

Godplay Dare
by
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1 EXT. HOUSE BY THE OCEAN - NIGHT. 1

INTRO CREDITS ROLL as we look out the second story window of a large house to see the beautiful moonlit view of the ocean, waves gently lapping on the shore of the beach. A beat, then a car approaches and parks in front of the house.

Pull back through the window to reveal the bedroom, as we hear the car doors open and close, the quiet voices of a man and a woman as they approach and then enter the house, downstairs.

2 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT. 2

We take in the room, illuminated by nothing but the moon. The state of the room contrasts with the obvious expense of its furnishings; the bed is not made, clothes haphazardly strewn about.

Dust covers the otherwise impressive array of collectible artwork, antique furniture and sculptures about the room.

The voices get closer. We hear footsteps coming up the stairs and down the hallway toward the bedroom. The door opens.

The WOMAN enters, WINE GLASS in hand. She walks over to a beautiful Asian hand-carved antique dresser, and turns to face the man. Thirties, sexy black silk dress. She has the look of uncommon beauty, after a few years of partial neglect.

We wonder how she must have looked 10 years earlier. The room remains dark. The man simply leans against the door opening, watching, silhouetted by the faint ambient light from the hallway behind him.

We'll call him STRANGER. We never see his face.

WOMAN

Sorry about the mess.

He says nothing.

She stares at him as she takes her last sip of wine. She looks both nervous and excited. She slowly puts the glass onto the only remaining spot on the cluttered dresser.

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Never taking her eyes off the stranger, she slips one strap, then the other, off her shoulders. The dress falls to the ground, leaving her completely unclothed.

A beat, then the stranger slowly walks to her. Her excitement grows, and then he walks straight past her to the open window to THE LARGE ASIAN STONE SCULPTURE sitting on a TABLE by the window.

He silently touches it with the back of his hand, admiring its details. She feels abandoned as she watches him. Curious, self-doubting. She approaches and stands close behind him.

WOMAN

Beautiful, isn't it?

He doesn't speak.

It's Buddhist... China...

He interrupts her.

STRANGER

(Overlapping)

Thirteenth Century.

She's impressed.

STRANGER

Bathissatva. The priest. The Mongols would pray to him for guidance... What attracted you to this piece?

WOMAN

The serene expression on his face...
And because it matches my decor.

She giggles nervously. He doesn't respond.

WOMAN

Actually I gave up collecting.
It's boring. People only do it to impress. I stopped climbing social ladders long ago.

With this he turns and stares at her coldly.

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2 CONTINUED: (2)

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She senses his disfavor. She's suddenly uneasier. She moves to the bedside end table, opens its drawer, and pulls out a PACK OF CIGARETTES.

WOMAN

Do you mind if I smoke?

STRANGER

Yes.

She pauses, and then drops the pack into the drawer.

WOMAN

Can I get you something to drink?

STRANGER

That won't be necessary.

He slowly approaches, stopping directly facing her, his body touching hers. He stares into her eyes. He reaches up to touch her shoulders. His right hand glides up behind her head. He gently pulls her hair backward.

Her eyes close, as her head is forced backward. He kisses her neck. He then slowly pushes her back onto the bed. She gracefully falls back and in one move, slides up the bed, ready for him.

He just stands there, staring. He speaks in a near whispering tone.

STRANGER

I like to watch.

She looks surprised, but not disappointed. She nervously begins to put herself into the mood.

STRANGER

Show me.

She starts slowly, closing her eyes, trying to pretend she's alone, not being scrutinized by the constant stare of the stranger. She starts by caressing her shoulders and arms. This is not enough for him.

STRANGER

Show me.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

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She begins to caress her breasts with her hair, then her hands. She wets a finger in her mouth, and gently fondles the nipple of one breast. Her nervousness is clearly turning to arousal. She breathes in slow, deep breaths.

STRANGER

Show me.

She slowly slides one hand down her stomach, lightly touching herself in small circles, until it reaches between her legs. She arches her back, and begins to move at a slow, steady rhythm. He watches.

Suddenly, he is on top of her. They passionately kiss while she unbuckles his belt and unzips his pants.

No gentle foreplay, it happens instantly, violently passionate. The thrusts almost break the bed. He grabs her hands and pins them down above her head with one hand. She closes her eyes and gasps with ecstasy.

He slowly brings his other hand down and around her neck. He slowly tightens his grip. This brings her to the utmost height of pleasure, trusting that he will stop when her thirst is finally quenched.

As she nears climax, he continues to tighten his grip. She begins to doubt whether or not he will let up. It is too much for her.

She comes down quickly from her peak, and stares at him in horror, as if she's looking into the eyes of a rabid wolf. He continues to grip her neck like a vice, his hand shaking.

She tried in vain to pull his hand from her neck. She quickly loses consciousness; her eyes remain open, frozen as all movement ceases. We hear nothing but the waves, gently washing the shore in the background.

FADE TO
BLACK

3 INT. CAR - DAY. 3

JOHN PHILLIPS, Johnnie to his friends, is racing through uncommonly bad traffic in his 70's model sedan, trying desperately to navigate from the MAP on the passenger seat, folded in an almost origami fashion.

He realizes he is heading the wrong direction, and quickly makes a U-turn, and races off in the opposite direction.

JOHNIE

Whoever designed this city should be shot!

4 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY. 4

Johnnie pulls his car between two police cars, jumps out, then goes back to get his BRIEFCASE, shaking his head, and quickly runs into the station.

5 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY. 5

Johnnie checks his watch as he hurries through the lobby and makes his way to the front desk. Police officers coming and going. GLORIA is the officer holding down the front desk.

Her gum chewing only exaggerates her already sarcastic demeanor. Johnnie fumbles through his jacket pocket with his spare hand, and pulls out a wadded up piece of paper as he approaches the desk, reading it.

JOHNIE

Hi. I wonder if you could tell me where I might find Captain Nygren?
I'm John...

GLORIA

(Interrupting)
Late.

JOHNIE

Excuse me?

GLORIA

Late. You're late, Mr. Phillips.

She looks up at the clock behind him.

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JOHNIE

Oh, yes, I'm sorry. I got lost on the way here. You see, I'm from the East Coast, and let me tell you, it's much easier to find your way around...

She cuts him off again as she hands Johnnie A MANILA FOLDER.

GLORIA

(Interrupting)

My, how fascinating. OK, The Captain said if you ever got around to coming to work, that you were supposed to meet him at this address.

She points to a quickly scrawled address on the cover of the folder.

GLORIA

Congratulations. You have your first assignment.

Johnnie looks at the address.

JOHNIE

Pacific Street. Can you tell me where this is?

GLORIA

Ever heard of the Pacific Ocean? Just head towards it and right before you drive into the water, you'll hit Pacific Street.

She spits her gum out in the trashcan next to her chair and walks off.

JOHNIE

() To himself)
Lovely.

He takes his folder and briefcase and leaves.

6 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY.

6

Johnnie is in his car, speeding along, not quite sure where he's going.

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6 CONTINUED:

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He keeps frantically glancing at his road map on the passenger seat in a futile attempt at navigating through this unfamiliar maze of streets.

Finally, he spots the ocean on the horizon, relieved that he's at least heading the right direction. He makes a left on Pacific Street. He can see the flashing lights of emergency vehicles up ahead breaking up the otherwise serene appearance of an upscale beachfront neighborhood.

Johnie pulls up across the street from the house where all the action is. He finds a place to park, grabs the folder Gloria gave to him at the station & gets out. This is the same house we saw earlier, but now we are looking at its front. Magnificent place.

It's total mayhem. Cop cars. Ambulance. A van from the local TV station pulls up, and the reporter and her cameraman jump out.

JOHNIE

(To himself)

Fuck.

He heads over, and just as he steps over the yellow crime scene barrier tape, the woman reporter runs over to him.

REPORTER

Was it Bedroom Friday?

Johnie looks confused then irritated as the cameraman points his huge video camera directly into his face.

JOHNIE

No comment.

He makes his way up to the house, where a CITY COP stands guard at the steps leading up to the front door. He eyes Johnie with suspicion. Johnie pulls out his badge & shows the cop, who steps aside & lets him go by.

He heads into the foyer. Busy place. Lots of people here. Cops, forensics, much chatter. Johnie looks around for whoever is in charge.

He spots SERGEANT GOODARD, a tall athletic man talking to CAPTAIN NYGREN at the foot of the stairs and approaches them.

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JOHNIE

Excuse me, I'm Johnie Phillips. I'm supposed to meet...

CAPTAIN NYGREN

(Interrupting)

Detective Phillips, I'm Captain Nygren, this is Sergeant Goodard.

SGT. GOODARD

(Displeased)

You were supposed to be here a half an hour ago, Phillips.

JOHNIE

I'm sorry. I'm new in town, and I took a wrong turn, and...

SGT. GOODARD

Well, don't make a habit of it.

He gestures to the folder Johnie is carrying.

SGT. GOODARD (cont'd)

Did you read the file?

JOHNIE

Uh, no I didn't have a chance. I headed straight here from the station.

SGT. GOODARD

Well, you'd better do your homework. You have a lot of catching up to do on this case.

JOHNIE

What case is that, exactly?

CAPTAIN NYGREN

What do you know about Bedroom Friday?

JOHNIE

Not much really... Just what I've picked up from the papers. On the FBI's 12 most wanted list for over three years. Always strikes on a Friday night. Rapes and murders women.

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SGT. GOODARD

That's right. And unless what's upstairs is an exception, he always leaves without a trace. Like a ghost. Poof! Gone into thin air.

JOHNIE

What else do we know?

CAPTAIN NYGREN

We? Not much. Moira's the real expert on Friday. Some of us think she's secretly married to the bastard.

Sgt. Goodard chuckles. Johnie looks confused.

JOHNIE

Moira?

CAPTAIN NYGREN

She's your new partner. Usually with new transfers we just randomly assign you, but she requested you.

JOHNIE

Requested me? I don't even know who she is.

CAPTAIN NYGREN

Well, John, she knows who you are apparently.

SGT. GOODARD

Lucky you! Just don't let her talk you into anything stupid. She tends to come up with.... you could say, creative ways of investigation.

Sgt. Goodard and Captain Nygren grin at each other. Nygren looks at his watch.

CAPTAIN NYGREN

(To Goodard)

I'm late for an appointment with the DA. Take John upstairs and introduce him to his new partner.

He reaches out to shake Johnie's hand.

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6 CONTINUED: (4)

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CAPTAIN NYGREN (cont'd)
 John. Good luck. See you back at the
 office.

Captain Nygren leaves.

SGT. GOODARD
 Well, let's do it.

They head up the stairs. A look of obvious disgust crosses their faces as they enter the bedroom doorway. The stench is almost unbearable. There is one investigator dusting the room for prints.

We see the back of a woman leaning over the bloated corpse of a woman, half covered by the silk bed sheet. She writes in her notebook. There are two forensics people standing there watching.

A police photographer snaps pictures. Johnie swats one of the many flies away from his face.

JOHNIE
 (To Sgt. Goodard)
 How long has she been in here?

SGT. GOODARD
 Well, John. Do the math. It's Friday morning.

JOHNIE
 That's six and a half days. I wouldn't think she would have decomposed this much...

SGT. GOODARD
 (Interrupting)
 Or thirteen days. She was probably murdered Friday, two weeks ago.

The woman, MOIRA, investigating the body turns to the forensics people.

MOIRA
 OK you can take her out now.

She faces Johnie and Sgt. Goodard. She's in her 30's, striking. Shoulder length dark brown hair. Great body. Her and Johnie's eyes meet.

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A moment of chemistry, at least on Johnie's part. With a wry smile, she senses his attraction.

SGT. GOODARD

Detective Phillips, meet your new partner, Moira Riley.

MOIRA

Glad you could finally make it Mr. Phillips.

JOHNIE

Call me Johnie.

Goodard looks at him sarcastically.

SGT. GOODARD

Well, I'll leave you two lovebirds alone. I've got to get back to the office. Moira, I'll expect your report as soon as possible.

Goodard heads down the stairs and yells about halfway down.

SGT. GOODARD (cont'd)

And keep your mouth shut to those reporters outside.

A moment of awkward silence as Johnie stares at Moira. They move to the side as the body is carried past them down the stairs. Johnie grimaces at the smell. Moira seems unaffected.

