

JADE

by

Joe Eszterhas

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Transcribed to legible copy by Jimmy McCombs, April 2013

Joe Eszterhas most likely wrote the original script on
on a typewriter. Using Movie Magic Screenwriter when
transcribing the script it was actually shortened from
111 pages to 100 pages.

There is only one word that I was unable to transcribe from
the original script. It is on page 29 of this script and found
on page 33 of the original by Joe Eszterhas. That word is in
red on this script and just a guess as to what it might
actually be. Enjoy the read.

FADE IN:

The SCREEN is COMPLETELY DARK for a long beat... and then we the thunderous roar of FRANZ LIZST'S "HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY" and then we see:

QUICK CUT: -- Very fast, split second: The blade of a short, carved, bone-handled hatchet... chops into flesh.

The TITLES... white letters over a BLACK SCREEN... BEGIN. Franz Lizst's "HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY" continues.

QUICK CUT -- The blade of the hatchet chopping into a standing knee. Blood.

TITLES and MUSIC continue.

QUICK CUT -- The blade chops into a standing thigh.

TITLES and MUSIC continue.

QUICK CUT -- We see more now... a steamed black marble room... a standing man wearing only black bikini shorts... another chop of the hatchet into his groin... and the "HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY"... very loud.

TITLES continue.

QUICK CUT -- Longer than the others: The hatchet rises into the air... the hatchet chops into the man's neck into the jugular... blood bursts... explodes... cascades.

And the MUSIC CLIMAXES... we PULL BACK and see the man against the black marble wall. His hands are chained to the wall by two big brass rings.

INT. THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS - NIGHT

The ORCHESTRA, black-tie, large, formal, plays "Where or When". It's the city's "Black and White Ball". Hundreds of couples dancing, wearing tuxes and gowns. Beautiful people, very upscale.

We SWIRL among the dancing couples, FOCUSING, gradually, on one. MATT GAVIN, 38, tall, built, waspy. There in an air of in-held strength about him. His wife, KATRINA GAVIN, "TRINA" to her friends, 35, a woman of grace and style -- an absolutely beautiful and sexy woman -- but it is a sexuality that is soft, that never struts. They smile as they dance, looking at each other.

MATT
(looking at her)
HmMMMM.

TRINA
 (after a beat; smiles)
 Really?

MATT
 (nods; smiles)
 Maybe you should cancel your Houston trip.

TRINA
 (smiles)
 Are you going to cancel your trial?

MATT
 The guy'll go to jail for thirty years.

TRINA
 He probably deserves thirty years.
 (she smiles)
 You always defend the guilty. That's what excites you.

He looks at her.

MATT
 You excite me.

TRINA
 (smiles)
 Liar. All lawyers are liars, you know.

MATT
 (grins)
 Oh yeah? What about shrinks?

TRINA
 Oh. Shrinks. We're very good. We can even fool the lawyers.

They look at each other a beat, dancing, smiling -- and a man is suddenly standing next to them, cutting in. DAVID CORELLI, 37, dark, intense. He always carries the smell of the street about him. He is the District Attorney of the City of San Francisco.

DAVID
 Excuse me. I like this song.

They look at him, smile.

TRINA
 So do I.

MATT

I hate it!

TRINA

The you shouldn't dance to it.

And she starts to dance with David as Matt steps aside, watches them, and grins.

TRINA (CONT'D)

(continuing)

That was subtle.

DAVID

Yeah. I know. I couldn't stop myself. You look so fucking gorgeous.

TRINA

(laughs)

Stop it.

DAVID

You ruin my whole life. I can't even tell you you look fuckin' gorgeous.

TRINA

(smiles)

I did not ruin your whole life.

DAVID

(smiles)

Yes you did.

TRINA

(looks at him)

You're hopeless David.

He pulls her closer and sings softly into her ear.

DAVID

We looked at each other in the same then but I can't remember where or when.

MATT

(suddenly there)

I can.

They look at him and smile a beat as Matt starts to dance away with her.

MATT (CONT'D)

(to David, grins)

I've got a good memory.

And he and Trina dance away as David just stands there watching them with a smile. But the smile is fragile and forced.

DAVID
 (to Matt)
 God dammit, Matt, you still piss me off.

The smile is gone now as he watches them and a man in an usher's uniform comes up to David and says something into his ear that we can't hear. David looks at him.

INT. CLOAK ROOM, PALACE OF FINE ARTS - LATER

David is on the phone.

DAVID
 How?

He listens a beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Jesus.
 (a beat)
 Who's on it?
 (a beat, he listens)
 No, I'll be right there.

A beat -- and he hangs up, stands there, staring.

INT. THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS - MOMENTS LATER

As he is on is out, hurrying -- Matt and Trina see him.

MATT
 You don't have to leave. Maybe I'll let you dance with her again. I like condescending, you know.

He just looks at them, in a daze.

TRINA
 Are you all right?

DAVID
 Kyle Medford's dead.

TRINA
 (shocked)
 God. I just saw him.

DAVID
 (dazed)
 You did?

TRINA

I'm on the board of DeYoung.

MATT

What the hell happened?

He looks at Matt a beat, then at her, shakes his head slightly and, still looking dazed, heads away.

EXT. HOUSE IN PACIFIC HEIGHTS - NIGHT

David gets out of his car, still wearing his tux -- the car is a small BMW. We see lots of police cars outside, their lights still flashing. Neighbors are behind police lines across the small street. PAT CALLENDAR comes up to David as soon as he sees him. He is in his late 20's -- a yuppie tiger, a walking Armani ad. He works for David; he's an Assistant District Attorney.

CALLENDAR

It's a freak show David. Charlie Manson must've gotten out.

DAVID

Media?

CALLENDAR

Not yet, but you better duck, the shit's gonna fly.

DAVID

Who's in charge?

CALLENDAR

Hargrove.

DAVID

We're fucked!

INT. KYLE BEDFORD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It is beautifully done -- wide patios overlooking the city and the bay. The art throughout the house is African -- stunning, expensive.

David and Pat Callendar walk in -- we see lots of cops. Flashes from cameras going off.

KAREN HELLER, 32, a homicide detective, pretty and tough, sees David, comes up to him.

HELLER

Bludgeoned with a hatchet.

(MORE)

HELLER (CONT'D)

Thirty two separate cuts, mostly in the area of his groin -- two to the jugular. We're guessing time of death about four hours ago. Somebody got frenzied.

DAVID

Who's on it with you?

HELLER

Vasko. Hargrove is in charge.

DAVID

I know. Hallelujah.

He starts heading toward the bathroom where most of the cops are. Pat Callendar stops him.

CALLENDAR

It's a slaughter in there.

David looks at him a beat, and then heads towards the bathroom with Callendar and Heller.

He stops dead when he gets inside and we see what he sees.

KYLE MEDFORD, a man in his late 50's, wearing only shredded bikini panties, is chained to the wall by two big brass rings. He is covered in blood, as is one of the black marble walls. David stares.

BOB HARGROVE, in his late 40's, a lieutenant, a police executive type wearing a very good suit, looks at David.

HARGROVE

What brings you, Mr. Prosecutor?

DAVID

(after a beat)

You're my favorite police executive, Lieutenant. I heard you were in charge. That's why I'm here.

They look at each other a beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(to another cop)

What the fuck are those?

The cop he's addressed is PETER VASKO -- veteran homicide cop in his 50's, silver-haired with a ducktail haircut. He looks like he could be either a cop or a mob guy.

VASKO

They're African slave rings -- the real thing, antique. He had 'em bolted to the wall.

David looks at the scene a long beat, then --

DAVID

What've you got?

HARGROVE

Not much, we're still putting it together. I'll have a report on your desk --

DAVID

(to Vasko)

I didn't ask you.

HARGROVE

I'm in charge.

DAVID

(casually)

I'm in charge.

(to Vasko)

What've you got?

Vasko glances at Hargrove a second with a hidden smile then --

VASKO

See that little goodie there?

We see the carved, short-handled, Dagon hatchet in a plastic bag.

VASKO (CONT'D)

It's some kind of African hatchet -- bone handle, beautiful craftsmanship.

He points to another plastic bag -- inside is a multi-colored wooden mask.

VASKO (CONT'D)

A fertility mask. The maid says he collected 'em. She found him chained up in here, drained, and wearing it. She had the afternoon off. She comes in -- the music's blasting, he's all scarecrowed up against the wall.

HARGROVE

We've got prints on the hatchet and the mask.

DAVID
 (smiles)
 We do?

VASKO
 Smudges. We've got smudges. I'm
 not sure we're gonna be able to
 get a print.

David gives Hargrove a look, then --

DAVID
 (to Hargrove)
 I want Petey and Heller to stay on
 it.

HARGROVE
 We make the decision. The
 prosecutor's office doesn't.

DAVID
 (hard)
 I said I want them on it! You here
 me? I want everything released
 through my office.

HARGROVE
 (smiles)
 I forgot. Next year's an election
 year, isn't it?

David looks at him a beat, like he could kill him. Then he
 settles --

DAVID
 Listen to me Hargrove. Kyle Medford
 was an institution in this town. He
 made Cyril Magnin look like a piker.
 If we don't clean this one up fast,
 we're all gonna burn.

David looks at him a beat, then turns to head out.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (to Vasko)
 Petey, male sure you dupe me on
 everything.
 (he glances to Hargrove)
 Everything.

He starts out the door, David sees Callendar smiling.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What are you smiling about?

CALLENDAR
I'm not.

He tries to wipe the smile off -- David gives him a look.

CALLENDAR (CONT'D)
Well, next year is an election year.

DAVID
(smiles)
Is it?

INT. A PORSCHE - DAY

It drives up to the departure area at the San Francisco airport. Matt Gavin is behind the wheel -- Trina sits next to him.

MATT
I'll miss you.

TRINA
(smiling)
No you won't.

MATT
(smiling)
Yes I will. I always miss you when you're gone.

They get out of the car. We see the Black Porsche has a black rubber hood cover over the engine.

EXT. A PORSCHE - CONTINUOUS

He steps to the trunk, gets her bag. We see that the car's windows are heavily tinted.

TRINA
Are you going to work hard while I'm gone?

MATT
I always work hard when you're gone.
I'm a hard worker.

He closes the trunk.

TRINA
(smiles)
Sublimation, maybe.

He takes her bag to the curb, puts it down, signals a PORTER.

MATT

Uh-uh.
 (he smiles)
 Rage.

The porter is there.

MATT (CONT'D)

First class to Houston, please.

TRINA

(deadpan)
 Why are you angry?

MATT

(smiles)
 Because you're going out of town.

He kisses her quickly, softly on the lips, smiles, and heads back towards the Porsche. She watches him, her face expressionless. And then she turns towards the porter and her bag.

PORTER

Here you are ma'am.

She is staring at a bundle so San Francisco Chronicles on the ground. A banner headline says "PACIFIC HEIGHTS SOCIALITE BRUTALLY SLAIN."

As she turns suddenly to the porter, looking almost startled.

INT. A PORSCHE - DAY

As Matt GUNS it through traffic. He hits the phone buttons, talks on the speakers. SANDY answers.

SANDY (V.O.)

Mr.Corelli's office.

MATT

It's Matt, Sandy.

SANDY (V.O.)

(too friendly)
 Hi.

MATT

(smiles)
 Hi.
 (a beat)
 Is he in?

SANDY (V.O.)
 (after a beat, suddenly
 cold)
 Sure.
 (a beat)
 Hold on.

A beat -- as he waits -- he drives like a racer, cutting in and out -- he likes the edge.

DAVID (V.O.)
 What the fuck do you want?

MATT
 I just took Trina to the airport. I want to buy you lunch.

DAVID (V.O.)
 I'm having Valium for lunch. You seen the papers?

MATT
 Hey. It's the case you've been dreaming about. It'll put your ambitious ginny ass into City Hall. You're going to be the new Joe Alioto. This town goes down on Italian Mayors.

DAVID (V.O.)
 You're nuts to let Trina out of town so much.

That startles Matt a beat, and then he gets his smile back.

MATT
 Well, when we get divorced, maybe you can marry her.

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

David is on the phone. A long beat as we can tell that last line has startled him.

MATT (V.O.)
 Did you hear me?

DAVID
 (after a beat)
 Yeah, I heard you.
 (a beat)
 I don't take sloppy seconds. You do.

His smile is strained.

MATT (V.O.)

She said you were a terrible lover.
She said she was... unaffected.

David forces the smile, but we can see he is stung.

DAVID

She lied. She protected your frail
ego.

MATT (V.O.)

She told me that's why she chose me.

DAVID

She chose you because you belong to
the Bohemian Club. I'm just an
ambitious ginny.

MATT (V.O.)

You admit that?

DAVID

(smiles)

Fuck you. Meet me at four. I'll
kick your ass.

He hangs up. SANDY, his secretary, comes into the office as
he sits there, lost in his thoughts. She is a very attractive
blonde in her 20's.

SANDY

They're ready, Mr. Corelli.

A beat, and he nods.

