

FADE IN:

1973 - FORT ORD - CALIFORNIA

EXT. OF THE BASE HOSPITAL - DAY

INT. HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WAITING ROOM

Two different newspapers lie on a coffee table. The headlines of each state that President Nixon has resigned.

FIVE YOUNG BLOND GIRLS occupy the corner of the room. The two oldest, ELIZABETH and DIANE hold carefully wrapped presents in pink paper with pink bows. They talk quietly as their three younger sisters draw clumsy renditions of angels and babies with color crayons on white sheets of paper.

A FEMALE NURSE enters the room and motions the girls to follow. They gather their things, line up according to height and troop out the door after the nurse. They are military kids, raised under a strict disciplinarian.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM DOOR - SECONDS LATER

The nurse puts her hand on the door and warns

NURSE

Your mother's had a difficult delivery.  
Behave yourselves. You hear?

The girls nod as one. The nurse pushes open the door.

NURSE

You have visitors, Mrs. Taylor.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

The girls file silently into the room, gawk at the I.V. running into their mother's arm and surround the bed.

Dark blotches surround the eyes of MRS. MALCOLM TAYLOR, thirty. Her harsh voice accentuates her bitter mood. She glances at her daughters with mild interest, then searches the room with her eyes and threatens with a high, shrill

MRS. TAYLOR

Ladeees, where is your father?

The girls tense with fear.

MRS. TAYLOR

I asked you a question. Give me an  
answer. Where is your father?

The girls exchange nervous glances for a beat, then Elizabeth, the oldest and tallest, inches forward and scared

ELIZABETH

He said he didn't need to hang  
around for another...daughter.

Elizabeth looks to Diane for confirmation. Mrs. Taylor catches the glance and fires a look at Diane. Immediately, Diane steps forward and with a noticeable stammer

DIANE

He went to the N.C.O. club with  
Corporal Hines...They're going to  
have a beer and watch a stupid  
football game.

Mrs. Taylor stiffens with rage. She glares from her children, to the tubes running into her arm, then struggles to a sitting position and stares at her reflection in a mirror. She emits a pathetic laugh of desperation. The youngest child innocently attempts to take her hand.

YOUNGEST GIRL

Mommy? What are we going to  
name her?

Mrs. Taylor jerks her hand away. The youngest girl jumps back in line with a whimper. A tear falls. Mrs. Taylor scowls at the show of emotion. The little girl wipes away the tear.

A beat, then, chameleon-like, Mrs. Taylor changes from a total bitch to a fairy godmother. She forces an angelic smile and emits a high lilting laugh.

MRS. TAYLOR

Her? Ladeees, who said it was  
a her?

The girls stand in disbelief as much from the sudden revelation as the personality change. Mrs. Taylor turns to Elizabeth.

MRS. TAYLOR

Lizzy sweetheart, you go find your  
father and tell him the tests were  
wrong.

The younger girls exchange puzzled looks that turn into broad smiles. Elizabeth and Diane share a wary glance.

ELIZABETH

It's a boy?

DIANE

We've got a brother?

Mrs. Taylor musters a smile. The younger girls let out a cheer, which they stifle immediately on a look from their mother. Elizabeth starts for the door, then turns.

ELIZABETH

What are we going to name him?

MRS. TAYLOR

Since he's the first boy in this happy family, I've decided on Adam. Any objections?

The youngest girl starts to let out a second cheer. Mrs. Taylor glowers and slumps back in her bed.

MRS. TAYLOR

Now all of you out of here. I need my beauty sleep.

Dismissed, the younger girls file by and give their mother an unwanted kiss on the cheek, Elizabeth and Diane share a look of complicity and exit. The younger girls follow in silence. Again Mrs. Taylor stares at her reflection in the mirror. She bares her teeth and hisses.

MRS. TAYLOR

Enough is enough.

The door opens and the female nurse backs into the room holding a NEWBORN BABY in her arms.

NURSE

I thought the girls might like --

She looks at the empty room. Mrs. Taylor snaps

MRS. TAYLOR

Not now. Bring him back later.

The nurse gives Mrs. Taylor and the baby a puzzled look.

NURSE

Yes, ma'am.

1993 - TWENTY YEARS LATER

EXT. OF A KAISER HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Late model cars fill the lot. KAREN MOORE, a twenty-four year old blond, locks the door of a 1989 Honda Civic, then tucks a large knitting bag into the rear of a stroller. Karen looks up at the hospital with apprehension, then, trying to sound nonchalant, kneels and as she straps her seven month old daughter TIFFANY into the seat

KAREN

We girls have to make a short stop here. Then we're off to the ocean. Is that okay with you, Miss Tiffany Moore?

INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINATION ROOM

Karen sits on an examining table in a hospital gown knitting a pair of pink, baby booties. With a mounting sense of dread, she misses a stitch, sighs, then sets the yarn and needles into her knitting bag. She glances at the door, while flipping absently through a Time Magazine. On the cover is a picture of Bill Clinton. Below the photo

INSERT: MAN OF THE YEAR

Karen looks down at her sleeping daughter and smiles anxiously. A beat, then the door opens. A name tag identifies, DOCTOR ALICE COYLE, eight months pregnant. She enters the room carrying a clipboard and a video tape. She smiles but something's amiss.

DR. COYLE

Karen, how are you feeling?

KAREN

(a nervous smile)  
I'm terrific. But then I've had mine.  
(points to Dr. Coyle's stomach)  
How are you doing?

Dr. Coyle grins, kneels and takes a close look at Tiffany.

DR. COYLE

You and that police lieutenant of yours make beautiful babies.  
(pats her own stomach)  
If ours is half as beautiful as Tiffany, we'll be more than happy.

Karen nods, smiles, anything to stall what's coming.

KAREN

Then you know it's a girl for sure?

Dr. Coyle gives Karen a "thumbs-up," and rises.

KAREN (CONT)

Have you decided on a name?

Dr. Coyle shakes her head no and studies her clipboard. The patten over, Dr. Coyle turns serious and slips on a pair of plastic gloves.

DR. COYLE

Let's take a look at that angiogram incision.

KAREN

Names are very important. In fact I've read that a person's name---

Dr. Coyle knows what Karen's doing.

DR. COYLE

Karen, please?

Hesitant, Karen leans back on the table and spreads her legs.

INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

As Karen finishes buttoning her blouse, Dr. Coyle jots a few notes on her clipboard.

DR. COYLE

Good, we have no swelling or discoloration....Any pain?

Karen tries to keep upbeat, but she fiddles with her clothing trying to avoid eye contact.

KAREN

None...No complaints at all. In fact I feel terrific.

Karen flexes a muscle to prove it and realizes that now she must look to see Dr. Coyle's reaction.

Dr. Coyle's sad eyes tell it all. Karen sighs and slumps into the only chair.

DR. COYLE

We have some trouble.

KAREN

Which translates to---I have a major problem.

Dr. Coyle nods gently to assuage Karen's fears as she holds out the video tape.

DR. COYLE

The cardiologist's findings show serious arterial blockage...You're at high risk for a heart attack.

KAREN

(clinchs her fists)

Why? I jog. I watch my diet.

(slaps the side of her foot)

Even with this gimp ankle, I ran in a marathon. What the hell have I done wrong?

Dr. Coyle sets down the clipboard and turns puzzled.

DR. COYLE

Nothing.

KAREN

Nothing? Terrific. Then---

Karen stops on Dr. Coyle's look. Dr. Coyle moves to her side.

DR. COYLE

I thought you knew. It was because of your sister Delores that I recommended the angiogram.

Karen sits back eyes wide in consternation. Dr. Coyle puts an arm around her shoulder.

DR. COYLE (CONT)

It's hereditary.

KAREN

Delores?

DR. COYLE

(nods - then gently)

Delores has arteriosclerosis, and she's doing fine.

(she tries to avoid looking at Tiffany)

It definitely seems to run in the female side of your family.

A beat, as Karen digests the information, then reaching the conclusion on her own, she leaps off the chair. She wants to pull Tiffany into her arms and hug her, but she is sound asleep. Tears well in Karen's eyes as turns back to Dr. Coyle and deadly serious

KAREN

What about my daughter? What about Tiffany?

DOCTOR COYLE

(hugs Karen)

Karen, please. Right now, let's focus on you.

Karen almost shoves her away, kneels and caresses her daughter's cheek.

KAREN

She's only seven months old.  
How long before I---?

Dr. Coyle kneels, caresses Tiffany's other cheek and with a genuine smile.

DOCTOR COYLE

Probably never, if we get started right away... First...

She reaches to a tray and hands Karen a bottle of tablets.

DOCTOR COYLE (CONT)

This is Nitrostat...Nitroglycerin.  
If you feel any chest pain, put one under your tongue and let it go to work. Secondly, no undue stress. And no strenuous physical exertion.

Dr. Coyle sees the mounting fear in Karen's eyes and changes tone and direction - with a broad smile and an admonishing finger.

