

**WHEN A STRANGER CALLS**

Written by

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**SHOOTING**

**DRAFT**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT**

at  
sidewalks.  
  
the  
trees on either side of the street. Footsteps are heard approaching.

GIRL  
CAMERA  
of a  
house and stops.

burns  
bedroom,  
in the upper right side of the house, presumably in a  
but the curtains in the room are drawn.

A scene TITLE appears on the lower half of the screen:

8 pm Tuesday, March 23, 1971

front  
door of the house.

off. The light in the upper floor of the house is turned

**INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALL**

stairs. A middle-aged DOCTOR is standing at the foot of the  
earrings. His WIFE is descending the stairs, putting on her  
She is in an obvious hurry.

**WIFE**

Where's the girl?

**DOCTOR**

I only called her ten minutes ago --

**WIFE**

(passing into living  
room)

I made our reservation for 8:15.  
We're going to be late.

The doorbell rings.

**DOCTOR**

Here she is now.

smiles He crosses to the front door and opens it. The girl  
at him uncomfortably from outside.

**JILL**

Dr. Minakis?

**DOCTOR**

Mandrakis. It's okay. Everyone gets  
it wrong the first time. You're Jill?  
Come on in.

**JILL**

(entering)

Thank you.

The wife comes back into the front hall.

**WIFE**

I've written the number of the  
restaurant on the notepad by the  
phone.

(to Doctor)

Zip me up, will you please?

(to Jill)  
If we aren't home in two hours, it means we've decided to go on to a movie and won't be back until after midnight. Is that all right?

**JILL**

Sure.

**DOCTOR**

(helping wife on with her coat)  
I've told my service to pick up any calls coming in to my office phone.

**WIFE**

The children are asleep upstairs -- first door on your left at the top of the landing. They're both just getting over a cold -- so try not to wake them.

**JILL**

Okay.

**WIFE**

Do you have any questions?

Jill shakes her head.

**WIFE**

We have to go now. We're late.

They cross to the front door and begin to exit.

**DOCTOR**

Make yourself at home. The refrigerator's loaded.

**WIFE**

(pulling doctor through the door)  
Goodbye.

The doctor pokes his head back through the door.

**DOCTOR**

We even have some low-fat yogurt.

**WIFE (O.S.)**

Will you please come on!

**DOCTOR**

Bye.

toward  
and  
it.

The doctor pulls the door shut behind him. Jill turns the living room. Pause. She walks into the living room sets her books down on a table with the telephone on

then  
street.

O.S. we hear the car doors close, the engine start up, the car backing out the driveway and heading down the

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DINING ROOM - LATER**

being  
dialed.  
dining  
where  
NANCY.

It is dark. O.S. we hear the phone in the living room lifted off its receiver, a dial tone, then a number is Pause, then ringing. CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES from the room, across the front hall and into the living room we see Jill talking over the phone to a girlfriend,

**NANCY (O.S.)**

Hello?

**JILL**

Nancy?

**NANCY (O.S.)**

Hello, Jill? How's it going?

(out of phone)

I got it, Dad!

(beat)

Father!

(into phone again)

Jesus Christ! My father's in one of his moods again. Male menopause, you know. So how are you?

**JILL**

All right.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

Are you over at Dr. Mandrakis'?

**JILL**

Yeah, I've been here for about an hour already.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

Isn't it a neat house?

**JILL**

I guess... I haven't looked around very much.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

Did you see his kids?

**JILL**

No, they were asleep when I got here.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

They're really cute. So what can I do for you?

**JILL**

You didn't happen to talk to Billy today, did you?

**NANCY (O.S.)**

Yeah, I talked to him.

**JILL**

Did he say anything about me?

Pause.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

I don't know what you did to him, or said to him, or what... but he's really pissed off at you! What did you do?

**JILL**

It's what I didn't do.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

(sarcastic)

Yeah, I can imagine.

**JILL**

Do me a favor, Nance.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

What.

**JILL**

Do you think you'll be talking with Billy some time tonight?

**NANCY (O.S.)**

Prabably. I'm going to the library in a few minutes. I just have to get out of this house!

(beat)

Hey! Why don't Billy and I come over there? He'll come along if I tell him to.

**JILL**

That isn't what I had in mind.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

You'll be safe with Billy. I'll be there. Come on.

**JILL**

Nancy, all you want to do is come over here and get drunk.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

Who? Me?

**JILL**

(mimicking)

Who? Me?

**NANCY (O.S.)**

You want to see Billy, don't you?!

**JILL**

I've got a lot of work to do. I don't want you coming over!

Long pause.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

You know what your problem is, Jill, is you're so straight. I really mean that. You go to a private school, you wear a bra. No one can have a good time with you!

(beat)

You know, Billy asked me to go out with him this weekend, and I was really really tempted because I like

Billy... a lot... as much as you do.  
But I told him I couldn't, that I  
didn't think it was right because  
you were my friend --

**JILL**

You are my friend.

Pause.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

Yeah. I guess so.

**JILL**

Listen, just give Billy the number  
here, but don't tell him I told you  
to. Okay?

Pause.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

Okay. I've got to go now.

**JILL**

Okay, Nancy. Bye. And thank you.

**NANCY (O.S.)**

Yeah. Bye.

to go  
Jill makes a face at the phone and hangs up. She tries  
back to her homework, but she cannot.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

picks  
Jill is working now, diligently. The phone rings. She  
it up.

**JILL**

Hello?

dial  
There is a brief pause; then the line goes dead and a  
tone cuts in. Jill hangs up and goes back to work.

Pause.

The phone rings again. Jill picks it up.

**JILL**

Billy?...

A VOICE speaks on the other end of the phone.

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

Have you checked the children?

**JILL**

What?

right  
The line goes dead. Dial tone. Jill hangs up and goes  
back to work.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

smoking  
Jill sits at the table as before, doing her homework,  
a cigarette. The phone rings. Jill picks it up.

**JILL**

Hello?

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

Have you checked the children?

**JILL**

Mrs. Mandrakis?

off  
The line goes dead. Dial tone. Jill hangs up and looks  
into space, thinking.

the  
gets  
O.S. we hear a faint rattling noise from somewhere in  
house. Jill hears it too. She stubs out her cigarette,  
up from the table and walks out of the living room.

**INT. HALLWAY**

walking  
Jill enters the hallway and pauses. Then she starts  
slowly down the hall to the kitchen door.

Jill  
Again the rattling noise O.S., only louder this time.

stops dead, listens, then continues forward even more cautiously.

**INT. KITCHEN**

stands  
now.  
refrigerator  
creating the  
leaves

As Jill enters. She cannot find the lightswitch, so she in the darkness listening. Again the rattle, very close Jill turns her head sharply, then walks to the and opens it. It is only the automatic icemaker rattle.

Jill takes a piece of cake from the refrigerator and the kitchen.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Then,  
the

Jill is sitting at the table, polishing off the cake. the phone rings. Jill stands up quickly and picks up phone.

**JILL**

Hello!

Pause.

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

Have you checked the children?

**JILL**

Billy! I don't think this is very funny!

Pause. "Billy" doesn't answer.

**JILL**

...Who is this?

with  
louder.

The line goes dead. Jill stands frozen beside the table the phone in her hand as the dial tone gets louder and

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

herself  
starts  
table,  
it to  
No  
be  
end.  
table-  
left  
restaurant.  
rings...

Jill is standing at the wet bar in the corner, pouring a drink. She samples the alcohol, doesn't cough, and to pour a little more into the glass.

The phone rings. Jill turns, then slowly walks to the table, kneels down and quietly picks up the phone and brings her ear. She waits and listens, a full three seconds. No sound comes to her.

She quickly hangs up the phone before the silence can be broken by the voice she knows is waiting on the other end. Then, she shuffles through her books and papers on the table- left until she finds the notepad the doctor's wife has left for her with the name and phone number of the restaurant.

Jill picks up the phone and dials. After several rings...

**MAITRE D' (O.S.)**

Golden Bull...

**JILL**

Hello, I'd like to speak to Dr. Mandrakis. This is his babysitter.

**MAITRE D' (O.S.)**

Hold on a minute.

comes  
back on the line.

Jill waits for several seconds until the Maitre D'

**MAITRE D' (O.S.)**

Hello?

**JILL**

Yes?

**MAITRE D' (O.S.)**

Dr. Mandrakis left the restaurant

about forty minutes ago.

**JILL**

Forty minutes?

**MAITRE D' (O.S.)**

That's right.

**JILL**

(after a beat)

Okay. Thank you.

phone She hangs up, thinks for a moment, then picks up the  
again and dials "0"...

**OPERATOR (O.S.)**

Operator...

**JILL**

Hello, Operator? Can you get me the  
police?

**OPERATOR (O.S.)**

Is this an emergency?

**JILL**

Yes!

(beat)

No, not really.

**OPERATOR (O.S.)**

The number is 555-9431. Would you  
like me to connect you?

**JILL**

Please.

Pause.

**MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Seventh Precinct, Sergeant Sacker.

**JILL**

Hello, I've been getting phone calls,  
every fifteen minutes or so. I think  
it's a man. He's trying to scare me.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

An anonymous caller?

**JILL**

That's right.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Has he threatened you?

**JILL**

No.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Has he been using obscene language?

**JILL**

No. He just keeps calling me.  
Sometimes he doesn't say anything.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

There's really nothing we can do  
about it down here. Is the phone  
listed in your name?

**JILL**

No, I'm just the babysitter.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

It's probably just some weirdo. The  
city's full of them. Believe it or  
not, we get reports like this every  
night. It's nothing to worry about.

**JILL**

Oh...

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Have you tried whistling?

**JILL**

What?

**SACKER (O.S.)**

If you can find a good loud whistle  
somewhere in the house, blow it into  
the phone hard, next time he calls.  
Probably break his eardrum. He won't  
bother you after that.

**JILL**

No, I... You're probably right. It's  
nothing to worry about.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Or you could just take your phone  
off the hook.

**JILL**

No, the people I'm babysitting for might try to reach me.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Well, as I say, there's nothing we can really do to help you down here.

**JILL**

Okay. Thank you.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

You bet. Goodnight.

**JILL**

Goodnight.

couple  
and  
Jill hangs up. After thinking for a moment, she tries a  
of ways of whistling as loud as she can, but frustrated  
feeling foolish, she soon gives up.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

TV is  
channels,  
Jill is sitting in an armchair facing the TV set. The  
on, but she is bored. She runs through several  
then gets up and turns the TV off.

but  
car  
and  
She looks around and moves aimlessly back to the table,  
O.S. a dog is barking and she is drawn to the window. A  
passes outside, its lights reflecting off the window  
Jill's face.

window to  
Then the phone rings. Jill moves quickly from the  
the table and answers the phone.

**JILL**

Hello?

Pause.

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

Why haven't you checked the children?

slowly  
front

Stunned, Jill hangs up the phone. She turns and goes back to the window. She pulls the shutters closed in of the window. Then she walks out of the living room.

**INT. FRONT HALL**

the  
turns  
then  
lets

Jill goes to the front door, turns the bolt and draws chain across the door. Then she starts to go upstairs. The phone rings. She stops halfway up the stairs. She and comes back down the stairs to answer the phone, but thinks better of it. She sits on the bottom step and the phone ring and ring...

living

Finally, it stops. Jill gets up and heads into the room.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Jill goes to the table, picks up the phone and dials...

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Seventh Precinct, Sergeant Sacker.

**JILL**

I called you before... about the man who keeps calling me?

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Oh, yeah.

**JILL**

He called me again.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Did you try whistling?

**JILL**

No, he's out there somewhere.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Out where?

**JILL**

In the neighborhood. He's been watching me... through the windows.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Did you see him?

**JILL**

No. I know he's there.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Is the house locked up?

**JILL**

Yes.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

And the windows?

**JILL**

Yes. Everything.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Then you're safe. If he wanted to break in, he wouldn't be calling you.

Pause.

**JILL**

Please, can't you help me? I'm all alone.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Tell you what. If this guy calls you again --

**JILL**

He will call again! I know he will!

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Okay, calm down now. I can alert the phone company so that if he calls again we can try to trace the call. What's your number there?

**JILL**

555-0672.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

And the address?

**JILL**

3317 Oakridge Drive.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Oh, yeah, I know where that is. All right. If the guy calls again, try to keep him on the line for at least a minute so we can trace the call.

**JILL**

But he never stays on that long! Sometimes he hangs up after just a couple of seconds.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

It's the only way we can help you.

(beat)

By the way, what's your name?

**JILL**

Jill Johnson.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Jill, the important thing is to relax. You're safe where you are. We've got patrolmen cruising the area all night long. Just stay calm. Will you do that for me?

**JILL**

Yes.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

In the meantime, we'll be watching your line. Okay, Jill?

**JILL**

Okay.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Call again if there's any problem.

**JILL**

Thank you.

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Goodnight.

Jill hangs up the phone and looks forlornly off into space.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

cigarette  
stubs  
tense.

Jill is sitting on the sofa, a drink in one hand, a  
in the other. She is waiting. She sets her glass down,  
out the cigarette, leans back and sighs. She is very

slowly  
phone.  
VOICE

Then the phone rings. She rises from the sofa and  
crosses to the table. She sits down and picks up the  
During this conversation it becomes apparent that the  
has a slight English accent.

**JILL**

Hello?

Pause.

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

It's me.

**JILL**

I know. Who are you?

Pause. No answer.

**JILL**

I won't be here much longer. The  
doctor and his wife are coming home  
soon.

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

I know.

**JILL**

Can you see me?

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

Yes.

**JILL**

(turning toward the  
window)

I'm sorry I turned the lights down.  
It didn't work anyway. I can turn

them back up if you like --

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

Don't.

**JILL**

Don't?

(beat)

You've really scared me. Is that what you wanted?

(beat)

Is that what you wanted?

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

No.