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

In the room, sitting around the big table, are Lt. Hargrove,
Petey Vasko, Karen Heller, Pat Callender and two other
detectives, JONES and LOCKLIN.

David walks in.

DAVID

Have we got anything on the prints?

HARGROVE

Smudges. The FBI is still running
them.

JONES

We've sent them down to L.A. too.
They've got a computer down there, I
think it's better than the bereau's.

DAVID
Any other physical?

HELLER
We found a single strand of red hair --
eight inches long -- on the floor of
the bathroom near the body.

LOCKLIN
Pralin says it off a wig.

DAVID
That's it? That's all we know?

HARGROVE
We also know that Kyle Medford was
pretty much broke. He invested in
foreign currency. Three years ago
he lost seven million on the yen.

VASKO
That's what he gets for betting on
the yen. I stick to the Niners.

They give him a look.

HARGROVE
In the last two years, he's made
five trips to Geneva. He stayed
overnight and came back the next day
each time.

DAVID
Swiss Banks.

VASKO
Maybe.

DAVID
That's it?

CALLENDAR
(quietly)
There is something else.

HARGROVE
It's not relevant to the
investigation.

CALLENDAR
You can't say --

HARGROVE

At this point there is no indication
that it's relevant to the
investigation.

A long beat.

VASKO

We found a roll of film in Medford's
safe.

A beat, and Pat Callender hands him a manila folder.

CALLENDAR

So check it out David.

He hands him a folder. A beat, and David opens it. We see
glossies -- a beautiful, young, dark-haired woman having
various kinds of sex with a silver-haired man in his 40's.
David stares.

DAVID

(stares)
Christ.

HARGROVE

I told you it's nt relevant.

A beat, and still stunned, David looks at it then.

DAVID

What was Kyle Medford doing with
this?

VASKO

(looking at Hargrove)
Well, I guess that's a... relevant...
question.

Hargrove looks at him a beat, then away. David looks at the
glossies, looks at the dark-haired young woman.

DAVID

(to Vasko)
Find her.

HARGROVE

We don't know anything about her.

VASKO

We know one thing.
(a beat)
She's not a nun.

David looks at him and smiles.

EXT. THE BAY OUTSIDE THE DOLPHIN CLUB - DAY

We see two men swimming hard through the cold water outside the club. As we get CLOSER, we see that they are David and Matt. They swim hard, next to each other, towards a finish line. And then, suddenly, Matt spurts ahead and wins.

David stops in the water, looks at him like he could kill him. Matt sees the look and laughs.

INT. THE DOLPHIN CLUB, THE SAUNA - DAY

They are alone, taking in the thick steam. They talk quietly.

MATT

Your kidding me.

DAVID

I wish I were.

(a beat, he smiles)

He's pretty well hung for an old guy.

MATT

What are you going to do about it?

DAVID

I'm seeing him tomorrow.

MATT

(after a beat)

He can turn you into roadkill.

DAVID

I'm not saying I'm going to let it come out.

Matt looks at him and smiles slowly.

MATT

You're going to let it get you his endorsement.

DAVID

(after a beat, smiles)

I'm not running for anything.

A long beat, Matt looks at him, and then lies down.

MATT

Be careful, paisan, your dream case can blow your brains out.

*

David looks at him a beat, then leans against the wall.

DAVID
What's all this divorce stuff?

They don't look at each other.

MATT
Oh, that.
(he smiles)
I was just yanking your chain.

DAVID
(after a beat)
You guys okay?

MATT
(after a beat)
Yeah, we're fine.

A beat, and then Matt looks at him.

MATT (CONT'D)
Don't look so disappointed.

A beat, then Matt starts to laugh.

A beat, as David watches him.

DAVID
You're such a cynical son-of-a-bitch.

Matt looks at him and smiles.

MATT
That's why we're friends.

INT. AN AUDITORIUM, HOUSTON - NIGHT

There are hundreds of people in the room, corporate suits. A tweedy, middle-aged MAN stands at the microphone. Trina sits on a chair behind him. She wears a simple but very feminine dress and a single strand of pearls.

MAN
Dr. Gavin is a clinical psychologist who specializes in the causes of workplace violence and psychopathic behavior. Her findings have been published in the Harvard Review of Psychiatry. Ladies and Gentlemen, Dr. Katrina Gavin.

She gets up to the APPLAUSE.

INT. THE AUDITORIUM - LATER

Trina stands at the speaker's podium. She wears reading glasses, reads her notes, looks scholarly.

TRINA

I conclude that the people who commit these acts -- people who much of the media dismiss as madmen -- are in many ways no different than you and me. But they are no longer able to control their urges. They disassociate themselves from their own actions, often experiencing what I term a hysterical blindness. They are blind to the darkness within themselves.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM, HOUSTON - NIGHT

Trina sits in the darkness, a cigarette in her hand, a bottle of scotch next to her, looking out the window at the Houston skyline. A long beat, and she picks up the phone. She dials.

PHONE (V.O.)

You have reached the offices of Matthew Gavin and Associates. Our office hours are ten a.m. to six p.m. At the sound of the beep, please a message.

TRINA

Hi. I thought maybe you were working late, but I guess not.
(a beat)
I'm so tired of these things, I feel like I'm disassociating myself from my own actions.

INT. MATT'S LAW OFFICE - NIGHT

He sits on a couch in the darkness, listening to the machine. He is bare chested.

TRINA (V.O.)

Maybe I'm approaching hysterical blindness.
(a beat)
Be careful, one of these days I'll give in to an uncontrollable urge.
(a beat)
I miss you.

And the message ends.

A beat, and he sits there, his face expressionless.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Don't you even feel bad?

He turns to her. It is the first time we are aware of her presence. She is on the couch next to him, naked. It is Sandy, the pretty blonde secretary from David's office.

MATT
(smiles)
It's not my fault she works too hard.

SANDY
You just don't give a shit, do you?

Matt moves towards her.

MATT
(quietly)
Hey -- don't get carried away. I
love my wife.

SANDY
Sure you do.

He moves atop her on the couch.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM, HOUSTON - LATER

Trina sits in the dark room at the window, staring out, smoking.

EXT. THE STATE HOUSE, SACRAMENTO - DAY

As David walks in. He carries a briefcase. He looks nervous.

A secretary comes up to him.

SECRETARY
Governor Edwards will see you know.

INT. GOVERNOR EDWARD'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

Governor LEW EDWARDS is a silver-haired man in his 60's. A big raw-boned man -- the same man we saw in the glossy photographs having sex with the young, dark-haired woman. He sits behind his desk. He is in his short sleeves, his tie is loose.

Standing near him is his administrative assistant, BILL BARRETT -- in his 40's -- wearing a simple dark suit.

David walks in with his briefcase.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

David -- it's good to see you --

(he looks at Barrett)

I always like seeing our rising young stars, even if they're plotting headaches for my incumbent friends.

They shake hands.

DAVID

(grins)

I'm not running for anything Governor.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

(smiles)

Yeah. I know. None of us ever do. We just allow the party faithful to draft us. You know my A.A. Bill Barrett.

David and Barret shake hands.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Sit down, David.

He gets up from behind the desk.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS (CONT'D)

I don't know how the hell I can help you with Kyle -- the poor bastard. I liked him.

(he looks at his watch)

I've got a budget meeting in ten minutes, the damn Republicans still think they're playing pattycake with Deukmajian.

DAVID

I was hoping to see you alone sir.

Governor Edwards looks at him a beat, then --

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

I've got no secrets from Bill -- he not only knows where the bodies are buried, he buries all of 'em himself.

He grins. David and Barrett look at each other, Barrett smiles.

DAVID

(after a beat)

I'd like to show you something sir.

Governor Edwards looks at his watch again.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

Show me. Quickly.

A beat, and David unsnaps his briefcase and hands him a manila folder. A beat, and then the Governor takes the folder, opens it, looks at the glossies of himself with the young, dark-haired woman. Then he looks at David a long beat. His face is expressionless. And then he smiles.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS (CONT'D)

(to Barrett)

Push the fucking budget meeting back
a half-hour.

Barrett looks at him. Surprised.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS (CONT'D)

(looks at David)

I'd like ot be alone with David...

(he looks ar Barrett)

With the distinguished Mr Corelli,
please.

Bill Barrett gives David a look, and then leaves. Governor Edwards turns away from David, stretches, and looks out a window.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Where did you get these?

DAVID

(after a beat)

Kyle Bedford's safe.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

The son-of-a-bitch. The miserable,
cock-sucking so-of-a...

He is still looking out the window, then turns to David.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Who knows about them?

DAVID

A couple of people. The investigating
officers.

They have their eyes on each other.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

And you. Of course. The
distinguished -- and ambitious --
Mr. Corelli.

DAVID
 (after a beat)
 And me.

They have their eyes on each other. Governor Edwards steps closer to him. A beat, and then quietly --

GOVERNOR EDWARDS
 If you drag me into this business...
 David -- if my name even shows up on
 the periphery of this.... David --
 (he smiles)
 You better get the fuck out of the
 State of California. Because you're
 going to have as much of a future
 here as Jerry Brown.

His smile is gone now -- he and David look at each other a long beat.

DAVID
 Who's Jerry Brown?

A long beat, as Governor Edwards looks at him, and then smiles.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS
 Wouldn't it just a goddam awful shame.
 David -- if one hairy little pussy
 and a thimbleful of sperm -- affected
 the future of this great state.

David looks at him a beat, then nods slightly as they look at each other.

DAVID
 One question, Governor. Off the
 record.

They look at each other, Governor Edwards nods once.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Was he blackmailing you?

A long beat as Governor Edwards looks at him -- and then --

GOVERNOR EDWARDS
 I don't get blackmailed, Mr Corelli.
 I do the fucking; I never get fucked.

David looks at him a beat. The door suddenly opens. Bill Barrett is there. He gives David an icy look.

DAVID
 (gets up)
 Thank you, Governor.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS
 Anytime, David. I enjoy dispensing
 advice... to those who listen.

David reaches for the manila folder -- Governor Edwards puts
 his hand on it.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS (CONT'D)
 You've got other copies, I presume?

A beat and David nods. Governor Edwards still has his hand
 on the file.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS (CONT'D)
 Then I'll just hold onto these.

He and David look at each other.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

David walks in -- he looks disturbed. He goes by Sandy, his
 secretary, on the way into his inner office.

DAVID
 No calls?

SANDY
 Detective Vasko's in there.

He walks in. Petey Vasko is there, waiting. As soon as
 David walks in -- Vasko puts a glossy mug shot on the desk.
 It is the younger photograph of the dark-haired woman we saw
 in the photos with Governor Edwards.

VASKO
 She's seventeen here. I had to get
 into the juvenile files to get it.

DAVID
 (grins)
 How did you do that?

VASKO
 I didn't. You know it's illegal to
 do that.
 (a beat)
 Patrice Jacinto -- 21, dancer. She's
 in a bit part in "Carousel" at the
 ACT. One prior, One Arrest --
 soliciting, when she was a juvenile.

DAVID
Have we talked to her?

VASKO
She's in L.A. for a tryout. Her bank account show's three \$10,000 deposits in the past six months.

DAVID
(after a beat, smiles)
That's a lot of money for a hairy little pussy and a thimbleful of sperm.

VASKO
(disgusted)
You must've been in Sacramento.

DAVID
(grins)
Why?

VASKO
They talk like that up there. We made the smudges on the hatchet handle, but couldn't print the ones on the mask.

DAVID
Tell me they match our dancer's.

VASKO
They don't. But we got lucky. It came off an arrest in Palo Alto in 1990. Some kind of animal rights protest in Stanford. No charges ever filed, but that L.A. computer held the prints.

He puts a mug shot down on the table. David Freezes. It is a very young Katrina.

VASKO (CONT'D)
Anna Katrina Maxwell. We're trying to locate her through the Stanford people.

DAVID
(after a long beat)
Thanks. Let me know.

He stares at the mug shot of Katrina.

VASKO
You okay?

David looks at him. Forces a smile.

DAVID
Yeah. Good work.

VASKO
I try to stay out of Sacramento
myself. They got funny stuff in the
water up there. Personally, I think
it's Malathion

And he goes out. A beat, and David turns back to the mug
shot of Katrina, picks it up, and stares at it -- almost as
if hypnotized.

INT. DAVID'S BMW - NIGHT

He drives through big iron gates in Belvedere... up a hillside
to a magnificent estate... we see the twinkling lights of
the bay below. He gets to a long, circular drive in front
of the house. Near the garage area, we see a black Porsche,
a Mercedes 600, and a Ferrari. The black Porsche has a rubber
hood cover over the engine.

He gets out, heads up the long stairway to the front door.
He uses the antique Gorgon knocker.

An English BUTLER, middle-aged, opens the door.

BUTLER
Mr. Corelli, how nice to see you,
sir. Are you expected?

DAVID
No. Is Mrs. Gavin in?

BUTLER
I'm sorry, Mrs. Gavin is not, sir.
But Mr. Gavin's here --

MATT (O.S.)
(from inside)
That you, David?

He comes to the door. He's wearing a Fulka robe, slippers.
He looks at David.

