

BLACK.

WOMAN (V.O.)
You can't trust anyone...

1

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

1

A cheap short-stay motel room. A strip of daylight shows between drawn curtains at one of the windows. A woman is sitting on the edge of the bed, her back to us. She's on the phone. We track slowly toward her as she speaks.

WOMAN
(into phone)
There was a time when I
trusted my husband, but I
can't anymore.
(listens)
I think he's seeing another
woman.
(listens)
Well, I'm told that you're
very good at what you do.
(listens)
That's fine. What time?
(listens)
Okay. I'll be there.

We are in a close shot now. The woman hangs up the phone and turns around, and we see her face. She's beautiful. She's in her early thirties, very well-put together. Her name is GLORIA CONOVAN.

GLORIA
How was I?

Sitting in a chair, across the room, in the corner, is a man. His suit jacket is draped over the arm of the chair and his tie is loosely knotted. He has a wary look. He's about thirty-five. His name is JOHN MACDONALD.

JOHN
...Good.

He lights a cigarette.

GLORIA
Can I have one of those?

JOHN
I thought you quit.

GLORIA
(smiling)
I guess I'm just not good at
giving things up.

She rises from the bed and crosses the room.

He shakes a cigarette loose from the pack.

She takes it, holds it up to her lips.

He lights it for her.

She smokes in slow, steady pulls.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
I really am trying to quit.

JOHN
I can see that.

GLORIA
(smiling)
It doesn't count if someone
else lights it.

She goes to the bureau, primps in the mirror, surveys
herself critically, is reasonably satisfied.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
...Something wrong?

JOHN
I'm just thinking. Someone you
know could drive by and see
your car.

GLORIA
No one I know ever comes up
here. Why -- you afraid we'll
get caught?

JOHN
Maybe.

GLORIA
Really?

JOHN
Aren't you?

She makes a careless gesture with her cigarette, flicks the ashes into an ashtray.

GLORIA
No.

JOHN
Maybe you should be.

GLORIA
(playfully)
You think someone's following you?

JOHN
That's cute.

GLORIA
(teasing)
Your ex-wife, maybe?

JOHN
Please.

GLORIA
Another woman?

JOHN
(unsmiling)
There are no other women. Only you. Besides, I don't think you're in a position to be jealous.

GLORIA
(archly)
Who says I'm jealous?

JOHN
I do.

She gives him a sly smile.

GLORIA
I think you're putting words
in my mouth.

He's a little annoyed.

JOHN
So you wouldn't mind if I was
seeing other women?

GLORIA
(still playing)
Are you gonna cross-examine
me, counselor?

JOHN
I'm serious.

GLORIA
Okay, fine. I might.

JOHN
You "might" -- what does that
mean?

GLORIA
Is that a rhetorical question?

JOHN
No.

She blows a slanting plume of smoke. It swirls around her
head.

GLORIA
It means you're having an
affair with a married woman.

JOHN
Does it ever bother you?

GLORIA
What.

JOHN
That you're married.

GLORIA
(smiling)
Does it bother you?

He takes a deep drag on his cigarette and then crushes it out in the ashtray.

JOHN
I should get back to the office.

She stubs out her cigarette and sits down on the bed. She gives him a languishing, inviting look.

GLORIA
You don't really want to go out into that heat, do you?

He stares at her, absorbing the lines of her figure, the slim legs sheathed in silk stockings.

JOHN
It's not much cooler in here.

She slides her skirt up her thighs, revealing the creamy flesh between her stocking tops.

GLORIA
What'll I do with myself?

He drifts toward her.

JOHN
You could go home to your husband.

GLORIA
I will. Just not yet.

She reaches for him, pulling him down onto the bed. They tug at each other's clothes, kissing deeply.

JOHN
Why do I keep taking these chances?

GLORIA
 Because...you can't help
 yourself.

BLACK.

2 CREDIT SEQUENCE. 2

3 EXT. RACETRACK - MIAMI - DAY 3

A concrete grandstand with a tacky, art-deco look.

Gloria's Mercedes convertible turns into the parking lot.

Gloria parks, gets out, looks around. She has dark
 sunglasses on.

BEAUMONT (O.S.)
 Mrs. Conovan?

She turns.

At the end of a row of cars, a stout, florid man in his
 early fifties is standing next to a well-battered Crown
 Victoria. He's dressed in a rumpled summer weight suit
 and a wide-brimmed Panama hat. He has the face of a man
 who's seen things. This is NED BEAUMONT.

Gloria approaches him.

He smiles. There's something oily and smooth about him.
 He extends a fat pink hand.

She shakes it.

He walks around the car and opens the passenger side
 door.

She gets in.

4 INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - DAY 4

It's a mess. Paper napkins on the floor, a bottle of No
 Doz, a few soda cans, a couple of those little cartons
 take-out burgers come in.

Beaumont settles himself into the driver's seat and looks over at Gloria.

She twists her lips, showing her distaste.

BEAUMONT
(noting her
expression)
I work out of my car.

GLORIA
I never would've guessed.

BEAUMONT
Thought this would be more
private.

GLORIA
You meet all your clients
here?

BEAUMONT
Well, I spend a lot of time
here. I like watching the dogs
run.
(a beat)
I take it you've never been to
the races.

GLORIA
No.

BEAUMONT
It's a funny thing. The dogs
chase this mechanical rabbit
around the track, but they can
never catch it. They just keep
chasing it around in circles.
You'd think maybe with a
little luck one of 'em might
catch up to it, but it always
gets away.

She turns and gazes out the window.

GLORIA
I've never been a great
believer in luck.

BEAUMONT
Okay, then. Let's talk about
what you believe in.

GLORIA
I believe my husband's having
an affair.

BEAUMONT
Well, what you believe and
what you can prove are two
different things. What makes
you so sure?

GLORIA
(evenly)
A wife can tell.

BEAUMONT
How long've you been married?

GLORIA
Ten years.

BEAUMONT
Has he been unfaithful before?

GLORIA
...Yes.

He fixes his small, shrewd eyes on her.

BEAUMONT
But you didn't have him
followed.

GLORIA
No.

BEAUMONT
Why now?

GLORIA
I never had a reason to leave.
(a beat)
Now I do.

BEAUMONT
...John recommended me?

GLORIA

Yes. I didn't think there were private detectives anymore, except on TV.

BEAUMONT

Well, it's not what you think. A lot of the time I just sit in my car and stare at motels. Last night I was parked outside a motel for five hours, waiting for a lady's husband to come out with his girlfriend. My eyes're still bleary with neon. Got some good pictures, though.

In the closeness of the car, he is starting to sweat. He digs into his pocket, takes out a sodden handkerchief, blots his forehead with it.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)

You know if you come to the track at night, they don't let you take pictures. They say it spooks the dogs. I don't know why. They're so involved in what they're doing, I hardly think they'd notice.

She's not really listening. She reaches into her handbag and comes out with a manila envelope. She hands it to him. He tucks it into his jacket.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)

You included a recent picture, and addresses?

GLORIA

Yes.

(a beat)

...And this is strictly confidential?

BEAUMONT

'Course it is.

(a beat)

(MORE)

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)

Now, I oughta shove off. I have a lot of getting around to do, and I don't want to rush.

She looks at him coolly and gets out of the car, leaving the door open. He stares at it for a moment, then leans over and pulls it shut.

5 EXT. STREET - NORTH MIAMI - DAY 5

A seedy two-part commercial block.

A late model Dodge coupe pulls over to the curb. John gets out. He shrugs his jacket on as he heads into a small office building.

6 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY 6

A cheaply furnished reception room.

John comes in. His secretary, SUSAN, is sitting behind the desk. She's a lanky, sunburned girl, barely past twenty.

JOHN

(brusque, but not unpleasant)
Any messages?

She pushes a phone message slip toward him.

SUSAN

The judge postponed your alimony hearing another twenty-one days.

He picks up the message slip.

JOHN

Anything else?

SUSAN

...I called to order those office supplies?

JOHN

Uh-huh --

SUSAN

(hesitantly)

-- and they said that your account was past due. They wouldn't accept any new charges.

JOHN

(nonplussed)

All right. I'll pick them up myself.

He heads into his private office. She gathers her things.

SUSAN

Should I bother coming in tomorrow?

JOHN

Yeah. Half day.

7

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

7

A cramped office with a busy, cluttered look. Bookshelves lined with legal codes, a couple of file cabinets, stacks of legal pads, a Dictaphone recorder.

John sits at his desk, which is covered with work he hasn't gotten to. He's on the phone. The sun cuts through the blinds behind him in glaring strips.