JOHNIE

So. She's been dead two weeks, and they only found her now?

MOIRA

Didn't have much of a life from the looks of it. Two messages on her answering machine. Fits the stereotype, though.

JOHNIE

What stereotype?

MOIRA

You didn't read the file?

JOHNIE

Well, no... I was late, and...

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6 CONTINUED: (6)

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MOIRA
(Interrupting)
I'll bring you up to date over lunch.
You're buying.

She walks past him smiling and heads down the stairs. He follows.

7 INT. GREASY DINER - DAY

7

Dive. The kind of place that where you can still get a meal that will choke your arteries. Unhealthy looking people fill the background. Moira is dumping about six packets of sugar into her coffee as Johnie looks, amazed.

Johnie's empty salad plate sits off to the side. Moira takes the last bite of the most disgusting meatball sandwich, dripping with grease.

JOHNIE
Gee, I didn't think this kind of place
even existed in a town like this.

MOIRA
Well, lucky for you, your new partner
knows all the best places.

JOHNIE
You always eat like this?

She doesn't answer, but takes a sip of her coffee and sits back, relaxed.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

I haven't been in a place like this since
college.

MOIRA
So. Why did you drop out of Harvard? Too
much pressure?

Just then an elderly waitress comes to their table, and gives Johnie a refill.

Johnie ignores her question, and pulls the file over in front of him.

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7 CONTINUED:

7

JOHNIE

So. You've read the file?

MOIRA

The file? I practically wrote that file.

JOHNIE

I was referring to my file.

Moira looks a little uneasy.

Captain Goodard said you requested that I be assigned to you. Why is that?

MOIRA

You're the best qualified for the job.

JOHNIE

So, you have read my file?

She smiles nervously.

MOIRA

I'm surprised at you Detective Phillips. You know that's a breach of policy to go through other officer's records. Let's just say you come highly recommended.

Johnie continues flipping through the file. He sees composite sketches of Bedroom Friday.

JOHNIE

I don't know if I should feel flattered or violated. Someone peeking into my file like that.

MOIRA

Well, you're the one who put in for a transfer to this precinct. You know how it is when a new guy transfers. People get curious. Nobody wants to end up with a misfit. You know how troublemakers get shipped off to be someone else's problem.

Johnie pulls out one of the sketches & holds it up.

JOHNIE

So. Bedroom Friday. We have no leads on this guy, but we know what he looks like?

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7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

He puts the picture back and closes the folder.

MOIRA

Well, we've gotten hair samples. Long, black, silver hair. So obviously we're dealing with a middle aged Caucasian male.

JOHNIE

That's pretty sparse information to go on. Who did the comp?

MOIRA

I did. That's how I see him.

JOHNIE

(Half to himself)

Boy, maybe you really are secretly married to him.

Moira slams her coffee down. Johnie is surprised.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I... I didn't mean anything by that. I'm sure you must know what you're doing. Tell me more about the case.

MOIRA

All his victims are attractive wealthy women... Doesn't that tell you something?

JOHNIE

Yeah. That he likes wealthy attractive women. I admire his taste.

MOIRA

It tells you that he's able to attract this kind of woman. What kind of guy would he have to be to get women like this to risk bringing a total stranger back to their homes just for one night with him? These aren't your average bar sluts we're talking about here.

8 JOHNIE LOOKS AT THE SKETCHES AGAIN.

8

JOHNIE

Yeah, he's a regular dreamboat. So, you drew these pictures. Is this the kind of guy you would risk your life for a one night stand?

MOIRA

Is that a professional question? Or just another smart-ass remark.

JOHNIE

Sorry. Just trying to lighten up the conversation. Most women like my sense of humor.

MOIRA

I'm not most women. OK, I'll give you an overview of where we are. Bedroom Friday has been killing women for a little over two years. All within a four mile radius of downtown. He's always hit the first Friday of the month. Time of death is always around midnight.

JOHNIE

How does he do 'em in?

MOIRA

Asphyxiation. Apparently strangles them during sex.

JOHNIE

Kinky bastard, eh? Fingerprints?

MOIRA

None. Never a trace. Just hair and semen samples.

JOHNIE

Well, that's pretty good DNA evidence.

MOIRA

Sure, but it's totally useless unless he's actually arrested for the crime. So far he's outsmarted us. We don't have a clue who he is. No suspects. No leads. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNIE

So why bother? You seem obsessed with catching him. Let's face it, most cops are just statistics collectors with a badge. Gather up crime statistics to justify next year's budget.

MOIRA

I have my reasons.

JOHNIE

So where do we go from here? No leads. No suspects. Do we just sit and wait for him to strike?

MOIRA

Well, I have a feeling that he won't be caught using traditional methods of investigation.

JOHNIE

That's a pretty scary statement.

MOIRA

No I mean... Whoever he is. He knows our methods. How we do things. That's how he's able to evade us. We need to get inside his head to figure out what he's going to do next.

JOHNIE

How exactly?

MOIRA

The victims. All brunette. All had enough money that they didn't have to work. All approaching middle age. Some had attempted suicide at some point. That's the stereotype. Can you see the pattern?

JOHNIE

I see the pattern, but I don't get what you're trying to say.

MOIRA

All these women had no reason to live. Or at least they thought they had no reason to live.

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8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

JOHNIE

So you're saying he chose them because of that?

MOIRA

I'm not saying that for sure, but it seems like quite a coincidence. There hasn't been a single one of his victims that didn't fit the profile. Not one.

JOHNIE

Well, I don't know what good that does us. If we tried to put a tail on every depressed, suicidal woman in this town, we wouldn't have any more cops left for anything else.

Johnie sees her displeased reaction and tries to back pedal.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

No offense. I didn't mean that in a sexist way, what I meant was...

MOIRA

(Interrupting)

That's not what I had in mind anyway. I have an idea. And it just might work.

JOHNIE

Great. Have you gotten approval from Sergeant Goodard on it yet?

MOIRA

You remember what I said about not using traditional methods of investigation.

JOHNIE

Oh, shit. My first day on the job and I'm already on my way to the unemployment line.

MOIRA

Don't worry, you're not going to get fired. Come on. Let's get out of here. I'll tell you the whole story.

She looks around to make sure no one is listening.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

MOIRA (cont'd)
I can't tell you here. Too many ears.

They leave the restaurant.

9 EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY

9

Johnie is in his car. He starts it. Just then, Moira pulls up in her late model sports car next to Johnie. She smiles at him coyly.

MOIRA
Follow me.

She burns rubber as she screeches out of the parking lot. Johnie accelerates, frantically trying to keep up with her. They drive off into the distance, weaving in and out of busy city streets.

10 EXT. LARGE HOUSE - DAY

10

Johnie's car pulls up behind Moira in front of a large, very nice house in an upscale neighborhood. Fantastic place, other than the somewhat neglected landscaping and weeds sprouting from the front lawn.

He's impressed. Johnie gets out of the car and approaches Moira just as she gets out of hers.

JOHNIE
Wow, nice place. Who lives here?

MOIRA
I do.

Johnie is quite surprised. She turns and heads up the walkway towards the house. He follows.

11 INT. MOIRA'S HOUSE - DAY

11

The door opens. Moira and Johnie step into the house. Johnie takes it all in. It is immense. Spiral staircase leading upstairs. Art adorns the walls.

Lots of stone and glass. And cobwebs in all the corners. Full ashtrays on the end tables.

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11 CONTINUED:

11

MOIRA

Sorry about them mess. I just can't seem to get around to cleaning this place. I really should hire a housekeeper.

She heads into the kitchen. Johnie roams into the living room where he spots a full concert grand piano.

JOHNIE

That's OK. Why are we here?

MOIRA

You'll find out. Want a drink?

JOHNIE

No thanks. Still on the clock, remember?

MOIRA

It's only root beer.

JOHNIE

Sure. What the hell.

We hear the sound of ice dropping into glasses as Johnie wanders over and sits at the piano.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

I'm taking requests. What would you like to hear?

MOIRA

Beethoven. Moonlight Sonata. It's my favorite piece. Play that song and you can talk me into anything.

JOHNIE

Really!

Johnie cracks his knuckles, lifts his hands in the air dramatically, and then launches into a pathetic rendition of chopsticks.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

Well that's too bad, because this is all I know.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

He stops and wipes the dust off his fingertips as Moira comes into the room with two glasses.

She hands him one.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

What do you do with your free time?

He looks down at the ashtray on the table.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

Other than smoke yourself to death?

MOIRA

Actually I quit two years ago.

Johnie looks at the ashtray again.

MOIRA (cont'd)

Cold turkey. Just like that. No Betty Ford Center for me. When I make up my mind to do something, I do it.

Johnie sits on the couch and takes a long drink. He looks at Moira with a smile.

JOHNIE

So what nasty habit have you replaced it with?

MOIRA

I guess I haven't had time to smoke since I've been on the Bedroom Friday case.

She gives him a long, deliberate smile as she takes the last sip of her drink. She sets it on the table.

MOIRA

Come on. Upstairs. I want to show you why I brought you here.

She turns and heads towards the spiral staircase. Johnie is frozen, a look of shock, mixed with lust. She stops at the foot of the stairs, turns and looks at him.

MOIRA (cont'd)

Are you OK?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

He stammers.

JOHNIE

Uh... Yeah, fine.

He puts his glass down, stands up and follows her up.

12 INT. HALLWAY, MOIRA'S HOUSE - DAY

12

They head down a long hallway, past doors. All are open but one about in the middle of the hallway. Johnie is looking into the rooms as he passes. He stops at one door that is closed. Johnie opens the door and looks inside.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM, MOIRA'S HOUSE - DAY.

It is a furnished bedroom, but a thick layer of dust covers everything. Moira looks back and sees Johnie looking in the bedroom.

MOIRA

(Angry)

Stay out of there.

JOHNIE

Whoa... sorry. Just curious.

Johnie closes the door.

13 INT. SPARE BEDROOM, MOIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

13

FLASHBACK SCENE

A Man and woman, MOIRA'S PARENTS, are asleep. Moira as a little girl slowly opens the bedroom door and walks to the bed. She shakes her mother, waking her up. Her Mother doesn't get up, but

MOTHER

Honey, what is it?

MOIRA

Mommy, I'm scared.

MOTHER

It's OK sweetie, there's nothing to be afraid of.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MOIRA

I heard something. I'm scared.

MOTHER

It's OK honey, just go back to bed.

Moira hesitates, and then starts back, dejected. As she passes the closet, the bedroom door starts to slowly open. Moira looks up, her eyes wide in terror. She slips into the closet, hiding.

A dark figure crosses over towards the bed. Moira looks in horror, her hand over her mouth, as the man proceeds to slash her mother and father to death. She is paralyzed with fear unable to move.

END OF FLASHBACK.

14 INT. MOIRA'S HOUSE - DAY

14

Moira is still staring at Johnie.

MOIRA

It's OK. I'd just rather nobody went in that room, that's all.

They continue on until they reach the one at the end of the hall. She turns to him, smiling.

MOIRA

I think you're going to like this.

Johnie looks like a teenage boy on his first date. He excitedly follows her into the bedroom.

15 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MOIRA'S HOUSE - DAY

15

She walks over to the closet and opens the door. It's one of those with horizontal wooden slats.

MOIRA

OK. Get in.

A look of confused disappointment slides across Johnie's face.

MOIRA (cont'd)

Get in. Get in the closet.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNIE
Are you serious?

MOIRA
I can't tell you how this works. I have
to show you. Now get into the damn
closet.

JOHNIE
If you say so.

He goes into the closet. She closes it behind him. She picks
up a belt and ties the handles closed so he can't get out.

JOHNIE (cont'd)
I haven't hid in a girl's closet since I
was sixteen.

MOIRA
Well, this is just like that, only my
Dad's not coming home.

JOHNIE
OK. Now what.

MOIRA
What do you see?

JOHNIE
I see a cop who's completely lost her
mind.

MOIRA
What else.

JOHNIE
Look this isn't funny...

MOIRA
(Interrupting)
What else?

JOHNIE
I see your bed. Your dresser.

Moira walks to the right.

MOIRA
How about now. Can you see me?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

JOHNIE

Yes.

She moves a little further.

MOIRA

What about now?

Johnie starts to get irritated.

JOHNIE

A little. I see your arm. OK now I can't see you... Will you please let me out of this fucking closet?

