."

It hangs there. Rich's eyes are open but seeing nothing,
absorbing the full force of the blast.

CHRISTOPHER
It's too delicious for words. You
can't sell me that would not demean
you. I know you're thinking, "all
I need is to locate the evidence."
The little test tube --

Rich is like a deranged monster. He lunges at Christopher,
violently chocking him. Slams Christopher's head into the
ground again and again and again. Christopher is on the
verge of passing out when we hear... RACK RACK.

That's the sound of a 12-GAUGE shotgun being cocked. The
barrel is pressed against Rich's temple. Rich looks up. His
is encircled by SURVIVALIST. Not grimy, bearded creatures,
but high-net-worth individuals brandishing top-notch
weaponry.

SURVIVALIST
Get off.

Rich stumbles to his feet. He collect his pistol, trudging
into his sedan when he catches Christopher's demented smirk.

RICH
Your world just got really small.

Smash. Survivalist breaks Rich's tail lamp with his weapon.

GO TO:

EXT. POLICE ANNEX -- LATE MORNING

Rich's sedan shutters to a stop. Rich exits in bewilderment.
With his worst fears realized, his muscles tense, and heart
slams around in his chest. He trudges inside the building.

INT. AN EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An EXAM comes into frame. Rich is in a room with twelve other MEN/WOMEN. He takes up a pencil. This is the last thing he needs.

CAPTAIN (O/S)

Begin.

Rich stares blankly at the test, irritated by his mistake.

EXT. INSPECTOR BUREAU -- NOON

Sun high in the sky. Rich's sedan shutters to a stop. Pete is there with a frown. Rich exits.

PETE

Hey. Know ya gotta busted lamp?

RICH

I got more problems than that.

PETE

I'd say. Candy-ass took out a restraining order against you.

Rich can't believe what he's hearing. He slumps back against the sedan, pondering the implications. Deflated.

PETE

Has a big gun attorney on retainer. Friend of the mayors. What the hell did'cha do to him?

We track with Rich and Pete striding toward the station.

RICH

Me? Jesus Christ! My entire life is spiraling out of control. This maggot! Pete, I thought the scumbag broke into my house! Into Alice's room! Someone left a bottle of lubrication in Alice's room -- in my daughter's room -- same from the scene! I confronted him earlier --

PETE

-- That where ya got the shiner?

RICH

Maybe I'm off my hinges but I believed him when he said he didn't do it. But, the more I thread things together I think he is our perp.

PETE

Have you toyed with the idea you might be getting tunnel vision? Remember the Holland's case?

RICH

I'm toying with a lot ideas right now: whack-job stalking me, my daughter's room broken into, and a pervert breaking into house...

PETE

Oh, and don't forget today's your anniversary.

RICH

God, that's right. I have dinner tonight. Look, if candy-ass didn't break into Alice's room, who did?

PETE

The sister.
(Rich waves off the idea)
Oh, I-I do have some happy news.

RICH

What's that?

PETE

We got a tip our perp may hit tonight.

RICH

What? How?

PETE

Good ole tip-line.

RICH

I've gotta run.

PETE

Whoa, where the hell are you going? We got a briefing.

RICH

I want you to ready the team.
Tonight I'm getting results.

PETE

How'd the exam go?

RICH

Just to warn ya things may start to
get a little rough.

Rich moves hastily toward his sedan, as Pete calls out:

PETE

Don't forget Olivia's gift!

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE -- DAY

We're in an office with walls littered with awards and degrees. We settle on a DR. HAZELWOOD, sixty, astute, rail thin, chain-smoker.

He is on a step ladder. His sunken eyes are fixed below on a large maze. To one side is a MOUSE. In the middle is a chunk of cheese. On the other side of the maze is a SNAKE.

DOCTOR HAZELWOOD

What I try to do is to take in all
the evidence and then put myself
mentally and emotionally in the
head of the offender. I call it
'homology,' an agreement between
character and action.

Rich lights a cigarette. Dr. Hazelwood's sunken eyes peer at a clock. He winds it. An annoying TICKING is heard throughout the scene.

RICH

I need you to paint a picture of
what we're dealing with.

DOCTOR HAZELWOOD

I don't recall having seen you
quite like this.

ON the maze. The mouse is searching for the cheese. The snake is stalking the mouse.

DOCTOR HAZELWOOD

The organized assailant is
intelligent and articulate.

(MORE)

DOCTOR HAZELWOOD (CONT'D)

He feels superior to those around him. The disorganized assailant --

RICH

Stick with 'organized.'

DOCTOR HAZELWOOD

The individual is able to function in social settings, however only on the surface. He may have women friends who he converses with but he'd feel very inadequate with a peer-group female. He would be heavily into masturbation. Sexual addiction is a syndrome in which some form of sexual behavior relates to and affects an individual's life.

RICH

Do these types stalk?

DOCTOR HAZELWOOD

Depends.

RICH

Theoretically. What makes someone stalk another person?

DOCTOR HAZELWOOD

There are an assortment of reasons. It depends on what motivates said individual. Most of them are looking for some semblance of a relationship in a life devoid of intimacy.

ON the maze. The mouse is drawing closer to the cheese. The snake rounds the corner. He can see the cheese.

RICH

Say an affluent sycophant with a deviant intellect.

DOCTOR HAZELWOOD

Caucasian male? Could we assume the victim was intimately involved?

RICH

Let's not.

DOCTOR HAZELWOOD

There are five categories which classifies stalkers, however the most common are: the intimacy seekers and the resentful. The first is an individual who pursues someone they have little, if any, relation in the mistaken belief they are loved, or inevitably will be loved, by the victim. Whereas, the resentful responds to a perceived insult or injury by actions aimed not just at revenge but also at vindication.

ON the maze. The mouse rounds the corner. He spots the cheese. The snake locks on the mouse.

DOCTOR HAZELWOOD

The stalking is the act of vengeance. Perhaps he sees you as a threat. They are sustained by an enormous sense of power and control over the victim. These types are difficult to treat because they often believe they are ones who are the victims. As for a person of means, those bearing the dreaded "trustafarian" tag experience issues of guilt, shame; most struggle with what to do with their lives. I predicate this is an orderly man. Cautious. Unmarried. Impeccably neat. Whip smart. He isn't mental, but crazy like a fox. When you catch him -- and I have no doubt you will -- he will be dressed in a Tweed blazer.

(Rich scoffs)

And it will be buttoned.

ON the maze. The mouse eats the cheese. The snake coils. He strikes. Begins devouring the mouse.

Off Rich's disturbed look, we fade to...

EXT. UPSCALE STORE -- AFTERNOON

Rich disappears inside the store. He exits moments later with a shopping bag. Meanwhile --

INT. OLIVIA'S LAW OFFICE - BATHROOM

Olivia is all but nude. She is slipping into a stunning evening gown, checking reflection in the mirror. Her mind is working, turning on something.