**JILL**

What do you want?

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

Your blood... all over me.

Pause. Jill is terrified.

**JILL**

You don't know me. You don't know who I am or where I live. I'll get Dr. Mandrakis to drive me home. Him or the police.

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

You've called the police?

Pause. Jill searches for some way of answering him.

**JILL**

I want to talk to you.

The line goes dead. Jill hangs up. She stands. She starts to shake.

The phone rings and Jill snatches it up.

**JILL**

Leave me alone!

**SACKER (O.S.)**

Jill, this is Sergeant Sacker! Listen to me!

(beat)

We've traced the call. It's coming

from within the house. A squad car's  
on its way over there now... just  
get out of that house!

seconds  
Jill hangs up. She stands frozen in shock. Several  
go by. She doesn't move.

front  
pauses for  
Then the phone rings. She turns and tiptoes toward the  
door. Halfway there, the phone stops ringing. She  
a second, then continues.

**INT. FRONT HALL**

turns  
looks  
Someone is  
track.  
Jill reaches the front door. Carefully, quietly, she  
the bolt. Then O.S. she hears a creak. She turns and  
up the staircase. At the top, a door is opening.  
coming out! A mumbling sound is heard on the sound

opens,  
agonizing  
open.  
Jill whirls around back to the door and yanks at it. It  
but only an inch. The chain is still across it! She  
frantically works to get the chain free. After  
seconds, the chain falls clear and the door swings

police  
some  
several  
their  
Standing there on the other side of the door, is a  
Detective, JOHN CLIFFORD. (We have cut ahead in time  
twenty or thirty minutes.) Behind him on the street,  
patrol cars and an ambulance are pulled up at the curb,  
domelights silently flashing.

**CLIFFORD**

Are the parents here yet?

**COP'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Yeah, they arrived about ten minutes  
ago.

**CLIFFORD**

Christ!

(beat)  
What a homecoming!

**COP'S VOICE (O.S.)**

They wanted to talk to someone. I asked them to wait until you got here. Come on in.

is Clifford sighs and steps into the front hall. The door  
closed by the uniformed COP with whom Clifford has been  
speaking. The cop is a man in his thirties. His name is  
hall CHARLES GARBER. Garber and Clifford stand in the front  
and talk as POLICEMEN and AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS move  
around them. In the living room beyond can be seen several  
other POLICEMEN, Dr. Mandrakis and his wife.

**GARBER**

We were only a block away when the call went out. When we got here, the guy was still waiting upstairs in the children's bedroom. He was covered with blood.

**CLIFFORD**

Blood?

**GARBER**

Not his own. The children had been dead for several hours.

**CLIFFORD**

Jesus...

**GARBER**

He'd been using an old phone in their bedroom that the parents had never had disconnected.

**CLIFFORD**

Who is he?

**GARBER**

We found a Merchant Seaman's card on him. He's English. Entered the country less than a week ago.

**CLIFFORD**

How about the babysitter?

**GARBER**

She's going to be all right.

As Garber delivers his final line, we see ambulance attendants dressed in white, taking a sheet-covered stretcher out the front door.

**FADE**

**OUT:**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. STREET - LATER AFTERNOON**

An upper-class neighborhood. The CAMERA is facing down the street. A car approaches the intersection at the end of the block, turns and comes slowly up the street.

Because it is not a new car or an expensive car, and it is moving at a rate which suggests that its sole occupant is looking for house numbers, we can assume that the DRIVER is a visitor to this neighborhood.

The CAMERA PANS with the car ninety degrees as it turns into the semi-circular driveway of a mansion and rolls up to the front door.

A TITLE appears across the bottom of the screen:

4:30 pm Thursday, April 20, 1978

As the TITLE FADES, the driver shuts off the car engine and opens the door to get out.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MANSION - DAY**

The doorbell rings. A HOUSEBOY comes into the front hall,

John

goes to the door and opens it for the visitor. It is Clifford, the detective from six years ago.

grayer,  
smoulder  
in an  
unsafe

He has aged noticeably over the years. His hair is his stance not so aggressive, but his eyes still with the accumulated frustration of having spent years uncertain, sometimes unsatisfying, and frequently occupation.

across  
Still  
takes in

No words are exchanged as the houseboy leads Clifford the entrance hall and up an imposing flight of stairs. keen in his observation of things, Clifford quickly this new atmosphere.

theme  
furnishings,  
steady

The house is richly decorated but with an underlying of melancholy. There are no bright or cheerful and the houseboy advances with guarded tread, his face and reverent.

staircase  
waiting  
Clifford

The houseboy stops before a door at the top of the and raps lightly on it with his knuckles. Without for an answer, he opens the door and steps aside for to enter.

to be

Clifford pauses briefly, then walks into what appears an upstairs study.

**INT. STUDY - DAY**

face  
is

A MAN is sitting behind a desk which faces the door. Presumably he is the master of the house. Although his is hidden in shadows, we can see from his hands that he engaged in writing something down.

in  
of the  
the  
  
pen

Clifford quietly approaches the desk and takes a seat  
front of it. Then, vaguely in keeping with the spirit  
house, he waits to be spoken to rather than interrupt  
pervasive stillness.

After a moment, the master of the house lays down his  
and leans back in his chair. Pause.

**MASTER**

So you're in business for yourself  
now.

**CLIFFORD**

(quietly)  
Yes, sir, for the past three and a  
half years.

**MASTER**

That's good.  
(beat)  
And you'd heard about Curt Duncan's  
escape?

**CLIFFORD**

Oh, yes.

**MASTER**

Do you think the police will... find  
him?

Pause.

**CLIFFORD**

I know they haven't assigned anyone  
to it specifically. It's an old case.

**MASTER**

(a tinge of bitterness)  
An old case.  
(beat)  
Can you find him?

**CLIFFORD**

Yes. Maybe not tomorrow, maybe not  
this week, but I'll find him.

**MASTER**

He could be anywhere by now.

**CLIFFORD**

I don't think so... because he's a foreigner. He'll come back to the city. After six years in confinement, it's the only place that's familiar to him. That's important.

Pause.

**MASTER**

A man murders two children in cold blood. A jury declares him insane. How could such a person not be?

Clifford lowers his eyes, doesn't answer.

**MASTER**

He is sent to a state mental institution where the security is... less than perfect. And he escapes. It... it isn't fair.

desk, and  
It is  
The master of the house leans way forward over his  
his face comes out of the shadows and into the light.  
Dr. Mandrakis.

stare  
in a  
He seems much older. His complexion is pallid. His eyes  
out from beneath his brow like a wounded animal hiding  
dark cave.

**MANDRAKIS**

A thing like that should never be allowed to happen again.

**CLIFFORD**

I couldn't agree with you more.

acknowledgment.  
They look at each other for a long moment of

Then Mandrakis stands up with a sigh.

**MANDRAKIS**

Go ahead then. My accountant will contact you.

Clifford stands and they shake hands.

**CLIFFORD**

Thank you.  
(beat)  
How is Mrs. Mandrakis?

**MANDRAKIS**

She is... unable to have any more children.

**CLIFFORD**

I'm sorry. Please give her my best.

**MANDRAKIS**

Of course.

Clifford turns to go.

**INT. MANSION - STAIRCASE & ENTRANCE HALL**

As Clifford finds his own way down the stairs and out  
the front door.

A WOMAN watches Clifford leave from the back of the  
staircase.  
It is Mrs. Mandrakis. As with her husband, the change  
in her is remarkable. She is now a brooding, barren woman.

O.S. the front door closes. Clifford is gone. Mrs.  
Mandrakis walks around the front of the stairs and begins slowly  
ascending them.

The houseboy silently steps into the entrance hall from  
a side door and watches her.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. A HALLWAY - MENTAL INSTITUTION - DAY**

A male PATIENT wearing green, institutional pajamas and  
slippers shuffles slowly up the hall. His movement is  
catatonic, unfocused.

Canned Musak faintly underscores the scene.

**MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Curt Duncan isn't going to run right  
out and kill more children. I'm not

worried about that.

**ANGLE ON CLIFFORD**

hall,  
Standing in the doorway of an office, facing into the  
watching the patient.

**MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

We had him for six years... under  
continuous therapy, some of it rather  
forceful...

**ANGLE ON PATIENT**

Moving past CAMERA. He is really out of it. It is a  
depressing, vaguely unnerving sight.

**MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

...and drugs... tranquilizers  
depressants, lithium...

**ANGLE ON CLIFFORD**

He turns and goes back into the office.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

of the  
behind  
on  
We see now the MAN who's been talking -- the director  
State Hospital, DR. MONK. He is sitting comfortably  
his desk; his jacket off, his tie loosened, his feet up  
the desk. He is very matter-of-fact.

**DR. MONK**

Eventually, anyone will respond to  
the treatment here.

folder  
Clifford sits down in front of the desk, picks up a  
and leafs through it.

**CLIFFORD**

You gave him electric shock?

**DR. MONK**

Yeah, we zapped him a few times.  
It's fairly standard.

**CLIFFORD**

It says here thirty-eight... thirty-eight times.

Monk shrugs, then yawns expansively. He needn't justify himself to the layman.

**CLIFFORD**

What will happen to him now, without the drugs he was on?

DR. MONK'S SECRETARY enters the office and hands him a folder. Without interrupting the delivery of his lines, Monk takes the folder, opens it, initials something on the inside, closes the folder and hands it back to the secretary who turns and leaves the office without uttering a word.

**DR. MONK**

There'll be some deterioration. That's inevitable, but we can't say how much.

Pause. Clifford looks at the doctor as if questioning his casual assessment of "some deterioration."

**CLIFFORD**

During the time that you had him here, did you discover any particular habits of his, peculiarities, quirks, anything that might help me find him?

**DR. MONK**

(shrugging again)  
It's all in the folder.

**CLIFFORD**

Any letters from people back in England? Family?

**DR. MONK**

That, too, is in the folder.

Clifford directs a bleak look back down at the open folder, then looks up again, his eyes narrowing.

**CLIFFORD**

Let's get something straight here, Doctor. I've been 33 years in the business of tracking people down and putting them away. I spent almost a year on Curt Duncan alone, with the trial, the testimonies, the background investigations. I didn't come here today to look in your goddamn folders. In fact, I wouldn't have come here at all if you'd done your job right.

Pause.

**DR. MONK**

Mr. Clifford, this is a hospital, not a penitentiary. Everything that pertains to one of our patients is meticulously recorded in that patient's folder... whether you can make sense of it or not.

They glare at each other for several seconds. Monk is the first one to look away.

**DR. MONK**

Curt Duncan is a classic paranoid-schizophrenic. They see themselves as victims, and they always blame other people for the way they are. When Duncan killed the Mandrakis kids, it wasn't an act of hostility against the children but against their parents. He was getting back at his own parents for traumas he suffered in early childhood. The criminal side of Curt Duncan is one of terrible, symbolic vengeance.

**CLIFFORD**

(looking up)

Assuming he isn't found right away... what will happen to him?

Monk rises and walks to a window.

**DR. MONK**

I think you'll find him. Somebody will find him. He can't function out there. He'll make a mistake.

(turning to face  
Clifford)

This is where he belongs. After six years in here, he's suddenly gone out to confront the world again. I think he's in for a bit of a shock.

Monk looks back out the window.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CITY STREET - LATE AFTERNOON**

the  
Not a terribly good section of town. We are looking at  
nondescript exterior of a bar across the street.

**INT. BAR**

tables  
is  
here  
alone.  
This is not a slum bar, but it's close. There are a few  
and chairs and a pool table in the back. The atmosphere  
quiet, almost depressed, and the handful of REGULARS  
are exercising their privacy without having to be

unemployed  
drink  
current  
they  
beer,  
pool  
They include: HANK, the bartender, also the owner, who  
absently polishes things with his cloth; TRACY, an  
woman in her mid-forties who sits at the bar with a  
and a cigarette and silently rummages through her  
feelings -- none of them new or particularly hopeful; a  
COUPLE, probably retired, sitting at the same table  
come to every afternoon at this time -- him for his  
her for a glass of sweet white wine; and BILL, at the  
table, a young man lithe and powerful, minding his own  
business and playing his game of pool with a steady,  
aggressive concentration.

**RETIRED MAN**

Rackin' 'em up today, Bill?

Pause.

**BILL**

(over his shoulder)

Doin' all right.

'em  
looks at  
memories.  
  
orange  
regulars  
a  
long  
game

The old man smiles stupidly around the room. He racked up a little in his day, too. His smile fades as he looks at his wife. He takes a sip of beer and lapses into memories. Then the door opens to the outside and the yellow-orange light of late afternoon floods into the bar. The regulars turn to glimpse who's coming in. They see the figure of a MAN silhouetted in the doorway. He stands there for a long moment, not coming in. Finally even Bill interrupts his game to turn and look.

**HANK**

C'mon in and shut the door.

behind  
"a  
him  
sits

The intruder enters, indecisively. The door swings shut behind him, plunging the room back into darkness. This man is "a little weird", and the regulars continue to stare at him until he makes his way to a table near the wall and sits down. Then everyone returns to his own thoughts.

**HANK**

(after a moment)

What'll it be?

(pause, no answer)

Hey! What'll it be?

**CLOSEUP - INTRUDER**

of  
understandably  
of

A bit startled, a bit defensive toward the directness of this question. It is Curt Duncan. He looks understandably harried. He hasn't slept or shaved in at least a couple of days, and is wearing regular clothing. He clears his throat to answer...

**CLIFFORD (O.S.)**

What kind of clothes was he wearing...  
when he escaped?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DR. MONK'S OFFICE -DAY**

Clifford is looking through the folder again.

**DR. MONK**

Ordinary street clothes. Not all of  
our patients have to wear the green  
Gucci gowns.

**CLIFFORD**

Did he have any money with him?