DOCTOR COYLE

Sex is okay...But keep it to the fundamentals. Nothing extraordinary, okay?

Karen tries to smile. She can't.

DOCTOR COYLE

(gentler still)

Lastly, I'm going to set up an appointment with my staff and a dietician. I want you, Steven and Delores to come back here...

(checks her calendar)

In a week and a half, all right?

Karen barely nods as she takes hold of the stroller and starts toward the door.

AERIAL - PACIFIC OCEAN - THE SAME DAY

ON THE SHORE OF THE COASTAL TOWN OF PACIFICA

An unusually balmy day has attracted a large crowd to the beach.

AERIAL - HIGHWAY 1

ON A BLACK 1954 MERCURY

Except for two strips of chrome missing from the front grill, which gives the front of the car an evil, menacing look, the highly polished car is a collectors dream. It speeds down the steep grade darting between cars, then flies up the off ramp and comes to a standstill at a stop light.

INT. MERCURY

The driver, ADAM TAYLOR, twenty, good looking, though baby faced -innocent, guns the motor and drums his fingers on the steering wheel, revs the ENGINE, then grabs the gear shift. On his left another ENGINE guns. Taylor turns slowly to

EXT. OF A FIRE ENGINE RED FORD CONVERTIBLE - TOP DOWN

TRACI YOUNG, nineteen and blond, looks over at Taylor, revs her ENGINE and flirts a challenge to race.

The light turns green. The Ford PEELS RUBBER and tears away.

ON THE FORD'S PERSONALIZED LICENSE PLATE - TRACI

INT. MERCURY

Taylor turns to the empty passenger seat with a deranged grin and talks as if someone is there.

TAYLOR (OS)

Traci. What do you think, Adam?  
She's blond. And Traci is a nice  
name for a Ladeee.

("Ladeee" creeps from Taylor's throat with a light, eerie crescendo.) He nods, as if he has heard a response, and stomps on the accelerator.

SEVERAL QUICK SHOTS - OF THE RUGGED COAST AND HIGHWAY 1

- A) INT. MERCURY - Taylor whips through traffic trying to catch a glimpse of Traci's car.
- B) AERIAL DEVIL'S SLIDE - a beautiful, but rugged stretch off the coast. The Mercury SQUEALS down the narrow road through the turns and around a bend.
- C) EXT. FORD - Only a hundred yards away. It speeds along a short straightaway and disappears around a curve.
- D) INT. MERCURY - Taylor grins and eases off the accelerator.

ON A SMALL PARKING AREA AT THE EDGE OF THE CLIFFS

The Ford coasts onto the gravel and comes to a stop. Traci grabs a tote bag, gets out of the car, looks at the ocean and breathes in the salt air.

Behind her Taylor's Mercury passes slowly and continues south down the Highway.

Traci slings the bag over her shoulder, climbs over a small stone wall and disappears down an embankment.

A long beat, then the Mercury returns from the opposite direction, crosses the south bound lane and glides next to the stone wall.

INT. MERCURY

Taylor kills the engine and slides across the seat. He puts his right hand on the door handle and looks out the window.

EXT. A ZIG-ZAG PATH - DOWN TO THE OCEAN

Traci climbs down the trail to a secluded beach.

INT. MERCURY

Taylor opens the glove compartment and takes out a pair of binoculars, adjusts the rubber to each eye, focuses and leans forward.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS - TRACI ON THE BEACH

She spreads out a towel and squeezes dollops of suntan lotion onto the palms of her hand and rubs the oil onto her arms and legs.

INT. MERCURY

Taylor pulls the binoculars from his eyes and talks to the empty driver's seat. In an eerie crescendo he says "Traci."

TAYLOR (CONT)

Traci's making herself all nice and shiny, Adam.

(a beat)

She looks a little like Diane, doesn't she?

A beat, then he nods as if he has heard a response.

TAYLOR (CONT)

Diane was a sneaky little bitch.

A beat, then Taylor recoils terrified and protects his face with his hands from an imaginary beating. He nods vigorously, and then peeks through his fingers in fear.

TAYLOR (CONT)

Yeah. Sure Adam. Elizabeth was the worst.

(a beat)

But you have to admit that Diane was a slut too.

A beat, then Taylor nods, sighs with relief, returns the binoculars and slams the hatch. His eyes glaze over. His head twitches minutely, then his face fills with absolute hatred.

TAYLOR (CONT)

All the blonds are a bunch of lying sluts.

He reaches for the door handle.

TAYLOR (CONT-OS)

Adam's coming for you, Ladeee.

A CLICK as Taylor lifts the lever UP and starts to open the door. From behind him comes the roar of a Volkswagen Beetle ENGINE, ROCK and ROLL music and squeals of laughter. Taylor turns and glares at a

VOLKSWAGEN CONVERTIBLE

It comes to a stop on the other side of Traci's Ford. TWO TEENAGE COUPLES hop out of the car. The girls race to the stone wall and peer down. The boys huddle.

ONE BOY

(winks at his buddy)

Brian, take Jo Anne for a walk. A long walk, okay. This is my secret beach.

The driver, BRIAN shrugs, points to the red convertible and Taylor's car. Taylor ducks.

BRIAN  
Secret, my ass.

The girls return to the car as Brian pops the hood and loads the arms of his buddy and his girlfriend. They walk to the stone wall, climb over and disappear.

EXT. MERCURY

Taylor rises and peeks through the windshield.

TAYLOR  
Little bastards.

JO ANNE  
Brian, it's so beautiful.

Brian hands her a few towels and pulls out a boom box. Jo Anne gives him a kiss.

JO ANNE (CONT)  
Music. You think of everything.

Brian gives her a puzzled look, and then pats the radio.

BRIAN  
Music? We're talking football. The  
Forty Niners are playing the Redskins.

JO ANNE  
(miffed-a beat)  
Then you won't be playing with---

She whispers in Brian's ear. He smiles.

BRIAN  
We'll listen to music.

They hop over the wall and race down the path to the ocean.

INT. MERCURY

Taylor broods, then turns to the empty seat and nods.

TAYLOR (CONT)  
We'll do it the usual way. The  
kids will leave and we'll have  
the Ladeee all to ourselves.

EXT. OF TRACI'S FORD - SECONDS LATER

Taylor stands in front of the open hood, leans over the engine, removes the distributor cap, yanks off the rotor, replaces the cap, slams the hood firmly and throws the rotor over the cliff.

ON ONE SIDE OF THE BEACH - ONE HUNDRED YARDS BELOW

Traci turns over on her stomach and with amusement looks at

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BEACH

Where the girls make tentative, barefoot forays into the surf and Brian and his buddy toss a football back and forth.

INT. MERCURY

Frustrated, Taylor drums the steering wheel and peers down at the beach. A beat, then he turns to the empty passenger seat

TAYLOR (CONT)

Football. We remember football.  
Don't we, Adam?

Taylor nods to an imagined response and closes his eyes.

ADAM'S - FLASH BACK - FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

INT. OF A LIVING ROOM - DAY

Balloons and crepe paper adorn the room. Mrs. Taylor backs into the room carrying a lighted birthday cake. The five blond girls from the hospital, older now, feign a cheer and join their mother in Happy Birthday to You.

MRS. TAYLOR AND THE GIRLS

Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday to you,  
Happy Birthday dear Adam,  
Happy Birthday to you.

Adam Taylor, five years old, dressed in a 49er's uniform, stands alone in a corner, miserable, tears pour down his cheeks. Mrs. Taylor sets the cake down on a table and stomps across the room to her son.

MRS. TAYLOR

Adam, blow out your candles, you  
ungrateful little wimp.

TAYLOR

(defiant)  
I am not Adam.

The youngest sister approaches him carrying a doll. Adam reaches for the doll. Mrs. Taylor whacks his hand. He cries out and tries to pull his football helmet off. Mrs. Taylor whacks him again. He cries louder. Mrs. Taylor grabs his jersey and sits him down in front of the cake.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT)  
Do you know what your father  
would say?

Taylor wipes away the tears.

TAYLOR  
Who cares, he's never here anyway.

Elizabeth, his oldest sister, grins.

ELIZABETH  
Adam is a crybaby.

The other sisters pick up the taunt.

ALL THE SISTERS  
Adam is a crybaby. Adam is a  
crybaby.

TAYLOR  
Don't call me Adam.

DIANE  
(stammering)  
Mama, Taylor ruins everything.

Mrs. Taylor leans over, twists the flesh on Taylor's cheek and whispers in a hiss

MRS. TAYLOR  
Make a goddamned wish, Adam.  
(then to her daughters)  
Be quiet, Ladeees. Adam's  
going to make a wish.  
(to Taylor with venom)  
Aren't you, son.

Taylor looks up at his mother and sisters with unbridled hatred, then closes his eyes and blows out the candles. His family lets out a half-hearted cheer. Taylor opens his eyes and turns to his mother and sister.