Moira goes over and lies back on the bed. Johnie pauses, staring at her. She looks very sexy like this, and she knows it.

MOIRA

Can you see me now?

Johnie is speechless. She basks in the moment for a beat, then jumps up from the bed and over to the closet. She unties the belt and lets him out of the closet. Johnie is totally confused.

JOHNIE

I have a feeling this all means something, but I have no idea what the hell is going through your head.

MOIRA

OK, since you went this far I guess I can trust you.

She sits back on the edge of the bed. She looks at Johnie, sizing him up.

JOHNIE

Well?

MOIRA

I've thought this all out. I pick up Bedroom Friday, get him up here, and when he tries to kill me you arrest him.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNIE
Are you insane?

MOIRA
You'll see the whole thing from the closet. I'll give you a signal. A hand signal. Like this.

She holds her hand up, fingers open.

MOIRA (cont'd)
When I go like this...

She closes the fingers into a fist.

MOIRA (cont'd)
That's the signal. No matter what happens, you wait for that signal. It's got to be at just the right time. Nothing happens until I give the signal. Regardless of how much danger you think I'm in, you understand?

Johnie is beside himself.

JOHNIE
I can't believe what I'm hearing.

MOIRA
It's the only way. We'll never catch him otherwise. Look.

She jumps back on the bed.

MOIRA (cont'd)
We go to an upscale club. Separately. I'll pick him up and take him home. You tail me. I'll get him up here. On the bed. With me. And at the right time, I'll give you this hand signal.

She holds up her right hand, and clenches it into a fist.

MOIRA (cont'd)
Then you come out of the closet and arrest him. Simple.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

JOHNIE

You're out of your mind. And what if...

He hesitates. A disturbed expression crosses his face.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

Wait a minute!

Moira can see what he's thinking.

MOIRA

Don't worry. We think he kills them first. Then penetrates them. So there's nothing to worry about. He tries to strangle me, you bust him. End of story.

JOHNIE

This just cannot happen, Moira. It's insane, and you know it. And Goodard would never, ever let this happen.

MOIRA

Which is why we're not telling Goodard anything, right? Look, Johnie, I trusted you. I sought you out because you had the reputation for taking chances. Someone who really cared about putting scum behind bars.

He is thinking intently.

MOIRA (cont'd)

I'll do this alone if I have to. I'm used to doing things alone.

This is getting to Johnie.

JOHNIE

There must be a hundred bars in this town.

MOIRA

Not just bars. Upscale clubs. The kinds of places a rich woman goes to meet a man who's her equal. That narrows it down considerably. Besides, in my investigations, I've found five clubs that most of his victims were known to frequent.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNIE

I don't know. I just can't believe that this would really work.

MOIRA

You don't think I'm attractive enough to get picked up in a high-class club?

JOHNIE

No, I mean, yes. Yes, of course. You're very beautiful. It's just that I don't...

MOIRA

(Interrupting)

OK then, it's settled. Every Friday night we go out until we catch Bedroom Friday. Starting tonight.

JOHNIE

Oh, man. I should have stayed in Salem.

MOIRA

OK. I'm going to take a nap. It's going to be a late night. Meet me at the Skinned Lizard at eleven PM. Sharp. It's on the Wharf.

Johnie walks towards the bedroom door. He stops at the doorway and turns to her.

JOHNIE

All right, I'm only agreeing to do this tonight. After that, no promises.

She is smiling. He starts out into the hallway, and then turns back again.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

And if I get fired, I get to come live in one of these spare bedrooms, right?

She smiles and shakes her head.

MOIRA

Sure. If you get fired, you can move in. You can be my housekeeper.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (6)

15

He leaves.

16 EXT. SKINNED LIZARD PARKING LOT - NIGHT

16

Johnie sits in his car. Impatient. He looks at his watch. 10:30. No Moira. He taps the steering wheel. Just then Moira's sports car comes flying into the lot like a meteor and skids to a stop.

Johnie gets out and goes over to meet her. She is gathering her things inside her car.

JOHNIE

Eleven PM sharp, huh?

MOIRA

I'm sorry I'm late. I forgot. This dress was at the cleaners.

JOHNIE

You couldn't wear another dress?

In mid sentence, she gets out of the car. She's wearing a sleek, tight, sexy black dress. Johnie looks her up, hoping she doesn't notice him looking as she straightens out her dress and touches up her lipstick.

MOIRA

No, I couldn't. All his victims wore black dresses. This is my only black dress. Do you like it?

She doesn't wait for an answer. She reaches into her purse and pulls out a garage door opener.

MOIRA (cont'd)

Here. Take this.

She hands it to Johnie, who puts it into his pocket.

MOIRA (cont'd)

Here's what we do. I'll go in. You wait a few minutes, then you come in and find a good spot to keep an eye on me. If I see him, I'll get him to take me back to my house.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

MOIRA (cont'd)

You leave and beat us there, use that garage door opener, and park in my garage. You go upstairs, hide in the closet, and the rest goes as we planned. OK?

JOHNIE

(Sarcastically)

You make it sound so easy.

MOIRA

OK I'm going in.

She crosses the parking lot, heading toward the Skinned Lizard. Johnie watches her go inside. He paces for a few seconds, then goes back to his car and gets out the Bedroom Friday file from the passenger seat. He looks at his watch, and then heads towards the club.

17 INT. THE SKINNED LIZARD CLUB - NIGHT

17

Johnie enters. It's a strange place. Dark. A cross between a sleazy dive, and an exclusive yacht club. Lots of dark cherry wood and stone. A Jazz Trio plays soft music off to the side on a barely lit stage.

Johnie looks around, sees Moira at the bar, then finds a booth off in a corner. There are about twenty upper class women in their thirties to fifties, and a handful of mostly younger, handsome men. It looks like a meat market for rich young widows.

Just then a waitress walks up to Johnie's table.

WAITRESS

What can I get you tonight?

JOHNIE

Orange Juice and a water.

WAITRESS

Any dinner or appetizers?

JOHNIE

No. No thank you.

She wanders off. Johnie is trying to watch Moira without looking too obvious. A man approaches her.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

He doesn't fit the profile but Johnie watches intently nonetheless. He is young, with short blonde hair.

Moira brushes him off in seconds flat. Johnie smiles and shakes his head. The bartender hands Moira her drink. Just then the waitress walks up and puts Johnie's drink on the table. He starts to pull out some money.

WAITRESS

You can pay when you're ready to leave.

She walks off. Johnie sees one woman leave with a younger man. Johnie looks at his watch. He opens the file he brought with him and starts to casually glance at the pages, while keeping an eye on Moira.

He sees another man approach Moira. Another quick brush-off. A man and woman start kissing in the booth next to him. This distracts his reading. He seems annoyed. The couple is moving on to some clothes-on foreplay. Johnie is a little embarrassed.

Just then an attractive woman walks up to Johnie's table, blocking his view of Moira. This makes him nervous.

WOMAN

Hi.

JOHNIE

Hello.

WOMAN

This is really out of character for me, but I've had a few drinks in me, and if you haven't noticed, you're the only man in the entire place who's alone.

JOHNIE

Oh, I hadn't noticed.

Johnie is trying to strain a look in Moira's direction without appearing rude.

WOMAN

Well, we did.

She looks over to another table, where her friend, who is even better looking than her, is seated. The friend waves and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

WOMAN

Listen, I don't know what you're looking for in a woman, but you're welcome to take both of us home and decide if either of us suites your fancy. I happen to know from personal experience that Sylvia is an excellent lover, and I'm sure she would give me a pretty good rating too.

Johnie is astonished, and doesn't quite know how to respond.

JOHNIE

Uh, actually... um...

She moves to the side just enough for Johnie to get a quick view of the bar. Moira is not there. Johnie panics.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

Oh shit!

He jumps up and quickly scans the room. No Moira. The woman is standing there, bewildered.

He runs past her towards the restrooms.

WOMAN

A simple no would have worked.

Johnie runs into the woman's restroom.

JOHNIE

Moira!

No response. He turns around to leave and almost knocks over a woman coming in. He looks around the bar again, then dashes out the exit. He looks right and left, his view blocked by pedestrians, lumbering Friday night wanderers on the wharf.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

(To himself)

Son of a bitch. I lost her.

Just then a voice behind him.

MOIRA

Lost who?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

Johnie whips around to see Moira standing there.

JOHNIE

You scared the shit out me. Don't ever do that again.

MOIRA

Well, what do you expect me to do? Come waltzing over to you and blow our cover? If you weren't so distracted hitting on the Barbie twins, you would have noticed me leaving.

JOHNIE

You jealous?

MOIRA

(Sarcastically)
Oh, please.

JOHNIE

Its not every night a man gets an offer to take two women home. It was hard to pass up.

Moira tries to act unconcerned.

MOIRA

I'll bet it was.

JOHNIE

So where do we go from here?

MOIRA

We meet again Friday. Same routine. Different club.

JOHNIE

Whatever you say.

She gives him a long thoughtful look.

MOIRA

Good night Johnie.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (4) 17

She turns and slowly walks off. He doesn't move. Just watches her go.

FADE TO BLACK.

18 INSERT -- TITLE CARD 18

ONE WEEK LATER

19 INT. JOHNIE'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY 19

Johnie sits in his office alone. He is shuffling through his desk drawers. GLORIA'S voice cackles over the intercom.

GLORIA (OS)

Johnie, Sergeant Goodard wants to see you.

JOHNIE

OK be right there.

Johnie gets up and strolls across the hall to Goodard's office.

20 INT. SERGEANT GOODARD'S OFFICE - DAY 20

His office is nicer than Johnie's. Pictures of his family adorn his desk. He sits back in his chair, midway into a casual conversation with POLICE PSYCHIATRIST BRENT ANDERSON. It stops when Johnie enters the room.

ANDERSON

John. How've you been?

JOHNIE

Good, Brent. How's the head shrinking going?

Anderson smiles.

ANDERSON

Figuring out how everything works around here?

JOHNIE

Well, I guess I'll let Sergeant Goodard be the judge of that.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

He turns to Goodard.

SGT. GOODARD

Well, funny you should say that, John.
How are things going with your partner,
Detective Riley?

JOHNIE

Moira? Fine. Couldn't be better.

SGT. GOODARD

She seem OK to you?

Goodard and Anderson look serious. Johnie feels a little uncomfortable. On the hot seat all of a sudden.

JOHNIE

Yeah. I mean. What are getting at
Goodard?

Goodard stands up and paces the room, nervously glancing at Anderson.

SGT. GOODARD

Well, John, we've been a little concerned
about Detective Riley lately. Not her job
performance, there's just... Can't put my
finger on it exactly. I think she may be
getting burnt out. It happens to all of
us eventually.

ANDERSON

She's been acting a little strange
lately. Not really herself. Of course,
it's my job to keep an eye on our staff.
To intervene if someone's under too much
stress.

JOHNIE

Well, since I only met her a week ago, I
have no idea what she was like before.
Besides, she's somewhat of an enigma to
me, if you don't mind me saying.

SGT. GOODARD

How's that?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNIE

Well, for starters, if she can afford that house on what you guys are paying her, then I want to renegotiate my salary.

Goodard and Anderson chuckle. Anderson goes into the next room to get himself a cup of coffee.

SGT. GOODARD

Moira doesn't need the money, that's for sure. She's loaded.

JOHNIE

Then why be a cop? Hell, why work at all?

SGT. GOODARD

We all have our reasons. Take Anderson here. His dad was a cop. His grandfather was a cop. Me?

He pats his bloated stomach.

SGT. GOODARD (cont'd)

Where else can a guy just drop into a doughnut shop twenty-four hours a day and get free donuts?

They laugh. Anderson returns with his Coffee.

SGT. GOODARD (cont'd)

Seriously, she has her reasons. Take my word for it.

JOHNIE

So what are those reasons?

Goodard hesitates. He and Anderson look at each other uncomfortably.

ANDERSON

Moira's parents were murdered.

JOHNIE

Oh, God.

(CONTINUED)

SGT. GOODARD

Botched burglary. Hacked them to bits with a butcher knife. No suspects. She grew up raised by her grandparents. Smart kid, went to Harvard Medical School. Moira had a very promising medical career ahead of her, then all of a sudden, she snapped. She lost it. Gave up. Dropped out of school.