INT. INSPECTOR'S BUREAU - BRIEFING ROOM -- EVENING

Rich is standing at the end of a long table. He is going over operational details. Pete, Inspectors Red, Blue, White, Yellow, Orange, and two other COPS are taking notes. We get the sense this is a major operation and everything must run like a Swiss timepiece.

GO TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AVENUE -- NIGHT

Stormed-tossed sky. A flash of LIGHTNING SIZZLES. It's pissing rain. Rich races along, muttering to himself, dodging rain drops.

INT. UPSCALE SOIREE -- NIGHT

A party in full swing. Very smart, very sophisticated crowd. WAITERS come and go. We find Olivia and Debbie, speaking amongst a group of people.

DEBBIE

There. Bidding adieu to the mayor.
That's him.

Olivia's viewpoint Christopher striding toward the exit.

OLIVIA

Yeah, he is indeed attractive. In a very naughty way.

DEBBIE

Anyway, he threw this over-the-top birthday bash featuring cookies emblazoned with his portrait, dozen of 18th century footmen and a coterie in blackface posing as tribal African warriors. They were completely nude.

OLIVIA

Oh, my. Excuse me a sec.

Olivia threads her way through the crowd. She dabs Rich's frazzled, drenched and twisted face with a napkin.

OLIVIA

Where is your overcoat?

RICH

Jesus Christ I didn't know it was gonna rain.

OLIVIA

We live in San Fran, silly. I've been waiting all day for your call. Tell me, how did it go?

RICH

Don't wanna get into it.

OLIVIA

Stop. I'm certain you did better than you're giving yourself credit. Thank you for coming. You don't think we're bad parents, do you?

RICH

For the third time. No.

OLIVIA

I'm sorry, but, this whole thing still gives me the creeps.

RICH

I spoke with Al. She is fine. There's a patrol officer out front, one in back, plus Danielle's mother is there, too.

OLIVIA

I know, I've called twice --

RICH

She asked me to tell you to stop.

OLIVIA

Happy Anniversary. Come on. See Gary Boxer and his teeny-bobber new wife by the bar?

Faces -- some of them strangers. Some of them familiar from the conference room scene. Ad-libs from Olivia and Rich to guests as they stride toward Debbie. A GUEST says:

GUEST

Congratulations on making
'California's Top Ten Women
Lawyers' list.

OLIVIA

I keep saying they must have been
extremely desperate.

Rich's eyes operate on a woman. From his viewpoint he cannot get a clear look at her. She is turned slightly away from him, and when she does turn her head in his direction there always seems to be a waiter passing to block the view. Debbie strolls up.

DEBBIE

Looks as if one forget the cardinal
rule of living in this city.

Suddenly, Rich's face pales. He begins hyperventilating. Looks like he's been bludgeoned in the heart.

DEBBIE

Olivia and Rich, I'd like you to
meet my new friend, Justine Speyer.

Everything is silent as Debbie presents Justine. She is an exquisitely crafted work of art in a designer gown with wasp waist. She oozes sexuality. Rich is rooted. He struggles to pull himself into the moment, offering a wry, weak smile.

JUSTINE

Pleasure to meet you both. Seems
you should invest in an umbrella.

RICH

Yeah. It seems.

Olivia frowns at Rich's peculiar behavior.

DEBBIE

Justine owns an art gallery on
Geary. Her husband, Rolf is doing
some work with Walt. Where is he?

One emotion after another creeps into Justine's face. She keeps studying Rich. He won't look at her.

JUSTINE

If I know him, he is chatting up a
busty blonde. Debbie mentioned
you're meeting Trip Roxburghe.

DEBBIE

You're looking at not only our future D.A. but next justice on the 9th circuit court of appeals.

OLIVIA

Clearly, the Gin Mare is blurring your sensibility.

DEBBIE

Oh, there he is. Rolf. Over here.

Rolf scowls at the sight of Rich, who returns a cold stare.

OLIVIA

It's a pleasure meeting you.

DEBBIE

Rolf and Justine are the anonymous builders of the new children's cancer wing.

JUSTINE

We're also working with Stanford University on scientific studies how transfusions of blood. They are studying how plasma from a younger person can reverse aging. It's rather exciting ground breaking technology working with blood.

Justine and Rich's eyes are digging into each other. Rich is fidgeting child-like with his watch, consumed with hot whips of panic.

ROLF

What type of work are you in?

RICH

You know. Damndest thing --

DEBBIE

-- He's the city's top inspector, aka, next chief of police.

RICH

-- I think I left on my lights.

DEBBIE

Give a waiter a fifty and your keys.

RICH
It's my work car.

OLIVIA
We were leaving anyway.

DEBBIE
Tonight is the love-bug's
anniversary.

Olivia is about to speak when Rich grabs her by the elbow...

OLIVIA
Pleasure meeting you both. Debbie,
ring you tomorrow.

Rich has Olivia's hand leading her through the crowd.

OLIVIA
What is wrong with you?

RICH
I thought we weren't staying long.

OLIVIA
That gives you no right to be rude.

RICH
You should know when I'm hungry,
cranky and wet I'm not pleasant.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - CONTINUOUS

Rich and Olivia stride down the street. The rain has cleared. Olivia studies Rich's worried gaze. Then she stops, tugs at Rich's arm. He looks at her.

OLIVIA
Is there something you're hiding?

Rich cuts a sharp look. What? She returns a hard stare.

OLIVIA
Are you having an affair?

RICH
What?! Are you joking? I --

OLIVIA
Goodness, you are gullible these
days. But seriously, what's up
with you?

Right then Rich spots a business card under his sedan's wiper blade. He cocks his head, and snatches it. His pulse quickens as he reads: "Live each day as though it were your last, for it may BE." Rich rips the card into a million pieces, sending them fluttering to the ground.

COP
Hey! You pick that up or I'll
write you up!

Says a burly African COP on horseback. Rich swears under his breath, as he scurries to collect the paper. Off Olivia's smirk, as she climbs into the sedan...

EXT. AUDIFFRED BUILDING - SEDAN -- NIGHT

Rich's sedan eases to a stop in front of an 1889 three-story brick exterior, French-style job.

INT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Soft light caresses the bustling dining room littered with art nouveau sculptures. MAÎTRE D' escorts Rich and Olivia past GUESTS watching the activity in the exhibition kitchen.

MAÎTRE D'
Enjoy your meal.

Olivia and Rich, seated by a framed view of the Bay.

OLIVIA
I apologize for being dramatic.
You were behaving so oddly --

RICH
Not that it compares to the
significance of tonight but I-I
really need to be there.

OLIVIA
I understand. Besides, my body
feels like a soup of hormones that
makes me edgy and moody.

RICH
I've never wanted to nail a perp as
badly as I do this creep.

WAITER approaches.

WAITER
Good evening. May I...?

OLIVIA

Could you give us one moment,
please?

RICH

Any other night I'd let the team
handle it. I'll make it up to you.
I promise.