JOHN

(into phone)

Believe me, I'm aware of that, but this is my divorce here...

(listens)

I handled it myself, so I know the alimony's subject to review.

(listens)

Because I'm the one who put in the provision that says the court has to re-examine it.

He swivels his chair toward the window, squints, closes the blind slats.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

That's fine, but they still have to rule on whether the payments should be discontinued.

(listens)

I don't think you understand. I've reached the point where I'm sending her everything I make, and I can't do it anymore.

(listens)

Well, if she's working, she doesn't need it -- she's self-sufficient.

(listens)

Okay, I don't have time for this. I have too much to do. You know where to reach me.

(listens)

Yeah, 'bye.

He slams the phone down.

8 EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON 8

A parking lot that overlooks the water.

Beaumont's car is parked at the water's edge.

9 INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON 9

He's tucking into a hamburger. He has some fries spread out on a paper napkin on the dashboard, a cup filled with soda in the cup-holder. There's a heap of napkins on the passenger seat.

He looks out the window.

John's car pulls up, stops. John gets out and approaches.

Beaumont rolls his window down.

BEAUMONT

Get in.

John glances into the car.

JOHN

...Why don't we talk out here.

BEAUMONT

I'm eating.

(a beat)

You want some fries?

JOHN

No.

BEAUMONT

All right. I'm almost finished.

JOHN

Finish out here.

Beaumont gets out of the car, the burger in his hand.

BEAUMONT

You're in a good mood.

(a beat)

What's the matter -- you fall short on your alimony again?

JOHN

What makes you say that?

BEAUMONT

I'm a private investigator. It's my job to know these things.

JOHN

Right.

(a beat)

...You meet with Mrs. Conovan?

BEAUMONT

Uh-huh.

JOHN

What'd you think?

BEAUMONT
She's an eyeful.
(a beat)
You two an item?

JOHN
I'm not gonna dignify that
with an answer.

BEAUMONT
(smiling)
You could dignify it with a
"no."

JOHN
(all business)
...How long's it gonna take?

BEAUMONT
Depends on how long it takes
her husband to make a mistake.

JOHN
Shouldn't be too long.

BEAUMONT
How do you know?

JOHN
(a slight smile)
I'm a divorce attorney. It's
my job to know these things.

Beaumont bolts down the last of his burger, then wipes the grease off his hands with a napkin. He bunches the napkin up and tosses it onto the ground.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(suddenly serious)
What're you doing?

BEAUMONT
What do you mean?

JOHN
Pick that up.

BEAUMONT
Are you serious?

JOHN
 There's a fifty dollar fine
 for littering, and I'm an
 officer of the court.
 (a beat)
 Pick it up.

Beaumont looks at John, realizes he's serious. With a
 sigh, he bends down, picks up the napkin, stuffs it into
 his pocket.

BEAUMONT
 (slightly amused)
 You always like this?

John turns, heads to his car.

JOHN
 I don't like it when people
 don't clean up after
 themselves.

10 EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - COCONUT GROVE - LATE AFTERNOON 10

Modest Spanish-style houses. John's car swings into the
 driveway of a stucco house with a tile roof.

10A INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 10A

John comes in, throws his jacket across a chair, sets his
 briefcase down.

10B INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON 10B

John opens the refrigerator and stands there for a
 moment, trying to cool off. He pulls a beer off the rack.

10C INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 10C

John walks over to the window, looks out, loosens his
 tie, sips his beer.

11 INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 11

John looks at his reflection in the mirror. He turns the faucet on, gets a handful of water, splashes it on his face. The water runs down his chin and drips. He looks at himself again. A smile pulls at the corners of his mouth.

12 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - MIAMI - DAY 12

A street lined with mirrored, shimmering buildings. Expensive condominiums and soaring commercial structures.

Beaumont sits in his car, eyes fixed on the entrance of a tall office building across the street. He wears a desultory shave. His clothes are limp, unfresh. There's a half-eaten sandwich in a wrapper on the dashboard.

TOM CONOVAN strides out of the building. He's a powerfully built man in his fifties, nicely dressed in a well-cut suit. He's carrying an expensive attache case.

He looks up and down the crowded street, then starts walking. After a moment, he blends in with dozens of other people. Men in tailored suits and women in stylish dresses.

Beaumont jots a few notes on a small pad. Sweat glistens on his round cheeks.

13 EXT. CONOVAN HOUSE - CORAL GABLES - LATE AFTERNOON 13

A golden-hued mansion fanned by towering palm trees.

Gloria's Mercedes is parked in the driveway. Tom's Cadillac convertible pulls in next to it.

14 EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 14

A wide sweep of emerald grass. Sunlight glitters off a spectacular pool.

Gloria is in the water, swimming laps. She swims with a perfect crawl and a powerful kick.

Tom comes out, walks down to the end of the pool. There's a glass-topped table with an umbrella and several deck chairs. He eases himself gingerly into one of the chairs and watches Gloria.

She does a barrel turn, swims another length, and then climbs out of the pool. She's wearing a skintight racing style swimsuit, one piece, cut high on the legs. Water glistens off her lean, athletic body. She grabs a towel, pats herself dry.

GLORIA

You're home early.

TOM

Got a meeting tonight, wanna change clothes.

(conversationally)

That a new suit?

GLORIA

No.

She gathers her wet hair in both hands, sweeps it up off the nape of her neck.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Got time for a swim?

TOM

No, I should go.

He rubs his eyes. He's tired.

GLORIA

...What is it?

TOM

Ah, it's this new high-rise. We're scheduled to break ground in about a month, but the construction loan hasn't closed yet.

GLORIA

Can't you just postpone the ground-breaking?

TOM

It's not that simple.

GLORIA

(smiling thinly)

Right. I guess I'm too dumb to understand.

As they're talking, a Cuban maid comes out of the house carrying a tray with a glass of iced tea on it. She's in her early twenties. Even in her sexless uniform she's a striking woman. Her name is AURORA RUIZ.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(to Tom)

You think you'll be back in time for dinner?

TOM

(distracted)

No.

Aurora sets the tray down, turns, and heads back into the house. She moves with an easy sure-footed grace.

As she walks away, Tom watches her. His nostrils flare. His eyes glaze.

Gloria notes this.

TOM (CONT'D)

Who's that?

GLORIA

Aurora.

TOM

She new?

GLORIA

Mm-hmm.

TOM

What happened to María?

Gloria picks up her drink, takes a sip, holds the cool glass against her forehead.

GLORIA

She wasn't really doing her job. I had to let her go.

TOM

What about this one -- the pay the same?

GLORIA

(exhaling irritably)
Of course. I know what the budget is.

She turns and walks toward the house.

Aurora is in the kitchen, standing at the counter, cleaning up from dinner.

Tom, having just come home, walks past the kitchen. He's in a suit, his attache case in one hand. He stops and watches her.

She leans over the sink, rinses a plate, loads it into the dishwasher.

TOM (O.S.)
You like it here?

She turns around, a little startled. After an awkward pause, she gives him a small, polite smile.

AURORA
(with an accent)
Yes, sir.

TOM
Everything okay?

AURORA
(nodding)
Yes.

TOM
Mrs. Conovan -- you getting along with her?

AURORA
(a little uncomfortable)
Yes, of course.

TOM
(smiling)
Good.
(a beat)
You have a problem, you can always come to me, okay?

AURORA
Yes, sir. Thank you.

He stands there for a moment, smiling, and then he turns away.

She watches him as he goes.

A lush flower garden.

Aurora is cutting flowers, placing them into a basket.

Gloria is standing nearby. She's wearing a large sun hat.

GLORIA

...Have you decided?

AURORA

(nervous)

Ay, señora.

(a beat)

This is hard for me.

GLORIA

Think about your family.

You'll have enough money to
bring them here from Cuba.

AURORA

(close to tears)

I know. But for me to do
this...

She trails off, snips a flower off with her clippers.

GLORIA

Look, you've seen how he
treats me. If you help me,
I'll be able to get a divorce,
and this house will be mine.
You'll have a place here with
me as long as you want.

Aurora is on the verge of great emotion now.

Gloria takes hold of her arms.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(firmly)

Look at me.

Aurora slowly looks at her.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(calmly)

I know how hard this is.

(a beat)

You believe in God, don't you?

AURORA
 (softly)
 Yes.

GLORIA
 Then you know that if you ask
 Him to forgive you, He will.

Aurora nods.

AURORA
 (regaining her
 composure)
 ...What if Mr. Conovan doesn't
 want me?