TAYLOR  
Another lie.

The whole family exchange puzzled looks.

TAYLOR (CONT)  
Wishes don't come true.  
(a beat)  
All of you are still here.

END FLASH BACK

THE PACIFIC OCEAN - THE BEACH - SAME DAY HOURS LATER

Fog has begun to build off the coast.

EXT. OF THE MERCURY

Taylor presses his face against the window and stares anxiously down at

THE BEACH

The teenagers gather their gear and head toward the zig-zag path.

OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE BEACH

Traci Young stands and slips the tank top over her head.

INT. THE MERCURY

Furious, Taylor turns to the empty driver's seat.

TAYLOR (CONT)  
Adam, they're all coming up together.

THE CLIFF AND ZIG-ZAG PATH

The kids wind their way up the trail.

THE BEACH

Traci starts to follow, hesitates then turns for one final look at the ocean.

THE CLIFF AND ZIG-ZAG TRAIL

The kids race each other to the top.

TAYLOR (CONT-OS)  
Hurry, you little bastards.

CLIFF - AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ZIG-ZAG TRAIL

Traci starts up the path.

## TOP OF THE CLIFF - THE STONE WALL

The teenagers hop over the wall and head for the Volkswagen. Jo Anne sees Taylor at the window and waves.

## INT. MERCURY

Automatically Taylor ducks; realizes it was a stupid reaction and pops back up and returns the girl's wave.

## STONE WALL

Jo Anne gives Taylor a peculiar look and hurries to the Volkswagen where the other kids have gathered. She whispers something to Brian. He turns and looks at the Mercury, then shrugs it off. The other couple opens the door and starts to climb inside.

## BRIAN

Hey, no sand in my car.

## INT. OF THE MERCURY

Taylor grinds his teeth.

## TAYLOR

Get out of here you little...

## ON THE ZIG-ZAG TRAIL

Traci pauses at the last vee in the path and gazes out at the horizon.

## EXT. VOLKSWAGEN CONVERTIBLE

ROCK-N-ROLL MUSIC blares as the ENGINE ignites. The wheels spin in the gravel as Brian makes a right and speeds down Highway 1.

## INT. MERCURY

Taylor turns toward the passenger window and grins. Slowly his face changes from innocent to evil, then to panic as a SIREN blares. Taylor turns to the sound.

## ON HIGHWAY 1

A Highway Patrol car speeds past in pursuit of the Volkswagen.

## INT. MERCURY

Taylor smiles for a beat, then ducks and shouts in disbelief as

## TAYLOR

No. Damn it!

EXT. KAREN MOORE'S HONDA CIVIC

The car pulls into the space between Taylor's and Traci's car.

Traci climbs over the stone wall.

Karen gets out of the car and tucks Tiffany in a chest pouch. The two women nod to each other as they pass in opposite directions.

Tracey throws her tote bag into the back seat of the Ford and opens the door.

Karen sits on top of the stone wall and looks down at her daughter.

KAREN

Just between us girls, what do you  
think about this heart thing, Tiff?

Tiffany looks up and giggles. Karen smiles, then her eyes become glassy as she fights off the tears and stares out at the ocean. Behind her the Ford's starter motor BURRS.

INT. MERCURY

Slumped in the seat Taylor drums the steering wheel louder and louder.

INT. FORD CONVERTIBLE

Traci tries the ignition again and again. The starter motor BURRS.

ON THE STONE WALL

Karen wipes the tears from her eyes as she follows the path of a kiting tern. Behind her the Ford's starter motor BURRS for a beat, then a feeble HONK. Lost in thought, Karen doesn't hear it. Another feeble HONK. Karen turns.

Traci motions her over.

INT. MERCURY

Taylor tightens his fist around the steering wheel.

EXT. FORD

Karen approaches Traci. Traci tries the ignition, nothing. She gets out of the car and pops the hood. Both women stare down at

the engine, shrug and laugh. Karen points to her car. Traci nods and together they put up the convertible top.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - SECONDS LATER

Karen straps Tiffany into an infant seat. Traci climbs into the car with her hand extended.

TRACI  
Traci Young.

Karen shakes it.

TRACI (CONT)  
Don't know what I would have done  
without you two.

KAREN  
Karen Moore. I'm glad we happened by.

EXT. HONDA CIVIC

The engine ignites and the trio drives out of the parking area.

INT. MERCURY

Adam copies down Karen's license plate number, then glares at the empty Ford.

TAYLOR  
Traci's first.

He taps the paper with the license plate number, turns to the empty passenger seat and grins.

TAYLOR (CONT)  
And we've a new blond to add to our  
list, Adam.

He stares at the empty seat as if listening to a response, then starts to laugh and kicks on the engine.

TAYLOR (CONT)  
I knew you'd like that.

Karen crosses to her Honda in the parking lot and smiles down at her daughter.

KAREN  
Don't you listen to all that,  
Tiff. Football isn't that bad.

(unlocks the door)  
Of course, what do we girls know  
about football?

EXT. RANCH-STYLE HOUSE - EVENING

Dark clouds blow in from the Pacific.

INT. OF THE HOME - KITCHEN

Pictures of classic cars hang on the walls. Miniature models of a Corvette, a Cord and Rolls Royce sit on small pedestals in various locations in the kitchen.

At the kitchen sink, Karen Moore gives Tiffany a bath. Tiffany slaps the water playfully and tries to grab it in her tiny fist. Karen lifts her daughter from the water, dries her off and zips her into red and gold 49er pajamas. OS a door SHUTS.

STEVEN MOORE (OS)  
Honey, I'm home.

Karen takes a furtive look at the kitchen doorway, then grabs the bottle of Nitrostat and hides it in a spice rack.

KAREN  
I'm in the kitchen.  
(to Tiffany)  
Daddy's home.

She opens the refrigerator, takes out a bottle of antibiotics and unscrews the cap. She opens her mouth wide and smiles at her daughter.

KAREN (CONT)  
Say ah.

Tiffany opens her mouth in mimicry. Karen slips in the dropper, gives her a good dose, returns the antibiotics to the refrigerator, walks to the door, leans against the jam and watches her man proudly.

KAREN (CONT)  
Oh, it's just you.

INT. OF THE LIVING ROOM

The pictures and models of classic cars in the kitchen were just a taste --- the interior of the living room abounds with pictures, scale models and magazines of collector cars. One is 1954 Mercury.

ON A CLOSET - NEAR THE FRONT DOOR

STEVEN MOORE, thirty, a Lieutenant in the El Sobrante Police Force hangs up his sport jacket and slips a holster off his shoulder.

STEVEN

Who were you expecting?

KAREN

I don't know. Maybe Kevin Costner  
or William Hirt.

Steven removes a Model 19 Smith & Wesson, wraps the strap around his service revolver and lays the weapon on the top shelf of the closet.

STEVEN

Well, you're stuck with me. And Me  
is exhausted.

He turns to the T.V. and snaps it on.

KAREN

Hold it Mister Big Shot Lieutenant.  
Your girls want a kiss.

Steven sighs, walks across the room and gives Karen a routine kiss on the cheek and Tiffany a kiss on the forehead. Steven starts back to the television.

KAREN (CONT)

Wow! Terrific.

Karen does an exaggerated swoon and looks down at Tiffany.

KAREN (CONT)

What do you think, Tiff? That's  
the guy that made you. Isn't  
he something?

STEVEN

Please.

KAREN

(with concern)

Your day couldn't have been that bad.

Steven turns and gives her an "it-was-worse" look.

KAREN (CONT)

Cocktail?

STEVEN

(folds his hands)

My prayers have been answered.

Karen holds out Tiffany to Steven.

KAREN

Take the baby and I'll make us  
both one.

STEVEN

(shies away)

Honey, I am really exhausted.  
The football game's about to  
start ---

Karen gives him a steely look. Steven takes the baby and heads  
for a playpen with every intention of dropping her off.

KAREN

You are not putting my daughter  
behind bars.

Steven flashes Karen a look of total innocence, shifts Tiffany in  
his arms, reaches into the playpen, takes out a small rubber  
football and rubs it on Tiffany's stomach.

STEVEN

(to Tiffany)

Okay, Tiger. It's too late for  
someone in this house.

(he looks at Karen)

But you're not too young to learn  
the finer points of the game.

Karen puts her thumb on her nose and jiggles her fingers in the  
air. Steven laughs at the snub, turns up the volume on the  
television and settles into a recliner with his daughter and the  
remote control. Karen picks up a few scattered toys from the  
carpet and drops them in the playpen as

ON THE TELEVISION

A picture of Traci Young appears on the screen.

A WOMAN ANNOUNCER (OS)

This just into Eyewitness News:  
the body of the young woman found  
brutally mutilated last Monday  
morning near Highway 1., has been  
identified as Traci Young.