OLIVIA

Funny, I was already wondering if
we shouldn't take a rain check. My
mind is in a million places right
now, too. I'd like for us to savor
this evening; for it to be special
and currently, I believe those
sentiments are completely
inaccessible with all that is going
on and having transpired.

RICH

That's fine with me if we
reschedule. But first let's do
your gift.

OLIVIA

Me first --

RICH

-- You went first last time.

OLIVIA

Oh, no, pleazzee me first.

RICH

Fine. But just to let you know I
stayed under our fifty limit this
time.

OLIVIA

I sprung far over.

RICH

Come on, 'Livia!

OLIVIA

First, I have to share my office
good news. Today, Mr. Duncan in
front of all the partners,
announced yours truly lead council
on the Montgomery project. Isn't
that marvelous! I got it!

RICH

That is fantastic! Proud of you!
Congrats, honey.

OLIVIA

The faces of the other partners
were not so jubilant. Tom Phillips
almost had a stroke. Now for
something more exciting. Rich
Cayne. My sweet love. We are
going to have a baby!

The world is crazy blur around Rich. He blinks, stammers.

OLIVIA

What is it? I thought you would be
ecstatic.

RICH

I am, I am. It's wonderful.
Absolutely fantastic news!

Rich rises and embraces Olivia.

OLIVIA

Your expression says differently.
We talked about this. Right? Six
months ago, you pestered me daily
and now this is your reaction.

RICH

Please, stop. I am truly. It took
me by surprise is all. I'm
shocked. Come on, this is...

OLIVIA

Suppose that explains my lack of
friskiness lately.

RICH

When did you find out?

OLIVIA

Two nights ago so still early but
I figured what better time to tell
you.

RICH

Alice will be over the moon.

OLIVIA

She will be in heaven.

RICH
Remember her rocking Thad to sleep?

OLIVIA
Speaking of, there goes nine months
without it.

Waiter returns.

WAITER
Are we ready to order?

RICH
We're having a baby!

Off Rich's feigned smile, as we fade to:

VARIOUS QUICK SHOTS OF CHRISTOPHER --

- He is masturbating.
- Running shower. He is scrubbing his body with a loofah.
- Line of coke on a mirror. He snorts it with a sliver tube.
- Rubber-gloved hands unwrap a new pack of socks and white briefs. Two pair of briefs slipped on.
- Bottle of lubricant and two condoms placed inside a wrist pack (resembles a large watch). Cosmetic eyes.
- Out of the package comes a full WETSUIT, NeoSport Hi-Top Booties, Bibbed scuba hat and gloves.
- Black tracksuit unwrapped and slipped over the wetsuit.

PETE (V/O)
This talk host told how a stalker's
obsession grew into madness...

INT. OBSERVATION APARTMENT - STAKEOUT -- NIGHT

Heavy fog out the window. Bird's-eye view of Pacific Heights. Rich lowers his binoculars, and cuts a look to Pete, wearing NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

PETE
This lady was on a one-way ticket
to Looney Land... she had the
fingerprints of her husband's on
this knife and killed herself --
Hubby is laid up in the clink.

We are in a barren room with a table and chairs knocked up against the wall. It is dark except for a spill of light coming through the nearly-drawn curtains. Rich, riding the thrill of the hunt, clicks his walkie.

RICH
Everyone in positions?

Viewpoint through inferred binoculars: surveillance teams.

- Inspectors Blue & White are in an adjacent building.

- Inspectors Yellow & Orange are positioned on the street. Orange gives a thumbs up to three uniformed COPS inside an unmarked sedan. Meanwhile --

The door snaps open to Inspector Red with TACOS and COFFEE.

INSPECTOR RED
Get 'em while they're hot, fellas.

PETE
I ordered two chicken tacos.

INSPECTOR RED
I just heard the Raven hit again.

SNAPSHOT -- B/W PHOTO: dead man sprawled in a dim hallway.

BACK TO STAKEOUT

RICH
Where?

INSPECTOR RED
Bayview.

Meanwhile outside the window --

INT. DIMLY-LIT ALLEY -- LATE NIGHT

Tennis shoes are slipped off. We see scuba boots. An overcoat is tucked into a bag.

INT. OBSERVATION APARTMENT - STAKEOUT - CONTINUOUS

Pete is pacing. Rich is alert, prowling the window.

INSPECTOR RED
Skipper, is it me or does something seem off? Seems too neat.

PETE

I'm starting to have a bad feeling.
Maybe we should junk it.

RICH

No dice.

INSPECTOR BLUE (OVER WALKIE)

Boys and girls. Showtime.

Rich snatches his walkie-talkie --

RICH

I want him inside. Wait. Bust it!

AND RICH IS OUT THE DOOR -- Pete and Inspector Red knock over the table in a dizzying forward momentum slamming out the door --

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - CHASE -- LATE NIGHT

Rich hits the street flying. All teams scramble. Weapons appear in their hands.

EXT. BURGULARY MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Two-story 1920s job. Rich pushes through the courtyard, following along the stucco wall to a series of windows at the corner of the house.

Rich lowers his gun, very still, listening.

Suddenly, he hears footsteps from within the library. He snaps up his pistol, shinning his FLASHLIGHT through a window. For a second, we are blinded, then we see a FIGURE, stepping out the far window. Now --

Rich spins. SLAMS his knee on the concrete fence -- shit -- stumbles... flashlight dancing on Pete and Inspectors.

RICH

Check inside!

Inspectors Blue, White, Yellow disappear into the house -- as Rich, Inspector Red, Orange and Pete, give chase --

INT. STOCKTON TUNNEL - CHASE - CONTINUOUS

Sketchy characters lurk in the shadows. Rich barrels after the masked PERP twenty feet ahead of him, hauling ass. Pete takes a wrong turn down a dark tunnel, comes to a dead end.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - CHASE - FIRST LIGHT

Rich RUNNING -- pumping his arms, body straining -- down the block after the perp. Pete is five feet behind. Inspectors Red and Orange split off. Rich zips past a drunken COUPLE --

Into the street. A HORN BLARES -- CAR barely misses Rich. Perp zigzags across the street disappearing into --

INT. BUILDING - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Perp throws open the door. Rich is on his tail. Perp is tearing desperately up a stairway. Pete is scrambling up the stairs behind Rich. Perp bursts through a fire door -- ALARM rattles, growing louder -- now --

EXT. ROOFTOP CHASE -- DAWN

We see two figures in pursuit of one running over rooftops.

There is a short gap between rooftops with a drop below. Perp makes the leap successfully. Rich follows -- almost trips in taking off and is thrown off balance. He tries to recover, LANDS awkwardly on the adjacent roof, prone with a heavy impact that hurts. Pure adrenaline pushes himself up. Pete slams awkwardly next to him -- they look at each other.

In the distance SIRENS grow closer.