MATT (CONT'D)
(grins)
What's up?

DAVID
Well... somethin'.

They look at each other.

INT. MATT'S DEN - NIGHT

It is beautifully furnished, we see a Picasso on the wall. We see dozens of ornately framed photographs of Matt and Katrina -- sailing, playing tennis, laughing.

Matt sits, watching David, who has a drink in his hand and is looking out a bay window at the twinkling lights below.

MATT

So!

DAVID

(after a beat)

What do you mean so?

MATT

So she told you she'd seen him that day. She said something about a new matinee, didn't she? You heard her.

David takes a few steps in the room, sees a framed photograph on a shelf. It shows the three of them at Stanford graduation -- Katrina is in the middle, her arms around both Matt and David. David looks at the photograph a long beat.

DAVID

Her prints are on the hatchet.

MATT

So -- she probably looked at his stuff while she was up there.

David says nothing, stares at the photograph of the three of them.

MATT (CONT'D)

(a little cool)

What are you saying... exactly?

DAVID

I've got to talk to her.

He still hasn't looked at Matt.

MATT

Fine. Talk to her. She'll be back from Houston tomorrow.

Now David turns to Matt.

DAVID

Officially.

They look at each other a long beat. Matt shakes his head.

MATT
You can't think...

He let's it trail, David says nothing. They look at each other.

MATT (CONT'D)
(quietly, intensely)
Come on, David. You know her, for Christ's sake. You're still in love with her --

DAVID
I knew her a long time ago.

MATT
(hard)
You were in love with her, for Christ's sake. You're still in love with her --

DAVID
(hard)
Bullshit. It was a long time ago --

MATT
(hard)
You think she could take a fucking hatchet to somebody and slice them up like a Sunday roast? Give me a fucking break, David. It's Trina.

David looks at the photograph of the three of them again, turns away from Matt.

DAVID
You're right.

He turns back to Matt.

DAVID (CONT'D)
But I've got to talk to her.

MATT
(evenly)
I'll bring her in tomorrow morning.

DAVID
It's my job.

He starts out.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Tell her. It's my job.

MATT

You want me to put in a good word
with her for you. David -- is that
it?

David looks at Matt, sees a sarcastic grin. He turns away.
Starts out again.

MATT (CONT'D)

What happened in Sacramento?

DAVID

(after a beat)

Nothing. I'll see you tomorrow.

He starts out again.

MATT

You got his endorsement, huh?

David turns back, sees the killer grin again.

MATT (CONT'D)

Congratulations, paisan.

Matt grins; David turns, leaves.

EXT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - NIGHT

David walks back to his car and as he is about to get in,
stops and stares for a long moment at the twinkling lights
on the bay, lost in his thoughts. A beat, and the pager on
his belt GOES OFF.

INT. MATT'S DEN - NIGHT

Matt stands by the window, the room dark now, watching
David... as he gets into his BMW.

EXT. A HOUSE ON THE MARINA - NIGHT

It overlooks the yacht club -- it is two-story -- a little
jewel jammed very close to houses on either side.

As David gets out of his BMW, Petey Vasko is waiting for him
outside. We see other unmarked police cars around.

They walk towards the house.

VASKO

Medford's had the place for two years.
His investment company leased it.
I've got Heller talking to the
neighbors.

INT. THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We see other plainclothes officers around, searching the place, taking photographs.

The place is tasteful, done impeccably in the Santa Fe style -- there are Heckney prints on the wall.

David looks around.

VASKO

I'll bet you just can't wait to see the bedroom.

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They walk in -- there are other policemen here, searching. A California king water bed is in the middle of the room, a mirror above it.

On the headboard, mounted to the wood are two handcuffs.

VASKO

The guy had style, I'll give him that. The cuffs are sterling silver, Tiffany's.

David looks at it, sees a bunch of objects that have been put on a counter and tagged.

VASKO (CONT'D)

Toys for the playpen.

He picks some of them up as he talks, looks at labels.

VASKO (CONT'D)

"Deep-Seated Massage Oil, Delay Spray" --
(he picks up a box,
reads label)

"Harmony Pillow. This pillow allows deeper penetration by positioning both partners most advantageously. It raises the female hips, facilitating male entry. You can inflate the pillow to varying degrees of hardness of softness while enjoying the thrill of rotary and floating action." Plus your other basic rattles and boy toys.

He touches some whips, vibrators -- looks at one carved vibrator for a beat -- shakes his head. He points to a nightstand drawer.

VASKO (CONT'D)

Three grams of coke in the nightstand,
peppers, assorted children's vitamins --
I'm guessing Ecstasy.

He points to a small refrigerator near the wall.

VASKO (CONT'D)

The fridge is empty except for
Cristal, Beluga and Wolfgang Puck
Santa Fe style pizza. I gotta try
it. I bet it's good.

DAVID

(looking around)
It's a fuckhouse.

VASKO

It's not just a fuckhouse.

He moves a painting aside at the wall near the foot of the
bed -- and we see a camera mounted inside. He hits a button,
the camera springs out. David looks at it.

VASKO (CONT'D)

There's another one up there.
(he points to the
mirror above the bed)
One near the **jamsill**. Sony 7 AR,
high definition, low light. Very
expensive, very hard to find.

DAVID

You're right, it's not just a
fuckhouse.

VASKO

It's a Venus flytrap.

HELLER (O.S.)

Sgt. Vasko?

Heller comes in.

HELLER (CONT'D)

(in a flurry)
The neighbor next door --

VASKO

Did you check out those Jammin' Jells
and Clitterflics? I was thinking
about you.

He starts heading out. David and Heller follow him.

HELLER

If I were you, I'd rip off a few butt plugs. They're designed for the perfect asshole.

Vasko heads down the stairs, David and Heller in tow.

HELLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sgt. Vasko?

VASKO

(to Heller)

What about the neighbor next door?

HELLER

He never saw Medford here, but he did see women occasionally.

DAVID

Could he identify them?

HELLER

I think he took a closer look than he's letting on. His bedroom faces this one.

VASKO

(to David)

Let's go talk to him.

A plainclothes COP stands at the fireplace, digging through ashes.

COP

(when he sees Vasko)

Look at this.

He holds it up -- it is a videotape -- it looks like its burned.

VASKO

(to Heller)

You think the lab can do anything with that?

HELLER

(smiles)

They can recycle it.

VASKO

(disgusted)

Great!

INT. THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR ON THE MARINA - NIGHT

David, Vasko, and Heller -- talking to an old man -- JUSTIN HENDERSON. He is in his 60's, a white haired bird. He wears a yachtsman's cap.

JUSTIN

Well, I never snooped on them or anything like that.

DAVID

We know that Mr. Henderson.

JUSTIN

I never did talk to any of them -- except for the redhead.

HELLER

How did you speak to her?

JUSTIN

She parked in my spot. I may be getting up there, but I still drive. She put that fancy white little car into my spot.

HELLER

What kind of car was it?

JUSTIN

I don't know, but it was a fancy one. She was nice about it, though. Nice young woman, long red hair, big sunglasses.

DAVID

How many different women did you see over there?

JUSTIN

I don't know -- five or six maybe.

VASKO

Was she one of them?

He shows Henderson the mug shot of Trina taken at Stanford. David seems surprised that Vasko is showing it to him. Henderson takes a long look at it.

JUSTIN

(after a long beat)

She looks familiar...

(a long beat)

... but I can't say I ever saw her.

David looks at him.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

It is in front of the Marina house -- David is starting the car up. He looks disturbed.

As he starts it -- Vasko is suddenly at the window.

VASKO
You didn't say you knew her.

DAVID
(after a beat)
Who?

VASKO
(smiles)
Anna Katrina Maxwell. Katrina Gavin.

DAVID
Yeah. I know her.

VASKO
I know you know her. I even know how well you know her... knew her -- past tense, right?

DAVID
Right. I didn't think it was --

VASKO
-- Relevant.
(a beat, he smiles)
I love that word.

DAVID
(after a beat)
She's coming in tomorrow. You'll read her her rights and we'll take it wherever it leads.

VASKO
(after a beat)
But you don't think it'll lead anywhere, right?

DAVID
(after a beat)
Right.

VASKO
But you could be mistaken. You're open to the possibility, however small, right?

DAVID

Right.

VASKO

(after a beat, smiles)

I'll get on the lab about that tape.

And he walks away.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

David drives -- like Matt, he is a fast driver -- he cuts in and out -- he is on Broadway, heading west.

EXT. DIVISIDERO HILL - NIGHT

The BMW cuts around another car and makes a hard, fast right onto Divisidero at the top of the hill. (This is the sharpest drop hill in San Francisco -- three long blocks straight down -- at the bottom is Lombard)

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

David drives -- Divisidero is two lanes in each direction -- straight up and down the hill. There is a car in front of him -- he pulls around it -- another car heads toward him... he brakes... brakes again... the brakes don't work.

EXT. DIVISIDERO HILL - NIGHT

The BMW swerves wildly, gaining momentum as it heads downhill.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

David pumps the brake wildly without success.

EXT. DIVISIDERO HILL - NIGHT

The car is a crazed bullet streaking down the ski-slope like road -- he cuts in and out of cars -- hits the sidewalk.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

He bounces off the sidewalk wildly, careening, trying to control the wheel -- sideswipes a car.

EXT. DIVISIDERO HILL - NIGHT

He bounces off another car, which swerves and jumps the sidewalk and CRASHES into a house. The impact throws the BMW into the oncoming lane.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

He swings the wheel wildly -- we hear a CRUNCH on his side of the car -- gets it back into the right lane -- then has to swing out again -- there is a car in front of him.

EXT. DIVISIDERO HILL - NIGHT

As the BMW hits the bottom of the hill -- literally bounces into the air -- and onto Lombard -- a very busy intersection. It swerves wildly as it hits Lombard.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

As the car swerves and plays crazed, spinning dodge'em with cars going in either direction and Lombard -- David spins the wheel and the car is suddenly on its side.

EXT. LOMBARD AVENUE - NIGHT

The BMW is on its side, and then completely flips, still spinning.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

David is upside down -- the car is spinning -- there is a terrific amount of SCREECHING, HONKING... and as the ear-splitting NOISE CLIMAXES, we...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. AN EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

He is sitting on the side of a stretcher, groggy. DOCTORS are there and a nurse. He has a bandage across his forehead. Vasko and Heller are also there.

DAVID
What the hell happened?

VASKO
You lost your brakes.

DAVID
(groggy)
How did I lose 'em?

VASKO
I don't know. Maybe somebody took 'em.

We see Lt. Hargrove there for the first time.

HARGROVE
We've got your car. They tell me
it's a faulty brake.

VASKO
(to David)
We're still looking at it.

HARGROVE
(to a doctor)
Don't tell me he's going to live.

DOCTOR
Bruises and contusions. He's got a
cracked rib. We'll hold him a couple
days.

HARGROVE
(smiles)
Rest up.

DAVID
Forget it. I'm out of here.

And he starts to get dressed.

DOCTOR
It's not smart. Take my advice --
stay here.

HARGROVE
He's not smart. He doesn't listen
to advice.

David looks at him a beat.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - MORNING

Trina comes out of the airport, holding her bag. Matt is
waiting for her in the black Porsche. He gets out of the
car when he sees her, grabs her bag.

TRINA
You didn't have to pick me up.

MATT
(smiles)
Yes I did.

TRINA
Why?

MATT
You won't believe why?

TRINA
 (a slight smile)
 You'd be surprised what I'd believe.

They get into the car.

INT. THE PORSCHE - CONTINUOUS

As they get in --

MATT
 It's David.

TRINA
 David? What about David?

MATT
 He wants to talk to you about Kyle
 Medford.

He starts the car up, starts to drive.

TRINA
 What's there to talk about?

MATT
 They found your prints on the hatchet
 that killed him.

TRINA
 Does David think I killed him?

MATT
 I don't think so.

INT. THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

She sits there calmly with Matt next to her. Around her are David, Vasko, Heller, Pat Callendar, Lt. Hargrove, and two other cops we've seen before, Jones and Locklin.

HELLER
 -- will be held against you. You
 have the right to an attorney --

MATT
 I'm here as her attorney.

Trina looks at Matt.

TRINA
 I don't need an attorney. You're
 here as my husband.

MATT

I can't be here as your husband.

They look at each other.

DAVID

(to Matt)

If you're not here as her attorney,
I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

MATT

(after a long beat)

I can't believe you're doing this
David.

DAVID

I'm doing my job.

(he smiles)

I don't have to explain the law to
you, do I?

Matt looks at him a beat.

MATT

No. You don't, David. THAT you
don't have to explain.

He gets up, kisses Trina on the cheek gently, quickly gives
David another look, and then leaves.

TRINA

What did you do to yourself, David?

DAVID

I had an accident.

TRINA

I hope you're all right.

DAVID

I'm fine.

(he smiles)

I'm very resilient.

HARGROVE

Where do you two know each other
from?

TRINA

From college. David was... a beau.

She smiles.

TRINA (CONT'D)

That's not going to compromise you
in this investigation, is it?