The name Traci Young strikes a chord in Karen's memory. She  
looks up from the playpen just as Traci's picture disappears and  
the woman announcer comes on screen.

## WOMAN ANNOUNCER (CONT)

Miss Young was studying to be a nurse  
at San Francisco State College.

The spark of recognition fades as Karen becomes engrossed with  
the report.

## KAREN

That's awful.

## WOMAN ANNOUNCER (VO)

Her abandoned car was discovered early  
this morning, eleven miles south of  
Pacifica.

Steven looks over his shoulder and points to the T.V.

## STEVEN

That's exactly what I've been dealing  
with all day.

(a beat)

There's another nut loose.

## WOMAN ANNOUNCER

Miss Young is the sixth victim of  
a man the police have dubbed "the  
Sunday Butcher." In each instance  
the genitalia of the victim has---

## STEVEN

Damn it! She's---

## KAREN

Watch the language!

Steven shoots Karen and his daughter a sheepish look, then tries  
to defend his position.

## STEVEN

She's giving away the bast---

(looks at his daughter)

The clown's M.O.

Steven switches channels as a MALE ANNOUNCER completes the same  
story.

## MALE ANNOUNCER

The victim in each case has been a  
young blond woman whose vehicle has---

Steven switches channels again and the signature MUSIC for the  
Monday Night Football wafts through the house.

## STEVEN

San Francisco is going to be flooded

with confessions and we've got a couple of loony tunes in this town.

KAREN

Why would anyone confess to something like that?

STEVEN

Great question. If you find the answer, we'll write a book and make millions on the talk show circuit.

ON THE TELEVISION

Players come onto the football field. Steven lifts Tiffany high in the air and

STEVEN (CONT)

But enough of that junk.

bounces her up and down, then turns up the volume.

STEVEN (CONT)

We've got football. Don't we, Tiger?

Behind Steven, Karen stands in front of a full length mirror and waves imaginary pom-poms, then quietly

KAREN

Football, football. Rah, rah and rah.

She starts to do a kick like a cheerleader, thinks better of it, touches her heart and says quietly

KAREN (CONT)

How can I be sick?

(a beat)

How am I going to tell Steven?

She gives herself a quick appraisal running her fingers through her blond hair and brushing an imaginary speck from her cheek.

ON THE TELEVISION

The ANNOUNCING CREW for the Monday Night Game comes on the screen. They exchange commentaries in the background for the rest of this scene.

FIRST ANNOUNCER

Tonight brings together two great teams.

## SECOND ANNOUNCER

And oddly enough, this is only the second meeting of import.

(continues as)

Before this evening, neither team has...

## KAREN

(walks behind the bar)

Okay Lieutenant Moore, the bar is open. What'll it be?

Steven folds the sports page and looks over his shoulder.

## STEVEN

How about a flaming Rasputin?

(off her puzzled look)

A shot of scotch, two jiggers of gin, a teaspoon of green crème de menthe. Top it with a brandy float and light it with a match.

## KAREN

Two vodka tonics coming up.

Karen lays two glasses on the top of the bar and fills them with ice. She waits until she's certain that Steven's attention is focused on the T.V. then fills her glass with tonic. A beat, and she reaches beneath the bar, then

ON KAREN - TERRIFIED

ON HER HAND RETURNING FROM BENEATH THE BAR

She has the neck of an almost empty bottle of vodka clinched in her fist and a Daddy Long Leg Spider crawling up her arm. She SCREAMS and flings the bottle into the air. The spider disappears. The bottle hits a bar stool and EXPLODES into a thousand shards.

## KAREN (CONT)

Kill it, Steven. Please, kill it.

Tiffany, scared by her mother's scream, begins to whimper. Steven leaps from the chair, sets Tiffany down in the playpen, then rolls the sports page into an epee like weapon and begins a fencing motion.

## STEVEN

There's no need to fear. Sir Steven, Knight of the checkered table cloth is here.

## KAREN

(gasps for air)  
You are not funny, Steven.

Steven swishes the sports page back and forth and makes long thrusts at the bar and carpet.

STEVEN  
Yes I am.  
(off her look)  
Okay, I give. Where is it?

KAREN  
(touches her heart,  
points to the carpet)  
There! ... Somewhere.

Karen races into the kitchen. Steven swats and stomps. The spider has disappeared. Steven shouts to the kitchen door.

STEVEN  
I don't believe it. You and bugs.

Karen reappears with a white Nitrostat beneath her tongue. She breathes deeply for a beat.

KAREN  
It was not a bug! It was a spider.

Steven gives up the chase and starts to pick up the pieces of glass from the floor.

STEVEN  
Little bugger's hiding somewhere  
sucking up our vodka.

He drops a handful of glass into a wastepaper basket beside the bar. Karen grabs the bar towel, but checks the floor carefully before she begins to help clean up the mess.

STEVEN (CONT)  
This is probably lousy timing,  
but what's for dinner?

Karen gives him a look.

KAREN  
Spaghetti's all set on the stove. All  
you have to do is warm it up.

Steven drops another load of glass into the basket and gives Karen a quizzical look.

KAREN (CONT)  
I told you.

Steven doesn't have a clue.

KAREN (CONT)

I'm going to Delores'. It's her  
night to host our book club.

Steven stops. Karen avoids a looking in his direction as she  
continues to sop up moisture with the bar towel.

KAREN (CONT)

(hesitantly)

In fact, I've just finished a book  
I'd like you to read.

STEVEN

What's it about?

Karen pauses for a beat. Then just as she starts to respond, the  
music on the T.V. grows louder and Steven turns away.

ON THE TELEVISION

One team enters the playing field and runs under the goal post.  
A cheer goes up from the crowd.

ONE ANNOUNCER

And here are tonight's starting  
lineups.

Steven continues to pick up glass as he stares at the T.V. Karen  
sighs with frustration, looks at her watch and goes into high  
gear with the bar towel.

KAREN (CONT)

I've got to get going.

(a beat)

God, I have to stop at the library.

Realization sets in as Steven rises in a huff and points to the  
Tiffany in the playpen.

STEVEN

Hold it. What about the baby?  
You're the mother.

KAREN

And you're the father. You promised  
you'd watch her.

Karen gives Steven a look, inspects the carpet for any more  
glass, finds nothing and lays the towel on the bar.

STEVEN

I forgot it was Monday night.  
(a beat)  
Suppose she cries through the  
whole game?

KAREN

Saint Steven. Ha!  
(a beat)  
She won't. She'll go out like a  
light. I took her to the park.  
Then we went shopping for your  
dinner. She's missed her nap.  
In fact, I gave her a mild sedative.  
She's got a little cold.

Karen goes to the coffee table, grabs two books and walks to the  
hall closet.

STEVEN

Suppose she needs changing?

KAREN

(getting angry)  
I'll change her when I get home,  
Steven.

She reaches into the closet and pulls out her knitting bag. The  
blunt ends of a half a dozen knitting needles protrude from the  
top. There are several dark skeins of yarn and one large skein  
of yellow yarn. A single strand of yellow yarn dangles down the  
side of the bag.

STEVEN

Good, 'cause I'm not going to  
change her.

KAREN

You'll never change.

Karen gives Steven an acid glare. Steven backs away. She grabs  
the books and shoves them into her bag. Then walks to the  
kitchen pulling the strap of the bag over her neck and cinching  
it tightly.

INT. KITCHEN

She grabs the antibiotics from the refrigerator and slams the  
door. She starts out of the kitchen, remembers the Nitrostat,  
finds it in the spice rack and drops both bottles in her knitting  
bag.

STEVEN

Okay, I'm sorry.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Karen tears across the room, seizes the front pouch, slips it over her head, sweeps Tiffany into her arms, tucks her in and marches to the front door.

STEVEN (CONT)

No. Wait. I'll watch her.

Karen grabs the door knob, pauses and takes a deep breath. She turns with a smile - ready to give in and finds Steven staring at

THE TELEVISION

The two teams line up for the opening kickoff. Karen whips the door open. It THUDS against the wall. Steven gawks.

KAREN

No! She is going with me.  
I asked her.

STEVEN

Asked who?

KAREN

Tiffany.

STEVEN

About what?

KAREN

Football. And she hates it!

Karen exits and SLAMS the front door behind her.

STEVEN

She does not.

EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE - DUSK

The wind blows in gusts. Karen stands with her back to the front door staring at an immaculate nineteen fifty-seven Chevrolet in the driveway. She turns back to the door and gives it a swift kick.

KAREN (CONT)

Tiffany, hates football!

She grabs her foot in pain and limps toward the Chevy.

KAREN (CONT)  
And I hate your car.

INT. OF KAREN'S HOUSE

The phone RINGS. Indecisive, Steven looks from the door to the phone. A cheer goes up from the television set.

STEVEN  
Damn it, Karen. I said I'd  
watch her.

The phone RINGS again. Steven makes a "hell-with-it" gesture to the door and walks to the phone glancing at the television screen.