**DR. MONK**

Probably. But not more than, say,  
fifty dollars. Some of the patients  
are given little jobs around the  
ward, for which they are paid. It's  
part of the rehabilitation.

Looking down, Clifford pauses over a page in the  
folder.

**CLOSEUP - FACT SHEET IN FOLDER**

A page of legibly organized facts and statistics about  
Curt  
Duncan. One of the entries reads: Guy du Marraux.

**CLIFFORD (O.S.)**

(reading)  
What's Guy du Mar--

**DR. MONK (O.S.)**

(pronouncing it  
correctly)  
Guy du Marraux syndrom.

**BACK TO SCENE**

**DR. MONK**

It's a psycho-motor dysfunction.

**CLIFFORD**

Duncan had it?

**DR. MONK**

Only from time to time, which is unusual.

**CLIFFORD**

What is it?

**DR. MONK**

It attacks the nervous system. People suffering from it are irresistibly compelled to utter obscenities, sometimes one, sometimes a whole string of them. They can't control it.

**CLIFFORD**

(somewhat taken aback)

Are you being serious?

**DR. MONK**

Yeah. Here, I'll give you an example.

He opens a file cabinet drawer, finds a reel of quarter-inch magnetic tape and starts to thread it through a recorder on his desk.

**DR. MONK**

Duncan never had the twitch that sometimes goes with it. And with Duncan, as I said, the disease would only manifest itself in periods of extreme anxiety. When he was really flipping out, in other words.

There is a pause as Monk fiddles with the tape recorder and Clifford looks back down at the folder.

**CLIFFORD**

Duncan was Catholic?

**DR. MONK**

Yeah.

(beat)

So am I.

**CLIFFORD**

(mildly surprised)

That makes three of us.

**DR. MONK**

Is that right? So we all share the same guilt.

Clifford smiles. Monk keeps fiddling.

**DR. MONK**

Here. This is Curt Duncan shortly after he was admitted here in 1972.

Monk turns on the tape recorder as Clifford sits forward in his chair to listen.

At first, nothing can be heard. Then there is a click as if the machine was turned on in the middle of a conversation:

**DR. MONK (O.S.)**

-- to put the situation right. The hypodermic needles are only used to give you medication that will calm you down. They make you feel good, relaxed. All right?

(no answer)

We're not putting anything in your food either. The food is just food.

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

(extremely agitated)

No. I don't eat the food. It doesn't taste right.

**DR. MONK**

(to Clifford)

That's Duncan.

Clifford nods and keeps listening:

**DR. MONK (O.S.)**

Curt, why are you fidgeting? Can't you get comfortable?

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

No, I'm not comfortable!

**DR. MONK (O.S.)**

Wait a -- Hey!

(to someone else)

Hold him down there. Grab him! Never mind the chair!

heard,  
furious,  
There are scuffling noises underneath which can be  
heavy breathing and then, getting louder and more  
Duncan falling into the throes of Guy du Marraux.

**DR. MONK (O.S.)**

(periodically  
interjecting)  
Pull him down... That's right...  
Just lay him out... Lay him right  
out... Steady... Pull out his knees...

the  
Finally Monk is heard no more and Duncan continues with  
frightening verbal torrent of Guy du Marraux.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BAR - LATE AFTERNOON - CLOSEUP - DUNCAN**

noisy  
tastes  
years.  
eyes  
Sitting at his table inside the bar. He takes a long,  
drink from what looks like a bourbon on the rocks. It  
good, being the first real drink he's had in over six  
But Duncan cannot relax enough to enjoy it fully. His  
are ever restlessly, suspiciously moving about.

**ANGLE ON BAR**

off to  
As Bill walks up and stands next to Tracy. Hank moves  
get Bill another beer.

same  
Tracy looks up at Bill and smiles. As regulars at the  
bar, they are loose and comfortable with each other.

**TRACY**

(sotto voce)  
A little action for your game?

**BILL**

(sotto voce)  
What, him?

They both turn and look across the room at Duncan.

**POV - DUNCAN**

shoulders

As Bill and Tracy look straight at him over their  
and then turn back.

**ANGLE ON BAR**

As they both smile at her joke.

**TRACY**

I wouldn't bet against you.

**BILL**

What's the matter? You don't like me  
playing with myself?

Bill  
back

Tracy grimaces as Hank comes back with Bill's beer.  
picks up the bottle, nods his thanks to Hank and heads  
to the pool table.

**CLOSEUP - DUNCAN**

back to

As his eyes follow Bill to the pool table, then come  
Tracy at the bar.

**POV - DUNCAN**

purse.

Looking at the back of Tracy. She reaches into her

**ON TRACY**

pulls  
her

She takes her pack of cigarettes from the purse. She  
out a cigarette, taps it lightly on the bar, puts it to  
lips.

O.S. we hear the sound of a match being struck.

**WIDER ANGLE**

shoves

Duncan is standing beside her holding a lit match. He  
it forward at her. It goes out.

with  
and  
her

Duncan fumbles for another match as Tracy regards him  
undisguised repulsion. Duncan gets the second match lit  
holds it out for her. She accepts the favor and lights  
cigarette.

still  
doesn't  
to the

Duncan smiles. Tracy nods and turns away. Duncan is  
holding the burning match for her to blow out. As it  
look like she's going to, he lets it drop, still lit,  
floor.

**REACTION SHOT - BARTENDER**

weirdo".

He gives a look as if to say, "Jesus, what a fuckin'

**TWO SHOT - DUNCAN AND TRACY**

Pause. Duncan is still smiling at her.

**DUNCAN**

Hi.

No response.

**DUNCAN**

What you been up to?

**TRACY**

(looking at him)

My own business.

(beat)

Thanks for the light. Okay?

at

The Englishman sits down beside her, but doesn't look  
her.

let

Tracy looks away too, determined to ignore him, not to  
him get into her space.

her.

Duncan coughs. After a long moment, he turns back to

**DUNCAN**

Next round's on me.

nothing. Tracy keeps her eyes straight ahead, acknowledging

Pause.

the Duncan takes some money from his pocket and lays it on  
bar, staring at her. Tracy turns to him:

**TRACY**

(annoyed)

Listen, mister, I've got my own money.  
So, if you don't mind...

She looks away again. Pause.

**DUNCAN**

After what I been through, I don't  
mind anything.

Longer pause.

**DUNCAN**

See, that's the whole point. My  
mind... Your mind... Where do they  
fit in? You know what I mean?

bar Tracy abruptly picks up her purse and moves down the  
away from him one seat, then another seat.

**ANGLE ON ELDERLY COUPLE**

They are watching this little spectacle with growing  
curiosity.

**ANGLE ON DUNCAN**

orders Still looking at her. By pointing at what she has, he  
he two more drinks from the Bartender. When they arrive,  
stands, takes a big swallow from one, picks up the other,  
moves down the bar and sits beside Tracy again.

**DUNCAN**

(setting her drink  
before her)

Do you live around here?

**TRACY**

Get offa me!!

**REACTION SHOTS**

expression

Even Bill now looks up from the pool table. His  
darkens.

**ANGLE ON BAR**

between

behind her

again:

Tracy has clammed up -- her elbows on the bar, head  
her elbows, arms covering her ears, hands clasped  
neck. Duncan looks at her nervously and starts to talk

**DUNCAN**

(rapidly)

Listen, I didn't mean nothin'. I  
don't live around here. See -- ?

**BILL (O.S.)**

I think the lady wants to be left  
alone.

front

Duncan looks up. Bill enters the frame and stands in  
of Tracy, confronting Duncan.

**CLOSEUP - DUNCAN**

Looking up at Bill, his eyes red, his gaze unsteady.

**WIDER ANGLE**

The air is charged with tension.

**BILL**

I think an apology is in order.

Bill,

Duncan doesn't know how to handle this. He looks at  
half shrugs, half smiles.

**BILL**

That the best you can do?

Duncan looks away. A long moment passes.

**BILL**

I think you'd better just move along,  
pal.

Duncan doesn't move, says nothing. He swallows hard.

**HANK**

He'll be okay now, Bill. He just --

**BILL**

No! I want him out of here!

business.  
further  
The bartender steps back, deciding to mind his own  
Tracy gets up from her seat and cautiously moves even  
down the bar.

**BILL**

(to Duncan)

Go on, beat it.

without  
They glare at each other. The longer Duncan sits there  
moving, without saying anything, the angrier Bill gets.

**REACTION SHOTS**

As the tension builds.

**ANGLE ON BAR**

Duncan looks away.

**BILL**

I'm not going to say it again, mister.

With  
and it  
Duncan reaches for his drink, but Bill reacts quicker.  
a swipe of his hand, he knocks the glass off the bar,  
shatters on the floor behind the bar.

long  
He  
movement.  
in  
Duncan sits there, stunned, not looking up. After a  
moment, Duncan coughs. Then he turns and looks at Bill.  
purses his lips. It looks like a nervous facial  
Then suddenly, Duncan spits at Bill, hitting him square  
the face.

at  
the  
floor.

start.  
in  
powerful  
into  
Duncan's face time and time again.

groans  
eyes  
from this brutal spectacle.

dialing  
a number. He turns away from the fight to talk.

leaps  
grabs  
the phone from Hank, slamming it down into the cradle.

**BILL**

Who're you calling?

his  
bottles  
bottle.  
still  
rapid  
himself.

Tracy  
As Bill picks up the cloth to wipe himself off again,

the stands up and quickly walks out of the bar, slamming door behind her.

**BILL**

(calling after her)  
You're welcome, baby!

turns Then he throws down the cloth, picks up the bottle, and, standing over Duncan's inert form, empties half the bottle onto him. He sets the bottle back on the bar. He grabs Duncan and, half dragging, hurries him out the back door and throws him into the alley where Duncan falls in a heap. Bill storms back up to the bar and pours himself another drink.

**BILL**

(to Hank)  
Okay?

silent Hank just looks at him, doesn't answer. At the wife's insistence, the elderly couple stand up to go.

**OLD MAN**

Good riddance to bad rubbish, eh, Bill?

Bill doesn't answer and the couple quietly leave.

**HANK**

(apologetic)  
A fight breaks out, there's gonna be damages. Insurance company doesn't pay without a police report...

**BILL**

drink. Hank lowers his gaze to the floor. Bill finishes his his He is still very hopped up. He pulls a few dollars from wallet and drops them on the counter.

**BILL**

See ya 'round.

He turns and strides out of the bar.

police  
CAMERA HOLDS for a beat on Hank alone now in his empty  
establishment. The phone starts to ring, presumably the  
calling back.

listens.  
After several rings, Hank picks up the phone and

**HANK**

(into phone)

No, it's over now...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. LT. GARBER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

just  
front  
slips  
All the lights are out inside the house, but we should  
be able to see that we are in the hall, looking at the  
door. Footsteps approach on the walk outside. A key  
into the lock...

is  
and  
stops  
Inside the house we can hear faint whispering. Someone  
moving about in the darkness. Then the door swings open  
the shadowy figure of a MAN crosses the threshold. He  
just inside.

**MAN**

(calling out)

Donna. Donna! Hey!

(under his breath)

What the hell -- !

out,  
Suddenly the lights come on and a chorus of voices cry  
**"SURPRISE!"**

recognize  
Today  
A broad smile breaks across the man's face. We may  
him as the cop from six years ago -- Charles Garber.

for

he is a lieutenant on the force and dresses casually  
work, usually in slacks, turtleneck and jacket.

**GARBER**

(genuinely surprised)  
What is all this?!

**SCATTERED VOICES**

Happy birthday, Charlie!

he'd

Garber looks sheepishly at his hand holding the pistol  
drawn just before the lights came up.

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

Look at him!

**MAN'S VOICE**

Don't shoot us, Charlie!

**GARBER**

(chagrined)  
How was I supposed to know?

returns

Everybody starts to laugh, including Garber as he  
the pistol to his shoulder holster.

**ANGLE ON DONNA**

through the

Garber's wife. She comes out of the kitchen carrying a  
birthday cake with lit candles and makes her way  
crowd of GUESTS singing "Happy Birthday".

beside

Everyone joins in as Donna moves forward and stands

arm

her husband. Clifford is one of the guests. He has his  
around a young BLOND who is sort of pretty despite her  
tacky/plastic appearance.

hugs

When the song is over, Garber blows out the candles and  
and kisses his wife. Everybody cheers.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GARBER'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - SEVERAL HOURS LATER**

Clifford

The party is still in full swing. Garber is following up the stairs. They are both fairly loaded by now.

inebriation

Garber, in particular, has reached that stage of where standing still is pretty hard to do.

**GARBER**

Will you tell me what this is about, Cliff?

**CLIFFORD**

Yeah, in a minute.

**GARBER**

I don't think I can take any more of these surprises.

**INT. A BEDROOM**

as

As Clifford and Garber enter. Garber turns on a light

the

Clifford closes the door, shutting out the sounds of party below.

**GARBER**

Okay now, what's the big deal?

**CLIFFORD**

Stand still. I want you to remember this in the morning.

**GARBER**

If you want me to remember something in the morning, then tell it to me in the morning.

Garber half comically turns to go. Clifford stops him.

**CLIFFORD**

Charlie, come on.

**ANGLE ON CORNER OF BEDROOM**

crib.

A BABY between a year and two years old is lying in a

It opens its eyes and starts looking around.

**GARBER (O.S.)**

All right, all right. What is it?

You're getting married.

**CLIFFORD**

No. I got a job today, tracking someone.

**TWO SHOT - CLIFFORD & GARBER**

Garber, still moving restlessly, pats his friend on the shoulder.

**GARBER**

That's great, Cliff; I'm sure you'll find your man.

**CLIFFORD**

It's Curt Duncan.

Garber stops suddenly, stunned. In an instant, he has become stone sober.

**GARBER**

What?

**ANGLE ON BABY**

Kicking and wiggling about.

**CLIFFORD (O.S.)**

You didn't know he got out?