DAVID

No.

TRINA

Good.

HARGROVE

We'll have to get a ruling on that.

CALLENDAR

We'll get one.

TRINA

Shall we begin.

They look at her a beat.

DAVID

How would you characterize your
relationship with Kyle Medford?

TRINA

I'm on the board of the DeYoung
Museum. Kyle was the chairman. He
felt the DeYoung was too conservative
in it's acquisitions program. I
supported his efforts to make us
more active.

HELLER

Did you have social contact with
him?

TRINA

No.

JONES

You had no contact with him?

TRINA

I had no social contact with him.
My husband and I saw him at various
functions. We move among the same
people. I don't consider that social
contact.

CALLENDAR

Did you ever see him alone?

TRINA

Once. The day he died. He called and wanted to talk to me about the possibility of acquiring a new Matisse. I was going out of town for a conference. He said it was important that we move quickly. I agreed to meet him at his house.

HELLER

When did you go to his house?

TRINA

Last Saturday afternoon. I arrived about four-thirty and left around five-thirty. He poured me a glass of Sherry and showed me some of his art objects.

LOCKLIN

Was he alone?

TRINA

Yes. He told me that he had given his maid the day off.

HELLER

Did anyone see you?

TRINA

I don't know. I'm not a policeman. You should inquire.

They look at her a beat.

DAVID

What art objects did he show you?

TRINA

He showed me an awful mask from the Camaroons -- a fertility mask. I think, and a ritualistic hatchet that he said was more than a hundred years old. He was proud of it. It was a crudely made object.

JONES

Did you touch these objects?

TRINA

I touched the hatchet. He handed it to me. He held the mask up, but I may have touched it. I don't remember.

VASKO

Did you tell him what you thought of these objects?

TRINA

Of course not. I told him how much I admired them.

VASKO

(smiles)

You lies to him.

TRINA

Of course I did. I believe in courtesy -- don't you?

VASKO

No.

TRINA

I see that.

They look at her a beat.

LOCKLIN

What did you do after you left?

TRINA

I went home. I had to prepare for my Houston conference.

HELLER

Was your husband at home?

TRINA

No. He was working at the office.

JONES

Was anyone else at your home -- staff?

TRINA

No. Our butler had the day off too.

HELLER

Did you speak to anyone on the phone while you were home?

TRINA

I had the machine on. I told you. I had to prepare for my conference.
(she smiles)

I have no alibi until about nine o'clock -- if that's what you're asking me. I met Matt at the Black and White Ball.

VASKO

Your husband didn't drive you?

TRINA

He was working late. It would've been silly to have him come from the city all the way to Belvedere and then back.

HELLER

Where did you husband dress for the ball?

TRINA

He keeps a tux at the office.

VASKO

Did you ever visit Kyle Medford's house on the marina -- 1275 Marina Drive?

TRINA

I visited his once at his house in Pacific Heights. I didn't know he had a house on the marina.

DAVID

(suddenly)

Did you have a sexual relationship with Kyle Medford?

She looks at him a beat.

TRINA

I told you I had no social contact with him. I do consider sex to be a social contact.

They have their eyes on each other as she speaks.

TRINA (CONT'D)

And, as you know, I'm married.

A long beat, as they look at her again.

HELLER

Did you kill Kyle Medford, Mrs. Gavin?

TRINA

I'm a clinical psychologist. I specialize in the causes and affects of violent pathological behavior. I'm a healer. I'm not a killer.

A beat as they look at her.

DAVID
You didn't answer the question.

They look at each other.

TRINA
(after a beat)
No. I did not kill Kyle Medford.

They look at her a long beat.

TRINA (CONT'D)
(directly)
Is that all, David?

DAVID
(after a beat)
Yes.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - DAY

Matt and Trina, walking down the corridor of the building.

MATT
It wasn't smart. I could've helped
you in there.

TRINA
I've got nothing to hide.

MATT
(grins)
It's what I do, Trina.

TRINA
They were just playing head games
with me. I do better than you do.

MATT
(grins)
Oh yeah! Well, maybe one day I'll
really surprise you.

TRINA
(smiles at him)
Not a chance.

INT. THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David, Vasko, Heller, Lt. Hargrove, Jones, Locklin, Callendar --
they are still sitting there, thinking about it.

VASKO
(to David)
What do you think?

DAVID
We'll see where it leads.

HELLER
I think she did it.

DAVID
Why?

HELLER
She's manipulative, she's a control
freak -- she's got no alibi --

CALLENDAR
That's just all typical shrink
behavior. They pull the strings.
They always pull the strings.

HARGROVE
(to David)
She was pulling your strings pretty
good.

David looks at him. A BUZZER goes off -- Vasko answers a
portable phone.

VASKO
Yeah.
(a beat)
Hold her.

He hangs up.

VASKO (CONT'D)
We've got our dancer.

INT. THE PORSCHE - AFTERNOON

Matt drives, trina sits next to him. They are heading across
the Golden Gate to Marin.

MATT
(casually)
We had to talk to you. Look -- he
had a relationship with you. He's
got to bend over backwards. He's
just covering his ass.

TRINA
(smiles)
Did he ask you to put in a good word
with me, Matt?

MATT

(grins)

Yup. That's exactly what he did.

TRINA

(looks at him)

We're friends, aren't we?

She turns away from him, looks out the window. She lights a cigarette.

MATT

This thing's gonna blow in a whole other crazy direction.

TRINA

(casually)

What crazy direction?

MATT

There's sex in it -- hookers maybe -- I don't know. That's what I hear. Pictures.

TRINA

(after a beat, casually)

Pictures?

MATT

Photographs -- sex, powerful guys. Maybe Kyle was running some kind of shakedown.

TRINA

Where did you hear that?

MATT

(after a beat)

I've got my... sources.

He looks at her, smiles, puts an arm around her.

MATT (CONT'D)

Maybe we could just sort of... hang out.

She looks at him, a slight smile on her face.

MATT (CONT'D)

You too tired?

TRINA

(smiles)

Not me.

INT. A LITTLE ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY

David stands at a two-way mirror, watching PATRICE JACINTO talking to Vasko, Heller, Lt. Hargrove, Jones, Locklin, and Pat Callendar. We can't hear what they are saying.

Jacinto is a very sexy young woman, dressed in a hip, punkish style. Her sexuality is out there -- in your face. There is nothing refined about her; she is a complete contrast to Katrina.

A beat, as David watches, and then Vasko comes out of the interrogation room and into the little room he is in.

VASKO

(to David)

Zero. She didn't know Kyle Medford.
It's not her in this photograph.
She doesn't even recognize the guy
in the picture. And she wants her
lawyer. Now.

DAVID

(after a beat)

Get everybody out of there.

VASKO

(after a beat)

What are you gonna do -- fuck her?

DAVID

(after a beat)

She's not my type.

Vasko starts to head back in the room, David turns back to watch her.

VASKO

You didn't have any brake fluid.

DAVID

What?

VASKO

(grins)

Your car. You ever put brake fluid
in it?

DAVID

It's a new car.

VASKO

Sue'em.

And heads back into the room.

David watches Jacinto as the others clear out. She sits there, very cool.

A beat and then he goes into the room.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

He walks in. He done's look very good -- the bandage on his head, bruises on his face -- he moves very stiffly. Jacinto looks him over.

JACINTO
You look like shit.

She almost smiles.

DAVID
I'm David Corelli. I'm the prosecutor
for the City of San Francisco.

JACINTO
(after a beat, smiles)
Congratulations.

He sits down opposite her, smiles.

DAVID
You want somethin' to drink, hon --
you want a cigarette?

JACINTO
They said I couldn't smoke in here.

DAVID
(smiles)
You can if I say you can.

JACINTO
(smiles)
Oh yeah?

DAVID
(smiles)
Yeah.

JACINTO
(after a beat)
I don't smoke... hon.

DAVID
Let me tell you what's gonna happen
here, hon.

JACINTO

I know what's gonna happen here.
I'm gonna call my lawyer.

DAVID

Yeah, you are. You know what you're gonna tell him? You're gonna tell him there's a witness who can identify you going in and out of Kyle Medford's house on the marina. You're gonna tell him I've got a bunch of nice, clear photographs of you fucking the Governor of the State of California. You're gonna tell him I'm giving those photographs to the papers. You're gonna tell him those photographs are going to destroy the Governor's career. You know what's gonna happen then? Your lawyer's gonna tell you to go fuck yourself and leave him out of it.

She just stare at him, deadpan. David gets up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You know what else is gonna happen?

She looks at him, doesn't say anything.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The Governor's not going to have warm and fuzzy feelings about you.

They look at each other a beat. He reaches into his pocket, throws a quarter on the table.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Go call your lawyer, hon.

And he starts out of the room -- she watches him. AS he gets to the door --

JACINTO

Wait.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM, BELVEDERE - NIGHT

Matt is in bed, alone. He sips a glass of wine. A sheet covers him to the chest. It is light in the room. The curtains are only partially drawn.

He waits, sips, his face expressionless. Katrina comes out of the bathroom. She wears nothing but simple white bra and panties. Her body is beautiful.

MATT

Hello.

They look at each other a beat.

TRINA

(shyly)

It's too light in here.

MATT

(after a beat)

I like to see.

PATRICE JACINTO

She is talking directly INTO THE CAMERA. She speaks slowly and quietly.

JACINTO

I met Kyle at a party at the ACT.
He knew I was broke. He offered me
ten grand a pop. I've fucked guys
for less.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM, BELVEDERE - NIGHT

Trina, still standing in her bra and panties, looks at Matt in the bed. He puts his hand out -- a beat --, and she takes it. She looks shy.

MATT

I've missed you.

She looks at him a long beat, then steps to the window, closes the curtains. He watches her.

PATRICE JACINTO

She is talking, directly INTO THE CAMERA.

JACINTO

I'd go to the Marina house. The guy
would come in and spend the night.
They never knew who I was. I said
my name was Faith. I was a piece of
ass.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM, BELVEDERE - NIGHT

The curtain is closed; the room is dark now. Trina stands at the bed wearing her bra and panties, looks at Matt.

TRINA

(smiles)

That's better.

MATT

Aren't you going to take those things
off?

She looks at him, takes her bra off shyly. Their eyes are
on each other. Her breasts are beautiful.

PATRICE JACINTO

She is talking, directly INTO THE CAMERA.

JACINTO

I did it three times. Two of those
creeps didn't even want me. They
wanted one of the other girls. They'd
fucked her before. Jade.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM, BELVEDERE - DAY

She is in bed now. He is above her. He lowers her panties.
He lowers himself to kiss her there. She holds his hand.
Her eyes, wide open, are on the ceiling. She is passive,
she hardly moves.

PATRICE JACINTO

She is talking, directly INTO THE CAMERA.

JACINTO

The fucking Governor. I recognized
him. Jade rocked his world. He
even wanted me to put on a red wig.
He wanted me to hang around.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM, BELVEDERE - DAY

Matt makes love to her... he is inside her... above her...
he moves... she lies there, hardly moving... we see her
eyes... they are wide open... she is crying.

PATRICE JACINTO

She is talking, directly INTO THE CAMERA.

JACINTO

I don't take it that way. Jade took
it any way. Jade did anything.
Jade loved it. Jade couldn't get
enough of it.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM, BELVEDERE - DAY

As Matt climaxes --

MATT

(in a whisper)

I love you. I love you so much.

Her eyes are closed. She holds him. There are tears on her face.

PATRICE JACINTO

She is talking, directly INTO THE CAMERA.

JACINTO

I never met her. I'd like to. I'm never into women mostly. I like redheads. She could rock my world. I saw her once, leaving the Kyle's house. I think it was her -- she had long, red hair. She looked... really cool.

And the screen turns to snow.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

And we see that David and Vesko have been watching jacinto on a videotape machine. A long beat, as they stare at the SNOW on the set, and then David shuts it OFF.

VASKO

I'd sure like to meet her. Did any broad ever rock your world like that?

DAVID

(after a long beat)

No.

His phone RINGS. He picks it up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Okay.

INT. THE POLICE LAB - DAY

There are three TECHNICIANS in the dark room, along with David and Vasko. They stand in front of a large screen. On the SCREEN, we see, BLURRED, a man and a woman in bed, naked. The film is in color, but the color is very diffused.

TECHNICIAN

We've got about nine seconds. The rest is too burned.

We see the woman from the back -- the footage has been shot from the foot of the bed. She is on top of the man, straddling him -- he is inside her.

We see the man's face -- he is oriental -- but not here.
There are gleaming silver handcuffs hanging off the headboard.

The technicians adjust dials to make it SHARPER -- as they do, we see the woman has long red hair.

David and Vasko stare.

ANOTHER TECHNICIAN

Slo-mo.

They keep turning knobs.

We watch the woman atop the oriental man as she moves... straddling him... her body beautiful... her movements wild, almost frenzied.

VASKO

(in awe)

She's gonna fuck him to death.

As they move toward climax, she arches her back... throws her head back... farther... farther... into almost a grotesque contortion... her red hair cascades down her back... as she keeps pumping.