JOHNIE

So where did the house come from?

SGT. GOODARD

Her family owned the largest commercial construction company on the west coast. Built mostly office buildings. Big bucks. That was their house. They left her the house in the trust.

JOHNIE

That would explain why she didn't want me going in that room.

SGT. GOODARD

What?

JOHNIE

Oh, nothing.

SGT. GOODARD

So after all those years of her parent's killers being free, she enrolled in the academy. Graduated top of the class, of course. Got on the force, and within six weeks she found the killers. Got a conviction too. Airtight case. Your partner has a nose like a bloodhound. That's why I give her a little freer reign than most people around here. She's a damn good cop. She really cares. And she usually catches the bastards. Until now.

JOHNIE

Bedroom Friday?

(CONTINUED)

SGT. GOODARD

Bedroom Friday. No suspects. Hell, no leads even. We think maybe it's too much for her. Not catching the guy.

ANDERSON

Many times, a person who has been a victim, or someone close to them has been a victim, Moira's parents, that person will transfer those feelings from the first trauma, over to the present situation. In this case, it's my opinion that Moira is feeling that by not catching Bedroom Friday, she's symbolically letting her parent's killer free. She could be transferring feelings of guilt, anger, even revenge onto the Bedroom Friday investigation.

SGT. GOODARD

Either way, it's not healthy for a cop to get that wound up over a case. Sometimes you catch them. Sometimes you don't. I want you to keep an eye on her John.

JOHNIE

Yeah, sure. I don't know, she seems pretty normal to me.

SGT. GOODARD

Yeah, that's what we were all saying about Captain Douglas, right Brent? Douglas was a great cop. Three weeks short of retirement some crack dealing scum starts bad-mouthing him, and the next thing you know, there's lead flying all over the place and Douglas is screaming like a madman. There are still holes in the wall to prove it. Anyway, I'm seriously considering taking the two of you off the case and giving it to someone else.

Johnie looks upset.

(CONTINUED)

SGT. GOODARD (cont'd)

I don't want to, because she's done so much work on the case up till now, and frankly, I don't think anyone else in the department has half her I.Q. So I'm giving her two weeks to make a break in the case.

JOHNIE

Two weeks doesn't seem like a very long time. She's already been on it for a couple years, right?

SGT. GOODARD

Two weeks, that's it. I don't want to have to dodge any more of those New York Hummingbirds in here again. I'm getting too old to do that diving under the desk shit. OK you can go now. I want full reports on the case. And I want you to tell Anderson if you see any strange behavior in Detective Riley.

JOHNIE

OK. No problem.

Johnie exits the office. On his way out he crashes into Moira, almost knocking her down.

MOIRA

You should watch where you're going.

Johnie doesn't smile.

MOIRA (cont'd)

You all right?

JOHNIE

(Nervously)

Yeah... I'm fine.

She smiles, reaches into her purse, and hands him a small ripped piece of paper. He unfolds it and reads it.

HARBOR CLUB. 10:PM

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (6)

20

MOIRA
Don't be late!

Johnie looks through the still open doorway of Goodard's office and sees Goodard and Anderson staring, curiously. Maybe even impressed. Johnie shrugs and walks off.

He notices a couple of BULLET HOLES in the wall of the hallway as he walks into the distance.

21 EXT. HARBOR CLUB - NIGHT

21

It's an upscale club, located on the end of the wharf. The sound of ocean waves hitting the sand, seagulls, and the muted sound of Jazz music inside.

Johnie stands outside, the Bedroom Friday file in his hand, leaning against the wood railing, smoking a cigar. He turns to look at the entrance to the Club just as Moira enters. She looks at Johnie. Johnie turns away.

He looks worried. Unsure. He looks down at the water. A couple kisses passionately in the background. He shakes his head, and then throws the cigar into the ocean and reluctantly heads towards the club.

22 INT. HARBOR CLUB - NIGHT

22

Johnie wanders in, looks around. This place is much livelier than the Skinned Lizard. Lots of unfinished weathered gray wood, fishnets hanging from the ceiling. Jazz band off in the corner.

Johnie stops A BARMAID on his way in.

JOHNIE
Excuse me. Two waters. One orange juice.
I'll be over there.

He points across to a booth. He makes his way over to the booth. He sees Moira up at the bar. She is talking to the BARTENDER. He is in his late 40's, tall, tan, handsome. Long hair in a ponytail. They are smiling. Talking.

BARTENDER
I've never seen you here before. First night?

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA

Yeah.

She looks around.

MOIRA (cont'd)

Nice place.

BARTENDER

What's your name?

MOIRA

(Hesitant)

Uh... Susan.

BARTENDER

Really. We get more Susan's in here.

An unattractive man approaches Moira, trying to look sexy, a leering smile at Moira.

MOIRA

No thank you.

The man looks angry and walks off.

MAN

Bitch.

BARTENDER

Well, Susan, I have a policy. When a woman as beautiful as you comes in here for the first time, I want to be the first man to buy her a drink.

MOIRA

Doesn't your boss get mad?

BARTENDER

I'm the boss. It's my club.

MOIRA

Really? And you tend your own bar?

BARTENDER

It's a great way to meet women. Now what are you drinking?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

Moira smiles. She's enjoying the flirting.

MOIRA

Mineral water.

BARTENDER

How am I going to take advantage of you
if you're not going to have a real drink?

She raises her eyebrows. Johnie looks up to see Moira handing the Bartender the money for the drink. The bartender instead, slowly kisses her hand, and gives her back her money.

Johnie is startled; a look of discovery crosses his face. He opens the Bedroom Friday file, and turns the pages until he reaches the sketch. He looks back at the Bartender. It's not an exact match, but it's close.

A couple wanders up to the bar. The Bartender gets Moira a mineral water, and then waits on the other couple. Johnie is at his booth, rubbing his eyes. He's tired. He finishes off his second water.

The Bartender and Moira are looking at each other, flirtingly as he serves others drinks. Johnie looks at his watch. 11:30. Then a man wanders up to the bar, about 10 feet from Moira and orders a drink.

Moira turns and notices him. She is frozen. He's stunning. Late forties, long, slightly graying hair, pulled back in a ponytail. Class. Wealth. We'll call him JACK. She looks back to her drink nervous.

Johnie sees all this, and looks back down to the sketch. Much closer match than the Bartender. Moira manages to sneak a look over to Johnie. A look of knowing is on both their faces.

She takes a drink, then walks over to the man, and stands right next to him, but doesn't say anything. He gets a sly smile, but doesn't look at her. His drink arrives, he pays. He takes a drink. Looks around.

His eyes meet Moira's as she looks up at him. She's nervous.

JACK

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

His voice bellows smoothly like a baritone singer. She is trying desperately not to appear how she looks, like a bumbling teenager.

MOIRA

Hi. I'm Susan.

JACK

I'm Jack.

He smiles at her, knowingly.

MOIRA

Can you... Do you know what time it is?

He looks at his diamond studded gold watch.

JACK

Quarter to midnight.

Moira gets up all the courage she can.

MOIRA

I was wondering... Uh... If you could take me home. I mean... uh, my car won't start. I need a ride home. If you don't mind.

He grins. His lucky night.

JACK

Sure Susan. I'd love to take you home.

Johnie sees Moira gather her purse and walk out with Jack. He stares in disbelief as they exit. Johnie gathers up the file, fumbling as he is shaking.

JOHNIE

Oh shit. Shit Shit Shit Shit.

Johnie heads towards the exit.

23 EXT. HARBOR CLUB - NIGHT 23

Johnie is hurrying to his car, frantically looking around to see Moira and halfway hiding by intentionally walking on the other side of people going his direction. He doesn't see Moira.

JOHNIE
Goddamnit Moira!

He then abandons subtlety and sprints to his car.

24 EXT. HARBOR CLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT 24

Johnie jumps into his car, starts it up, and races out of the parking lot.

25 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 25

He makes a couple quick turns, then punches it down a long street, getting up to about sixty miles an hour. He slows down to look at street signs he is passing. He looks confused.

He reaches over and picks up a paper with directions written on it. He reads it.

JOHNIE
FUCK!

He slams on his brakes, does a 180 right in the middle of the road, and heads back the other way. He turns right onto a side street. He's in a residential neighborhood now, but is it Moira's?

He makes a quick left, another left. He's looking left and right, then he spots Moira's house up ahead. He is relieved. He grabs the garage door opener from the passenger seat and hits it.

The garage door opens barely enough for Johnie's car to come skidding to a halt inside. The garage door closes.

26 INT. MOIRA'S HOUSE, GARAGE, - NIGHT 26

27 Johnie turns off his car, leaps out and heads for the door separating the garage from the house. 27

28 It's almost totally dark, and he's knocking over garden tools
and God knows what on his way to the door.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

Son of a bitch.

We hear another car approaching, and then it stops outside. Johnie is fumbling at the door, he drops his keys. He picks them up, and finally gets the door open. He quietly slips inside.

29 INT. MOIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 29

Johnie bounds up the stairs, trying to be quiet. We hear the front door open as Johnie disappears down the dark hallway.

30 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MOIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 30

Johnie gingerly walks into the dark bedroom. He goes over and slips into the Closet. We hear muffled voices from downstairs. Johnie is trying to slow his breathing down. A few moments pass, and the voices get closer.

Moira and Jack enter the room. She walks to the bed, sets down. Jack is looking around the room at the paintings on her walls. One attracts his attention in particular.

JACK

Nice piece. Wonderful texture. Almost sexual.

MOIRA

Yes.

She looks nervous. He steps over to her. He stokes her hair. She closes her eyes. Johnie watches. Jack leans down and kisses Moira. He then lays her back on the bed, and starts kissing Moira on the neck.

He slides a hand up to her breast, reaches it inside her blouse, and starts caressing her breasts. She looks uneasy, but aroused. Johnie is frozen. He can't believe what he's seeing. Jack whispers in her ear.

JACK

I've always wanted to fuck one of you
California girls.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Moira's eyes open in shock.

MOIRA

What?

He stops, startled.

JACK

I said I've always wanted to fuck a California girl. Does that bother you?

She gets up and walks over facing the closet. She looks at Johnie through the closet slats, irritated. She turns to Jack, who walks over to face her.

MOIRA

Look, I'm sorry. This isn't going to happen. Maybe you should leave now.

JACK

This is bullshit. You picked me up. You're the one who wanted to fuck.

MOIRA

Look, leave now.

JACK

I'm not leaving till you put out.

Just then Johnie comes crashing out of the closet and takes Jack down in an arm lock. Jack grimaces in pain.

JACK (cont'd)

Who the hell is he?

JOHNIE

Shut up, asshole.

MOIRA

Let him go Johnie.

JACK

You were watching us from the closet? You like watching men fuck your wife?

MOIRA

Let him go Johnie, it's not him.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

Johnie looks at Moira, confused.

MOIRA (cont'd)
It's not him. Let him go.

Johnie eases up, and lets Jack up. He rubs his sore arm.

JOHNIE
Go on. Get out of here.

Jack turns as he leaves.

JACK
Fucking perverts.

Johnie watches him go. He looks at Moira as she buttons her blouse. He's sad. Disappointed.

JOHNIE
I don't know Moira. Maybe Goodard was right.

MOIRA
Right about what? What did you tell him?

JOHNIE
Nothing. It's just that... maybe this is going too far, you know?

Moira gets angry.

MOIRA
I thought you had guts. Do you know what I went through to get you as my partner? I arranged a transfer for my old partner, I pulled some strings to get you here. Didn't you ever wonder how your transfer came through so fast?

Johnie looks puzzled.

JOHNIE
So you did read my file.

MOIRA
Of course I did. And I was impressed. You were someone who would take chances. Someone who cared... Or so I thought.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

MOIRA (cont'd)

I fought hard to get your transfer pushed through. The least you could do is trust me.

JOHNIE

I didn't say I didn't trust you.

MOIRA

(Interrupting)

Then why won't you help me with this?

JOHNIE

Because it's breaking the rules, and because it won't work. It's bad police work, Moira. It's crazy. It's not the way to catch a killer.

MOIRA

I suppose you have a better idea?

Johnie pauses, exasperated.

JOHNIE

No. No I guess I don't.

They stare at each other for a moment, and then he turns and leaves.

