

THE JURY MUST DIE

by

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INT. PRISON LAUNDRY ROOM - ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO
(BLACK-AND-WHITE or LIGHT COLOR to indicate the past)

A young male inmate is beaten and "raped" by several other inmates. The victim's face is bloody and puffed up, largely unrecognizable, except for the fact that he is young, around twenty. The victim pleads with his assailants to stop, but his pleas go unheeded. His cries FADE OUT, as though into a distant past.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY, CENTRAL PARK - TODAY - MOVING SHOT - DAY

(New York City will be used as this story's central location, but just about any city around the world would be suitable. And, of course, any park would do too.)

In stylish jogging outfits, GRACE RICHARDS and PAULA MANNING, close friends and both fairly attractive women in their low thirties, jog through a beaten path. As Grace swings a dog leash, TIGER, her chihuahua, wearing a red bow, trails behind them.

Grace, a somewhat serious, down-to-earth type, keeps glancing

with disbelief at Paula's rather unusual hairdo; Paula's hair is almost a foot high and has yellow and green streaks. It's obvious Paula is either a bold, experimenting hairstylist or a run-of-the-mill musician. To Paula, however, who is more of the wacky, witty type, her hairdo is just another part of her persona.

GRACE

One of these days I'm gonna trip on something.

PAULA

Like it?

GRACE

(politely)

It's nice.

(pause)

How does Scott like it?

PAULA

He says it reminds him of a parakeet he once had when he was a kid.

Grace laughs.

PAULA

I told him his artistic sense reminds me of
pigeon poop.

Several SHOTS of their surroundings as they jog: trees, birds,
squirrels and other joggers.

PAULA

So what's going on with you and Nick?

GRACE

I finally told him; it's now or never.

PAULA

And?

GRACE

And ... he was stunned. Just stunned. I
said, after six months, I want to know where
we stand.

PAULA

(excited)

Yes!

GRACE

(smiles)

How's the food at the "The Lantern?"

PAULA

Wow ... "The Lantern." What if he pops ...

They wave to a passing jogger.

GRACE

... I don't know, Paula. The only thing he's
ever popped were shirt buttons.

Stopping at a fountain, Grace leashes and ties down Tiger. After
giving him water from a paper cup she took from her pocket, Grace
and Paula drink from the fountain.

PAULA

(out of breath, pointing to
Tiger)

I hope this isn't too much for him.

GRACE

Oh no, he loves it.

They sit down to rest.

INT. 'THE LANTERN,' AN EXCLUSIVE, PLUSH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

NICK and Grace sit at an intimate table in this plush, dimly lit restaurant, as the waiter serves entrees.

Nick looks a little nervous; Grace looks somewhat excited.

NICK

(after clearing his throat once
or twice)

Look ... I've ... I've been meaning to ...

(pause)

... well, it's not that I don't want to ...

(thinks for a second)

... oh, how do I say this?

GRACE

Try complete sentences.

NICK

(takes out a picture and hands it
to Grace)

Here.

GRACE

(her expression turns to one of
horror as she looks at the
picture)

Nick ... what's this?

NICK

Grace, that's ... that's my wife and kid.

GRACE

(stunned)

Nick, this is a joke, right?

NICK

Look, I wanted to tell you ...

GRACE

(loud and furious)

... you wanted to tell me? When? After
another six months?

NICK

Grace ... I love you. I just need a little more time to work this out.

GRACE

(gets up in a rage, holding back tears)

You bastard! You didn't have the decency or the guts to tell me you were married?!

She spills a plate of cooked vegetables over his head and storms out. The entire restaurant stops and stares.

EXT. GRACE'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Stepping out of a cab, Grace rushes past SAL, a cop on the beat.

SAL

Have a good night, Grace.

Too upset to even slow down, Grace manages to eke out a polite, "Goodnight."

Sal looks puzzled.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

Grace rushes into her apartment, drops down on her bed and cries. Tiger jumps up on top of her and licks her face.

KITCHEN - MORNING

Dressed in business-like attire, Grace slams the phone down angrily. As she pours herself a coffee, the DOORBELL RINGS. In a slow, cheerless manner, she lets in Paula.

PAULA

(with concern)

I just had to drop by before work. Are you okay?

GRACE

(lacklusterly)

Yea, I'm okay.

(pause)

He just called. I listened for a minute, like I give a damn, then slammed the phone

down.

PAULA

Why didn't you call?

GRACE

(leading Paula into the kitchen)

It was too late.

PAULA

You should've called.

Paula pours herself a coffee.

GRACE

(sits down)

(lost in thought)

What a fool I was.

PAULA

Grace, don't torture yourself. He's not worth it.

GRACE

He had those damn locked closets. And I, like a fool, believed they were important records and documents.

PAULA

Grace, the guy's a creep.

GRACE

(with anger)

I should've just ripped the closets open when he went on one of those damn business trips. I would've known months ago.

PAULA

Grace, before you know it, you'll meet another guy ... a nice guy ... and you'll forget Nick ever existed.

GRACE

Those damn closets were full of his wife's stuff. She moved out to be closer to work.

PAULA

Right. And you're gonna tell they weren't having problems?

GRACE

Well, that's what he ...

PAULA

... Grace, listen to yourself. What he says means nothing. If she moved out, they were having problems. He lost his wife, and now he lost you too.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

GRACE

Oh, that must be Arnold Sullivan ... a new client.

PAULA

Good, you have to get your mind off this.
(rinses her cup)
Promise you'll call after work.

They head for the front door.

GRACE

Promise.
(forces a smile)
Hey, thanks for stopping by.

They kiss, then open the door. ARNOLD SULLIVAN, a well-dressed man in his sixties, stands outside, holding a thick folder of papers.

GRACE

(shaking Sullivan's hand)
Good morning, Mr. Sullivan. Please, come in.

SULLIVAN

Good morning, Miss Richards.

As Sullivan steps in, Paula rushes out.

PAULA

(shouts from down the hallway)
We'll go to the park.

GRACE

(shouts back)
Sounds good.

Grace leads Sullivan into a room in her apartment which is dedicated as an office.

OFFICE

Grace's office is fully equipped with all the standard office paraphernalia, including COMPUTER and PRINTER.

SULLIVAN

You come highly recommended, Miss Richards.

GRACE

Please, call me Grace.

(pulls up a chair for Sullivan)

You're insurance brokerage, right?

SULLIVAN

Yep. Don't ask why.

GRACE

I hear it's a good line.

SULLIVAN

The line's okay, it's the hours that kill me.

(hands Grace the folder)

And that's where you come in. I'm hoping you can give me a quicker turnover from raw data to report.

GRACE

(thumbs through a few pages)

Let me explain the process. After some error corrections, I feed the data into the computer. Overnight, all my day's entries get uploaded ... transmitted ... to my consultant. He processes the data, and within twenty-four hours you have your printouts.

SULLIVAN

(looks relieved)

Sounds too easy.

Grace calls SCOTT REIS, her consultant, around forty, who is Paula's boyfriend.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION WITH SCOTT, WHO IN HIS OFFICE

Scott's office is also a room in his apartment dedicated for business purposes.

GRACE

Scott, I'm demonstrating for a new client.
Can you set it up for a dry transmission?

SCOTT

Sure, give me a sec.
(starts up a program)
Shoot.

Grace starts up a program and goes through a series of menus. Portions of the screen start flashing, as several numbers in odometer-like fashion increase rapidly. In middle of the screen, a large message blinks: "TRANSMISSION IN PROGRESS."

Sullivan looks impressed.

During the following dialogue, the CAMERA PANS through SCOTT'S OFFICE. In addition to office and computer paraphernalia similar to those in Grace's office, one of Scott's shelves holds a six-inch ANTIQUE IVORY CARVING of a man on a horse.

SCOTT

(concerned)
Grace, how you holding up? Paula mentioned
...

GRACE

... I'm okay. Work's a diversion.

SCOTT

I'm glad.

The data transmission ends, and the computers beep.

SCOTT

Done.

GRACE

Thanks Scott.

DISSOLVE TO

Sullivan has left, Grace is inputting data into the computer. Tiger comes in with a "sad" look, and that ever present red bow on his head.

GRACE

Oh, are you hungry again?

(picks up Tiger, cuddling and
kissing him)

(lovingly)

Eat, eat, eat; that's all you do.

KITCHEN

Grace gives Tiger a can of dog food.

LIVING ROOM

Passing through the living room, on her way back to her "office," Grace gazes for a moment at the dreadful sight of the incomplete installation of a large LIGHT-FIXTURE, hanging from the ceiling by a chain.

Although the light is in working condition, a missing plate leaves a huge roll of wire exposed. The other end of the chain is precariously latched onto a nail on the wall about five feet off the floor.

Sighing with disgust, Grace picks up the phone and dials.

MALE (V.O.)

Pete's Hardware.

GRACE

Hello, this is Grace Richards. That fixture you installed Monday, it's still ...

MALE

... yes, Miss Richards, I know. And I told you, as soon as the part comes in we'll take care of it.

GRACE

Well it's almost a week. This isn't safe. You touch the chain, the whole thing can come crashing down.

MALE

Well don't touch the chain. Look, the part's on order. Just stay away from the chain, and as soon as part comes in you'll be the first to know.

GRACE

(sarcastically)

Thanks, I feel much better now. I thought you were going to notify your other customers first.

(hangs up)

BEDROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

Grace is sound asleep.

OFFICE

As the clock strikes 2 AM, the CAMERA PANS through the dark office. A program starts itself up on the computer, the screen flashes, and the message "TRANSMISSION IN PROGRESS" appears.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE

His computer is also clicking away. A message on his screen reads, "RECEIVING DATA."

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Still in her night gown, Grace stands in front of her computer, sipping coffee. The computer screen reads, "TRANSMISSION SUCCESSFUL."

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - GRACE, PAULA AND TIGER - MOVING SHOT

The three jog as Grace looks at Paula's hairdo, which has changed somewhat, but is still as bizarre as ever.

Two good-looking guys jog by.

PAULA

(with a mischievous smirk)

It's like jogging through a toy store.

GRACE

I keep losing my toys.

They come to the same fountain as last time, drink water, then sit down for a rest.

CUT TO ROAD NEARBY

Scott, Grace's computer consultant, waits in his parked car. Paula, Grace and Tiger come running toward the car.

SCOTT

What took you guys so long?

PAULA

(out of breath)

We needed a longer rest.

Paula and Scott kiss through the open window.

BUSHES NEARBY

A SHOT of DENNIS MORAN, a handsome free lance photographer around forty, snapping pictures of them, unnoticed, with a sophisticated looking camera and an array of lenses.

SCOTT'S CAR

SCOTT

(comically)

I don't understand. Did you jog longer?

PAULA

No.

SCOTT

Well if the jog was the same, why was the rest longer?

PAULA

(hits Scott jokingly)

Oh shut up.

Scott laughs as they drive off.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE

With Tiger at their feet, Grace and Paula, still in their jogging outfits, and Scott sip drinks at an outdoor cafe table, on a street bustling with people.