DAVID

Freeze it right there.

They FREEZE THE FRAME -- with her head completely tilted back... her back severely arched... her breasts completely out-thrust. They stare.

VASKO

Can you flip it upside-down?

A technician hits button -- the freeze-frame FLIPS upside down... but we still can't see her face.

ANOTHER TECHNICIAN

Magnify it.

They keep zeroing in on the face... adjusting the frame... closer -- closer... and we suddenly see her face. Her face is sweated, her makeup is running... But there is no doubt it's Katrina. David stares, his eyes huge. He looks riven.

VASKO

(in a whisper)

Jesus.

INT. THE CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION - DAY

David stands at a water fountain, drinking deeply. He lets some of the water hit his face.

He straightens up -- Vasko is standing there, watching him.

VASKO
What are you gonna do?

DAVID
We'll bring her in.

Vasko looks at him.

VASKO
I'm sorry.

He looks at Vasko.

DAVID
We don't have a motive.

VASKO
(after a beat)
I'll bet you a buck we'll find one.

David looks at him a long beat, Vasko turns and walks away.

David turns to the window, dazed, lost in his thoughts. It is on the second floor, overlooking a police parking lot.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - DAY

Lt. Hargrove stands, talking to a man who is about to get into a black Porsche. The car door is open. There is a black rubber cover over the car's engine. The car windows are tinted black. We can't see the man's face for a beat -- and then he turns. It is Bill Barrett, Governor Edward's administrative assistant.

He walks in, still looking like he's been poleaxed. Sandy, his secretary, stops him as he heads into his inner office.

SANDY
She called three times. She wants to meet you at Dooley's at five o'clock. She said it's very important.

She hands David three pink phone slips, he looks at them.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Governor Edwards would like you to call him.
(a beat)
And Matt Gavin called.

He looks up from his phone slips, looks at Sandy like she isn't there.

SANDY (CONT'D)

(looks at him)

You want some Tylenol or something?

A beat, and he shakes his head, still looking dazed.

INT. DOOLEY'S - LATE AFTERNOON

It is a bar at the St. Francis Hotel. Union Square is across the street. Floor-to-ceiling windows face the square. David sits at a table next to a window. He has a drink in front of him. He glances at a clock -- ten minutes after five.

He looks out the window. Across the street, he sees Patrice Jacinto getting out of a cab. She wears another very hot, post-punk outfit.

Jacinto jaywalks across the street. She looks nervous -- she looks carefully at traffic -- and gets to David's side of the sidewalk. She stops a moment, looks at him through the window. He watches her as she walks toward the door of that leads to the bar.

And suddenly there is na explosive, whooshing roar... and we see the ROARING, fleeting shape of a black Porsche... on the sidewalk...

...Right outside David's window... people scream... as it hits Jacinto... hurling her body high in the air... and it CRASHES through one of the big glass windows... into the bar.

Chaos. Pandemonium. Screams.

David runs wildly... to the door of the bar... and out into the street.

EXT. POWELL STREET - DAY

He sees the black Porsche... in the street now... caught in traffic ahead... it desperately shifts into reverse, trying to get to the sidewalk again... turning in the street... and we see the black rubber hood cover on the engine.

David runs toward it... for a moment the Porsche looks like it is coming right at him... the man running head-on towards this hellacious black machine, its windows tinted black... and then it swerves onto the side sidewalk and farther ahead.

David runs after it... by a row of taxis... stops, grabs a CAB DRIVER sitting in a cab by the neck, pulls him out of the car.

CABBIE

(screaming)

What are you doin'? What the fuck's
goin' on?

DAVID

(screaming)

Get the fuck out!

And he jumps into the cab and GUNS it... the black Porsche is up ahead now, on the sidewalk, ROARING ahead... people leap and dive out of its way.

INT. THE CAB - LATE AFTERNOON

David GUNS the cab onto the sidewalk, behind it at a distance... as people jump out of his way. He lays on the HORN... desperate, intense, trying not to hit anyone or anything... the cab sideswipes a storefront -- the window SHATTERS and EXPLODES out onto the street.

EXT. POWELL STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Porsche, makes a wild turn onto a small street. David's cab makes a wild turn behind it. The Porsche is farther ahead now.

And they are suddenly in the little streets of Chinatown on a warm, sunny day at rush hour, teeming with tourists and merchants. Fruits and vegetable stands line the narrow sidewalks.

And the Porsche makes another wild turn into a very narrow little street... David has closed the gap a little now... and up ahead, coming towards the Porsche, David sees... a parade.

We see majorettes up front -- they are lovely Chinese elementary school girls. The Porsche heads straight towards them... closer and closer to the front row of girls... some of them start to scatter... ranks of grade school kids are behind them.

INT. THE CAB - LATE AFTERNOON

DAVID

(screams)

NO!

EXT. THE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

And, at the last moment, the Porsche veers wildly... away from the kids... onto a sidewalk again... the small sports car barely fits on the sidewalk between the storefronts and

the parked cars... fruit stalls EXPLODE... people dive... but it gets through... and GUNS ahead down the sidewalk.

INT. THE CAB - CONTINUOUS

David finds himself heading right for the row of kids... he swerves wildly towards the sidewalk after the Porsche... and realizes that he won't fit through between the storefronts and the parked cars.

He jams on the brake, and the cab comes to a SCREECHING stop.

He sits there behind the wheel of the cab with Chinese people screaming at him in Chinese and thumping the car.

INT. DOOLEY'S - LATER

Police are all over the place -- both inside and outside it. The area has been blocked off.

David stares at Patrice Jacinto's body -- it has landed across a table; her head is nearly decapitated.

VASKO

(next to him)

Somebody knew she was talking to us.

He looks at Vasko, and then, behind him --

HARGROVE

Well, we don't have a talking head anymore.

David looks at him; Hargrove is looking at Jacinto's body.

HARGROVE (CONT'D)

Aren't you glad you convinced her to talk?

David looks at Hargrove like he could kill him.

HARGROVE (CONT'D)

(smiles)

I mean -- at least we know what was going on. We don't have to start from scratch.

DAVID

(after a beat)

I didn't know you knew Governor Edwards.

HARGROVE

I don't.

(MORE)

HARGROVE (CONT'D)

I know his A.A... though, Bill Barrett. Why? You want me to introduce you? Maybe he can give you some tips on your campaign.

DAVID

(after a beat, smiles)
No thanks.

HARGROVE

(smiles)
He's good. He always wins.

David looks at him. He starts away.

HARGROVE (CONT'D)

You know about the meeting tomorrow at seven?

DAVID

What meeting?

HARGROVE

Katrina Gavin. I've got everybody working all night.

DAVID

(after a beat)
I'll be there.

HARGROVE

(a slight smile)
Thought you'd be.

DAVID

(to Vasko)
Issue me a weapon.

Vasko looks at him a beat, nods.

HARGROVE

(smiles)
You're not getting paranoid, are you?

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM, BELVEDERE - NIGHT

The white Porsche pulls into a circular driveway and pulls next to a Ferrari. Matt gets out. He is wearing sweat-clothes. The butler is washing the Ferrari.

BUTLER

Did you have a nice run, sir?

MATT

Yes I did -- thank you, Alan.

BUTLER

Mrs. Gavin called from the city, sir. She wasn't sure when she was getting back. She said you should eat without her, sir.

We hear the ROAR of another car engine.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Oh, I think she's here now, sir.

And we see the black Porsche come into the circular driveway. Katrina is in it. She stops. Matt steps to her window. We see the car does not have the rubber hood cover over the engine.

MATT

Where'd you go?

TRINA

I had to get some papers at the office? Hungry?

MATT

(smiles)
Starved.

She smiles.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It is a small bachelor apartment in the Sunset District.

David lies in bed, fully clothed, with only a single light next to the bed. He has a photo album that he is looking at. His face is expressionless. We see the photographs as he pages through the album slowly.

We see him with Trina... they are both in their early 20's. We see them on the Stanford campus, their arms around each other, mugging for the camera... They are at an animal rights protest, posters in their hands... They're in bathing suits, kissing, on the beach at a spring break... and then we see a photograph of David and Matt, their arms around each other, smiling.

And then he turns the page, and we see three color photographs of Katrina in her early 20's. She is kneeling on a bed, looking right into the camera. She is wearing lacy black underwear and smiling coyly, sexily into the camera. Her hair is very long and flows down her back.

David stares at the page a long beat, and then he leans his head back and closes his eyes.

KATRINA

She is wearing reading glasses and a simple dress with a single strand of pearls. She stands at a speaker's podium.

TRINA

But they are no longer able to control their urges. They disassociate themselves from their own actions, often even experiencing what I term a hysterical blindness. They are blind to the darkness within themselves.

INT. THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Detective Locklin hits a button, shuts the VCR off. We see David, Pat Callendar, Lt. Hargrove, Vasko, Heller, and Jones in the room.

LOCKLIN

It's a speech she made in Houston.

HELLER

(looks at notes)

Her father's dead. Her mother lives in Paris -- her mother's twice remarried, the last one's and Italian actor. She's never been close to her mother.

JONES

She was an only child. She grew up in Switzerland, New York, and Newport, Rhode Island. She went to Bryn Mawr and then Stnaford, where she met Matthew Gavin and married him the year after graduation.

VASKO

She's personally worth four to five mil in trusts. Her husband's one of the Hillsborough Gavins -- 70 to 80 mil in trusts, and he pulls down another three a year from his law practice. She makes 650 grand a year from her psychiatric practice.

HELLER

(looks at notes)

They own two homes -- The one in Belvedere and a ranch in St. Helena. They own four cars. She drives a white Porsche, her husband drives a black one. She active in Marin charities and animal rights groups. She has a reputation for being devoted to her work and to her husband.

VASKO

(grins)

And for taking it any way and loving it. She's the perfect yuppie.

David looks at him.

HARGROVE

What was that Stanford arrest about?

LOCKLIN

I'm still trying to get more detail --

HARGROVE

(to David)

Did you know her then?

DAVID

(after a beat)

Yes.

HARGROVE

(smiles)

Well, are you gonna tell us? Is it relevant?

DAVID

(after a beat)

She went in and trashed a research lab. We'd been involved in... she'd been involved in a protest. One night she lost it and trashed the place. She had to pay the damages.

Locklin hits the video button again. We see photographs of the Oriental man who we saw in the video making love to Jade.

LOCKLIN

Kamaru Toshito, 54, chairman of the Takashita Corporation, Japan's third biggest computer firm, very heavy in Japanese political and industrial circles.

He shuts the video button off.

VASKO

She might take it in any way, but
not from anybody, That's for sure.
She fucks big bucks.

A long beat, they think about it.

HARGROVE

(after a beat)

You know what I say? We've got her
prints on the hatchet. We've got
her lying to us in her statement.
We've got her in Medford's house
just before he died. She's got no
alibi. I say we stop dicking around.
We've got a case.

CALLENDAR

We don't have a motive.

HARGROVE

Sure we do. She spends her time
studying nutcases. She's a wealthy,
socially prominent, married woman
who gets off hooking on the side.
What was it she said on the tape --
"Blind to the darkness within
themselves"? She lost it -- just
like she lost it at Stanford.

VASKO

Whoever killed Medford lost it--
that's for sure.

David just stares ahead, says nothing.

CALLENDAR

What do you think, David?

He looks at Callendar a long beat, says nothing.

Vasko reaches into a briefcase and hands him a holster with
a gun in it. A beat, and David takes it.

HARGROVE

(smiles)

Be careful. You don't want to shoot
yourself in the foot with it.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

He walks in, goes to the window. Looks out.

BARRETT (O.S.)

David -- how are you?

He turns, startled, sees Governor Edwards A.A., Bill Barrett, sitting there.

DAVID

How did you get in here?

BARRETT

When the Governor of the State of California calls, most people return the phone call.

DAVID

I've been busy.

BARRETT

(a slight smile)

So I've heard.

They look at each other a beat.

BARRETT (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Those photographs you left in Sacramento. I thought maybe now that you won't be needing them, you could help me find the negatives.

David looks at him a long beat.

DAVID

(quietly)

Get out of here.

Barrett looks at him a beat, then gets up and smiles.

BARRETT

What do you need them for, David? They're not relevant anymore. Dead pussy tells no secrets.

He starts to walk out.

DAVID

I like your car Barrett.

Barrett stops, looks at him a beat, then smiles.

BARRETT

Did you hear what happened? You won't believe it. I drive into town yesterday, see some old friends.

(MORE)

BARRETT (CONT'D)

I stop for an Irish coffee at the Clift after -- somebody steals it right out of valet parking.

DAVID

(smiles)

Did you report it stolen?

BARRETT

(smiles)

Yeh! I told you you wouldn't believe it.

(a beat)

Hell yes. Not that it's going to do any good. I called Hargrove as soon as it happened. He reported it for me.

(a beat)

See ya.

He starts out again -- at the door, turns back.

BARRETT (CONT'D)

Hey, I heard you had some car trouble too. I heard you were lucky.

And he's gone.