JUMP TO BELOW: Inspector Orange racing along, looking up, catching the perp's shadow against the purple sky. He is leaping from building to building --

BACK TO ROOFTOP: Rich has his pistol trained on the

Perp, frantically pacing on the edge of the roof, scanning for an escape. One misstep and he drops. Rich's eyes are alight. Sweat is rolling off his face.

The perps's eyes, behind his mask, they light with panic.

RICH

Looks like your world just got a
little smaller, dickhead.

Pete races up, breathing heavy. A quick panicked look between Rich and Pete. Pete trains his gun.

PETE

Get on the ground. Now!

Pete notices the perp's blue tracksuit. As Rich inches closer, the perp inches backwards; his shoes now teetering on the building's edge.

RICH

Go on. Take another step. Do the world a favor.

PERP

MAN, LEAVE ME ALONE!

Rich's face contorts. That voice. Rich lowers his pistol -- that's not Christopher. Rich extends his hand to the perp, and as he does -- the perp's foot slips -- he slips --

He's able to snatch the ledge. He is HANGING, dangling, eight stories high, white knuckling the ledge.

JUMP TO BELOW: Marked and unmarked police cars SCREECH to a stop. COPS swarm; flashlights trained on the dangling man overhead.

Dawn is spreading fire on the horizon.

BACK TO ROOFTOP: Rich's pistol drops to the roof with a thud. He hunches. Hand grips the edge of the guttering, straining to reach the perp with his other -- when -- the tiles beneath his heel begin to give, and he begins to slide.

It is this chain of events that cause the perp to go -- PLUMMETING OFF THE BUILDING -- twisting and spiraling....

ON Rich. He is now slipping. He barely catches the baroque corner of the roof, but still sliding closer toward the edge...

JUMP BELOW TO: the death-bitten perp sprawled on the ground. Inspectors stare at the mangled corpse. Police are cordoning off the area, blazing with flashing lights, police vehicles everywhere.

Inspector Orange's eyes find Pete easing Rich to safety.

SLAM TO:

SCOLDING FLAMES inside a 55-gallon drum. We see the socks, and wetsuit being tossed inside, incinerated.

Now everything goes very BLACK for a long beat.

INT. INSPECTOR'S BUREAU - THURSDAY -- LATE MORNING

It's now bright, broad daylight, so bright it hurts our eyes.

Rich enters. He has a three-day stubble, appears to have slept in his clothes. His lifeless, empty eyes catch officers in the Captain's enclosed office at the end of this big room. They look at him when they see him.

Pete is standing by the coffee machine. He shrugs.

BREAK ROOM

Pete and Rich are seated at a table. They are sipping coffee. Files and PHOTOS, one in particular, aka, black man whom Christopher spoke with, litter the table. *Chronicle's* headline: "Top-notch Inspector Chases Man To Death."

RICH

I got plowed.

PETE

We all did. By a boy with an "A" in B&E. This whole thing was a setup. Deceased was a decoy. Has a few hits. Currently on parole for disorderly and domestic; probably why he bolted. Get this: house was vacant, put on the market Monday. You're right: it's a game.

RICH

Which is why we can't play it by the book anymore.

PETE

Don't see we have much in the way of alternatives.

RICH

That's where you're mistaken. Here's what I wanna do: take Hickey Gonzales and --

PETE

-- Stop. You've lost perspective.

RICH

Go to this nut-job's house; work it. Hickey's been casing the joint since last night. He'll disable the alarm, cameras, once inside, he'll be my eyes while parked outside is a black and white to deter any overly inquisitive.

PETE

This displays pure desperation.

RICH

Who you want gettin' away with a crime -- this asshole or me?

PETE

Do I have to answer that?

There is a knock at the door. OFFICER peeks his head inside.

OFFICER

Sergeant, boss wants to see you.
Sarge, ya hear me?

RICH

You expect me to jump like some errand boy?

Officer rolls his eyes, and closes the door behind him.

RICH

After I've collected essential evidence a mock burglary occurs. Dicklick calls it in. We investigate taking a warrant and bingo -- ass is nailed.

PETE

It's ballsy, yes. But here's what I think: take this plan and spin on it. Pull yourself together now. You're letting your emotions get ahead of your training. With that said. Here. Called last night.

Pete sheepishly hands Rich a slip of folded paper from his pocket.

RICH

She say what she wanted?

PETE

I'd stop obsessing over this broad and get into the boss's office...

Rich is trudging out the door when Pete says:

PETE

Clean yourself up.

INT. BURGLARY CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Captain Tomasini is parked behind his desk. Rich enters. Captain just stares, then speaks in hushed tones.

CAPTAIN
Have a seat. Something to drink?

RICH
Scotch.

CAPTAIN
It's 10:00.

Plops into a chair across from the Captain's desk.

RICH
Explain to me why it's acceptable to have a Mimosa at 10 o'clock but if a guy wants a scotch he's a fuckin' drunk.

CAPTAIN
You look pathetic.

RICH
Funny, I feel fucking fabulous.

CAPTAIN
I got the test results. I can recall only two other incidents in my twenty-five years like this. Two applicants receiving the precise score. Today it was you and Holdsworth...

RICH
Holdsworth? Th' slapnut from Vice? What the hell does it mean?

CAPTAIN
The review board goes through your fitness reports, past reviews. We'll know tomorrow.

RICH
Oh, for God's sakes! I'm sick of fucking being tested!

CAPTAIN
There's one more matter.

RICH
I know, I know, last night was a
debacle.

CAPTAIN
Prelim report upholds your call.
There was one play and you made it.

RICH
You don't even know how fucked up a
situation I'm dealing with.

CAPTAIN
No need to let it disorder your
mind any longer.

Tomasini shrugs; *such are the way with these things.* ON
Rich, humiliated, defeated, pursued by phantoms.

RICH
Ah, come on! Just a few more days.
I'm about to nail the maggot!

CAPTAIN
Technically, you shouldn't had this
case from the onset.

RICH
Yeah, but I got it now. Call in
some markers.

CAPTAIN
I don't use markers.

RICH
Do something to help me.

CAPTAIN
I am. I'm taking you off the case.
I've seen bad things happen to good
cops when their eyes resemble
yours. Not certain if it's case
related or puzzles in your personal
life but I suggest squaring them.
When desperation seeps into your
case a good cop steps away.

RICH
This day just keeps getting better!

CAPTAIN
Cayne. Whatever problems you are
causing this Stipe fella, lay off.
That's comes directly from the top.

Rich explodes. He KICKS the filing cabinets, storming from the office, and down the hall under Pete's concerned watch.

EXT. CABLE CAR -- AFTERNOON

The historic symbol of city rumbles up a steep hill. Rich is leaning out the window. He seems to be looking for someone. The car eases to a stop. Justine steps aboard.

Rich holds her gaze for a long moment. Her hair is drawn back, and she is poured into a dropped-neck black dress wearing silk garter stockings. She slides next to Rich with smokey kind of sensuousness.