GRACE

... Sullivan could grow into something big.
He's talking about opening two more offices.

SCOTT

I'm flying over to see a potential client in
Boston tonight. Could be my biggest account
yet.

PAULA

If you get it.

SCOTT

(comically)

Or, it could become the biggest account I've
lost.

GRACE

Well, good luck.

SCOTT

Thanks.

GRACE

Which reminds me, I still have a ton of work.

(gets up)

SCOTT

Already? We'll take you ...

GRACE

... don't be silly. It's only two blocks.

SCOTT

You sure?

GRACE

Hey, enjoy.

After some goodnight kisses, Grace walks off with Tiger.

Scott and Paula move closer and get romantic.

INT. DENNIS MORAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pictures, some with frames some without, are crammed on the walls and stacked on the floors. It's not clear whether Dennis has too many pictures or too few walls, but it is clear that his camera is in perfect working order.

OFFICE

Although Dennis has a COMPUTER in his living room, he has another COMPUTER in this home office dedicated for work. He shuffles through a few folders on his computer screen, prints out several pictures, hangs them on the wall, then shuffles through some more folders.

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE

With a folder full of papers in front of her, Grace enters data on the computer. An empty cup of coffee, with some spillage around it, shows the passage of time. Yawning, Grace closes the folder and leaves.

BEDROOM

As Grace goes to bed, the CAMERA PANS to the digital alarm clock: 2:14 AM.

DISSOLVE TO - DIGITAL CLOCK READS 10:06 AM

Grace wakes up, looks at the clock and jumps out of bed.

GRACE

Oh god.

(checks the clock)

Damn! Forgot to set it.

(picks up the phone and dials)

Mr. Sullivan, this is Grace. The output's going to be a little late.

(listens)

No, no problem, just a slight backlog.

(listens)

Yes, I'll call.

After hanging up, Grace runs into her office and is shocked to find "TRANSMISSION FAILED" displayed on the computer screen.

She quickly starts up the transmission program, and the message "TRANSMISSION FAILED" comes on again. She calls Scott but gets his recorder.

GRACE

(slams the phone down)

Damn! He's in Boston!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SCOTT'S APARTMENT

Paula and Grace rush to Scott's apartment. To their shock, they find the door busted open.

SCOTT'S APARTMENT

Upon entering, Paula and Grace are horrified to find the apartment ransacked: furniture turned over, various household items strewn about, and the computer thrown off its desk.

CUT TO - TWO COPS IN THE APARTMENT

With Paula and Grace looking on, two cops look over the damage and fill out forms.

ONE COP

(to Paula)

When your boyfriend gets back, tell him we'll need a list missing items.

INT. POLICE STATION

Scott and Paula sit in front of detective SID WEINBECK'S desk, while Weinbeck looks over a piece of paper.

WEINBECK

There's really not much here worth taking.

(pause)

Is there anything else of more substantial value in the apartment?

SCOTT

Not aside from my computer equipment, which they didn't take.

WEINBECK

Well, they ... or someone ... went through an awful lot of trouble to break into an apartment to take very little. They left behind more valuable items than they took.

SCOTT

Maybe they were after cash.

WEINBECK

No. The freezer ... books ... paintings
... they weren't touched.

(pause)

Who knew you were leaving town last night?

SCOTT

Just Paula. Oh, and Grace.

WEINBECK

That's it?

SCOTT

Yes. Why?

WEINBECK

Maybe they weren't after money or valuables.

SCOTT

(sarcastically)

Meaning what? They were testing new
crowbars?

WEINBECK

Have you had any recent disputes with anyone?

SCOTT

No ... wait a minute ... are you suggesting
someone was after me?

WEINBECK

What I'm trying to determine is whether
you've made any enemies lately.

SCOTT

No, certainly not. Not those kinds of
enemies anyway. I don't deal drugs. I have
no turf disputes with competing consultants.
No, I think that's way out.

WEINBECK

I didn't say you were dealing drugs.

SCOTT

If someone was after me, why mess up the
place like that?

WEINBECK

Well, if they broke in and didn't find you home, this would be one good way of camouflaging their intent.

SCOTT

(somewhat angry)

I think that's a little far-fetched. I don't know anyone who would have any reason to be looking for me in middle of the night.

WEINBECK

(not wanting to press the issue)

Maybe you're right.

SCOTT

Maybe they just weren't professionals?

WEINBECK

That's a possibility too.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

As Grace and Tiger jog, Grace's pace is slower than usual, as she seems preoccupied. At the fountain, she goes through the ritual of tying Tiger down, drinking water, and taking a rest.

In few seconds, two bicyclists collide nearby. A small crowd gathers, and a slight commotion ensues.

One biker is in some pain and is brought water by a passerby.

ONE PASSERBY

Want an ambulance?

The biker shakes his head "no." A few more sips of water, and the biker seems okay. Both bikers take off, the crowd disperses.

Grace gets up to unleash Tiger, but is shocked to find he's gone, leash and all. In a panic, she runs from tree to tree, from bush to bush, shouting "Tiger! Tiger!" But there's no trace of him.

With AUDIO OFF, we see several SHOTS of Grace, almost in tears, asking people whether they've seen Tiger. After describing Tiger, she consistently gets the same head-shake, "no."

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT

The CAMERA PANS through the apartment, showing it's almost, but not completely, back to normal. With a hammer and screwdriver close by, Scott and Paula put the final touches on restoration, "fixing" and moving objects as they talk.

SCOTT

I think that detective's been on the force too long.

(moves a dresser into place)

What a wild bunch'a theories. I felt like we were watching a bad movie.

PAULA

I'm surprised he didn't ask if you had any connections to the KGB.

SCOTT

Right?

(looks at an empty shelf where the antique ivory carving used to be)

Son of a bitches, they took my ivory carving.

PAULA

Was it expensive?

SCOTT

Not really. I got it on my trip to the Orient.

PAULA

Ah ... you'll get another one.

SCOTT

Yea, right, I'll go back to college, get my old buddies together, and go back to the Orient.

PAULA

Well you don't have to get testy about.

(fumes for a moment, ramming a piece of furniture into place with force)

You don't have to go back to college to take a trip to the Orient, for christ sake.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Paula finds a very distressed Grace standing in the hallway.

GRACE
(in tears)
Tiger's gone.

EXT. SCOTT'S CAR IN CENTRAL PARK - DAY/NIGHT

Scott, Paula and Grace drive around looking for Tiger. A short MONTAGE of the three stopping to check behind bushes, inside large drain pipes, etc. The sun sets, but Tiger is nowhere to be found.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT, OFFICE

With the top of her computer screen reading "INTERNET" in big letters, Grace punches in the last few words of the following message:

"\$100 REWARD. Chihuahua with red bow lost
July 10th near the West 72nd street entrance
to Central Park. Answers to the name Tiger."

She clicks: "SEND"

Computer responds: "ENTER RADIUS..."

Grace enters: "7 BLOCKS"

After several seconds of names and addresses flashing through the screen, it displays, "1,296 MEMBERS SELECTED".

A dial tone is heard as the computer dials a number, a picture of a paper being dropped into a door mail slot flashes, then the words "MESSAGE DELIVERED TO MEMBER 1" appears.

She clicks: "DIAL TONE OFF". The computer repeats the above procedure, but without an audible dial tone.

WIPE TO GRACE'S KITCHEN

The apartment is painfully quiet. Looking for a cup to use for coffee, Grace inadvertently opens a cabinet filled with dog food. Tears well up in her eyes as she quickly closes it and moves on to the next compartment.

As she finally pours herself a coffee, the PHONE RINGS; she answers it.

GRACE

Hello.

PAULA (on other end)

Anything yet?

GRACE

(despondently)

No. Nothing. Maybe I should've included a larger radius.

PAULA

Grace, give it a little time ...

Suddenly, a LOUD COMPUTER BEEP is heard. Grace asks Paula to hold on and runs into the next room. She sees "Message from Fumaster" on her screen.

(KB indicates KeyBoard typing; SC indicates screen readout)

GRACE - KB

Fumaster, this is Catwoman.

FUMASTER - SC

You lost a dog?

GRACE - KB

(her eyes light up)

Yes.

FUMASTER - SC

I found it.

GRACE - KB

Thank God. Is he okay?

FUMASTER - SC

He's okay. Are you okay for the hundred bucks?

GRACE - KB

Sure am.

EXT. A FAST FOOD RESTAURANT (Mc'Donalds, Wendy's, etc.) - NIGHT

Grace, Scott and Paula sit impatiently at a well-lit outdoor table.

SCOTT

You sure this is where we're supposed to meet?

GRACE

I'm sure.

SCOTT

Maybe he changed his mind.

In a few seconds, a ten-year-old boy, holding a huge German shepherd on a rope, appears from around a corner.

BOY

Catwoman?

GRACE

Yes. (puzzled) Fumaster?

BOY

That's me.

GRACE

That's a German shepherd.

BOY

So?

GRACE

My dog's a chihuahua.

BOY

What's a chihuahua?

GRACE

(dishearten)

That's ... oh god ... that's a small dog.

BOY

So? For a hundred bucks I'll give you a big dog.

Grace, Scott and Paula turn to leave.

GRACE

I don't want a big dog. I want my dog.

As they walk off, the boy kicks a can in frustration. As soon as the trio are out of sight, the boy let's go of the rope and slaps the dog on the rear.

BOY

Get outta here, you ain't no damn good!

The dog runs off.

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY

With Grace looking on, Arnold Sullivan looks through some computer printouts.

GRACE

I'm sorry it took this long, but ...

SULLIVAN

(with delight)

... no, no, that's perfectly alright. It was worth the wait. This is great.

Grace smiles with relief.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL OR BUSY SIDEWALK - MOVING SHOT

Scott and Paula walk.

SCOTT

(with dejection)

I didn't get the account.

PAULA

I already figured that out.

(pause)

You only worry about parking tickets when something's bothering you.

SCOTT

I was so sure about this one.

PAULA

The last time you put a quarter in the meter was two years ago when your gerbil got sucked into the vacuum cleaner.

SCOTT

It wasn't my gerbil. My nephew asked me to hold on to it for a few days. So I killed it.

PAULA

You didn't kill.

SCOTT

He gave me a white one, I returned a brown one, told him it was an allergy, and it'll clear up in a few days. To this day he keeps asking me when it'll clear up.

PAULA

(after a few silent, reflective steps)

You know, Scott, I was hoping I could drop my hairstyling by now. You know ... have kids ... a house ...

SCOTT

... hey, I know.

PAULA

We're not even close.

SCOTT

Paula, if you think my best isn't good enough, just say so.

PAULA

Oh, it's not that. I guess I'm just angry at life.

SCOTT

(puts his arm around her)

Look, stop worrying. We'll get there.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

Engrossed in some work, Grace is startled by a LOUD COMPUTER BEEP and a message on her screen: "Message from Snapshot."

GRACE - KB

Snapshot, this is Catwoman.