The baby opens its mouth and starts to cry.

**TWO SHOT - CLIFFORD & GARBER**

Garber glances over his shoulder at the baby, then turns back to Clifford.

**CLIFFORD**

I need your cooperation on this one.

**GARBER**

Sure. Anything.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

street  
It is late. The block is virtually deserted. Across the  
is the exterior of a bar -- the same bar Duncan was in  
earlier. Some PEOPLE are coming out of the bar. It must  
be  
near closing time. The people turn left and walk away  
down  
the sidewalk. Their voices diminish. Pause.  
A car passes. Then the door to the bar opens again and  
a  
woman comes out onto the sidewalk. It is Tracy. She  
turns to  
the right and starts to walk away.

**CLOSEUP - DUNCAN**

her.  
He is standing in shadows across the street, watching

**EXT. TRACY ON STREET - NIGHT**

remains  
DOLLYING  
up  
is  
yet we  
angle  
The impression this gives is unmistakable. Curt Duncan  
following her. We do not see him, we do not hear him,  
know he is there. Often we can sense that the very  
from which we see Tracy is his POV.

CAMERA  
But Tracy is aware of nothing. We know this when the  
begins to move in front of her, once more becoming an  
impersonal observer of her walk homeward, to safety.  
Tension mounts as we start to expect that Duncan will  
jump  
out at her from every alley and recessed doorway she  
passes.  
But he doesn't.

block  
Finally, Tracy walks up to the CAMERA at the end of a

street  
that

and turns a corner; but the CAMERA HOLDS on the dark  
she has just come up. We hear a cough which confirms  
Duncan is lurking somewhere in the shadows.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Tracy walks up the steps and enters the apartment.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING**

HOLDS  
from

Tracy steps into the elevator. The doors close. CAMERA  
on the elevator and watches the lights above it travel  
one to six.

and

O.S. we hear the door to the apartment building open  
close.

**INT. SIXTH FLOOR**

to  
bends

Tracy steps out of the elevator and walks down the hall  
her door. She fumbles through her purse for keys, then  
over the lock to let herself in.

her,  
open,

Behind her down the hall, Duncan appears. He watches  
starts to move silently forward. Tracy gets the door  
then turns and sees him. Duncan stops.

**TRACY**

Oh, it's you!  
(beat)  
What do you want?

**DUNCAN**

(moving forward)  
...Came to apologize. I...

**TRACY**

Look, I'm the one who should be sorry.  
I didn't want that to happen.  
(she sees his face;  
shudders)  
Oh, God! Look at you. Are you all  
right.

door-

Duncan half shrugs, half smiles. Tracy edges into her way. Duncan stands opposite her.

**DUNCAN**

I'm new in town. Don't know anybody...

**TRACY**

(uncomfortable)

Where're you from?

**DUNCAN**

(coughs)

New York. Ever been there?

**TRACY**

Sure. Sure I've been there.

They look at each other. Duncan coughs again.

**DUNCAN**

Kind of a mean place to be. Everyone cold, unfriendly...

turns

Inside Tracy's apartment, the telephone rings. Tracy vaguely, indecisively, and goes to answer it.

**TRACY**

(over her shoulder)

Excuse me.

the

She disappears into the apartment. O.S. she picks up ringing phone.

**TRACY (O.S.)**

Hello?...

**INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT**

As she sits with the telephone.

**TRACY**

(nervous)

...No, I just got in... I don't know if I can... Listen, I can't talk now. Can I call you back?... Okay... Goodbye.

the

She hangs up the phone, stands and turns back toward door. Duncan is standing right behind her.

**DUNCAN**

I'm not from New York, actually. But  
I'm very, very far from home.

He sits down.

**TRACY**

Look, you can't come in here.

Duncan looks at her for a moment, then looks about the apartment.

**DUNCAN**

(mumbling)  
I thought we might get some coffee.  
Can I buy you -- ?

**TRACY**

I don't think so.

**DUNCAN**

Someplace nearby?

**TRACY**

Not tonight. You'd better go.

**DUNCAN**

I got no place to go.

**TRACY**

(anxious)  
You can't --

**DUNCAN**

Just, just a little coffee?

**TRACY**

Maybe tomorrow.

**DUNCAN**

Okay, tomorrow. When?

**TRACY**

I said maybe. I don't know.  
(beat)  
Listen, I'm sorry about this  
afternoon. I really am. All right?  
That was my boyfriend on the phone.

He's coming over. So please leave.  
Now.

Duncan doesn't move. He smiles at her.

**DUNCAN**

I like you.

**TRACY**

(her voice rising)  
Look, do you want me to call the  
cops?

**DUNCAN**

(standing)  
It's okay. It's okay.

He backs to the doorway and pauses.

**DUNCAN**

I'll see you later... sometime. I  
still want to buy you that drink.

bolts  
hall,  
Then  
move.  
Tracy  
long

He steps into the hall. Tracy closes the front door and  
it. She turns, leans against it and sighs.  
Outside the door, Duncan's footsteps move down the  
pause, then come back to the door. A moment passes.  
there is a faint knocking on the door. Tracy doesn't  
The knocking comes again, a little louder this time.  
stands and waits, scarcely breathing. After another  
moment, the footsteps finally move away.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Clifford  
and Garber get out and walk into the building.

**INT. POLICE STATION**

POLICEMEN  
Clifford and Garber walk down a hallway. Uniformed

walk to and fro around them.

**CLIFFORD**

Jesus, I don't recognize anybody.

**GARBER**

Three years is a long time in a place like this.

**CLIFFORD**

Three and a half.

some  
Garber stops at the WATCH COMMANDER'S desk and picks up paperwork. The WC looks up briefly and sees Clifford.

**WC**

Hiya, Cliff. Howya doin'?

nothing  
The WC looks down again. Three and a half years mean to him.

**CLIFFORD**

(taken aback)

Hi...

and  
He can't remember the man's name. Garber smiles at him they continue walking.

**GARBER**

How long will you be here?

**CLIFFORD**

Depends on how lucky I get.

(beat)

I'll only be coming around once, maybe twice a week.

**GARBER**

You want to use your old desk?  
Someplace to sit down?

**CLIFFORD**

(surprised)

Is it vacant?

**INT. OFFICE - POLICE STATION**

enters,  
A. Clifford and Garber appear in the doorway. Clifford

they  
Garber.  
walks up to his old desk, opens some of the drawers --  
are empty -- sits down in his old chair, smiles at

out a  
B. We see Clifford opening a file cabinet and taking  
folder stuffed with notices and reports --

a  
C. Clifford standing beside a Xerox machine running off  
copy of something --

PATROLMAN.  
something  
D. Clifford standing in a hallway talking to a  
Clifford has a legal pad with him and is jotting  
down on it as the patrolman speaks --

--  
E. Clifford at his desk, making notes on the legal pad

appears in  
Garber  
F. Garber is at his desk, on the phone, Clifford  
the doorway carrying his legal pad. He waves goodbye to  
who nods in response.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LOBBY OF A FLOPHOUSE HOTEL**

photo  
institution.  
picture  
Clifford  
Clifford questions the DESK CLERK. He shows the clerk a  
of Duncan taken some years ago in the mental  
The clerk shakes his head and starts to hand the  
back when Clifford motions for him to keep it. As  
leaves, the clerk turns the picture over...

**CLOSEUP - BACK OF PICTURE**

twenty  
Revealing Clifford's name and phone numbers, and a  
dollar bill paperclipped to the back of the picture --

**EXT. STREET**

his As Clifford pulls his car up to the curb, then consults  
legal pad --

**CLOSEUP - LEGAL PAD**

underlines The top three addresses are crossed out. Clifford  
the fourth --

**BACK TO SCENE**

up in Clifford looks up from the pad to a bar he has pulled  
front of -- the bar Duncan was in. It bears the address  
Clifford has just underlined. Clifford gets out of his  
car and walks up to the bar. A "Closed" sign is displayed  
in the window. Clifford knocks on the door. After a moment,  
Hank opens the door.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY**

for There are only a few CUSTOMERS sitting around, waiting  
one of their wash. A BUM is stretched out on his back across  
CHEATER. the tables like a corpse awaiting autopsy. This is

back. A MAINTENANCE MAN in grey work clothes enters from the  
rolls He opens a broom closet, takes out a bucket and mop and  
Cheater's them toward the front of the laundromat. He stops at  
table and shakes him hard.

**MAINTENANCE MAN**

Okay, man, move it out. Let's go.

**CHEATER**

Wha -- ?

OLD Cheater sits up and starts to pull himself together. An

aisles WOMAN sitting against the wall points down one of the  
of washing machines and says to the maintenance man:

**OLD WOMAN**

There's another one down there.

looks The maintenance man goes to the end of the aisle and  
down into the nook created by the absence of one of the  
washing machines.

**MAINTENANCE MAN**

Hey!

He nudges at whatever's inside the nook with his foot.

**MAINTENANCE MAN**

(nudging again)

Come on, bright eyes. Wake up. Wake --  
Jesus Christ! What happened to you?

**ANGLE ON NOOK**

up As Curt Duncan raises his head into the light and looks  
at the maintenance man. Overnight, his face has swollen  
considerably and a bright yellow and purple discoloring  
around his bruises has emerged.

**MAINTENANCE MAN (O.S.)**

You get hit by a truck or what?

He bends over and helps pull Duncan to his feet.

**WIDER ANGLE**

As the maintenance man guides Duncan to the door.

**MAINTENANCE MAN**

I'm sorry, man, but you can't stay  
in here. Go out to the park, lay in  
the sunshine. You'll feel better.  
Okay?

sees Duncan goes out the door. The maintenance man turns and  
Cheater stretched out again on the table.

**MAINTENANCE MAN**

God bless it! Hey!

He pulls Cheater off the table and pushes him to the door.

**MAINTENANCE MAN**

Out. Out. Out. Out. Out.

**EXT. LAUNDROMAT**

As Cheater is pushed out onto the sidewalk.

**CHEATER**

(angry)

All right! All right!

Duncan He straightens his rags indignantly, then looks at and grins.

**CHEATER**

Whaddya say, pardner. I'm dry as a bone. You got any money?

Duncan looks at Cheater distrustfully and shakes his head.

**CHEATER**

You neither, huh?

(with a laugh)

My name is Morgan, but it ain't J.P. Guess I better go to work. Take 'er easy now, pardner.

Cheater shuffles off in one direction. Duncan turns and goes in the other.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

into A knock at the front door. After a moment, Tracy comes the front hallway and, crossing to the door, stubs her toe on the open closet door. She swears under her breath and angrily slams the closet door shut. Then, grabbing her injured toe, she hops to the front door.

**TRACY**

Who is it?

**CLIFFORD (O.S.)**

My name's John Clifford. I'm a private investigator.

**TRACY**

A what?

**CLIFFORD (O.S.)**

A private detective.

Pause.

**TRACY**

What do you want with me?

**CLIFFORD (O.S.)**

I'd just like to talk, ask a few questions.

**TRACY**

I've got nothing to say about anything or anybody.

Pause.

**CLIFFORD (O.S.)**

Listen, lady, I can be back in thirty minutes with a search warrant and a handful of cops, and I can probably have you arrested, whether or not the charges would stick. Now do you want to let me in and talk?

**TRACY**

Have you got a badge?

**CLIFFORD (O.S.)**

I'll show you a badge when you open the goddamn door!

Tracy unbolts the door and opens it. Clifford walks  
right in  
and closes the door behind him.

**CLIFFORD**

I don't carry a badge. I'm issued a license, a piece of paper, and I left it at home. You're Tracy Fuller?

Tracy nods.

**CLIFFORD**

Can we sit down?

Clifford

Tracy leads him into the living room. They sit.  
gives her a picture.

**CLIFFORD**

Do you recognize this man?

**TRACY**

Why?

this

Clifford lets out a sigh of frustration, realizing that  
woman will continue to be difficult.

**CLIFFORD**

He's escaped from the insane asylum.  
In 1972, he murdered two children...  
broke into a house and found them  
asleep in bed. It was a little boy,  
five and a half, and a little three-  
year-old girl. After the coroner's  
investigation, their bodies were  
taken to the mortuary, where the  
undertaker took one look at them and  
said he couldn't have their bodies  
reconstructed for the funeral without  
six days of steady work. Then he  
asked what had been the murder weapon,  
because looking at the mess in front  
of him, he couldn't imagine what had  
been used. The coroner told him there  
had been no murder weapon. The killer  
had used only his hands.

(beat)

The undertaker went to work and had  
them done in four.

to

The picture falls out of Tracy's hands. She is stunned  
the point of nausea.

**CLIFFORD**

What's the matter?

**TRACY**

(barely able to say  
it)

He's been here.

**EXT. STREET**

wall.  
the  
Duncan is standing on the sidewalk huddled close to a  
He is looking up at Tracy's apartment building across  
street.

**POV - DUNCAN**

window of  
Traveling up the wall of the building to the open  
Tracy's apartment on the sixth floor. SLOW ZOOM IN:

**CLIFFORD (O.S.)**

Do you think he'll try to see you  
again?

**TRACY (O.S.)**

I don't know. He said he had no place  
else to go.

**INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT**

**CLIFFORD**

Let's play it safe. Let's assume  
that he will.

**CLOSEUP - TRACY**

Reacting to this possibility.

**CLIFFORD (O.S.)**

Will you work with me?

She nods, hesitantly.

**EXT. STREET**

Duncan turns up an alley across the street from Tracy's  
apartment building and disappears.

Sound over: knocking on a door.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BAR - DAY**

still  
his

Clifford is standing at the door. The "Closed" sign hangs in the window. The door opens, and Hank sticks head out.

**HANK**

You again?

**CLIFFORD**

What are your hours tonight?

**HANK**

No hours. Bar's closed on Mondays.

**CLIFFORD**

I want you to be open if that's possible.