31 EXT. JOHNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

31

Johnie climbs the stairs to his apartment building. He is tired, defeated. He reaches his front door, pulls his keys out of his pocket. He opens the door, goes inside.

32 INT. JOHNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

32

Johnie enters the apartment and flips on a light. It's an old apartment, not a dump, but certainly not posh either. Cardboard boxes sealed with silver duct tape line the walls.

He comes in, looks around, and then proceeds to rip open a cardboard box. Then another, unable to find what he is looking for. The third box holds the object of his searching, the TV remote.

He flops down on the couch, and flicks the TV on. It's the late news, and Johnie is surprised to see himself on it. It's the clip from his first day on the job.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

This segues into an editorial with a round table discussion, on how the police aren't trying hard enough to find Bedroom Friday. It's a 60 minutes type show, with a sarcastic spin.

The topic is how the police force is inherently sexist for letting someone continue to kill women, etc. Johnie looks disgusted. We hear a voice off screen, in Johnie's apartment.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)

Jesus Christ, what's a guy gotta do to get a beer in this place?

Johnie whips around, frightened to see who it is. Then his face turns to a smile, and Johnie shakes his head in disbelief.

JOHNIE

Carl!

Johnie jumps up and goes over to Carl. They vigorously shake hands.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

What the hell are you doing here? Wait a minute, how the fuck did you get in my apartment?

CARL

Actually, you left the door open.

JOHNIE

You're kidding, right?

CARL

Nope!

JOHNIE

Guess I've been a little distracted lately.

CARL

Oh yeah? Who is she?

JOHNIE

It's not what you think. Sit down. I'll get you a beer.

(CONTINUED)

Johnie goes into the kitchen to get a beer. Carl lies back on the couch, and spots a MAGAZINE on the end table. He picks it up and grimaces.

CARL

Better Homes and Gardens?

JOHNIE

Just in case I bring a date home. Not that it's likely to happen anytime soon. Hey, thanks again for recommending me for the job.

CARL

No problem. When I heard you wanted to move out here, I started asking around. Sorry I couldn't get you on where I work, but you're in a pretty good precinct.

JOHNIE

Yeah, I guess.

Johnie comes into the room with two beers. He hands one to Carl, and sits down on the couch.

CARL

That doesn't sound too positive. You've only been there a couple weeks. Honeymoon over already?

JOHNIE

It's my partner.

CARL

Oh, man. You got an asshole for a partner. What luck. I've been through that before.

JOHNIE

No, it's not that.... She's...

CARL

You got a woman partner? That's even worse. They always have something to prove. I had a chick for a partner once. She would be great, then every once in a while she would just wig out. So I started marking my calendar when she would be in one of her moods. Guess what?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3)

32

CARL (cont'd)

One solid week out of every month. Like clockwork. That tell you something?

JOHNIE

Carl, you're a walking sexual harassment lawsuit. No. It's just this case we're working on. An unsolvable case.

CARL

No such thing.

JOHNIE

That's what I used to think. Ever heard of the Bedroom Friday case?

CARL

Who hasn't? Don't know the details though. I don't watch TV and we're not on it, so I don't know that much. Fill me in.

JOHNIE

He only murders women. Always rich women, in their thirties or forties. Picks them up in high-class clubs, seduces them, goes back to their place. Has sex with them, then strangles them to death. My partner has her own theories that I don't necessarily agree with.

CARL

Like what, for instance.

JOHNIE

Psychological profiles of the victims. She thinks that they all have sort of given up on life or something. Like he picks these women, because he can sense that they've lost the will to live. Personally, I think it's a bunch of psychobabble.

Johnie takes a long swig of beer.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Well, buddy, if I weren't your garden-variety male chauvinist asshole, I'd agree with you. However, I'm going to have to side with your partner. I think a lot of women have to give up before they lose their inhibitions. They have to think life is shit before they can really give up whatever holds them back.

JOHNIE

That's bullshit.

CARL

I've seen it before. Two years ago, I was on an attempted rape case. I go out, talk to her, and in mid interview, she changes her mind. Decides to drop charges. Says something about her attacker setting her free. Weirdest thing I've ever seen. The guy fucks the living daylights out of her, then tries to choke her to death, and she says he saved her life or some shit like that.

JOHNIE

When was this?

CARL

About two... three years ago. I don't know.

JOHNIE

What was she like?

CARL

Great looking. Nice tits. I wanted to fuck her myself. And money coming out her ass.

JOHNIE

(To himself)

It was Bedroom Friday.

Carl looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNIE (cont'd)

Didn't it ever occur to you that it could be Bedroom Friday?

CARL

Well, first of all, I had never heard of the guy at that time. And second, I forgot all about it until just now. And third, like I said, I'm not on that case, so who gives a shit.

JOHNIE

I want to talk to her. Can you get me her info?

CARL

I don't know. If they haven't lost the file by now. If I find it, I'll fax it to you tomorrow.

JOHNIE

Man, I really appreciate it. This may be my first real break.

CARL

Yeah, maybe your partner will stop going menstrual on ya then, eh?

Johnie shakes his head, then finishes his beer.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

Maybe you're right, Carl. This case might be solvable after all.

Johnie looks at his watch and stands up.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

Well, I hate to be rude, but I think I'll tell Moira about this right away.

CARL

Whatever you say, pal.

Carl points at the Television.

CARL (cont'd)

You got cable?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (6)

32

JOHNIE

Yep.

CARL

Any nasty channels?

JOHNIE

Yep.

CARL

Mind if I hang out and watch TV while you're gone.

JOHNIE

No sweat.

Johnie gets his stuff and walks out the front door.

33 EXT. JOHNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

33

Johnie heads out the door, and down the stairs. Just as he starts across the street, a car suddenly appears out of the darkness racing towards him. It slams into him, throwing him into the air and onto the pavement.

34 INT. JOHNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

34

Carl hears the car hit Johnie and speed away. He jumps up and looks out the living room window to see Johnie lying in the street, motionless.

CARL

Oh, shit!

Carl shoots out the apartment like a bullet, barely touching the stair steps as he races to where Johnie lies.

35 EXT. JOHNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

35

Carl kneels down at Johnie's side.

CARL

Johnie, are you dead?

JOHNIE

(Moaning in pain, holding his ribs)

No, not yet.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

CARL
Who was it?

JOHNIE
I don't know. Just get me an ambulance,
OK?

36 EXT. JOHNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

36

The ambulance doors shut, and the ambulance speeds away, siren blaring, lights illuminating the neighborhood gawkers who stare as it drives off into the distance.

37 EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

37

Johnie is in the hospital bed, his torso wrapped in bandages. An I.V. in his arm, and a big scrape on his forehead. He looks in pain. Carl sits in a chair next to him.

CARL
So you have no idea who tried to run you
down?

JOHNIE
Look, I told you, I'm not even sure it
was intentional.

CARL
Yeah, but why didn't they stop?

JOHNIE
Maybe they don't have insurance, and they
were afraid.

Just then Moira appears at the door. Johnie looks up at her and tries to smile. She walks over to his bed, next to Carl. Carl checks her out and raises his eyebrows at Johnie.

MOIRA
How are you doing, tough guy?

JOHNIE
Been better.

MOIRA
What did they say is wrong with you?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNIE

Three broken ribs. Concussion. I'm supposed to stay in here until tomorrow night. They still have to do a CAT scan for the head injury.

CARL

Aren't you going to introduce me?

JOHNIE

Moira, this is Carl.

MOIRA

Nice to meet you Carl.

CARL

(Looking Moira up and down)
Oh, the pleasure is all mine.

Johnie gives Carl a disapproving look.

MOIRA

(To Johnie)
Do you know what night it is?

JOHNIE

I'm sorry, I guess we're going to have to skip it tonight. I'll be in shape by next weekend...

MOIRA

(Interrupting)
That's OK I'm going alone.

Johnie looks shocked.

JOHNIE

Moira, you can't. That's insane. Why do you want to do...

MOIRA

(Interrupting)
I can't wait around forever. I want to catch Bedroom Friday. Don't worry, I can handle myself.

She leans down and kisses Johnie on the forehead, then turns and heads for the door.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNIE

Moira, please. For Gods sake, don't do this.

She turns and smiles.

MOIRA

See you soon.

She turns and walks down the hall.

JOHNIE

(To Carl)

Jesus Christ! I can't believe this!

CARL

What's the big deal? Where's she going?

JOHNIE

I can't tell you. Go stop her!

CARL

Why can't you tell me?

JOHNIE

Just do it!

CARL

Uh, I'm pretty sure that would be kidnapping. I gotta tell you something buddy, playing hide the salami with your partner is really bad for your career, take my word for it.

Johnie strains to sit up.

JOHNIE

I gotta get out of here.

CARL

Man, you're nuts. You can't just leave. Look at you.

Johnie groans as he turns to get off the bed.

JOHNIE

If I don't, she may get herself killed.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

Johnie reaches down and pulls the I.V. out of his arm, pushing down to stop the bleeding.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

Get my clothes and take me home.

38 INT. JOHNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

38

Johnie stands at the front door, ready to leave. Carl is on the couch.

JOHNIE

I'm sorry, Carl. I really can't tell you.

CARL

Man, after all these years...

JOHNIE

Don't take it personal. It's just better that you don't know, that's all.

CARL

Gotcha buddy.

39 EXT. JOHNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

39

Johnie heads down the stairs, stopping to look very carefully before crossing the street. He pauses for about ten seconds, looking the direction that the car earlier came from.

He steps into the street, and then pauses again, looking. He shakes his head and crosses the street, and winces, holding his ribs as he gets into his car and speeds off.

40 EXT. MOIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

40

Johnie pulls onto Moira's street, just as she is leaving. He sees her in the distance. She is in a sexy black dress. She doesn't see him as she quickly drives off.

JOHNIE

Shit.

Johnie catches up to her at a light and honks. She pays no attention to him.

41 INT. MOIRA'S CAR - NIGHT 41

She is listening to the radio. It is so loud she can't hear Johnie's horn.

42 INT. JOHNIE'S CAR - NIGHT 42

He honks again. The light turns green, and she punches it, leaving him in a cloud of tire smoke.

JOHNIE (cont'd)
Goddamnit Moira!

He tries desperately to catch up. She speeds up, quickly gaining distance. She makes a left turn. Johnie follows. She is even further ahead now. He floors the throttle, his car sounds as though it will explode!

43 INT. MOIRA'S CAR - NIGHT 43

She makes an abrupt right turn, singing along to the radio, drumming the steering wheel.

44 INT. JOHNIE'S CAR - NIGHT 44

He almost flips turning right, and finally starts to gain on her.

45 EXT. JAZZMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT 45

Moira pulls into the parking lot. As she gets out, Johnie pulls up, and very painfully gets out.

JOHNIE
Moira!

She turns and rolls her eyes when she sees Johnie.

MOIRA
What are you doing here?

JOHNIE
I couldn't let you do this alone.

MOIRA
Are you sure you're up for this?

JOHNIE
No, I'm definitely NOT up for this.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

MOIRA

Well, we're here, so we may as well go in. This could be the night we catch him.

JOHNIE

This time, I'll go in first. Wait a couple minutes then go in.

46 INT. JAZZMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

46

Johnie walks past a profusely tattooed doorman and enters the club. It is very dark. As Johnie's eyes adjust to the darkness, he looks around to see nothing but men. It is obviously a gay bar.

Just then, Moira walks in. Johnie walks over to her.

MOIRA

What are you doing, you're blowing our cover.

JOHNIE

I don't think Bedroom Friday comes here.

Moira looks around. Her eyes stop at the end of the bar. She looks shocked. Just then, someone grabs Johnie's ass.

MOIRA

Oh God, we have to get out of here.

JOHNIE

Tell me about it.

MOIRA

Look!

She points to the end of the bar. Sergeant Goodard is there with a man, looking quite chummy.

JOHNIE

Jesus bald headed Christ!

Moira grabs him by the arm and yanks him out the door.

47 EXT. JAZZMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

47

They hurriedly make their way to their cars.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNIE (cont'd)
Sonofabitch. Goodard is a flamer!

MOIRA
Nice. Didn't you take the sensitivity training last month?

JOHNIE
Oh man, this is hard to believe.

MOIRA
It's not so bad. Besides, it's good insurance. If our plan ever backfires, we can hold this over his head.

JOHNIE
Remind me never to piss you off.

They make it to their cars.

MOIRA
Well, that was a waste of time.

JOHNIE (cont'd)
It doesn't matter. Listen, Carl... the one at the hospital? He's a cop. He gave me a good tip. He interviewed a woman a while back that sounds like one of Friday's victims. But this one lived. He's getting me her address in the morning. We can go see her tomorrow.

MOIRA
That's fantastic.

JOHNIE
Yeah, maybe. She sounds kind of crazy to me. It sure sounded like Friday, same M.O., but for some reason, he let her live. And get this, she's happy the whole thing happened. She decided to drop charges, and refused to cooperate, so she may be a tough one to crack.

MOIRA
So what do we do?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

JOHNIE

I'll set it up and pick you up tomorrow.

48 EXT. MARGARET KELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

48

Johnie and Moira pull up to this magnificent mansion. They are impressed.

JOHNIE

Man oh man.

They get out, go to the front door, and ring the doorbell. There's a TV intercom next to the door, mounted on the wall.

MOIRA

Let me do the talking.

Johnie gives her a disappointed look. The monitor comes alive. We see an unclear, black and white image of a woman in the distance, lying on a table face down. Her voice is heard through the speaker.

WOMAN

Who is it?

MOIRA

It's detectives Riley and Phillips. We have an appointment with Margaret Kelly.

WOMAN

Come on in. Turn left, and continue down to the end of the hall.

The door buzzes. Johnie and Moira open the door, and cautiously step in. It's a huge house, unbelievably ornate. They go left, and continue down until they hear quiet meditation music echoing from a room off the side.

It's a huge tiled room, with an enormous indoor swimming pool. Roman statues, and plants line the walls. Off to one side, is MARGARET KELLY. She is face down, totally nude, on a massage table.

A WOMAN massages her back. Margaret is stunning. Mid forties. A strong, confident woman. Moira looks at Johnie, who's eyes are locked on Margaret.

MARGARET

Hello there.

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA

Hello. I'm Detective Riley, and this is Detective Johnie Phillips. We'd like to ask you a few questions about a report of attempted rape involving you a couple years ago.

MARGARET

You mean you want to ask me about Bedroom Friday?

Johnie and Moira look at each other, stunned.

MOIRA

That's interesting that you would make that connection.

MARGARET

It's obvious. I'm surprised it took this long for someone to come here and question me.

Margaret motions to the Woman massaging her.

MARGARET

That's all. Thank you.

The woman takes her things and leaves the room. Margaret gets up and stands. She has no shame. She is nude, and proud of it. Carl's description of her was perfect. Johnie and Moira are speechless.

Margaret picks up a GLASS OF WINE from a small table next to the massage table.

Moira gets out her notebook and pen.

MOIRA

What can you tell us about that night?

MARGARET

Well, first of all, it wasn't attempted rape. It wasn't rape at all.

JOHNIE

So there was no penetration.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET
I didn't say that.

Johnie and Moira look at each other.

JOHNIE
Did he try to kill you?

MARGARET (cont'd)
Did he try to kill me? That depends on interpretation.

Johnie and Margaret look confused.

MARGARET (cont'd)
When a bird pushes her baby chicks out of the nest, is she trying to kill them... or is she setting them free?

Margaret looks Johnie straight in the eye. He is trying not to look at her amazing body. She looks directly at Johnie, and speaks in almost a whisper.

MARGARET (cont'd)
It's OK to look, Detective Phillips. I have nothing to be ashamed of, don't you agree?

He involuntarily darts his eyes down her body quickly then up to look her in the eye again. Moira is annoyed.

MOIRA
What we're really looking for is a description. We think we know everything about him, but we don't know for sure what he looks...

MARGARET
(Interrupting)
You know nothing.

MOIRA
Excuse me?

MARGARET
You know nothing about him at all. Bedroom Friday. You think of cute names so you can simplify him.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

MARGARET (cont'd)

Pretend you have him figured out. The man's a genius. And I'll never help you catch him.

JOHNIE

You know who bedroom Friday is, and you won't help us catch him? How can you live with yourself, knowing he's killing innocent women?

MARGARET

He's not a killer. He's a liberator. He gave me life.

MOIRA

But he's taken so many.

MARGARET

He doesn't take what is not already given up. Those women were dead already. It was their choice, not his. He could sense their deadness.

JOHNIE

Are you saying he's playing God with these women?

MARGARET

If he's given the opportunity to play God, he plays God.

Margaret looks directly at Moira.

MARGARET (cont'd)

The question is, are you ready to let him play God with you?

MOIRA

What are you talking about?

MARGARET

I can see it in your eyes. You remind me of myself three years ago. I thought I had nothing to live for. But I was wrong. He showed me that.

Moira is now trying hard to control her anger.

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA

This interview isn't about me, Miss Kelly.

MARGARET

Oh, but it is. It most definitely is about you. You want answers.

MOIRA

Yes, I want to catch Bedroom Friday.

MARGARET

I think you have a personal agenda, Detective Riley. And I think you will get your answer.

Moira puts her notepad and pen away.

MOIRA

(To Johnie)

Let's go. This interview is over.

Moira starts walking out.

MARGARET

You'll see what I mean. When he looks at you with those eyes.... You'll see.

Johnie is standing there staring at Margaret. Margaret looks at Johnie, smiling. Johnie is expressionless.

MARGARET (cont'd)

There is one way you'll know it's him.

Moira stops at the door.

JOHNIE

(To Margaret)

How?

MARGARET

He likes to watch.

JOHNIE

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

Johnie's eyes follow Margaret's right hand, slowly gliding down her body, until she puts two fingers into her pubic hair.

MARGARET

I mean... he likes to watch.

Johnie then looks her in the eye. She gives him a sexy smile.

MARGARET (cont'd)

Understand?

Johnie says nothing, but turns to join Moira, who is looking at him with disgust. They enter the hallway and head for the door out.

JOHNIE

That was interesting.

MOIRA

I'll bet it was.

JOHNIE

No, she gave me a clue. I think it will help. She said he likes to watch.

MOIRA

Watch what?

JOHNIE

He likes to watch women masturbate.

MOIRA

Yeah, who doesn't?

Johnie looks at her surprised.

JOHNIE

Yeah, you got a point there.

They exit the front door.

MOIRA (cont'd)

Well, if that's what he wants, that's what he's gonna get.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNIE

What are you saying?

MOIRA

I don't care what it takes, I'm going to catch Bedroom Friday. I don't care what I have to do. This goes way beyond police work.

JOHNIE

Then I think you should back off. It should never be personal.

MOIRA

If you want to back off, that's your decision. I am never, ever giving up on this. Never.

She walks off. Johnie follows her.

TITLE CARD - THE FOLLOWING FRIDAY

Johnie is there, in the middle of a conversation with Sgt. Goodard and Brent Anderson.

JOHNIE

You were right about Moira. I think she shouldn't be on this case. It's too much for her.

SGT. GOODARD

How bad is she? You think she's going to go postal on us?

JOHNIE

No, you don't need to worry about that. I just think she's pushing it to the line, that's all. If there's some way you can do it without letting her know it was me, I would appreciate it.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

SGT. GOODARD

OK. I'll tell her this afternoon. Give her the weekend to let it soak in.

ANDERSON

I'd like to be here when you do it, if you don't mind.

JOHNIE

Thanks. I'd better get back. I've got a ton of paperwork to do on that Moirarity case.

SGT. GOODARD

OK. Thanks John.

50 INT. JOHNIE'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY

50

Johnie is filling out forms, a stack of papers and files on his desk, when Moira walks in. She seems to be in a fairly good mood.

MOIRA

We still on for tonight?

He hesitates.

JOHNIE

Moira...

MOIRA

It's Friday. We have a date, remember?

JOHNIE

I really think we should talk about this.

MOIRA

What's there to talk about?

JOHNIE

I really can't talk about it here. Why don't we meet for dinner?

She assumes a mock-sultry expression.

MOIRA

Gee, I thought you'd never ask.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Then she can see he's not smiling. She gets serious.

MOIRA (cont'd)

You all right?

JOHNIE

Yeah, I'm all right. I'll pick you up at nine.

MOIRA

Nine O'clock it is.

She walks off, glancing back at Johnie with a concerned expression.

51 INT. HARBOR CLUB - NIGHT

51

Johnie and Moira are at the table. The place is a little livelier than the other night. More action. Better music. Johnie as finished his meal. Moira sits picking through hers with a fork.

She is wearing her low cut sexy black dress. She looks great, but she looks very depressed and angry.

JOHNIE

Look. Maybe it's the best thing after all. This case was really getting to you.

MOIRA

That's none of your business. I don't like people making decisions for me. I like to run my own life, if you don't mind.

JOHNIE

I'm sorry. I thought. It just seemed like you were losing it, that's all. You haven't exactly been the best example on this, you know. If anyone knew what we were doing, we would be fired in five seconds flat. I'm your partner. I should have some say in what happens.

MOIRA

Nobody else had made any progress on this case, Johnie. I'm willing to take chances, that's how I get work done.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

MOIRA (cont'd)

I thought you'd understand that. I guess I was wrong about you.

JOHNIE

I understand it, it's just that there's a point where you have to draw the line. We're way over that line. It seemed like talking to Margaret Kelly pushed you over the edge. What was it about her that affected you like that?

Moira is uncomfortable with the question.

MOIRA

I saw a lot of myself in her. How I used to be. I'm tired of being the way I am Johnie. I'm tired of life. Ever since my parent's death... I can't explain it. And I don't want to.

The WAITRESS appears, and starts picking up the plates. Moira starts digging through her purse.

MOIRA

(To the waitress)

I'd like a drink please. Vodka. Double.

The Waitress turns to Johnie.

WAITRESS

And for you?

JOHNIE

Orange juice please.

The Waitress walks off.

JOHNIE

(To Moira)

What happened to mineral water?

MOIRA

I'm off duty. What difference does it make? What difference does anything make?

She pulls out a cigarette and lighter. She lights up. Johnie is clearly amazed.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNIE

When did you start smoking again?

MOIRA

Just now.

The waitress appears with the Vodka. Moira pays her. The waitress walks off. She takes a long drag of her cigarette, savoring it. She looks Johnie straight in the eye, and hammers down about half the glass of vodka.

JOHNIE

Look. About Bedroom Friday.

MOIRA

I don't want to talk about Bedroom Friday. It's not our case anymore, remember? Besides, maybe Margaret was right. Maybe he shouldn't get caught.

JOHNIE

That's ridiculous.

Moira finishes off the second half of her drink. She's starting to get a buzz.

MOIRA

Maybe all criminals shouldn't be caught. We'll just collect our paychecks and go to bars and get drunk. Nobody will know the difference.

JOHNIE

You should slow down.

She drops her cigarette. She fumbles to pick it up, and takes another drag. She looks around the bar.

MOIRA

Where's that waitress?

JOHNIE

Look, I'm sorry I got you off the case. I really am.

MOIRA

Really? How sorry are you Johnie? Sorry enough to make up for it?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNIE

What are you talking about?

Moira smiles slyly.

MOIRA

You owe me. I think you should make it up to me.

Johnie's eyes widen, and he looks down to see Moira's bare foot massaging his crotch. He looks around quickly and grabs her foot, gently putting it back where it belongs.

JOHNIE

Are you crazy? What's wrong with you?

MOIRA

Nothing is wrong with me. What's wrong with you? Every other man in here would be thrilled.

Moira is looking around again.

MOIRA

Where's that damn waitress. I want a drink.

JOHNIE

I think you've had enough. I'm taking you home.

MOIRA

No you're not. I'm going to get drunk. And after that, anything can happen.

Johnie is astounded.

MOIRA (cont'd)

Do you know how long it's been Johnie?

JOHNIE

We should go.

She leans over the table towards him, intentionally heaving her breasts his way. She starts lightly massaging her left breast.

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA

I see the way you look at me Johnie. I saw it from the first day we met. You want it. And now's your chance.

Johnie looks around, embarrassed.

JOHNIE

I don't take advantage of inebriated women.

Moira laughs.

MOIRA

Well, then someone else will.

She gets up and heads over to the bar.

The same BARTENDER from the other night is there. He walks over to Moira, smiling.

BARTENDER

What'll ya have, Susan?

MOIRA

It's not Susan, it's Moira.

BARTENDER

Oh, I see. It's Moira tonight, huh?