JUSTINE

Debbie said you were a fantastic guy. Relax. Discretion is my one admirable trait.

Rich's eyes skip from Justine's eyes to her neck, legs. She speaks in hushed tones, compelling Rich toward her.

JUSTINE

About the other day. You were the last person I expected to see at my door.

RICH

I was looking for answers.

JUSTINE

You were looking for my brother.

A LADY'S DOG watches the couple throughout.

JUSTINE

Is he in trouble?

RICH

Depends.

JUSTINE

I only accepted to meet because I care about Christopher's well being. I could not stand for anything to happen to him; he's experienced enough.

Justine wets her lips, leans close, offering Rich a peek of her ample cleavage.

RICH
I gotta know something. Why was I
the lucky one?

JUSTINE
I like sex with strange men.

RICH
But let me guess, I'm different.

JUSTINE
If it supports your case I've never
let my interludes draw blood.

Caressing the soft inside of her leg above her garter.

JUSTINE
Blood is sensuous... I've been
fascinated by its power of life
since I was a girl. So, yes,
detective, you are rather unique.

RICH
And what does your husband think?

JUSTINE
He enjoys watching.

RICH
Again, how did you pick me?

JUSTINE
Chris saw you on television and
believed I would appreciate you.
His intuitions are usually
accurate.

RICH
What's his deal?

JUSTINE
He's a tragic and confused soul.

RICH
That's a fucking understatement.

JUSTINE
Sometimes he prefers to watch,
other times, join.

RICH
Sounds like you live in a twisted
universe.

JUSTINE

It's always easy to judge others.

RICH

Tell me about him.

JUSTINE

Perhaps I have made a mistake.

RICH

If preventing some unsuspecting victim of falling prey to your brother's offensives, then maybe.

JUSTINE

We're kids of socially connected New York/London's inherited wealth. Our friends are not the children of doctors or lawyers, competitive, high achievers; they are kids of billionaires who owned their own islands. As we grew older most of us turned out loopy, out-of-touch and dysfunctional.

RICH

If you're searching for sympathy --

JUSTINE

-- See, the moneyed get a bad wrap. Because we socialize within our own cluster and seldom allow outsiders past our consciously erected barriers. Being an intelligent rich kid comes with guilt. Look at Woody and Jimmy Woodward. Someone once said: "Money is like a virus: once it has rotted the soul of the person who houses it, it sets off in search of new blood."

RICH

I asked about Christopher.

JUSTINE

What is it you're hoping to discover?

RICH

I'll know it when I hear it.

JUSTINE

The cards were stacked against Chris from the beginning.

(MORE)

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

When our parents moved us from New York to London... Chris had difficulty adjusting, which wasn't abnormal --

RICH

How old were you?

JUSTINE

I was ten, Chris was eight. He became despondent, argued with my parents... rebelled. Long story short, Chris met a man at local park who persuaded him back to his apartment. Things went bad. He, uh, raped Chris. Afterwards, he was traumatized. He withdrew into this shell of resentment and macabre thoughts; rarely spoke. My mother spent hours at his bedside reading 'Goodnight Moon.' After she died, he convinced himself he was infected with AIDS and was going to die, too. Celibate until his mid-twenties.

RICH

What happened to the perpetrator?

Their eyes digging into one another; lips inches apart.

JUSTINE

The monster almost got off but fortunately justice intervened. Combine that with my parents' passing... Since Chris was a child, he had eccentric tendencies -- suppose it's inherent; our entire family is disturbed. Hence, the reason I never chose to bring a child into this world. It seemed unholy. I had two abortions before having my tubes tied. Rolf still thinks I'm sterile. I couldn't stomach as a parent knowing my child's life would consist of popping enough pills to get through the day, and throwing money at a charity. But the real reason, the true reason, I never had children: I love Christopher too much.

This sends a shiver down Rich's spin.

RICH
What does he do?

JUSTINE
Supports various charities. Enjoys flying... more especially, skydiving; the one activity he and our father shared. As of recent, he purchased the Shamrock Hotel.

RICH
Isn't that being demolished?

JUSTINE
Until Chris paid three times its original value to remodel it after a Renaissance inspiration he saw in Siena, even adding a replica of Venice's Teatro La Fenice. Is he in trouble?

RICH
Let's say it's not good.

JUSTINE
Is there anything I can do?

RICH
Tell him to stop stalking me.

JUSTINE
I can't promise he will listen. You liked tasting my blood. I think it's more intimate than fucking because everyone can do that. Blood, though... to share the liquid of life with another creates a special bond.

Folding up the sleeve of her dress, she exposes her wrist.

JUSTINE
It's sensuous. The scent spurs our predatory nature...

These words are a soft caress. Rich just sits. His face entirely expressionless. Justine take her cross ring and makes a slight INCISION into her wrist. Rich's eyes widen at the trickle of blood dripping across Justine's moon tattoo.

JUSTINE
That arousal mixed with danger it's like when a prey defends itself in its final struggle.
(MORE)

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

The scent is ubiquitous sensual,
and the metallic taste...

Then Justine places one hand on the back of Rich's head, drawing his mouth to her wrist. Rich licks the blood; snipping the final thread of inhibition... He hungrily embraces Justine. She strokes his crotch -- when like that --

Rich's RINGING phone scares the hell out of him. He is jolted back to reality. Breathing hard, and heavy, he notices the lady dog staring at him. Rich rises.

RICH

I-I gotta get off here.

JUSTINE

Inspector. I like you.

Justine licks the blood from her lips, as Rich steps off the cable car in a ball of twisted emotions.

JAM TO:

E/I. CHRISTOPHER'S HOUSE/MISC ROOMS -- DAY

A surgical glove. Hand is slipped into it. Pulling back we see Rich is slowly turning the doorknob --

REVERSE TO: across the street, unbeknownst to Rich, Edgar is watching, filming his every move.

BACK TO: Rich entering the house to find HICKEY, Mexican, thirty, street smart. He is dressed in a "Power and Light" uniform; a TAT of a dagger on his left cheek.

HICKEY

Dude has a kick-ass system. Best I've seen. But with no electricity or batteries it ain't shit. That don't mean his GPS is off line.

RICH

What are saying?

HICKEY

He was pinged a signal and is footin' this way. Here in ten.

Hickey sets his stopwatch. We see 10:00 and counting. Suddenly, Rich receives a text. He reads it.

RICH
Shit, he's leaving the restaurant.
Keep an eye on the windows.

HICKEY
Whatcha ya lookin' for, anyway?

RICH
I'll know when I find it.

Now Rich is moving quickly --

-- flipping through stacks of papers.

-- sifting through drawers.

-- scouring the freezer for a test tube.

-- locating numerous 'Hotel Bar' matchbooks on the piano.

Rich is unsuccessful. He squints. Glides his hand over the silk wall-covering, and pushes -- Wa-la.