SNAPSHOT - SC

Found a lost dog.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

Walking along a busy stretch of the park, Grace sees from a distance Dennis Moran, the photographer, whom she has never seen before. Tiger, still wearing that little red bow, is tied to a tree with a simple rope. She rushes over, picks up Tiger, and, throughout the following dialogue, cuddles and kisses him. Dennis just smiles.

GRACE

Oh my god. Where'd you find him?

DENNIS

He was just sitting in the parking lot. He had no leash, so I figured he's a stray. Then, when I saw your E-mail ...

Grace puts Tiger down for a second to untie him.

DENNIS

I liked that.

GRACE

What?

DENNIS

The E-mail. Nice twist. People usually hang up flyers.

GRACE

Guess E-mail's the way to go these days.

DENNIS

Seems so.

GRACE

Listen, I just can't tell you how grateful I am.

DENNIS

I'm glad it had a happy ending.

Grace pulls out five twenty-dollar bills.

DENNIS

Oh, no, please ...

GRACE

(lunges the money toward him)
... please, I insist.

DENNIS

(pulls his hand away)
It was the right thing to do. It wasn't the
reward.

GRACE

(after another futile attempt to
put the money into his hand)
Hey, thanks a lot. I really appreciate it.

DENNIS

What part of this great big town are you
from?

GRACE

(points)
Right across the street.

DENNIS

(smiles)
No kidding. I'm just ...
(points slightly to the side)
... two blocks over. Boy, typical city
folks; neighbors who've never seen each
other.

Grace smiles. As they continue to talk, the CAMERA pulls away,
the music grows louder; a relationship appears to be in the
making.

FADE TO

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elegantly dressed for a night out, Grace pets Tiger as she feeds
him. Tiger now wears a yellow bow.

The DOORBELL RINGS. As she opens the door, Grace finds a neatly
dressed, well-groomed Dennis in the hallway.

DENNIS

(seeing Grace adjust her blouse)
Am I early?

GRACE

(with a bright smile)

No. Actually, after meeting in the park six times, you're a little late.

Dennis smiles, shyly.

INT. A CAFE

Grace and Dennis sit at a small table, sipping drinks.

GRACE

I didn't leave home till I was around twenty-six. My mother was sick. There was no one to take care of her.

(in slow and sad tone)

I remember when she passed away ... all the neighbors chipped in to help with expenses. They all loved her. I couldn't stay. Too many memories.

A SHOT or two of other patrons, laughing, talking, drinking, etc.

DENNIS

... Oh ... my house wasn't the kind of place you wanted to hang around too long. I left when I was around fifteen. There was fighting there all the time.

(goes into a trance-like state)

My father was brutal. My mother couldn't stand up to him. By the time I was ten, I must've gotten bounced off just about every wall in the house.

Grace grimaces in horror.

DENNIS

I mean, physically bounced off.

(sensing Grace's uneasiness)

Oh, I'm sorry ...

GRACE

No, that's okay, I asked.

The waiter steps into the SHOT.

WAITER

Care for anything else?

DENNIS

Yes, please, another round of the same.

EXT. A BUSINESS DISTRICT - MOVING SHOT - DAY

Grace and Scott walk.

GRACE

(on cloud nine)

Oh, it was a dream date. Where the hell has he been all my life?

SCOTT

(comically)

So, I take it you hate his guts and never want to see him again.

Grace laughs.

SCOTT

Really. After one date?

GRACE

We saw each other a few times.

SCOTT

In the park?

GRACE

Yes, in the park.

SCOTT

Grace, I meet winos in the park all the time, I don't fall in love with them.

Grace good-naturedly punches Scott on the shoulder.

SCOTT

Okay, I'm really happy for you.

(pause)

Look, your 255 gigabit router slows down my 720 gigabit.

GRACE

(in jest)

Well, you're slow at everything.

SCOTT

Seriously, you gotta upgrade. We could be talking several hours of transmission time here.

INT. COMPUTER STORE

Various COMPUTER-RELATED EQUIPMENT AND BOOKS are on display. With throngs of customers thrashing through the aisles, several salespeople walk briskly through a door marked "Employees Only," carrying various items in and out of a stockroom.

Scott and Grace stand in middle of the store, trying to get a salesperson's attention. By the time they open their mouths, the salesperson has whizzed by.

SCOTT

(as one salesperson rushes by with a box)
Uh ... excuse me ... we're looking for a 720 gigabit router.

SALESPERSON

(rudely)
I'm sorry, you'll have to wait. I'm with costumers.

SCOTT

Well what the hell do we look like?
U.N. observers?

With a look of disgust, the salesperson moves on.

Grace slowly moves toward the "Employees Only" door.

SCOTT

Grace, where are you going?

GRACE

I'm not spending the whole day here.

SCOTT

(as Grace slips through the door)
Grace ... no ...

STOCKROOM

With salespeople zooming by, Grace strolls down several aisles lined with everything from computers to disk drives to toner cartridges.

GRACE

(to one passing salesman)

You know where the 720 gigabit routers are?

SALESMAN

Are you the new girl?

GRACE

Girl? Do I look like a girl?

SALESMAN

You know, with an attitude like that you
won't last very long here.

GRACE

For you information, buster, if it weren't
for my attitude, I wouldn't be here in the
first place.

The salesperson gives her a funny look, points to a shelf, then
moves on.

Grace pulls out a box about the size of a shoe box labeled "720
gigabit router."

STORE

With a smirk of amazement, Scott watches Grace come out of the
stockroom with the router.

SCOTT

(following her to the check-out
counter)

Gotta hand it to you, you got balls.

GRACE

(with comical pride)

Don't I? Good thing I didn't wait for you to
go in.

SCOTT

(laughing)

You got that right. You need major league
bowling balls for this. I'm still in the
marbles category.

Grace pays for the router.

INT. A DISCO - NIGHT

A MONTAGE of scenes showing Dennis and Grace dancing to music of every kind; fast, loud, slow, soft. During the slow dances, they engage in long, passionate kisses, their romance obviously flourishing.

INT. ANNA'S, A PLUSH RESTAURANT

As Grace and Dennis step in, they are greeted by JEFF LUGO, the Maitre 'd, around 60.

LUGO

Good evening, I'm Jeff Lugo, your Maitre 'd.
Would you follow me, please.

Lugo seats them at a table for two. It's obviously late; some patrons are leaving and not many are left.

DISSOLVE TO

Grace and Dennis eat their entrees.

GRACE

This place is divine.

DENNIS

The food's excellent.

GRACE

(takes a bite out of her entree
with delight)

Mmm!

DISSOLVE TO

Grace and Dennis eat their desserts.

GRACE

This was really superb.

(pause)

I mean the night ... the dancing ... the
meal. It was so ... so ... wonderful.

DENNIS

(comically)

You downgraded that from "superb" to
"wonderful?"

Grace laughs.

DENNIS

I guess I'll just have to upgrade it again.
So, I hereby proclaim that the night's not
over.

GRACE

(in mock surprise)
It's not?

DENNIS

Nope. You know ... "It ain't over till it's
over?"

GRACE

Yogi Berra?

DENNIS

No, Philip Kubitschek.

GRACE

Who's Philip Kubitschek?

DENNIS

A guy in my building who spent six-hundred
bucks on a lawyer to fight a forty-five-
dollar parking ticket. Now he's suing the
Department of Motor Vehicles for legal
expenses and a stereo.

GRACE

A stereo?

DENNIS

Yes, while he was in court fighting the
ticket, his apartment was robbed.

Grace laughs.

Noticing the Maitre 'd entering the men's room, Dennis suddenly
grabs his stomach.

GRACE

Are you okay?

DENNIS

It must be something I ate.
(gets up)
Hey, why don't you get the check, I'll be

right back.

GRACE

Sure.

As Dennis heads for the men's room, Grace asks the waiter for the check.

Grace spends several restless moments watching people leave, all the while glancing alternately at her watch and the men's room. What seems like an eternity later, the waiter finally brings the check.

GRACE

(glancing at the men's room once more)

Excuse me, could you see if ...

Dennis comes out.

WAITER

... yes?

GRACE

Oh, never mind, that's okay.

The waiter walks away. Dennis sits down, looking a bit ruffled.

GRACE

Are you okay?

DENNIS

Yes ... yes, I'm fine. Sometimes I get an allergic reaction to certain ingredients. Hey, excuse me ...

GRACE

... no, that's okay. I'm just glad you're fine.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT/DAY

Several SHOTS of Dennis and Grace making love. After the lovemaking, they just lie there holding each other.

DENNIS

Don't ever change perfumes.

GRACE

Like it?

DENNIS

(takes a whiff)

Love it.

They embrace and kiss.

FADE TO MORNING

Grace and Dennis are awakened by the DOORBELL.

GRACE

Oh god, is it morning already?

DOORBELL RINGS again.

GRACE

(shouts)

Just a second.

DENNIS

Well, I gotta get to work myself.

As Dennis gets dressed, Grace puts on a robe and runs to the door. She let's in Arnold Sullivan, who holds a fat briefcase.

GRACE'S OFFICE

Sullivan takes out a stack of papers.

SULLIVAN

(in jest)

Think you can handle this?

GRACE

(smiling)

I think so.

Dennis pops in.

DENNIS

Listen, I gotta run.

GRACE

Mr. Sullivan, this is Dennis.

Sullivan and Dennis exchange greetings.

DENNIS
(to Grace)
Call you later.
(leaves)

EXT. SHOPPING DISTRICT

Grace and Paula walk, carrying shopping bags.

PAULA
(opening the packaging of a new
brush)
This must be the eighth brush I bought this
week. They just don't make 'em like they
used to.

GRACE
(thrilled)
Dennis invited me for a day at his upstate
condo.

PAULA
Hey, that's neat.

GRACE
Neat?

PAULA
(comically)
Yea, that means very good.

GRACE
I know what it means. It's not neat.
(excitedly)
It's wonderful!

Approaching the corner, they suddenly find themselves near some
sort of disturbance: a crowd is gathered in front of a cordoned
off area. With cops all over the place, a body-bag is loaded
onto a coroner's van.

Grace is shocked when she notices that the center of activity is
ANNA'S restaurant.

GRACE
Oh my god, that's where we ate last night.
(to a cop)
What happened?

COP

The Maitre 'd was found strangled in the bathroom.

Grace is horrified.

PAULA

Did you know him?

GRACE

He seated us. I can't believe it.

PAULA

(in jest)

Grace, you can trust me ... did you do it?

GRACE

(annoyed)

Paula, this is not funny!

PAULA

Hey, I'm sorry.

INT. DENNIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dennis shows off his PHOTO COLLECTION to Grace. Pictures of all shapes and sizes are all over the place__on walls, on dressers, stacked on the floors. Dennis removes a photo of a cable car from the wall.

DENNIS

My assignment in San Francisco for "Contemporary Chefs."

GRACE

(in jest)

Where's the food?

DENNIS

You know, I almost didn't get around to it. This is the car I fell off.

GRACE

(sympathetically)

Get hurt?

DENNIS

No, it wasn't moving that fast, but my camera broke into eight pieces.