MOIRA

No, it's Moira every night. And I want a vodka double. And don't water it down, either.

He starts making her drink.

Johnie is perplexed. He doesn't know what to do. He stomps up to the bar next to Moira. Angry.

JOHNIE

Look. We're getting out of here right now.

The Bartender hands Moira her drink, facing Johnie.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (5)

51

BARTENDER

Interesting technique. I'd suggest not being such an asshole. Much more effective.

JOHNIE

Butt out.

BARTENDER

(Sarcastically)

()

The Bartender walks off to help someone else.

JOHNIE

Moira, let's go. Now.

MOIRA

Where to? Your house?

JOHNIE

I'm serious. I'm taking you home. Now let's go.

MOIRA

If you want to leave, leave. I'm not going anywhere until I finish this drink.

She takes a big swig. She is quite drunk now, and she's enjoying it immensely.

JOHNIE

OK fine. I'm going to use the rest room, and when I get back, we're leaving.

MOIRA

Whatever you say, officer.

Johnie heads to the rest room.

52 INT. HARBOR CLUB, REST ROOM - NIGHT

52

Johnie enters the rest room. It's a small room, with only two stalls and two urinals. All occupied. Johnie paces, waiting for a free urinal.

53 INT. HARBOR CLUB - NIGHT 53

Moira at the bar, she pulls out a cigarette, puts it in her mouth, and is frantically searching her purse for a match. Suddenly, a flame, coming from a beautiful gold lighter appears under her cigarette.

She accepts the light, and slowly looks up into the face of the man holding it. We see his face. We know this man. There's no doubt. Bedroom Friday. Tan. Long, dark hair tied into a ponytail, slightly graying.

Sophisticated, impeccably dressed in all black. You can see Moira almost melting into his eyes.

54 INT. HARBOR CLUB, REST ROOM - NIGHT 54

Johnie is still pacing, even more impatiently than before. How long can these guys pee? He looks at his watch.

JOHNIE

Jesus Christ.

Finally a man finishes, leaves. Johnie steps up and starts unzipping his pants.

55 INT. HARBOR CLUB - NIGHT 55

Moira and the stranger are staring at each other. He takes a drink, sets it down. The music seems louder now. Moira is very drunk. Smiling at the stranger with naked lust.

MOIRA

Get me out of here.

56 INT. HARBOR CLUB, REST ROOM - NIGHT 56

Johnie finishes his business at the urinal, zips up, and goes over to the sink. He washes his hands. Looks into the mirror, a self-examining look. He splashes water into his face, staring into the sink bowl for a few seconds before drying his face off with a paper towel. He leaves.

57 INT. HARBOR CLUB - NIGHT 57

Johnie comes out of the rest room and heads towards the bar, making his way through the crowd. He then gets a clear look of the entire bar. His face shows the expression of horror. Moira is gone.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

He whips around, scanning the room. She is nowhere to be found. He runs up to the Bartender. He's frantic. Wild.

JOHNIE

Where is she?

BARTENDER

Where is who?

JOHNIE

You know. The woman I was talking to earlier.

BARTENDER

She left with someone.

JOHNIE

Who? What did he look like?

BARTENDER

Give it up, pal. He's out of your league.

Johnie loses it, and reaches over the bar and grabs the bartender by the collar, and pulls his badge out and flashes it in his face.

JOHNIE

I said what did he look like?

One of the bouncers off to the side comes over. Johnie sees this and drops his grasp on the bartender. The Bouncer sees his badge and backs off.

BARTENDER

Middle aged guy. Long hair. Ponytail.
Dark suit. Money. Looks. Everything you
don't have.

Johnie runs out of the bar, crashing into people as he goes.

58 EXT. HARBOR CLUB - NIGHT

58

Johnie comes flying out the door of the club, slamming a man heading in to the ground. He runs out onto the sidewalk, looking all over, trying desperately to see through the crowd. She's not there. He realizes what this means.

JOHNIE

Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

Johnie runs to the parking lot.

59 EXT. HARBOR CLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT 59

Johnie jumps into his car, and races out of the lot.

60 INT. JOHNIE'S CAR - NIGHT 60

Johnie is driving like an absolute madman. Turning left, right. A slow car pulls in front of him.

JOHNIE

Motherfucker! Get out of the way.

He passes the car, almost hitting a truck head on. The truck and the slow car both honk. Johnie continues racing through traffic, looking for the right street. It looks unfamiliar.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

Goddamnit! Where is it!

He locks them up, sliding fifty feet. He then pulls a U-turn, and burns rubber. He reaches to the passenger seat for the directions. They're not there.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

I can't believe this is happening.

He looks around, making wild turns, guessing. He is clearly lost.

61 INT. BEDROOM FRIDAYS CAR - NIGHT 61

There she sets. Moira, drunk, but not too drunk to know what she's doing. Classical music plays lightly on his stereo. She leans her head back, eyes closed. He glances to her occasionally, pleased.

62 INT. JOHNIE'S CAR - NIGHT 62

The exact opposite of the mood in Bedroom Fridays car. Total mayhem, Johnie skidding around corners, trying to figure out where he is. Dodging cars.

JOHNIE

Get the fuck outta my way asshole.

63 INT. BEDROOM FRIDAYS CAR - NIGHT

63

Moira looks at Friday, lovingly, with abandonment.

MOIRA

You know. I usually don't do this.

BEDROOM FRIDAY

Why is it that women feel the need to say that?

MOIRA

What do you mean?

BEDROOM FRIDAY

Make excuses for their sexuality?

MOIRA

I'm not making excuses. I know what I'm doing here. It's just that I really don't do this.

BEDROOM FRIDAY

If you say so.

They smile at each other.

64 EXT. MOIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

64

They pull up in front of her house.

65 INT. MOIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

65

The front door opens, Moira leads him inside.

MOIRA

Would you like a drink?

BEDROOM FRIDAY

No thank you.

MOIRA

I think I'd like one.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

She heads into the kitchen to get her drink. Bedroom Friday wanders around, looking with great interest at the artwork hanging on the walls. He then heads over to the Piano. He sits down.

Moira comes out, and slowly walks over and leans on the banister of the spiral staircase. She sips the drink, staring at Bedroom Friday. He starts to play. Beethoven. Moonlight Sonata.

You can see by the look on Moira's face that the seduction is complete. He plays. And plays. Beethoven himself couldn't possibly have played it better. She closes her eyes, awash in the beauty of the music.

Full orchestra joins the piano in the soundtrack. Her lips part. She is almost dreaming. The music continues. CU of Moira. His lips touch hers. She is not surprised. She kisses back, lovingly. Romantically.

She opens her eyes, staring directly into his. She reaches down and takes his hand. She leads him upstairs. The music continues. They reach the bedroom.

66 INT. MOIRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

66

They come into the bedroom.

CU of closet doors. Nothing behind the slats but the slight image of clothing on hangers.

Moira kisses him, then walks over to the dresser and sits her drink down. He looks around the room. Her eyes continue on him as he walks over to a painting hanging on the wall. It is a large painting, abstract. Colors swirling together in circles.

CU on the closet doors. No Johnie. Nothing.

BEDROOM FRIDAY

What does this piece say to you?

MOIRA

It's hard to explain. When I first saw it. I had to have it. It reminded me of two lovers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

MOIRA (cont'd)

The way the colors wrapped around each other. Intertwined. Inseparable.

He looks at her, impressed.

She walks over to the bed, and sits on the edge. She looks at him. He walks over about three feet in front of her, facing her. She looks up at him.

CU of closet doors. Nothing.

Time stands still. They stare at each other. She gazes at him like an inexperienced teenage girl. She glances at his crotch, then back to his eyes.

MOIRA (cont'd)

What do you want me to do?

BEDROOM FRIDAY

Show me.

She looks nervous for the first time. She pauses, then stands up, facing him. She pulls the shoulder straps off her shoulders, and slides her dress down, letting it drop. She stares into his eyes the entire time.

She reaches around, and unhooks her bra, slowly pulling it off her breasts.

CU of closet doors. Nothing.

Moira sets on the edge of the bed, and pulls off her panties. She looks back at Bedroom Friday, and slides herself up the bed. The music starts slowly building.

BEDROOM FRIDAY (cont'd)

Show me.

Moira slides her right hand to her left breast. She begins to caress it in small circles.

BEDROOM FRIDAY (cont'd)

Show me.

Moira wets a finger from her left hand, and begins to massage her right nipple with it. Watching him the entire time.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

CU of closet doors. Nothing.

BEDROOM FRIDAY (cont'd)

Show me.

Moira looks nervous, but aroused. She closes her eyes, and slides her right hand down her body, very slowly. CU of Bedroom Friday. He is excited. He speaks in almost a whisper now.

BEDROOM FRIDAY (cont'd)

Show me.

Her hands continue down, gently guiding through her pubic hair to their eventual resting-place.

BEDROOM FRIDAY (cont'd)

Show me.

CU of closet doors. Nothing.

Moira's body is now moving, almost in waves, her eyes remain closed. There is a rhythm to her movements, building up. Her breathing increases. Her excitement builds. She is almost to the point of climax.

Her eyes are closed, so she is surprised when he leans down and kisses her. She opens her eyes, startled, then kisses him back, reaching her hands up around him. She then slides up to the top of the bed, waiting.

He doesn't undress, but only unbuttons his pants. He slowly climbs up on top of her. She glances towards the closet for the first time.

CU of closet doors. Nothing.

She gasps as he enters her. A moment of silence, then she starts to move to his rhythm. She reaches her hands up over her head as the movement continues. The steady rhythm continues, building in intensity.

Moira looks at the closet again.

CU of closet doors. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (3)

66

She closes her eyes, leaning her head back, in ecstasy. Suddenly he reaches up, grabs a lock of her hair, and pulls her head back even harder. She looks at him in shock. He thrusts harder.

She likes it, closes her eyes again. He reaches up and grabs her hands, pinning them over her head. She looks slightly worried. The thrusting continues. She looks at the closet, a slightly helpless expression.

CU of the closet. Suddenly, we see Johnie's eyes appear, open wide, terror.

Moira looks up at her right hand, as if to draw Johnie's attention to it. She straightens out the fingers. The thrusting continues, more intense now, almost violent.

CU of Johnie's eyes through the closet door. He is paralyzed with fear. He doesn't know what to do.

Moira continues to keep her fingers straightened.

Bedroom Friday reaches up with his right hand to her neck. He gently grasps it. She looks at Johnie, very slightly shaking her head "no".

He tightens his grip on her neck. She has a look of both fear and excitement. The bed rocks violently forward. The music has built to a roar. She still holds her fingers stiff, straight.

He grips even tighter. She has trouble breathing. She is fighting to keep her fingers straight.

CU of Johnie in the closet. He is about to explode. His eyes wide, he is shaking.

Bedroom Friday clamps his fingers down even harder. Moira's breathing is very difficult, yet she strains to keep her right hand fingers straight out. The thrusting is now at a peak.

We wonder how the bed isn't shattering into a thousand pieces. Moira groans, and then starts shaking in climax. Her eyes are closed, her breathing is almost nonexistent now, her right hand starts to go limp.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (4)

66

In one quick flash, we're not sure what happens first. Johnie comes flying out of the closet and Bedroom Friday releases his grasp from Moira's throat. She lets out a huge gasp as she gets a breath of air.

JOHNIE

(Screaming) Hey, just trying to help buddy.)

On the floor motherfucker.

Johnie leaps onto Bedroom Friday, and in one move, has him on his back on the floor next to the bed. Moira is gasping in big, wheezing breaths on the bed as Johnie slams handcuffs onto Bedroom Friday.

Johnie pulls his gun out and points it directly into Bedroom Friday's face.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

Don't move or I WILL fucking kill you.

Johnie looks up at Moira, who is now breathing more normally, rubbing her neck. She is sweating.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

Moira!

MOIRA

I'm OK. It's all right.

Bedroom Friday grins slightly. He seems awfully calm for what's going on here. Johnie stands up and puts his gun away. He grabs Bedroom Friday and yanks him up off the floor. Friday continues to smile.

JOHNIE

You're under arrest for murder. You have the right to remain silent.

BEDROOM FRIDAY

(Calmly)

You don't have to go through this. I waive all my rights. Take me in.