SECRET DOOR IN THE WALL

Rich enters to stairs descending a red checkered corridor, illuminated by vintage lights. He makes his way to the door at the far end of the hall, which appears should be have been locked, but is slightly ajar. He enters

SECRET CHAMBER

Lights flicker and illuminate awesome rides: vintage Vette, Aston Martin, Lotus; classic bikes. Rich's viewpoint in the corner, a SHIPPING CONTAINER. The door is ajar.

INSIDE SHIPPING CONTAINER

Rich's viewpoint the TV is looping porn. Boxes of surgical gloves. Police equipment. Weapons. Bottles of lubricant. Makeup. Packaged NeoSport Hi-Top Booties, Wetsuit. Over there is a key imprinting machine by a collection of safe doors, and residential alarm systems. BINGO. Then --

VOICE OVER RADIO
We got company.

RICH
(into walkie)
On my way.

Rich is pulling at his hair -- has to locate that damn tube!

VOICE OVER RADIO
Double-time.

Rich studies the 55-gallon drum with two high velocity incendiary blowers and smoke pump that we saw earlier. Then he registers something that gives him a chilling satisfaction. Rich inspects the unseen item --

TIME DRIPS TO

Rich is rolling the 55-gallon drum into place when he SLICES the hell out of his thumb.

RICH
FUCK!

Droplets of BLOOD pepper the floor. Rich scours his pocket for a tissue.

VOICE OVER RADIO
Get out!

Rich is on his knees, frantically mopping blood with his jacket. He is up. Shooting from the container, sprinting up the corridor, wiping streams of sweat from his face --

VOICE OVER RADIO
You have five seconds.

With heaving lungs, Rich reaches the front door --

VOICE OVER RADIO
Go left! Go left!

Rich is out the door sprinting left; hyperventilating.

EXT. HOT DOG STAND - LATER

ON Pete. He is holding a hot dog in one hand, cleaning mustard from his shirt with the other. Rich walks up. Hands Pete a NOTE. Pete reads: "Let's raise the ante and see if you are up to it."

PETE
Where'd you get this?

RICH
My fucking car window -- that was parked down from his house.

PETE

Eh. Now you've gone and done it.

RICH

What can you make out of it?

PETE

Reads like a threat. You got blood on your mouth.

RICH

I don't buy it.

PETE

That's the genius of a madman. They never are what they seem. Or, he plans to expose you to Olivia. You have told her, right?

RICH

It ain't that easy to tell your wife you fucked another broad.

PETE

If I were in your Hushpuppies I'd start singing ASAFP. No doubt it's gonna thump her hard but hearing it from some perv worsens the blow.

RICH

Talk about a blow received one last night: she's pregnant.

PETE

YAWZA. Didn't see that coming.

RICH

Makes two of us.

PETE

Congratulations, pops! Let me give you a serious piece of advice: tell her. I'd get to her office.

RICH

She's in court all day.

PETE

Meet her on the steps. If this jackass gets the one up on you I'd rather drink turpentine and piss on a brush fire than deal with Olivia. Off the record you get anything?

RICH
He's for sure our perp.

PETE
So, you found something?

RICH
Enough to bust the bastard.

PETE
Let me get this straight: candy-ass
is not only stalking you but our
'Gentle Rapist.' What's his
motive?

RICH
Thrill. Fucked up childhood.
Speaking of, give Reagan over at
homicide a ring.

PETE
He's on vacation. Marcinko's
acting C.O. Why?

RICH
Candy-ass was raped as a child.

PETE
Pieces finally fitting together.

RICH
Check on the deceased in the Raven
case if they were both pedis.

PETE
Now you're adding killer to the
list? All right. What angle are
ya gonna play the house rummage and
discovered evidence?

RICH
I'm worried this could get nasty.

PETE
For who?

RICH
For me, you fucking moron.

PETE
How much more displeasing can
things get?

RICH
He could implicate me.

PETE
What the fuck are you sayin'?

RICH
I'm saying the maggot has my sperm.

Pete chokes on his hot dog. His eyes dig into Rich.

RICH
The sonofabitch got it that night.

And it hangs there a nasty beat. Pete's eyes roll back in his head with disgust.

RICH
He threatened to implant it into the next vic if I move to collar.

PETE
Mu-ther-fuck-er. This bastard is major league good.

RICH
Must have it stashed somewhere.

PETE
Now the fog is clearing.

RICH
Pete, I've got to find it.

PETE
This is what they mean by being caught with your pants down.

RICH
My one indulgence of infidelity and I'm the 1% who gets busted.

PETE
I'd say you're more than busted.

RICH
I'm trying to figure out how this thing ends.

PETE
Like an elevator straight to the gallows.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

Now's probably not the best time to tell ya, but, I'm putting in my resignation next week.

Rich sighs, saddened.

PETE

I'd like to challenge Doris for custody of the boys. Only way to do that is have a solid 9-to-5 job with weekends free.

RICH

Corporate security?

PETE

Roche made me an offer.

RICH

You're not a 9-to-5er --

PETE

When those boys left it ripped me. I don't sleep at nights. I'm inept of having a relationship -- mystery gal left... I spend my evenings and weekends in toy stores and at the park thinking of them.

RICH

Didn't realize it was that bad.

PETE

It's beyond bad. I'm a bounced up mess. Olivia connected me with a killer divorce lawyer at Dentons. He charges an astronomical amount but they say he's the best.

RICH

Anyway I can help I'm here.

PETE

Seems you better square your matter first, partner.

FADE TO:

INT. INSPECTOR'S BUREAU -- NIGHT

Rich hangs up the phone. He sits alone in a sea of empty desks, lit only by a solitary lamp. Inside, he is gearing up.

Consulting the matchbook he retrieved from Christopher's house, Rich stalks out the office, decisive, strong, and undefeated.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO -- NIGHT

A veil of dark red clouds bleed across the sky. Blue city lights twinkle. A figures move past Rich teetering on the curb, pondering, as we hear...

INT. HOTEL BAR -- NIGHT

The tinkling of ivories. We're in a classy, dark wooded saloon. Hidden behind the sheet music is a PIANO MAN in a formal jacket and tie. Joint is half full. At the end of the bar, Rich takes a short sip of whisky. He tosses his cigarettes atop the bar and looks about.

The BARTENDER stops what he is doing and looks at Rich.

BARTENDER
Can't smoke in here.

Rich cuts him a cold glare. He sees a couple at a corner table. They are heard laughing. The woman is hidden behind a menu she is reading. Rich gives a long suspicious look at the man. Suddenly, recognition settles.

The man is Edgar. He looks vastly different from earlier. He is now wearing a tailored suit sans glasses. As Rich's mind starts to work, he's hit with another shock -- the woman is Justine.

Rich now tucks himself around the bar, slightly out of view, struggling to comprehend what the hell is going on. Edgar rises. Kisses Justine's cheek and leaves the bar, just as Debbie enters from the outside door.

Rich is struggling to piece things together. He downs his drink, orders another eyeing Debbie tuck into the booth with Justine. The two of them are all smiles and giggles.