ON THE TELEVISION

The kickoff. The crowd cheers. The teams run at each other hell bent for destruction. There are the CRACKS and GRUNTS of contact.

ONE ANNOUNCER  
We should have quite a game here  
tonight.

SECOND ANNOUNCER  
You can already feel the tension.

COLOR MAN  
And there is a lot of animosity  
between these two teams.

Steven picks up the phone.

STEVEN  
Hello.

EXT. OF THE MOORE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

EXT. STEVEN'S 57 CHEVROLET - DRIVER'S SIDE

Tiffany sits in an infant seat, strapped in with a seat belt. Karen rolls down the window and glares at the sky.

KAREN  
Damn it. It's probably going  
to rain.

INT. STEVEN'S 57 CHEVROLET

As Karen struggles to adjust the seat and rear view mirror, her voice rises.

KAREN (CONT)

He even parked his car so I  
couldn't get mine out of the  
garage.

She jams the key in the ignition and turns it. The ENGINE sputters.

KAREN (CONT)

This stupid thing never runs right.

She flicks the key again. The ENGINE sputters, once, twice and ignites. Karen grinds the gears and finally finds reverse. The ENGINE dies as she releases the clutch.

KAREN (CONT)

I hate stick shifts.

She turns the key and the ENGINE ignites.

KAREN (CONT)

Steven and his damned football.

She pops the clutch. Rubber PEELS.

EXT. CHEVROLET

The car flies backward down the driveway, across the street and almost sideswipes a

BLACK 1954 MERCURY PARKED AT THE CURB

EXT. CHEVROLET

Rubber SCREECHES as Karen hits the brakes. The ENGINE dies. A beat, then the ENGINE ignites and the car lurches down the street.

INT. OF THE MOORE HOUSE

STEVEN ON THE PHONE

He listens intently as he inspects a model of a 1954 Mercury in his hands. It is identical to Taylor's except that the two strips of the front grill ARE NOT missing.

STEVEN

Yeah Peter, but four kids at a beach  
don't make the best witnesses.

(listens)  
 Yeah, I know.  
 (listens, a long beat)  
 There's no one in my club with  
 a fifty-four Merc. But let me  
 make a few phone calls.  
 (listens, smiles and  
 looks up at the television)  
 Make it twenty bucks and you've  
 got a bet.  
 (a beat)  
 Okay, Peter. And I'll get back  
 to you on the Merc.

Steven hangs up the phone, looks at the T.V. and grins, then looks at the 54 Mercury in puzzlement and picks up an address book.

EXT. OF THE EL SOBRANTE LIBRARY - DARK - WINDY

EXT. LIBRARY PARKING LOT - ALMOST EMPTY

A dozen lights on the exterior wall shine on the parking lot and light the stairs to the main door.

EXT. 1957 CHEVROLET

The car leaps frogs its way into the parking lot and comes to an abrupt stop underneath an oak tree by the library steps.

INT. CHEVROLET

Karen unstraps Tiffany from the seat belt and lifts her up, infant seat and all. She opens the door and exits the car. As she starts to lock the door

KAREN  
 What do you think, Tiff? Should we  
 leave the key in the ignition and  
 hope someone will steal this piece of---

She looks down at her daughter and waves an accusing finger at herself.

KAREN (CONT)  
 Whoops.

EXT. PARKING LOT - STREET IN FRONT OF THE LIBRARY

EXT. BLACK 1954 MERCURY PARKED BESIDE THE CURB

Two strips of chrome are missing from the grill.

## INT. OF THE MERCURY

Adam Taylor stares through the windshield as Karen locks the door, crosses the parking lot and limps up the library stairs. Taylor looks at the empty passenger seat and listens for a beat, then stammers mimicking his sister Diane.

TAYLOR

She must be a regular little bookworm  
just like, Diane.

He shrugs as if he's heard a response.

TAYLOR (CONT)

Nope, we've never done it with a  
little doll.

(a beat)

Adam, do you remember that time...

Taylor crinkles his forehead. Closes his eyes and remembers.

## TAYLOR'S FLASH BACK

## INT. OF A MAN'S DEN - DAY

On the walls hang military campaign medals and hunting trophies. A pool table dominates the middle of the room. Today the den has been taken over by three blond girls.

A doll house sits on top of the pool table. A miniature shopping mall is spread out on the floor. Doll clothes are everywhere. The two youngest girls giggle and play until

The door opens and young Taylor enters, dressed in a black cowboy outfit. The two youngest girls look up, then to one another nervously.

ONE GIRL

Adam?

SECOND GIRL

Taylor?

Young Taylor surveys the rooms, then politely.

YOUNG ADAM TAYLOR

Can I play with you?

The youngest girls exchange looks of fear. The third girl, Diane, stops reading her book sneers and taunts.

DIANE  
(with a stammer)  
Boys don't play with dolls, Adam.

The first and second girl cringe. Young Taylor's face twitches minutely, then he storms into the room and grabs a pool cue off the table.

The three girls bolt out of the room. The door slams. Young Taylor WHACKS the doll house again and again. It crumbles. He stomps on the shopping mall, then grabs a doll and twists off the head.

The door to the den opens. Mrs. Taylor walks in and stands with her hands on her hips and glares at the destruction.

MRS. TAYLOR  
Wait until your father gets home.

Taylor gives her the finger. But instead of the expected reaction, Mrs. Taylor grins from ear to ear.

MRS. TAYLOR  
That's it,  
(a beat)  
Adam.

END FLASH BACK

INT. OF THE LIBRARY

ON THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SECTION

Karen walks down the aisle, takes a book from the shelf and inspects the cover.

INSERT: LIVING WITH HEART DISEASE

She shakes her head no, returns the book and moves down the aisle.

EXT. LIBRARY - DARK AND WINDY

Taylor hurries across the parking lot to Karen's car. He gives a furtive look in every direction, raises the hood, removes the distributor cap, pulls off the rotor and replaces the cap. He starts to ease down the hood when

A FEMALE VOICE (OS)  
Having car trouble, Sonny?

Taylor turns slowly and smiles innocently into the face of an older, SILVER HAIRED WOMAN. The woman is bent over in the wind, but vibrant and curious. She returns the smile and squints through very thick glasses at Steven's Chevrolet.

SILVER HAIRED WOMAN

I used to own one of those.  
Was quite a machine.

(pumps her foot on the pavement)

Raaaaaum. Three hundred and fifty horses and there was no holding 'em back. Know what I mean?

She gives Taylor a slap on the back. Taylor detests the contact. He cringes and glares at the woman. She backs away and reaches in her purse. Taylor slams down the hood and turns back to the woman. She points a can of mace at Taylor.

SILVER HAIRED WOMAN (CONT)

You're a cute one, but don't start getting any ideas. I've been trained to defend myself.

Taylor looks at the mace and back to the woman and starts to laugh. It is a high, shrill almost female laugh. The woman stares at Taylor puzzled, then laughs with him, returns the can of mace to her purse, then shakes a finger in Taylor's face and teases.

SILVER HAIRED WOMAN (CONT)

Anyway you're too damned young for me, Sonny.

The woman turns and starts up the library steps.

SILVER HAIRED WOMAN (CONT)

And you young ones don't have any staying power.

Taylor's innocent face turns to one of fury. He looks around the lot, starts to pursue the woman, and then stops when she trips on a stair, takes off her glasses and wipes them on the hem of her skirt.

SILVER HAIRED WOMAN (CONT)

Can't see a damned thing in the dark anymore.

Taylor waits until the woman arrives at the library door, then smashes the rotor against the side of building and saunters back to the Mercury.

INT. EL SOBRANTE LIBRARY - ALMOST EMPTY

Karen has stopped ten feet short of the check-out desk where she stares at a

TEENAGE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER

The girl's back is turned to Karen. She flails her arms and talks to herself as Karen approaches the counter cautiously.

KAREN

Excuse me?

The girl doesn't move.

KAREN (CONT)

Miss?

The girl spins around in her chair. On her lap rests a ten inch Sony black and white T.V. The tinny voice of one of the announcers grows louder.

ANNOUNCER

The way that linebacker keeps stalking the quarterback is amazing. We all know what he's done in the past, but tonight he's awesome.

OTHER ANNOUNCER

And sly. And inventive. Don't be surprised if ---

The girl turns down the volume, though she definitely objects to the intrusion.

GIRL

Yes?

Karen stares at the television and draws two books from her sewing bag. A strand of yellow yarn catches between the pages of a book.

GIRL (CONT)

May I help you?

Karen untangles the yarn and hands the girl the books.

KAREN

These are overdue. How much is the fine?

The girl looks at Karen, back to the T.V. and back to Karen.

GIRL

Ma'am, the regular librarian is  
off tonight. I'm a temp.

Karen props Tiffany up on the counter in the infant seat and  
searches in her knitting bag for change.

KAREN

How much do I owe you?