**HANK**

(closing the door)

No way. Monday's my night off. Come back tomorr...

backs

Clifford violently pushes the door open. The bartender off, surprised.

**CLIFFORD**

(through clenched  
teeth)

This is tomorrow! Now what are your hours?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LT. GARBER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Garber is sitting behind his desk as Clifford walks in.

**GARBER**

(looking up)

Any luck?

**CLIFFORD**

I've come to say goodbye, and thank you.

**GARBER**

You found him?

**CLIFFORD**

I think so.

**GARBER**

Where?

Pause.

**CLIFFORD**

From here on, I go it alone.

**GARBER**

What's the point of chancing it,  
Cliff? We'll let you take the credit.

**CLIFFORD**

No.

Pause. Clifford sits down.

**CLIFFORD**

I'm going to kill him, Charlie.

Clifford. A  
lights  
down at  
it

Garber leans forward in his chair and stares at  
long moment passes. A button on the lieutenant's phone  
up and the intercom buzzes. Garber doesn't even look  
it. The button flashes on and off, on and off. Finally  
stops.

**CLIFFORD**

The closer I get to this guy, the  
more I... It gets to me. I don't  
know...

**GARBER**

I think you'd better go on home,  
Cliff. You've fallen in.

**CLIFFORD**

No. Not this time. This is the case  
that makes up for a whole career. If  
you can't understand it now, you  
will in a few years.

Pause. Garber considers another tack and follows it.

**GARBER**

What part does money play in all

this? Play straight with me.

Clifford is stunned by the question, but he tries to be casual.

**CLIFFORD**

(shrugging)

For what I'm being paid, it's not out of line.

**GARBER**

Who's hired you for this?

Clifford glares at his friend and doesn't answer.

**GARBER**

(cynically)

So you're a hitman now.

**CLIFFORD**

(passionately)

He murdered two kids in cold blood. You were there, too.

Garber doesn't have to be reminded of his own feelings.

He

doesn't pursue the argument.

**GARBER**

You could get busted.

**CLIFFORD**

I understand that.

**GARBER**

What are you going to use?

**CLIFFORD**

Jimmy needles.

Garber nods slowly, considering it a good choice of

weapons

at least.

**GARBER**

You're stretching our friendship, Cliff. If you blow this at all --

**CLIFFORD**

You'll never hear from me again.

just

Garber looks away for a moment. When he looks back, he shrugs his shoulders, "washes his hands".

**GARBER**

Take your time. Do it right.

**CLIFFORD**

Don't worry.

**GARBER**

Do you need any help preparing for this thing?

**CLIFFORD**

(standing up)

I'm ready. I'm just trying to think where he could be in the meantime.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

A few customers sit quietly minding their own business.

A

WAITRESS leans near the cash register at one end of the counter. A transistor radio plays country music blues.

The

waitress looks up as somebody enters.

**WAITRESS**

What happened to you?

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

Coffee.

It is Duncan. He moves to the counter and sits.

**WAITRESS**

You get mugged?

**DUNCAN**

Black.

front

Snubbed, the waitress comes back and sets the cup in front of him. She looks down at the change on the counter. There isn't enough.

**WAITRESS**

Coffee's twenty-seven.

Duncan looks up at her resentfully.

**WAITRESS**

(pulling away the cup)

Coffee's twenty-seven cents. Ya got it or don't ya?

Duncan glares at her. He doesn't have it.

**WAITRESS**

Okay, buster, one cup. On the house.

spills  
She pushes the cup back to him. Some of the coffee  
onto the counter.

**WAITRESS**

Drink it and be on your way.

lips.  
Duncan slowly reaches for the cup, raises it to his

**WAITRESS**

You're welcome.

him and  
Duncan stops, sets the cup down, pushes it away from  
slowly rises from his seat.

**DUNCAN**

No, thank you.

darts  
reaches  
up the  
Duncan and the waitress stand face to face, shooting  
at each other. Then a MAN sitting two seats away  
over and places a quarter on the counter between them.  
The waitress looks at the man irritatedly, then picks  
money and moves away.

moment,  
Duncan slowly sits down again. He pulls the cup back to  
himself, then turns and looks at the man for a long  
unable to express his gratitude.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CITY STREETS - DUSK**

out,  
the  
the  
success.  
incapacitates  
see  
the  
bar.

A series of shots of BUMS, "homeless persons", hanging in alleys, in the doorways of old buildings, sitting on sidewalk in front of liquor stores.

Then we see Duncan, alone but looking no different from others. He is panhandling PASSERSBY, without much success. We see him fall into a fit of coughing that incapacitates him for several seconds. He's obviously getting sicker. We lose sight of Duncan as our MONTAGE continues. We see Clifford talking to a BUM, then another. He is passing time combing the streets in the neighborhood of the bar.

**PARK - DUSK**

passing  
them, but  
passed.  
looks  
the  
Cheater  
looks up

A handful of BUMS are sitting together on the grass with a bottle in a brown paper bag. Duncan is not among them, but Cheater is there, sitting at the end of the line. CAMERA PANS from one bum to the next as the bottle is passed. By the time it gets to Cheater, it is empty. Cheater looks as if he's about to cry like a baby when a hand enters the frame from the other side -- the hand holding out to Cheater a full bottle of wine. Cheater takes the bottle and looks up gratefully... to see John Clifford standing beside him.

**CHEATER**

Well! I can't say much for your protocol, but your timing's dead on. Here's to you, pardner.

down  
the line.

Cheater takes a long drink, then passes the bottle back down the line.

**CLIFFORD**

(to all the bums)  
I'm looking for an old buddy of mine,  
English fella. Name's Crazy Curt.  
Any of you guys seen him?

Nobody responds.

**CLIFFORD**

I owe him some money.

**CHEATER**

Aaahh. Show me an honest man...

**CLIFFORD**

(gesturing)  
Stands about so. Brown hair. Face  
kind of banged up. Was in an accident.

**CHEATER**

Oh, yeah? I was just with that guy,  
not more'n an hour ago. Looked bad.  
Crazy Curt, huh?

**CLIFFORD**

Where?

Cheater scratches his head, and glances anxiously down  
the  
line.

**CHEATER**

Hell, I can't remember. Prob'bly see  
him again though. Tell you what. You  
leave the money with me, I'll see he  
gets it... as a favor to you.

Clifford shakes his head.

**CLIFFORD**

I have to talk to him.

**CHEATER**

Whatsa matter? You don't trust me?  
I'll have you know I used to be a  
college professor. We can work  
together.

Cheater,  
Clifford stands to go. The bottle comes back to  
three-quarters down.

**CLIFFORD**

Sure. Keep the bottle. I'll be back.

**CHEATER**

"Long life to the grape! For when  
summer is flown, The age of our nectar  
Shall gladden our own." That's  
Shelley, you know.

Clifford is gone. Cheater takes a long drink and almost forgets that Clifford was ever there.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CLIFFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

dressed  
jacket,  
mirror, is  
like  
tapered  
leather

Clifford is "suiting up" for his night's work. He is casually -- blue jeans, shirt open at the neck, sports Adidas running shoes. He looks at himself in the mirror, is satisfied. Then he picks up from the dresser two awl-like instruments with short handles and long, glistening tapered needlepoints -- his weapons. He slides them into a leather sheath inside his jacket and turns to go.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BAR - NIGHT**

Across  
Duncan is  
comes

It is lit up inside. The bar is open for business. Across the street in a dark space between two buildings, Duncan is waiting, watching the front door of the bar to see who comes out.

**INT. BAR**

corner.

The place is empty but for Hank who half watches the television over the bar, and Tracy who sits alone in a corner. Several moments pass as both of them sit and wait.

coming  
door.

Then, the front door starts to swing open. Someone is  
in. Tracy and Hank both glance nervously toward the

a  
regular customer.

**CUSTOMER**

Hey, Hank, what're you doing open  
tonight?

**HANK**

(relaxing)  
Trying to make a buck.

quietly  
The customer walks up to the bar, sits down and talks  
with Hank.

her  
up to  
go.  
Tracy looks nervously at her wristwatch. She stubs out  
cigarette, takes one last gulp of her drink and stands

inside.  
She walks to the bar, opens her purse and reaches

**HANK**

Keep it, honey. My treat.

door.  
They exchange a meaningful look. Then she heads for the

**CUSTOMER**

(under his breath)  
That how you make a buck?

**EXT. BAR**

Clifford  
starts  
Tracy looks up and down the street, hoping to see  
somewhere, afraid of glimpsing Duncan instead. Then she  
walking quickly homeward.

**EXT. STREETS**

now,  
Following Tracy to her apartment. We pick up Clifford

her  
along

and we cut back and forth between the two of them --  
walking quickly, never looking back, and him sneaking  
several hundred feet behind her, looking everywhere for  
Duncan, whom we never see.

**EXT. TRACY'S APARTMENT**

She walks up the steps and enters.

**INT. SIXTH FLOOR**

fumbles  
on

Tracy steps off the elevator and goes to her door. She  
through her purse for the key. Then she hears footsteps  
the stairs. She turns. It's Clifford.

**CLIFFORD**

(coming forward: half-  
whispering)  
No luck. You see him?

Tracy shakes her head.

**CLIFFORD**

He still could be out there, though.

**TRACY**

(softly)  
Oh, God...

on

She is starting to come apart, and she suddenly leans  
Clifford for support.

**CLIFFORD**

Are you all right?

control of  
door.

Tracy stands there for several seconds to regain  
herself. Then she steps away and turns back to the

**TRACY**

I'm okay.

**CLIFFORD**

I'm going to hang around outside for  
awhile. I'll be back on and off again  
all night.

Tracy gets the door unlocked. She pushes it open.

**INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - FRONT HALL**

still

Tracy steps in. Clifford stays in the doorway. They are whispering.

**CLIFFORD**

Are you sure you're okay?

**TRACY**

I'm fine.

**CLIFFORD**

All right. Bolt your door. Don't let anybody in, no matter what.

**TRACY**

Okay.

**CLIFFORD**

I'll be seeing you.  
(starts to move off;  
comes back)  
Listen. Thanks.

**TRACY**

Sure.

walks

the

slowly

Tracy closes the door and throws the bolt. Then she into the apartment and out of frame. CAMERA STAYS in hallway. We can hear Tracy moving about O.S.

Then, as if on its own, the door to the hall closet swings open...

...until we can see Duncan standing inside the closet.

**INT. KITCHEN**

coat

Tracy is putting some coffee on. Then she removes her and walks out of the kitchen.

**INT. FRONT HALL**

closed.  
again.  
the

Tracy goes up to the closet with her coat. The door is  
She opens it. She hangs up her coat and closes the door  
Then she turns and starts walking out of the hallway to  
living room.

walks  
he  
the

As she is rounding the corner into the living room, she  
right into Duncan. She barely has time to gasp before  
clamps his hand over her mouth and pushes her against  
wall.

**DUNCAN**

(urgent whisper)  
I just have to talk to you.  
(pathetically)  
I want you to be my friend.

As she isn't struggling, he starts to loosen up on her.

**DUNCAN**

Please...

and  
screams.

He takes his hand away from her mouth, lets go of her,  
slowly, cautiously steps back. Tracy looks at him for a  
breathless moment, her eyes wild with fear. Then she

Tracy

Duncan jumps back, stunned, frightened and confused.  
doesn't move. She just keeps screaming hysterically.

**EXT. STREET**

races

Tracy's screams carry out into the night as Clifford  
across the street and into the apartment building.

**INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT**

onto

Duncan runs to a window, throws it open and climbs out  
the fire escape.

**INTERCUT - APARTMENT STAIRS AND FIRE ESCAPE**

and

As Clifford bounds up the stairs, flight after flight,  
Duncan tears down the fire escape.

**INT. SIXTH FLOOR**

door.

The screaming has stopped when Clifford reaches Tracy's  
He grabs the doorknob and heaves himself against the  
door.  
It's bolted shut.

hammers

into

Clifford pulls one of the needles from his jacket and  
it into the lock. The bolt springs and Clifford runs  
the apartment.

**INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT**

window.

As Clifford bursts in. Tracy gestures toward the  
Clifford runs to it and sticks his head out.

**POV - CLIFFORD**

Duncan is gone.

**BACK TO SCENE**

onto

Clifford runs to a window on another wall and looks out  
the street.

**POV - CLIFFORD**

No sign of the Englishman.

**BACK TO SCENE**

from

the

Clifford runs out of the apartment, yanking his needle  
the lock as he passes the door, and charges back down  
stairs.

Tracy moves to the door and closes it. She is breathing  
heavily.

the

O.S. we hear the angry sizzle of coffee spilling onto  
hot stove, as Tracy goes to get it.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING**

the Clifford comes out, looks around and moves rapidly up street.

**EXT. A STREET**

trying Duncan is hurrying along, dodging in and out of people, to move quickly but not draw attention to himself...

**EXT. ANOTHER STREET**

Clifford is travelling along the sidewalk, crossing the street, looking everywhere...

**EXT. ALLEYWAY**

beside Duncan is running up the alley. He comes to a stop wall of some piled up trash cans. He leans against the brick the building, huffing and puffing. He is frightened, but he feels safe for now. He slowly slides down the wall to the ground...

**FLASH**

**BACK TO:**

**INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY**

padded Duncan is curled up in the corner of a bare cell with walls. He is in a strait-jacket. His head is shaved. We can't tell what he is thinking, except that he's obviously deeply frightened and cannot understand what's happening to him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. A ROOM - NIGHT**

of This is the children's bedroom in Dr. Mandrakis' house

corner  
but no

six years ago. It is dark. Two small beds occupy one  
of the room. We can see two small lumps on the beds,  
more.

lap.  
before  
is no  
is

Duncan sits in the foreground with a telephone on his  
He is dialing a number. The phone rings three times  
it is answered -- or rather, picked up, because there  
voice on the other end. After several seconds the phone  
hung up.

the  
He  
slowly,  
the

Duncan hangs up and thinks for a moment. He picks up  
phone and dials again. This time he gets a busy signal.  
hangs up, stands and goes to the door. He opens it  
peers out. Jill's voice can be heard faintly talking to  
operator, asking for the police.

mumbling.