EXT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - DAY

David, Lt. Hargrove and Vasko get out of an unmarked police car. They walk up the steps to the front door. They see a black Porsche near the garage, along with other cars. Hargrove hits the door hard with the heavy Gorgon knocker. The butler opens the door.

BUTLER

Mr. Corelli, sir --

HARGROVE

Is Katrina Gavin here?

The butler looks at them a beat.

BUTLER

She's in the study.

INT. KATRINA'S STUDY - DAY

She is sitting at a desk, wearing her reading glasses -- papers are spread out in front of her. She wears a very expensive, softly sexy robe. She is smoking a cigarette.

She sees David and the two others coming towards the study. She watches them, looks at them a beat when they get there.

A beat and she blows smoke towards them.

TRINA
Hello, David.

Her face is expressionless, so is his.

HARGROVE
We'd like you to come downtown with us Mrs. Gavin.

TRINA
(after a beat)
Am I under arrest?

VASKO
We can do it that way, if it's the way you want to do it.

TRINA
I've told you all I know about Kyle Medford. What's this about?

She looks at David a beat.

DAVID
(quietly)
Jade.

They keep their eyes on each other for the longest beat. There is a worldful of pain in his eyes.

TRINA
(evenly)
I don't know anyone named Jade.

HARGROVE
Would you like to change and call your attorney, Mrs. Gavin.

She still has her eyes on David. He turns away from her.

TRINA
Yes.

EXT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - DAY

David is looking at the Porsche. He sees some scrapes on the front bumper, but nothing more. There are other plainclothesmen examining the; we see other police cars too.

As he is looking at it -- Trina comes down the steps with Hargrove and Vasko. She wears a simple black dress. She wears dark, wrap-around sunglasses.

DAVID

Didn't you have an engine cover on the hood?

TRINA

It's Matt's car. Ask him. I don't drive it... much.

(a beat)

They call it a bra.

DAVID

What?

TRINA

The cover. It's a bra.

They get into the unmarked police car.

INT. THE UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

As they cross the Golden Gate Bridge, Hargrove drives; Vasko sits in the front seat next to him. David sits in the back behind Hargrove, Trina behind Vasko.

Hargrove glances at them in the rear-view mirror. Their eyes are straight ahead, their faces expressionless.

And then Trina puts her left hand on David's right knee, her eyes still straight ahead, hidden by the sunglasses. He doesn't look at her. A long beat as her hand rests on his knee. And then he puts his right hand on her hand... and he moves her hand off his knee.

Hargrove glances at them in the rear-view mirror.

HARGROVE

Who's your attorney?

TRINA

My husband's meeting us downtown.

DAVID

(after a beat)

You might consider having someone else represent you.

TRINA

He's always intimidated you. If I really need an attorney, he's the perfect person to represent me.

David sees Hargrove looking at them in the rear-view mirror. Hargrove hides a smile.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The room is bare and cold. It is the same room Patrice Jacinto was questioned in. The well-sized, two-way mirror is at the end of the room. There are a few bright lights in the room.

(NOTE: Much of the scene should be SHOT as REFLECTED in the angles, shadows, and spotty brightness of the mirror.)

The conference table is no longer here, there are only chairs in the room. She sits on a chair, facing them in her simple black dress. She looks almost demure. She wears her dark, wrap-around sunglasses. There is a small stand not far from her chair. On separate chairs in different parts of the room are David, Lt. Hargrove, Pat Callendar, Heller Jones, and Locklin.

She looks perfectly composed.

HARGROVE

Can you remove your sunglasses, please?

TRINA

May I have some Evian water?

DAVID

(smiles)

We'll get you some tap water if you like, that's all we've got.

At that moment, Matt Gavin comes into the room. He wears an impeccable Brioni suit. He looks upset.

MATT

What's this about?

He kisses Trina softly, quickly on the cheek.

HARGROVE

Sit down, Counselor.

Matt gives Hargrove a look, takes a chair, moves it next to hers.

DAVID

Let the record show that Matthew Gavin is here as Anna Katrina Gavin's attorney.

We see a stenographer in the corner.

Sandy, David's pretty blonde secretary, the young woman we saw earlier having sex with Matt, comes in... with a paper cup of water... and hands it to Trina.

TRINA

(smiles)

Thank You.

Sandy looks at Trina, glances at Matt, and heads out. Matt glances furtively at her as she is leaving.

DAVID

Let's begin.

HARGROVE

Can you remove your sunglasses, please, Mrs. Gavin?

A beat -- she takes them off and smiles a thin smile at Hargrove. Heller hits a button, on the TV set in the corner, we see Patrice Jacinto.

JACINTO

Two of those creeps didn't even want me. They wanted one of the other girls. They'd fucked her before. Jade. The fuckin' Governor -- I recognized him -- Jade rocked his world.

We see Katrina and Matt watching Jacinto. Trina shows no reaction.

JACINTO (CONT'D)

(on tape)

He even wanted me to put on a red wig. He wanted me to turn around. I don't take it that way.

We see David watching Trina watching Jacinto. He is holding a set of keys in his hand nervously as he watches her. The keys have a silver key ring.

JACINTO (CONT'D)

(on tape)

Jade took it any way. Jade did anything. Jade loved it. Jade couldn't get enough of it.

The tape ends.

MATT

What is this? What does this have to do with Katrina?

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm not going ot let her be a part of
a fishing expedition.

David nods to Heller. He hits a button and, on the TV SCREEN, we see the grainy, color-diffused tape of Katrina having sex with the Oriental man. It goes into SLOW-MOTION as it begins to clear.

Matt stares at the screen. Katrina is expressionless. The tape ends with the climax... her back arched almost grotesquely, her breasts out-thrust, her head thrown back, her red hair cascading... and then we see the freeze-frame on Katrina's face... and then the freeze-frame turned right side up.

The tape ENDS. The screen is dark. A very long beat.

Matt's eye are wide open, staring at the dark screen. He is frozen. Then he finally blinks... his eyes still on the dark screen. He starts to look at her and stops... It's like he can't turn his face to her.

She sits there, expressionless, poised, composed.

DAVID

Mrs. Gavin -- is that you in the
videotape.

She looks at David a beat, expressionless.

MATT

(suddenly, emotionally)
It could be anybody! That woman
vaguely resembles her! What the
fuck is this? That's not her --

TRINA

(quietly)
Yes it is.

She looks at David. Matt looks at her a beat, then --

MATT

(explosively)
She doesn't know what she's saying.
(to Trina)
She's acting against the advice of
counsel --

She puts her hand on Matt's and holds it.

TRINA

(to Matt, softly)
I'm sorry.

She looks at him. He looks away from her. She keeps holding his hand -- and then he takes his hand away. David watches her.

A beat, and then Matt looks at David. If looks could kill... David looks away from him.

DAVID

I'm sorry... Mr. Gavin... You're her attorney. There was no other way. I suggested she have other counsel represent her.

MATT

(in a whisper)
Fuck you, David. Don't do me any favors.

A long beat, as they look at each other.

HARGROVE

(enjoying this)
Can we get on with it?

David looks at him. We can tell Hargrove is enjoying this. He looks at Katrina.

TRINA

(quietly, hesitantly)
I met Kamaru Toshito at a fundraiser for the museum. I liked him. I liked him very much.
(a beat, with difficulty)
He took me to a house. I spent the night with him.

She looks like she's going to cry. Matt can't look at her -- his eyes are on the ground. She reaches out for his hand again -- he won't give it to her.

TRINA (CONT'D)

(quietly)
I'm sorry.
(a beat)
I'm so sorry.

Matt doesn't look at her; David watches her.

A beat -- Hargrove looks at David. He looks like he's in utter disbelief.

HARGROVE

Are you kidding me? Are you saying you weren't hooking?

MATT
What did you say?

He looks at Hargrove as though he is coming out of a trance.

MATT (CONT'D)
(hard)
Are you accusing my wife of hooking?
Do you know who you're speaking to?

HARGROVE
(hard)
No Counselor, I'm accusing your wife
of hooking.

A long beat as Matt and Hargrove glare at each other.

TRINA
(quietly)
I cheated on my husband, but that
doesn't make it hooking.

She is completely calm. They stare at her.

VASKO
You weren't hooking for Kyle Medford?

TRINA
I beg your pardon.

DAVID
(hard)
Answer the question.

MATT
(quietly)
Jesus, I don't believe this.

TRINA
Of course not.

HARGROVE
(hard)
You never called yourself Jade? You
never --

TRINA
(calmly)
No.

They look at her a beat.

HELLER
Did you have sex with other men --

TRINA

(hard)

I did not! I cheated on my husband
once --

(she looks at Matt)

-- To my great -- shame.

(a beat)

I knew it was wrong... but I didn't
know I could be arrested for it.

A beat, as they look at her.

CALLENDAR

You're not under arrest Mrs. Gavin.

A long beat. She looks down.

TRINA

That woman on the videotape... I'd
be happy to meet her... She could
tell you I'm not this person... she
was referring to.

DAVID

(after a beat)

She's dead.

A beat, she looks at David. He puts the keys he's been
playing with on the stand nearby.

VASKO

Did you ever fuck the Governor of
California.

She looks at Vasko like he's nuts. Matt gets up.

TRINA

No. Did you.

Vasko looks at her, grins, he likes that.

TRINA (CONT'D)

If you don't believe me, why don't
you ask Governor Edwards?

(a beat)

Ask Hamaru if I'm telling you the
truth... I've got his number in Tokyo.

(a beat)

Please be discreet. He's married.
I'm sure he regrets what happened
between us as much as I do.

They stare at her.

VASKO

Why did you wear the red wig?

TRINA

He asked me to. He took it out of his briefcase. I don't know why. Ask him.

LOCKLIN

Where was the house that Mr. Toshito took you to?

TRINA

I don't remember. It was somewhere in the Marina.

David is pacing right in front of the two-way mirror at the end of the room.

JONES

Have you been in that house on other occasions?

TRINA

No. I was only there that night.

David has his back to her. He is staring right into the two-way mirror.

DAVID

Would it surprise you if I told you that house was owned by Kyle Medford?

TRINA

Yes, it would. I didn't know Hamaru knew Kyle.

David turns to her.

DAVID

What if I told you I had a witness who saw you enter and leave that house on several occasions?

They have their eyes on each other.

MATT

She's already answered the question. It's the only time she was there.

TRINA

I'd tell you your witness was mistaken.

DAVID

Where were you yesterday afternoon
between five and seven.

TRINA

I was in the city. I met Matt for a
drink at the Clift around three. I
had to go to my office to pick some
papers up and return some phone calls.
Then I got stuck in traffic on the
bridge for a while. I got home around
eight.

MATT

How does this relate to Kyle Medford?

DAVID

(to Trina)
What were you driving?

TRINA

My Porsche.
(a beat)
No -- I'm sorry. I drove my
husband's.

DAVID

The black Porsche?

TRINA

Yes.

MATT

What are you accusing her of?

DAVID

Nothing. She doesn't have to answer
any questions she doesn't want to.

A beat, as they look at each other.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Why did you drive your husband's
Porsche?

TRINA

Sometimes we switch.

They look at her.

TRINA (CONT'D)

(quietly)
I've committed no crime. If you
have no further questions. I'd like
to go.

They look at her a beat.

HARGROVE

Can you be available for a lineup tomorrow?

MATT

(hard)

Forget it! Enough is enough. She's not going to be put through anymore of this. If you're going to charge her, charge her. But let me tell you -- if you charge her falsely -- this city is going to pay her more money than L.A. paid Joe Morgan. Think about that.

(to Trina)

Let's go.

TRINA

I've got nothing to hide. I'll be available when you need me.

They look at her a beat.

TRINA (CONT'D)

(to David)

What you did to my marriage here today was unspeakable.

(a beat)

May my husband and I go now?

DAVID

(after a beat)

Yes.

Their eyes are on each other.

They start to head out. As they are almost out the door --

MATT

(quietly, intensely)

You happy now David? Is this what you wanted?

He turns to go out.

DAVID

Whatever happened to the bra on your Porsche?

Matt turns back, looks at him a beat, shakes his head in disbelief.

MATT

I don't know what you're talking about.

And they're gone. A long beat as they sit there. David stands in front of the two-way mirror, facing it.

VASKO

(grins)

Well. I think she had some uncontrollable urges and is having hysterical blindness.

As David stares at the two-way mirror, he thinks he saw something. Maybe we saw the tiniest flicker of a shadow there; maybe we imagined it.

DAVID

(to Vasko)

Is anybody there?

He indicates the little room on the other side of the mirror.

VASKO

Where?

HARGROVE

No.

David looks at Hargrove a beat -- and he heads out of the room. They stare at him.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - DAY

He walks to the next door and tries to open it. It is locked. He tries again. It won't open. A beat -- he stands there. And then he heads back down the corridor.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

He walks back in. They stare at him.

DAVID

It's locked.

HARGROVE

Well yes, it's locked. It's always locked when we're not using it.

David looks at the two-way mirror again suspiciously.

VASKO

You want to call maintenance and get a key?

David looks at them a beat, shakes his head. Hargrove gives Vasko a look that says; He's losing it. David sees the look. Hargrove smiles a little and looks away from him.