And just when Rich believes things couldn't become more insane... the piano player rises.

From Rich's viewpoint it is Christopher.

Rich belts down the last of his drink, gets up, walks out.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO -- NIGHT

A heavy fog has rolled in. Christopher, Justine and Debbie exit the Hotel Bar in laughter. They move down one of those blocks that have been completely lost. There is the faint flicker of a neon sign in the distance.

Rich is tailing them, weaving in and out of shadows -- when -- suddenly out of the shadows -- emerges a deranged OLD WOMAN.

She scares the hell out of Rich. She is muttering in Hungarian. Rich staggers off in the wake of the trio. Rich tucks into a shadowed doorway.

The trio enter a heavy wrought-iron door under a pink glowing sign: 'Climate Theater.'

INT. CLIMATE THEATER - DIMLY-LIT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Rich stalks to the door. He is looking down a long corridor lit by candles. Music thuds. A dark, looming FIGURE in a black leather overcoat and leather cap takes a look at Rich. He slides open the door latch. Rich enters the corridor. The music grows louder as Rich nears a door, padding into...

INT. ABANDONED FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Ambient music. Flickering torches. Eclectic PEOPLE buzz about in every kind of costume; some nude. There's a dance floor, dungeon and themed rooms off the main parlor. SOMEONE hands Rich a CARD: "There is a surprise around each and every corner."

Rich doesn't see the trio. He threads through Goth/Vamp GIRLS drifting along a shadowy corridor. He stops at a closet. A faintly-burning bulb illuminates three people. The girl has a vial of something near her face. She sees Rich watching her. She whispers something to another girl, who pushes Rich away from the door.

Rich pads past a LOCKER ROOM where a nude WOMAN deposits her clothes into an orange locker.

Rich glances COFFINS overflowing with bottles of Crystal Champagne, as he enters the EMBALMING ROOM to a mass of naked dancing bodies encircled by gold crosses and gigantic burning Alter candles. Atop an embalming table, a nude GIRL pours Champagne over herself while another laps it off. Rich can't help but to be aroused, as he enters

MAIN ROOM

where an erotic OPERA SINGER performs with a DJ. Right then Rich's eyes locate Justine. She is now poured into a red velvet dress with black knee-high leather boots. She is dancing with Debbie.

Rich's attention is drawn to a corner where two girls spank one another. The whip comes down, hard on her buttocks. She quivers with pleasure.

Suddenly, someone grabs Rich's hair from behind. He spins around almost drawing his pistol. It is Justine. They look at each other. Rich notices Debbie has left, and grabs the back of Justine's neck and kisses her hungrily. Justine recoils. She shrugs Debbie is coming. Rich retreats into

DANCE ROOM

Pulsing with Japanese Goth girls. Rich makes his way through the press of bodies. Then he stops. Because before him is -- Christopher, dancing like a wild man.

Rich cannot get a clear look at Christopher's partner. She is turned slightly away. Inching closer, Rich still cannot get an unobstructed view of her face. He pushes forward -- and that's when he reels. This is a man who has seen everything but nothing has prepared him for this.

Rich's viewpoint is Helen Ward, the 'rape victim' from the top of the story.

Rich begins piecing the case together:

- Helen's calm face at the crime scene.
- Locker room. Gloved hands rummages through her personal belongings. A clay impression is made of her house key.
- Helen and Keith asleep in their bedroom - the door opens to a shadowy figure clad in black. He is startled to see Keith asleep. He stalks directly to Keith's side of the bed and snaps a rifle to his shoulder. POOF! A NET shoots out. The figure jerks the gun backwards, tightening the rope around the victim.
- The figure pounces on Helen, securing her hands over her head, covering her mouth with his. He opens Helen's legs, saturating her vagina with lubrication. Then the figure rapes her but not with his penis, with a dildo.
- Helen struggles. She fights with escalating excitement. Helen climaxes.

The figure moves off her and straight to the safe where a packet of CASH and JEWELS await. The figure snatches them. Retrieving the rifle, he flips a switch, recoiling the net into the gun, and is gone.

- Keith and Helen argue. Keith was supposed to be out of town. Helen pleads not to ring the cops.

BACK ON RICH: He stiffens and quivers with anger. It-was-a-game. A Goddamn game. Rich is in full panic to flee.

Suddenly, Rich is encircled by erotic NURSES in habits with black mascara streaming down their faces. Now NUNS in corsets, their outstretched arm carrying BLACK ROSES, begin to taunt Rich. He pushes his way through the women as they tug at his clothes.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO -- NIGHT

Rich explodes onto the darkened street. His shock is now mixed with anger, as we hear VOICES. They are LAUGHING. Coming in from a big night out. Rich is leaning over, hands resting on his knees -- when -- suddenly --

A MAN topples Rich like a pine. He begins to pound Rich. Rich drops to the ground, folding in a fetal position. Man slams his boot into Rich's stomach with a nerving laugh.

FADE TO BLACK:

E/I. RICH'S SEDAN - HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sedan eases to a stop. Things are quiet, still. Rich's face is swollen and caked with blood. He stalks forward, glancing at Alice's playhouse. He looks like a piñata with his insides spilling out. His hand settles on the doorknob.

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rich enters to darkness. There is a breeze from the open terrace windows. He discovers Olivia asleep in a chair. She awakens, and throws open the comforter to her nakedness.

OLIVIA

Oh-my-God! Are you okay?

Olivia is frightened. She searches Rich's face. He cinches tight the comforter around her shoulders. Olivia is exposed, vulnerable. She moves to an unseen sofa, dressing. Rich sinks onto a settee with sorrowful, empty eyes, and begins to confess.

TIME DRIPS TO

Olivia is disturbed. She drops to her knees with an anguished sob. Rich tries to comfort her. She withdraws darkly into herself. Off Rich slinking from the room.

EXT. SUNRISE

Beautiful golden. Shrimp boats on shimmering waters.

INT. CHRISTOPHER'S HOUSE - WALK-IN CLOSET -- MORNING

Christopher is in silk boxers listening to *Nessun Dorma* opera. He gives himself a once over in the mirror...

INT. CHRISTOPHER'S SECRET COMPARTMENT

Italian leather shoes come into view. Pulling back, Christopher is dressed like an aristocrat. He disappears into the SHIPPING CONTAINER, as we jump to...

INT. CAYNE HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

Rich. It is apparent he slept in his clothes. He pours a cup of java and slumps against the counter. Olivia enters. She cuts Rich a hard look. Here are two people who no longer know how to act around each other. Their awkward silence is broken by Alice. Rich cradles her.

ALICE

I got an "A" on my spelling test!

RICH

That's fantastic, bumblebee!

Rich looks at Olivia with the saddest eyes.

OLIVIA

Al, honey. Eat. We have to go.

ALICE

What are you two fighting about?

RICH

Nobody is fighting.