Duncan closes the door and comes back into the room,  
He goes to the window, looks out. Then he goes to the  
children's beds.

**CLOSEUP - DUNCAN**

CAMERA.

As he raises the covers and stares down into the

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. DECK OF A SHIP - MORNING**

water.  
but

A freighter, broad and low, arduously cuts through the  
Early morning mist hangs over the deck which is empty  
for a lone FIGURE standing on the prow.

**MIDDLE SHOT - LONE FIGURE**

the

It is Curt Duncan. He is looking out over the front of

on  
ship. Another SEAMAN comes up behind him and claps him  
the shoulder.

**SEAMAN**

So this will be your first time?  
(laughs)  
An old salt like you?

Duncan moves away, wanting to be left alone.

**SEAMAN**

(still laughing;  
slightly punchy)  
You'll love it here. It's where they  
make the bombs. It's where they make  
the planes that carry the bombs; the  
planes we saw over Singapore and  
Manila.

He walks away laughing.

**SEAMAN**

There she is. That's America.

**DUNCAN'S POV**

mist. A  
The coast of Southern California emerges through the  
foghorn blows somewhere in the distance.

**CLOSE-UP - DUNCAN**

As he peers ahead with inscrutable interest.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ANOTHER ROOM - NIGHT**

This  
Dark. A little BOY is lying in bed, apparently asleep.  
is Curt Duncan as a child.

bedroom.  
Some voices approach in the hallway outside the

subdued; a  
They are gruff, with heavy English accents, but  
MAN and a WOMAN, well into middle-age.

The boy's eyes open as he listens:

**MAN (O.S.)**

What's the matter?

**WOMAN (O.S.)**

Save it for later. Let's go out and get some food.

**MAN (O.S.)**

What about the lad? You can't leave him.

**WOMAN (O.S.)**

Curt's asleep. He'll never know we're gone.

and From outside, a key enters the lock of the bedroom door  
turns. The bolt slips and the door is securely shut.  
The boy sits up in bed, apprehensive. In TIGHT SHOTS of  
the floor we see a rat come out from under the bed, then  
another. They make "chit-chit" noises as they begin to explore.  
One of them maybe goes up on its hind legs and nibbles on  
the bedpost. Then we see two more rats appear.  
The We go for a TIGHT SHOT of the boy on top of the bed.  
starts "chit-chit" noises grow steadily louder as the boy's  
apprehension turns to fear, then to terror. The boy  
to whimper.  
Suddenly, we cut back to a WIDE SHOT of the room. The  
floor is crawling with rats, hundreds of them. The "chit-  
chit"  
the rises to practically a roar as the boy, alone on top of  
bed, begins to wail.  
The room seems to darken, and the boy becomes just a  
little white speck in it. The focus is turned. The picture  
becomes a black and white blur.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - THE PRESENT**

black  
Then  
entire  
we  
that

At first all that can be seen is a white blur against a screen. The previous sound of a boy crying increases. the blur grows larger, coming more into focus as the screen image moves toward normal definition. Finally, know we are back in the alleyway, that it is night, and the white blur is actually a little BOY lost, sobbing uncontrollably.

**CLOSEUP - DUNCAN**

Awakening to the scene, coming back to reality. He is confused.

**WIDER ANGLE ON DUNCAN AND BOY**

circles.  
the  
child,  
quizzically,  
face to  
Something  
the  
and he  
disappear.

The boy continues sobbing, moving about in little Duncan, amazed at what he sees, slowly crawls out from wall on his hands and knees, crawls toward the weeping staring at it with a strange look on his face. Suddenly the boy stops crying and looks at Duncan hesitantly. They are less than a foot apart, almost face. Together they form a kind of frozen tableau. close to sympathy crosses the killer's expression, and boy, likewise, achieves a faint sense of recognition. Then, just as suddenly, the boy starts wailing again runs off down the alleyway. Duncan watches him Then he slowly pulls himself to his feet.

**EXT. STREET**

the  
Clifford is coming up the sidewalk. As Clifford crosses

almost  
down at  
entrance to an alleyway, the boy comes running out and  
collides with him. Clifford grabs the boy and looks  
him. Then he passes the wailing child off on a nearby  
PEDESTRIAN and runs up into the alley.

**EXT. ANOTHER STREET**

him  
Duncan is hurrying along the sidewalk. Something makes  
look up.

**POV - DUNCAN**

doorway  
He is looking at a neon "Jesus Saves" sign above the  
to an inner city mission.

**BACK ON DUNCAN**

As he stares at the sign.

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

Hey, Crazy Curt!

him.  
Duncan turns to see Cheater elatedly hobbling up to

**CHEATER**

Hail fellow well met, and all that  
jazz. It's our lucky day!

(taking Duncan by the  
arm)

A friend of your's got money for  
you. We got to get back to the park  
and meet him.

Duncan pulls his arm free.

**CHEATER**

C'mon. He'll be comin' for you, Crazy  
Curt. S'got some money.

(reaching for Duncan's  
arm)

We'll get us a little joy juice.

Duncan pulls free again and heads toward the mission.

**CHEATER**

C'mon! Hey!! You really are crazy!  
C'mon!

Duncan enters the mission and Cheater stands out on the sidewalk for a moment, bitterly frustrated.

**CHEATER**

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!  
Rage! Blow, you cataracts and  
hurricanes, spout till you have  
drench'd our steeples and drown'd  
the cocks!"

Several PEDESTRIANS stop and gape at this sudden  
outburst.

**EXT. ANOTHER STREET**

Clifford comes out of a derelict hotel, looks up and  
down  
the street and hurries off, not giving up the chase.

**INT. MISSION - MOMENTS LATER**

A MAN is leading Duncan to the bathroom. Duncan enters  
slowly  
and goes to one of the wash basins where there is an  
old  
razor blade and a can of shaving cream. Duncan picks up  
the  
razor for a moment and looks at it. He is lost in  
thought.

Then he sets it down and turns on the tap water.  
He glances at himself in the mirror and is suddenly  
transfixed  
by his own image. He looks deeply into the mirror for  
several  
seconds. Then he starts to cry, and having begun, a  
flood of  
emotions comes pouring out of him. He drops to his  
knees.

The man comes running back into the bathroom. He holds  
Duncan  
and helps pull him back to his feet.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Cheater is trudging along the sidewalk, hands in  
pockets,

brings him

head lowered. He looks up and sees something that  
back to life.

**POV - CHEATER**

around.

Clifford is standing on the corner up ahead, looking

**WIDE ANGLE ON STREET**

Cheater calls out and starts to run toward Clifford.

Clifford turns, sees Cheater.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MISSION - NIGHT**

or so  
darkness.  
ghastly

The "sleeping dorm". It is a large empty room. Thirty  
OUTCASTS are stretched out on the bare floor in the  
Their combined snoring/wheezing creates a steady,  
din.

steps in  
moment  
darkness.  
nearest

The door at the far end of the hall opens. A figure  
and quietly closes the door behind him. He stands for a  
taking in the scene, letting his eyes adjust to the  
Then he slowly creeps forward to the prone body of the  
sleeper.

**CLOSEUP - FIGURE**

the  
turns  
their  
not.  
gleaming

It is Clifford. He moves stealthily from one body to  
next. In one hand he carries a small flashlight. He  
the bodies over just long enough to shine the light in  
faces and identify who they are, or rather who they are  
Then he moves on. In his other hand he holds a small,  
Jimmy needle.

**CLOSEUP - DUNCAN**

danger.  
slowly  
He's sleeping, but his eyes suddenly open, sensing  
He turns over and sees the dark figure of Clifford  
advancing toward him.

**WIDER ANGLE**

Duncan  
jumps  
Clifford keeps coming, closer and closer to where  
lies. He is but six or seven bodies away when Duncan  
up suddenly and bolts for the door.

after  
Clifford looks up, sees the fleeing figure and charges  
it.

**INT. CORRIDORS**

stop  
him  
Racing through a maze of narrow hallways, Duncan can't  
to think where he's going. Clifford is barreling after  
some forty yards behind.

hallway  
but  
goes  
Duncan rounds a corner and ten yards up ahead, the  
deadends in a set of double doors. Duncan has no choice  
to hurl himself against the doors. They yield and he  
through them.

and  
Four seconds later, Clifford comes to the same doors  
pushes through to the other side.

**INT. CHURCH**

entrance  
Behind  
the  
stained  
regular  
As Clifford comes through the doors which are a side  
into the chancel of this large, gothic-style church.  
him now, is the altar. Before him stretches the nave of  
edifice with its rows of pews, its dimly glowing  
glass windows, and way in the back, its choir loft. At

from on

intervals, tiny shafts of light pierce the darkness  
high.

be in  
front

There is no sign of Duncan, but Clifford knows he must  
here, hiding somewhere. He slowly walks forward to the  
of the chancel.

**CLIFFORD**

Duncan. Duncan. It's over now. Come  
on out.

still.  
through

Pause. Duncan doesn't come out. Clifford holds very  
He hears nothing. He speaks again and his voice echoes  
the large empty church.

**CLIFFORD**

My name's John Clifford. I'm a private  
detective. I've been hired by  
Alexander Mandrakis to take you back.  
I'm not going to hurt you.

**CLOSEUP - DUNCAN**

it  
name

Hiding beneath a pew. He hears the name "Mandrakis" and  
registers like a thunderbolt. He silently mouths the  
"Mandrakis".

Then he hears Clifford's footsteps approaching.

**ANGLE ON CLIFFORD**

side

Slowly moving up the center aisle, looking from side to  
into the pews.

**CLIFFORD**

(gently; coaxing)  
I'm not going to hurt you... I'm not  
going to hurt you... There'll be no  
more pain... You're safe now...

Clifford moves closer and closer to Duncan's row until  
finally, Duncan can bear it no longer. He jumps up from  
beneath the pew and runs.

**DUNCAN**

(hysterical)

No! Mandrakis! No!

to  
both  
the

Clifford chases him through the pews and up the aisles  
the front of the church. He is clutching a needle in  
hands, ready to strike.

Duncan flees through a narrow door off to the side of  
church.

**INT. BELL TOWER**

choice  
Clifford's

Duncan faces a spiraling stone staircase. He has no  
but to climb them, higher and higher, the sound of  
angry footsteps always coming up behind him.

of the  
of  
him  
bells,  
feet to

Finally, Duncan can climb no higher. He is at the top  
bell tower. A lanceted opening in the stone wall ahead  
him looks out over the narrow shaft of the tower. Above  
are the huge iron bells. A rope hangs down from the  
dangling all the way down the shaft, forty or fifty  
the floor of the church.

him.  
Clifford  
catches the

Clifford is bounding up the last flight of steps to get  
Duncan has little choice. He is trapped. Just before  
reaches him, Duncan leaps out into the shaft and  
bell rope.

swings  
way  
Duncan,  
climbing

The bell starts to clang as Duncan, hanging in mid air,  
back and forth within the narrow shaft. Clifford leans  
out through the lancet window and takes a swipe at  
but the madman is just beyond his reach and hurriedly  
down the rope.

last,  
lose  
night.  
begins  
faster  
ground,  
stone  
the  
and  
own

Clifford reaches out and tries to grab at the rope. At he gets it, and he shakes it violently to get Duncan to his grip and be dashed against the stone floor below. But Duncan holds firm, climbing ever downward. The bell continues to clang, sending its alarm out into the Then Clifford braces himself and slowly, laboriously to haul up on the rope. Clifford gains momentum until Duncan is being pulled up than he is climbing down. Still twenty feet off the Duncan lets go of the rope and plummets to the hard floor. Then PEOPLE come rushing into the church, awakened by commotion of the bells. Duncan rolls into the shadows drags himself out a side door, while Clifford plans his escape from the bell tower.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ALLEYWAY NEAR CHURCH - NIGHT**

Clifford runs up the alleyway, looks around and finally realizes he's lost his prey.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ANOTHER ALLEYWAY**

two  
and  
shakes  
then  
du

Duncan is hidden deep in the shadows of a nook between buildings, catching his breath. CAMERA MOVES IN on him, we see him looking the craziest he's ever been. He uncontrollably and begins to mumble, softly at first, getting louder. He's falling back into the grips of Guy

Marraux.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. CITY - MORNING**

into  
bell  
A. All is still and quiet as soft, warm sunlight pours  
the dirty streets and alleyways. In the background, the  
tower of the church rises above the skyline.

asleep.  
B. We see a SHOT of the park -- all the bums are

the  
C. Then a SHOT of the mission -- its front door open,  
sidewalk empty.

D. Then the bar, where the same peaceful mood prevails.

he  
E. Then the alleyway where we last saw Curt Duncan. Now  
is gone.

Clifford's  
F. Then the exterior of Tracy's apartment building.  
car is parked out front.

**TRACY (O.S.)**

I used to see my two kids every  
weekend. They lived in a nice house  
with their father, outside the city.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT**

Tracy and Clifford are sitting at a small table in the  
kitchen, looking haggard, drinking coffee.

**TRACY**

Now... it's been years. They're grown  
up.

They look at each other. Clifford is a sympathetic  
listener.

**TRACY**

I look at where I am now. I know I

could've done better, but... it's too late for that.

**CLIFFORD**

(quietly)  
I know.

Pause.

**TRACY**

Well, you've got to keep looking, I suppose.

Taking his cue, Clifford slowly rises.

**CLIFFORD**

I don't think he'll come back here.

Tracy looks up at him questioningly, wishing she could feel as sure about it as he does.

**CLIFFORD**

(extending his hand)  
Thanks... for all your help.