The girl could care less. She looks back at the T.V. then makes  
an attempt a civility.

GIRL

Your baby is beautiful.

Karen proudly runs her fingers through Tiffany's hair.

KAREN

Thanks. She's almost seven months  
and already she's beginning to talk.  
Not real words, of course. Just---

The girls sighs and with a look of indifference

GIRL

That's nice. Really nice, Ma'am.  
But, it's goal to go on the eight  
yard line.

She lifts the television so that Karen gets a better view.

ON THE TELEVISION

The two teams line up near the goal line. The crowd roars  
DEFENSE, DEFENSE. The girls shoot a glance at the T.V.

GIRL (CONT)

If I know my boyfriend, I'll probably  
get a written test on this game.

(a beat)

You understand, men and their games...  
Especially, football.

KAREN

All too well.

Now that they're communicating, the girl takes the books and  
winks conspiratorially.

GIRL

I'll take care of your fine at  
half-time.

The girl waits for Karen to acknowledge her generous gesture, but when she doesn't respond

GIRL (CONT)

I don't mean to be rude, but the reception is better if I face this way.

From the television comes: the cheer of the crowd, the CLACK of shoulder pads, GRUNTS and GROANS. The girl leans toward the screen and turns up the volume.

ANNOUNCER

This quarterback has his head in the sand.

KAREN

Please, just a second more. I'm looking for a book on heart disease. I searched for it everywhere and---

The girl gives her a look. Karen is not getting the message.

GIRL

Ma'am, I'm a temp. If you couldn't find it, I wouldn't have a clue. And besides,  
(points at the T.V)  
This is a crucial play and---

Karen raises her hand in defeat.

KAREN

I know. I know. You've got to study for the test. Men and their games. Football, football, rah, rah.

Victorious, the girl gives her a "thumbs up" and turns rudely. Karen stares in disbelief. The garbled voice of a commentator continues.

COLOR MAN

All hell is about to break loose and the quarterback's standing there with his hand in his jock.

The Silver Haired Woman sidles up to the counter. She looks at Tiffany and tickles her feet.

SILVER HAIREW WOMAN

Hi ya, sweetie pie.  
(to Karen)  
Beautiful child. She's going to

break a lot of hearts.

Karen nods proudly, looks at her daughter and caresses her cheek.

KAREN (CONT)

Her name is Tiffany. She's ---

Karen turns back to the woman, but her interest has been diverted. She up on her tip-toes trying to see what's going on with the temporary librarian.

SILVER HAIRED WOMAN

(to Karen - eagerly)

Does she have the game on?

Karen nods.

SILVER HAIRED WOMAN (CONT)

(to the girl - loudly)

Honey. What's the score?

YOUNG GIRL

(over shoulder)

Seven to seven.

In a fit of pique, Karen sweeps Tiffany off the counter, heads for the Library door, then makes an abrupt turn and disappears down an aisle.

EXT. OF THE LIBRARY - NIGHT

On the road that passes in front of the library the Mercury waits.

INT. MERCURY

Taylor drums the steering wheel, then looks at the empty passenger seat.

TAYLOR

Be patient. The Ladeee will be here any minute, Adam.

INT. OF THE LIBRARY

Karen comes out of an aisle with three books under her arm. She props Tiffany on the top of an empty table pulls out a chair and sits down. She looks back over her shoulder.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

The Silver Haired Woman has joined the young girl. Both women gesture wildly.

ON KAREN

She frowns, then holds up The Encyclopedia of Football to Tiffany and flips through the pages.

ON THE BOOK

There are pictures of players, stadiums and diagrams of different football plays.

KAREN (OS)  
(to Tiffany)  
Woman to woman. Be honest now.  
Is it me? Everyone else is  
watching football. Should we've  
stayed home and watched the game  
with your father?

Tiffany begins to fuss. Karen automatically takes out a tissue and wipes her nose.

KAREN (CONT)  
Watch it? Heck what do we know  
about fumbles, tackles and...  
look at this.

ON A PAGE IN THE BOOK: A DIAGRAM OF AN OFFENSIVE PLAY

Karen's finger rest on an X, then moves to words printed below:

INSERT: SPLIT END

Karen curls Tiffany's hair with her finger.

KAREN (CONT)  
The only split ends we care about  
are the ones in our hair. Right?

Karen points to another X in the book. Tiffany fusses some more.

KAREN (CONT)  
And here's a right guard.  
(pats her knitting bag)  
I've got a coupon for Right Guard  
right here.

Karen takes Tiffany's hand in hers and raises their arms high in the air.

KAREN (CONT)

Then it's unanimous. We women agree.  
Games are inane and football is stupid.

Tiffany whimpers. With concern, Karen takes out the antibiotics and gives Tiffany a dose.

Tiffany reaches for the bottle. Karen drops it into her knitting bag.

KAREN (CONT)  
That's enough, young lady. But  
you're going to sleep tight  
tonight.

OS A CHEER goes up from the two women behind the counter.  
Karen turns.

The two women give each other a high five.

KAREN (CONT)  
I don't believe it.

Karen rises, pushes in the chair, gathers Tiffany's infant seat in her arms and limps to the door.

BEHIND THE COUNTER - ON THE T.V.

ANNOUNCER  
What timing!

COLOR MAN  
Timing? Persistence. He waited  
and waited and bam. That's how  
the game is played.

BEHIND THE COUNTER - ON THE T.V.

ANNOUNCER  
What timing!

COLOR MAN  
Timing? It's not timing, it's  
persistence. He waited and  
waited and bam. That's how  
the game is played.

ON THE LIBRARY DOOR

Karen places her hand on a sign taped to the glass and shoves the door open. The sign lists the library's hours -close on Monday's hours.

INSERT: MONDAY - 10 A.M TO 8 P.M.

EXT. LIBRARY - DARK - FOREBODING

ON THE ROAD IN FRONT OF THE LIBRARY - 1954 MERCURY

INT. MERCURY

Taylor bolts upright in his seat.

TAYLOR (OS)  
Here she comes, Adam. Hi ya,  
Ladeee.

EXT. LIBRARY - STAIRCASE

Karen fights the wind as she descends the steps. The knitting bag bobs against her hip.

INT. MERCURY

Taylor slaps the steering wheel angrily with his hand as he follows Karen's progress to her car, then turns to the passenger seat and points through the windshield to Karen.

TAYLOR (CONT)  
That's not the same dress, Adam.  
She was wearing a pink dress when  
she went in there.

Taylor stares at the passenger seat, then, puzzled, looks back out toward Karen.

TAYLOR (CONT)  
You're sure? We have to be careful.  
Elizabeth and Diane would use disguises.

Taylor listens to a silent response and pouts

TAYLOR (CONT)  
I know they're dead. Well it just  
doesn't look like the same dress,  
that's all.

His eyes glaze over, he remembers.

TAYLOR'S FLASHBACK

INT. OF A YOUNG BOYS ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Baseball and football pennants cover the walls. Model airplanes hang on transparent threads from the ceiling.

OS someone HUMS the melody of the Beatles tune: YESTERDAY.

ON A CORNER OF THE ROOM

Hidden behind a wall of milk crates, young Taylor sits on the floor wearing his sister's pink dress. He hums YESTERDAY as he happily runs a brush through the hair of a blond doll.

A long beat, then the door to the room creaks open. With terror, Young Taylor eyes go wide with the sound. He pulls the doll to his chest protectively and turns to the corner trying to disappear.

MRS. TAYLOR (OS)

Adam? Adam, my son?

Taylor cowers, trembles, then looks over his shoulder to the

TOP OF THE MILK CRATES

A beat, then the faces of Mrs. Taylor, Elizabeth and Diane and the other three girls peer down at Taylor. Elizabeth reaches over and shoves a finger in Taylor's face.

ELIZABETH

See? I told you, mom. Taylor's a kleptomaniac. He's got my hairbrush.

A beat, as she realizes what else he has on.

ELIZABETH

And the little creep's wearing my favorite dress.

DIANE

(stammers)

Taylor's a sissy, mom. He's still playing with dolls.

Mrs. Taylor bats the crates aside and lifts Taylor by the hair.

MRS. TAYLOR

Get out of that goddamn dress, Adam.

Taylor stiffens. Tears of pain trickle down his cheek, but he does not cry out.

TAYLOR

I am not Adam. I am Taylor.

His mother slaps his cheek. Taylor reels and crashes into the wall.

MRS. TAYLOR  
You are who I say you are.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. MERCURY

Taylor rubs his cheek and begins to hum the Theme from the Wedding March.

EXT. LIBRARY PARKING LOT - STEVEN'S 1957 Chevrolet

Karen opens the car door, straps Tiffany in with the seat belt, then climbs behind the wheel and closes the car door.

EXT. 1954 MERCURY

The ENGINE ignites. With the lights off, Taylor's car inches slowly down the street toward the entrance to the library parking lot.