HARGROVE

(after a beat)

She's lying. She's one of the best I've ever seen. She knows the guy in Tokyo isn't going to get involved... and she knows Sacramento... isn't going to get involved... she knows the other hooker's dead.

CALLENDAR

How did she even know Jacinto was talking to us?

HARGROVE

I don't know how she knew. But she knew somehow. She's dangerous. She's a sociopath. She killed Medford and is covering herself. She's studied her crazies too well. She's as warped as they are.

A beat, as they look at him.

INT. A LITTLE ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY

Someone is watching them through the glass.

HELLER

(to David)

You know her. You think she's lying?

David is looking right into the mirror.

DAVID

(after a beat)

Yes.

We see who is watching them now. It is Bill Barrett. He smiles.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - DAY

Matt and Trina are standing by their Mercedes 600. He pushes the automatic door opener. It won't open. He pushes it again. It won't open. He suddenly hits the door with his fist. A beat, and then he looks at her in pain and anger.

TRINA

(calm)

Don't. Please.

MATT
 (after a beat, hard)
 Don't? You mean I can't even ask
 you.

TRINA
 (flat)
 Don't.

A beat, as they look at each other.

TRINA (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 Do you think I don't know?
 (she smiles)
 I must strike you as stupid.

MATT
 (after a beat)
 Know what?

TRINA
 (calm)
 Their names. The places you take
 them to dinner. The suite over in
 Paramount Towers.
 (a beat)
 Of course, it was usually the office.
 (after a beat)
 You work very hard, don't you?

MATT
 (after a beat)
 You've had me watched?

TRINA
 (after a beat)
 Not for the last year.
 (a beat)
 I don't like wasting money.

He looks away from her.

TRINA (CONT'D)
 I've cheated on you once. How many
 times have you cheated on me?

A long beat, and then he looks back at her.

MATT
 Do you want a divorce? Is that it?

His voice is choked up. She looks at him a long beat.

TRINA

Do you?

MATT

(after a beat)

No.

He looks away from her. He is more choked up.

MATT (CONT'D)

I love you.

He doesn't look at her when he says it. She watches him.

TRINA

(flat)

I love you too.

He looks at her. Her face is expressionless. There is a coldness about her.

TRINA (CONT'D)

Will you open the door for me, please.

A beat, as he looks at her, and he opens the Mercedes door for her.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM, BELVEDERE - DAY

He sits on the side of the bed, still wearing his Brioni suit. He stares at nothing. The door to the bathroom is open. She is in the shower -- there is steam in the bathroom. She comes out of the shower, naked, and starts to dry off with a towel.

He watches her from the side of the bed... watches her body.

He comes into the bathroom slowly, still wearing his suit. She watches him come towards her in the mirror.

He suddenly grabs her by the hair, pulls her head back. A beat -- she winces in pain.

She suddenly grabs the scissors on the bathroom counter and slashes at him with the scissors. He jumps back -- his hand is slightly out. There is a trickle of blood.

She stands there, holding the scissors, her eyes wild.

TRINA

Did that tape turn you on, Matt? Is that what happened?

He looks at her a beat -- the blood trickles down his hand.

MATT

(after a long beat)
Put 'em down.
(a beat)
Put the scissors down, Trina.

She holds them.

TRINA

(smiles)
Why? I like holding them. I like
that they frighten you.

MATT

(after a beat)
Please.

A long beat, as she looks at him, and then puts them down.
They look at each other a long beat.

MATT (CONT'D)

(quiet, hoarse)
You never made love to me -- like
you fucked that guy.

TRINA

(after a beat, smiles)
Maybe you never brought that side of
me out.

MATT

(after a beat)
Did David?

TRINA

(smiles)
David? I told you the kind of lover
David was.

MATT

To protect my frail ego? That's
what David said.

He looks away from her, down at the counter... and picks the
scissors up casually. She looks at him with the scissors in
hand. He is not exactly threatening her with the scissors,
but he is holding the scissors between them.

TRINA

Is your ego frail?

He is still looking at the scissors in his hand.

TRINA (CONT'D)

I would have thought all those young blondes would have built it up.

He looks at her now, the scissors in hand... and for a moment we think he is going to lash out at her. But he puts the scissors down on the counter... and turns away from her.

She turns back to the mirror. Her hair is wet. She has no makeup on. We see shadows under her eyes. She looks almost... feral.

INT. THE BATHROOM - LATER

She stands in front of the mirror. She looks hot. It isn't the restrained, in-held sexuality we've seen throughout. She sizzles. She has more makeup on we've ever seen her wear. She wears a very tight and revealing red dress. And she wears a long blonde wig. She looks at herself and smiles. She turns and walks into the bedroom.

INT. THE BEDROOM - LATER

The curtains have been drawn. The bedroom is dark. He is lying in the darkness on the bed, still wearing his Brioni suit. He looks at her as she walks in -- heading right out.

MATT

Where are you going?

She looks at him.

TRINA

Out.

(a beat)

Do you like my dress?

He says nothing, looks at her hard.

MATT

Where?

TRINA

(icy)

To the office.

(she smiles)

I've got work to do.

They look at each other.

MATT

(quietly)

You're dressed for it.

TRINA
(after a beat)
Yes, I am.

And she goes. A beat, and he gets up and goes to the bathroom door.

He looks at himself in the mirror a beat. He looks awful. And he looks at the counter -- the scissors are gone.

INT. THE POLICE GARAGE - DAY

David and Vasko are looking at Matt Gavin's black Porsche -- with them are two or three police FORENSICS MEN.

FORENSICS MAN 1
These two scrapes here --

He indicates the scrapes on the front fender.

FORENSICS MAN 1 (CONT'D)
-- They're new -- but the tests show no blood. There wouldn't necessarily be blood here from an impact -- the blood could have flocked -- right here.

He taps the hood of the car.

FORENSICS MAN 2
But no blood here, either. Not even a trace.

FORENSICS MAN 3
There are a lot of paint traces on the front and rear bumper and sides.

DAVID
What does that mean?

FORENSICS MAN 1
It either means they take it to a car wash that's not very good. Or it's been in the kind of chase you described.

DAVID
What if there was a bra on the engine?

FORENSICS MAN 1
The blood would be on the bra and not on the body.

A beat -- David nods and he and Vasko start walking away. One of the Forensics men standing at the Porsche yells to them.

FORENSICS MAN 2
Can we release it?

Vasko looks at David, David shrugs.

VASKO
(yelling)
Yeah.

As they walk through the garage, they see Hargrove and Bill Barrett standing at another black Porsche... completely identical to Matt Gavin's.. That's been completely trashed. It look like a truck hit it.

BARRETT
(to David)
Hey -- did you see my car? Somebody
drove it off a cliff.

David looks at the car, sees Barrett grinning at him.

BARRETT (CONT'D)
You know the good news? The insurance
company got me a brand new one.

HARGROVE
(to David)
It helps to have powerful friends.
(to Barrett)
Am I right?

BARRETT
(to David)
You,re right.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As he is about to open his door, he hears something move inside. He listens -- he hears it again. He draws his gun. He opens the door very slowly.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He steps into the darkness -- warily, his gun drawn. He sees a shadow in the kitchen.

DAVID
Put your hands up and come out slowly.

He aims the gun carefully with both hands, pulls back the hammer. A long beat. And Katrina steps out.

She wears the very tight and skimpy red dress and the long blonde wig. David takes a long look at her, runs his eyes down her body.

TRINA

Are you going to shoot me, David?

DAVID

(hushed)

What are you doing here?

TRINA

I had to talk to you.

She comes closer and closer to him. Her movements are suggestive, overtly sexy. We've never seen her this way. Even her voice is different -- low, almost a husky, intense whisper.

TRINA (CONT'D)

Don't you want to talk to me, David?
Aren't you going to put the gun down?

She is very close to him now. He looks at her a beat and puts the gun down.

DAVID

I can't talk to you Trina.

TRINA

(coy)

Yes you can.

She is almost touching him now.

DAVID

You're a suspect in a --

TRINA

(a slight smile)

I came here to confess, David.

DAVID

(hard)

Cut the shit, okay?

(a beat, hard, loud)

Get the hell out of here, Trina!

She is taken aback by his fury. She turns away from him. She starts to cry softly.

TRINA

(softly, crying)

I'm scared. Help me. Please.

He looks at her a long beat. He... and we... wonder if this is an act. She stops crying, is still turned away from him.

TRINA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I didn't know Kyle was filming any of it. I knew they were powerful men, but I didn't know he was... using them. He told me they were friends of his.

DAVID

(cold)

How many of 'em did you fuck?

TRINA

(quietly)

Fifteen, twenty -- I lost track.

She doesn't look at him.

DAVID

(intensely)

Why? Why not just cheat like everybody else does? Why did you turn yourself into a --

She look at him.

TRINA

I've always... been... a whore. You know... I've always been... a whore.

A long beat, as they look at each other, and she smiles.

TRINA (CONT'D)

You knew it was me when you saw that tape... before you saw my face... didn't you? Didn't you?

He looks at her, and then he closes his eyes a beat.

DAVID

Do you fuck Matt this way?

She is still smiling.

TRINA

You don't fuck your husband that way. You make love to him.

DAVID

What did you tell your husband?

She turns away from him again.

TRINA

Nothing. All he knows is that I
cheated on him with that man on the
tape.

(a beat)

What's so wrong... with what I did?

DAVID

Who were they?

TRINA

Men with money... empires...
families... reputations.

She turns to him with a wild intensity.

TRINA (CONT'D)

(in a whisper)

I can ruin them. They know I can
ruin them. They killed Kyle. They
killed that girl on the tape. If
you charge me... if they know Katrina
Gavin is Jade... they won't risk
letting me live.

She turns away from him again and starts to cry softly. He
watches her. A very long beat.

TRINA (CONT'D)

(to herself, quietly)

God, David -- won't you ever forgive
me for leaving you?

He looks at her a beat... and then he goes to her... she
turns, crying... and puts her arms around his neck... pulling
herself close to him.

TRINA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I've missed you.

DAVID

(whispering)

Don't. Please don't.

She is still crying.

TRINA

(whispering)

I've missed you so much.

DAVID

Trina.

TRINA
 (crying, whispering)
 I loved you so much.

And she kisses him on the lips -- he backs to the couch -- she falls on top of him.

TRINA (CONT'D)
 (whispering, urgently)
 Please.

DAVID
 (whispering)
 Trina, don't.

TRINA
 (whispering)
 Please, David, please.

And they roll onto the floor. She is on top of him. She crouches low over him... her long, blonde hair falls over his face... her tongue is in his mouth now... he pulls the scanty dress up... she wears no underwear... his hands are on her butt, feeling her... as she unzips him... he pulls the red dress over her head -- she is naked.

He moans... she starts to move the same way that she did in the videotape... we see them from behind her... it is the same angle as in the videotape.

She is on top of him, moving... her head is back... her back is arched... her breasts are out-thrust... her head goes farther and farther back, almost grotesquely, her hair cascading down her back... as they come together.

A long beat... as she freezes herself arched backwards... and then she lets her head fall forward and she slumps on top of him. His eyes are closed.

A very long beat as they lie like that -- he puts his arms around her.

DAVID
 (quietly)
 You're lying, Katrina.

We see her open her eyes. He still has his arms around her as she is slumped atop him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 You're good. You're really good.
 (MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 But I think you killed Kyle and you
 killed that girl and I think you
 planned what happened here very
 carefully.

A beat... and she sits up... and looks away from him. She
 is naked. Her face is expressionless.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (cold, quietly)
 But you see -- nothing happened here
 except that I had my brains fucked
 out by a hooker named Jade.

He gets up and looks at her. She is turned away from him,
 her face is expressionless.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 I knew Katrina Gavin a long time
 ago. I don't know her anymore.

He looks at her a beat and the phone RINGS. He reaches for
 the phone. And as he does -- we see her reach for her purse.
 She reaches slowly inside her purse. Her face is a mask.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (on the phone)
 Okay.

He hangs up and looks at her. There is a look of horror on
 his face. And she takes her hand out of her purse. We see
 a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. She lights the cigarette,
 doesn't look at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 I have to go.
 (a beat)
 My poor Trina. You're so fuckin'
 sick.

She looks at him again.

TRINA
 What if you're wrong David? If you're
 wrong, I'm dead.

He looks at her a beat.

DAVID
 Can I have my keys?

TRINA
 (after a beat)
 How would I have your keys?

She smiles.

DAVID
 (after a beat)
 You took them off the stand in the
 interrogation room.

A long beat, and she reaches into her purse again -- and
 throws him his keys. The smile is gone now. She almost
 looks angry.

INT. A HOUSE ON THE MARINA - NIGHT

The body of Justin Anderson lies on the bed, his mouth open...
 he's the old man who lived next door to Kyle Medford's
 fuckhouse, who said he'd met and once spoken to Jade.

We see Vasko, Heller, Locklin. Photographs are being taken
 by Forensics men. A DEPUTY CORONER is there.

David comes in, takes a long look at the body.