Tracy takes his hand. They shake warmly.

**CLIFFORD**

I know it wasn't easy.  
(turning to go)  
Maybe, someday, I'll be able to...

**TRACY**

I wish you wouldn't leave me altogether...

Clifford turns back to her.

**TRACY**

(with a laugh)  
I'm not a young woman anymore. I've given up all my dreams of the future. Now, I just want to make it to the end. You know what I mean.

Clifford smiles at her gently. He knows exactly what she means.

**CLIFFORD**

I'll be around.

**TRACY**

Sure.

Clifford takes a few steps, turns back, looks at her.

**CLIFFORD**

You like ice cream?

**TRACY**

Yes.

**CLIFFORD**

What flavor?

**TRACY**

Chocolate chip.

Clifford nods his head slightly, as if registering this  
in his memory.

**CLIFFORD**

(quietly)

Okay.

They smile at each other for a second then Clifford  
leaves and Tracy sits alone in her kitchen, listening to him  
go, hearing the door close behind him.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

CLOSE UP on a section of a newspaper lying in the  
gutter. A pair of feet enters the frame and stands beside the  
newspaper. We hear a familiar cough. Then a trembling hand reaches  
down and picks up the newspaper.

Pause. Something in the newspaper has caught his eye.  
Then the feet shuffle out of frame.

**OUT:**

**FADE**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

A modest middle-income neighborhood where young married couples buy their first home and start their family.

foreground,  
little  
CAMERA is facing down the quiet street. In the  
on the street, two small CHILDREN, a little boy and a  
girl, are playing. They are adorable kids.

run out  
CAMERA PANS ninety degrees with the children as they  
of the street and up the sidewalk to their house.

A TITLE APPEARS across the bottom of the screen:

5 pm Friday, April 28, 1978

and  
TITLE FADES as the children push open the front door  
enter the house.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOUSE - FOLLOWING CHILDREN**

kitchen.  
They noisily and excitedly make their way to the

STEVIE  
The children are four and two and a half years old,  
and JUNE respectively.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN**

stove, her  
As the kids enter, their MOTHER is working at the  
back to CAMERA.

**JUNE & STEVIE**

(together)

Hi, Mommy!

The mother turns around. It is Jill Johnson!

**JILL**

(smiling)

Well, look what the wind blew in!

down,  
more  
Lockhart

CAMERA MOVES IN on her as she comes forward, bends  
kisses Stevie, and picks up June. Jill looks older,  
mature, but still very pretty. She is Mrs. John  
now, and has left her memories of the past behind her.

**STEVIE**

Mommy, what's for dinner? Could we  
have hamburgers?

**JILL**

(teasing)

Is that all you ever want?

to

A wall phone in the kitchen starts to ring. Stevie goes  
answer it.

**STEVIE**

Hello?

**JOHN (O.S.)**

(surprised)

Hey, how's my little tiger?

It is JOHN LOCKHART on the phone.

**STEVIE**

Daddy, Junie threw my baseball down  
the street; and I can't find it!

**JOHN (O.S.)**

Well, we'll look for it real hard  
later. Let me talk to mommy.

Jill, by this time, has come to the phone. She is still  
holding June.

**STEVIE**

Okay. Bye, daddy.

Stevie hands the phone to Jill.

**JILL**

Hi.

**JOHN**

Hi, babe -- whaddy say you put on a sexy dress, and I take you out to dinner tonight?

Jill is very happy about this.

**JILL**

Great... what's the occasion?

**JOHN**

(teasing)

Just a little surprise.

**JILL**

What?

**JOHN**

I'm leaving here now; be home in half an hour.

**JILL**

Okay, see ya.

**JOHN**

Bye, babe.

As Jill hangs up the phone, Stevie pipes up O.S.

**STEVIE (O.S.)**

Mommy, is Daddy gonna get me a new baseball?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. DR. MANDRAKIS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

Clifford's car is parked in the driveway, and we see him getting out. He goes to the front door -- the porch light is on and perhaps one other lamp somewhere inside the otherwise dark house. He rings the bell, waits, rings again... Finally the door is opened by the Houseboy.

**HOUSEBOY**

Dr. and Mrs. Mandrakis are out of town.

**CLIFFORD**

For how long?

**HOUSEBOY**

Three more weeks.

Pause.

**CLIFFORD**

It's just as well. Will you be here?

**HOUSEBOY**

Yes.

Clifford takes a business card from his pocket and gives it to the Houseboy.

**CLIFFORD**

Here. Call if you need me.

The Houseboy reads the card as Clifford walks back to his car. Then the Houseboy closes the front door.

Clifford pauses beside his car for a moment, looking back at the rich, dark home.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JILL'S HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The children are in bed. Jill is sitting next to Stevie. Only a nightlight is on.

**STEVIE**

...I pray the Lord my soul to keep.  
If I die before I wake, I pray the  
Lord my soul to take. God bless Mommy  
and Daddy and...

**JUNE**

And me.

**STEVIE**

...and Granmom and Aunt Lucy and  
Uncle George...

**JUNE**

And me!

**STEVIE**

(pausing)  
...and her. Now will you tell us a story?

**JILL**

No, I will not tell you a story. You go to sleep now. And be good. Carol will be here while we're gone.

**STEVIE**

Goodnight.

Jill kisses him.

**JUNE**

Mommy, will you come here a minute?  
I want to tell you something.

Jill stands up and goes over to June's bed.

**JILL**

What is it?

**JUNE**

Come closer.

Jill bends closer to her daughter. O.S. the doorbell rings.

**JUNE**

I love you.

**JILL**

I love you, too, Junebug.  
(kissing her)  
Goodnight. Sleep tight.

Jill stands up and leaves.

**INT. FRONT HALL**

As Jill comes down the stairs. CAROL, the sitter, is at the foot of the stairs with John. Carol has an armful of schoolbooks.

**JILL**

Hi, Carol.

**CAROL**

Hello, Mrs. Lockhart. I saw your picture in the paper the other day. Congratulations.

**JILL**

Ugggh... wasn't it a dreadful picture?

**JOHN**

I thought it was nice.

flips  
Over  
Jill crosses to a hall table, picks up a phone book, through it, then writes on a notepad beside the phone. this action...

**JOHN**

Are the kids asleep?

**JILL**

They will be soon.

(to Carol)

Give them about twenty minutes and then take a peek -- but if Stevie sees you, you'll have to tell him a story.

(beat)

Here's the number of the restaurant. Call us if you need us. For police, ambulance, any emergency like that, just dial 911. You know that, right?

**CAROL**

Nine-one-one? Oh, sure.

**JILL**

And just in case, I've written the number of the children's Uncle George and Aunt Lucy here, too.

**JOHN**

Honey, in ten seconds I eat the staircase.

**JILL**

Okay. Okay.

takes  
She puts down the pad and crosses to a closet where she out a lightweight coat.

**JILL**

(handing the coat to  
John)

Here.

**JOHN**

(not taking the coat)  
I'm not wearing that thing!

Jill shoves the coat into his stomach. Smiling, he  
takes the coat and dutifully helps her on with it.

**CAROL**

Have a good time.

**JILL**

Thanks, Carol.

**JOHN**

(pulling her out the  
door)  
Bye, Carol.

**CAROL**

Goodbye.

**JILL**

Goodbye.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

John and Jill walk to the station wagon in the driveway  
as Carol shuts the front door in the background. Just  
before Jill gets into the car, she takes a look back at the  
house -- there is a moment's hesitance, and then she gets in the  
car.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Carol picks up the phone and carries it into the living  
room with her. As she does it, we see lying on the phone  
table, the newspaper clipping with Jill's picture, and  
headline:

"Jill Lockhart Chairs Community UNICEF Drive."

She  
dials a number. Her BOYFRIEND answers.

**BOYFRIEND (O.S.)**

Hello?

**CAROL**

Hi. It's me.

**BOYFRIEND (O.S.)**

Oh, hi.

**CAROL**

Can you come over?

**BOYFRIEND (O.S.)**

I can't. I really have a lot of work  
to do.

**CAROL**

(disappointed)

Ohhh...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

and  
seductive  
atmosphere.

over-  
are  
else.

DOLLY with a LATIN WAITER carrying a huge tray of food  
head. He passes right by the table where Jill and John  
sitting. John watches him take the food to someone

**JOHN**

(reaching for a  
breadstick)

I've eaten enough breadsticks to  
turn into a pretzel.

**JILL**

John, tell me about the surprise.

**JOHN**

Oh, yeah. Brace yourself.

**JILL**

I'm braced.

**JOHN**

Good. I got the sack today.

**JILL**

What sack?

**JOHN**

The can... I was fired!

**JILL**

Oh, sure.

**JOHN**

You don't believe me?

**JILL**

No, I don't believe you.

**JOHN**

Well, Wally did call me into his office today. And he did tell me I didn't have my old job anymore.

**JILL**

(getting excited)  
John, what did you get?

**JOHN**

Are you ready for this?

**JILL**

(guessing)  
District Sales Manager!

**JOHN**

Regional!

**JILL**

Regional?!

**JOHN**

Nah, District.

**JILL**

(beside herself)

John, I don't believe it! District  
Sales Manager!

The WAITER arrives with their food.

**JILL**

Well, it's about time!

The waiter looks up, offended.

**JILL**

(to waiter)

Not you.

(back to John)

It's about time they recognized you  
for what you are.

**WAITER**

Enjoy your dinner, folks.

They ignore him. He moves away. John digs right in.

**JOHN**

(mouth full)

I'll be the youngest District Manager  
in the company's history. God, am I  
hungry!

**JILL**

(not eating yet)

Does this mean a raise?

**JOHN**

It sure does.

wine  
John flags down a passing WAITER and signals that their  
glasses need filling.

**JILL**

How much?

**JOHN**

A lot.

**JILL**

How much?

John leans forward and whispers in her ear.

**JILL**

You're kidding! And a car?

**JOHN**

And a car.

**JILL**

John, I'm so proud of you.

John pauses, looks at her.

**JOHN**

What's the matter? You don't like  
your food?

The MAITRE D' has come up to the table. John stops  
suddenly.

They are both very chagrined.

**MAITRE D'**

Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart?

**JILL**

That's right.

**MAITRE D'**

There's a telephone call for you.

John starts to get up. Jill grabs his arm.

**JILL**

Eat your dinner. It's probably Carol.  
I'll talk to her.

Jill stands up and follows the Maitre D' through the  
other  
CAMERA  
MOVES in on her.

**JILL**

Hello?

Pause.

**DUNCAN (O.S.)**

Have you checked the children?

Jill screams and falls to the floor.

**ANGLE ON JOHN**

Around him, other DINERS fall instantly silent and  
wonder

what is going on. WAITERS stop dead in their tracks.

John leaps up from his seat and dashes through the  
tables  
like a madman. Suddenly the restaurant comes alive with  
excitement and alarm.

**ANGLE ON JILL**

As John runs up and drops to his knees beside her. She  
is  
shaking and sobbing uncontrollably.

**JOHN**

Jill, what's happening? What's wrong?

**JILL**

It was him! Somebody call the police!  
Help me!

Other PEOPLE have crowded around and are making urgent  
noises  
now about calling the police, an ambulance, etc. John  
tries  
to cut through the confusion and anxiety.

**JOHN**

Wait a minute! Just hold on!  
Sweetheart, what was him? What are  
you talking about?

**JILL**

That man... Curt Duncan... He's home  
again! He's got our children!

**JOHN**

He was on the phone?

Jill nods.

John grabs the telephone and quickly dials a number.  
The  
crowd tries to quiet down, as much to hear for  
themselves as  
to let John talk. The phone rings and rings. Finally...

**CAROL**

Hello?

**JOHN**

Hello, Carol, it's Mr. Lockhart.  
What's going on over there?

**CAROL**

Nothing's going on.

**JOHN**

Is everything all right?

**CAROL**

Yes, there's nothing --

**JOHN**

Are you sure?

Pause.

**CAROL**

Everything's fine. Why? What's --?

**JOHN**

Carol, listen to me very carefully. If there's a man in the house, if there's any reason why you can't talk to me right now, just answer yes to me over the phone. That's all. If there's any danger of any kind, just say yes.

into  
Long pause. They wait for her answer. Jill is listening the receiver now, too.

**CAROL**

I don't understand what's happening. What man in the house?

relief.  
Jill is confused. John breathes a guarded sigh of  
Jill takes the phone.

**JILL**

Carol, it's Mrs. Lockhart. Answer me truthfully. When was the last time you looked in on the children?

**CAROL**

About forty-five minutes ago. Everything's fine. They were fast asleep.

again.  
Jill gives her husband a look. John takes the phone

**JOHN**

Carol, I'm sorry about all the hysterics. We're leaving the restaurant now. We'll explain everything when we get home. Before we hang up, could you do just one more thing for me, please?

**CAROL**

What?

**JOHN**

Would you go upstairs and, and check on the children for me?

with a Jill is violently shaking her head. John silences her gesture.

**CAROL**

Sure. Hold on.

on the Carol O.S. puts the phone down. Then there is silence other end. The crowd of people around Jill and John begin to shuffle and murmur. John tries to keep them quiet while listening into the phone.

of Then TWO POLICEMEN come forward through the crowd. One them kneels down to John and Jill who are still on the floor.

**POLICEMAN #1**

What seems to be the problem here, sir?

**JOHN**

(whispering)

Officer, I'm John Lockhart. Just a second please, and I'll explain everything.

**JILL**

(whispering to

Policeman)

I'm Jill Johnson, the babysitter seven years ago with the child killer.

This means nothing to Policeman #1.

**JOHN**

The babysitter. The guy got into the house and killed the two children upstairs.

Policeman #2 kneels down now.

**POLICEMAN #2**

(whispering)

Oh, yeah, I remember something about that. A Greek doctor...

**JOHN**

That's right. That's the one.