Dennis hangs the picture up, leads Grace into another room, and picks up a picture of a beautiful beach-sunset from the floor.

DENNIS

Mexico. Had a fantastic time. Ever have salted Tequila?

Grace smiles as Dennis puts the picture down.

DENNIS

(as he leads Grace out of the room)
Did a lot of flying for one year.

GRACE

(impressed)
One year? My god! When did you get into photography?

DENNIS

Oh ... years ago ...
(thinks)
... at least ten years ago. But it wasn't until about a year ago that I was ready for these assignments.

GRACE

(placing her hand on a doorknob they are about to pass)
What's in here?

DENNIS

(turning very serious and grabbing the doorknob)
No!

Grace is startled.

DENNIS

That's my office.

Regains his composure as Grace releases the doorknob.

DENNIS

Hey, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you. But last time I let someone in there a stack of collated photos got kicked over and three day's of work went down the drain.

GRACE

Sorry.

Smiling again, Dennis leads Grace to a picture of what seems to be an aerial shot of New York City.

DENNIS

They needed an aerial shot, so I took the picture from the Empire State Building and added a plane-ride to my expense report.

(with a smirk)

Hey, you gotta do what you gotta do.

BEDROOM - LATER ON

Dennis and Grace make love. At one point, Dennis suddenly becomes aggressive, and forcibly moves Grace into positions she is not accustomed to. Shocked, Grace resists. Seeing that she is not giving in, Dennis desists. They continue "normal" sex.

CLOSE UP of Grace's disheartened expression, showing she's been disturbed by this incident. But, in a short while, she seems to get over it, and the lovemaking goes on unhampered.

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE/SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

INTERCUT between Grace and Scott's offices as they work on their computers while on SPEAKER PHONES.

SCOTT

Okay, let's try it again. Make sure your ISP Protocol is set pppoe.

GRACE

I already checked it. It's fine.

SCOTT

Well it didn't work. Double check.

GRACE

(bringing up a menu of technical info)

It's okay ... maybe it's the new router.

SCOTT

Let's just try it again.

Grace hits a few keys which start up a program. A screen comes on saying "TRANSMISSION IN PROGRESS."

SCOTT
(excited)
Yes!

GRACE
(comically)
Told you there was nothing wrong with the router.

Scott laughs.

SHOTS of both watching their screens for a moment.

SCOTT
I think you're overreacting ...

GRACE
... Scott, you should've seen the expression on his face when I touched the doorknob.

SCOTT
This could be paranoia rearing its ugly head. Not everyone with a closed door is hiding a wife and kids. You'd be pretty pissed if you lost a few day's work too.

GRACE
(pause) Maybe you're right.

SCOTT
The man's got an office and he keeps it private. So what?

The computer BEEPS, a screen comes on: "TRANSMISSION COMPLETE."

GRACE
Wow, that was fast.

SCOTT
Would I steer you wrong?

EXT. "THE SAXTON" CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX IN THE COUNTRY

Overlooking a lake, this beautiful condominium complex has a freshly cut green lawn, with ducks running around, and an arc driveway. A huge sign reads "THE SAXTON - Luxury Condominiums."

Dennis and Grace drive up; Dennis gets out.

DENNIS

I'll only be a minute. I want to tidy up a bit ...

(smiles)

... so I'm not embarrassed.

GRACE

Sure.

As Dennis runs into the building, Grace gets out of the car and throws some crumbs to the ducks. Taking a deep breath of fresh air, she spins around once and beholds the panoramic view. From Grace's POV, we see tall mountains and a few small bungalows surrounding the complex. She smiles.

After a minute or so, Dennis comes rushing out.

DENNIS

(disgruntled)

Damn!

GRACE

What's wrong?

DENNIS

They were supposed to finish painting by now. They ... they've got stuff all over the place.

GRACE

We can clean up. I don't mind. Seriously.

DENNIS

Oh no, there are wet brushes, ladders, pails. We'd spend the whole day cleaning up ... ruin our clothes ... no, no, out of the question.

EXT. A BEAUTIFUL MOTEL

As Grace sits in the car, Dennis comes out of the motel's office holding a key and gets into the car.

DENNIS

(driving to the back)

You know, I really feel bad about this. I

was looking forward to showing you my place.

GRACE

That's okay. I understand. A fixture in my apartment was supposed to be finished a week ago. I know how frustrating it can be.

DENNIS

I promise ... as soon as they finish painting ...

INT. A FANCY MOTEL ROOM

Dennis and Grace enter.

DENNIS

(smiles)

Is this a room, or what?

GRACE

Not bad.

As Grace surveys the room, Dennis opens the shades. He becomes fixated on ACE AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE STATION across the street.

GRACE

Dennis.

DENNIS

(after a second or two)

Yes. I'm sorry.

GRACE

(looks out the window)

What are you looking at?

DENNIS

Oh, nothing. Just taking in the view.

A SHOT of the gas station from Grace's POV.

DENNIS

I was just thinking how you can be a hundred and fifty miles from the city and nothing changes. The gas stations look the same, the supermarkets look the same. It's amazing.

EXT. LAKE

Several row boats and slow-moving motor boats are on the lake, with their occupants fishing, snoozing, and just plain cruising.

In one boat are Dennis and Grace, in each other's arms, oars inside, just floating wherever the waves take them. Occasionally, they kiss, point at the scenery, wave to occupants of other boats, then kiss again.

SPANNING AT LEAST A MINUTE OR TWO, THIS SCENE should establish the romantic involvement of a couple that is, at least, for the time being, completely oblivious to the reality of their everyday lives.

THE WOODS

Still in their dream-world, only on a faster pace, Dennis and Grace ride horses amongst the tall trees of a beautiful forest. They come to a stream full of frogs and fish, and dismount.

Grace spots a big frog, tickles it with a small twig; it jumps. Dennis tickles Grace's ear with a blade of grass. Playfully, Grace shoves Dennis into the water, hops back on her horse and takes off, laughing. Dennis gets on his horse and rides after her.

They come to a patch of tall grass and dismount. With both laughing, Dennis "tackles" Grace, they fall onto the grass and roll over several times. They kiss.

DENNIS

I love you.

GRACE

I love you too.

They make love.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Several minutes of Dennis and Grace making passionate love.

DISSOLVE TO - EARLY MORNING

With Grace still fast asleep, Dennis wakes up and peers out the window at ACE AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE STATION. He sees the owner, HANK FRYER, around fifty, open up.

DENNIS

Grace, Grace.

Grace opens her eyes.

GRACE

What?

DENNIS

Let's go.

GRACE

Now?

CUT TO

Both are fully dressed, gathering some last-minute items.

GRACE

(yawns)

What's the rush?

DENNIS

I don't want to hit traffic.

INT. ACE AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE STATION

To the morning country sounds of birds and crickets, Hank Fryer sits in the GARAGE, surrounded by a CAR-LIFT and other HEAVY EQUIPMENT, having his morning coffee and donut.

EXT.

Dennis' car, the only moving vehicle in site, drives up. With Grace remaining in the car, Dennis steps out and grabs the pump.

Hank comes out, sees Dennis filling up and goes back in.

DENNIS

(after filling up)

Be right back.

INT. GARAGE

This area cannot be seen from where Grace is.

HANK

(as Dennis enters)

Yes.

DENNIS

I came to pay.

HANK

How much did you get?

DENNIS

Twenty years.

HANK

Come again?

DENNIS

I said, twenty years.

HANK

Mister, it's too early for jokes.

DENNIS

Hank Fryer?

HANK

(startled)

Yes. Who are you?

DENNIS

Dennis Moran.

HANK

Who?

DENNIS

(shouts)

Dennis Moran!

Bewildered, Hank almost chokes on his donut.

Dennis continues to shout with seething anger throughout the following dialogue, occasionally contorting his face in apparent emotional torment.

DENNIS

Kelly Moran! Remember Kelly Moran?

HANK

(remembering)

Oh my god. I didn't recognize you.

DENNIS

After twenty damn years in prison and three nose jobs, my own mother wouldn't recognized me.

HANK

God, I've just about forgotten about that case.

DENNIS

That's because you were out here and I was in there! I've been think about nothing but this case and you gutless bastards!

HANK

(frightened)

Listen, we weren't the jury on your case. We were the jury on ...

DENNIS

... I know who the hell you were. You were the scumbuckets who let my wife's rapist go.

HANK

Look Moran, your twenty years were for killing the rapist. That wasn't our doing.

DENNIS

(throws a crowbar at him)

Letting that scum walk in the first place was your doing, you son of a bitch! That's where it all began!

HANK

(petrified)

Moran, you're ... you're only gonna start new trouble. It was all very unfortunate, but you can't change things now.

DENNIS

Like hell I can't. I spent twenty years dreaming about this moment, and another year just tracking you bastards down.

(pushes a switch, causing the lift to rise)

HANK

(sweating profusely)

Moran, we didn't have a choice. Your wife knew her rapist. We couldn't determine if it was by consent or not.

DENNIS

You couldn't determine if it was by consent?! Well she sure as hell didn't have nightmares for a year from consenting to have sex, I can tell you that!

As Dennis lunges at Hank, Hank grabs the crowbar and strikes him. In turn, Dennis grabs a steel rod and swings back. In the ensuing struggle, Dennis pushes the switch that causes the lift to slowly come back down.

DENNIS

(pauses between sentences as he swings away)

The judge and all but four of the jurors died while I was in prison. (swings) What a pity. (swings) I would've enjoyed doing to them what I'm about to do to you. (swings) One of your colleagues has already met with an unfortunate accident. (swings) After the accident you're about to meet with, we'll be down to two little Indians.

Dennis knocks the crowbar out of Hank's hand, grabs and holds his head down under the descending lift. With a loud thud, Hank's head is crushed by the massive steel railing.

EXT.

Grace has gotten out of the car and is about to enter the garage. The garage door suddenly opens; Dennis steps out.

DENNIS

(abruptly)

Where are you going?

GRACE

(startled)

I ... I was just going to see what's taking so long.

DENNIS

(softens his tone)

I'm sorry. The guy didn't have change of a

twenty. This early in morning, it can be a little annoying ... the guy's going through his register ... his draws.

GRACE

Well?

DENNIS

Well what?

GRACE

Did you pay?

DENNIS

Oh yes. Yes, I paid.
(smiles with a look of
contentment)
Yes, I believe I paid in full.

Grace forces a smile as they get into the car and drive off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOVING SHOT

Dennis' car speeds down the highway.

INT. DOOR TO GRACE'S APARTMENT, FROM HALLWAY

Dennis and Grace kiss at the half-opened door.

GRACE

(pushes Dennis off gently)
We both have work early in the morning.

DENNIS

You're right.

After one more kiss, Dennis walks off, waving back and smiling.

INT. SUPERMARKET

With shopping carts full of candy, cake and party supplies, Grace and Paula move down an aisle.

PAULA

Wish Scott took me for a ride to the country.
I don't see grass unless someone's smoking
it.

(throws an item into her cart)

GRACE

Well, maybe after tonight things'll change.
(throws an item into her cart)
And they don't call it grass anymore.

PAULA

(in jest)
Boy, I've been away from the country longer
than I thought. What do they call it now?
Ground blades?

GRACE

(pushes her in jest, laughing)
No, silly, I'm talking about pot.

CHECKOUT COUNTER

As Grace and Paula approach, a newspaper headline catches Grace's eye: "Gruesome Murder in Upstate Gas Station." She picks up the paper and, to her shock, sees a picture of Hank Fryer. The article begins, "Mechanic's head crushed under car-lift ... "

GRACE

Oh my god.

PAULA

What?

GRACE

We got gas from this guy before we left.

PAULA

Come on, Grace, now cut it out. This is
getting creepy.

GRACE

Paula, this is the guy we got gas from.

PAULA

For real?

GRACE

For real.

PAULA

(in jest)
You're bad luck. That's it. You should move
into a cave so you don't jinx anyone else.

GRACE

You know, Paula, you gotta take things a little more seriously once in a while.
(throws the paper into the cart)

PAULA

Seriously? You're telling me that you're leaving a trail of dead bodies? What do you want me to do? Turn you in?

An old woman nearby gives them a funny look.

GRACE

Will you lower your voice.

PAULA

So what. I'll probably be dead in the morning anyway.

After looking at each other for a moment or two, Grace and Paula laugh. The clerk rings up their groceries.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Scott and Paula engage in some light smooching, the PHONE RINGS. Answering it, Scott hears a desperate Grace.

GRACE (V.O.)

Scott, I my system's hung! I need you.

SCOTT

Right now?

GRACE (V.O.)

Please.

SCOTT

Grace, can't this wait till the morning?

GRACE (V.O.)

It really can't. Please.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GRACE'S APARTMENT

Scott and Paula knock on Grace's door.

GRACE (O.S.)

Come in.

GRACE'S APARTMENT

Scott and Paula step into a completely dark apartment.

SCOTT

Grace?

Suddenly, the lights go on. With crepe paper hanging from the ceiling, food and drinks everywhere, Grace and Dennis, along with about twenty guests, shout "SURPRISE!" Scott is in stunned.

PAULA

Happy birthday, honey.

The crowd shouts, whistles and cheers as Scott and Paula kiss for several seconds.

SCOTT

(after taking a couple of seconds
to recover from the shock,
addresses the crowd)

Hey, I hate to tell you this, but my birthday
isn't until next month.

The crowd laughs.

DISSOLVE TO

With Grace's stereo blasting, the crowd dances to FAST MUSIC for several minutes.

The DOORBELL RINGS, and in walks MIKE KAZANOWSKI, around Scott's age. Scott gazes at Mike with his mouth open. Paula grins.

SCOTT

(flabbergasted)

Geez ... Mike Kazanowski?!

MIKE

(grinning from ear to ear)

Scott, you son of a bitch, you haven't
changed one damn bit. Where have you been
hanging out, in a freezer?

They embrace for a moment.

MIKE

(laughs)

You looked like you saw a ghost.

SCOTT

Geez, it must be at least ... what ...
fifteen years since college? Where'd Paula
dig you up?

MIKE

She ought to be a detective.

(pause)

It's hard to believe it's fifteen years.

(ruffles Scott's hair)

Remember the time you banged up Sally Trevino
in the gym and had the whole team watch from
behind the stands?

SCOTT

(laughs)

Oh, was that a riot, or what?

MIKE

I married her.

SCOTT

(stops laughing)

Uh ... you married her ... uh ... well ...

MIKE

It's okay, we're divorced.

SCOTT

(forces a smile)

Well ... that's nice. I mean, not really.
What I mean is ... look, Mike, why don't you
grab a drink?

Scott leads Mike to a table full of food and drinks.

CUT TO

Crowd dances to the music.

GRACE

(dancing with Dennis)

Give me a hand with the drinks.

DENNIS

Sure.

Grace and Dennis carry a few empty bottles out into the kitchen.

KITCHEN

On the table is the newspaper with the "Gruesome Murder in Upstate Gas Station" headline and the picture of Hank Fryer.

GRACE

See that?

DENNIS

What?

Grace points to the paper. Dennis picks it up hesitantly.

DENNIS

What about it?

GRACE

That's the guy we got gas from.

DENNIS

(as though trying to remember)

You know, he does look a vaguely familiar.

(smiles)

When you own a car, you don't really remember everyone you get gas from.

(throws the paper down)

Which reminds me, I'm going to L.A. for a couple of days. I'm doing a shoot for "Vogue Styles."

GRACE

When?

DENNIS

When what?

GRACE

When are you leaving?

DENNIS

First thing in the morning. First I go down to the office for some expense money, then I head straight for the airport.

PARTY ROOM

Dennis helps Grace bring in some liquor. With the MUSIC NOW SLOW AND SOFT, Dennis grabs Grace and dances. They kiss.

A short MONTAGE of various couples dancing. The MUSIC CHANGES WITH EACH SHOT, indicating the passage of time.

DENNIS

(sweating by now)

Wow, I can use a drink.

GRACE

I'll mingle a little.

LIQUOR TABLE

As Dennis pours himself a low-alcohol drink, Mike comes in from the background and pours himself a strong drink.

MIKE

(exhausted from dancing and
little tipsy from drinking)

Boy, this is some party, eh?

DENNIS

Sure is.

MIKE

(looks at Dennis' drink)

Come on, pour yourself a drink.

DENNIS

I just did.

MIKE

No, I mean a real drink.

DENNIS

(a little uncomfortable)

I gotta drive soon.

MIKE

(picks up his glass)

This is a real drink. This is what men
drink.

(points to Dennis' drink)

That's what little boys drink.

DENNIS

(getting visibly angry)

What the hell are you yapping about?

MIKE

(laughs)

What I'm yapping about is, drink like a man,
not like a wussie.

DENNIS

(infuriated)

You think you're a man?

Dennis thrusts a fist into Mike's face, knocking him out cold.
In the process, Dennis' wristwatch goes flying off.

DENNIS

You don't look like much of a man now.

The party comes to a screeching halt as everyone gathers around
Mike. Grace pours a bottle of club soda over him; he comes to.

SCOTT

(shocked)

(to Dennis)

What the hell is going on?

DENNIS

He's gotta learn to keep his hands to
himself.

MIKE

(barely able to speak)

I never touched him.

DENNIS

(to Mike)

You never touched me? Now you're lying?

(pause)

(to Scott and Grace)

Hey, I'm sorry. I should've just let it go.
Being shoved like that just got to me.

Grace looks extremely disturbed.

BEDROOM - MORNING

Grace wakes up and just lies in bed for a moment, lost in
thought. Finally getting out of bed and seeing the party debris,
Grace grabs her head with a sigh.

CUT TO

With the apartment half cleaned, Grace sweeps like crazy. As she sweeps stuff out from under a couch, she finds Dennis' watch.

She quickly dials his number and gets his recorder. Dialing Directory Assistance, she asks for "Vogue Styles Magazine."

CUT TO

She's on the phone with "Vogue Styles."

GRACE

Has Dennis Moran left for L.A. yet?

WOMAN ON OTHER END

Just a moment please.

In a few seconds, another woman picks up on the other end. Grace repeats her question.

WOMAN

I'm sorry, but Dennis Moran is not on assignment for us right now. He does do work for us from time to time, though.

GRACE

(almost frantic)

Wasn't he supposed to go to L.A. this morning.

WOMAN

Not for us.

Grace hangs up in shock.

CUT TO

Grace is on the phone with THE SAXTON CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX.

MAN ON OTHER END

Look miss, I've been working for The Saxton Condominium Complex for the past twelve years, and I know my job. And I'm telling you for the third time that we have no one here by the name of Dennis Moran.

Trembling, Grace hangs up and sobs uncontrollably.

EXT. DENNIS CAR AT A HIGHWAY GAS STATION

Dennis sits behind the wheel pouring over a road map. The attendant fills up the tank, Dennis pays and takes off.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MOVING SHOT

Paula, Grace and Tiger jog.

PAULA

(shouts)

... are you out of your mind?!

GRACE

Paula, I'm telling you he's married!

PAULA

Well why don't just confront him when he gets back?

GRACE

Gets back from where? Everything he's been telling me is a lie. You think he's gonna level with me just because I confront him?

PAULA

Grace, you can't just break into his ...

(lowers her voice)

... his apartment. That's nuts.

GRACE

I'll bet that so-called office is full of his wife's stuff.

PAULA

Grace, promise me you won't do this.

INT. DENNIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

A CLANGING NOISE IS HEARD in the dark apartment. The CAMERA PANS to a back window; Grace is on the outside, fidgeting with the latch with a pocket knife. The latch clicks open, she opens the window and climbs in.

Grace goes from room to room with a small flashlight. She comes to the office and, with some trepidation, musters up enough strength to open the door.

OFFICE

We see Grace's silhouette enter and open a light. To her surprise, she finds nothing but an office; desk, papers, pictures, etc. She rummages through stacks of pictures then starts opening draws.

After several moments of searching, she comes across something shocking __ pictures of herself, Tiger and Paula jogging through Central Park. The CAMERA ZOOMS INTO Tiger's bow, which is red.

GRACE

(horrified)

Oh god.

Grace continues her search at a frantic pace.

Pretty soon she opens a closet and finds a locked metal safe-like box about the size of a small television set. Shaking it, she hears stuff inside. As she tries in vain to yank the it open, she is startled by something lying on the floor__Tiger's leash, the one he was wearing when he got lost.

FLASHBACK

Grace remembers her first meeting with Dennis in Central Park. (The underlined phrase ECHOES several times.)

DENNIS

He was just sitting in the parking lot. He had no leash, so I figured he's a stray.

END OF FLASHBACK

Grace takes another look at the leash and sees it's been cut. She throws it down and runs out with the box.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT - GRACE AND PAULA

Dennis' locked box is in front of them.

GRACE

(in obvious emotional pain)
Paula, Tiger's leash was cut. He has pictures of us jogging before I met him. Why would he steal Tiger, then return him?

PAULA

Look, personally, I'm not crazy about the guy. But I've seen guys go to real lengths to meet a girl.

GRACE

Not like this.

PAULA

Maybe you should be flattered he went through all this trouble just to meet you.

(smiles)

Well, at least you didn't find evidence of a wife?

GRACE

Look, what I do know is that he's not in L.A. for Vogue Styles. For all I know, he could be telling his wife and kids he's in L.A. when he's with me.

PAULA

Grace, come on, he lives here, for christ sake. You're really overdoing it now.

GRACE

I don't know, Paula. I don't know what to think.

PAULA

(with excitement)

Guess what? We're going away for a day or two. Guess Scott felt guilty when Dennis took you.

(dreaming)

Maybe we'll take a ride to the country ... maybe we'll just shack up in a luxury hotel and pretend we won the lottery.

(smiles with delight)

INT. LOCKSMITH - GRACE AND A LOCKSMITH - DAY

The locksmith picks Dennis' box.

LOCKSMITH

You should install a new lock, or it'll just slam itself shut again.

GRACE

I may still have the key somewhere.

EXT. A SMALL COUNTRY TOWN

Dennis steps out of his car DISGUISED IN A HAT, THICK-RIMMED GLASSES AND A PHONY MUSTACHE. He pulls a woman's pocketbook out of a corner wastebasket, dusts it off, then heads for the General Store.

INT. GENERAL STORE

As Dennis enters, a costumer leaves.

OWNER

(smiling)

Yes, may I help you?

DENNIS

Would you know where Helen Casey lives?

(picks up the pocketbook)

She must've forgotten this on the bench. Her name's in it, but no address.

OWNER

You can leave it here, if you like. She'll probably be in later.

DENNIS

Well ... maybe she'll give ...

(acts coy)

... well, you know, a reward or something. Things are a little tough right now.

OWNER

I understand ...

(points)

... go five miles South on Main ...

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM

Grace has emptied the contents of Dennis' box on her bed.

After the CAMERA PANS past a batch of hand-scribbled papers, we see a CLOSE UP of the ANTIQUE IVORY CARVING stolen from Scott's apartment. Grace picks it up slowly, in disbelief.

GRACE

Scott's antique.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN to an old newspaper clipping with headlines, "Jury Acquits Rapist." The article begins, "After only four hours of deliberation, jury acquits Len Hastings of raping Kelly Moran ... "

On the same page is a picture of the jurors, with their names in caption. All but four jurors have their faces blotted out with black ink. (As described below, of the remaining four, two have RED 'X's over their faces, while two are "clean.")

CAMERA PANS in EXTREME CLOSE UP over the jurors' names. Upon coming across the name Jeff Lugo, the Maitre 'd at Anna's Restaurant, killed earlier, the CAMERA TILTS UP__there's a RED 'X' over his face.

FLASHBACK

A REPLAY of when Grace and Dennis were approached by Lugo in ANNA'S RESTAURANT.

LUGO

Good evening, I'm Jeff Lugo, your Maitre 'd.
Would you follow me, please.

END OF FLASHBACK

CAMERA PANS to the next juror__Hank Fryer, the upstate garage owner. CAMERA TILTS UP__a RED 'X' marks his face too.

FLASHBACK

A REPLAY of when Hank Fryer came out of his garage for a moment as Dennis was filling up his tank.

END OF FLASHBACK

GRACE

(stunned)
(shakes her head, not wanting to
believe what she's seeing)
No ... this can't be. It just can't.

Grace gets the biggest shock of all when she sees, and the CAMERA ZOOMS INTO, the next juror__Scott, with no markings on his face.

GRACE

(in a wailing sigh)

Oh god!

(picks up the antique again and
gazes at it for several seconds)

Oh god! He broke in to kill him.

Hysterical, Grace calls Scott and gets his recorder.

GRACE

(cries; difficulty speaking)

Scott, Dennis has been killing people who
were on the same jury with you, about twenty
years ago. Whatever you do, don't let him
in! Call me as soon as you get back!

CAMERA TILTS down and ZOOMS INTO another juror's name, Helen
Casey, then TILTS UP to the corresponding face, also unmarked.

INT. HELEN CASEY'S HOUSE IN A SECLUDED COUNTRY AREA

Considerably older now, around fifty, HELEN CASEY's horror-
stricken face FADES IN OVER HER PICTURE FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

CAMERA DOLLIES OUT, showing Dennis, without his disguise, holding
a gun at her.

HELEN

Look, Mr. Moran ...

DENNIS

(sarcastically)

... please, call me Dennis, I think we know
each other long enough.

(pause)

You know, Helen, finding you was the easiest
of the bunch. Your number is even listed.

(laughs)

I'm ahead of schedule. I'll make it up to
you, Helen, I will.

HELEN

Well why shouldn't I list my phone number?
I'm not running from anyone.

DENNIS

No ... and neither was my wife. But somebody
caught up to her.

(shouts)

That should never have happened, Helen!

HELEN

Your wife knew the guy who ...

He shoots an ashtray off a dresser; she jumps. DENNIS SHOUTS FURIOUSLY FOR THE REMAINDER OF THIS SCENE.

DENNIS

I don't want to hear that crap again about my wife knowing her rapist! He came back and killed her for testifying against him!

(knocks some dishes off a table)

He killed her, Helen! Didn't you think that might've been a possibility?!

Helen is petrified.

DENNIS

What kind of justice was that? He got away with raping my wife, I got put away for doing what you bastards should have done in the first place!

HELEN

I followed the news reports for a while. Your jury showed little mercy because you killed an innocent woman.

DENNIS

The bitch saw me kill that bastard. What was I supposed to do? Just let her go? Besides, none of it was ever proven. I got put away for some trumped up weapons charges.

HELEN

They probably wouldn't have sentences you if ...

DENNIS

(shoots a lamp)

... okay, Helen, let's cut the bull. What they probably would've or wouldn't have ... if this or if that ... doesn't do us any good right now, does it? My wife is dead, and I'm out twenty years of my life. That's the bottom line, isn't it?

Dennis pulls her head back by her hair. She freezes with fright.

DENNIS

Isn't it?

HELEN

(cries)

Please don't hurt me.

DENNIS

I shouldn't hurt you? You know what it's like spending twenty years in prison saying "Please don't hurt me" and nobody gives a damn?

(shoves her to the floor)

HELEN

(crying hysterically)

I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

DENNIS

You're sorry? Not as sorry as I am.

Dennis aims and, with her begging face in full view, shoots her twice in the head.

DENNIS

(gazing at her lifeless body)

There, see? I made it up to you. Quick and painless.

INT. MIKE KAZANOWSKI'S APARTMENT, BACK IN THE CITY

Distraught, Grace sits in the living room with Mike, Scott's college buddy whom Dennis punched out at the party. Dennis' box is in front of them.

MIKE

Grace, this is not my area of expertise. I'm a corporate attorney.

GRACE

Mike, I don't know who else to turn to.

MIKE

Grace, what you have doesn't prove anything, as far as the cops are concerned. All you have is a newspaper clipping with faces crossed off. The antique is not a one-of-a-

kind and it certainly doesn't have a serial number. The cops would need something more substantial.

GRACE

He's marking them off as he's killing them, isn't that substantial enough?

MIKE

Grace, believe me, it doesn't prove anything. Not only that, the fact that you were with him on two murders and didn't notice anything suspicious, you could actually turn into his alibi.

GRACE

Well won't they at least question him?

MIKE

Of course they would. But that's about it ... until they got more concrete evidence. And in the mean time, you'd be a sitting duck for this maniac.

GRACE

(with a sigh of despair)

This doesn't make any sense.

MIKE

Grace, take my advice. You know I'd like nothing more than to help you put this psychopath away. But the best thing you can do for yourself right now is not let him even suspect you know anything.

Seeing Grace's extreme distress, Mike reaches out and holds her hands.

MIKE

You warned Scott. That's about all you can do right now. Sooner or later he'll screw up.

INT. DENNIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grace comes in through the back window, holding the box in one hand and a flashlight in the other. Slowly and stealthily, she makes her way through the dark apartment.

Suddenly, she trips on something and HEARS A SHORT CASCADE OF SOUNDS; an entire stack of photos topple over. She bends down to restack them.

EXT.

Dennis enters the building.

INT. DENNIS' APARTMENT

Still restacking the photos, Grace is horrified to HEAR KEYS CLANGING at the door.

FRONT DOOR, HALLWAY

Dennis unlocks three locks, but the door doesn't open.

DENNIS

Damn!

(unlocks the bottom one again)

Didn't lock this one.

INT.

Opening the light as he steps in, Dennis sees nothing unusual__the photos Grace had kicked over are restacked. He takes a whiff, as if smelling something familiar, then shrugs it off.

Stepping into the kitchen, Dennis gulps down a beer like someone home from a proud day's work, then heads for his office.

OFFICE

The room is pitch black as Dennis opens the door and gropes for the switch. Suddenly, something whacks him over the head with a loud thud, knocking him out cold.

Opening the light, Grace stands there with the box in her hand. She quickly puts the box back into the closet, where she originally found it, and hurries out the back window.

Dennis comes to. In a frenzy, he takes out the box, opens it, and finds nothing out of the ordinary. He hurries around the apartment, but finds nothing missing.

After just standing there a minute in total confusion, he goes back to the closet and takes another big whiff. He looks into the box once more and closes it.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

She is on the phone.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT

The apartment is still and dark. CLOSE SHOT of the recorder.

GRACE (V.O.)

If you're there, please pick up!

(pause)

Please call me as soon as you get in!

EXT./INT. SCOTT'S CAR SPEEDS DOWN THE HIGHWAY - SCOTT AND PAULA

PAULA

I feel like we just left.

SCOTT

It was as long as we can afford.

PAULA

Two weeks is what I need.

SCOTT

I wouldn't mind a month, to tell you the truth.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

As Grace pours over some work-related papers, the DOORBELL RINGS.

GRACE

Who is it?

DENNIS

Dennis.

GRACE

(startled)

Dennis?

DENNIS

Yes.

GRACE

Dennis. Oh, you're back.

(opens the door with uneasiness)

DENNIS

(smiles)

You look surprised.

GRACE

I wasn't expecting you back so soon.

DENNIS

Well, I was a little ahead of schedule.

GRACE

(trying to act cool)

So, how'd the shoot in L.A. go?

DENNIS

Good. Very good.

(with a smirk)

As a matter of fact, never shot better in my life.

GRACE

That's great.

Dennis clears his throat.

GRACE

(nervous smile)

Oh, I'm sorry, come on in.

DENNIS

(walks in)

Miss me?

GRACE

Sure.

DENNIS

Missed you too.

GRACE

In fact, I was going to call you tonight to see if you're home yet.

DENNIS

(grabs and kisses her)

You know what I like about you? You're so different.

(takes a big whiff)

Even your perfume is different.

Instinctively, they make sudden eye contact; now, each one knows that the other knows something, but isn't quite sure what. Grace gently pushes him off.

DENNIS

Hey, what's the matter? I thought you missed me.

GRACE

I just had a rough day, that's all. The computer broke down. My client's going crazy. You know how these things are sometimes.

DENNIS

Yes, I think I do. In fact, I just had one of those days myself.

(pause)

My apartment was broken into.

GRACE

(jumps)

No.

DENNIS

Yes.

GRACE

Anything missing?

DENNIS

Well, that's the confusing part. They didn't take anything. Doesn't make much sense, does it?

GRACE

Maybe you scared 'em off when you walked in?

DENNIS

(after a moment of thought)

Who said I walked in on them?

GRACE

I ... I didn't say you did. You could've.

DENNIS

Yes, I guess I could've.

(puts his arms around her)

Hey, let's forget our day's worries. That's

what relaxing is all about.

GRACE

(gently pushes him off again)

No, no, not now, please Dennis. I can't right now.

DENNIS

(slightly angry)

I don't understand. I'm away for less than two days and everything's changed. What is it? You seeing someone else?

GRACE

No, it's nothing like that.

DENNIS

(grabs her)

Well then what the hell is it?

GRACE

Stop, you're hurting me.

DENNIS

I'm hurting you? What the hell do you think you're doing to me?

GRACE

(in a tougher tone)

Dennis, you're hurting me. Let go.

He throws her down on the bed and jumps her.

GRACE

(struggling to get him off)

Dennis ... what are you doing?

Dennis rips her clothes off. She slaps him once or twice, he returns with several stronger blows. As she attempts to scream, he hits her harder.

Breaking loose, Grace runs for her life. Dennis chases her around the apartment for about a minute or so, throwing over a variety of furniture in the process. He finally catches up to her and, while she cries hysterically, rapes her, thrashing her around, as if playing out some sordid of fantasy.

FLASHBACK

We see a REPLAY OF THE OPENING SCENE where the young Dennis is being beaten and raped in prison.

END OF FLASHBACK

GRACE

(cries)

Stop. Please.

DENNIS

Stop?

(laughs)

Are you begging?

GRACE

Yes.

Dennis laughs as he continues to rape her.

DENNIS

Begging doesn't help.

(as if his mind has lapsed back
into prison)

You can beg, you can scream, you can plead
... nobody hears you. This is where the
strong survive and the weak get wasted.

He finally climaxes. With a look of content, he just lies there for a moment listening to her cry.

DENNIS

Oh stop it. We've done this a million times.

(gets dressed)

(sees Grace glance at the phone)

Go ahead. Go ahead. Call the cops. You
know what they'll tell you?

(shouts, with obvious reference
to his wife's rapist)

They'll tell you you knew the guy! You even
let him into your apartment. You consented!

(laughs)

(straightens out his shirt)

It's been a long day, but all's well that
ends well, eh?

(walks to the door)

(sarcastically)

Listen, honey, I gotta go now. You be good,
you hear? And don't open the door for

strangers, you never know what's going to walk in.

(leaves laughing)

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT

Scott and Paula walk in like two "born again" lovebirds. They smile, embrace and kiss every step of the way.

PAULA

Why didn't we do this sooner?

SCOTT

(in jest)

I had no idea the Thruway went anywhere. I thought it was just there for the toll booths.

PAULA

(kisses him)

Maybe if you took your nose out of those damn computers once in a while you'd know where the Thruway leads to.

SCOTT

(turns toward the answering machine)

Speaking of ...

PAULA

Uh uh. No, Scott.

Scott stops.

PAULA

No business till tomorrow. You promised.

SCOTT

Okay, okay.

They kiss.

INT. POLICE STATION - GRACE AND THE SERGEANT

SERGEANT

Look, Miss Richards, you realize that perjury is a serious offense?

GRACE

(irate)

Why won't you believe me?

SERGEANT

You come in here telling me about a fight you had with your boyfriend ...

GRACE

... it wasn't a fight! He raped me!

SERGEANT

Okay, he raped you. Then you tell me a story about how you believe he killed two people.

(pause)

Miss Richards, there are other ways of resolving romantic disputes.

GRACE

Sergeant, this wasn't a romantic dispute. And I saw newspaper clippings in his apartment of the people who were killed.

(cries)

SERGEANT

(reluctantly takes out some forms)

Okay ... I'll take a complaint.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT

Scott and Paula smooch, still fully clothed.

PAULA

Hey, why don't we get comfortable?

BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Paula takes a shower.

BEDROOM

With the SOUND OF THE SHOWER IN THE BACKGROUND, Scott, now in his robe, combs his hair. He looks at the bathroom door impatiently, then heads for his answering machine.

Before he has a chance to press anything, the DOORBELL RINGS. Peering out the peephole, Scott is surprised to see Dennis, whom he's still not on the greatest of terms with.

SCOTT

Yes?

DENNIS

Scott?

SCOTT

What can I do for you, Dennis?

DENNIS

Can I talk to you a minute?

SCOTT

Now's not a good time.

DENNIS

Listen, I'm really sorry about your party.
It's been bothering me, and I just had to get
it off my chest.

EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DENNIS' APARTMENT

Two cops RING THE DOORBELL.

COP ONE

I was called on a domestic dispute about a
month ago where the woman claimed her husband
cooked their three-year-old. It turned out
the three-year-old was at the zoo with an
aunt and the husband was cooking a turkey
dinner.

(laughs; RINGS THE DOORBELL
again)

COP TWO

Alright, let's get outta here. We'll do this
another time.

They leave.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM

Watching television in bed and cuddling Tiger, Grace keeps
glancing at the phone.

GRACE

Where the hell are they?

INT. SCOTT'S LIVING ROOM

Scott and Dennis sit on a couch, positioned in front of the open office door, with a clear view of the turned-on computer. Next to them are some tools.

BATHROOM

Out of the shower, Paula is now in front of the mirror, with the faucet running, doing her hair.

LIVING ROOM

We HEAR THE FAUCET IN THE BACKGROUND.

SCOTT

Hey, I'm glad you dropped by.

DENNIS

I can't tell what a load off my mind this is.

SCOTT

Frankly, I didn't think you had it in you to apologize.

DENNIS

Well, that's something a lot of people don't know about me.

(smiles)

When I decide to do something, I do it.

SCOTT

That's a commendable quality.

DENNIS

Thank you.

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE

Grace sits down at her computer and starts up a program.

INT. SCOTT'S LIVING ROOM

As Scott continues this next dialogue with Dennis, the following message appears on the computer screen, one line at a time.

URGENT!

Please listen to your messages
as soon as you get in!

-Grace-

DENNIS

You know, I wanted to speak to you first.
I was afraid Mike wouldn't accept my apology.

SCOTT

Oh no, Mike isn't like that. He'd be happy
to forgive and forget.

DENNIS

I'm glad to hear that.

SCOTT

He was half drunk. Besides, you know how it
is, lawyers' lips move whether they're
something or not.

As they laugh, the last line of Grace's message appears on the
computer screen. Seeing the message but being too far to read
it, Scott excuses himself and walks over to the computer.

After reading the message, Scott steps over to his answering
machine. Dennis doesn't know what's going on but has a stern
look on his face. Scott turns on his answering machine:

GRACE (V.O.)

(loud enough for Dennis to hear)
Scott, Dennis has been killing people who
were on the same jury with you, about twenty
years ago. Whatever you do, don't let him
in! Call me as soon as you get back!

With a horrified look, Scott turns around toward Dennis and finds
him holding a gun.

SCOTT

You son of a bitch.

DENNIS

(smiles)
(sarcastically)
That's another thing about me a lot of people
don't know.

The BATHROOM FAUCET STOPS.

PAULA (O.S.)

(shouts)

Honey, I'm sorry, I gotta rinse my hair again. That "goo" from the grass didn't come out.

The SHOWER GOES ON AGAIN.

DENNIS

Hand over that cassette.

Scott just stands there.

DENNIS

(angrily)

I said, hand over the cassette!

Scott takes the cassette out of the recorder and throws it to him.

SCOTT

You shoot in here and the whole building's going to be at my door in a second.

DENNIS

(picking up a large screwdriver)

I know.

EXT./INT. DENNIS' CAR SPEEDS DOWN CITY STREETS

Alone in the car, Dennis takes turns at high speed, screeching every step of the way.

DENNIS

(furious)

That stupid bitch. I knew she was in the damn apartment.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT

The bathroom door opens and Paula steps out, wrapped in a towel.

PAULA

(as if making a grand entrance)

Tahrah!

CLOSE SHOT of her face as she is horrified by what she sees: Scott is on the floor in a pool of blood, with a large screwdriver sticking out of his stomach. She faints.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

As Grace gives Tiger something to eat the DOORBELL RINGS.

GRACE

Who is it?

INTERCUT SHOTS of Dennis in the hallway.

DENNIS

Dennis.

GRACE

What do you want?

DENNIS

Can I talk to you a minute?

GRACE

I'm listening.

DENNIS

It's hard to talk from out here.

GRACE

I'm not opening the door.

DENNIS

Grace, I just want to apologize.

GRACE

Apology is accepted. Now go.

DENNIS

No, I mean, really, I feel absolutely terrible. I don't know what came over me. Can't I just talk to you for a minute?

GRACE

You are talking to me.

DENNIS

Inside.

GRACE

No, Dennis, I'm not opening the door.

DENNIS

Okay, okay. I just wanted you to know how sorry I was. I feel terrible about what happened. I'm sorry, okay?

(moves away from the door)

I'll leave you alone now.

INT. BAR

Dennis finishes a drink.

BARTENDER

Another round?

DENNIS

No thanks.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM

Grace has fallen asleep in front of the TV. She is awakened by the almost-piercing SOUND OF THE DOORBELL. Warily, she steps close to the door and just listens for a second. The DOORBELL RINGS again.

GRACE

I told you I'm not opening the door.

ARNOLD SULLIVAN (O.S.)

It's Arnold Sullivan.

GRACE

(surprised)

Mr. Sullivan?

SULLIVAN

I'm sorry to bother you this late, but the last output had some serious errors. It just couldn't wait till the morning.

The moment Grace unlocks the door, a powerful thrust kicks the door wide open, sending her flying across the room. To her utter shock, she sees Dennis holding a gun at Sullivan.

SULLIVAN

(frightened)

I'm really sorry, Miss Richards, he forced me

...

DENNIS

(sends Sullivan crashing to the floor with the butt of his gun)

... shut up!

Tiger comes out barking. After locking the front door, Dennis kicks Tiger into the bathroom and slams the door shut.

DENNIS

(picks Grace off the floor)

Why'd you have to break into my apartment?

GRACE

(barely able to talk from fear)

Brake into your apartment?

DENNIS

(loud and angry)

That's right!

(slaps her several times)

Why'd you brake into my apartment, bitch?

What the hell were you looking for?

GRACE

(crying)

I ... I thought you were married. I'm sorry.

DENNIS

Why the hell didn't you just ask? You didn't think I was honest enough?

(slaps her again and throws her down)

Boy, you really screwed things up. We had a good thing going.

(pause)

I admit, I used you to get to Scott. But I really got to like you. I mean, I really got to like you. Didn't that mean anything to you?

GRACE

(tries to appease him)

Yes ... I like you too.

DENNIS

Then why, for god's sake, did you throw it all away?

GRACE

We can still go out.

DENNIS

We can still go out? I doubt that very much.
(takes out Scott's cassette from
his pocket and throws it at her)
And he won't be going out with anyone either.

Grace sobs hysterically.

SULLIVAN

(in pain)

Please ... please, help me up.

DENNIS

(to Sullivan)

You know, you're becoming a real pain in the
ass.

(pulls him up)

I'll help you up.

After throwing a PAINTING off the wall, Dennis takes off Sullivan's belt, wraps one end around Sullivan's neck and hooks the other end onto the NAIL ON THE WALL. Sullivan has just enough slack to stand erect; as soon as he bends his knees, he chokes.

SULLIVAN

(chokes for a second)

I'm ... I'm choking.