JOHNIE

Moira, get dressed. We're taking him in.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (5)

66

Moira gets off the bed and picks up her dress. She exchanges glances with Bedroom Friday as Johnie leads him out the bedroom into the hallway in cuffs. He has a faint smile on his face. Moira stares at him, puzzled.

67 INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

67

Moira quietly enters the back door of the dark observation room separated from the interrogation room by a one-way mirror.

She is wearing a turtleneck sweater. ZAK MOHO, the DISTRICT ATTORNEY is there, as is CAPTAIN NYGREN, SERGEANT GOODARD, BRENT ANDERSON, and of course, JOHNIE. They don't notice her arrival. She looks uncomfortable.

She quietly leans against the back wall. Their conversation continues, them unaware of her presence.

CAPTAIN NYGREN

So what do we do Zak?

ZAK MOHO, DA

I don't know, Nygren. He's got the best attorney in town. Never lost a case. This is not going to be easy. He's a much-respected businessman in this town.

SGT. GOODARD

(To Captain Nygren)

Has Riley filed her report yet?

CAPTAIN NYGREN

Not yet.

SGT. GOODARD

So who is he? Bedroom Friday, I mean.

ZAK MOHO, DA

Marcus Strauss. Ever heard of the Strauss Museum of Art? He's donated over thirty five million dollars to the city in the last three years in art grants alone. Not to mention he's helped finance the campaigns of almost every elected politician in the city. He started a home for unwed mothers, donations for earthquake relief. You name it, this guy has his fingers in it. Very popular guy.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN NYGREN

Oh, Christ.

JOHNIE

I'm new around here. I've never heard of him. Where did he get his money?

ZAK MOHO, DA

Typical rags to riches story, Phillips. His mother died when he was six. A few years later his father committed suicide. He grew up in foster homes. Managed to go to college, got his degree, and went to China for his graduate work. Started an export business there, and within a few years, he was the world's largest dealer in Chinese artwork. Probably close to a billionaire by now. Want to hear something interesting? He lives three doors down from Detective Riley.

Moira shakes her head in disbelief...

CAPTAIN NYGREN

I don't care who he is. We caught him. He's a murderer. A high-class murderer, but still a murderer.

ZAK MOHO, DA

Perhaps, but he has real power. It would be difficult to get a conviction, even if the jury didn't believe his bullshit story about Detective Riley picking him up and consenting to sex. He swears it's true. He says he has a witness. Detective Phillips.

They all look over to Johnie, who now looks very uncomfortable. He stands silent. Moira watches him from the dark corner of the room, rubbing her neck gently through the sweater.

CAPTAIN NYGREN

Well Phillips? Did you see anything?

Johnie doesn't know what to say.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

JOHNIE

Actually, uh... well, here's what happened, I think...

Moira startles everyone in the room with her voice.

MOIRA

He didn't see anything. He wasn't even there.

They all turn to Moira, shocked.

ZAK MOHO, DA

Well, Riley. What happened?

MOIRA

He's right. I consented.

JOHNIE

Oh, for God's sake, Moira.

SGT. GOODARD

Shut up Phillips. Are you telling me you had consensual sex with Bedroom Friday? Is this some kind of a joke, because I'm not in the mood for this.

MOIRA

That's not Bedroom Friday.

JOHNIE

Moira, why are you doing this?

SGT. GOODARD

There's something weird going on here, and I want a full accounting, now. Phillips. Riley. In my office.

Goodard exits the room. Johnnie and Moira follow, sheepishly.

68 INT. SERGEANT GOODARD'S OFFICE - DAY

68

Goodard is at his desk. Moira and Johnnie sit in chairs in front of his desk, looking defeated.

SGT. GOODARD

OK. I want the whole story. No bullshit this time.

(CONTINUED)

Johnie and Moira look at each other.

MOIRA

It was all my idea. Leave Johnie out of this.

SGT. GOODARD

Don't start. I just want to know what happened.

MOIRA

I had a plan. A plan to catch Bedroom Friday. I would go to a bar, pick him up, take him home. Johnie would hide in my closet. When he tried to kill me, Johnie would arrest him.

SGT. GOODARD

Oh, for Christ's sake, Moira. Are you insane? This is a constitutional issue. This goes way beyond a sting. Phillips, I can't believe you went along with this.

JOHNIE

I'm sorry. I... I really have no excuse. I guess it seemed like a good idea at the time.

SGT. GOODARD

Did they teach you that in the academy?

Johnie looks embarrassed.

SGT. GOODARD (cont'd)

I didn't think so.

MOIRA

Look, I thought this was the only way to get him. The investigation was going nowhere. No leads. No suspects. What else was I supposed to do?

(CONTINUED)

SGT. GOODARD

Nothing, that's what. Nothing. Now we have Bedroom Friday in our grasp, and we have to let him go because of this. Christ, Moira. You allowed penetration?

MOIRA

I told you, that's not Bedroom Friday. It's just some guy I picked up in a bar.

SGT. GOODARD

Don't bullshit me, Riley. I've been doing this longer than the both of you put together, and I know a bullshit excuse when I see one.

He gets up and starts pacing, aggravated.

SGT. GOODARD (cont'd)

My jobs on the line for this, you realize that?

Johnie and Moira stare silently.

SGT. GOODARD (cont'd)

I can't just let this slide. You both know that. Shit, Moira. Why did you have to do this?

MOIRA

I told you. I was on my own time. I picked up a guy. Johnie just happened to be passing by and....

SGT. GOODARD

Shut up! I don't want to hear anymore of this crap.

He stops pacing.

MOIRA

I'm sorry. It's my fault. Please leave Johnie out of this. It wasn't his fault. I'll take full blame.

Goodard stares at her, then turns towards the wall.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (3)

68

SGT. GOODARD

I'm sorry Moira. I'm going to have to suspend you pending an investigation. Put your gun and badge on the desk.

Moira looks down for a beat, then reaches into her purse and gets her badge and gun. She stands, walks to the desk, and sets them down.

SGT. GOODARD (cont'd)

Now leave. Both of you.

Johnie and Moira leave Goodard's office. They exchange uncomfortable glances as they walk down the hall.

69 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

69

Johnie and Moira walk out the front door. They walk down the bottom of the steps and stop.

JOHNIE

I'm really sorry Moira. This whole thing turned out to be a disaster.

We see Bedroom Friday and his lawyer exiting the building. His lawyer is smiling, engaging in small talk with his client. Moira and Johnie look at them as they walk by. Bedroom Friday nods, smiling, to Moira as he passes.

JOHNIE (cont'd)

So what now?

MOIRA

I guess I make an appointment at the unemployment line.

JOHNIE

You never know. You might be cleared. It happens.

She looks at him sarcastically. She looks off into the distance and sighs.

MOIRA

It's over. It's all over.

She walks off, slowly. Johnie stares at her.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

JOHNIE

When will I see you again?

She turns to him, and smiles.

MOIRA

That's up to you.

Johnie cracks a worn, half grin as she walks off into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

70 EXT. BEDROOM FRIDAYS HOUSE - NIGHT

70

We see the front of his house. Mansion. Almost a castle. Moira steps into view. She walks up to the front door. Rings the bell. A few seconds pass. She rings again.

The door opens. It's him. Bedroom Friday - Marcus Strauss. He smiles.

BEDROOM FRIDAY

I knew you'd come.

He opens the door fully and motions her in. She steps inside. It's a palace, really. Priceless artworks seem to cover every wall, corner and table. He leads her to the enormous living room.

BEDROOM FRIDAY (cont'd)

Please, sit down.

She goes to a couch and sits. He comes over and sits next to her, facing her, his arm comfortably on the back of the couch.

BEDROOM FRIDAY (cont'd)

So. You aren't here to arrest me, are you?

MOIRA

No. In fact, technically, I'm not on the force. I've been suspended pending and investigation.

(CONTINUED)

BEDROOM FRIDAY

You know, my attorney would not approve of my speaking with you. I really should ask you to leave.

MOIRA

No, please.

BEDROOM FRIDAY

So tell me. Why are you here?

Silence. She doesn't know what to say.

BEDROOM FRIDAY (cont'd)

You want answers, don't you? They always want answers.

MOIRA

Yes. I want to know. Did you let me live? If Johnie weren't there... Would you have killed me?

BEDROOM FRIDAY

I don't kill anyone, Ms. Riley. People kill themselves. They use different objects to accomplish their task. Guns, sleeping pills... me.... But one thing is clear, they had already decided not to live.

He pauses a beat.

BEDROOM FRIDAY (cont'd)

I have a gift. A unique gift. To know what is in that persons mind. At that exact point in time. The moment one decides if life is worth living... Or not. I won't answer your question. You know the answer already. Just like Margaret knows the answer.

MOIRA

Why do you do this? When did it start?

BEDROOM FRIDAY

You mean when did I acquire this gift?

(CONTINUED)

He settles into his seat more comfortably.

BEDROOM FRIDAY (cont'd)

When I was six years old, my Mother died of cancer.

MOIRA

I'm sorry.

BEDROOM FRIDAY

She died of cancer. It's such a short sentence. To say it. Died of cancer. It takes but a moment to say it. Unfortunately it took her nine months to die. Nine months of torturous agony. So for nine months, my father and I watched her whither into a skeleton. A mere shadow of the lively, healthy woman she once was. My father was a wreck. I hated watching what he went through. My mother would beg him to give her the rest of the morphine, all at once. He wouldn't do it. I could hear him crying at her bedside, her pleading with him to let her die... So late one night, after everyone was asleep. I crept into the room. I kissed my mother on the forehead one last time. And I made her wish come true.

MOIRA

Did you get caught?

BEDROOM FRIDAY

Get caught for setting her free? You act as if I did something wrong.

MOIRA

No, I didn't mean it that way. I'm sorry.

He continues.

BEDROOM FRIDAY

Immediately after my mother's death, my father started to whither emotionally. He was dead inside. I could feel it. He lost his job.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (3)

70

BEDROOM FRIDAY (cont'd)

He would just set in a chair all day,
staring into the corner. So one night, I
awoke to the sound of a car running.

FLASHBACK SCENE - Continue in Voice-over.

71 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

71

It's dark. A car parked in the garage is running. The garage
light flips on. We see a small boy, about six years old at
the door, having switched the light on.

BOYS POV:

There is a long vacuum hose duct taped to the exhaust pipe of
the car, running up and into the partially opened rear window
of the car. The rest of the opening is sealed up with more
duct tape.

The thick haze of car exhaust fills the air inside.

BEDROOM FRIDAY V.O.

I went into the garage to find my
father's car running. And then I saw him.

The boys POV goes up the car to the drivers seat. In the seat
is a middle-aged man. His eyes are closed. His head partially
leaned towards the window on his side of the car.

CU - Boys face, shocked at what he sees.

CU - Father in the car. His eyes slowly open. He looks at his
son. A pathetic expression.

END FLASHBACK

72 INT. BEDROOM FRIDAYS HOUSE - NIGHT

72

MOIRA

What did you do?

BEDROOM FRIDAY

I what any good son would do.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

FLASHBACK - SCENE, (Continued)

The man is looking at the boy, a pleading look on his face. Defeated. The boy slowly reaches over, turns off the light switch, and goes back into the house, closing the door behind him.

END FLASHBACK

73 INT. BEDROOM FRIDAYS HOUSE - NIGHT

73

Moira is staring at Bedroom Friday intently.

MOIRA

So you killed him.

BEDROOM FRIDAY

Did I? He was dead already. He had decided. I only carried out his wishes. I set him free. Just like my mother. Just like all the others.

MOIRA

So you played God with them.

BEDROOM FRIDAY

They put their life in my hands. I either took it, or gave it back to them. It was their choice. It was your choice.

MOIRA

I need to know one thing. Did you know I was a cop?

BEDROOM FRIDAY

I didn't care. It makes no difference.

MOIRA

I still don't understand.

BEDROOM FRIDAY

I think you do.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

He stands up. Motions her to the door. They walk towards the front door. He opens it. They stand there, staring at each other. He leans forward and kisses her on the forehead. She closes her eyes.

BEDROOM FRIDAY (cont'd)

I set you free, Moira. Now go live your life.

She opens her eyes, looks at him. She turns to leave.

74 EXT. BEDROOM FRIDAYS HOUSE - NIGHT

74

Moira goes down the walkway, turns and takes one last look at his house, and continues down the sidewalk.

THE END