**POLICEMAN #2**

(to Policeman #1)

It was in the seventh precinct...

As the two policemen and John mumble between themselves,  
Jill takes the telephone.

**JILL**

(listening)

Hello?

She presses the receiver tighter to her ear.

**JILL**

Carol?

John quiets down the policeman. Jill can now hear what she  
couldn't a second ago.

**JILL**

(growing hysterical)

Carol? Carol?!

ZOOM into the telephone until we can also hear what Jill is  
reacting to. It grows louder and louder... A dial tone.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LOCKHART HOUSE - NIGHT**

John and Jill pull up in the station wagon followed by  
a

rush  
squad car -- no sirens or lights. They all get out and  
for the front door.

discovers  
John pulls out his key to open the door... and  
that it's unlocked. Cautiously, they step inside.

**INT. FRONT HALL**

They look into the living room. Carol isn't there.

**JOHN**

Carol? Carol?

Jill  
No answer. The policemen tentatively draw their guns.  
bolts up the stairway.

**JOHN**

Jill!

Policeman #2 runs up after her.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALL**

As Jill runs down to the children's bedroom followed by  
Policeman #2. She opens the door and rushes inside.

**INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM**

the  
The children are in bed, asleep. Policeman #2 stands in  
doorway as Jill goes up to June and bends over her.

**JUNE**

(opening her eyes)

Mommy?

Jill kisses her gently on the forehead.

**JILL**

Sshhh...

sleep.  
June closes her eyes and immediately falls back to  
Jill walks over to Stevie's bed and looks down at him.  
He  
turns slightly in his sleep.

covers  
Satisfied that her children are safe, Jill pulls up the

on Stevie and then walks slowly out of the bedroom.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALL**

walks  
buries  
cry.

Jill quietly pulls the door shut, and Policeman #2  
back up the hallway. Jill leans against the wall and  
her face in her hands. She is drained. She starts to

**JOHN (O.S.)**

Nothing was wrong?

**CAROL (O.S.)**

When I got back to the phone, the  
line was dead. I figured we got cut  
off somehow. What's been going on?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

floor.  
slowly

Jill is sitting on a corner of the bed, looking at the  
John sits on the other corner, facing away from her,  
unbuttoning his shirt. After a long silence...

**JILL**

What are you thinking about?

**JOHN**

If I ever get my hands on the guy  
that made that call...

**JILL**

John, it wasn't a prank. I know that  
voice.

**JOHN**

He disguised it though, didn't he?  
Same as before?

**JILL**

I know that voice.

Pause.

**JILL**

How can we just sit here?

John turns and moves over beside her.

**JOHN**

Look, we promised never to talk about this.

REACTION SHOT of Jill. She is shocked.

**JOHN**

What are we supposed to do? Leave town? Take the kids and lock ourselves up somewhere? Come on... Let's get a good night's sleep, and in the morning we can rethink this whole thing.

**JILL**

Nothing has to be rethought. And I'm not about to fall asleep.

**JOHN**

Try to relax, honey. I'm here. We're both here. The house is locked up. The cops'll be just outside all night long. We're safe now.

**JILL**

That's what they told me before.

John stands up and goes to his dresser.

**JOHN**

Okay. Look. If it'll make you feel any better...

emphatically  
and

He takes a revolver from the dresser drawer and checks the action. Then he walks to his side of the bed sets the pistol on his bedside table.

**JOHN**

I'll keep it right here beside me all night. You know I'm a light sleeper and a damn good shot. Are you satisfied?

Pause. Jill tries to smile.

**JILL**

John, I'm sorry to be putting you through all this.

**JOHN**

Hey, you're not putting me through anything that you don't have to go through yourself. I'm with you all the way. Trust me. Okay?

Jill nods. John leans forward and kisses her.

**JOHN**

That's my girl.

He gets up and walks out of the room talking.

**JOHN (O.S.)**

Now try to relax. We'll get some sleep. You'll be surprised how differently things will look in the morning.

**JILL**

(complaining)

Honey...

**JOHN (O.S.)**

What?

**JILL**

Not so loud. You're going to wake the children.

John comes back into the bedroom with a glass of water  
and a couple of pills in his hand.

**JOHN**

(smiling)

Naw. Those kids'd sleep through an earthquake. They're good kids.

(handing her the pills  
and water)

Here, take a couple of these. They're just what the doctor ordered.

**CLOSEUP - JILL**

As she takes the pills and swallows them, one at a  
time.

**JOHN (O.S.)**

You know, I read somewhere about this psychological thing called

hysterical delusion or hysterical recall or something. It had to do with how an event from your past can sneak up on you sometimes and fool you when it's only just a memory. I don't know. We'll talk about it in the morning. Maybe there's someone we can see about that...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

table,  
to  
CAMERA rounds out their game.

working  
him, is  
At a nearby table closer to CAMERA, Policeman #1 is on a crossword puzzle. POLICEMAN #3, sitting next to reading a paperback novel.

**POLICEMAN #1**

What's a word for "an outsider, of sorts"?

**POLICEMAN #3**

Trespasser.

**POLICEMAN #1**

Uh-uh. Eight letters.

**POLICEMAN #3**

Stranger.

**POLICEMAN #1**

Uh-uh. Starts with an "I".

novel.  
some  
Policeman #3 thinks briefly, then goes back to his  
Policeman #2 enters the room carrying a printout of  
sort.

**POLICEMAN #2**

Hey, Bert. A report just came in on that guy, Curt Duncan.

**ANGLE ON GARBER**

around. At the bridge table, perking up his ears, looking

**POLICEMAN #2 (O.S.)**

Broke outta the nuthouse two months ago.

pulls Garber is keeping only half an eye on the card game. He  
a card from his hand and throws it down.

**POLICEMAN #1 (O.S.)**

Oh, yeah? You going to put that in our report?

**OFFICER #1 (O.S.)**

Diamonds, Charlie. Diamonds was led.

another. Garber hastily picks up his card and throws down

**POLICEMAN #2 (O.S.)**

Course I'm going to put it in the report. Maybe this gal tonight really did get a call from him. Who knows?

**OFFICER #1 (O.S.)**

Your lead, Charlie.

Garber throws down another card.

**OFFICER #1 (O.S.)**

What the hell are you doing? That's a trump.

**OFFICER #2 (O.S.)**

A card laid is a card played.

**POLICEMAN #1 (O.S.)**

Yeah, you're right. We'd better leave that on Ruznik's desk in the morning.

**OFFICER #2 (O.S.)**

Toss 'em in. I got the rest.

**OFFICER #1 (O.S.)**

Jesus Kay-Reist!

approaches Garber throws down his cards. He stands up and

Policeman #2.

**GARBER**

Hey, Tucker, lemme see that a minute.

Policeman #2 hands the sheet of paper to Garber. Garber quickly scans the information.

**GARBER**

You guys have a stake on the house?

**POLICEMAN #2**

Bernstein and Waller are checkin' it every twenty minutes or so.

**GARBER**

(handing back the sheet)

Thanks.

where  
Garber exits to his office. Policeman #2 walks over to  
Policeman #1 is still sitting, working the crossword.

**POLICEMAN #1**

Hey, what's an eight letter word for "an outsider, of sorts"? Starts with an "I".

**POLICEMAN #2**

Intruder!

**POLICEMAN #1**

Right! Intruder!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GARBER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

to a  
and  
Garber sits thinking for a moment. He is trying to come  
decision. He reaches for the phone and dials. It rings  
then is picked up.

**CLIFFORD (O.S.)**

Hello?

**GARBER**

Cliff?... I think I got something for you...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LOCKHART HOUSE - NIGHT**

A shot of the downstairs hall. All is dark and still,  
very still.

**INT. BEDROOM**

Jill is tossing in her sleep. John is fast asleep next  
to her, on his side facing away from her. Then, Jill wakes  
up. She is heavily sedated, groggy. She hardly knows where  
she is at first.

She pulls herself up to a sitting position on the side  
of the bed. She tries to gather her wits. Then she gets up  
and walks slowly out of the room.

**FOLLOWING JILL**

Through the upstairs hallway, down the staircase and  
toward the kitchen. The darkness around her is ominous,  
threatening.

She stops at the dining room window and looks out. On  
the street a patrol car slowly passes and disappears down  
the block.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Jill enters, turns on the light, opens a cupboard and  
takes out a glass. She goes to the refrigerator and opens it.  
Suddenly, the lights go out.

Jill closes the refrigerator door and goes and turns on  
another light. Apparently, only a lightbulb has blown.  
Jill unscrews the burned-out bulb from its socket and throws  
it in the trash.

She leaves the kitchen.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL**

on  
expression  
Jill walks to a hall closet and opens it. A light comes  
inside as she does so. A puzzled, half-startled  
comes onto her face.

**JILL'S POV**

are on  
Inside the closet, half the hangers with coats, etc.,  
the floor.

Sound over: A telephone being dialed.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CLIFFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

out  
starts  
needles.  
phone  
Clifford has just finished dialing the phone. He waits,  
nothing happens. Then a strange, siren-like noise comes  
of the telephone. Clifford listens, then hangs up.  
He picks up the .38 he has lying on the desk and idly  
flipping the cartridge chamber with one of his jimmy  
After a moment, he lays the gun down and picks up the  
again, this time calling the OPERATOR.

**OPERATOR (O.S.)**

Operator.

**CLIFFORD**

Can you dial a local number for me?

**OPERATOR (O.S.)**

What is the number, please?

**CLIFFORD**

**555-2183.**

strange  
The operator dials. There is a pause. Then the same  
noise cuts in.

**CLIFFORD**

Operator, what does that mean?

**OPERATOR (O.S.)**

I'm sorry, sir, that line seems to be disconnected.

**CLIFFORD**

Why don't I get a recording?

**OPERATOR (O.S.)**

I don't know, sir. Maybe the number was just recently disconnected. Maybe there's a temporary malfunction in the wiring. Why don't you try it again in the morning?

**CLIFFORD**

Yeah, okay. Thanks.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LOCKHART HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Jill is walking down the hall to the children's bedroom. She opens the door.

**INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM**

As Jill quietly enters. The children are asleep. Jill goes to June and tucks her in. Then she walks over to Stevie's bed. He is sleeping, but with a Sugar Daddy in his hand. Jill looks down at him, again puzzled. She leans over, takes the Sugar Daddy and gently wakes him.

**JILL**

Stevie... Stevie...

**STEVIE**

(stirring, but not fully awake)  
Yes?

**JILL**

Stevie, listen to me. Where did you

get this candy?

**STEVIE**

What?

**JILL**

Where did you get this?

**STEVIE**

(very groggy)

The man gave it to me...

**JILL**

What man?

**STEVIE**

(drifting off)

I don't know... He was... Wings on a horse...

He closes his eyes and is asleep.

room.  
as a  
slowly  
hand  
slowly  
nothing.  
room.

Jill stands up, turns and starts to walk out of the  
Halfway across the floor, Jill stops. She stands rigid  
thought penetrates her own drowsiness. She turns very  
and moves to the closet in the children's bedroom.  
She stands before it a moment. Then she reaches her  
forward for the knob on the closet door. She very  
pulls the door open. She looks inside. There is  
Jill quietly closes the closet door and leaves the

**INT. BEDROOM**

gets  
for a  
table.  
phone's

Jill enters. John is still asleep facing the wall. Jill  
into bed, sitting up. She is wide awake now. She sits  
moment in the darkness, thinking.  
Then she reaches for the princess phone on the bedside  
She doesn't get a dial tone. She quietly pushes the

dial disconnect button up and down several times. Still no tone.

apprehension Jill hangs up and thinks for another moment, creeping over her face.

hear the Then, in the darkness of the bedroom, she begins to in muttering of a man's voice, low and deep. It is Duncan the throes of Guy du Marraux.

more Jill freezes. As the voice gets steadily louder and bedroom menacing, her attention focuses on the door to the closet which is a couple of inches ajar.

**JILL**

(urgently whispering)

John?... John?...

taking She reaches for the bedside lamp and turns it on, never light her eyes away from the closet door. As soon as the comes on, the voice stops.

husband's Her eyes still riveted to the door, Jill grabs her shoulder and shakes him, her voice cracking with fear.

**JILL**

John!... John!...

hideously. The body beside her stirs, rolls over, looks at her It is Duncan!!

Jill shrieks, and makes a move to leap out of the bed.

of her Duncan, the hideous and terrifying sound of his madness grumbling out of his throat, manages to grab the back nightgown.

slightly As Jill struggles to get off the bed, the gown rips while she fights to get away.

Jill's  
lose

Duncan rolls to her side of the bed and manages to grab  
ankle while letting go of the gown. It causes Jill to  
her balance and tumble onto the floor just short of the  
doorway leading out of the room.

moving his  
desperate

Duncan is on her in a flash, clutching at her and  
hands for her throat. Jill screams again. It is the  
sound of a woman facing certain death.

other

Suddenly, two quick shots ring out, overwhelming all  
sound. Duncan falls back with a groan and a thud.

pistol in  
walks  
down.

Out of the darkness of the hallway steps Clifford,  
hand. He crosses to Duncan. He is dead. Then Clifford  
around the room to the far side of the bed and looks

wall  
stirs,  
some

On the narrow strip of floor between the bed and the  
lies John. Clifford nudges the body with his foot. John  
as if he has been knocked unconscious, but it will be  
time yet before he comes to.

the

Clifford starts to walk out of the room, stepping over  
Duncan's body, edging past Jill who is propped up in  
doorway, sobbing hysterically.

**CLIFFORD**

Your husband's okay.

Then he is gone.

and

As Jill sits there unable to rein in her emotions, June  
Stevie toddle up to her groggily from the hallway.

**JUNE**

Mommy?

buries

Jill clutches her children to her heaving breast and  
her face between them.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL**

night  
Looking through the open front doorway into the quiet  
beyond.

**OUT:**

**FADE**

**THE END**