GLORIA
 (laughing sharply)
 Have you seen the way he looks
 at you?

Aurora flushes with shyness. She nods.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 Well, then, just remember --
 the best way to chase
 something is to let it chase
 you.

17 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - LATE AFTERNOON 17

John comes in. He crosses the reception room, opens the
 door to his office.

18 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON 18

Gloria is sitting in a chair in front of John's desk. She
 smiles.

JOHN
 How'd you get in?

GLORIA
 Your secretary let me in,
 before she left.

JOHN

You shouldn't have come here.
We need to be careful.

She gets up and moves toward him. She puts her hands around his neck and pulls his head toward hers, until their mouths all but touch.

GLORIA

I'm always careful. Besides,
you're my attorney. We could
account for a couple of
visits, couldn't we?

JOHN

That's not the point.

GLORIA

Don't be angry...

She kisses him. He pulls back, gazes at her.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

What's that look?

JOHN

I can't believe you're with
me.

(a beat)

You could have any man you
want.

GLORIA

You are the man I want.

JOHN

You sure?

GLORIA

All my life, men have been
choosing me. Now I'm choosing
you.

Her arms tighten around him.

JOHN

Are you sure you want to go
ahead with this thing?

GLORIA

Yes...
(pulling back,
looking into his
eyes)
Aren't you?

JOHN

...It's just that I've seen a
lot of people get divorced.
I've been through it. And it's
never easy.

GLORIA

It's the only way to get
everything we want.

JOHN

Is it?

GLORIA

My husband thinks I should be
able to manage with what he
gives me, which is a generous
amount for a reasonable woman.

(smiling)

It just so happens that I'm
not a reasonable woman.

(a beat)

Besides, we're doing this for
us. I thought that's what you
wanted.

JOHN

It is.

GLORIA

Don't say it if you don't mean
it.

JOHN

I mean it. I wouldn't want to
be with anyone else.

GLORIA

Neither would I.

JOHN

Even if we weren't doing this?

GLORIA

Yes.

JOHN

...But I know I could never
give you what he could.

GLORIA

Why would you say that?

JOHN

It's the truth. An honest
lawyer doesn't make much.

GLORIA

(smiling)
You're not that honest.

JOHN

(a quality of fate in
his voice)
Well, whatever I've got, it's
yours. Whatever you need, I'll
get.

GLORIA

That's what I love about you.
But you don't need to worry,
because we're going to have
plenty.

JOHN

I just don't want anything to
go wrong.

GLORIA

Nothing's going to go wrong.
We're close now. We just need
to follow things through.

JOHN

I know, I just --

GLORIA

-- you want to know if
Aurora's in, right?

JOHN

That'd be a good place to start.

GLORIA

Yes.

JOHN

Yes what?

GLORIA

Yes, she's going to lead my husband astray. Yes, we're going to have the photos to prove it. Yes, he'll be forced to pay me. Yes, yes, yes...

They kiss.

JOHN

...When's it gonna happen?

GLORIA

I don't know.

JOHN

Soon?

GLORIA

We need to wait for the right moment.

JOHN

So what's the plan?

GLORIA

Well, I was thinking...after he and I have an argument, I could go out somewhere for a while, leave him alone in the house with her...

JOHN

(skeptical)

I think it'll take more than that.

GLORIA
 (smiling)
 You haven't seen what she
 looks like.

JOHN
 Well, I'm sure your husband's
 a careful man. I don't think
 he got where he is by making
 mistakes.

GLORIA
 He didn't.

They kiss again.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 ...But nobody's perfect.

19 INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 19

Gloria is on the phone.

GLORIA
 (into phone)
 Where are you?

20 EXT. PAYPHONE - LATE AFTERNOON 20

Beaumont's car is parked next to an open-air phone. The racetrack is visible in the background. He's on the phone, disheveled and bleary-eyed, still dressed in his grimy, unpresed suit. His scruffy tie is crooked.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GLORIA AND BEAUMONT.

BEAUMONT
 (into phone)
 I've been at the track.
 Figured I'd come and watch the
 dogs a while.

GLORIA
 (sarcastic)
 Sounds exciting.

BEAUMONT

Well, it's like I told you --
the rabbit always wins.

He takes out a small package of sunflower seeds. A few pigeons waddle by. He tosses them a handful of seeds.

GLORIA

(becoming impatient)
Right. So do you have
anything?

BEAUMONT

Not yet. He's been a good boy.
If you want, I'll keep
following him, but it's gonna
get expensive.

GLORIA

Well, look, I'm not that
concerned about days. Just
stay on him a few more nights.

BEAUMONT

All right.

He hangs up the phone, looks around. He tosses the pigeons some more seeds. They peck away at the ground.

21 INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - NIGHT

21

Tom and Gloria sit at opposite ends of the dining room table, which is set with fine china and crystal. They're finishing dinner. She pushes her food around on her plate.

TOM

Not hungry?

GLORIA

I've had enough.

TOM

(with a wide, mean
smile)

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Guess you're at that age where
you need to start watching
what you eat.

She rests her tanned arms on the table, gives him a
jaundiced look.

GLORIA

Have you decided if you're
coming to the gallery opening?

He slices off a piece of rare sirloin, raises the fork to
his mouth, chews.

TOM

No, you go. Just don't buy
anything.

GLORIA

Don't worry. With what you
give me, I couldn't afford to.

He shakes his head.

TOM

(laughing irritably)
It must be rough on you,
living in this house,
wondering which dress you're
gonna wear and which car
you're gonna drive. You didn't
have those problems when I met
you. Who knows -- if we hadn't
met, you might still be
working as a stewardess.

She fingers the stem of her wine glass, inspecting a
crescent her lips have left on the rim.

GLORIA

I'm not complaining.

TOM

'Course not. You know better
than to do that.

She tucks her hair behind her ears. Her bejewelled
earlobes glitter.

TOM (CONT'D)
Nice earrings.

GLORIA
(without looking at
him)
Thank you.

He picks up a piece of French bread, runs it through the juice on his plate, puts it in his mouth, washes it down with some red wine.

TOM
I don't remember buying those
for you.

GLORIA
I bought them for myself.

He grimaces, showing his teeth. There's a sudden intensity in his eyes. A hint of menace.

TOM
They expensive?

She looks up slowly. There's a scornful expression around her mouth.

GLORIA
(an edge to her
voice)
Why -- are you going to deduct
them from my allowance?

He stares at her for a moment, then slices off another piece of steak and chews it.

TOM
I just wanna know where my
money's going.

GLORIA
Well, it is only money, Tom.

TOM
(glowering)
Yeah. Mine.

He rises, walks away from the table.

22 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 22

Tom heads for the door. Gloria follows him.

GLORIA
Where are you going?

TOM
(terse)
Out.

GLORIA
Where?

TOM
Why, you gonna miss me?

He walks out.

She blinks, stands there, stares at the door.

23 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 23

Tom is tooling around in his convertible.

There's a bus stop ahead. As Tom gets closer to it, he sees Aurora sitting on the bench. She's wearing a nice, simple dress.

Tom slows down and pulls over to the curb.

TOM
Hey, where you headed?

AURORA
I was going to get something
to eat.

TOM
You want some company?

AURORA
Oh, no, that's okay.

He leans over, opens the passenger side door.

TOM
Come on, I'll take you
somewhere.

Reluctantly, she gets into the car and closes the door.

TOM (CONT'D)
Fasten your seat belt.

AURORA
What?

He tugs on his seat belt.

AURORA (CONT'D)
(a little
embarrassed)
Oh, yes.

He watches, amused, as she struggles with the belt.

TOM
You look nice.

AURORA
Thank you, sir.

TOM
You don't have to call me
that. Call me Tom.

AURORA
(diffidently)
I can't do that.

TOM
(mock serious)
Who's the boss?

AURORA
(laughing)
You, sir.

TOM
(smiling)
Okay, then. Call me Tom.

He drops the car into gear, and they pull away.

24 INT. BAR - NIGHT

24

Tom and Aurora are sitting at a table, sipping drinks.

TOM
(looking around)
I like this place.

AURORA
(smiling)
Me too.

TOM
How do you say "me too" in
Spanish?

AURORA
Yo tambien.

TOM
(mangling it)
Yo tambien.

She laughs.

TOM (CONT'D)
(chuckling)
That bad, huh?

AURORA
(touching his arm)
No, no, I should not laugh.
I'm sorry.

TOM
(amused)
Don't be.

She leans forward to sip her drink, revealing a bit more
of what he can't help but notice.

TOM (CONT'D)
So, you have a boyfriend?

AURORA
(sheepishly)
No.

TOM
I find that hard to believe, a
girl as pretty as you.

AURORA
...I came to this country by
myself. I guess I'm still
learning my way around.

TOM
How long've you been here?

AURORA
Not that long. Twelve of us
came over on a raft. I don't
like the water, and I was
afraid. But then I saw the
lights of Miami...it was so
beautiful.
(a beat)
I just wish my family could
have come.

TOM
...Well, I'm glad you came.

AURORA
(smiling)
Yo tambien.

Tom laughs.

25 INT. TOM'S CAR - NIGHT

25

Tom and Aurora are parked outside the bar. He leans
toward her. Being this close to her is too much for him.
The scent of her. The allure. He moves in for a kiss.

AURORA
(holding him off)
No, I can't...

He works his lips together as if tasting something he likes. He moves in again. She moves back again. She's running out of room.

TOM
Tell me what you want.
Anything.

AURORA
Please...
(a beat)
Just take me home.

TOM
I won't hurt you. I promise.

AURORA
And tomorrow...?

He gives her a wet smile.

TOM
Don't worry, sweetheart. You
know the old song? Mañana
never comes.

25A EXT. MOTEL 25A

A cheap motel with a neon sign.

26 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 26

Shabby, anonymous furniture.

Tom is in the bathroom. The door is half-closed. A narrow shaft of light slices out across the floor.

Aurora sits in a chair in the corner. She seems nervous, scared.

Glancing around, she notices the heavy curtains blocking the window.

She gets up, goes to the window, parts the curtains.

27 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

27

Tom splashes a handful of water on his face. He grabs a towel, dries his face off. He looks at his reflection in the mirror.

28 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

28

The bathroom door opens. Tom comes out. It's time.

Aurora turns around.

He moves toward her. He looks into her eyes, smooths her hair back.

TOM
(almost tenderly)
It's okay.

He takes her by the wrist, leads her to the bed, sits on the edge of it. She stands there as he admires the full swell of her breasts. She seems embarrassed. He cups her breasts in his hands and looks up at her.

TOM (CONT'D)
Is this all right...?

AURORA
(quietly)
Yes.

TOM
Let's see what's underneath
this...

He reaches for the top button of her dress, unfastens it, and pauses. Then he unfastens the next button. He can see her bra now. Next button.

TOM (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Could you...?

She looks at him for a moment, then unfastens her dress so that it hangs loose on her shoulders.

He reaches up and slips the dress down, just a bit, his eyes fixed on the tops of her breasts.

She shrugs out of the dress and lets him pull it all the way down, until it's at her feet. She is wearing a modest white bra and panty set.

He is mesmerized. Her figure is even more voluptuous than he had imagined.

He puts his hands on her waist, kisses her stomach. His hands move over her skin.

She's starting to realize how much power she has over him, but she isn't sure how to use it, or even how much she wants it. She's not immune to what he's doing to her, though. She likes it.

She's standing with her back to us now. She reaches back and unclasps her bra, and the only thing that's keeping it in place is his grip on her breasts.

He lifts his hands, and the bra slips off. He grips his arms around her back and pulls her down onto the bed.

29 INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - NIGHT 29

Beaumont is parked outside the motel, clutching a camera with a long telephoto lens. He trains the camera at the motel window and clicks off a few quick shots. He lets out a yawn.

30 INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - NIGHT 30

The phone rings. Gloria answers it.

GLORIA
(into phone)
Hello.

BEAUMONT (O.S.)
(from phone)
Mrs. Conovan?

GLORIA
Yes.

BEAUMONT (O.S.)
You recognize the voice?

GLORIA
Uh-huh...have you got something?

BEAUMONT (O.S.)
Yes ma'am. I believe you owe
me some money.

There's a click on the other end.

She hangs up, sits there for a moment. Then she picks up
the phone and hits the speed dial.

31 INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

31

The room is dark. John lies in bed, face down, sprawled
out. The phone on the nightstand rings. He turns on a
light, opens one eye, looks at the phone, answers it.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GLORIA AND JOHN.

JOHN
(into phone)
Hello?

GLORIA
Hi. It's me.

JOHN
(sleepy)
Hey.

GLORIA
I just got a call...

JOHN
Uh-huh.

GLORIA
I'll have the pictures
tomorrow.
(a beat)
I hope they're good.

JOHN
Don't worry. They'll be good
enough to frame.

GLORIA
...I wish you could be here.

JOHN
I know. We'll be together
soon.

GLORIA
Okay.
(sweetly)
Go back to sleep.

She hangs up the phone. A smile flashes across her face.

32 EXT. CONOVAN HOUSE - MORNING

32

A beautiful morning. A blue sky fleeced with perfectly white clouds.

Gloria, wrapped in a thick terry cloth robe, sits at the table by the pool. She sips a glass of orange juice.

Tom comes out of the house. He's wearing suit pants without the jacket. He picks up his juice, takes a long swallow.

GLORIA
You were out late last night.

TOM
(nonchalant)
Ran into a friend.

GLORIA
Did you?
(a beat)
A male friend, or a female
one?

TOM
It was Stan Carlisle.

Aurora comes out, carrying a serving tray.

Gloria looks at her.

Tom doesn't see her, because she's behind him.

GLORIA
So how is he?

TOM

He's fine. Said to say hello.

GLORIA

Really. How nice.

Aurora sets the tray down. There's a large covered plate with Tom's breakfast, a smaller one with his bagel, a platter with some cream cheese on it, a fork, a large knife, a smaller knife to spread the cream cheese.

Gloria seems to be enjoying the awkward tension between Tom and Aurora. She watches as they ignore each other.

Aurora uncovers the larger plate.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Looks good.

TOM

(gruff)

Yeah.

Aurora turns and heads back into the house.

Tom throws his tie over his shoulder, starts eating.

Neither one speaks for a moment. The only sounds are the tiny clicks of Tom's knife and fork against his plate.

GLORIA

Something bothering you?

TOM

Why?

GLORIA

You're not acting like yourself.

TOM

Really? How'm I acting?

GLORIA

I don't know...

(a beat)

Tell me, what was Stan wearing?

TOM
 (irritably)
 What?

GLORIA
 Last night, when you ran into
 him.
 (a beat)
 A suit? Pants and a sport jacket?
 (a beat)
 A low cut dress?

He jabs a piece of egg, skewers a bit of ham, sips his
 last swallow of juice, dabs his mouth with a napkin.

TOM
 (caught off guard)
 What're you talking about?

GLORIA
 I think you have an idea.

TOM
 (muttering)
 Christ...
 (a long sighing
 exhalation)
 I don't need this. Not this
 morning.

He rises, walks away.

Gloria watches him go.

GLORIA
 (smiling)
 Have a nice day, sweetheart.

33 EXT. PAYPHONE - DAY

33

Beaumont is on the phone.

BEAUMONT
 (into phone)
 I'd like to make a
 reservation.
 (listens)
 (MORE)

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)

Two adults.

(listens)

Want it in the name of Tom
Conovan.

(a beat)

Let me give you my credit card
number.

34 EXT. MOTEL - DAY 34

The same cheap motel. An exterior hall balcony on each floor has the entrance doors to the rooms. Beaumont's car turns into the parking lot.

35 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY 35

The clerk looks up as Beaumont enters.

CLERK

Can I help you?

BEAUMONT

I've got a reservation. It's
under Tom Conovan.

The clerk goes over his reservation list. It's short.

CLERK

Conovan, yeah, here it is. You
him?

BEAUMONT

No, he'll be here later.

Beaumont hands the clerk a credit card. The clerk checks the number against what's on his reservation list.

CLERK

This is for you.

He hands Beaumont a registration form. Beaumont checks the form to make sure that "Tom Conovan" is listed as the room's primary occupant.

BEAUMONT

Room 110 available?

CLERK
Let me check.

The clerk goes over his reservation list again.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Yeah. Here ya go. 110.

The clerk hands Beaumont a key with a large plastic tag.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Just turn left when you walk
out.

BEAUMONT
Thanks.

36 INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - DAY

36

Gloria is talking with Aurora in the master bedroom.

Aurora is clearly feeling mixed emotions about what she's done.

GLORIA
It's over now. You don't have
to do anything else.

AURORA
Now you divorce him?

GLORIA
Uh-huh. And then we can start
to work on bringing your
family here.

AURORA
(moved)
Oh, señora. This means
everything to me.

GLORIA
I know it does.

She puts an arm around Gloria, leads her to the bedroom door.

AURORA
 ...Thank you.

GLORIA
 (smiling)
 No. Thank you.

37 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

37

Beaumont is stretched out on the bed, the phone pressed to his ear. He dials. After a moment:

BEAUMONT
 (into phone)
 Hi, uh -- you're not by any chance the same desk clerk who was on duty this afternoon?
 (listens)
 No, I didn't think so.
 (listens)
 Well, the thing is, I was here last night, in the same room, but I lost my statement. I was wondering if I could get another copy of it.
 (listens)
 Tom Conovan. C-O-N-O-V-A-N.
 (listens)
 If you could just slide it under my door, that'd be great.

38 INT. DARKROOM - DAY

38

Darkness. We hear the click of a pull-string. A red light bulb is illuminated.

We're in a makeshift darkroom. It's crowded with metal developing pans, bottles of chemicals, packages of photo paper, developer bath, stop bath, fixing bath.

Beaumont slides a piece of photo paper into the developer bath.

The paper sinks in the solution until it's submerged.

Sweat rolls into his eyes. He wipes his forehead with a sleeve. Then, gently, he lifts a corner of the pan up and down so that the solution flows back and forth over the paper. Delicate work.

By degrees, pale and indistinct forms appear on the paper.

He examines them.

A high-contrast black-and-white image materializes. It's Tom and Aurora, in the motel room.

He smiles.

39 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING 39

A darkening sky. Incandescent light from within the coffee shop.

40 INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING 40

Gloria is seated in a vinyl booth.

Beaumont comes in, looks around, sees her. He approaches and slides into the booth.

BEAUMONT
(genial)
Greetings and salutations.

He places a manila envelope on the table between them.

She unfastens the clasp, bends back the flap, reaches into the envelope and pulls out an 8 x 10 black-and-white photo.

It's grainy, but the faces are unmistakably those of Tom and Aurora. They're standing in the motel room.

Gloria stares down at the photo, a smooth untroubled look on her face.

Beaumont fans himself with his hat.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)

You seem to be taking this a lot better than I thought you would.

She glances at him coolly, then takes a few more photos out of the envelope and looks at them. They are progressively more compromising.

One of them shows Tom and Aurora on the bed, without their clothes.

Gloria's untroubled look turns abruptly hard.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)

That's one of my favorites. Didn't have a hell of a lot of light to work with, but there's no doubt about what those two are doing.

She puts the photos down on the table and pushes them into a stack with her finger.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)

There's a copy of your husband's bill for the room in there, too.

She slides a thick pay envelope across the table.

He picks it up and turns it over in his plump hands. He opens it. There's a packet of stiff new bills inside.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)

Genuine coin a' the realm.

He takes the bills out, counts them, taps their edges into alignment. He stuffs them back into the envelope and tucks the flap in over them.

GLORIA

All fifties, as requested.

BEAUMONT

I appreciate that. Anything larger creates problems. And I don't like having problems.

GLORIA
You like having money, though.

BEAUMONT
...I like having peace of
mind. Which is not the same
thing.
(a beat)
It's like the man said.
Money's round. It rolls toward
you, and it rolls away.

She picks up the photos and slips them into the manila envelope.

GLORIA
Does anyone besides John know
I hired you?

BEAUMONT
Not a soul.

GLORIA
Good. If my husband ever found
out about this, I'm afraid it
would be over between us.

BEAUMONT
(smiling bleakly)
Well, I'm not a marriage
counselor, but offhand I'd say
it's already over between you.

As he slides out of the booth, he hacks out a chuckle.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
Look at it this way -- half of
all marriages end in divorce.
Which is not as bad as it
sounds, when you consider the
other half end in death.

GLORIA
...You're an interesting man.

BEAUMONT
(putting on his hat)
It's just an act.

41 EXT. CONOVAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

41

Tom is at the front door, trying to fit his key into the lock. It isn't working. He rattles the knob, leans on the doorbell. We hear distant chimes.

GLORIA (O.S.)
(through the
intercom)
Yes?

TOM
(into intercom)
My key's not working.

GLORIA (O.S.)
I had the locks changed this
morning.

TOM
What's going on?

GLORIA (O.S.)
You don't live here anymore.

TOM
Let me in.

There is no response.

TOM (CONT'D)
Come on...
(a beat)
We can discuss this.

GLORIA (O.S.)
You can discuss it with my
attorney.

He pounds on the door.

TOM
Open the goddamn door!

He pounds on the door again, then steps back and stares at it. He blinks with vacant eyes.

42 INT. JOHN'S CAR - AFTERNOON 42

John is cruising along. His cellular phone rings. He answers it.

JOHN
(into phone)
Hello.
(listens)
Uh-huh.
(listens)
All right. I'll be there soon.

43 EXT. CONOVAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON 43

John rings the bell.

The door opens, and Gloria is there. She is smiling. She steps away from the door, and John enters the house.

44 INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON 44

Gloria leads John through the house toward the pool.

JOHN
(looking around)
Aurora here?

GLORIA
I sent her out to run some errands.

JOHN
Where's your husband?

GLORIA
When he came home this afternoon I told him I'd had the locks changed. He's already gone.

45 EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - AFTERNOON 45

John and Gloria come out of the house.

She stretches herself out on a chaise lounge.

He shucks off his suit jacket, sits in a deck chair.

JOHN

Any idea where he might spend
the night?

She turns her face toward the sun.

GLORIA

Does it matter?

JOHN

I think we should serve him
with the papers as soon as
possible.

GLORIA

He'll probably sleep on his
boat.

JOHN

You don't think he'd check
into a hotel?

GLORIA

That's the interesting thing
about Tom -- he's got more
money than he knows what to do
with, but he'd rather die than
spend any of it.

46

EXT. MARINA - LATE AFTERNOON

46

Tom is unloading gear and supplies from the trunk of his car. A sleek ocean-going yacht is tied up at the dock behind him.

A car wheels into the parking lot. A man gets out. He walks up to Tom.

MAN

Tom Conovan?

Tom looks up.

TOM

Yeah.

The man flourishes a sheaf of typewritten pages.

MAN

These are for you.

The man unceremoniously hands over the documents, then walks away.

Tom looks at the papers.

The top page reads: IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE 11TH CIRCUIT IN AND FOR DADE COUNTY, FLORIDA. FAMILY DIVISION. IN RE: THE DISSOLUTION OF MARRIAGE. "Petitioner: Wife."

Tom's jaw sags.

47

INT. LAW FIRM - DAY

47

A well-appointed conference room.

John and Gloria are seated at a long table. John's nerves are clearly on edge. Gloria, looking cool in a fitted skirt suit, is preternaturally calm.

Across the table, Tom is seated next to his attorney, SAM MASTERSON. He's a heavy man in his late fifties, sharply dressed in a custom suit.

Tom flips through the photos of him and Aurora. His face is grim. He passes the photos to Masterson.

Masterson glances at a couple of them, lays them on the table.

MASTERSON

At this point my client is willing to consider reconciliation.

JOHN

We've ruled that out.

MASTERSON

Then I'd like to propose a thirty day cooling off period before initiating any proceedings.

JOHN

My client has made a decision. She doesn't need any more time.

MASTERSON

(nodding equably)

All right. If you've got a proposal, let's hear it.

JOHN

Monthly alimony payments in the amount of twenty thousand dollars, plus sole possession of the house and fifty percent of all cash and liquid assets.

MASTERSON

(smiling tightly)

Let's be reasonable.

JOHN

That is reasonable. Your client signed a prenuptial agreement. I believe you drew it up for him, so I'm sure you're familiar with its provisions. And I'm sure you realize that a court is going to rule in our favor.

MASTERSON

Well, I'm not as sure you are.

JOHN

Your client plainly violated the agreement's fidelity clause.

Gloria gives Tom a hurt, reproachful look. It seems perfectly sincere.

MASTERSON

I think that's for a court to decide.

John looks squarely at Masterson.

JOHN

Look, I have a witness who can testify that your client checked into a motel with another woman, I have a copy of his statement for the room, and I have photos of everything.

The color has drained from Masterson's face. He compresses his lips into a narrow seam.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now: you can allow your client to be humiliated in a very public way, or we can avoid all of that and agree on a settlement. It's up to you.

TOM

Gloria, for God's sake. Can't we talk about this?

JOHN

My client is not here to answer questions. You have her terms.

MASTERSON

Her terms are outrageous.

JOHN

...All right, then. If there's nothing else, I think we're finished.

He points to the photos.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You can keep those, and the receipt from the motel. We have copies.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (to Gloria)
 Shall we?

John and Gloria stand.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (to Tom and his
 attorney)
 Gentlemen.

He opens the door, holds it for Gloria, follows her out.

Tom sits there and watches them go. He is white with anger.

48 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 48

John and Gloria step into an elevator. John presses a button. The doors close.

49 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 49

John and Gloria are alone in the elevator. They look at each other for a moment. She moves closer to him, then kisses him deeply and pins him against the wall. She reaches bluntly between his legs.

GLORIA
 Is this for me?

50 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 50

John and Gloria step outside, keeping a respectable distance from each other, casually smoothing their clothes. They head across the parking lot toward their cars.

He is smiling.

Her face is flushed with excitement. Her eyes are brilliant.

They walk in silence for a moment. When they do speak, they don't look at each other.

GLORIA
I want you more right now than
I ever have.

JOHN
(grinning)
Really.

They come to her car.

He turns, offers his handshake.

She takes his hand, shakes it for show.

GLORIA
Will you follow me back to the
house?

He nods.

She gets into the car.

He looks around, then heads toward his own car.

51 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY 51

Beaumont stands behind a pillar. He's been watching John and Gloria. He takes a small pad out of his hip pocket, makes a note. He smiles.

52 INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 52

John follows Gloria into the living room.

GLORIA
We did it.

JOHN
It's not completely done.

GLORIA
He can't contest anything.

JOHN

It still has to be presented to the court for written approval. The judge has to sign off on it.

GLORIA

I thought you were excited.

A smile doesn't entirely hide his wariness.

JOHN

I am.

GLORIA

Then don't worry so much.

She heads to the bar. She picks up a tumbler, fills it with ice, splashes some bourbon into it, hands it to him. She fixes one for herself, holds it up to the light. She taps her glass against his.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

To us.

They drink. She cracks an ice cube between her teeth. She sits on the sofa, sinks back onto it, crosses her legs. Her drink dangles from her hand. She swings her upper leg gently.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(with a sexy pout)

So...what we should we do now?

JOHN

(smiling)

I don't know.

He moves toward her. He sets his glass down and lightly strokes her cheek.

She sets her glass down, holding his gaze.

He bends down and kisses her.

She pulls him to her tightly, moving her hands over his body.

53 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

53

John stirs and wakes up. He's alone in the bed. He scrubs at his eyes with his knuckles, looks around.

The bathroom door is open and the shower is running.

He swings his feet to the floor, sits on the edge of the bed, hunches forward. He notices a framed photo on the nightstand.

The photo shows Tom and Gloria standing on a sunstruck beach. Tom's wearing a long beach robe, and Gloria is in a swimsuit.

John traces his finger down Gloria's leg. Then his eyes shift over to Tom, whose head is thrown back slightly.

Tom is laughing.

GLORIA (O.S.)
I've been meaning to do
something about that.

John turns his head.

Gloria, fresh out of the shower, is framed in the doorway of the bathroom. She has a plush bath sheet wrapped tightly around her shapely figure.

She moves past him, plucks the photo off the nightstand, tosses it into a drawer. She sits down next to him on the bed.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
...We don't have to hide from
anyone now.

He rubs the back of his neck.

She moves behind him on the bed, starts lightly massaging his neck and shoulders. She speaks softly into his ear:

GLORIA (CONT'D)
We can finally be together.
Take care of each other.
(MORE)

GLORIA (CONT'D)

And with the money we've got,
you won't have any problem
making those alimony payments.

JOHN

(laughing)
My ex-wife'll be thrilled.

GLORIA

I'm sure she will be. But none
of that matters, does it? No
one else really matters now.
It's just us.

JOHN

When are you going to pay
Aurora?

GLORIA

When the divorce is finalized.
(a beat)
And then I'm going to fire
her.

JOHN

What?

GLORIA

You saw the pictures. You've
seen her body. You don't think
I want that body walking
around in front of you every
day, do you?

He lies down on the bed. She lies down next to him.

JOHN

It's good to know that you
trust me so much.

GLORIA

Sorry...
(a beat)
It's been a long time since I
was in a loving relationship.

JOHN
You've been married for ten
years.

GLORIA
(laughing mournfully)
That's what I mean.

JOHN
You don't consider that a
relationship?

GLORIA
I don't know. It never really
felt like he was my husband.
(a beat)
It felt more like...an
arrangement.

JOHN
An "arrangement"?

GLORIA
Yeah. It was like we had a
deal. He actually used those
words. "Let's make a deal."

JOHN
...What was the deal?

GLORIA
My looks. His money.

JOHN
...That's romantic.

GLORIA
Well, I knew what I had to
offer him, and he knew what he
had to offer me.

A couple of seagulls wheel around lazily over the water. Tom's car pulls up. He gets out. He's wearing a T-shirt, a pair of shorts, deck shoes. He has a few days of beard on his face. He walks out onto the dock, pauses to admire his boat.

BEAUMONT (O.S.)
She's a beauty.

Tom starts, turns, looks around. Beaumont is standing in the parking lot. He pushes his hat back on his head, gestures toward the boat.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
You take her out much?

TOM
Who are you?

BEAUMONT
(smiling inscrutably)
I'm the man's gonna haul your
ass out of the fire.

55 EXT. BOAT - DAY

55

Tom and Beaumont sit at the stern, each with a beer.

BEAUMONT
(dry, matter-of-fact)
I've done a lot of work for
John, but when he called me
about your wife, I knew there
was something strange about
it. The way he talked about
her. It got my attention. I
decided to do some freelance
work, started tailing him. Saw
him meet up with your wife in
a parking lot. Followed them
to a motel, got some nice
pictures of them together.
(a beat)
All of this went down before I
took the pictures of you.

Tom sits there, waiting for more. Finally:

TOM
How much?

BEAUMONT
(chuckling)
You get right to it, don't
you?

TOM
How much?

BEAUMONT
(sipping his drink)
Well, I'd say that depends on
how much you want what I have.

TOM
What -- some pictures?

BEAUMONT
No, no, no. These are not
"some pictures." These are the
pictures that are going to
nullify the infidelity charge
your wife is using to take
away a whole lot of your
money. From what I've heard,
she's doing quite a number on
you. Quite a set-up.

TOM
(watchful)
What do you mean, "set-up"?

BEAUMONT
The girl -- Aurora? I went to
the agency she works out of.
Your wife had a cattle call at
your house before she picked
her. Seems she was looking for
a very specific type of girl.
(smiling)
The type you'd find
irresistible.

TOM
(staggered)
...The girl was in on it?

BEAUMONT
You were there. You tell me.
Did she come on to you, ever?

TOM
(nonplussed)
...No.

BEAUMONT
And that night?

TOM
She was waiting for a bus. We
wound up going to a bar...
(a beat)
How'd you know where we were?

BEAUMONT
It's my job to know these
things.

TOM
(thinking out loud)
I wonder how much Gloria's
paying her.

BEAUMONT
Not enough, considering.

TOM
Would you be willing to give a
deposition?

BEAUMONT
(getting up to leave)
Absolutely. No extra charge.

TOM
All right. I'll call my
lawyer, see if I can get an
extension on the hearing.
(draining his glass)
You bring me the pictures,
we'll talk about money.

56 EXT. ROAD - DAY

56

Tom's car is parked next to Beaumont's.

57 INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - DAY

57

Beaumont sits quietly in the driver's seat as Tom pores over a series of 8 x 10 black-and-white photos.

The photos, taken through a telephoto lens, show John and Gloria in bed.

Tom slowly flips through the photos. He turns and gazes out the window.

TOM

(bemused)

You know, a month after we met, she said we should get married. I said, Don't you want to get to know me a little more? She said, Why, does it get better?

(laughing bitterly)

My family never liked her. We had a small wedding. Flew down to Santo Domingo, hired a local band, got married on the beach. She said she didn't want a thing in the world except to be with me...

Beaumont pats his pockets, takes out a roll of antacid tablets. He pops a couple into his mouth and chews them. He grimaces.

BEAUMONT

I'll tell you the way I look at it, the ones who say they don't want anything always get more in the end.

Tom carefully slides the photos into a manila envelope.

Beaumont rubs his nose with the back of his hand.

Tom hands Beaumont a fat pay envelope.

Beaumont opens the envelope with his thick fingers, counts the money inside.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)

...I've been thinking...

(a beat)

I'm not sure how much good those pictures are gonna do you.

TOM

What?

BEAUMONT

...They prove she was having an affair with her lawyer. But they don't prove she set you up.

TOM

What're you suggesting?

BEAUMONT

I'm suggesting you'd be on firmer ground if you had another piece of evidence.

TOM

Like what?