INT. OF A MODEST HOME - IN EL SOBRANTE

Sylvia and Pat (from the playground scene) and a THIRD WOMAN are seated around a dining room table. Three copies of Joseph Harrington's book Eye of Evil lie open on the table. Ignored next to them lies a single copy of The Trusting Heart.

SYLVIA

And I say most of the victims  
were fools.

Karen's sister, DELORES KETT, thirty, a hyper-personality, rises from a chair.

DELORES

Don't be such a pompous ass, Sylvia.  
What about our trip to Hawaii? And  
a certain young hunk named Gordon?

PAT

Who's Gordon?

Sylvia shoots a look at Delores. She is definitely up set by the breech of confidence. Pat licks her lips and turns to Delores.

PAT (CONT)

Come on, come on, give me the  
dirt, Delores. All of it.

Sylvia glares at Delores. Delores shrugs.

PAT (CONT)

Who's Gordon?

SYLVIA  
 (sighs - to Pat)  
 Gordon was this...gorgeous dream  
 (to Delores)  
 He was not a killer.

DELORES  
 But how did you know? You never  
 saw him before in your life.

SYLVIA  
 I can tell.

Delores flips to the pages of victim in the THE EYE OF EVIL.

DELORES  
 I'll bet that's exactly what the  
 women in this book thought...  
 (looks up at a grandfather clock)  
 And speaking of women, I wonder  
 what's keeping Karen?

As Delores walks to the phone and dials, Pat rubs her hands with  
 glee and gives Sylvia a smirk.

PAT  
 Okay, tell me about Gordon...  
 The Gorgeous.

Sylvia returns the smirk and puts a finger over her lips in a  
 sign of secrecy. Pat nods vigorously and mimics the gesture.  
 Behind them, Delores paces as waits for an answer.

SYLVIA  
 But mums the word.

PAT  
 Tell me. Tell me.

Sylvia leans in close. Delores looks up at the grandfather  
 clock.

DELORES  
 Pick up the damn phone.

INT. KAREN MOORE'S HOME

Above the blare of the television the phone RINGS. Steven  
 shovels in a forkful of spaghetti, looks to the phone with  
 disdain, then back to the television where one of the announcers  
 draws a white line across the last play and explains above the  
 persistent phone

## ANNOUNCER

That's the third time they've  
done the same thing.

The color man gives the announcer a look.

## COLOR MAN

As long as the formula's working  
they'd be crazy to make a change.

Steven nods to the comment, then hits the remote and the volume goes off. He pulls himself away from the T.V. and picks up the phone laughing, expecting his friend Peter.

## STEVE

Too late to change your bet, Petey Boy.  
Unless there's an earthquake, you owe  
me twenty big ones.

## INTER-CUT BETWEEN DELORES' HOME AND THE MOORE HOME

Delores pulls the phone away from her ear and stares at the receiver.

## DELORES

This isn't "Petey Boy," Stevey Boy.

The instant Steven hears Delores' voice he hits the remote and the volume returns. The crowd cheers.

Delores hears the sound and grits her teeth.

Steven nods as she lectures, but doesn't hear a word.

## DELORES (CONT)

I've had it, Steven. One night a  
month. One lousy night a month I  
get together with my sister so she  
can have some intelligent conversation.

Delores waits a beat for a response, then really digs in.

## DELORES (CONT)

Karen hates football, Steven. And  
save all the excuses and the rest  
of your male chauvinist B.S. for  
"Petey Boy." Now may I speak with  
my sister?

Oblivious, Steven stares at the television.

## DELORES (CONT)

(screams)

Damn it! Put my sister on the phone.

A beat, then Steven looks at the phone puzzled.

STEVEN

Isn't she there? She left here a  
half an hour ago.

Delores looks up at a grandfather clock: 7:55.

DELORES

A half hour?  
(a beat)  
Why the hell isn't she---

STEVEN

Hold it, Delores. I remember, she  
had to drop off some books at  
the library.

DELORES

That's only two blocks from here.  
It shouldn't take her this long.  
(a beat)  
I'll walk up there and see what's  
keeping her.

STEVEN

Great...Hey Delores, tell her I'll  
pick up the baby and drop off her  
car at halftime, okay?

DELORES

Why isn't the baby---? She's  
driving your piece of shit.  
Lieutenant Moore, you are an  
asshole!

She slams down the phone with disgust.

DELORES (CONT)

Men!

INT. OF THE MOORE HOME

Steven hangs up the phone and shrugs.

INT. OF DELORES' HOME

She slips on a sweater and heads for the door past Sylvia, who is  
doing a hula as Pat watches jealously.

SYLVIA

I couldn't agree more. Men!  
MORE

SYLVIA (CONT)

I hate 'em all. Unless you know a  
rich young stud, who hates  
sports and has a big---

She spreads her hands. Pat laughs. Delores points to the EYE OF  
EVIL.

DELORES

Sylvia, read the book again.

ON DELORES KETT (Karen's sister)

Delores stops and looks at the darkened building, then gathers  
speed as she races across the lot to the  
abandoned Chevrolet. She peers inside.

INT. OF THE CHEVROLET

The baby's infant seat lies on the upholstery.

DELORES (OS)

What the?

INT. STEVEN MOORE'S HOME

On the coffee table lies a portable phone. Steven stares, glued  
to the

TELEVISION

As the phone RINGS, the teams return to the field.

ONE ANNOUNCER

(scratches his head)

Unless the defense starts playing  
football, the second half of this  
game is going to be a joke.

SECOND ANNOUNCER

(nods in agreement)

I can't believe they are missing  
the obvious.

STEVEN

(picks up the phone)

Hello.

(he frowns, and listens)

Relax Delores. I've been having  
trouble with my car.

INTER-CUT BETWEEN DELORES' HOME AND THE MOORE HOME

INT. DELORES' HOME

She paces as she talks. Sylvia and Pat look on.

DELORES

You're kidding! You're having  
trouble with the fine-tuned piece  
of crap.

(a beat)

Steven, where are Karen and Tiffany?

Steven peels himself away from the T.V. and walks around the room aimlessly.

STEVEN

She's probably looking for a  
mechanic.

DELORES

At this hour? In this weather?

Steven sees a shard of glass on the floor, picks it up and drops it in the wastebasket.

STEVEN

I'll take Karen's car and drive up  
to the library. You stay there.  
She'll probably be ringing your  
bell any minute.

DELORES

She'd better.

Delores hangs up the phone and bares her teeth.

DELORES (CONT)

Men!

Sylvia and Pat nod in agreement.

INT. OF THE MOORE HOME

ON THE CLOSET

Steven pulls out a sport coat and his revolver.

STEVEN

Karen is pissed. The car probably  
wouldn't start... Damn it!

Steven starts for the door, then turns to a loud cheer from the

## TELEVISION

A player does a victory dance in the end zone.

## ONE ANNOUNCER

Fifteen seconds into the second half  
and we have a brand new ball game!

## SECOND ANNOUNCER

Now the defense has the chance to  
establish real dominance over ---

Steven angrily SNAPS off the set and bolts out the front door.

EXT. THE EAST SIDE OF EL SOBRANTE - DARK

THE MAIN ROAD - BLINKING RED LIGHTS

One lane of traffic is closed because of a large pothole in the road. Wooden barriers have been erected by THREE MEN from Cal-Trans who detour traffic around the obstacle.

EXT. MERCURY

It comes to a stop at the end of a long line of traffic.

INT. MERCURY

Taylor points to the line of cars and turns to Karen.

## TAYLOR

Now, isn't it always something.  
Whenever you're in a hurry.

Karen nods. With a hint of jealousy, Taylor looks down at Tiffany nestled in the front pouch.

## TAYLOR (CONT)

Of course babies are never in a  
hurry. They come into the world  
when they're good and ready.  
(with an edge in his voice)  
And they have such trusting hearts.

## KAREN

That's bizarre. You must  
be psychic.

Taylor gives Karen a puzzled look.

## KAREN (CONT)

The Trusting Heart. That's the

title of a book by Redford Williams  
It's about heart diseases.

Taylor doesn't have clue, but he politely motions Karen to continue.

KAREN (CONT)  
We're going to be discussing it  
tonight at my sister's.

TAYLOR  
How interesting.

EXT. LIBRARY PARKING LOT - DARK AND DRIZZLY

Next to the Chevrolet, Delores holds an umbrella and paces back and forth for several beats.

Steven drives into the lot in the Honda Civic and gets out of the car.

STEVEN  
I thought I told you to stay at  
your house.

Delores fumes. Steven flips through his key ring.

DELORES  
I don't take orders from you,  
Lieutenant "Stevey boy."  
I have friends at the house. I am  
looking for my sister and my  
goddaughter.

Steven ignores her tone of voice, opens the door of the Chevrolet, gets in and tries the ignition. The motor BURRS. He gives Delores a satisfied look.

STEVEN  
See. The damn thing wouldn't  
start. She's gone to find a  
mechanic or a tow truck.