VASKO
 Well, that's the last link to Jade.
 Everybody who ever saw Jade is either
 dead or suffering from penile amnesia.
 Jade doesn't exist anymore.

HELLER
 (to David)
 I tried to cal Toshito in Tokyo. I
 think we'd have better luck if she'd
 done the Pope.

David smiles a thin smile suddenly, looks at Justin
 Henderson's body.

DAVID
 Let me guess. Time of death was
 three to four hours ago.

Along bet, and then --

DEPUTY CORONER
 Bad guess. This guy's still warm.
 He died in the past hour.

David looks at him a beat, then --

DAVID
 (hushed)
 What?

His eyes are huge. He looks like he's been struck by
 lightning.

LOCKKLIN

He died...
 (he looks at his watch)
 ...50 minutes ago.

DEPUTY CORONER

Somebody put a pillow over his face.

DAVID

(to Locklin)
 How do you know that?

LOCKKLIN

The houseboy was out getting groceries at Safeway. He comes back. He hears a scuffle. He ran back here. He heard somebody running out the backyard.

David stares at him.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT

It is a loaner -- a standard Dodge. It has started to rain. He starts it up. He looks desperate. He steps on the gas and ROARS down Marina Drive. His face is stone.

He glances in the rearview mirror. He sees a black Porsche suddenly behind him.

And then the Porsche makes a sudden, wild turn down another street.

David floors the car -- keeps going.

INT. THE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

He runs up the stairway of his apartment building. He gets to his door. It is open.

He bursts in.

DAVID

(loud)
 Trina?

MATT (O.S.)

(behind him)
 She's not here.

He turns. It's Matt. He wears a stylish bomber jacket, jeans, and tennis shoes. He looks out of control.

MATT (CONT'D)

You fucked her, didn't you?

DAVID

(loud)
Where is she?

MATT

You fucker her, didn't you?

David grabs him by the lapels and slams him against the wall, hard.

DAVID

(loud, hard)
I didn't touch her!
(a beat)
Call her!

A beat, and Matt goes to the phone and dials quickly.

MATT

She's not picking up.

DAVID

(hard)
Who's in the house with her?

MATT

No one. Alan's on vacation.

DAVID

Come on!

He starts rushing out of the apartment. Matt stands there, staring at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(yelling)
Come on!

And he runs out -- Matt follows him.

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - NIGHT

Trina is asleep in bed.

We hear a window BREAKING.

She wakes.

She listens.

We hear a NOISE downstairs.

She picks up the phone.

The phone's dead.

She gets up quietly.

She looks very frightened.

She goes to the door.

She hears FOOTSTEPS.

She closes the door.

She turns the lock.

She listens.

The footsteps come CLOSER.

And CLOSER.

And CLOSER.

INT. MATT'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

As it hurtles at a high speed across the Golden Gate Bridge. The rain has gotten heavier. The fog has swept in.

Matt drives -- David is sitting next to him.

DAVID

(on speakerphone)

Are you the dispatcher for the
Belvedere Police Department?

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - NIGHT

She is at the door, listening.

We hear nothing.

And then we hear a NOISE in another part of the house.

INT. MATT'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

It is pouring rain now. The fog is very thick.

As Matt drives down a two-lane road along the bay, a Belvedere police car passes them, it's cherry spinning, it's siren off.

As they follow the police car at a high speed, David sees, at the side of the road, parked near the tree line, hidden by the fog.

A black Porsche, its windows tinted black, its parking lights on.

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - NIGHT

She stands at the door.

She hears FOOTSTEPS again.

They are coming up the stairs.

They come CLOSER.

And CLOSER.

And then STOP.

EXT. THE IRON GATE, THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - NIGHT

The iron gate is closed. The Belvedere police car, it's cherry spinning, is stopped in front of it. The rain is coming down in sheets. The fog is pea soup.

INT. MATT'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

He pulls behind the police car, hits a remote control, the gate opens.

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - NIGHT

She sees the doorknob move.

She stares.

She shrinks against the wall.

It moves again.

And then, suddenly, she hears CARS outside.

She hears RUNNING footsteps.

They run FARTHER away.

DOWNSTAIRS.

EXT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - NIGHT

Matt and David jump out of the Mercedes -- rain pours, fog envelopes them, the wind starts to HOWL.

MATT
(screaming)
Katrina!

He runs towards the front door of the house.

A figure jumps off a deck at the side of the house and starts running for the hillside behind the house.

BELVEDERE POLICEMAN

Hold it right there!

The figure runs up the hillside -- David runs after him followed by one of the Belvedere cops.

The fog is very thick -- David can barely see -- the rain pours.

The hillside ends at a plateau lined with eucalyptus and oak. The plateau leads to the cliffs and a drop to the beach.

David draws his gun, runs into the tree line.

He sees nothing -- the wind HOWLS, the big eucalyptus make a CRASHING, BEATING noise.

And then we see movement near the cliffs.

David runs towards the cliff, his gun drawn. He sees a figure dart through the trees.

DAVID

Don't move!

He sees the figure darting toward the cliffs.

He FIRES.

And the figure falls to the beach below.

David looks down -- he can't see anything in the rain and the fog.

He sees a very long flight of wooden steps nearby, The steps lead from the cliffs to the beach below. He runs down the steps, the Belvedere Cop behind him.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

He runs through the wet sand. There is a body ahead. He gets to the body. Turns it over. The Belvedere Cop beams his flashlight on the face.

It is Lt. Hargrove. He is dressed all in black -- a black turtleneck, black pants, a black jacket.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAWN

The sun is coming up. The rain has stopped. We see Vasko, Heller, Jones, Locklin, the Deputy Coroner, and other policemen around Hargrove's body.

David watches them. He looks bedraggled and drained.

DEPUTY CORONER

The shot hit his right arm. It was
the fall that killed him.

David takes a long look at Hargrove, then looks up... and
sees a black Porsche, its windows tinted black -- at the
bottom of a road nearby that ends at the beach.

He starts walking towards the Porsche. The car's motor is
on. He goes to the window. He can't see who is inside.
The window comes down. Bill Barrett, Governor Edward's
administrative assistant, sits there.

BARRETT

My boss wants to see you.

DAVID

Where?

BARRETT

There.

He indicates Angel Island, just out in the bay across from
Belvedere.

A beat, and David smiles.

DAVID

Angel Island.

BARRETT

Does that amuse you?

DAVID

He's got a sense of humor.

BARRETT

Yes he does.

INT. A YACHT, ANGEL ISLAND - DAY

It is a beautiful, sunny day. David sits on the deck of the
yacht with Barrett. He looks very worn. A long beat, as
they sit there... and then we hear a HELICOPTER. The
helicopter lands near them. David watches it.

Governor Edwards jumps out of the helicopter and comes to
the boat. He jumps onto the deck from the boat dock.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

Mr. Corelli. It's nice to see you.

DAVID

You belong in jail, Governor.

He looks so drained, it's like he's expended all of his energy.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

Maybe, but I'm not going there.

DAVID

Kyle was shaking you down. You killed Kyle, and then the hooker and then the old man.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

(smiles)

No! I live in Sacramento, Mr. Corelli. I don't even get to this great city much.

DAVID

You... and Barrett... and Hargrove.

BARRETT

(icy)

Prove it!

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

You're really screwed up, you know. Kyle never even tried to shake me down. He knew better. The first time I saw those pictures was when you brought them to me.

DAVID

What was Hargrove doing here then?

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

(grins)

It beats the shit out of me.

BARRETT

(after a beat)

Maybe he was looking to see if she had any more pictures of the Governor. He was a big fan of the Governor -- a good voter. I'll bet he wasn't going to hurt her.

DAVID

That's why he cut the phone lines -- because he wasn't going to hurt her.

BARRETT

Maybe he cut the security system and the phone line was tied to it. I don't know. I'm just hypothesizing here.

Barrett smiles, David looks at them a beat.

DAVID

(to Edwards)

If anything happens to her, I have a roll of film of you and a dead hooker.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

What if something happens to you?

DAVID

Something is going to happen to me.

(he smiles)

I'm going to run for Mayor next year.

Barrett smirks at him. Governor Edwards looks at him a long beat with frost in the look... and then he smiles.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS

Well, sir -- you've got my endorsement.

David looks at him --- it's his turn to smirk.

EXT. THE GAVIN BOAT DOCK, BELVEDERE - DAY

He gets off the yacht, walks down the dock. He sees Katrina sitting on a rock, looking at the water. He walks up to her. She doesn't look at him. A long beat, as he watches her.

DAVID

I'm sorry.

She looks at him a long beat.

TRINA

What's going to happen to you investigation?

DAVID

It'll be inconclusive.

(a beat)

Another homicide goes unsolved.

She looks at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Don't worry, They'll leave you alone.

She looks at him a long beat.

TRINA
Thank You.

They look at each other.

DAVID
What are you going to do?

TRINA
(after a beat)
Try to heal my marriage.

A long beat.

DAVID
Why did you pick him?

She looks away from him.

TRINA
You're as crazy as I am, David.
We're too much alike. Matt's like a
rock.
(a beat)
I'll see you.

She starts away.

DAVID
It was nice to see you.

She turns back to him -- she smiles.

TRINA
Me or Jade?

DAVID
I don't know anyone named Jade.

A beat, and she walks away. He watches her.

She starts walking up the long wooden steps to the house.

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE - DAY

She walks into the foyer. It is completely quiet in the house.

TRINA
Matt?

There is no response. A beat, and she walks up the stairs.

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE, THE STAIRWAY - DAY

When she gets to the top --

TRINA

Matt?

She hears nothing. A beat, and she starts to walk down a hallway.

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE, THE HALLWAY - DAY

As she walks, we see that the door to the bedroom is open. She is about to pass it. She stops suddenly and stares at something in the bedroom. We can't see what it is.

A long beat, and she goes into the bedroom.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM, BELVEDERE - DAY

She walks slowly to the bed.

And then we see what she is looking at;

The bed is covered by glossy, colored photographs. She goes closer to look at them. They all show Trina, as Jade, wearing her long red wig, having different kinds of sex with different men -- among them, we see Governor Edwards and Hamaru Toshito.

She stare at the photographs. She seems very frightened.

MATT (O.S.)

In here.

His voice startles her badly. She turns. He is in the bathroom. The light is on in the bathroom, but the door is closed.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's okay. Come on in.

A long beat, as she stands there, frightened -- and then she steps to the bathroom door and opens it.

INT. THE GAVIN HOUSE IN BELVEDERE, THE BATHROOM - DAY

He stands at the mirror, bare chested, shaving. He has a long straight razor in his hand.

He looks at her in the mirror. She looks at him. They say nothing. He shaves. The razor gleams. He suddenly nicks himself on the cheek.

MATT

Damn. Can you grab a kleenex?

He stands at the mirror, watching her. A beat -- and she steps closer to him and reaches into the kleenex box.

MATT (CONT'D)
Can you just -- dab it on?

He still has the razor in his hand.

A beat... and then, almost hesitantly, she steps very close to him and dabs the Kleenex onto the cut.

He puts his arm around her neck -- his hand is holding the razor. It is very close to her cheek.

MATT (CONT'D)
Thank you.

They look at each other, very close to each other -- his arm is around her neck, the razor in his hand.

TRINA
Where did you get them?

A long beat, as he looks into her eyes, then --

MATT
(casually)
Kyle Medford showed them to me the day before I killed him.

She stares at him, open mouthed, in utter disbelief. He still has his arm around her neck, the razor near her cheek.

TRINA
(quietly)
You... knew... you... killed... all of them.

MATT
Yes.

A beat -- as she stares at him... and then he suddenly takes his arm away, puts the razor down, looks at himself in the mirror.

MATT (CONT'D)
(into the mirror)
But I don't remember any of it. You know what I think it is? Hysterical Blindness.

She stares at him. He smiles a little and goes into the bedroom.

INT. MATT AND KATRINA'S BEDROOM, BELVEDERE - DAY

She follows him in slowly, stares at him as he is putting a shirt on.

The color glossy photos are on the bed between them.

Finished with his shirt, he unsnaps his briefcase and tosses her something.

She catches it, looks at it. It is a long red wig.

He snaps his briefcase shut and starts out of the room with it. He kisses her quickly, softly on the cheek.

MATT

Do me a favor, will you, Trina.

She looks at him.

MATT (CONT'D)

The next time we make love...
introduce me to Jade.

And he's gone.

She stands there with the red wig in her hands. She looks at it a long time and then looks up...

... And she smiles.

INT. A DETECTIVE'S CAR - DAY

David, parked near the house, sits in the car listening to a tape recorder.

On the tape, we hear Matt's VOICE.

MATT (V.O.)

Do me a favor, will you, Trina? The
next time we make love... introduce
me to Jade.

He stares at the tape recorder a beat, then hits a button, and we hear Matt's VOICE again.

MATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Introduce me to Jade... introduce me
to Jade... introduce me to Jade...
introduce me to...

He stares out the window at the house, his face a mask, as the tape keeps replaying the same phrase.

100.

As we...

FADE OUT: