

BODY HEAT  
An Original Screenplay  
by  
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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

THIRD DRAFT  
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FADE IN:

EXT. NIGHT SKY

Flames in the night sky. Distant SIRENS. PULLING BACK, we see that the burning building is mostly hidden by dense, black shapes that define the oceanside skyline of Miranda Beach, Florida. We're watching from across town. The sound of a bathroom SHOWER comes to a dripping stop at about the same time we see the naked back and head of NED RACINE. We continue to PULL BACK INTO --

RACINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Racine, dressed in undershorts, is standing on the small porch off his apartment on the upper floor of an old house. Racine lights a cigarette and continues to stare off at the fire. We've passed him now, into the bedroom of the apartment, and the shape of a young woman, ANGELA, flashes by, drying her body with a towel.

ANGELA (O.S.)

My God, it's hot. I stepped out of the shower and stared sweating again. ... It's still burning? Jesus, it's bigger! And I thought you were making me hear those sirens.

(she giggles)

What is it?

RACINE

The Seawater Inn. My family used to eat dinner there twenty-five years ago. Now somebody's torched it to clear the lot.

Angela reappears briefly, gathering her clothes. She sits on an unseen bed to get dressed.

ANGELA (O.S.)

That's a shame.

RACINE

Probably one of my clients.

ANGELA (O.S.)

I'm leaving.

RACINE

(back still turned)

It's four a.m.

On the bed, Angela snaps on her bra.

ANGELA

I go on duty at Miami Airport at seven.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I wouldn't mind having breakfast...  
What do you care? You're watching  
the fire. You're done with me. I'm  
just getting into my uniform here...

She is, in fact, slipping on the blouse of her Avis Rent-a-Car uniform. There's a smile on her lips as she buttons up, watching Racine.

ANGELA

You've had your fun. You're spent.  
(trying for a  
straight face)  
I'll just slip into my uniform here  
and slip away.

RACINE

My history's burning up out here.

ANGELA

Hey, I don't mind. I'm leaving.  
Why do they make these damn skirts  
so hard to zip...

Now, for the first time, Racine turns to look at her. She is sitting on the edge of the bed, half into her uniform. Racine smiles broadly at the sight and moves into the room. He pushes her back and they both disappear from sight, fabric rustling.

RACINE

Where's your hat?

ANGELA (O.S.)

Hey... hey...  
(giggling)  
... don't wrinkle it!

RACINE (O.S.)

'You're spent.' Where'd you hear  
that?

We are left looking out over the porch at the night. And we go back there, across the rooftops, to the flames.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

An Assistant County Prosecutor named PETER LOWENSTEIN has been conferring at the bench with JUDGE COSTANZA and now they both wait as Racine comes into view to join them.

The Judge is irritated.

JUDGE COSTANZA

Mr. Racine, I do no longer care  
whether these alleged toilets were  
(MORE)

JUDGE COSTANZA (CONT'D)

ever actually en route from Indiana or not. I think we're wasting our time here. It's pretty clear your client has attempted to defraud the county in a not very ingenious manner.

(he nods at  
Lowenstein)

The Assistant Prosecutor has made what I consider a generous offer. And given that you've failed to generate even the semblance of a defense --

RACINE

Judge Costanza, perhaps when I've presented all --

JUDGE COSTANZA

Yeah, yeah. If I were you, I'd recommend to your client that held quickly do as Mr. Lowenstein here has suggested -- plead nolo contendere, file Chapter Eleven and agree never to do business with Okeelanta County again.

Racine is surprised and pleased.

RACINE

You would look favorably on that?

JUDGE COSTANZA

(nods)

He can walk. But don't test my patience for even five more minutes. If he hesitates, I'll nail him.

RACINE

I'll talk to him.

Racine starts to turn.

JUDGE COSTANZA

Mr. Racine. Next time you come into my courtroom I hope you've got either a better defense or a better class of client.

Lowenstein smiles.

RACINE

Thank you, Your Honor.

Racine goes back to his client, a Businessman of enormous confidence and extravagantly untrustworthy appearance.

INT. STELLA'S COFFEE SHOP - FIRST STREET - DAY

Racine and Lowenstein are seated at the counter. Racine drinks beer while Lowenstein drinks a tall iced tea very rapidly and signals for another. This place is across the street from the courthouse/police station and there are plenty of lawyers and cops around, several of whom acknowledge Lowenstein and Racine with pats or nods.

A single unit air conditioner is blowing away above the door, but it can't compete with the blasts of hot air that come in with each new patron. All of these people, like the pedestrians outside the window, have stripped down to essentials in the infernal heat. The lawyers all carry their jackets, but even so their shirtsleeves are sweaty. The town is sizzling.

LOWENSTEIN

-- I think I've underestimated you, Ned. I don't know why it took me so long. You've started using your incompetence as a weapon.

RACINE

(smiles)

My defense was evolving. You guys got scared. Costanza doesn't like me. What'd I do to him?

LOWENSTEIN

He's an unhappy man, thinks he should be Circuit Court by now. Here he is in a state with really top-notch corruption and he's stuck with the county toilets.

(he drinks)

I'm surprised you weren't in on that toilet caper. Could have been that quick score you've always been searching for.

RACINE

Maybe Costanza was in on it. That's why he was mad.

STELLA, the owner of the coffee shop, writes and places separate checks in front of the two men.

STELLA

What's the word from the hallowed halls of justice? Anything juicy?

LOWENSTEIN

Maybe Stella was in on it.

(finished his tea)

Stella, when you gonna get a real air conditioner in here.

STELLA

You don't like it there's lots of other places.

LOWENSTEIN

They don't have you. Gotta go.

He stands fishing for change, but Racine takes his check and places it with his own. Lowenstein nods and moves for the door.

LOWENSTEIN

You can't buy me. No sirree, I don't come cheap.

Just before he reaches the door he does a strange thing -- he takes several graceful dance steps in the Astaire manner.

A VOICE

Lowenstein, you're a fag.

Lowenstein spins out the door, where he is blasted by the heavy air. His body droops as he disappears.

STELLA

Why does he do that?

RACINE

He's pretty good, that's the weird part.

STELLA

Did you hear about Dr. Block?

RACINE

No. Do I want to?

STELLA

(leans toward him,  
confidential)  
Agnes Marshall.

RACINE

(the thought  
disgusts him)  
That must have been Mrs. Block's idea, some kind of punishment.

STELLA

It was! How'd you know? Christ, you're plugged in better than me. So you must know about Mrs. Block's friend in Ocean Grove.

Racine winces, gets up, and puts money on the counter. He lights a cigarette.

RACINE

Stella, this is beneath even you.  
Things must be slow.

Stella agrees with a shrug as Racine heads for the door.

STELLA

It's the heat.

EXT. FIRST STREET AND MAIN STREET - DAY

Racine makes his way up First to the corner of Main and crosses diagonally to his building on Main. He is well-known here, greeted through glass by many of the shop owners. The heat dominates much of the pantomimed conversation. Racine goes in a doorway and heads up the stairs to his office.

INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Racine's secretary, BEVERLY, is behind the desk in the modest reception room. She's a pretty girl barely past twenty. She pushes some phone message slips toward Racine and nods toward the sofa. A middle-aged woman client, MRS. SINGER, sits there clutching a walking stick. Her face suddenly is contorted in pain. Racine glances meaningfully at Beverly then turns his full solicitous charm on Mrs. Singer.

RACINE

Mrs. Singer, I would have gladly  
come to the house.

He helps her up and leads her slowly to his office.

MRS. SINGER

No. no, the doctor says I should  
walk and I had some shopping. Not  
that that quack knows what he's  
talking about. I tell you, Mr.  
Racine, I'm not sure his testimony  
is going to be very useful.

RACINE

Don't worry about it. I'll find you  
a doctor who's more understanding.  
Is it bad today?

MRS. SINGER

Oooh, you can't imagine. Nothing  
can make up for the pain they've  
caused me.

RACINE

How well I know. We'll sue those  
reckless bastards dry. Excuse my  
language.

As Mrs. Singer disappears into the office, Racine flashes a grin at Beverly.

MRS. SINGER

Don't apologize. That's the kind of attitude you've got to have these days...

EXT. THE BEACHFRONT - NIGHT

The hottest January in fifty years has brought the crowds to the beach in search of relief. But they've been disappointed. Even the breeze off the ocean seems blown from a hair dryer. Still, the nights are a trifle better and the Beachfront, the penny arcades, the ice cream stands and bars are busy, even now in the middle of the week.

Racine comes out of a bar and lights a cigarette, idly watching the passing parade. There is a free band concert in progress at the band shell. Racine wanders in that direction.

EXT. THE BAND SHELL - NIGHT

The Miranda Beach High School Orchestra is playing to a full, sweating house; the audience is a sea of orange programs fluttering away as fans. People come and go frequently.

The atmosphere is as innocent and informal as the music the band is playing now.

Racine leans against the back rail, smoking, his eyes playing over the scene with no expectations.

Then, down near the center aisle, a WOMAN rises. As the band plays on, this extraordinary, beautiful woman, in a simple white dress, moves down the aisle. She moves wonderfully. The dress clings to her body in the heat.

Racine watches, mesmerized, as she walks directly toward him. She passes within a few inches of him, her eyes lowered. Racine's body sways a moment as she goes by, as though buffeted by some force. But they do not touch. She goes out onto the Beachfront walkway.

EXT. THE BEACHFRONT WALKWAY - NIGHT

The Woman, MATTY, has walked to the rail. She stands there now lighting a cigarette. She presents her face to the ocean, hoping for a breeze. We move in on her, with Racine.

Racine lights a new cigarette and smiles at her. She looks at him and, for an instant, her eyes race over his body, then she looks back at the ocean.



RACINE

You can stand here with me if you want, but you'll have to agree not to talk about the heat.

She looks at him, and there is something startling about the directness of her gaze. When she speaks, she is cool without being hostile.

MATTY

I'm a married woman.

RACINE

Meaning what?

MATTY

Meaning I'm not looking for company.

She turns back toward the ocean.

RACINE

Then you should have said -- 'I'm a happily married woman.'

MATTY

That's my business.

RACINE

What?

MATTY

How happy I am.

RACINE

And how, happy is that?

She looks at him curiously. She begins walking slowly along the rail. He walks too.

MATTY

You're not too smart, are you?

Racine shakes his head "no."

MATTY

I like that in a man.

RACINE

What else you like -- Ugly? Lazy? Horny? I got 'em all.

MATTY

You don't look lazy.

Racine smiles.

MATTY

Tell me, does chat like that work with most women?

RACINE

Some. If they haven't been around much.

MATTY

I wondered. Thought maybe I was out of touch.

She stops again at the rail as a small breeze blows in from the ocean. She turns her back to it and, with her cigarette dangling from her lips, she uses both hands to lift her hair up off her nape. She closes her eyes as the air hits her. Racine watches very closely.

RACINE

How 'bout I buy you a drink?

MATTY

I told you. I've got a husband.

RACINE

I'll buy him one too.

MATTY

He's out of town.

RACINE

My favorite kind. We'll drink to him.

MATTY

He only comes up on the weekends.

Matty lets her hair fall and again begins moving down walkway. She drops her cigarette and steps on it.

RACINE

I'm liking him better all the time. You better take me up on this quick. In another forty-five minutes I'm going to give up and walk away.

MATTY

You want to buy me something? I'll take one of these.

They have come upon a Vendor selling snow cones.

RACINE

What kind?

MATTY

Cherry.

RACINE

(to Vendor)

Make it two.

The Vendor scoops and pours as Racine lays some change on the cart.

RACINE

(to Matty)

You're not staying in Miranda Beach.

(she shakes her  
head "no")

I would have noticed you.

MATTY

Is this town that small?

Racine hands her a snow cone. They walk over to the rail. Racine watches her eat the snow cone with enormous interest.

RACINE

Pinehaven. You're staying up in  
Pinehaven, on the waterway.

(she gives him a  
look, surprised)

You have a house.

MATTY

How'd you know?

RACINE

You look like Pinehaven.

MATTY

How does Pinehaven look?

RACINE

Well tended.

She looks out at the ocean.

MATTY

Yes, I'm well tended, all right.

Well tended. What about you?

RACINE

Me? I need tending. I need someone  
to take care of me. Rub my tired  
muscles. Smooth out my sheets.

MATTY

Get married.

RACINE

I just need it for tonight.

For the first time, Matty laughs. A moment later, she spills the snow cone over the front of her dress. It makes a bright red stain against the white. The thin material clings to the line of her breast.

MATTY

Good. Nice move, Matty.

RACINE

Matty. I like it. Right over your heart.

MATTY

At least it's cool. I'm burning up.

RACINE

I asked you not to talk about the heat.

MATTY

Would you get me a paper towel or something? Dip it in some cold water.

Racine starts toward the restroom nearby.

RACINE

Right away. I'll even wipe it off for you.

MATTY

You don't want to lick it?

This causes a momentary hitch in Racine's retreat, but then he hurries off.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Racine comes in, snaps some paper towels from the rack and turns on the water. The room is full of smoke. A fifteen-year-old Boy is leaning against the wall. After looking Racine over a second, he brings the smoking joint he's been holding behind his back into view and takes a toke. He nods at Racine, who nods back and stands up with his wet towels. As he walks out, Racine takes a deep breath.

EXT. THE BEACHFRONT - NIGHT

Racine comes out of the structure. And stops. Matty is gone. Racine looks around without much hope. Finally, he puts a wet paper towel to the back of his neck. We begin to HEAR a strange, measured thumping, and then --

EXT. THE BOARDWALK (82ND STREET) - DAWN

Racine is running. The THUMPING is the sound of Racine's battered running shoes hitting the weathered wooden planks of the Boardwalk.

Racine wears old gym shorts and a torn tee-shirt with "F.S.U." fading from the front. The raised wooden walk works its crooked way through lush, tropical vegetation, first coming close to the wide, white beach, then jutting back inland, swallowed by greenery, then shooting out again toward the sea. Racine hits this last stretch at top speed and launches himself flying out onto the gleaming sand.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

Racine is running on the sand now, on a raised, hardened section that bisects the beach. His shoes make a weird whooshing SOUND each time they break the compacted surface and sink an inch below. The sun is just rising from the ocean to his right, yet the day is already broiling. Racine's shirt is drenched. The WHOOSHING is hypnotic, steady; his expression indicates that it is just this sound which keeps him going.

EXT. THE BAND SHELL/THE BEACH - DAY

Further on, Racine runs by the Band Shell where he'd seen Matty.

EXT. THE PIER - DAY

The THUMPING returns, as Racine runs the long, straight pier directly out to sea, toward the rising sun. A lifeguard boat with an outboard motor is on the left of the pier. Racine watches it as he runs until it disappears beneath him, then reappears on his right and turns out to sea, so that it is running beside him. Racine speeds up, really kicking, racing the boat to the end of the pier. The Lifeguard on board isn't even aware of Racine, but he beats the runner nonetheless, then veers off to continue his business.

Racine pulls up, breathing hard. He walks it off a bit, watching the boat, then turns and starts walking back along the pier. He reaches into the waistband of his shorts and takes out a pack of cigarettes.

INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Racine is behind the desk. Occupying the two seats in front are a married couple rapidly approaching divorce. They are arguing now, each trying to convince Racine of their view. Racine nods occasionally, looking from one to the other. But he is also looking between them, through the open door out to the reception room, where his secretary Beverly is kneeling before the lowest drawer of a filing cabinet. Her back is turned and her jeans are tight across the bottom. There's nothing especially provocative about her pose. She's just there. Working away.

Racine walks across his office and closes the door. He goes back to his seat. The couple continues.

EXT. THE BAND SHELL - NIGHT

Another concert going on, a trio of musicians. Racine moves down the sidewalk away from the audience. He looks around as he lights a cigarette. She is nowhere in sight. Racine opens the door to his car, a nicked-up red '64 Stingray.

EXT. PINEHAVEN - DAY

Racine drives past a neat sign --

"You are entering  
PINEHAVEN  
Please drive carefully"

There's money here. Many of the homes are not visible from the street -- only their gates announce their presence. Those that can be seen are sprawling and lavish. The Waterway appears to the left. A large white yacht cruises slowly by.

INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Racine sits in bed smoking a cigarette. At the mirror, a Nurse in a fresh white uniform steps into her white shoes and begins attaching her cap with bobby pins.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - PINEHAVEN - NIGHT

Dark. Almost classy. The place is half full. Matty is drinking at the end of the bar, her cigarettes next to her glass. The bar chairs near her are empty.

Racine comes in, looks around, walks over and sits in the seat next to her. She looks up, surprised.

MATTY

Look who's here. Isn't this a coincidence?

Racine looks at her, almost as though he can't place her. But he doesn't push that effect hard. He lights a cigarette.

RACINE

I know you.

MATTY

You're the one that doesn't want to talk about the heat. Too bad. I'd tell you about my chimes.

RACINE

What about them?

MATTY

The wind chimes on my porch. They keep ringing and I go out there expecting a cool breeze. That's what they've always meant. But not this summer, This summer it's just hot air.

RACINE

Do I remind you of hot air?

The Bartender has come up.

RACINE

Bourbon, any kind, on the rocks.  
(to Matty)  
Another?

She thinks, then nods her agreement. The Bartender moves away.

MATTY

What are you doing in Pinehaven?

RACINE

I'm no yokel. Why, I was all the way to Miami once.

MATTY

There are some men, once they get a whiff of it, they'll trail you like a hound.

The Bartender brings their drinks and leaves.

RACINE

I'm not that eager.

MATTY

What is your name, anyway?

RACINE

(offers his hand)  
Ned Racine.

MATTY

Matty Walker.

She takes his hand and shakes it. Racine reacts strangely to her touch and doesn't let go right away. She gently frees it, then refers to his look as she picks up her drink --

RACINE

Are you all right?

MATTY

(laughs)

Yes. My temperature runs a couple degrees high. Around 100 all the time I don't mind it. It's the engine or something.

RACINE

Maybe you need a tune-up.

MATTY

Don't tell me -- you have just the right tool.

RACINE

I don't talk that way.

MATTY

How'd you find me, Ned?

Racine gives her a look.

RACINE

This is the only joint in Pinehaven.

MATTY

How'd you know I drink?

RACINE

You seemed like a woman with all the vices.

MATTY

(smiles)

You shouldn't have come. You're going to be disappointed.

Racine looks out over his drink. Several of the Men in the place are looking at them.

RACINE

(referring to the men)

What'd I do?

MATTY

(indicating Racine's chair)

A lot of them have tried that seat. You're the first one I've let stay.

RACINE

(spotting a few more)

You must come here a lot.

MATTY

Most men are little boys.



RACINE

Maybe you should drink at home.

MATTY

Too quiet.

RACINE

Maybe you shouldn't dress like that.

MATTY

This is a blouse and a skirt. I don't know what you're talking about.

RACINE

You shouldn't wear that body.

Natty leans back in her seat and glances down at herself. She's magnificent.

MATTY

I don't like my body much. It's never been right.

Racine has been looking at her body too. With her line, he just laughs. Matty watches him, then leans over her drink. Her tone is different.

MATTY

Sometimes, I don't know. I get so sick of everything, I'm not sure I care anymore. Do you know what I mean, Ned?

RACINE

(he's not sure)

I know that sometimes the shit comes down SO heavy I feel like I should wear a hat.

Matty laughs, studies him.

MATTY

Yeah, that's what I mean.

Ratty drains her glass and stubs out her cigarette.

MATTY

I think I'll get out of here now. I'm going home.

RACINE

I'll take you.

MATTY

I have a car.

RACINE

I'll follow you. I want to see the chimes.

MATTY

You want to see the chimes.

RACINE

I want to hear them.

She looks at him a long time.

MATTY

That's all. If I let you, that's all.

RACINE

(gestures his  
innocence)

I'm not looking for trouble.

MATTY

(very serious)

I mean it. I like you. But my life is complicated enough.

Racine again accepts.

MATTY

This is my community bar. I might have to come here with my husband some time. Would you leave before me? Wait in your car? I know it seems silly...

RACINE

I don't know who we're going to fool. You've been pretty friendly.

She gives him a look and then slaps him hard! Everyone turns toward them.

MATTY

(steadily)

Now leave me alone.

She stands up, takes her purse and her cigarettes, and walks to the other end of the bar, where she sits down. Racine watches her with amazed eyes. He stands up and throws some money on the bar.

RACINE

(angry)

Lady, you must be some kind of crazy!

He stalks out of the bar.

INT. RACINE'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE on his face as he drives. His look is intense, expectant. He's feeling lucky as he watches up ahead.

RACINE'S POV out the windshield. Matty's shiny Mercedes 450 SEL is gliding down the road ahead of him. She puts on the blinker, slows and turns into a gated drive. The drive is canopied by heavy trees, the vegetation crowding the road with a primeval lushness. The headlights create sinuous welcoming shadows. It is as though Racine were entering some separate, parallel, jungle world. Eventually the house comes into view.

RACINE (O.S.)

Jesus.

Matty's car swings around in the parking area and stops. Racine pulls the Stingray up next to it, facing the other way. He watches Matty slide her long legs out of the car. She glances at Racine and for an instant there is a hint of self-consciousness under the weight of his gaze. We begin to HEAR the soft tinkling of chimes.

EXT. THE WALKER HOUSE - FRONT TERRACE - NIGHT

Racine follows closely behind Matty as they go up the stairs. At the door, Matty turns suddenly and looks at Racine.

MATTY

Remember your promise.

Racine agrees. Matty looks him over a moment, then turns to unlock the door.

INT. ENTRY HALL/SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Matty comes in and puts her purse on a hall table as Racine moves forward to look around. Despite the night gloom, it's clear the place is expensively decorated in a manner entirely consistent with the exterior of the house. Fine antiques, carefully chosen fabrics, and a meticulous selection of accessories have given the place the look of an affluent home of Thirties America. And yet the overall effect is almost contemporary, so burnished are the woods, so fresh all the elements. It works.

RACINE

Just like my place.

Matty gives him a searching look, then leads him up the stairs, flipping on only an occasional light in their path. In the second floor hall, Matty moves to the front of the house. Racine glances into the gloom that hides Matty's bedroom.

RACINE

No help?

MATTY

She goes home nights.

RACINE

You're not nervous alone?

Matty pauses at the doors to the porch, unlocking them, and looks at Racine as though she barely understands the question.

MATTY

No.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR PORCH - NIGHT

The TINKLING is distinct out here. Matty and Racine come out onto the porch. There are about thirty wind chimes of various, lovely designs -- crystal, metal, wood hanging at intervals from the rim of the wide porch awning, completely encircling Matty and Racine.

Halfway down the long lawn is a white gazebo. Beyond it, the waterway is shimmering in the moonlight. At the edge of the water is a small boat house.

Racine walks along under the chimes, looking up at them. A smile plays across her face. He looks back at Matty,

RACINE

You do have chimes.

He looks out at the boat house.

RACINE

What's that?

MATTY

A gazebo

RACINE

No, out there.

MATTY

Boat house.

RACINE

What is in there?

MATTY

Boat.

Racine moves back and stands very close to her. He looks at her in the moonlight, but she concentrates on the distant water.

MATTY

It's a mess. There's a row boat, a lot of lounge chairs... things like that.

Racine puts his hand up under her hair, on her nape. She closes her eyes at his touch, then moves away, as though by an act, of will, to the door, half opening it.

MATTY

I think you should go now.

RACINE

I just got here.

MATTY

You've seen them. Please go.

Racine steps toward her, but she ducks inside and moves through the intermittent light of the hall and down the steps. Racine follows her.

INT. ENTRY HALL

Matty stops at the entry hall, leaning against the wall.

RACINE

You didn't bring me here to see your wind chimes.

He puts an arm on each side of her, caging her against the wall. She looks up at him.

MATTY

Yes, I did. I said what I meant. Do you ever do that?

RACINE

No. not very often.

He kisses her light on the forehead. Again she reacts, but fights it.

RACINE

I don't think you want me to go.

MATTY

Yes... Please.

He kisses her lightly on the nose.

RACINE

There's nothing to be afraid of.

MATTY

There is for me.

Matty slips under his arms and quickly steps out the front door. She stands just outside watching him. Racine shakes his head, goes out there.

EXT. FRONT TERRACE - NIGHT

Racine stops next to Matty. She doesn't move away.

MATTY

Thank you. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have let you come.

Racine looks at her a long time.

RACINE

You're not so tough after all, are you?

MATTY

No... I'm weak.

She kisses him on the lips and steps quickly inside the front door. She closes it, looks through the window at him, then moves away.

EXT. PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Racine stands looking at the door a few moments. Then he walks to his car. Again he stops. He looks back at the house. The wind picks up a bit and the TINKLING of the wind chimes gets louder. And then louder.

Racine goes back up onto the porch fast. He goes to the front door and looks through the window.

EXT. FRONT TERRACE - NIGHT

RACINE'S POV. Matty is standing at the bottom of the stairs in the hall. She is looking directly at the front door. Frozen in the spot.

Racine tries the door. It's locked. He shakes it hard, but it's solid. He looks to his left. There are windows down the wall there. He moves to them. They go into the living room but their shutters are closed. He looks through a broken slat at Matty, who watches him from the same spot, through the living room door. Racine tries them. They won't budge. Racine moves to his right past the front door, to the windows off the dining room. He pushes at them as his eyes lock with Matty, who watches from the hall. The windows won't move, Racine spins and picks up the nearest object, a wooden rocking chair. He lifts it, turns and smashes the big window. Glass showers into the dining room.

Matty watches. She hasn't moved.

Racine pushes the broken window out of his way. He comes in, like a violent gust of wind.

INT. HALL

Racine crosses the dark living room fast. As he reaches Matty, she lifts her arms to match his embrace. They come together hard and tight. They kiss. And kiss again. Her hands travel over his body, as though she's wanted them there for a long time.

They turn once slowly along the wall, into the dimness of the central hall. Then he rotates her body away from him, holding her close.

MATTY

Yes, yes...

Then she is just nodding. Racine puts his face deep into her hair, closing his eyes as the smell of her washes over him.

Matty turns in his arms and kisses him hard. Racine pulls her close to him and they sink to the floor.

RACINE

That's right... that's right.

CLOSE ON Matty's face, a look that might be anguish. She bites her lip in expectation. Racine moves over her.

MATTY

Please, please ...

She pulls him tightly to her, clinging like a drowning woman.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Racine and Matty lie under a sheet on her big bed. Her eyes are closed. There are more wind chimes on the second floor of the verandah, which is off this room, and Racine is listening to their TINKLING. Racine looks over in that direction.

RACINE'S POV. The moonlit, sheer white curtains on the window roil to a light breeze. Racine's gaze travels over the luxurious bedroom; here too, it is in the Thirties style. Their clothes are haphazardly thrown across a divan and on the floor nearby. A delicate fern sways in the wind. Finally, he is looking at a lovely writing desk against the far wall. Some tissue-thin stationery flaps in the breeze, kept in place by the weight of a pen. Then, as he looks, the paper stops flapping and the chimes gradually STOP TINKLING. Racine looks toward the window. It is still open, but the air had died.

The curtains hang still.

Racine's face. The world has stopped.

MATTY (O.S.)

(softly)

I didn't want this to happen. But I didn't try hard enough to stop it... Because I wanted you. I wanted you here, like this ... This is bad for me. I know it. Now nothing's going to be the same anymore.

FROM ABOVE THEM, we see them framed by the bed.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WALKER HOUSE - DAY

Near the front gate of the Walker place, a heavysset, middle-aged woman, BETTY, THE WALKER'S HOUSEKEEPER, has been waiting on a bus stop bench. Now she lifts her tired body to board a public bus.

Down the Street, just around a corner, Racine watches her go. He puts the Stingray in gear and drives to the Walkers.

EXT. WALKERS' BOAT HOUSE - SUNSET

Lights are going on across the waterway, sending shimmers toward the boat house.

INT. WALKERS' BOAT HOUSE - SUNSET

We're looking out a dusty window at the waterway. We HEAR Racine and Matty disentangle and roll apart o.s., Racine grunting his exhaustion. After a moment, Racine rises up into frame, looking happy. He looks down to where he was and rests against the wall.

RACINE

I like this place. It's got a nice feel.

MATTY (O.S.)

You were on top.

RACINE

So it could use a better mattress. See to it, will you?

MATTY (O.S.)

Yes sir.

Racine turns and stares out at the ocean. Matty rises up behind and hugs him from the back. She kisses his shoulder blades and presses her cheek against his spine.



RACINE

(reacting)

Hey, gimme a break here. It takes a little while.

MATTY

(ignoring him,  
laughs)

It's your fault.

RACINE

(smiling)

It takes me a good thirty seconds.

MATTY

Are you sure? I just want to make sure here.

She pulls him down.

On the lounge cushions that are spread across the floor, Matty rolls on top of Racine. Racine reacts with exaggerated pain to the roughness of the cushions.

RACINE

Jesus, I think you're right --  
(he rolls over her)  
-- you better be on the bottom.

MATTY

No, you misunderstood --  
(she rolls over  
him)  
-- this is my new saddle, and I just want to --

RACINE

Wow! No, I must object --

Laughing, they roll again and we're on Racine's face as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Racine's face; he is still rolling, but he is alone. He has just rolled off the bed. He lies there like a dead man.

RACINE

(finally, breathless)

Enough.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Racine is at the sink, having just washed his tired face. He opens the medicine cabinet and looks at all the

toiletries of Matty's husband. He selects a cologne, is impressed by its expensive look, and slaps a little on his jaw. He doesn't like the smell. He closes the cabinet and moves back into the bedroom.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Matty, wrapped in a thin white terrycloth robe, is stripping the bed of its sheets. Racine watches from across the room.

RACINE

What are you doing?

MATTY

I've got to wash these.

RACINE

You're afraid of your maid?

MATTY

That's right. My mother told me "knowledge is power."

RACINE

This is an interesting interpretation. Is that why you've started smoking my brand?

Matty straightens with an armload of sheets.

MATTY

No one must know. Promise me, Ned. No one.

He promise with a gesture.

INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Racine comes in, beat. He throws his jacket across a chair. Out the windows to the porch, the sun is rising out of the Atlantic. Racine goes there and closes the curtains. In the gloom he walks to his bed and sits on the edge, kicking off his shoes. He picks up his alarm clock and begins setting it.

EXT. WALKER HOUSE - LAWN/GAZEBO - NIGHT

Racine has just parked his car and is walking back across the lawn. Matty is standing in the gazebo, her back turned, looking out at the Waterway.

She is dressed in white and from here she looks very much as she did when they first met. There are wind chimes hanging from the gazebo.

RACINE

Hey, lady, wanna make love?

The lady in question turns around, surprised. It is not Matty at all. It is MARY ANN. She's attractive, but a little cheap-looking. She looks him over.

MARY ANN

I don't know. Maybe This sure is a friendly town.

Racine is nonplussed. He doesn't know what to do.

RACINE

I'm sorry.

MARY ANN

(mock hurt feelings)

You are? You mean the offers no good?

Racine comes up on the porch.

RACINE

I feel like a jerk.

Mary Ann gives him a salacious smile.

MARY ANN

Maybe you were supposed to deliver it next door?

(a beat)

You must be looking for the lady of the house.

Unbeknownst to either of them, Matty has been watching from the lawn. Now she moves up into the gazebo. In her right hand she has an envelope, well-filled and sealed.

EXT. INTERSECTION

A block away from the station, the patrol car races toward an intersection. Suddenly, a WOMAN steps into the street, pushing a baby buggy. Pat slams on the brakes, and the car skids sideways toward the intersection, where it rocks onto two wheels and stops just a few yards short of the buggy. Sam sticks his head out the window.

SAM

Are you crazy, lady? Didn't you hear the siren?

The woman dives to the ground as the BABY sits up in the buggy -- he is a midget with a cigar in his mouth and a tommy gun in his hands. Pat jerks Sam to the floor just as the midget opens fire.

The midget riddles the car with bullets. Headlights explode, windows are smashed, the grill is torn to shreds, and steam mushrooms into the air.

All four tires are flattened, a bumper is sheared off, and still the blasting goes on.

There's almost nothing left of the patrol car as a dark sedan wheels into the intersection to pick up the woman and the midget. The sedan speeds away, and Pat and Sam climb out of the rubble, unhurt but very shaken.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S CAR

Siren off, Tracy cuts the motor and silently glides into Cullen Park, stopping just under a low-hanging weeping willow.

EXT. BOATHOUSE

Approaching the boathouse carefully, Tracy takes out his pistol. The front door is ajar. Tracy pushes it, and it creaks open. He enters cautiously.

INT. BOATHOUSE

The boathouse is dark, lit only by moonlight and park lights that shine through the windows. Tensely, Tracy listens for sounds, then moves very carefully past stacked up rowboats and canoes.

Traced against a window at the far end of the boathouse, Tracy sees the silhouette of a man. Gripping his pistol, he moves silently toward that silhouette, closing in on it while keeping alert for movement.

MATTY

Ned, this is Mary Ann.

Matty hands the envelope to Mary Ann, who puts it in her purse.

MARY ANN

(smiling)

We were just meeting. Ned made me feel very welcome.

RACINE

I'm an idiot. Nice to meet you. Are you staying in town?

MARY ANN

No, no, just passing through. Nice area. A little hot for my tastes.

RACINE

It's unusual. We're famous for our cool breezes.

There is a pregnant pause as Mary Ann looks him over, fighting some private amusement.

MATTY  
(to Mary Ann)  
Do you want to stay for dinner?

MARY ANN  
(negative)  
Got to go, got to go.

She pecks Matty on the cheek, then steps close to Racine to shake his hand.

MARY ANN  
You two have fun now.

She's smiling as she leaves the gazebo and walks across the lawn. Matty takes Racine's arm as they watch Mary Ann get into her little sports car, which has been pulled up close to the house. She pulls out waving.

RACINE  
I didn't see her car. I'm sorry. I got to be more careful.

Matty turns to him and puts her arms around his neck.

MATTY  
Mary Ann's an old friend. She's like a sister to me. She wants me to be happy.

EXT. LAWN/LAGOONS - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Matty's Mercedes has been pulled out onto lawn next to the lagoons which border the grass. Racine and Matty can be seen, intermittently rising into view in the back seat, grappling, then disappearing again. Matty is giggling.

RACINE (O.S.)  
(not in a jovial mood)  
You know, this has never been one of my pleasures. Car. I considered the time I spent making it --  
(grunts, sits up)  
-- like this ... penance for some sin.

MATTY (O.S.)  
What sin?

RACINE  
I never knew. Maybe worshipping women instead of God. But it never did anything for me.

MATTY (O.S.)

Not even a Mercedes?

(Racine shakes his  
head)

With genuine calf skin upholstery?

RACINE

No.

MATTY (O.S.)

Not this?

Matty rises up, wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him deeply. She pulls him out of sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

An ashtray, full to overflowing, on the rug next to Matty's bed. And, above it, Matty's hand, clutching the sheets on the side of the bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASTER BATHROOM

Racine and Matty lie together in the full bathtub. On the floor beside the tub is the container that catches the ice from a refrigerator's automatic icemaker.

RACINE

You're killing me.

MATTY

Is there any more ice? I'm burning  
up.

Racine gropes for the ice container and dumps the remaining ice cubs into the tub with them. Matty snatches one out of the water and holds it to her forehead.

MATTY

He's coming up tomorrow.

Racine knows.

MATTY

I can't stand the thought of him...  
He's small and mean... and weak.

Racine watches some water run through his fingers. He cradles her head in an embrace that has nothing to do with sex. She looks sad.

EXT. GROUNDS - WALKER'S PLACE -- NIGHT

The Middle of the Night. A light FOG has rolled in. Racine is walking slowly through the shadows of the heavy foliage. He stops beside a rubber tree.

RACINE'S POV. The Walker House. In front sits a huge white Cadillac. All the lights in the house are out. The wind chimes TINKLE softly.

Racine lights a cigarette.

INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Racine stands at the window staring down at the busy Main Street. He is far away.

INT. ENTRY HALL - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Racine has just entered. Matty is calling from somewhere out of sight.

MATTY (O.S.)

Just do what I say! Go into the living room.

RACINE

Come on! It's been three days. I want to see you --

MATTY (O.S.)

I'm going to make it up to you tonight. But you must behave. Now go!

RACINE

I'm going. I'm going.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Racine goes into the living room and sits down on the couch.

RACINE

I'm here.

MATTY (O.S.)

Good.

Matty comes in carrying a tray with two drinks on it. And she is dressed in the uniform of an airline stewardess, complete all the way to her little cap. She cannot keep a straight face, despite her efforts. Racine begins to laugh.

MATTY  
(choking back her  
giggles)  
Good evening, sir... welcome to...  
to Flight 413 ... nonstop to ...

She hands him a drink, but he takes it and the tray and puts them on the floor. He pulls her down across his lap. They are both laughing hard. He kisses her.

RACINE  
What do you take me for?

MATTY  
Don't you like it?

RACINE  
You think I'm a kid?

MATTY  
You don't like it? I thought you  
went for this stuff.

He pushes her back across the sofa.

MATTY  
Wait ... wait ... I want to tell you  
about the thing... the thing that  
will drop from the ceiling... in  
case the cabin suddenly depressurizes --  
oho...

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

A dozen Golfers are practicing, spotted along the row of hitting pads under floodlights. Most are drenched with sweat from their exertion in the muggy air. Their randomly timed swings send streaking white bullets into the darkness. But what is hypnotic, what so captures a hot night in sound, is the irregular CRACKING of clubs meeting balls: CRACK, CRACK-CRACK-CRACK, CRACK-CRACK!

In the darkness of the overlooking parking lot, behind a high fence, sits the Stingray, with Racine in the driver's seat and Matty close beside him. They sit in silence.

MATTY  
(finally)  
What are we doing here?

RACINE  
(hushed)  
Listen!  
(CRACK, CRACK)  
I love that sound.

Matty listens, but her eyes are on Racine.



MATTY

I want to be in bed.

RACINE

Is that all you ever think about?

Racine watches the Golfers, listening intently. Then he sees that Matty is crying. He comforts her.

RACINE

Hey! I'm kidding.

Matty looks straight ahead and her tone is somber.

MATTY

Yes ... that's all I ever think about ... You and me. Your body near mine, close. I'm not right when you're not with me. I get the shakes. And each time, when I first see you, I shake even more. For a while. And then I get calm. I feel safe ... I've never been this way. I can't remember how I lived before.

He knows it's true. It's the same for him. He wipes her cheeks with his hand. CRACK, CRACK-CRACK, CRACK.

EXT./INT. WALKER HOUSE (SERIES OF SHOTS) - NIGHT

WATERWAY/BOAT HOUSE -- The water laps against the pier. Gently. The quiet sound almost overpowered by the insistent buzz of the night insects. The CAMERA MOVES toward the house.

LAGOON/GAZEBO -- A giant palmetto bug leaps from a lily pad into the water, creating a tiny ripple. The CAMERA MOVES toward the house.

STAIRWELL/HALLWAY -- Quiet and dark. The CAMERA MOVES along the shiny white posts of the stairs. Upward.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Racine and Matty are in bed. Matty is sound asleep, her back close to Racine. But he is not asleep. He is propped up, looking down at her. We've never seen his face like this before. Never this open, never so much in repose. She stirs, and then is still again. He touches her hair lightly. She sleeps.

INT. STELLA'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Same courthouse/cop crowd as before. Racine finishes a sandwich at a table as Lowenstein sits down with two tall glasses of iced coffee, both of which he drinks down.

RACINE

You look terrible. Don't you sleep?

LOWENSTEIN

I had a dream last night that was so boring it woke me up. I was afraid to go back to sleep. Where the hell have you been?

RACINE

What do you mean, I been around.

LOWENSTEIN

I've barely seen you for a month. Wait a minute -- it's some new quiff, isn't it? What's wrong with me.

Racine dismisses this with a gesture.

LOWENSTEIN

You've never been shy about that stuff.

At this moment, DETECTIVE OSCAR GRACE, a big, powerful black man comes in. He's a plainclothes cop in shirt sleeves, his jacket in his hand. As he passes Racine on his way to the third seat at the table, he squeezes Racine's shoulders with his huge hands, by way of greeting.

RACINE

Oscar.

GRACE

Hey. You weren't at the Y last week. We lost.

LOWENSTEIN

(about Racine)

He's getting discreet. I can't believe it.

Stella comes over.

GRACE

Whatcha got in pie today, Stella?

STELLA

(glancing behind her)

Cherry, cherry... and cherry.

GRACE

What do you recommend?

STELLA

I like the cherry.

GRACE

Bring it on. And a gigantic Coke.

LOWENSTEIN

I'm really disappointed, Racine.  
I've been living vicariously off you  
for years. If you shut up on me,  
I'll have just my wife.

RACINE

There's nothing to tell. I lead a  
lonely life.

GRACE

Right. And it's gonna snow later  
today --

LOWENSTEIN

... And people are basically decent..  
(looking around  
the restaurant)  
... Must be someone I know. Let's  
see -- someone in uniform...

Grace laughs. Racine shakes his head in mock exasperation.

LOWENSTEIN

...no Army personnel around.  
Waitress... Could it be...  
(like Brando in  
"Streetcar," but  
soft)  
...Stella!

Stella arrives with Grace's order. Lowenstein looks her  
over as a possible for Racine, but shakes his head. Stella  
lingers. Lowenstein spots someone, speaks to Racine in a  
loud, excited whisper.

LOWENSTEIN

I know, I know -- you finally got to  
Glenda.

Across the restaurant, GLENDA, a Meter Maid, is talking  
with some other women.

LOWENSTEIN

How was it? Did she let you into the  
no parking zone?

STELLA

I'll have you know Glenda is seriously  
involved with a narc from Palm Beach.

RACINE

(smiling his  
innocence)  
There you are.

LOWENSTEIN

A narc from Palm Beach? Is that his hobby?

RACINE

How's the cop business, Oscar?

GRACE

Real good. Always starts hoppin' in weather like this. When it gets hot, people try to kill each other.

STELLA

It's true. I could tell you some people who'll be dead if we don't get a break soon.

She leaves. The three men exchange amused looks.

GRACE

We've got more of everything bad since the wave started. It's the crisis atmosphere. People dress different, feel different, sweat more. They wake up cranky and they never recover. Look at Lowenstein.

(a flash of smile)

Things are just a little askew. Pretty soon people think the old rules aren't in effect. They start breaking them. Figure no one'll care, cause it's emergency time... time out.

He takes a big bite of pie.

LOWENSTEIN

Oscar, I just don't understand how you could be doing advanced theoretical thinking like that and still be stuck working in our little town.

GRACE

(good-humored)

Lowenstein dreams of bigger things.

LOWENSTEIN

Assistant County Prosecutor isn't the end for me, fellows.

RACINE

Hell, no. Someday -- Deputy County Prosecutor.

LOWENSTEIN

When the truth comes out about some of the dirt I've been involved in,  
(MORE)

LOWENSTEIN (CONT'D)

my future in this state will be unlimited.

Glenda the Meter Maid passes their table on her way out. She has eyes only for Racine.

GLEENDA

Hello, Ned.

RACINE

Hi, Glenda.

She goes out. Lowenstein and Grace look at Racine, then at each other. Grace smiles hugely.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE/SAND DUNES - NIGHT

The big beacon turns in the distance, throwing an intermittent bridge of light across the water toward us.

The undulating dunes stretch off as far as we can see. Racine's Stingray is parked on the dirt access road. Below it, Racine and Matty sit close in the warm sand.

MATTY

Don't say it, if you don't mean it. Please, Ned, don't.

RACINE

I do. I want you with me.

She looks at him a long time. There is real joy in her face. And tears in her eyes. We're very close to those eyes as she wipes the tears away. Racine puts an arm around her. She looks out at the lighthouse.

MATTY

I'm going to tell Edmund I want a divorce. I won't stay any longer. I would have, if you hadn't come along. The life is comfortable. I was willing to go on. But you've reminded me of what it can be... I know now that these last three years I've been living half a life. It's my fault, I don't deny it. You have to let yourself be bought. I did. I let it happen. I've lived so much of my life with nothing. When you have no money, you have no choices. I don't care what they say -- money is freedom. That's something they don't teach you in school. But I found out. And when Edmund came along when I saw a chance to stop struggling I took it. I'm not ashamed.

(MORE)

MATTY (CONT'D)

He got what he wanted... he has a knack for that. But no more. I'm ready to walk away from the money. I have to be with you.

RACINE

(kisses her, smiles)

It is conceivable I'll make a buck someday.

MATTY

(hugs him closer)

Oh, I know you will, darling. I didn't mean that. I know you will. But it doesn't matter. It's you I want. That's all.

RACINE

Anyway, you'll come out all right.

MATTY

Of the divorce?

RACINE

Yeah. He's ripe.

Matty is silent for a long beat.

MATTY

No. I signed a pre-nuptial agreement.

RACINE

What?

MATTY

He insisted. He blamed it on his sister Roz -- she's always hated me -- but I know he wanted it too.

RACINE

How is it?

MATTY

Bad. I get some money for a year. Not much. That's it. But I don't care, Ned. Not if I can be with you.

She searches his face, almost frightened.

MATTY

Does it matter, Ned? Tell me the truth please. I'll understand, I swear to you.

RACINE

The truth? I wish you were going to be loaded. Does it matter? No. No.

They kiss.

MATTY

God, you've made me happy.  
(she pulls away)  
It's time for your present.

She jumps up and runs back to the car. Racine walks back there as Matty takes a wrapped package out of the car. She hands it to Racine, who leans against the car to unwrap it.

MATTY

From now on, when it starts coming  
down on you, I'll be there to protect  
you.

Racine opens the box and smiles broadly. It is a hat a fedora in the classic style.

MATTY

Put it on! I'll bet I guessed the  
size right.

Racine puts on the fedora. It fits. He looks simultaneously old-fashioned, a visitor from the Forties, and also very chic, a present-day fashion plate. But most of all, he looks exactly right. Matty squeals in glee at the sight.

MATTY

I love it.

RACINE

I want to see.

Racine tries to see his reflection in the car's side view mirror but he has trouble. Matty, very animated in her delight, steps up and kisses him quickly.

MATTY

Look in my eyes. Can you see yourself?

Racine tries for a moment, then gives up with a laugh.

MATTY

Here!

Matty opens the door of the Stingray and sits in the passenger seat with her legs out. She rolls up the window in that door as Racine stands before it. The glass captures the moonlight to make a perfect mirror. As the window goes up, Racine's reflection appears on the glass, posing in his hat. At the same time, Matty's face disappears from view.

INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Racine lies on the couch. He spins the fedora Matty gave him on his finger, Beverly comes up and leans against the doorjamb. She's wearing a tee-shirt and tight slacks; she looks good. She watches him for a moment.

BEVERLY

Big weekend planned?

RACINE

Nope, Small weekend. Tiny little weekend.

BEVERLY

There's jazz tonight at the beach...  
if you're not doing anything...

RACINE

Beverly, do yourself a big favor and forget it.

BEVERLY

Forget what?

RACINE

Whatever you're thinking.

She shrugs.. She turns back to her desk, unconvinced.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Busy weekend crowd. Racine sits drinking alone at the bar. He signals for another.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WALKER PLACE - NIGHT

Racine drives slowly by, head craning to peer into the darkness. We begin to HEAR the thumping again --

EXT. THE PIER - DAY

Racine has been running. Walking now, breathing hard, he takes his cigarettes from his shorts. At the end of the pier he folds his body over the rail so that it looks as though he will topple over the edge. But he does not; he lights up and looks down there.

RACINE'S POV. The water following against the thick pilings. Then, TILTING UP, UP, AND OVER, past the ocean's horizon to the perfect blue sky, which fills the screen.

Racine is looking straight up, blowing his own clouds.



INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Racine lies smoking in bed, bathed in sweat, a beer nearby. A fan is pointed at him, but it's blowing hot air. He looks at the telephone.

EXT. PORCH OF RACINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fog. Thick and heavy. Racine's cigarette glows in it as he sits in the gray limbo. The phone in the apartment RINGS.

INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT

Racine comes in from the porch and picks up the phone.

RACINE

Yeah.

MATTY

(filtered)

Come to me.

RACINE

Did you tell him?

MATTY

(filtered, after a  
pause)

No... I couldn't.

Racine's face relaxes. He looks relieved.

RACINE

Okay, I'm coming.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR PORCH - WALKER PLACE - NIGHT

Same thick fog. The wind chimes TINKLE softly. Light seeps out from Matty's bedroom windows, half-revealing Racine and Matty lying together on a lounge. Matty is in her white terrycloth robe, Racine just shorts.

RACINE

How do you know?

MATTY

I saw the will once. He showed it to me. He was trying to prove something ... how much he loved me or something.

RACINE

How'd he get so fat?

MATTY

The stock market, investments, real estate. He doesn't tell me anything, but I've picked up a little. I know they own a lot of land along the shore here.

RACINE

Who's "they"?

MATTY

(she doesn't know)  
He's never introduced me to anyone. I'm not sure if they're all legitimate.

RACINE

(snorts at the odds of that)  
I wonder what they call themselves. Maybe I've heard of them.

MATTY

They own that old place in Miranda Beach, The Breakers... I know that.

RACINE

(surprised)  
The Breakers? I thought Hermie Fisher owned that land.

MATTY

(shrugs)  
Edmund mentioned it once.

Racine lights another cigarette and gazes off into the fog, thinking. Matty presses her cheek against his chest and closes her eyes tight.

MATTY

Ned, it scares me to talk about these things.

RACINE

Why?

MATTY

You know.

RACINE

No. I don't.

MATTY

Let's just not, okay? Let's not think about all he's got.

RACINE

(pressing)

What is it, Matty? Tell me exactly what frightens you.

MATTY

I'm afraid... because when I think about it, I wish that he'd die. That's really what I want. It's horrible and ugly and It's what I most want.

Racine looks off into the night for a few beats, then he lifts her face so he can look into her eyes.

RACINE

That's where we're at, isn't it, Matty?

MATTY

What do you mean?

RACINE

That's what we're both thinking -- how good it'd be for us if he were gone. It'd be real sweet for us.

MATTY

Don't talk about it, Ned. Please don't. Talk is dangerous. Sometimes it makes things happen, it makes it real.

RACINE

Don't let it scare you. Because he's not gonna die. There's nothing wrong with him, is there? There's no reason to think he's gonna die, is there?

Matty shakes her head "no," lays it in his chest again.

RACINE

That's right. So we might as well forget about it, It's not gonna just happen to make things nice for us... It won't just happen.

Racine lifts her head and kisses her on the mouth.

MATTY

I'm afraid, Ned.

RACINE

Maybe that's a smart way to be now, Matty. Maybe we both should be.

Racine takes a last drag on his cigarette and flicks it out into the fog,

RACINE

The only thing wrong with your husband  
right now... is us.

INT. BAR - PAY PHONE AT BACK

Again, Racine is getting no answer. He gives up, goes  
back to his seat at the bar.

EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - MAIN STREET - DAY

Late afternoon. Racine, sportcoat slung over his shoulder,  
listens to repeated ringing at the other end of his call.  
He's surprised there's no answer. People drag by, making  
their way home from work in the heat. Finally, Racine  
hangs up.

Racine comes out of the phone booth. He has nowhere to  
go. He ambles down the street. A few people say hello.  
He walks diagonally across the street toward a restaurant  
called "Tulio's."

INT. TULIO'S RESTAURANT - DUSK

The best restaurant in Miranda Beach. Racine slips on  
his jacket as he comes in the door. He waves to the  
Hostess across the dining room, indicating he'll be alone  
tonight. She signals a short wait. He steps toward the  
bar, bringing him suddenly face to face with Matty.

RACINE

Well, well. Hello to you --

The panic which shoots across her face, cuts him off in  
mid-sentence, a split second before EDMUND WALKER appears  
behind her. Matty's face goes calm and she smiles  
politely.

MATTY

(to Racine)

Hello.

She turns to her husband. He is not what Racine expected.  
He may, in fact, be mean, as Matty described him, but he  
looks neither small nor weak. A handsome man, he is bigger  
than Racine and in terrific shape. Dressed in an expensive  
summer suit, he radiates vigor and controlled physical  
power. He wears sleek, metal-framed glasses.

MATTY

Darling, I'd like you to meet Mr.  
Racine. I'm sorry. I don't know your  
first name.

RACINE

Ned.

He offers his hand and Walker encloses it firmly in his.

WALKER

Edmund Walker. Nice to meet you.

MATTY

Mr. Racine is the lawyer I told you about.

(Walker doesn't remember)

You remember. He had a client who wanted to buy the house. I told him we weren't selling.

WALKER

Right.

RACINE

That hasn't changed, has it?

WALKER

No, we're very happy with it.

RACINE

(nods)

I can understand that. It's a terrific place.

Walker nods, looking at Racine carefully. He motions toward the dining room.

WALKER

Are you going in?

RACINE

I was just going to grab a bite.

WALKER

Join us.

RACINE

No. Thanks very much, but I don't want to interfere with --

The Hostess has come toward them.

WALKER

Don't be silly. Come on.

(to Hostess)

We have room for three, don't we?

The Hostess nods and leads the way. Walker gestures Matty ahead, then puts a big hand behind Racine's elbow and ushers him into the dining room.

WALKER

I've heard this place is great. But you can't get near it on the weekends and I don't get down during the week much.

RACINE

Is that right?

WIPE TO:

LATER

They have finished their salad at a table toward the back. A Waiter comes and takes away their dishes. Walker has taken off his glasses and is cleaning the lenses with a lovely handkerchief. He does this cleaning with enormous care and inordinate relish. His manner is a mix of gruff charm and hinted menace. There's something dangerous about the man and it's perfectly distilled in his smile, which is quick, frequent and vaguely threatening.

WALKER

I was a lawyer. Still am, I guess.  
But I don't practice. Went to  
Columbia. You?

RACINE

F. S. U.

WALKER

(nods)

Good school. I got bored with it  
quick. I guess I didn't have the  
temperament. I wanted to make the  
money faster. Is there a living in  
it here?

RACINE

I can afford to send my shirts out.  
And eat here once a month, if I don't  
order an appetizer.

Walker smiles, re-folds his handkerchief carefully and puts it back in the cheat pocket of his jacket.

WALKER

I figured an honest lawyer doesn't  
make much and the other kind was too  
slimy for me. I'd rather be upfront  
about shafting somebody.

MATTY

Edmund, really. It's Mr. Racine's  
profession.

RACINE

That's all right. I don't like it  
much.

WALKER

What's to like. That's the way of  
the world. Most people despise their  
jobs.

Walker picks up a wine bottle and pours more into each of their glasses, emptying it.

RACINE

Do you?

WALKER

No. I love it. But it's not a job.

RACINE

What is it, exactly?

Walker signals to a distant Waiter for another bottle of wine. He does it with a small flick of his finger.

WALKER

Various things. This and that.  
Here and there.

RACINE

You don't have to be specific.

WALKER

(that smile again)  
Finance, basically. Venture capital,  
Investments, real estate. We're  
into a few things.

RACINE

Yeah? Around here?

WALKER

Some. We own some things here.

MATTY

Edmund's company owns The Breakers.

RACINE

Is that right?

For a second, Walker's eyes flick over Matty like a whip.

WALKER

It's not that simple. We have an  
interest in a few places along the  
shore. For the land. You know.  
Someday. There's no explaining it  
to her.

MATTY

(to Racine)  
I'm too dumb. Woman, you know.

She picks up her purse and stands up with a good-humored smile. The men rise.

MATTY

I'll be right back.

Then maybe we can talk about pantyhose or something interesting.

She walks away. Walker watches her go with a satisfied, possessive grin. They sit.

WALKER

She's something, isn't she?

RACINE

(nods)

A lovely lady.

WALKER

Yes, she is. I'm crazy about her. If I ever thought she was seeing another guy... I don't know.

(he takes a sip of wine)

I'd understand how it could happen. Her being the way she is. I'd understand it. But I think I'd kill the guy with my bare hands.

RACINE

That's understanding.

Walker looks at Racine and laughs. As he begins to speak, he focuses intently on Racine. He seems to be trying to communicate something other than what he's saying.

WALKER

You wouldn't believe the dorkus she was with when I met her. The guy came to us with a business proposition. We're always looking for opportunities. If the conditions are right. We're willing to take an occasional risk, if the downside isn't too steep. But this guy hadn't done his homework, he didn't know the bottom line. That's how I knew he was full of shit. You've got to know the bottom line. That's all that really counts.

Again Walker takes off his glasses. He holds them up to the light and then rubs them again with his handkerchief.

WALKER

He didn't have the goods, this guy. He was like a lot of guys you run into -- they want to get rich, they want to do it quick, they want to be there with one score.

He puts his glasses back on, stares at Racine.



WALKER

But they're not willing to do what's necessary. Do you know what I mean?

Racine looks at him in silence for a moment.

RACINE

I'm not sure. You mean, lay the groundwork? Earn it?

WALKER

No. I mean do what's necessary. Whatever's necessary.

The two men stare at each other a few beats.

RACINE

Yeah. I know that kind of guy. I can't stand that. It makes me sick.

WALKER

Me too.

RACINE

I'm not like that.

Walker ROARS with laughter. A huge, powerful burst that shakes the table. And Racine laughs with him.

EXT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Matty's bedroom window, from a distance. The light goes out, Racine is watching from the shadows of the gazebo. He stares up there. The TINKLING of the wind chimes rises and rises. It crests and begins to fade, replaced by the WHOOSHING.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

Racine runs south along the beach. The WHOOSHING slows. He is looking at something. He takes out his cigarettes as he slows to a walk. When he is directly across from what he's staring at, he sits in the sand, He lights up.

RACINE'S POV - "THE BREAKERS," an ancient wooden beach hotel, of medium size, sits at the edge of the beach. It is closed down, boarded up, deteriorating horribly in the ocean air.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Lunchtime. Racine is headed toward his office, briefcase in hand. Beverly appears out of the noon crush; she's going the other way in a hurry.

BEVERLY

There are some messages on your desk. Be back in an hour. Got to run.

INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Racine comes into the reception room from the hall. He's surprised the door is unlocked. He crosses the room and opens the door to his office.

Matty is sitting in one of the chairs in front of his desk. She jumps up at the sight of him and moves up to embrace him.

RACINE

Jesus! Did Beverly see you?

Matty kisses him on the mouth, then shakes her head "no."

MATTY

I waited till I saw her leave. Please don't be angry with me.

RACINE

Angry? I'm not angry -- How'd you get in?

MATTY

It didn't lock. Oh. Ned, hold me. Please just hold me, God, I love you.

Racine reaches over and locks the door to his office.

MATTY

He left this morning. I had to see you.

RACINE

(kissing her)

I know.

MATTY

I couldn't call. I'm afraid to call. I was afraid you wouldn't let me come.

RACINE

Yes, that's right. You can't call. Never call. We have to be very careful now about the phone. The phone company keeps records.

MATTY

I'm careful. I hated it, Ned. I hated sitting there with the two of you. I thought I was going to scream.

RACINE

(distracted,  
thinking)

You did good.

(finds his thought)

You've called my apartment from the house.

MATTY

No, never.

RACINE

No? Those two times --

MATTY

I went to phone booths. I'm afraid of him, Ned. I'm always afraid.

RACINE

That's good. We have to be careful about the phones now.

MATTY

Why, Ned, why do you say this now?

RACINE

(in his own thoughts)

We could account for a couple calls. We've had some contact. That would make sense.

Matty grasps his face in her hands and looks into his face.

MATTY

Why, Ned? What's happened?

RACINE

Because we're going to kill him. We both know that.

Matty's face looks different than we've seen it. There's a fire burning behind there and the heat it's throwing is bringing her equal portions of dread and relief. She stares at him,

RACINE

That's what you want, isn't it? We knew it was coming. It's the only way we can get everything we want, isn't it?

Matty's nod is barely perceptible.

RACINE

The man's gonna die for no reason but we want him dead.

(MORE)

RACINE (CONT'D)

He doesn't deserve it. Let's not ever say that. We're doing it for us. And you're going to inherit half of everything he owns. That's what the will says, right?

Again, the tiny nod. He pulls her head close, so he doesn't have to look into her eyes anymore.

RACINE

That's it then. We're gonna kill him. And I think I know how.

Matty reacts to this.

MATTY

It's real, then?

RACINE

Yeah, it's real all right, and if we're not careful, it's gonna be the last real thing we do.

EXT. FISHING HARBOR - STREET ACROSS FROM DOCKS - NIGHT

Matty sits at the wheel of her Mercedes at the curb. She smokes her cigarette nervously. Racine walks over to the car from the docks and leans down to the window.

RACINE

I know where he is. It's not far from here. I don't want you with me.

MATTY

I thought we settled that. I'll wait in the car, but --  
(she puts a hand  
on him)  
-- I want to take the risks with you. We're both doing this.

Racine gives her a look of resignation and moves around the car.

INT. TEDDY LAURSEN'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

TEDDY LAURSEN, rock'n roll arsonist, is keeping the beat and mouthing the words along with the Bruce Springsteen tape on his workbench. Teddy is in his mid-twenties, dressed in a black T-shirt and jeans. His arson workshop is located in the basement of an old building. All around him are the tools and supplies of his trade: wire, rope, cans, vises, alarm clocks, chemical containers, and a huge assortment of mechanical implements. He keeps all his small accessories in dozens of cigar boxes, unlabeled.

He knows where everything is. Teddy is watching Racine, who is kneeling on the floor before a compact incendiary device. Teddy winces at the way Racine clips two wires together. He reaches over to turn down the tape slightly, then squats down next to Racine to demonstrate the proper method.

TEDDY

Whatsa matter, you can't think with a little music?

(demonstrating)

Like this, I said.

Racine nods then duplicates the clipping. Teddy goes back to his stool, slapping the beat of the music on his thigh. Racine pulls out the alarm lever on the clock attached to the device and stands up. He throws a look to Teddy and Teddy nods that, yes, the device is now set.

RACINE

That's it?

TEDDY

(nods to the music)

It's fast. It's hot. It's simple. You can use the clock or rig it to something that moves. It starts big and it'll go with just the mag clips. If you want more, splash a little accelerator around.

RACINE

Just regular gasoline?

TEDDY

Regular, unleaded, supreme -- whatever you like, counselor. I got to tell you, though, this mama has a big drawback.

RACINE

What?

TEDDY

It's easy to spot, even after the meltdown. They'll know it's arson.

RACINE

I don't care about that.

(looks at Teddy)

That's all there is to it?

Teddy is offended.

TEDDY

No. No-no-no-no. That ain't all there is to it.

(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)

You gotta get in, you gotta get out.  
You gotta pick the right spot and  
the right time. And you gotta try  
not to get famous while you're in  
the act.

(gestures at the  
device)

If that was all there was to it, any  
idiot could do it.

RACINE

Sorry.

TEDDY

Hey, now I want to ask you something,  
Are you listening, asshole, because  
I like you?

(Racine nods)

I got a serious question for you.  
What the fuck are you doing? This  
is not shit for you to be messing  
with. Are you ready to hear  
something? See if this sounds  
familiar. Anytime you try a decent  
crime, there is fifty ways to fuck  
up. If you think of twenty-five of  
them you're a genius. And you're no  
genius. You know who told me that?

Racine remembers telling Teddy that.

TEDDY

Listen, man, maybe you should let me  
do it for you. Gratis. I'll do it.  
I wouldn't even be on the street if  
it weren't for you.

Racine looks him over, shakes his head "no."

RACINE

Thanks.

TEDDY

I hope you know what you're doin'  
you better be pretty damn sure about  
it. If you ain't sure, don't do it.  
Of course, that's my recommendation  
anyway -- don't do it.

(he puts a hand on  
Racine's shoulder)

Because I tell you, Counselor, this  
arson, this is serious crime.

Racine looks at him.

INT. ENCLOSED SIDE VERANDAH - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Racine sits smoking, watching Matty fill their tall highball glasses with ice at the bar.

MATTY

I don't know why he's so crazy about her. Maybe because he never had any of his own. She's a cute little girl, all right, but other than that... I know this, though, her mother has worked plenty hard to keep Heather on Edmund's mind, Always bringing her around, reporting everything she does in school. That Roz is a smart one. And you know that anything Heather inherits goes straight to Roz. Heather won't even get a look at it. That's the part I can't stand. That's why it seems so wrong to have half of it go to her.

She hands him his glass and stands next to him, her hand playing with his hair.

RACINE

That's the way it is. There's nothing we can do about it.

She kneels beside him.

MATTY

Are you sure, Ned? I've been thinking about it. Maybe there is. The will is with his lawyer in Miami I know that. What if I could get him to bring it home? He did it once, he'd do it again. If I could swing it, couldn't we rewrite it? Change it. Then when he dies, I could find the new one. We could just change it a little. Every little change would mean a lot to us, End. You're a lawyer. You know how to write it. It wouldn't seem so odd. I could say he brought it home and we talked about it and decided to make some changes up here. And I knew you already --

Racine is shaking his head.

RACINE

No. Forget it.

MATTY

I just don't see why Heather should take half --

Racine puts down his drink and turns to look down at her.

RACINE

Listen to me, Matty. Nothing strange can happen in his life right now, not one thing out of the ordinary. That's vital, that's the main thing. If anything does, the chances double that we get caught. You and I are walking out there on the edge every second now. One false move and we're gonna fall off. It'll be all over. You've got to remember that all the time.

(he studies her face)

You'll get half of everything and it'll be plenty. No matter what it is, we're gonna be satisfied. We're not gonna get greedy. If we do, we'll get burned. You gotta believe me, baby, the odds that we'll get burned are good enough without looking for trouble.

She studies him with frightened eyes, then nods her agreement and lays her hand in his lap.

MATTY

You're right, darling. I'm sorry. I know you're right.

EXT. "THE BREAKERS" - NIGHT

Middle of the night. No one in sight. Now comes the only movement -- a Miranda Beach Police Patrol Car drives slowly up the street next to the old hotel and turns south on Ocean Avenue. When it is gone, all is dead again.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

Racine has watched the patrol car from the darkness of the beach. Now he sits in the sand again, his back against the raised bank of sand on which he runs. He lights a flashlight and makes a notation in a small notepad.

INT. "THE BREAKERS" - NIGHT

Racine's footsteps creak through the blackness. Then his flashlight reveals a corridor in the crumbling basement of the old hotel. Racine is not the first to have violated the premises -- scattered about are beer cans, whiskey bottles, beds made of newspapers, the remains of food. Rats CHITTER and scamper in the shadows. A lizard scoots over the pipes.

Racine goes through a doorway and is in what used to be a supply area at the bottom of a stairway.



Scattered about are empty wooden food crates. The walls are lined with tall wooden shelves; one of these units is tipped over across the room, Racine shines his light in that direction and sees what caused the shelves to fall. One of the beams which cross the ceiling has rotted loose and dropped one end to the floor.

Racine has found what he wanted.

EXT. WALKER HOUSE - PARKING AREA - MIGHT

We're CLOSE ON RACINE'S WATCH; it reads 2:30.

RACINE

Okay. Gotta go.

Racine, at the wheel of the Stingray is looking at his watch. Matty is leaning down to the window dressed only in a robe.

MATTY

Be careful.

RACINE

I'm just going for a ride. I wish it was all this dangerous.

She kisses him deeply.

MATTY

I love you.

He looks at his watch again and pulls away. Matty stands watching.

EXT. FROM PINEHAVEN TO "THE BREAKERS" - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

Racine drives his murder route. The roads are almost totally deserted. Intermittently he passes signs welcoming him to the towns as he travels south.

A. The first stretch of his trip, Racine travels on a deserted back road with overhanging trees. A Teenage Hotrodder passes him and he is alone again. As he turns off the road, he checks his watch.

B. He drives through a neighborhood of neat houses. No life.

C. He turns onto a four line interstate. More traffic here -- long haul truckers, late night drinkers.

D. He drives across a graceful drawbridge, rimmed by lights, over a canal.

E. He drives toward the ocean beside a pretty lake in a park. A patrol car passes the other way. Racine checks his watch.

F. At "The Breakers." Racine follows the same path as the police car he'd watched.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE VISITING ROOM - DAY

A seedy-looking Thief is brought out of the visiting room by a Uniformed Deputy, followed by Racine, briefcase in hand. Racine shakes the Thief's hand. The Deputy leads the Thief away down the hall. Racine glances at his departing client, then heads in the other direction. Before he has gone too far a heavy, metal, barred door at the other end swallows up the Thief with a piercing CLANG! Racine jumps. He puts a hand against the wall.

INT. BED - MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Racine and Matty, just their heads on one pillow, inches apart. They look at each other in silence. Finally --

RACINE

And?

MATTY

The side door.

RACINE

And?

MATTY

Two A.M. I send him down.

RACINE

We won't talk again after I leave here tonight. I'll be in Miami by noon Friday. You won't be able to reach me. When I see you again, he'll be dead.

Matty nods. She begins to cry. Racine touches her.

MATTY

I'm so frightened.

So is Racine.

INT. RACINE'S STINGRAY - INTERSTATE 95 - DAY

Racine looks off to his left. Miami rises out of the flat horizon.

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - DAY

The red Stingray whips off the Interstate toward the skyscrapers of Miami.

EXT. BUDGET RENT-A-CAR OFFICE - DAY

Racine, on foot now, comes down the sidewalk and enters the office.

INT. WALKER HOUSE - DAY

Matty unlocks the door side of the house. She tests it once from the outside.

EXT. EMPTY LOT - MIAMI - DAY

A Real Estate Agent leans against his car reading a newspaper at the front of a huge, empty lot beneath a causeway. There's a big "For Sale" sign up.

Racine pulls up in the Stingray. The Real Estate Agent throws his paper in his car and goes over to shake hands with Racine. They turn to look at the lot.

EXT. ENTRANCE - SHERATON HOTEL (MIAMI) - DAY

Racine pulls up in the Stingray. He takes an overnight bag from the car and goes inside as a Parking Attendant wheels the Stingray into an underground garage.

EXT. FRONT TERRACE - WALKER HOUSE - DAY

Matty sits on the porch drinking a highball. She stubs out another cigarette in the overflowing ashtray and looks at her watch. Her foot swings nervously.

EXT. ROUTE ALA - NEXT TO BEACH - DUSK

Edmund Walker's big white Cadillac zips north.

INT. FRONT DESK - SHERATON HOTEL (MIAMI) - NIGHT

Racine jokes with the female clerk at the desk. She likes him; she'll remember him.

INT. SECOND FLOOR WINDOWS - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Matty watches the lights of Edmund's Cadillac come up the drive.

EXT. FRONT TERRACE - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Matty comes to the end of the porch, a big, welcoming smile on her face.

Edmund is getting out the driver's side.

WALKER

Hello, sweetheart. Have I got a nice present for you.

The passenger door of the Cadillac swings open. Pretty nine-year-old HEATHER KRAFT pops out with a grin.

HEATHER

Hi, Aunt Matty!

Matty's smile fades for an instant, but she manages to put it back.

MATTY

Heather. What a surprise.

INT. DINING ROOM - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Matty, Edmund and Heather have a late dinner. Edmund and Heather joke together, Matty joins in.

INT. CORRIDOR - SHERATON HOTEL (MIAMI) - NIGHT

A "DO NOT DISTURB" sign is still swinging on Racine's hotel room door as he slips into the stairwell at the end of the hall.

INT. SIDE DOOR - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Matty appears, quickly looks and tests the door, then hurries away.

EXT. SIDE STREET - MIAMI - NIGHT

Racine unlocks a rented, gray Oldsmobile and gets in.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Through an open door, Edmund can be seen kissing Heather goodnight in the guest room. He gets up, comes to the door and switches off her light. He starts to close her door, but she speaks to him. He nods and leaves the door half open.

INT. RACINE'S RENTED OLDSMOBILE (INSERT CU) - NIGHT

Racine's face, intermittently lit by the road lights, is set, intense. We MOVE IN on it and --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Matty's face, her head on a pillow, turned away from her husband, away from the bedroom door. Her look is just as intense as Racine's. Her eyes are focused on -

An alarm clock on the nightstand -- 1:15.

There is the SOUND of a car somewhere outside and Matty reacts to it silently. She listens with her whole being. The wind chimes TINKLE.

EXT. SIDE DOOR - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Racine's hand takes hold of the doorknob. He tries it. It won't open.

Racine's face. Puzzled. He gives an irritated glance upward. Then he moves along the wall.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The alarm clock -- 1:42.

Matty watches. Matty listens. She tries to confirm that Walker is sleeping without looking there. Matty begins to move her legs slowly toward the side of the bed, to get out.

Suddenly, the bed lurches. Matty gasps and whips her head around to look. Edmund is standing next to his side of the bed in his undershorts. He puts on his glasses and looks at her.

WALKER

Jesus, take it easy. I thought I was tense.

MATTY

What are you doing?

WALKER

I can't sleep. I'm going down and get something to drink.

Matty watches with panicky eyes as Edmund moves toward door. When she speaks, her voice is different, husky.

MATTY

Edmund.

He turns to look at her. She moves once on the bed, languidly.

MATTY

I can't sleep, either.

He peers at her in the darkness.

MATTY

Lock the door, darling.

Edmund studies her, then walks over and locks the door.

WIPE TO:

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edmund's alarm clock - 2:05. Edmund rolls into view, his breath ragged. Matty's hand is on his chest.

Edmund looks at her and laughs.

WALKER

You trying to kill me?

Matty, flat on her back, smiles weakly and looks at the ceiling. Again, the mattress moves. She looks at Edmund. He has pulled on his shorts and is walking toward the bathroom.

WALKER

I'm going downstairs. Do you want anything?

He disappears into the bathroom. Matty slips out of bed. She is wearing a silky nightgown. She hurries to the bedroom door.

MATTY

(calling softly to him)

I'll go down with you.

She opens the door and steps into the hall.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Matty looks across the hall toward the open door to the guest room; it is dark. She hurries to the stairs, peering down into the darkness. She starts down the steps.

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

MATTY'S POV as she comes down the steps. Each shadow, doorway, and alcove threatens to erupt with life.

Matty reaches the bottom of the stairs and peers around. She starts back along the dark hall of the house just as Edmund comes out of the bedroom upstairs; he is still in his undershorts. He reaches the top of the stairs as Matty moves back along the hall. The alcove under the stairs is in black shadow. Matty is focused on it.

Just as she reaches it, the lights in the hall snap on. Racine is standing under the stairs, poised to strike the figure in the hall with a heavy wooden plank about two feet long. Matty gasps at the sight, but it is covered by --

WALKER

(at the top of the stairs)

Christ, woman, did you ever hear of turning on the lights?

Racine doesn't breathe. Matty is frozen in the spot, directly in front of Racine and five feet below Edmund, who now starts down the steps.

MATTY

Edmund... wait!

WALKER

(stops)  
What is it?

MATTY

(whispering up at  
him)  
Put on a robe or something. What if  
Heather wakes up and comes down.

Edmund frowns, goes back up the stairs.

WALKER

(grumbling)  
Damn. She's not going to wake up at  
2 o'clock in the morning...

Racine and Matty lock eyes. Racine slips back through  
the alcove door.

EXT. PARKING AREA - WALKER HOUSE - DAY

Matty watches Heather give Edmund a big goodbye kiss and  
run off to talk to Betty, the Walker's Housekeeper, who  
is sweeping the front terrace. Edmund gets in the  
Cadillac. Matty leans down and kisses him goodbye.

WALKER

You don't really mind, do you?  
(Matty shakes her  
head)  
Roz will pick her up on Friday. And  
don't worry, Roz won't stay overnight.

MATTY

She can do whatever she wants.

WALKER

(gives her a  
skeptical look)  
Listen, I don't know if I'll be able  
to come up next weekend. I'll know  
more later. I'll call you.

He gives her a once-over, proprietary look and drives  
away, honking once to Heather, who waves.

HEATHER'S STAY/RACINE'S WEEK - SERIES OF SHOTS

- A. Matty sits on the dock dangling her feet in the water  
as Heather plays in an inner tube.
- B. Racine stands at his office window, staring down at  
the traffic on Main Street. He wipes the sweat from his  
brow with his finger.
- C. At night, Matty comes upstairs with a highball in her  
hand. She pauses and looks across the hall to the half-  
open door of the guest room. There is just blackness  
there; no way to know if Heather is asleep or watching.

Matty goes out the hall door to the verandah and sits down with her drink. The wind chimes TINKLE.

D. At night, Racine runs sweating along the Boardwalk, footsteps THUMPING.

E. Daytime. Matty is in a phone booth in a gas station, speaking urgently. She hangs up.

F. In his office, Racine hangs up, disgruntled. His feet up on his desk, he has been toying with the fedora Matty gave him. Now he sails it across the office at the hook of a coatstand. It hits and bounces off onto the floor. Racine gets up, walks over and picks it up. He walks away from the coatstand, then turns and floats the hat through the air to land on the hook. From his new position, he can see out into the reception area. Beverly is working at her desk. Racine watches her small movements. Beverly looks up and sees him.

G. Evening. Heather is happily watching television in the enclosed side verandah in the Walker house. Matty is in a big chair. She watches Heather, not the television. She puts a cigarette in her mouth then reaches out to strike a wooden match against the rough surface of the porcelain match holder. As it bursts into flame, it becomes --

H. The flame at the end of Racine's match. He is drinking alone at a bar and now lights another cigarette.

EXT. FRONT TERRACE - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Matty comes out. She's wearing a light, simple shift. She walks over to a small table and begins putting some dirty dishes and glasses on a small tray. Suddenly, Racine takes her into his arms from behind. She GASPS in terror; he turns her to him. He is wearing only cut-off blue jean shorts and his body is wet, glistening. His hair is soaking, slicked straight back. He looks different. She sees who it is and kisses him deeply. They whisper --

MATTY

My God, you scared me. You shouldn't be here. Heather's still here. She's upstairs.

RACINE

-- Asleep.

MATTY

I miss you so badly. But it's too dangerous.

RACINE

She won't wake up now.

MATTY

You're all wet.



RACINE

I've been out there waiting for two hours.

HEATHER (O.S.)

(sleepy)

Aunt Matty?

The door from the house squeaks open and Heather puts one foot onto the porch; she looks only half-awake as she peers into the gloom. Racine has turned at the SOUND and for one moment he is sideways to her, his head turned in her direction.

Heather's eyes suddenly discern the scene. Racine turns away at the same instant that Heather stumbles backwards through the door and out of sight. Heather's FOOTSTEPS patter swiftly away.

Matty and Racine look at each other.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Matty comes up the stairs and looks toward the guest room. The door is closed.

INT. TERRACE BREAKFAST AREA - WALKER HOUSE - DAY

Morning. Matty sits with coffee and toast at the table. The Walker's Housekeeper moves about in the kitchen. Heather comes in and takes her place opposite Matty. She seems perfectly normal. But she doesn't look Matty in the eye.

HEATHER

Good morning, Aunt Matty.

(to the Housekeeper)

Hi, Betty.

Matty watches over her coffee as Heather butters a muffin.

HEATHER

Is there any more of that strawberry stuff?

EXT. PARKING AREA - WALKER HOUSE - DAY

ROZ KRAFT, Edmund Walker's sister, closes the passenger door of her station wagon behind Heather. Matty stands nearby.

ROZ

What do you say?

HEATHER

I did.

MATTY

She did.

Roz gives Heather a look.

HEATHER

Thank you, Aunt Matty.

Roz walks around the car and gets in.

ROZ

Thanks, Matty. We appreciate it.

MATTY

Any time, Roz. She's a pleasure.

Roz smiles, waves and pulls away. Matty watches them go, worried.

INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The lights are out. There's enough moonlight pouring in the open windows to see Racine sitting on the bed in his shorts, his back propped against some pillows at the headboard. A fan WHIRS on a table. He lights another cigarette and takes another drink; a bottle of bourbon sits on his nightstand. From where he sits, he can see the ocean. There is a KNOCK at the door.

RACINE

Yeah?

MATTY (O.S.)

It is me.

RACINE

It's open.

Matty comes in. She peers into the darkness until she sees him. She locks the door and turns to face him. She is dressed in a pale silk suit and blouse, very carefully put together. She looks as good as she ever has; she seems to create her own light.

MATTY

Why haven't you answered your phone?

RACINE

You took a chance coming here.  
Where's Edmund?

MATTY

He's not coming up this weekend.  
Why haven't you answered?

RACINE

I didn't want to talk. I just wanted  
to think.

MATTY

(nods; then, after  
a moment)

Can I get in with you?

Racine just stares at her.

MATTY

I don't know what Heather will tell  
Roz. Maybe nothing. Maybe she'll  
be embarrassed or afraid. Maybe  
she'll think she imagined the whole  
thing.

RACINE

(chuckles without  
humor)

Maybe we all did.

MATTY

We'll know if she does tell. Roz  
will report to Edmund quick enough.  
It's exactly what she's always wanted.

Matty disappears for a moment into the shadows.

MATTY

I've been thinking, too.

RACINE

And what have you got?

Matty emerges from the darkness and sits on the edge of  
the bed next to Racine. She looks into his eyes.

MATTY

I think we should give it up. We  
haven't done anything criminal, yet.

Racine has been thinking along the same lines. He stubs  
out his cigarette.

RACINE

It's not too late to back out.

MATTY

That's right. I don't think we can  
do it.

RACINE

What do you mean?

MATTY

Things have already started to go  
wrong. I feel like we got to the  
edge and looked over and, well, it  
was too much. We'll just have to  
live with that.

She sits down on the bed.

MATTY

I'll divorce him. And we won't have his money. Part of me wants it so bad. I'd be lying if I said I didn't. But it's the worst part of me, the weakest part.

She leans back against him.

MATTY

All that matters is that we're together.

RACINE

(after a moment)

You don't think I can pull it off.

MATTY

It's not you, it's us. I'm sure I'll make some mistake.

RACINE

That's not what you really mean, is it, Matty?

MATTY

Yes it is.

RACINE

(very calm, flat)

No, it isn't. You think he's too much for me. You think I'll fuck it up, get us caught.

Matty turns toward him.

MATTY

No, darling. Don't talk that way. It's not true.

Racine studies her face.

RACINE

No? Well that's what I've been thinking.

MATTY

You're wrong. Don't think that, ever! I know you could do it.

(moving closer)

But all I care about is you. The money doesn't matter.

RACINE

It does in this world, the one we're living in.

Matty presses her head against his chest.

MATTY

Why torture ourselves about it?

Racine laughs; he doesn't know what's funny.

RACINE

When's he coming back?

MATTY

Friday.

RACINE

That'll be it, then. Nothing will stop us.

MATTY

Is that what you really want? Are you sure?

RACINE

Yeah. I wasn't before, but I am now.

Racine reaches over her, gets another cigarette and lights it. After he takes a deep drag, she takes it from him and takes a puff too.

RACINE

This time you're going to know how to reach me. I don't want any more surprises.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - MIAMI - DAY

Racine locks up a rented Ford on a side street and walks back two cars to where his Stingray is parked. As he bends to unlock the Stingray, he looks around and a passing car catches his attention.

RACINE'S POV, PANNING with the car as it drives by him. There is only one thing extraordinary about this particular car. The driver, hunched and intent on the road ahead, is a Clown, in full costume and makeup.

Racine watches as the car disappears. For a moment, Racine looks like a dead man.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - WALKER HOUSE - DAY

Matty is reclining in the soapy water, slowly scrubbing. She HUMS to herself.

EXT. HILTON HOTEL - MIAMI - DUSK

A Parking Attendant takes Racine's Stingray, as Racine goes into the lobby.

EXT. FRONT TERRACE - WALKER HOUSE - DUSK

Matty is leaning against one of the posts that flank the porch stairs. Headlights pass across the front of the house and Matty's body. She smiles a welcoming smile to the unseen Edmund.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A light fog is settling into the dips of the road. Now Racine's rented Ford appears out of one such depression and moves into a clear stretch.

INT. RACINE'S RENTED FORD - NIGHT

Racine eyes the fog with concern.

EXT. WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

The FOG is much heavier here. It rolls in past the house in thick waves. The only light burning is on the front porch. The wind Chimes TINKLE softly.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR PORCH - NIGHT

The wind chimes TINKLE, nudged by the same breeze that floats the FOG around them.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The alarm clock -- 1:50.

Again, Matty lies on her side, turned away from Edmund, eyes wide, watching the clock. Again, the bed moves suddenly! Matty rolls over to look.

Edmund is sitting up in bed, putting on his glasses.

MATTY

What's wrong?

Edmund motions for her to be silent.

WALKER

(whispering)

I think there's someone downstairs I heard something.

He swings out of bed; he is in his undershorts.

MATTY

Are you sure?

Again he silences her. He walks silently over to his closet and disappears inside.

MATTY  
(whispering)  
Should I call the police?

WALKER  
(low, from the closet)  
Will you be quiet? I'm going to nail the bastard.

Edmund comes out of the closet checking the safety on a shiny nickel-plated .38 revolver.

MATTY  
(aghast)  
Edmund, what's that?

WALKER  
Will you be quiet?

MATTY  
I've never seen that.

WALKER  
(at the bedroom door)  
I've got a surprise for this fucker.

MATTY  
Edmund, be careful!

But he is already out the door, silently. For a moment Matty is frozen, then she slides out of bed.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Edmund has stopped at the top of the stairs. He listens for sounds from below. He starts down the steps in the dark.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Edmund comes slowly down the steps, his gun pointing here, then there in his perfectly steady grip. The thrill of the hunt is in Edmund's eyes. The downstairs is thick with ominous shadows. At the bottom of the steps, he stops and listens again. He moves in two quick steps to the entry hall and looks into the living room and dining room. He seems to hear something at the rear of the house. He turns and moves back along the central hall, very slowly. The alcove under the stairs is pitch black. Edmund points his gun at that approaching space and stops. He listens. The TINKLING of the wind chimes rises weirdly, making it hard for him to hear.

Edmund's hand reaches out to the wall. His fingers find the light switch. He flips it.

For a second, we are blinded by the glare. In the next Instant, as we see that the space below the stairs is empty, Matty screams from the top of the stairs --

MATTY

He has a gun!

Edmund thinks she is warning him. He spins to look.

WALKER

Where?

Suddenly, Racine bursts from the hall closet, the wooden plank raised above his head. He brings it down fast toward Edmund's head.

Edmund reacts instinctively, raising his arm, the arm that holds the gun, to protect himself. The wooden plank smashes down -- half its force taken by Edmund's forearm, half by his head. The gun BLASTS once.

One small window in the front door shatters and the bullet continues into the night.

Edmund's revolver slides across the hall floor into a corner.

Edmund is on the floor, blood pouring from his scalp. But he is coming on like a crazed beast. His glasses askew, but still on his head, he has grasped Racine around the legs. With a powerful lunge, he pulls Racine's legs out. Racine crashes to the hall floor, losing the wooden plank.

Matty, frozen at the stair railing, cries out.

Edmund is pulling Racine toward him with all his might, crawling up Racine's body as they both slide on the wood floor. Edmund reaches out one huge hand, and pulls Racine even closer.

Racine puts his left hand into Edmund's face, his thumb flat against the lens of Edmund's glasses and pushes his head back. The glasses fly away and Racine loses his hold. Edmund comes on.

Racine's right hand gropes -- gropes -- finds the wooden plank. He swings it up.

The wooden plank describes a perfect arc into our view, and then out, finding its mark with a HORRIBLE THUD.

Matty, up the stairs, turns away.

Racine falls back on the floor.



EXT. TRUNK OF WALKER'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

The trunk is open like a giant maw. A sheet of plastic has been spread across the inside. Edmund's body flops down inside. He has been dressed, his shoes and watch put on. Racine drops the blooded wooden plank beside the body, then throws a blanket over the corpse and slams the trunk. Racine turns to Matty who stands, fully dressed, shaking in the foggy air.

RACINE

The cars at the end of the drive.  
Spend the fifteen minutes cleaning  
up inside, then come. You're gonna  
have to be careful in this fog.  
(he looks at her)  
Are you all right?

She nods.

RACINE

Fifteen minutes.

Racine gets in the Cadillac and pulls away.

INT. CADILLAC - ON DESERTED BACKROAD - NIGHT

WIPE TO:

The first stretch of Racine's route to "The Breakers" looks different in the dense FOG. Racine has to take it slowly.

He consults his watch. A branch from one of the overhanging trees looms up abruptly in the windshield, like a grasping arm. Racine flinches.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Racine drives through the silent neighborhood. The houses are invisible in the FOG, their presence indicated only by an occasional glowing light. Suddenly, a police SIREN pierces the night, followed by the appearance of a flashing red light on the street behind the Cadillac.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Racine's eyes jump to the rear view mirror and the flashing red light growing in it. Racine pulls over. The police car slows as it reaches the Cadillac, pulls alongside, and then speeds on ahead, SIREN squealing. A light goes on in the house in front of which Racine has stopped. He pulls away.

EXT. FOUR-LANE INTERSTATE - NIGHT

The Cadillac pulls up to the interstate from the side street.

As on the other night, there is more traffic here. But it is moving slowly in the FOG.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Racine has to cross two lanes of traffic to go south. He peers out through the misted windshield. He starts to pull out and a sports car appears from nowhere, doing fifty, sitting on his HORN. Racine hits the brakes. As soon as it has passed, there is a lull. Racine fishtails across the road just ahead of a truck and moves south.

EXT./INT. CADILLAC - INTERSTATE - NIGHT

The traffic on Racine's side of the interstate has slowed. There's an accident up ahead. The police car that passed Racine is on the scene, but the lone Cop is not enough. Some Passing Motorists have pulled over to help with the wreck and direct traffic. The FOG is aglow with flashing red and white lights and burning flares. A Man signals for Racine to stop. The cars in the opposite lanes are allowed to pass through. Racine keeps his head down.

A STOCKY TRUCKER comes out of the glowing FOG and walks up to the Cadillac. He leans down into the driver's window.

STOCKY TRUCKER

Hey, man, do you have any flares?

RACINE

Uh -- no. I don't think so.

STOCKY TRUCKER

(irritated)

Could you check your trunk? We got kinda of a mess here.

RACINE

I don't have them. I told you.

The Stocky Trucker gives him a disgusted look and stands up.

STOCKY TRUCKER

Don't put yourself out.

The Man in the road ahead signals for Racine to pull around into the opposite lanes and move on.

TRACKING along beside the Cadillac, Racine moves slowly through the nightmare scene. Figures move by carrying lights and tools. The Injured CRY OUT in pain. Three cars are meshed in crumpled steel. A clutch of Onlookers are outlined against the beams of headlights... Racine might as well be driving into Hell.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER CANAL - NIGHT

Here is relief. The Cadillac moves all alone across the bridge. The lights penetrate the FOG at orderly intervals, barely illuminating the bridge. A huge FOG HORN fills the air from not far way.

EXT. "THE BREAKERS" - DELIVERY DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The deserted hotel looms ghostly in the FOG. The Cadillac, lights out, rolls silently to a stop in the half-hidden delivery driveway.

INT. "THE BREAKERS" - SUPPLY AREA - NIGHT

Racine, carrying only a flashlight, has made his way to the supply area he visited before. His beam probes dark corners, responds to random CREAKING. Satisfied that he is alone, he moves a wooden crate and reaches into the hole in the wall which it hid. He brings out Teddy's incendiary device and places it on the floor in the middle of the room.

EXT. "THE BREAKERS" - DELIVERY DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Racine grunts under the weight of Edmund's corpse, flung over his back. He stumbles back toward the hulking hotel. The trunk of the Cadillac is closed.

INT. "THE BREAKERS" - CORRIDOR - SUPPLY AREA - NIGHT

Racine sits down hard. He is streaming with sweat under the enormous dead weight. He adjusts the plastic sheet so that Edmund's bloody skull won't contact the wall. Racine gathers his strength and half-lifts, half-drags the body down the corridor, his silhouette that of a twisted, double-headed monster. His flashlight glows from ahead at his destination.

IN THE SUPPLY AREA, Racine has dropped Edmund's body over some tipped shelves. Now he lifts the heavy ceiling beam he spotted earlier. He has to change its angle only two feet in order to let it drop -- now -- on Edmund's head.

Racine walks over to the incendiary device. He pulls out the lever and straightens up. As he does he looks down a connecting hallway. He sees movement. He snatches up the flashlight and the wooden plank and rushes down that hallway.

AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY, Racine slides to a halt, breathing hard. Again he sees the movement. A horrible, sweaty figure confronts him -- there is a broken mirror attached to the wall. Racine looks at himself a long moment and the tension seems to drain away...

Someone speaks in the shadows!

Racine jumps and spins toward the sound, which is only a little more than a MOAN. His flashlight seeks out the source - a RAGGED BUM is stirring in his sleep on a bed of newspapers. He wears an old baseball cap.

Racine looks at him a long time, trying to decide what to do. He looks back in the direction of the supply area. He looks at the Bum settling again into a deep sleep. He looks for one final second at himself in the mirror.

EXT. "THE BREAKERS" - BEACH - NIGHT

Racine appears at a run from the fog. He has the Bum with him, grasped firmly at the neck of the collar and the seat of his pants. Racine is forcing the Bum to run along with him. The Bum is mightily confused, not least by the fact that Racine has jammed the baseball cap all the way down over his nose -- he can see nothing. Racine lets go, hurtling him across the sand.

RACINE

(a low growl)

Get the hell out of here and don't  
come back.

The Bum is sprawled in the sand. The baseball cap has come off. He watches Racine's dark figure recede in the fog.

RAGGED BUM

(a whisper)

Come on back here and fight like a  
man!

INT. RENTED FORD - SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Matty sits fidgeting in the front seat, trying to peer through the soupy FOG. She sucks on an unlit cigarette.

Racine appears at the driver's window. Matty gasps. He is a horrible sight. He gets in the driver's seat.

MATTY

Thank god. I thought --

Racine grabs her and pulls her down out of sight, bending his body low over her.

RACINE

Shh!

The windows are suddenly illuminated by the beams of headlights. They grow brighter and a police patrol car, red light slowly revolving on the top, passes next to the Ford and moves off quietly in the FOG.

RACINE

(whisper)

They're right on time and I'm running late.

He rises slowly and watches the patrol car disappear.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

The Ford stops at front of the drive.

INT. RENTED FORD - NIGHT

Racine and Matty break from a kiss. He moves her away from him.

RACINE

We won't talk for a long time.

She nods. They look at each other. She gets out.

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

The rented Ford speeds through the foggy night.

INT. RENTED FORD - NIGHT

Racine's face. He knows that for the first time in his life, he's really done it. There's no turning back.

Racine does something that he's going to be doing for the rest of his life. He looks in the rear view mirror.

INT. "THE BREAKERS" - SUPPLY AREA - NIGHT

Everything is as Racine left it. Edmund's body lies beneath the beam. It is barely discernible in the gloom. The only bright spot in the room is the incendiary device, its shiny surface catching some errant sliver of light.

And then it explodes with a harsh SHRIEK. And the light of the magnesium chips is white, blinding. The chips are out in all directions to the waiting puddles of gasoline. The light goes from white to yellow as huge flames engulf the room. The flames ROAR. We watch them for a few moments and then --

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SECOND FLOOR PORCH - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Matty stands in the FOG, one arm wrapped around a post of the porch. Above her the wind chimes TINKLE. She struggles to hear something else. Finally she does hear it and her face relaxes and she looks at peace. Listening to soft, distant SIRENS.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY

The fedora hangs on the coatstand. Racine works at his desk, reading over a long contract. The sun is cutting through the Venetian blinds behind him in glaring strips and, as he leans back in his chair, he finds it impossible to read his document. He gets up, goes to the window and adjusts the blinds so that his desk goes dark in the shade. As it does, the PHONE RINGS. Beverly answers out in the reception room, her conversation muffled through the slightly cracked door. She hits a hold button and yells, as is her informal custom.

BEVERLY

Ned. Miles Hardin. Do you want him?

RACINE

Who is he?

BEVERLY

She says he's a lawyer from Miami.

Racine picks up his phone.

RACINE

Hello.

SECRETARY

(filtered)

Mr. Ned Racine?

RACINE

Yes.

SECRETARY

Miles Hardin calling.

The Secretary goes off and Racine is left holding. He waits five long beats and seems about to hang up when a Voice comes on, very dry and cold.

HARDIN

(filtered throughout)

Mr. Racine.

RACINE

Yes.

HARDIN

This is Miles Hardin of Morris and Dale in Miami.

RACINE

Yes.

HARDIN

As you know, we represented Edmund Walker.

RACINE

Yes.

Hardin seems to expect more of a response. Racine is silent.

HARDIN

Yes, well, Mrs. Walker has submitted the new will you wrote up there.

Racine closes his eyes for a moment. The blood drains out of his face. He puts a hand out toward his desk.

RACINE

Yes... I see.

HARDIN

And frankly, Mr. Racine, I think we may have a problem.

RACINE

Uh-huh. What problem is that?

HARDIN

Well, I'd rather discuss it in person. In fact I think it might be best if we could all get together down there. That is, if you wouldn't object.

RACINE

No no, that would be all right.

HARDIN

Good. We have a relationship with a firm in West Palm -- Shiller, Hastings.

RACINE

I know of them.

HARDIN

I've arranged to have the use of their offices. I thought we might try to make it tomorrow, say ten o'clock. Would that be possible for you?

RACINE

Yes, I think so.

HARDIN

Good. Mrs. Walker told me she would be back down there by then.

(MORE)

HARDIN (CONT'D)

And I've asked Mrs. Kraft, Mr. Walker's sister, to join us, also. I'll see you then.

RACINE

Right.

HARDIN

Good-bye.

Hardin clicks off. Racine hangs up slowly. He stares at the phone a long time. He gets up, his mind racing. He goes to the window and parts two of the blinds with his fingers. The sun makes him squint.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Racine opens the door from his office.

RACINE

(to Beverly)

Will you get me Mrs. Edmund Walker, please.

Beverly wrinkles her brow, spins her Rolodex.

BEVERLY

I don't have her. Should I?

RACINE

I thought the temporary put her in. She came in while you were on vacation. Look it up. They were in Pinehaven, I think.

He closes the door to his office.

INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Racine sits at his desk. The phone BUZZES. He picks it up.

BEVERLY

(filtered)

I get no answer at the Pinehaven number.

RACINE

Okay. Try again later.

INT. SHILLER, HASTINGS LAW OFFICES (WEST PALM BEACH) - DAY

A Secretary leads Racine DOWN A HALLWAY of the richly appointed offices and ushers him into a --



LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM, opulent, with a big skylight. Seated around the room are Matty, Roz Kraft, and much to Racine's surprise, his friend Peter Lowenstein, Matty is dressed in chic black, MILES HARDIN comes around the big desk to shake Racine's hand. Hardin is an impressive guy in a \$500 suit. He greets Racine with icy eyes and a cordial look.

HARDIN

Miles Hardin, Mr. Racine.

RACINE

How are you?

HARDIN

I don't think you know Mrs. Kraft.

RACINE

(shakes her head)

No. I don't. My condolences.

ROZ

Thank you.

Racine comes up to Matty and takes her hand.

RACINE

Mrs. Walker, I'm very sorry about your husband.

MATTY

Thank you, Mr. Racine.

HARDIN

You know Mr. Lowenstein.

They shake and Lowenstein gives him a cheerful grin.

RACINE

Hello, Peter.

LOWENSTEIN

Hi, Ned.

Racine shakes his hand. Hardin motions Racine into a chair and moves back around the desk.

HARDIN

I asked Mr. Lowenstein to join us because he's handling the inquiry into Edmund's death for the County Prosecutor's office. He and I have discussed this matter and he's made it possible for us to speak very frankly here today. Off the record, so to speak.

(MORE)

HARDIN (CONT'D)

(to Racine)

As I've told Mrs. Walker, I was more than a little surprised by the existence of this new will. Edmund hadn't mentioned anything about it to me.

Hardin looks at Racine a beat, but Racine has nothing to say.

HARDIN

Mrs. Walker explained to me that when she and her husband decided to make some minor changes, they just took care of it up here for simplicity's sake. And, indeed, as you know, the new will is almost identical to the old but for the disposition of a few items.

(to the group in general)

At the risk of oversimplifying, the thrust of the will is to divide the estate in almost equal parts between Heather Kraft and Mrs. Walker. Would you agree with that assessment, Mr. Racine?

Racine nods.

HARDIN

Mmmm. And you witnessed the signing by Edmund Walker along with this Miss --

(glancing at papers on the desk)

-- Mary Ann Simpson on July twenty-first. Apparently, it will be impossible for us to contact Miss Simpson.

MATTY

Mary Ann is a lifelong friend of mine. She happened to be visiting on her way to Europe. I'm sure when she returns she'll get in touch with me.

RACINE

(eyeing Hardin)

Although it's certainly not required. The witnesses to the signing of a will are not commonly available when the will is entered into probate. It's not standard by any means.

Hardin glances at Lowenstein, who watches impassively.

HARDIN

Edmund Walker's death was not standard.

ROZ

(to Hardin)

Pardon me. I'm sorry. I'm confused. Is there some question about the authenticity of the will?

Racine would like to kiss Roz; instead he turns with a questioning look to Hardin.

RACINE

I'm confused, too. Do you have a problem with the witnessing or the signatures? What is it you're getting at?

HARDIN

(almost wistful)

No, there doesn't seem to be any problem here. This is Edmund Walker's last will and testament. I'm afraid the problem is elsewhere.

He reaches into his coat and brings out a gold cigar case.

HARDIN

Would anyone mind if I smoked?

No one does. In fact, Racine, Matty and Roz all immediately produce their own packs of cigarettes. The effect is comical and everyone in the room laughs at the group reflex. Roz notices that Lowenstein is not lighting up and offers him one of hers.

LOWENSTEIN

I don't need my own. I'll just breathe the air.

Roz smiles and tilts her head to blow a stream of smoke toward the ceiling. We TILT UP with it as the white smoke intrudes the clear air and --

WIPE TO:

The same space, thick with smoke, and TILT DOWN to the assembled group, all of whom are focused on Hardin, except for Lowenstein, whose glance dances about the rapt faces.

HARDIN

Everything's in order up to there. The problem comes in the language of the bequest to Heather. It's a technical matter.

(MORE)

HARDIN (CONT'D)

In writing the will, I'm afraid Mr. Racine violated what's known as "the rule against perpetuities.

Hardin watches Racine, who reacts minutely.

HARDIN

It's a small thing, but it's the law. It forbids an inheritance to be passed down indefinitely for generations. Many general practitioner lawyers don't fully understand it. It doesn't come up much for them, because wills this complex are usually handled by estate departments in larger firms. Handled by lawyers who specialize in this type of work.

Matty turns a confused look to Roz who returns it sympathetically. Hardin notes it.

HARDIN

I know this is terribly confusing, but if you'll bear with me... I spotted the problem right away, but since Edmund's intent was clear, I thought it in everyone's best interest to try and get the will admitted into probate anyway, even though it was technically incorrect. I knew that a probate judge in Miami would spot the mistake right away. That's all they do all day, they're expert. So I thought I'd bring it up here to Okeelanta County -- since Edmund had the residence here -- and see if I could get lucky with a judge who didn't know estate law quite so well...

(dryly, he can't  
resist)

Perhaps find one with the same kind of training as Mr. Racine.

Racine watches him, his mind racing ahead too fast to bother being insulted. Lowenstein can't help a small, wincing smile. Now Hardin gets to his payoff and there is no amusement in his tone.

HARDIN

Unfortunately, my plan backfired. I ran into a judge who'd had other dealings with Mr. Racine. A Judge Costanza.

(MORE)

HARDIN (CONT'D)

In fact, it seems there were problems with an estate in a case four years ago. Very different problems, it's true. But on a will Mr. Racine prepared. It was quite a mess. Accusations of carelessness, a malpractice suit...

(to Racine)

I think he called it the Gourson case?

Racine watches him dully, then concentrates on taking out a cigarette.

ROZ

Once again, Mr. Hardin, you've lost me.

MATTY

Yes, what does all this mean?

HARDIN

It means, I'm afraid, that Edmund's will is invalid. Edmund Walker died interstate, as though there were no will at all.

Roz looks at Matty with panicky eyes.

MATTY

So... what happens now?

Hardin looks her over coldly. He doesn't believe she doesn't know,

HARDIN

You don't know?

MATTY

(irritated)

No, I don't.

HARDIN

Perhaps Mr. Racine would like to tell you.

Racine is recovering. He gives Hardin a quick, ugly look, then turns toward Matty, and speaks quietly.

RACINE

In the state of Florida, when a person dies without a will, and there are no children and no surviving parents, then the spouse inherits everything.

It seems to take a long moment for Matty to fully digest this. It takes not quite as long for Roz.

Her face goes through several transformations: confusion to disbelief to despair, then on in the direction of outrage.

Lowenstein's eyes are flashing around at the faces. He seems genuinely amused.

MATTY

My god. You mean... it's all mine?

Hardin is an unconvinced audience. He nods.

HARDIN

Though that was clearly not your husband's intention.

MATTY

My god.

HARDIN

He intended Heather to benefit --

MATTY

(looking between  
Hardin and Roz)

Of course, of course, I understand.  
Of course.

HARDIN

As you can imagine, Mrs. Walkers given the circumstances of Edmund's death, none of this is going to happen... how should I say it... simply.

Matty seems still in shock.

MATTY

... Of course...

EXT. PARKING LOT BEHIND SHILLER, HASTINGS (WEST PALM BEACH) - DAY

Matty, Racine, Roz, Lowenstein and Hardin stand talking in a little cluster near the building. They say their good-byes with much handshaking. Matty lays a reassuring hand on Roz's arm and kisses her on the cheek. As she breaks from the crowd, Racine walks with her. The others stand talking a little longer. Racine takes off his jacket in the blazing Heat. He is very aware of the little group behind them as he walks with Matty to her Mercedes. When they are out of earshot --

RACINE

You look good in black.

MATTY

I've missed you so badly. I need you.

RACINE

At first I couldn't figure out when you got ahold of my stationery and stuff. It finally came to me... Edmund's signature must have been a snap. And you knew I wasn't gonna challenge mine --

MATTY

Please stop. I don't blame you for hating me right now.

RACINE

You've really done it, Matty. You really have.

Behind them the group breaks up, Hardin goes back into the building and Lowenstein walks Roz the short distance to her car. Matty reaches the door of her car and turns to Racine.

MATTY

Will you come to the house tonight?

She takes his hand and shakes it for show.

MATTY

I want you more right now than I ever have. I know how you must feel about me. But please come tonight.

RACINE

I hope you haven't done us in.

Matty gets into her car.

At the far end of the parking lots Lowenstein has been watching them as he makes his way to his car. Now, as he moves between two rows of cars, he executes a few nifty dance steps, just like Fred Astaire.

EXT. RACINE'S BUILDING - DAY

Racine, jacket over his shoulder and briefcase in hand, leaves the Stingray at the curb and goes into the big house of which his apartment is the top floor.

INT. STAIRWAY - RACINE'S BUILDING - DAY

Racine trudges up the dark steps in the heat. As he approaches the door to his place, he senses that someone is there. He tries the knob and the door swings open slowly, revealing Peter Lowenstein, reading a book at the bookcase and, lounging out on the porch, Detective Oscar

Grace. The three look at each other a beat and then Racine comes in,

INT. RACINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Racine gets rid of his briefcase and jacket as Grace comes in from the porch.

RACINE

Hi, guys. Just come on in, make yourself at home.

GRACE

Sorry about that.

LOWENSTEIN

Not me. The door was unlocked, inviting illegal entry. It's behavior like that makes Oscar's job so hard.

RACINE

Sorry, Oscar. Would you guys a beer?

LOWENSTEIN

No thanks, I already had one.

Oscar indicates "no" as Racine takes one from the refrigerator for himself and begins unbuttoning his shirt.

GRACE

I've gotta bring my wife up here. She thinks our house is the hottest place in the county.

RACINE

It ain't great this time of day.

There is a pregnant pause as Racine takes off his shirt and leans against the refrigerator.

GRACE

Ned, how did you get involved with this Matty Walker?

RACINE

(takes a drink)  
What do you mean?

GRACE

I mean she's poison, man. Tell me what you know about her old man's death.

RACINE

What read in the paper. He died in the fire. Looks like arson--



LOWENSTEIN

Was arson.

RACINE

Okay, was arson. You don't know if he was setting it and messed up... or if that's just what someone wanted it to look like.

GRACE

Nah, he didn't set it. Somebody offend him.

RACINE

His people owned the place or something?

GRACE

(nods)

That's right. A very rough group of fellows, too. They're arguing with the insurance company right now. It's possible they wanted to cut old Edmund out. I'm sure they're not too broken up over his departure.

(grimaces)

But this just doesn't seem like a neat way to handle something like that.

LOWENSTEIN

It's not their style. They're very smooth. They'd rather destroy you than kill you. And they hate publicity.

Racine takes it in, sucks on his beer.

GRACE

Course guys like that make a lot of enemies. Coulda been a grudge match from the outside, I suppose.

(he looks at Racine)

But me, I'm kinda interested in the grieving widow.

Racine looks a little skeptical. He thinks about it as he moves to a chair.

LOWENSTEIN

Her sister-in-law's got plenty of ideas along that line, too. She could barely contain herself today, I could tell.

(he cackles)

But she wants to wait and see how Matty treats her on the estate. She doesn't want to blow it.

GRACE

How'd you get involved?

RACINE

(shrugs)

They asked me to re-do the will. I met with her and Edmund. It was pretty simple. This Mary Ann Simpson witnessed it with me. Walker didn't seem to think it was any big deal.

GRACE

That's it?

RACINE

That's it.

GRACE

What was this Simpson's story?

RACINE

I don't know... old friend of theirs, good-looking broad. She was just passing through.

GRACE

On her way to Europe?

Racine shrugs, he doesn't know.

GRACE

The passport people can't find any record of that.

Lowenstein and Grace look at him a long time.

GRACE

What do you think? About the wife?

Racine considers a moment.

RACINE

I suppose it's possible. I don't know much about her, except --  
(he grins)  
-- what I've seen. Wouldn't shock me, either way.

LOWENSTEIN

I've got a feeling she's very bad news. Take some incredibly intelligent advice and stay away from her.

GRACE

He's right for once.

They both get up to leave. Racine watches from the chair.

RACINE

Well, I'm sorry, guys. I'm afraid I can't do that.

GRACE

Why not?

RACINE

First of all, did you get a look at her?

They did. Racine grins. He stands up and comes right up to them.

RACINE

That wouldn't be quite so meaningful, except that today she started coming on to me. And maybe you haven't heard but the lady is about to come into a great deal of money.

They look at him with some concern.

RACINE

The fact is, she's invited me out to her place tonight. And I'm going. And I'll keep on going as many nights, or days, or weekends, as she'll have me.

LOWENSTEIN

Ned, that lady may have just killed her husband.

Racine smiles cheerfully and puts a reassuring arm around Lowenstein's shoulder, leading him to the door.

RACINE

Peter, she's not gonna inherit anything by killing me.

Lowenstein is out the door now. He looks at Racine in wonder. He shakes his head and goes down the steps. Racine turns, smiling, to Grace, but Oscar is grim.

GRACE

Ned, you've messed up before. You'll mess up again. That's your nature. But they've always been small-time. This might not be. She's trouble, Ned. The real thing. Big-time, major league trouble. Watch yourself.

Racine reassures his friend with touch and Oscar leaves.

INT. WALKER HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

Matty closes the front door behind Racine and wraps her arms around him. She kisses him hard and long on the mouth, then starts on his neck. He begins to push her away but she clings to him, eating him up.

MATTY

I know. I know. I know you'd probably like to kill me. I know. But please... you can hate me... punish me... hurt me if you want, but don't talk yet.

She takes his hand and drags him to the steps and leads the way up, her eyes on him always.

MATTY

Please, Ned.

He lets her lead him up the stairs.

INT. MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They lie in bed. The wind chimes TINKLE outside.

MATTY

... Mary Ann and I left Wheaton together and went to Chicago. We didn't know what we were doing. I got in bad trouble with drugs. Speed. Really bad. I did things...

(she looks up at him)

Whatever's the vilest thing you can think of me now, I did worse things then. There's nothing lower than the animal I was then. Worse than you can imagine. I thought I would die. I prayed I would... And then a man helped me. He got me clean. He didn't want much in return, either... He was a lawyer and he put me to work in his office. I learned a lot there. One time I even thought I might go to law school. ... That's where I picked up the business about making a will invalid. That happened to him once. I swear I would never have used that if I'd known about your case... I was afraid to tell you, Ned. I knew you wouldn't let me do it. I'm greedy, like you said. I wanted us to have it all.

She moves up over him and looks into his face.

MATTY

I don't blame you for thinking I'm bad. I am. I know it. I'd understand if you just cut me off now. If you never trusted me again. You'd probably be smart. But you must believe one thing. I love you. I love you and need you. I want to be with you forever.

She puts her head on his chest as Racine lights a cigarette.

RACINE

They already think you're involved.

MATTY

I don't care.

RACINE

Great.

MATTY

There's nothing we can do about it now. In a little while we'll either have the money or we won't. It's out of our hands.

Racine thinks about this awhile. He exhales a stream of smoke.

MATTY

I fired the housekeeper. We can stay together as long as we want. We're all alone here now.

SLOW, SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY

Lowenstein makes Heather and Roz comfortable in the waiting room, then goes through the gate partition, nods at the Cop Clerk on duty, and goes into Oscar Grace's office, reclosing the door behind him.

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY

It's cramped, hot, cluttered. There is one other door out of the office. Grace has his feet up on his desk. He's nursing a bottle of Coke and looking at Racine, who stands across the office, leaning on a file cabinet and glaring between sentences. Racine gives Lowenstein an ugly look then returns his attention to Grace. Racine is angry, but in control.

RACINE

That's right.

(MORE)

RACINE (CONT'D)

I've been down there a lot lately. Isn't that amazing? Miami. Jesus. I'm handling the purchase of some property down there. I'll be going back in the future... if that's all right, if it's still legal to go to Miami.

There is silence. Lowenstein looks between them, speaks to Grace.

LOWENSTEIN

He is mad.

RACINE

Nooo. No, I'm not mad. Why should I be mad just because my friend here, who I've know for years, wants to know of my whereabouts on the night of our recent local murder?

LOWENSTEIN

It's not so recent anymore. Maybe he's feeling some pressure.

Grace is pained by all this, but his tone is scolding, defensive.

GRACE

You brought this on yourself, man! I don't run this department, you know. There are people watching this thing. They hear you're out there banging the widow every night; it tends to call attention to you. So don't give me shit.

Lowenstein goes to Oscar's desk and takes a pull from the bottle of Coke.

RACINE

That's my business!

GRACE

This whole damn case is getting crazy.

LOWENSTEIN

(to Grace)

Did you tell him about the glasses?

Grace, exasperated, indicates that he didn't.

LOWENSTEIN

Seems Walker always ware glasses -- steel-rimmed glasses. He was a real fanatic about them.

Racine is still staring at Grace. He barely seems to pay attention.

LOWENSTEIN

But there were none on the scene. Coroner says they should've been there. He says that even after the fire the frames should've been seared into his -- well, you don't want to hear the details.

RACINE

So what?

GRACE

So it's looking more and more like he was killed somewhere else and brought there in his own car. Your honey, his wife, says he left the house in the middle of the night driving himself to some mysterious meeting. Is that vague enough for you?

RACINE

Look, what is this? What do you want? Am I supposed to be an undercover agent for you guys, or something?

LOWENSTEIN

Interesting choice of phrase.

RACINE

How 'bout tonight I ask her? 'Say, did you kill your husband? My friends were just wondering...'

LOWENSTEIN

Hey, that's an idea. Ask her where the glasses are, where she did it... Anything else I'm forgetting, Oscar?

OSCAR

Just one thing.

Lowenstein looks at him a long moment. Racine watches them.

LOWENSTEIN

Oh, yeah! Right, right. You'll love this, Ned, this latest development. Maybe you'll be able to work up a little sympathy for us, see why Oscar here has a tendency to get carried away. Tell him, Oscar. This is rich.

OSCAR

This is from the sister-in-law, the Kraft woman. She's been driving me batty lately. She's convinced she ain't gonna be out into the will. It seems that a couple weeks before the murder, Walker's niece stayed up there for a while with your friend Matty. One night she waxes up, goes to see her aunt and catches the lady with some guy.

The three men look at each other. Lowenstein breaks into laughter.

LOWENSTEIN

Do you get it? In the act or some fucking thing!

GRACE

We haven't got all the details yet. Mrs. Kraft is bringing the little girl up here today to tell us her story.

LOWENSTEIN

(to Grace)

Oh, they're here. I ran into them on the way in. They're waiting outside.

GRACE

Christ. I'm not sure I'm up to dealing with this scene.

There is a long pause. The other two look at Racine.

GRACE

(to Racine)

Listen, you probably don't want to see the Kraft woman right now. She's a little wild. Why don't you slip out the back way here?

Racine looks first at Lowenstein, then at Grace.

RACINE

Are we done here?

GRACE

(nods, looking at his notes)

I've got it all here. And, Ned, I'm sorry I had to ask.

Racine is neutral. He indicates the front entrance.



RACINE

I'll go out this way. I've had a lot of experience with disgruntled people.

(to Lowenstein)

I'll be over to Stella's, if you want to have some lunch.

Lowenstein nods. Racine opens the door and goes out of the office.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY

Racine walks out of Grace's office. Lowenstein watches him go. Heather is absorbed in a magazine and Roz is distracted with her cigarette. Racine could keep on walking, but instead he walks over to Roz. She jumps when he speaks to her.

RACINE

Hello, Mrs. Kraft.

She seems confused about how to act toward him. Heather looks up casually. Racine shakes Roz's hand.

ROZ

Hello, Mr. Racine.

RACINE

How are you making out?

ROZ

We're all right, I guess.

Racine crouches in front of Heather and smiles at her.

RACINE

You must be Heather.

She nods. He shakes her hand.

RACINE

I'm Ned Racine, Heather. I've heard a lot about you. It's nice to meet you.

Heather nods uncertainly.

HEATHER

Thank you.

RACINE

I'm sorry our town is so hot for your visit.

HEATHER

It sure is.

RACINE  
(smiles, stands)  
Goodbye.

ROZ  
Goodbye.

Racine walks away. Heather watches him go. Roz turns to Heather.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Racine walks down the sidewalk and enters Stella's Coffee Shop.

INT. STELLA'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

As Racine comes in the front door, Stella is leaning over the counter in a gossipy huddle with a Cop and Glenda, the Meter Maid. When Stella notices Racine, she breaks off suddenly and moves away. The Cop and Glenda see Racine and go back to their food with great deliberateness. Racine takes all this in and settles at the other end of the counter.

STELLA  
(too boisterous)  
Hi, Racine. How you doing today?

RACINE  
I'm fine, Stella. I'm fine. What's the latest? Any hot news?

STELLA  
Nothing much doing. What'll it be?

RACINE  
What's the special?

STELLA  
Veal outlets.

RACINE  
What day'd you cook 'em?

STELLA  
They're fresh this month.

Racine signals for her to bring it on. He swivels around and looks out at the Court House.

WIPE TO:

LATER.

Same shot. Lowenstein appears on the sidewalk across the street. He crosses over to Stella's and comes in.

He spots Racine and comes over to the counter with a light dance-walk, breaking into actual dance only as he Pirouettes before landing in the stool beside Racine. Racine is almost done with his lunch.

LOWENSTEIN

(to Stella)

The usual, my sweet.

STELLA (O.S.)

Two ice teas for Fred Astaire.

Lowenstein looks at Racine and smiles.

LOWENSTEIN

Are you ready to hear something wild?

RACINE

I don't know. I may have had my share for the day.

LOWENSTEIN

No, this is right up your alley.

Stella puts the two ice teas in front of Lowenstein. Lowenstein has to give her a look before she backs away. Lowenstein leans in confidentially toward Racine.

LOWENSTEIN

Little Heather comes out onto the back porch, and this dude is out there with her aunt, see? And he's turned away with his pants or shorts or whatever dropped, so he's mooning the little girl, right. And he and your friend are going at something which Heather couldn't quite figure out.

Lowenstein begins to shake with laughter; he almost falls off the stool. Racine is confused. Lowenstein recovers his balance and lowers his voice again. There are tears in his eyes.

LOWENSTEIN

Poor little Heather! She's never seen one angry before. But it made quite an impression on her. Yessirree! That's all she can remember.

Lowenstein starts to choke with laughter. He takes a drink. Racine is smiling now, too.

RACINE

That's it?

LOWENSTEIN

One other thing. She says the guy's hair was greasy. He wore it slicked back. "Like a Cuban," she says. I loved that!

(he laughs again)

Can you imagine poor Heather? She hustled back to bed after getting a gander at that. And listen to why she got up in the first place, this is the capper. She had a nightmare! Christ, can you imagine what kinds of dreams she had the rest of the night?

Lowenstein rocks with laughter. And Racine does too.

INT. ENTRY HALL - WALKER HOUSE - DAY

Matty has been pushed roughly across the entry hall. Her back hits hard against the wall at the front of the central hall. She rubs her wrist where the skin is red and looks with frightened eyes at Racine.

RACINE

Don't say that. Don't say you don't have them.

MATTY

I swear to you, I don't. What's wrong with you?

RACINE

They had to be here when you cleaned up that night. Think about it, think hard. They've probably got my prints on them.

MATTY

I must have missed them. I wasn't looking for them. I thought they were on Edmund.

RACINE

So where could they have gone?

MATTY

I don't know.  
(suddenly, a look)  
Betty!

RACINE

The housekeeper?  
(Matty nods,  
thinking)  
Where would she have put them? You've been through his things.

MATTY

She might have taken them.

Racine thinks that's crazy.

MATTY

Listen to me. That's why I fired her. After Edmund's death she started acting strange. She was always watching me, listening to my calls.

RACINE

That's crazy. You imagined it. I know, I've been imagining things, too. Plenty.

MATTY

No, Ned, not with her I wasn't. I could tell there was a difference. Maybe she know about us. Maybe she wants something.

RACINE

Don't you think we would have heard from her by now?

Matty walks over and sits at the bottom of the steps. She looks up at him.

MATTY

I don't know what to think. I'm worried. But it's not about the glasses. Or your friends. It's us.

RACINE

I'm sorry.

MATTY

Your first reaction is to accuse me. What's happening to you? I don't know if we can hold on like this.

Racine sits next to her. He rubs his eyes.

MATTY

Hardin called today. He said everything should be cleared up by next week. I'll get the money  
(a caustic smile)  
He apologized for the delay.

RACINE

They've been stalling. They're draggin it out, hoping they'd come up with some way to implicate you.

Matty turns and leans against him, looking into his face, full of love.

MATTY

But they haven't been able to. Soon it'll be all ours. That's why we've got to hold together, Ned. It won't be long, then we'll get away from here. Out from under all this.

(a beat)

All we have is each other. I'd kill myself if I thought this thing would destroy us. I couldn't take it.

His arms enclose her.

INT. REGISTRATION DESK - HILTON HOTEL - MIAMI - DAY

Oscar Grace has been talking to the Desk Clerk, who now disappears and returns with the Hotel Manager.

INT. BOOKKEEPING OFFICE - HILTON - DAY

Oscar and the Hotel Manager watch as a Data Clerk extracts a sheet of freshly-printed billing information from a computer. He points to a section of the read-out.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - HILTON HOTEL - DAY

Oscar talks to the Parking Attendant who handled Racine's Stingray. Oscar looks around the structure.

INT. CORRIDOR - HILTON HOTEL - DAY

The door to a hotel room is open in the foreground, but Oscar is down the hall looking at the door to the stairwell.

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT - DETECTIVE BUREAU - DAY

Oscar sits across the desk from a Plainclothes Cop, who is talking on the phone. The Plainclothes Cop hears what he wants on the phone and nods to Oscar, tapping a spot on a list that lies before him. Oscar gets up and looks to see where he's pointing.

EXT. HERTZ RENT-A-CAR OFFICE - DAY

Oscar can be seen inside, talking to the Attendant on duty.

EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Oscar, totally beat, sits in his car. The Real Estate Agent we saw with Racine comes up, unctuously ushering Two Businessmen. As he shows them inside, Oscar approaches him, getting out his I.D. He and the Real Estate Agent shake hands.

EXT. THE MOON AND THE OCEAN - NIGHT

It's the middle of the night. Bright under a full moon.  
And very quiet. The surf can be heard LAPPING at the beach.  
And then we hear HUMMING.

EXT. THE PIER - NIGHT

No sign of life. Still the HUMMING; it's a Broadway show  
tune.

EXT. END OF THE PIER - NIGHT

Lowenstein is there, all alone, silhouetted in the  
moonlight. He uses the rail like a ballet bar, returning  
to it each time he finishes a small combination of dance  
steps. The moves are not extravagant, there is not  
highkicking. Just a nice, smooth little combination that  
Lowenstein is repeating, again and again.

He HUMS his own accompaniment. Then, softly at first,  
from the distance, comes the THUMPING of running shoes on  
old wood. It grows as Lowenstein completes another  
repetition. When the THUMPING has gotten close, it slows,  
then stops raggedly. Lowenstein looks that way.

RACINE (O.S.)  
(out of breath)  
Peter?

LOWENSTEIN  
Hi, Ned.

Racine walks up, dripping sweat, already extracting his  
cigarettes from his shorts.

RACINE  
What are you doing here?

LOWENSTEIN  
I've been looking for you.

RACINE  
Yeah?

LOWENSTEIN  
Yeah. You always run this late?

RACINE  
Nah. I'm going to Miami tomorrow.  
I'm not gonna have time.

LOWENSTEIN  
What's in Miami?

RACINE  
I'm closing this real estate deal  
I've been working on.

Lowenstein nods and turns to lean over the rail. Racine offers him a cigarette. Lowenstein accepts and Racine lights both of theirs. Lowenstein glances at Racine's pack as Racine puts it away.

LOWENSTEIN

You're some kind of health nut.

(Racine smiles)

Matty Walker smokes that same brand.  
I noticed that.

RACINE

Is this gonna be one of those  
conversations? Maybe I should have  
my lawyer present.

LOWENSTEIN

Buddy, your lawyer is present.

They look at the ocean.

LOWENSTEIN

You know, that Edmund Walker was a  
bad guy. The more I find out about  
him, the happier I am he's dead. I  
figure it's a positive thing for the  
world.

RACINE

You're not known for being a  
hardliner.

LOWENSTEIN

Mmm. I have my own standards. I try  
to keep them private.

(he looks at his  
cigarette)

As far as I'm concerned, I don't  
care who killed him. And I don't  
care who gets rich because of it.

(shakes his head)

But Oscar, Oscar's not like that.  
His whole life is based on doing the  
right thing. He's the only person I  
know like that. Sometimes it's a  
real pain in the ass. Even for him.

Lowenstein glances at Racine, but only for a moment.

LOWENSTEIN

Oscar's unhappy right now. He's in  
pain.

RACINE

Why is that?



LOWENSTEIN

Because he likes you. He likes you even better than I do.

(long pause)

That's why he's been busting his butt trying to locate this Mary Ann Simpson. They finally found her place in Miami yesterday, but the woman herself was gone... looked like she left in a hurry.

(a beat)

Oscar thought any story she could tell might help you. He thinks you need help.

Racine turns around, drapes his arms back along the rail and lets his head loll, like a tired runner.

LOWENSTEIN

Someone's putting you in deep trouble, my friend. From about three thirty to five AM on the night Walker was killed, someone called your hotel room repeatedly. The hotel didn't want to put them through, but whoever was calling convinced them it was an emergency. The phone rang and rang, but you didn't answer.

Racine looks at him.

LOWENSTEIN

Don't say anything. Save it for some Other time. It gets worse.

(he stamps out his butt)

Now someone's trying to give us Edmund's glasses. We don't know who. We don't know what the glasses will tell us. But our negotiations are continuing.

Lowenstein steps away, toward the street. He looks sad.

LOWENSTEIN

I wish I knew what to tell you, Ned. But I don't have any good ideas.

He turns and walks away.

LOWENSTEIN

I'll see ya.

Racine watches him go. He takes out his pack of cigarettes and extracts one. He stares at the pack in his hand.

EXT. FRONT TERRACE - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark. Racine tries the door a last time. (He's still in his sweaty running clothes.) No good. No one here. Racine peers inside one final time. He is looking through the new glass in the same little window shot out by Edmund's gun. The wind chimes TINKLE loudly.

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - DAY

Racine's Stingray whips south in the morning light.

INT. RACINE'S CAR - DAY

Racine is shaved and showered and wearing a tie, but he doesn't look fresh. His mind is elsewhere. He looks off to his left. Miami sits on the horizon.

INT. ELEVATOR - SKYSCRAPER - DAY

The elevator is packed with lawyers. They're heading out to lunch. They wear expensive suits. Racine is backed into a corner. He watches them, as though from a distance. He looks different from them.

INT. LOBBY - SKYSCRAPER - DAY

The lawyers pile out of the elevator. A few carry briefcases. Racine finally appears. He too carries a briefcase. He looks across the huge lobby at the entrance to a restaurant/bar.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Racine sits at the bar with a drink. Once more, he glances diagonally to the end of the bar, at a guy in a three-piece suit. The guy seems to be looking at Racine whenever he isn't watching the front entrance. Finally the guy can control himself no longer. He picks up his drink and walks around the bar to the space next to Racine. His name is MICHAEL GLENN and he's bright, successful and irritating. The two men are on the edge of remembering each other.

GLENN

We know each other, don't we?

(Racine smiles,  
uncertain)

I'm Michael Glenn. With Bashford,  
Hillerman.

The smile fades from Racine's face.

RACINE

Ned Racine.

It comes back to Glenn in a flash. He wishes he hadn't come up.

GLENN

Christ, I've done it again.

(embarrassed,  
indicates the  
entrance)

I'm just meeting some people.

Racine nods. Glenn looks him over, smiles; he's ingratiating.

GLENN

Hey, this is silly. You're not still mad about that Gourson business?

(Racine shrugs,  
takes a drink)

We had to do it. Costanza practically insisted we sue you. Listen, nobody at our place likes malpractice against other lawyers.

RACINE

Forget it.

Glenn remembers something. He smiles confidentially.

GLENN

I tried to make it up to you.

Racine looks at him blankly.

GLENN

Did you ever meet a lady named Matty Walker? You'd remember her. A very hot number.

RACINE

Matty Walker?

GLENN

(glances at the  
entrance)

Yeah. I met her at a party. She said she was going up there and she wanted to know about lawyers. I gave her your name.

RACINE

When was this?

GLENN

(trying to remember)

I don't know... long time. Maybe September.

Racine stares at him. Glenn sees his party at the entrance. He offers his hand.

GLENN

Oops, gotta go.

RACINE

Did you tell her about the Gourson case?

GLENN

(a slimy grin)

Hey, I was trying to get you work.

He starts to move away. Racine grabs him by his tie and pulls him back hard. The people nearby turn in alarm. Racine speaks very quietly to the startled Glenn.

RACINE

Did you tell her about Gourson?

GLENN

Jesus, are you nuts?

Racine twists his grip on Glenn's tie. Glenn starts to choke.

GLENN

Maybe I told her how we met. Yeah, maybe.

Racine lets him go.

EXT. FRONT OF WALKER HOUSE - DUSK

Racine's Stingray tears up the drive and SQUEALS to a stop in the parking area. Racine looks at the house from the car. It looks deserted as before. He pulls the Stingray onto the lawn and drives all the way around the house, then out the drive through his own dust.

EXT. PORCH - RACINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Racine stares out at the ocean. He lights another cigarette and lifts a glass of bourbon to his lips. Suddenly, he laughs, short and harsh. But the smile fades quickly.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Racine comes in carrying his briefcase. Beverly looks him over critically; he doesn't look so good.

BEVERLY

Is there something wrong with your phone?

RACINE

Just off the hook. What?

BEVERLY

Teddy Laursen is in County. He's very anxious to talk to you. He sounded bad.

Racine nods, turns back to the door.

BEVERLY

Hey, are you all right?

Racine stops for a moment and looks at her. He smiles and goes out.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - VISITING ROOM - DAY

Teddy Laursen sits across the table from Racine. Teddy, too, looks a little ragged. Nervous.

TEDDY

I don't know. It's a thing in Lauderdale. Something must've gone wrong, but they're not telling me. I'm a little worried.

RACINE

I'll find out.

TEDDY

No, no. That's not why I called you. In fact, I got me another lawyer.

Racine watches him.

TEDDY

I think it would be better. You know Schlisgal.

RACINE

(nods, confused)  
He's good.

Teddy looks around nervously. Racine waits.

TEDDY

This broad came to me last week. A real looker. She said you told her how to reach me, I figured you musta, she knew all about it.

(Racine nods)

She said you wanted another one.

Teddy searches Racine's face, trying to see if the story was true. He's not surprised that it's not.

TEDDY

Yeah, I was afraid of that. But I'm a slow thinker.

(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)

(lowers his voice  
even more)

She had me show her how to rig it to  
a door, with a little delay. Does  
any of this mean anything to you?

Racine looks at him blankly.

TEDDY

Then I'm glad I told you. Watch your  
step.

RACINE

Thanks, Teddy.

Racine pushes his chair back. Teddy seems torn about saying  
more. He forces himself to --

TEDDY

Racine... Don't thank me yet. These  
guys here, they've been asking me  
about The Breakers.

(reads Racine's  
look)

I haven't told 'em shit. But I don't  
like the look on their faces.

Racine gets up.

INT. RACINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Racine listens to the endless ringing on the other end of  
his call and slowly hangs up. The phone rings in the  
reception room and Beverly picks it up, then hits the  
hold button.

BEVERLY

(yells)

Ned. It's Mrs. Walker. Do you want  
her?

RACINE

Yeah.

(he picks up)

Hello.

MATTY

(filtered throughout)

Hello, Ned. Can we talk?

Racine swivels in his chair so that he can see Beverly in  
the reception room. Beverly is just replacing the receiver  
on the hook and for a moment, she gives Racine a strange,  
ambivalent look. Racine watches her as she goes back to  
work and speaks quietly into the phone.

RACINE

Okay. Where are you?

MATTY

I'm in Miami. I've been running around like crazy and I could reach you before I left.

(a pause)

Ned, everything's going to be all right.

RACINE

Tell me.

MATTY

I've got the money. I've taken it and sent it somewhere safe. It's all ours now.

(Racine says nothing)

But that's not the best part.

RACINE

What's the best part?

MATTY

The glasses. I got them back. That is, they should be ours by now. Betty had them. She wanted money. That's why I had to come down here. She made it all very difficult, but I think it worked out.

RACINE

Do you have them?

MATTY

No. She wouldn't do that. She's putting them in the boathouse. In the top drawer of the dresser in the boathouse. They should be there now, if she's kept up her end.

RACINE

Yes.

MATTY

I think you'd better get them right away. I don't trust her.

RACINE

In the boathouse.

MATTY

That's right. The top drawer of the dresser. Oh. Ned, we're going to be all right. I'll leave here as soon

(MORE)

MATTY (CONT'D)  
as I can. I should be there by seven-  
thirty. I can't wait to see you,  
darling. We've made it.

Racine is silent.

MATTY  
Are you all right?

RACINE  
Yes.

MATTY  
Good-bye, sweetheart.

She clicks off. Racine puts down the phone and stares at it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Teddy Laursen watches as Oscar Grace and another Detective come into the room. They look grim.

GRACE  
Teddy, this is Detective Knapp from  
the Fort Lauderdale Arson Squad.  
He's brought some very bad news about  
that fire. Seems there were two people  
who didn't get out.

Teddy reacts. It's the first time for him.

GRACE  
I know, Teddy. It's not like you.  
And I'm willing to make that clear  
to anybody who'll listen. But you're  
going to have to help me out on this  
Breakers business.

Teddy looks at him. Teddy is hurting.

INT. RACINE'S CAR - DUSK

Racine drives. The Stingray passes the sign --

"You are entering  
PINEHAVEN  
Please drive safely"

The town looks well tended.

EXT. BOAT HOUSE - WALKER HOUSE - DAY

Racine comes down the lawn. He walks slowly toward the boathouse. His walk is unsteady. Racine moves around to the front of the boathouse and steps onto its wooden porch.



Racine's focus is on the doorknob of the closed door. But he moves past it to the window. The curtains have been carefully drawn across it; it is impossible to see beyond them into the boathouse. Except... except for one little slice at the bottom of the window where the curtains are held apart a fraction of an inch by something. Racine crouches down to look through the crack.

WHAT RACINE SEES. The curtains are being held apart this little bit by a wire. A wire which is attached to the window and runs tautly back into the gloom of the boathouse. Racine shifts his head an inch and he can see another wire. It originates from that same spot back in the gloom and runs toward the door, although Racine, with this limited view, cannot actually see where the wire is attached. But Racine is not really trying --

Racine has rocked back on his heels away from the window. He stands up and steps away from the boathouse. You might call it a stagger.

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Lowenstein is in a chair. Grace is turned away, looking out the window at the dark street. They both look dejected. After a long silence --

LOWENSTEIN

Stupid. That's always been the problem.

(a beat)

Her mind encompasses his.

GRACE

I better go get him.

EXT. REAR OF WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

The house looms darkly. Racine has packed the Stingray in the black shadows of the big tree behind the house, hiding it. He starts to walk back around the driveway side of the house when something catches his eye at the other end of the house. He walks over there.

Close to that far wall, in shadow as deep as the one he has just used is, to Racine's surprise -- Matty's Mercedes. Racine stares at the car.

EXT. RACINE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Grace comes out of the house and walks to his car, thinking.

INT. EDMUND'S CLOSET - MATTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Racine pushes aside some clothes and reaches up to a high shelf. He feels around until he's got what he wants.

He pulls down the wooden case and opens it. Inside is Edmund's .38 revolver.

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE ACROSS THE CANAL - NIGHT

Grace's car is among a dozen held up by the raised drawbridge. A sailboat is gliding slowly through. Grace is outside his car, leaning against it.

EXT. GAZEBO -- WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Close on Racine's watch -- ten-o-five.

The wind chimes on the gazebo TINKLE. Racine sits smoking in the shadows. He takes another drink from a glass of liquor. All the lights on the lawn, gazebo and boathouse are off. Racine hears something and peers toward the driveway. Headlights move very slowly up the drive toward the house. It is Edmund's Cadillac, glowing in the moonlight.

The Cadillac stops in front of the house and for several moments nothing happens. Then Matty gets out of the car Waterway.

She is wearing the same white dress she was wearing when Racine first saw her and she is luminous in the moonlight.

Racine watches from the blackness of the gazebo. Silently.

Matty walks twenty feet past the gazebo and stops when she can make out the boathouse in the gloom. She stares at it a moment then turns back toward the house.

Racine steps to the edge of the gazebo. Matty seems startled for only a split second.

MATTY

Hello, darling.

RACINE

Hello, Matty.

MATTY

Where's your car?

RACINE

In the back. With yours.

MATTY

Why haven't you turned on the lights?

RACINE

I could see.

Matty comes up the steps and puts her arms around him. She closes her eyes as she hugs him. They are one figure melded in the gloom.

MATTY

It's all ours now, Ned. We could leave tonight if we wanted. It's over.

RACINE

Yes, it is.

MATTY

(voice changed)

What's this --?

Suddenly she backs away from him, down the steps, her white dress moving back into the bright moonlight from the shadow of the gazebo. She looks up at Racine.

RACINE

It's Edmund's gun. You remember it, don't you?

He has it in his hand now. He looks it over casually, but the barrel is toward her.

MATTY

What is it, Ned? What's happened?

RACINE

I think you know.

MATTY

No. I swear to you, I don't!

RACINE

It's the glasses, Matty.

MATTY

Weren't they there? Didn't she bring them?

RACINE

I didn't see them.

MATTY

She promised she'd bring them.

RACINE

Maybe I missed them. The way you missed them that night.

MATTY

Ned, I don't know what you think, but you're wrong. I haven't done anything to hurt you. I love you. You've got to believe me.

RACINE

Keep talking, Matty. Experience shows I can be convinced of anything.

EXT. STREET NEAR WALKER PLACE - NIGHT

Grace's car moves up the street past the gated drives.

EXT. BACK LAWN - NIGHT

Racine is at the bottom of the gazebo steps now. Matty has backed away, toward the Waterway.

MATTY

I did arrange to meet you. But, Ned, it all changed. You changed it. I fell in love with you. I didn't plan that...

Racine laughs, short and bitterly.

RACINE

You never quit, do you? You just keep on coming.

MATTY

How can I prove it to you? What can I say?

RACINE

The glasses, Matty. Why don't you go down there and get them?

Matty is silent. She starts to speak, but nothing comes out. Now there is real fear in her eyes.

MATTY

But you said they weren't there.

RACINE

I said I didn't see them.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - WALKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Grace's car moves down the drive.

EXT. BACK LAWN - NIGHT

Racine has moved closer to Matty, away from the house. They are only six feet apart. Tears are now rolling down Matty's cheeks.

MATTY

I'll go, Ned. I'll go and look for them.

She turns and starts walking toward the ocean. Just as she is about to disappear into the shadows, she turns back to him.

MATTY

Ned... no matter what you think, I  
do love you.

AT THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE

Grace has gotten out of his car. He starts toward the front door, but sees Racine out on the lawn. He heads out in that direction, but stops as Racine steps into a bright spot of moonlit lawn and the gun's shiny silverplate glints in the light. The gun is pointed at the retreating Matty.

Grace pulls his own gun from a shoulder holster and raises it. He is about to call out, when Matty disappears completely in the gloom. Racine lowers the revolver wearily and stares out toward the boathouse. Grace lowers his gun and looks out there too. He moves slowly forward.

Close on Racine's face. It's changing now. It's not just that he's very tired. The hardness is going out of his look. As the seconds tick by, and Matty does not reappear, he begins to lose faith in his view of the world. He begins to be afraid. Afraid for Matty. Even now.

A sudden breeze starts the wind chimes TINKLING loudly.

RACINE

No, Matty! Stop! Don't go in! Matty.

Racine breaks into a run, dropping the revolver on the grass. He has taken two big strides when --

There is a sound like the ROAR of a dragon, and the roof of the boathouse lifts and then disappears in a huge BALL OF FLAME. The air is sucked around Racine's body, whipping at his clothes, as he stumbles on the lawn and falls forward.

Grace steadies himself against the side of the gazebo.

Racine knows horror. He struggles to his feet and stumbles toward the fire. His body is silhouetted against the leaping, ROARING flames in the night sky.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RACINE'S CELL BLOCK - FLORIDA STATE PENITENTIARY -  
NIGHT

Absolute quiet. We move above cell after cell, dark with sleeping convicts.

We stop at Racine's cell. It is dark like the rest. Racine is in there alone. We move down close to his sleeping form. He looks thinner.

Suddenly he wakes with a start! His eyes snap open wide; he is totally and instantly awake. He talks to himself, with true amazement.

RACINE

She's alive.

INT. VISITORS CENTER - FLORIDA STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

Grace sits on the other side of the glass from Racine. They talk on telephones. Grace's eyes are sad; they say he thinks Racine is going crazy.

RACINE

But what if that was someone else's body in there? What if it was already there when I got there -- dead and waiting for me. Maybe her friend... Mary Ann.

GRACE

Her teeth were left, man. We sent them back to Illinois. The identification was positive. That was her, that was Matty Tyler Walker. That was her and she's dead.

RACINE

You're not listening to me. What if she's been using this other girl's name? Since she met Walker three years ago, since she first spotted him and decided to take him... one way or another. Maybe Walker -- or any of us -- never knew her real name.

GRACE

Why would she want to hide her identity?

RACINE

I don't know. Maybe there was something in her past, something so bad she was afraid it would queer it with Walker if he found out -- that he'd never marry her.

Grace is unreceptive to this. But Racine is charged.

RACINE

Let's say she's living as the other girl, this girl from her past. Someone whose history she knew and could use any way she wanted. And there's only one person in the world who knows the truth.

(MORE)

RACINE (CONT'D)

(he leans in)

And then just when Matty's got me on the line, when she's finally going to collect, that one person shows up. That girl. Finds her. And threatens to expose her. So Matty starts paying her off. Maybe she even promises to cut her in on Edmunds' money. Now she's got to share it with two people.

Racine peaks, tapping the glass between them as though it were all there for Grace to see.

RACINE

But when Matty sees a way to get rid of both of them at once. A way to solve all her problems and get clear, with no one looking for her. At the boathouse. You find two bodies, me and this girl. Two killers dead. Case closed.

Oscar isn't buying.

RACINE

You can't find the money, can you, Oscar? Doesn't that tell you something?

GRACE

It tells me she moved it and we can't find it. And that don't mean shit. It could be sittin' in any bank in the world waiting for a dead lady to come for it.

Racine, calmer now, shakes his head "no."

GRACE

Do you hear what you're saying? It's crazy. This Matty would've had to been one quick, smart broad.

Racine confirms Grace's fears with a look that can only be called half-crazed. There's the glimmer of a rueful smile.

RACINE

Oscar, don't you understand? That was her special gift she was relentless.

(much quieter)

Matty was the kind of person who could do what was necessary. Whatever was necessary.

These words have no special import to Grace. He looks at Racine without hope.

GRACE

Racine, you got to face something.  
You killed Edmund Walker, man. And  
you're going down for it. Two people  
are dead. And no matter how you want  
to figure it, you ain't bringin'  
either of 'em back to life.

Grace gives him a long look, then hangs up the phone. He stands up and walks away. Racine sits and stares.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RACINE'S CELL BLOCK - DAY

Racine, bearded now, comes to the front of his cell to get his mail. A Trustee hands through a book-size manila envelope, which has been neatly opened by the prison authorities. Racine looks at the return address and becomes very intense. He sits on his cot and slides out a book. A letter is clipped to the front. Racine scans it quickly and begins looking through the book.

It is an old high school yearbook. Racine's fingers are shaking slightly as they leaf quickly past black and white scenes of youthful innocence among the Wheaton High School Cougars of 1966.

He reaches the individual pictures of the seniors and hurriedly hurries through the O's and R's to the T's.

Racine's eyes are darting over the pages. Suddenly they stop. He has found her entry. We see it too --

MARY ANN TYLER

Home Economics "Matty"  
TRI-Y 29 39 4. CHORUS  
Ambition -- "To Graduate"

The picture is not great. The pretty face is a little cheap-looking. It is not the Matty he knew. It is her friend from the back verandah, Mary Ann.

Racine's eyes dart. He thinks. Then, he flips back a few pages. He finds what he wants --

MARY ANN SIMPSON

English  
TRI-Y 2, 3, 4; CHORUS 2, 3, 4  
HOMECOMING PRINCESS 3, 4; SWIMMING 2, 3  
Ambition-- "To be rich and live in an exotic land."

We're very close on the type of her ambition when we pan up the page to her smiling face. Her smile is so big, she seems almost to be laughing.



Racine's face. That's the woman he loved.

Back to her picture. We're moving in on it. Closer. Closer.  
And then through it --

To her real face, this Matty, this Mary Ann, alive and  
fine in the sun of --

EXT. A HIGH PATIO - AN EXOTIC LAND - DAY

One shot, very close on that lovely face, moving around  
it in a tight half-circle that barely lets us glimpse the  
sun-drenched, foreign town far below and the tropical  
foliage that surrounds the patio. For one brief moment,  
she seems to be crying. But no, it is not a tear. It is a  
little drop of sweat. She wipes it from her cheek as she  
turns to an unseen male COMPANION, who has spoken to her  
in Spanish. She wipes her eyes and looks off at him.

COMPANION (O.S.)

Hace Calor.

MATTY

What?

COMPANION (O.S.)

It is hot.

MATTY

Yes.

She turns her face to the sun.

FADE OUT.

THE END