BEAUMONT

Like, say, a taped confession.

TOM

(laughing)

And how do you propose I get that?

BEAUMONT

There're ways.

TOM

(skeptical)

Really.

BEAUMONT

Uh-huh.

TOM

Such as...?

BEAUMONT
The less you know about it the
better.

Tom considers this for a moment.

TOM
When could I have it by?

BEAUMONT
Few days. Sooner, maybe.

TOM
...All right...

He gets out of the car.

58 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT 58

Beaumont heads down the hall to John's office carrying a tool kit. He moves quietly, looking relaxed.

He kneels in front of the door. He opens the tool kit and starts using lock-picking tools on the lock.

59 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 59

Beaumont enters, closes the door, locks it.

He takes out a penlight and turns it on. He flashes it around the office, finds the phone.

He goes over to the phone, picks it up, unscrews the earpiece.

He takes a small, round listening device out of his pocket. He peels off the backing to expose the adhesive.

He attaches the listening device inside the phone, puts the phone back together.

He heads for the door.

60 EXT. PAYPHONE - AFTERNOON 60

Behind John's office. Beaumont's car is parked nearby.

Beaumont is dialing a number. He waits, clears his throat.

61 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

61

The phone starts ringing in the reception room. Susan picks it up, then hits the hold button.

SUSAN

(yells))

John. It's for you. He wouldn't give his name.

(a beat)

You want him?

JOHN

Sure.

John swivels in his chair so that he can see Susan in the reception room.

As she hangs up her phone, she gives him a strange, ambivalent look.

He watches her as she goes back to work.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BEAUMONT AND JOHN.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello?

BEAUMONT

(into phone)

Hiya John.

JOHN

Hey...

BEAUMONT

Listen, I wanted to ask you a question.

JOHN

Uh-huh.

BEAUMONT
 ...When you and your
 girlfriend decided to set up
 her husband, whose idea was it
 to bring in the maid?

JOHN
 What?

Beaumont hangs up.

62 INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - AFTERNOON

62

The driver's side door opens and Beaumont gets in. He
 puts on a pair of headphones.

The headphones are connected to a radio surveillance
 receiver. The receiver is hooked up to a tape recorder.

We hear the phone ringing in the headphones.

BEAUMONT
 Come on...

GLORIA (O.S.)
 (through headphones)
 ...Hello?

JOHN (O.S.)
 (through headphones)
 It's me...

GLORIA (O.S.)
 What's wrong?

JOHN (O.S.)
I just got a call. I think
Beaumont knows something.

GLORIA (O.S.)
About what...?

JOHN (O.S.)
You, me, Aurora. He knows
about the whole thing...

GLORIA (O.S.)
I don't see how he could.

JOHN (O.S.)
I'm telling you, he does.

GLORIA (O.S.)
(chafing)
Well, what do you expect me to
do?

JOHN (O.S.)
...I don't know.

GLORIA (O.S.)
Look, you're a lawyer. He
can't do anything unless he
has some evidence, right?

JOHN (O.S.)
Right...

GLORIA (O.S.)
So, then, don't worry about
it.

(a beat)
...I can't really talk now.
I'll call you later, okay?

JOHN (O.S.)
(still distraught)
Okay.

We hear a click on the line.

Beaumont takes off the headphones, sits back, smiles.

63 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

63

An empty parking lot.

Tom's car turns in. As the car's headlights sweep across the lot, they briefly throw light on Beaumont's car, which idles unobtrusively in the darkness.

Tom parks, gets out.

Beaumont rolls his window down.

BEAUMONT
'Evening, Tom.

64 INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - NIGHT

64

Tom settles himself into the passenger seat. He glances at Beaumont, who's rumpled and sweating.

BEAUMONT
You know, a lot of people come here at night. You'd be surprised.

Beaumont takes out a handkerchief and wipes the sweat from the palms of his hands.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
(getting expansive)
Sometimes I'll see two cars pull in and park next to each other. The drivers'll go off somewhere in one of the cars. I jot down the license plate numbers and look 'em up the next day. If their listings don't match, there's a chance they're married to other people. And if they are, I'll place a call to the spouses. I've found a few clients that way.

He mops his brow.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
...The things people think
they can get away with.

TOM
You ever been married?

BEAUMONT
No. Can't say I have.

Tom turns and peers out the window.

TOM
It does strange things to
people.

BEAUMONT
Well, despite my line of work,
I've seen a few happily
married couples.

Tom shrugs.

TOM
Marriage has got nothing to do
with happiness.

Beaumont laughs at this. His amusement is genuine and
unalloyed.

BEAUMONT
I'd say you've got a
particular slant on the
subject.

Tom is silent for a moment.

TOM
(unsmiling)
Yeah, I do.
(a beat)
You have something for me?

Beaumont dips into his jacket pocket with two fingers,
pulls out a tape. He hands it Tom.

BEAUMONT
...And I believe you have
something for me...

Tom slips the tape into his pocket, then hands Beaumont a thick pay envelope.

Beaumont tucks the envelope into his jacket.

TOM
You're not gonna count it?

BEAUMONT
(smiling)
Nah, I trust ya.

Tom pulls a roll of bills out of his pocket. He peels off a twenty, hands it to Beaumont.

TOM
Here. Get your car washed.

He gets out of the car.

65 INT. MASTERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

65

A large, richly decorated office.

Tom sits across from Masterson. He has just slapped the tape on the desktop, next to the photos of John and Gloria.

MASTERSON
And he's willing to testify
that he took these before he
took the ones of you and the
girl?

TOM
Yeah.

MASTERSON
You ever hear the term,
"connivance?"

Tom shakes his head.

MASTERSON (CONT'D)
(steeping his
fingers)
(MORE)

MASTERSON (CONT'D)

Well, essentially, it's when someone sets up a situation so tempting that someone else will commit a wrongdoing in the pursuit of that temptation. I've seen the pictures. This girl definitely falls into that category.

TOM

Which means...?

Masterson leans back in his chair.

MASTERSON

Which means your wife is in for a very rude awakening.

TOM

What about the tape. Is it admissable in court?

MASTERSON

(with a dismissive wave)

It doesn't matter. I could go out and get some corroborating witnesses if I had to.

(smiling)

But I don't think I'll have to.

TOM

(skeptical)

Why not?

MASTERSON

Believe me, once her lawyer friend hears this tape, he's not gonna want to go to court.

TOM

(thinking)

...Can you get me a court order so I can get into the house, pick up some of my stuff?

MASTERSON

Sure. When?

TOM

(rising)

Today.

66 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

66

Gloria comes into the reception room and heads straight for John's office. Susan is at the desk. She looks up, wrinkles her brow.

GLORIA

(smoothly)

He's expecting me.

67 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

67

John is sitting at his desk, smoking nervously. He seems to have been waiting for some time. Gloria enters, closes the door.

John stubs his cigarette out in an ashtray and stands up.

JOHN
(tense)
Hey.

GLORIA
Hi.

He comes out from behind the desk and moves toward her. She locks her arms around his neck, looks up into his eyes.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Have you got any more of those
cigarettes?

JOHN
(restive)
Yeah.

He shakes a cigarette out of the pack and hands it to her.

She fits it between her lips.

He lights it for her.

She takes a long slow drag and exhales.

He starts pacing up and down.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What if he really knows
something?

Gloria rotates her cigarette, looking at the ash.

GLORIA
If he knew anything, he'd have
done something by now.

JOHN
What if he goes to Tom?

GLORIA
With what? He doesn't have
anything.

JOHN
We don't know that.

GLORIA
He's done work for you in the
past, hasn't he?

JOHN
Uh-huh.

GLORIA
And has he ever given you a
reason not to trust him?

JOHN
With a guy like that, you
don't need a reason.

She screws her cigarette out in the ashtray and moves
toward him.

She straightens his tie, smooths his shirt to his chest.

She looks into his eyes.

GLORIA
(soothing)
Don't worry. Everything's
fine.

She kisses him on the lips, then pulls away.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
(smiling)
...Meet me at the house in an
hour.

She turns and goes out the door.

68 INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - DAY

68

Tom is in the master bedroom. There is an open suitcase
on the bed. A stylish one-suiter. He's hastily packing
some clothes.

The phone starts ringing.

He looks at it. He decides to let the answering machine pick up. After a beep:

JOHN (O.S.)
(on the machine)
Hi, it's John. I just got a call from Tom's attorney. They got a thirty day extension. We're gonna have to figure something out. I'm on my way over now. I'll see you soon.

Tom stands there, looking at the blinking message light on the answering machine.