Delores points the umbrella toward the sky.

DELORES  
In this weather? Why didn't she  
come over to my house and call you?

STEVEN  
Because she's madder than hell at  
me, Delores. We had a beef.

Delores taps her foot and motions him on.

STEVEN (CONT)

I don't want to go into it. She probably went for a cup of coffee.

DELORES

Yeah, a cup of coffee and a Danish. Come on, Steven. Why in God's name would she take a sick child out for a stroll in the rain?

STEVEN

(shrugs)

She's been acting weird for a week.

Delores gives him a vehement look.

DELORES

You'd be acting weird too.

Steven stares. Delores boils.

DELORES (CONT)

Okay, Mr. Macho Man, what the hell would you do? Throw a party?

Steven gives her a puzzled look. Delores waits for a response for a long beat, then realization sets in.

DELORES (CONT)

Karen didn't tell you?

STEVEN

Didn't tell me what?

Delores hesitates for another long beat, then calms down and gently touches Steven on the shoulder.

DELORES

She has been diagnosed with... arteriosclerosis.

Steven slumps down in the seat of the car.

DELORES (CONT)

She has to have a bypass operation.

Steven whacks the dash board, looks up at the windshield and stares out of the glass.

DELORES (CONT-OS)

I thought you knew. I'm really sorry, Steven. Maybe---

She stops as Steven holds up his hand in a gesture of peace.

STEVEN

How could I've been so---

ON STEVEN - WIDE EYED

ON THE WINDSHIELD - STEVEN'S POV

Taylor's greasy hand print is reflected in the light.

DELORES (CONT)

But I still don't think my sister  
would take Tiffany for---

STEVEN

Oh shit!

Steven leaps from the car almost bowling Delores over.  
He pops the hood and rips off the distributor cap.

STEVEN (CONT)

It's gone! The rotor's gone!  
That bastard's got them.

DELORES

What? Who's got them?

Steven races past his sister-in-law, leaps in the Honda Civic and starts the engine.

DELORES (CONT)

(screaming now)

Who's got them?

Steven yells out the window.

STEVEN

Go home!

There is a PEEL of rubber as the Honda tears out of the lot.

DELORES

(barely a whisper)

Dear God.

EXT. THE EAST SIDE OF EL SOBRANTE

THE MAIN ROAD - BLINKING RED LIGHTS

A FLAGMAN from Cal-Trans holds up a stop sign.

EXT. MERCURY

Now third in line waiting to pass the barrier.

INT. MERCURY

Taylor chats easily as they wait.

TAYLOR  
So Tiffany is your first.

Karen smiles lovingly and pulls Tiffany close.

KAREN  
Yes. And she is so good.

She looks down at the sleeping child, then confides in a whisper.

KAREN (CONT)  
Though I think my husband would  
have preferred a boy.

TAYLOR  
Sounds just like my dad. He loved  
his girls. Had six...I mean five  
and me, of course.

KAREN  
And your brother.

TAYLOR  
(smiles innocently)  
Oh, yeah.

KAREN  
I'll bet your sisters spoiled  
you two rotten.

Taylor gives Karen a strange look, then stares out of the windshield. Now there is an edge in his voice.

TAYLOR  
Rotten, that's the right word.

Karen gives Taylor a puzzled look. Taylor points through the windshield.

TAYLOR (CONT)  
Okay, here we go.

EXT. OF THE MERCURY

The Flagman waves the traffic past the barrier. The Mercury heads up the road to El Sobrante Dam.

INT. MERCURY

Taylor downshifts for the steep grade.

TAYLOR (CONT)  
It won't be long now.

Karen smiles and settles back into the seat.

INT. EL SOBRANTE POLICE STATION - POLICEMAN'S LOUNGE

SERGEANT BILLINGS, OFFICERS RUDDINGER, SUSAN EVERETT and DAILY, very chubby, sit on a couch and several folding chairs glued to

THE TELEVISION

The teams line up for a field goal.

DAILY  
If they make this I win the  
third quarter pool.  
SUSAN EVERETT  
If they don't, the money's mine.

DAILY  
(to the other men)  
Who let a woman into our pool?

Susan gives Daily the finger. Daily folds his hands on his stomach and laughs.

DAILY (CONT)  
Woman's fast on the finger.

SUSAN EVERETT  
The last time you were fast was  
when you were a sperm.

Billings and Ruddinger roar with laughter. Billings turns to Daily and taps the side of his head denoting brainpower.

BILLINGS  
Give it a rest, Daily. You're  
out gunned.

ON THE TELEVISION

The field goal kicker takes a practice kick.

ONE ANNOUNCER (VO)  
This could be the turning point.

SECOND ANNOUNCER (VO)  
Momentum is that intangible---

The door flies open and THUDS against the wall. Everyone turn as Steven Moore bursts into the room.

STEVEN  
What the hell is going on?

DAILY  
We're just watching the game,  
Lieutenant.

Steven yanks the television cord out of the wall socket, gathers his thoughts and begins to pace. Each word is measured, precise, professional.

STEVEN  
I am going to give you this once.  
The bastard who's been stealing  
the rotors and butchering the  
women down the peninsula has my  
wife and daughter!

There is a collective gasp.

STEVEN (CONT)  
(rapidly to each person in turn)  
Ruddinger, I want you to call Boyd  
and Perkins. Get them to patrol  
the south end of town... every nook  
and cranny. Daily, you man the  
switchboard. Call the Orinda Police.  
Tell them the situation here and ask  
them to set up a road block on the  
upper dam road. See if we can use a  
couple of their cars to patrol the  
firebreak roads by the reservoir.  
Everett, get on the horn to the C.H.P.  
and get us a chopper. Hell, two if you  
can. Billings, get everyone, and I  
mean everyone, on patrol.

The whole group begins to talk at once. Steven slams his fist on top of the television set. The group comes to attention.

STEVEN (CONT)  
This bastard likes out of the way  
places. Search every crevice you  
think a scumbag would hide.

Steven grabs a shotgun from the rifle rack, then holds out his hand palm up.

STEVEN (CONT)  
Who's in a Black and White?

Ruddinger tosses him a set of car keys. Steven starts for the door, then stops.

STEVEN (CONT)  
And be careful. He has my whole  
life in his hands.

EXT. EL SOBRANTE DAM ROAD

EXT. MERCURY

The car makes a sharp left turn onto a dark road that runs below El Sobrante Dam. The road is paved but just barely.

INT. MERCURY

Karen looks out the window at the dark vegetation, then turns to Taylor.

KAREN  
Is it much further?

TAYLOR  
It's not far now. Just up here  
a ways.

KAREN  
We should have stopped by my  
sister's. She is such an  
alarmist.

TAYLOR  
(real friendly)  
When we get up to Jerry's, you  
can give her a call.

Karen goes rigid.

KAREN  
Jerry's? I thought you said  
your brother's name was Charlie?

Taylor knows he's been caught in a lie, but he's been here before.

TAYLOR  
Charlie and Jerry live together.  
They're both great mechanics.

Karen is close to panic. Taylor steps on the gas.

TAYLOR (CONT)

You'll like Jerry. He's got a  
joke for everything.

Wide-eyed in terror Karen clutches Tiffany to her chest, closes her eyes and remembers.

KAREN'S FLASH BACK

INT. OF THE MOORE HOME - From the third scene.

Steven seated in his recliner with Tiffany on his lap, looks over his shoulder.

STEVEN

There's another nut loose.

EXT. LIBRARY PARKING LOT

The Silver Haired Woman comes out of nowhere.

SILVER HAIRED WOMAN

You still having car trouble,  
Sonny?

BACK TO SCENE

INT. OF THE MERCURY

Karen's eyes open to Taylor's voice

TAYLOR

In fact, Jerry used to date our  
sister Elizabeth.

Terrified, she looks out of the corner of her eye at Taylor and feigns interest.

KAREN

Really?

Taylor nods and hums to himself drumming his fingers on the steering wheel.

EXT. BLACK MERCURY

ON A ROW OF MAILBOXES - THAT DIVIDE THE ROAD

The Mercury makes a hard right and speeds up a gradual incline. Gravel spits out from beneath the tires. The car accelerates.

## INT. MERCURY

Karen struggles to keep her balance as she bounces from side to side. The trees and bushes rush by outside the window. Karen tries to pull herself together as Taylor begins to ramble on. She inches her right hand toward the door.

TAYLOR

But she's dead now.

She finds the door handle and almost screams with delight. Karen turns to Taylor and makes a sad face.

KAREN

I'm sorry to hear that.

## EXT. MERCURY

The road appears to end at a grove of trees. It doesn't. The Mercury flies under the low hanging branches.

## INT. MERCURY

Karen's eyes move from side to side, her head remains still. She pulls Tiffany close with her left arm and grips the door handle with her right hand. She takes furtive glances out the window, but as trees and boulders speed by she pulls back.