Rich kisses Alice, padding to the door. Rich stalks toward his sedan, as Olivia slams the door behind him -- whack!

EXT. SHAMROCK HOTEL/CONSTRUCTION SITE -- LATE MORNING

We are looking at a thirty-story job with a crane perched atop. Front-end loader WHIZZES past WORKERS. Christopher is speaking with a CONTRACTOR when suddenly his face contorts.

Christopher's viewpoint Rich's sedan. High noon. Rich climbs out utterly composed. Christopher spots him, and dashes into the hotel. Rich pursues.

INT. SHAMROCK HOTEL CORRIDOR/ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Darkness. The corridor is entombed with shadows. Christopher stalks forward. We hear more footsteps. Rich is not far behind. Where are we? For an instant things go pitch black. Then -- ROWS OF BUTTONS ON A PANEL are illuminated. Rich presses 'roof' button. We hear the WHIRRING of an old elevator. Car engages with a sharp jolt.

The car shutters to a stop. The doors slide open to Rich. His pistol is gripped loosely at his side.

SHAMROCK HOTEL HALL

Rich looks along the hall. Quiet, empty, sinister. We hear Christopher's footsteps racing toward the exit at the far end. Glancing back, Christopher sees Rich in pursuit --

Christopher and Rich enter a narrow, miserable STAIRWELL almost devoid of light and air. Christopher races up the steps, and explodes through the fire escape door.

Rich is now through the door...

EXT. SHAMROCK ROOFTOP -- DAY

Rich bursts onto the roof seeing Christopher at the edge. Rich extends his pistol. There is a light wind. It appears Rich is going to blow Christopher's head off.

CHRISTOPHER

So how is this going to work?

RICH

Depends on you.

CHRISTOPHER

Forced and illegal entry by an officer of the law certainly makes one question the rules.

Rich is creeping forward. Christopher is retreating; his desperations painfully clear.

RICH

You mean evidence only a perverted, deranged maniac would possess. I'm actually beginning to see now you truly are a nut job A-grade. Ya almost had me. I was perplexed how you pulled it off. It wasn't until last night the Crayons fit neatly into the box. Amateur move.

CHRISTOPHER

While it may appear so on the surface, underneath it was pure calculation. See what you fail to realize is --

RICH

-- No, I got it. They wives wanted it. And your twisted little game would have remained between consenting parties but a hubby or two notified the po-lice leaving the wives in a vulnerable position. Were you not expecting that or did it only escalate the thrill?

Rich notices Christopher's TWEED blazer is buttoned.

CHRISTOPHER

We've been a busy boy, haven't we now? Let's look at what you have. What facts are on the table.

RICH

Suppose the way I'll play it is have the D.A. file charges against the ladies for knowingly and intentionally providing false statements. Their attorneys will file a plea, meaning more than likely you'll be charged with two counts of nighttime burglary in the first with intent to commit theft.

CHRISTOPHER

But what you've overlooked is I technically didn't break any laws. The ladies weren't hurt. You have no evidence I was in either Helen's or Karen Black's house.

(MORE)

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

The money donated to charity. I had a key. Seems you need more to work with.

Holding up a plastic bag. Christopher squints.

RICH

Look closer. You don't recognize it? My friend, it's a strain of hair. Yours. Forensics retrieved it last night from Helen's dress. See after your boy did the Mambo across my skull I had Sexual Assaults await Helen's arrival. This places your ass inside her home. You see, although Helen may have money at her disposal, the dough isn't hers -- and Keith being well counseled had an airtight prenup drawn up -- Helen receives nada for infidelity and this my friend falls smack center into that category. She'll turn on you like a cornered cat -- they all will. What's the matter? Scared? Listen tight, today is your lucky day.

CHRISTOPHER

How do you figure?

RICH

Even exchange and you walk.

CHRISTOPHER

While the gesture is tantalizing I decline. See, I too, am clever.

Christopher unbuttons his jacket, and withdraws his iPhone.

CHRISTOPHER

Hit 'play.'

ON THE VIDEO Rich and Hickey entering Christopher's house.

Rich's face goes ashen. Christopher is grinning. Rich lunges at Christopher. He wraps him in a chock-hold. Christopher squeezes his head loose from Rich's grip.

Christopher sheds his jacket. We glimpse his PARACHUTE. Rich's eyes widen at Christopher now twittering on the building's edge. Rich trains his pistol on Christopher.

RICH

Ya can come along nicely or not at all. But the game is over.

CHRISTOPHER

I'll say when it's done.

RICH

Trust me, the next step will not lead to a happy conclusion.

CHRISTOPHER

Do you seriously expect me to buy that you will shoot me? Tsk. A rapist now people would purchase, but capping an unarmed man in the back. Never sell.

RICH

But killing a serial murder the public would buy that.

CHRISTOPHER

I haven't a clue what you mean.

RICH

Come, on, toots. The whacked pedophiles. Sounds like a revengeful victim.

CHRISTOPHER

Good try. But that's not me.

RICH

Last chance for an equal swap.

CHRISTOPHER

I'd rather roll the dice that your mojo is more valuable than a hair sample. See you Dick.

And on that -- Christopher spreads his arms like he's going to fly -- PUSHES OFF THE GODDAMN ROOF.

RICH

"Live each day as though it were your last, for it may be."

ON Rich, his gun hanging loosely at his side, as a weird sense of peace descends up him watching Christopher.

JUMP BACK TO:

INT. CHRISTOPHER'S SECRET COMPARTMENT

Rich spots something that gives him a chilling satisfaction. It is the PARACHUTE. He surgically severs two cords.

RETURN TO:

Christopher's parachute is beginning to malfunction. His altitude is dropping, heading directly for the frigid waters of the Bay. Tumbling end-over-end...

ON Rich looking like the proper iconic hero. His phone rings. It startles him. He answers it.

RICH/PHONE

Pete. What's that? Finally. Some news that's good.

A slight smile begins to play on Lieutenant Rich Cayne's face...

POLICE RADIO (V/O)

He probably hit the water at some eighty-six miles an hour.

EXT. CAYNE HOUSE - DECK - ONE WEEK LATER -- AFTERNOON

Alice is chasing THAD (4) and PETER (7) around the yard, as Rich, Pete and Olivia are on a sofa. They are sipping cocktails, and chilling.

RICH

Stanley was my uncle's name.

PETE

Come on, the kid'll be beat up.

OLIVIA

His name will be Bronson.

The radio announces: "The Raven killer has struck again. Sources report the victims had a history of child molestation..."

SNAPSHOT -- B/W PHOTO: dead man curled in a bathtub.

RESUME TO PRESENT

Rich replays Justine's words: "The monster almost got away but fortunately justice intervened." Making him wonder: Could she be the Raven?

Rich is jolted by the RINGING PHONE.

He goes uneasy, picking up the receiver.

RICH

Hello.

Off the ominous sound of CLICK. A sharp spasm of terror
races through Rich, as we

FADE OUT:

THE END