He lays some folded shirts into the suitcase.

Aurora comes in. She stands there.

He turns around.

AURORA
(in a small, parched voice)
I just want you to know, I --

TOM
(shortly)
-- How much is she paying you?

AURORA
What?

TOM
My wife. How much is she paying you, to do what you did?

AURORA
(contrite)
Ten thousand dollars. And she promised to help bring my family here. She said they can live here, with her.

He studies her for a moment, moves toward her.

She lowers her head. Tears well up in her eyes.

He gently raises her chin.

TOM
(softening)
It's okay.

She gives him an honest, steady look.

AURORA
(shyly)
I only wanted to take care of
my family.
(a beat)
But that night...that was real
for me.

TOM
God, you are sweet.

He wipes her tears with his fingertips.

TOM (CONT'D)
Don't worry about your family.
I can help them.

AURORA
(brightening)
Really?

She clasps her arms around his waist.

He holds her for a moment, pulls away, goes to the bed,
resumes packing.

She stands there, watching him. After a moment, he turns
his head.

She smiles.

69 EXT. CONOVAN HOUSE - DAY 69

John's car pulls into the driveway and brakes to a stop. He gets out, heads up to the front door.

70 INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - DAY 70

John comes in, looks around.

71 EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY 71

John comes out and walks toward the pool.

TOM (O.S.)
Look who's here.

John turns around.

Tom is coming around the corner. He has a caddy bag slung over his shoulder. It's filled with golf clubs. He sets the bag down, walks toward John.

TOM (CONT'D)
What brings you here?

JOHN
I might ask you the same thing.

TOM
Well, this is still my house...

JOHN
Is that what you think?

TOM
(smiling)
I've got a court order giving me permission to collect my belongings. Wanna see it?

72 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 72

Aurora is packing the last of Tom's things for him.

She notices a jewelry box sitting on the bureau.
 She goes over, hesitates, opens the box.

73 EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY 73

JOHN
 How long you plan on being
 here?

TOM
 Long as I want. Why -- she on
 her way home?

JOHN
 Yeah. And I think it'd be
 better if you weren't here.

74 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 74

Aurora scoops a pair of earrings out of the jewelry box.
 They glitter in the palm of her hand.
 She puts them on, almost reverently.

75 EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY 75

John's cellular phone starts ringing. He reaches into his
 pocket, checks the caller ID, answers.

JOHN
 (into phone)
 Hi.
 (listens)
 I'm at the house.
 (glancing at Tom)
 Tom's here.

76 INT. GLORIA'S CAR - DAY 76

Gloria is driving with the top down, her cellular phone
 pressed to her ear.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOHN AND GLORIA.

GLORIA
(into phone)
What? What's he doing there?

JOHN
He says he has a court order
to get some of his things.

GLORIA
I don't want to see him.
(a beat)
Call me when he leaves.

Tom walks over, holds out his hand, his intention clear.

JOHN
He wants to talk to you.

Gloria thinks.

JOHN (CONT'D)
...Gloria?

GLORIA
All right.

John hands the phone to Tom.

TOM
(smug)
Hi, sweetheart. How ya doin'?

GLORIA
Get to it, Tom.

TOM
Get to what? I just want to
say hi. Nothing wrong with
that, is there?

GLORIA
I have nothing to say to you.

TOM
(sing-song)
I know something you don't.

GLORIA

I don't think so. Take a good look around, because it's the last time you're going to see my house.

TOM

You know, I never did thank you...

GLORIA

For what?

TOM

For Aurora. She makes me feel young again. I don't know how I could ever repay you.

He snaps the phone shut and tosses it back to John. John catches it, a little bewildered.

77 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 77

Aurora is standing in front of the mirror, looking at herself, admiring the earrings.

78 EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY 78

Tom walks slowly over to the caddy bag. He pulls out a club, inspects it, makes a couple of short swings.

TOM

...You know, in business, there's a risk that the people who are closest to you will betray you. It's happened to me; somehow, I've always found a way to get satisfaction. But what you did to me wasn't just business. And so I find myself looking to the outer edges of acceptable behavior to make myself feel better...

Suddenly, Tom rears back and swings the golf club squarely into John's midsection.

John folds over, howls in pain and drops to the ground.

TOM (CONT'D)
(building)
How'd it happen?

John tries to crawl away, hissing his agony through clenched teeth.

TOM (CONT'D)
She come to you? Talk you into it?

Tom draws his lips back in a snarl, tightening his grip on the club.

TOM (CONT'D)
What did she tell you -- that I was a terrible husband?
(a beat)
That you were meant for each other?
(a beat)
What kind of promises did she make?

He raises the club over his head, then smashes it down on the glass-topped table. The glass explodes.

He's breathing heavily now. He has a hard, implacable look on his face.

TOM (CONT'D)
(grinning
humorlessly)
Look at you.
(a beat)
You know, I almost feel sorry for you...

He heads into the house, still holding the club.

John rolls around, breathing in rasping gulps.

BLACK.

WOMAN (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 It's done...

CUT TO:

78A EXT. PAYPHONE - DAY

78A

Beaumont is on the phone. We hear a woman's voice on the other end of the line.

BEAUMONT
 So what're you gonna do now?

WOMAN (O.S.)
 I'm going away for a while.

BEAUMONT
 Really? Where to?

WOMAN (O.S.)
 Someplace far away.

BEAUMONT
 (chuckling)
 Sounds nice. I guess you made
 out pretty good, didn't you?

79 INT. ROOM - DAY

79

A darkened room. We are close on a phone.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 ...Don't contact me again. If
 I need you, I'll know where to
 find you.

A woman's hand cradles the receiver.

The woman turns, and we see her face. It's Aurora. (She has been speaking without an accent.)

FLASH CUT:

80 EXT. MOTEL - DAY

80

John emerges from one of the rooms. Gloria is at the door, kissing him goodbye. She closes the door and he heads toward his car.

Standing in the shadows, across the courtyard, watching everything, is Aurora -- or at least the woman we have come to know as such.

FLASH CUT:

81 INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - DAY

81

Beaumont is at the wheel. Aurora is in the passenger seat. They're parked outside the racetrack. She hands him a thick envelope. He opens it. There's a packet of bills inside. He smiles and begins counting them.

FLASH CUT:

82 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

82

Tom strides out of his office building, carrying his attache case. He looks up and down the crowded street, then starts walking.

After a moment, he blends in with dozens of other people. Men in tailored suits and women in stylish dresses.

We notice one of those women now. Her hair is wrapped in a silk scarf, and her eyes are concealed behind dark sunglasses.

As Tom passes her on the sidewalk, she turns around to look at him. She takes off her sunglasses. It's Aurora.

CUT BACK TO
PRESENT:

83 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 83

Aurora walks down the hallway, coming from the back of the house, carrying a suitcase.

84 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 84

Aurora sets her suitcase down.

She looks around.

There is a vase filled with fresh-cut flowers on a table.

She moves the vase slightly, rearranges the flowers a little. She steps back and admires them.

Tom comes down the stairs with his suitcase.

TOM

Is that all you have?

She smiles. Her bejewelled earlobes glitter.

AURORA

(with an accent)

Yes.

TOM

Let's go.

85 EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY 85

Tom's car is parked out front. The top is down. Aurora is in the passenger seat.

Tom has the trunk open. He tosses in the suitcases, then the golf clubs. He slams the trunk shut. He opens the driver's side door, gets into the car, closes the door, keys the ignition.

86 EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY 86

John staggers to his feet, doubling up. He looks dazed. His eyes are dull. He teeters at the edge of the pool for a moment, and then he plummets into the water.

87 EXT. ROAD - DAY 87

Gloria's car barrels down the road. She's driving toward the house.

88 INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY 88

As Tom drives, he glances over at Aurora.

TOM

...So, where do you wanna go?

She rests a hand on his neck.

AURORA

Wherever you want. I don't care.

TOM

...Really?

AURORA

Yes. As long as I'm with you.

89 INT. GLORIA'S CAR - DAY 89

Gloria is whipping along, the wind in her hair. She has an intense, expectant look on her face.

90 EXT. CONOVAN HOUSE - DAY 90

John is floating in the pool, face down.

91 INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY 91

Aurora sees Gloria's car approaching from the opposite direction.

92 INT. GLORIA'S CAR - DAY 92

As the two cars pass each other, Gloria catches a glimpse of Aurora and Tom. She has a look of puzzlement, then confusion -- and then realization.

93 INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

93

We end close on Aurora. She is looking straight ahead,
and she is smiling.

BLACK.