DENNIS

(slaps him)

Of course you're choking, you got a damn belt
around your neck.

(slaps him again)

(furiously)

You got some nerve complaining! How many
times was I in pain? Were you any help? No!

(goes into a trance-like state)

FLASHBACK

Dennis is a kid around seven years old, eating breakfast. His father suddenly comes into the kitchen, picks him up and throws him against a wall.

FATHER

You little twerp. I almost broke my neck on one of your damn toys! How many times do I have to tell you to put your stuff away?

Dennis' father beats him mercilessly as Dennis cries and begs in vain for him to stop.

END OF FLASHBACK

DENNIS

(slaps Sullivan again)
I wouldn't be hitting you if you didn't deserve it.

Regaining his composure somewhat, Dennis moves back to Grace.

GRACE

I ... I have to go to the bathroom.

DENNIS

(thinks for a second)
Quick.

BATHROOM

Grace steps in, closes the door, washes her face, then cuddles Tiger for several seconds and cries.

LIVING ROOM

Grace comes out of the bathroom, leaving the door slightly ajar. She's only several feet away, when Tiger comes running out, growling and biting Dennis' leg. With Dennis busy shaking off Tiger, Grace heads for the door.

DENNIS

Hey, where the hell are you going?!

Grace runs out. Dennis finally gets Tiger off and, with gun in hand, runs after Grace.

HALLWAY

Grace boards the elevator, going up. Dennis runs up the staircase.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

Sullivan struggles to free himself. But the nail to which his belt is hooked onto is out of reach. He tries jumping, but almost chokes in the process. Exhausted and in pain, he just gives up.

TOP FLOOR

Grace runs from the elevator up to the roof.

EXT. ROOF

Grace's building is one of several that have connecting roofs with chimneys and protruding cabin-like structures.

Dennis comes running out of one "cabin," looks around, then goes searching from "cabin" to "cabin." Suddenly, Grace runs out from behind a structure which Dennis is about look behind.

He chases her for about a minute and eventually catches up to her near the edge of the roof. We see several SHOTS of the streets ten stories below, as Grace kicks and swings.

DENNIS

(as they struggle)

You know, this may even be more convenient than your apartment.

Dennis almost manages to push Grace over the edge, when she grabs a short metal pipe and thrusts it into his groin. As he goes reeling in pain, she heads for an adjacent roof.

After recovering for a second or two, Dennis continues his chase, this time firing a shot or two, but missing. Grace enters the adjacent building.

INT. HALLWAY OF ADJACENT BUILDING

GRACE

(shouts as she runs down the stairs)

Help! Someone's trying to kill me! Help!

Two or three apartment doors open. But as soon as the occupants see Dennis come running with a gun, they slam the doors shut.

Finally, Dennis catches up to Grace on the ground floor just as she's about to leave the building.

DENNIS

(squeezes the gun to her head)
Sorry, but you're not that fast.
(pulls her head back by the hair)
Let's walk ... quietly ... one funny move,
you're dead.

Dennis leads her to the front entrance. The moment they step through it, Grace slams the door on his hand and runs.

EXT. THE STREET

As Grace runs toward an alley, she is spotted by Sal, the cop on the beat. From SAL'S POV, we see Dennis running after her. Sal quickly gives chase.

ALLEY

The alley contains several HUGE GARBAGE RECEPTACLES and has debris__pieces of WOOD, METAL PIPES, CARDBOARD BOXES__strewn throughout.

Grace hides behind a garbage receptacle. A second later, Dennis comes running into the alley and looks around. As he moves into a dark area, Sal rushes in and takes out his gun. Dennis can see Sal, but Sal cannot see Dennis.

SAL

Grace?

From Dennis' POV, we see Sal pick up his police radio. Dennis shoots. The bullet knocks Sal's radio out of his hand, breaking it into several pieces. Sal ducks for cover.

The suspense is built for about a minute or two with a cat-and-mouse game between Dennis and Sal. Since most of the alley is too dark to make shooting of much use, only one or two shots are fired by each, with no one hitting anyone.

Finally, Dennis sneaks up on Sal and squeezes his gun to his head.

DENNIS

Drop it!

Sal doesn't move. Dennis pulls back the hammer.

DENNIS

I said, drop it!

Sal drops the gun.

SAL

(nervously)

Backup should be arriving any minute now.

DENNIS

Walk.

Sal walks, with Dennis directly behind him.

DENNIS

(picks up a thick piece of wood)

I don't hear any sirens.

(sarcastically)

You sure you dialed the right number?

(knocks Sal out with one blow)

From Grace's POV, from behind a garbage receptacle, we see Dennis beat Sal to death, then dump his body into a receptacle.

As Dennis continues his search for Grace, he moves closer to her receptacle. Bolting out from behind, Grace moves to a another dark corner.

Now a cat-and-mouse game ensues for a minute or two between Grace and Dennis. At one point Grace manages to hit Dennis over the head with a pipe or wood, but only to startle him for a few seconds.

Finally, Grace makes a dash for the exit. Dennis tackles her.

DENNIS

(slapping her around)

You bitch! You stupid bitch! You really thought you could outsmart me? Bitch!

She tries to scream; he belts her. With her face now bleeding, he pulls her toward the alley's exit.

DENNIS

I think it's time for some real fun.

His gun now in his pocket, pointed at her, Dennis grips Grace firmly with one hand and leads her back to her building.

INT. GRACE'S BUILDING

As Dennis and Grace wait for the elevator, Dennis nervously looks from side to side.

INT. ADJACENT BUILDING

With AUDIO OFF, two cops talk to the occupants of one apartment who saw Dennis earlier. The occupants point to the stairs. The cops head down the stairs.

INT. GRACE'S BUILDING, GROUND FLOOR

The slow and screechy elevator finally arrives. Dennis shoves Grace in and hits the 5th-floor button. As the elevator slows down at the third floor, Dennis twitches nervously. The elevator stops.

The moment two elderly women step in, Dennis grabs Grace and kisses her, keeping her bloody face out of view. The women press "4" and keep glancing at Dennis in disgust until the elevator stops.

ONE WOMAN

(as she and her friend get out)

You'd think they could wait till they got home. Disgusting.

The elevator moves on.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

Still strung up to the wall, Sullivan looks like he's exhausted enough to just drop. He keeps dipping, choking, then straightening out again.

Dennis barges in with Grace, throwing her down on a couch. As she cries, he locks Tiger up in the bathroom again.

Dennis then throws a pillow over Grace's head, moves the gun's barrel back one chamber, to a spent bullet, and presses the gun against the pillow.

DENNIS

Sometimes you have to hurt the ones you love.
If not, they just keep hurting you.

He pulls the trigger, a click, with no bullet fired, is HEARD, Grace jumps, then CRIES OUT LOUD.

DENNIS

Oops! I already used that bullet. Let's see
if we can find a live one.

With Dennis about to pull the trigger again, Grace slips her hand
onto his crotch.

GRACE

Just one more time.

Curiously, he pulls the pillow off her.

GRACE

Let's ... let's do it just one more time.

With her hand still on his crotch, he thinks for a moment.

DENNIS

Hey, why not? Seems like a reasonable last
request.

(pause)

But you make one sudden move ...

GRACE

I won't.

(Dennis and Grace are in the same room as Sullivan, which is also
the same room where the incomplete light-fixture hangs from the
ceiling. This light is on, while two LAMPS in the room are off.)

As Dennis checks to see that the front door is locked, and
reinforcing it with a chair under the knob, Grace wipes the blood
off her face.

DENNIS

Okay ... (he points toward the bedroom)

GRACE

Can we do it here?

DENNIS

(looks at Sullivan for a second)

(looks at Grace)

(smiles)

You kinky bitch. You want him to watch?
I didn't know you were into that.

GRACE

(in mock embarrassment)

It kind'a turns me on.

DENNIS
(exuberant)
Alright!

Dennis takes the bullets out of his gun, puts them into his pocket, then places the gun on a dresser.

They start making love. In a minute or two, Dennis is down to his shorts and hot like a pistol. He undresses her, one piece at a time.

GRACE
Did we ever do it on the floor?

DENNIS
(puzzled)
On the floor?

GRACE
Yea.

DENNIS
No, I don't believe we did.

GRACE
It's more fun.

DENNIS
(smiles in bewilderment)
Boy, why didn't you tell me you were into all this? I would've done it on a damn bus.

Grace leads him to the middle of the room, which happens to be directly underneath the light-fixture. They make love on the floor.

EXT. NEARBY ALLEY

With flashlights in hand, the two investigating cops have spotted the trail of Sal's blood. They follow it to the huge garbage receptacle, discover Sal's body, and radio in for assistance.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

Making love on the floor, Dennis looks like he's just getting started, while Grace looks like she's slowing down.

DENNIS

What's the matter?

GRACE

It's too light.

DENNIS

Too light?

GRACE

I like it a little more romantic.

DENNIS

No. No way. You're not closing the damn lights.

GRACE

I'll put the lamps on.

DENNIS

(thinks for a second)
Open the lamps first.

GRACE

Okay.

Grace gets up, opens two lamps, then closes the main light. Dennis just lies there, sprawled out on the floor, excitedly waiting for her to return.

Being next to the chain which holds up the fixture, Grace quickly unhooks the chain from the nail on the wall. Dennis screams as the huge fixture comes crashing down on his groin. A SHOT OF THE ROLL OF WIRING UNRAVELLING as the fixture falls, showing that the light has not been disconnected from its power source. Dennis conks out.

Grace quickly unties a barely-conscious Sullivan, who falls to the floor.

Dennis comes to and, as Grace rushes to the phone, grabs her by the leg. Unable to move under the pressure of the fixture, Dennis tries to pull her down. She kicks frantically. Tearing herself away, she rushes back to the switch.

GRACE

(looks at Dennis with contempt)
You know, you really gotta lighten up a little.

She turns on the switch. Dennis screams as sparks fly; he is fried, sizzled and baked. Finally, he breathes his last.

About to call for help, Grace is startled by the sudden RINGING of the phone. She picks it up.

MALE ON OTHER END

Miss Richards?

GRACE

Yes?

MALE

This is Pete's Hardware. We got the part for your fixture. When can we come down?

GRACE

Don't bother. I gave it to an acquaintance as a going-away present.

(slams the phone down)

INT./EXT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT

With Paula trailing directly behind, Paramedics rush Scott, who is still alive and slipping in and out of consciousness, from his apartment into an ambulance.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SEVERAL WEEKS LATER - DAY

Grace and Paula jog.

GRACE

Paula, there's nothing to it. All you have to do is start programs up and shut 'em down. I got a ton of new work from Sullivan. Scott can't handle it alone. You'll make more money doing this than you ever made in hair.

PAULA

Grace, I really don't know. Computers are not my thing.

GRACE

Paint 'em green and yellow and pretend they're hair.

They come to a parking lot, where Scott and Mike wait in a car. Grace and Mike kiss. Paula and Scott smile.

PAULA

(as they drive off)

You think glow goes well with a yellow
computer?

END

