

THE COMPLEX

by William C. Martell

He knows where you live...
He knows when you're home...
He has the key to your apartment.

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"THE COMPLEX"

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

PRESTON

This marriage is over.

ANNA sets her glass of Chardonnay on a table, giving her husband, BOYD PRESTON, her full attention.

ANNA

Boyd...

PRESTON

Listen to me... When we moved here, I had a new job, better pay.

(beat)

I thought it would change everything. And it did... Just not for the better.

A spacious two bedroom apartment, beautifully decorated.

PRESTON

Things have happened since then. Bad things. Most of them my fault.

ANNA

I don't want to lose you...

PRESTON

Anna. This marriage has got to end.

(long beat)

Tomorrow, we start fresh. Newlyweds. The last seven years forgotten.

ANNA

I don't want to forget.

PRESTON

I know.

They kiss. Passionately. The clock strikes midnight, and Preston laughs.

PRESTON

Let's go swimming.

ANNA

It's late, what about the neighbors?

PRESTON

Screw the neighbors.

He grabs her hand, starts out of the apartment.
She stops.

ANNA
My bathing suit...

PRESTON
You won't need it. We're newlyweds,
remember?

Preston laughs and runs out the door.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Preston runs down the stairs to the pool in the center of the complex. Taking off his tie, his shirt.

Anna reluctantly follows, finishing her wine, first.

ANNA
Honey? Honey.

PRESTON
Come on!

Preston opens the wooden gate top the pool, takes off the rest of his clothes, and dives into the water naked.

UNDERWATER

Preston swims to the end of the pool, surfaces for a quick breath, swims back to the deep end.

Through the rippled water, he can see the silhouette of Anna, standing at the edge of the pool. Haloed by patio lights.

SWIMMING POOL AREA

Preston bursts to the surface of the pool, laughing at Anna...

Except it's not Anna.

PRESTON
What are you.....?

Is all he gets out before a claw hammer wrapped in a towel SLAMS into his head. Preston struggles until his lungs empty.

Dead in the water.

The SILHOUETTE blends with the shadows as Anna opens the wooden gate and sees her husband floating in the pool.

She SCREAMS so loud, windows in the complex rattle.

TITLES OVER NEWSPAPER CLASSIFIED ADS

Pages and pages of ads. Homes for rent. Rooms for rent.
Townhouses for rent. Trailers for rent.

APARTMENT ADS. Hundreds of them. Some circled in red ink.
Some have Thomas Guide page numbers next to them in red ink.

Circled three times: Woolrich Arms, Spacious One and Two
Bedrooms, Security Building, Quiet, Freeway close, Great
Neighborhood...

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS APARTMENTS -- DAY

Car doors close behind ROBERT and GINNY TOWNSEND, an attractive
couple in their early thirties. They've been married for a
decade, still act like newlyweds.

ROBERT

Easy to find from the freeway.

GINNY

A pretty good neighborhood.

ROBERT

On a cul-de-sac. Not much traffic.

GINNY

Lots of trees. Looks like they keep
up the grounds, that's a good sign.
And it IS quiet.

ROBERT

(sinister)

Too quiet.

They laugh, cross to the intercom box at the front gates.

THE WOOLRICH ARMS consists of two dozen units surrounding a
swimming pool. An older building, with a fresh coat of paint
and new landscaping. The ideal place to live.

Robert hits the buzzer.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- DAY

The building manager smiles, offers his hand.

JEFFRIES

Sam Jeffries, I'm the manager.

JEFFRIES is a ruggedly handsome ex-contractor, dressed casually
in jeans and work shirt. He exudes a masculine self
confidence. Never goes anywhere without his tool belt.

ROBERT
Rob Townsend, my wife, Ginny.

JEFFRIES
Nice to meet you.

Jeffries shakes her hand, a hint of flirtation in his eyes.

JEFFRIES
What are you folks looking for? One bedroom? Two bedroom?

ROBERT
A large two bedroom.

JEFFRIES
(jokes)
He must snore something awful if you sleep in separate rooms.

ROBERT
We're going to use the other bedroom as an office. Ginny's been working at home for the past few months.

Ginny looks away from Jeffries. She hasn't worked in months.

JEFFRIES
Just so happens I have a nice big two bedroom with a fresh coat of paint...

Jeffries gives them the nickle tour.

JEFFRIES
The pool is right through here.

Jeffries opens a small wooden gate to...

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- DAY

In one of the chaise lounges, an attractive woman on the wrong side of forty (Mrs. BAILY) in dark glasses and a sexy bikini sips a martini while chain smoking menthol cigarettes.

JEFFRIES
How are you, today, Mrs. Baily?

MRS. BAILY
Couldn't be better.

JEFFRIES
(to Robert and Ginny)
There's no lifeguard, so you have to be careful.

Ginny nods, they leave the pool area and enter...

EXT. PATIO AREA -- DAY

Lots of shade trees and deck chairs.

JEFFRIES

Our patio. A great place to read the paper Sunday morning.

GINNY

I like the trees.

JEFFRIES

Thanks. Planted them myself. Wanted to give my tenants a rest from the concrete look of the city.

GINNY

So you garden?

JEFFRIES

I do everything. See, I'm not just a tenant, I'm the owner as well.

ROBERT

Really?

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- DAY

Jeffries leads them out of the patio to the stairs.

JEFFRIES

I used to be in construction. General contracting. Saw this place one day driving around. Red tagged after the quake. Bought it for a song...

(beat)

Rebuilt the place myself. Some of the units still aren't finished.

(smiles)

The idea was to retire, but it's become my life's work.

ROBERT

No rest for the wicked, huh?

Jeffries laughs, takes them up the stairs.

JEFFRIES

Think of it as having a repairman on sight. My apartment is over there.

(MORE)

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)

(points)

But please don't call me after ten
unless it's an emergency.

Ginny and Robert smile.

JEFFRIES

Laundry room is through there.

(opens door)

And your unit's right here.

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT -- DAY

A spacious two bedroom with MANY luxurious additions.
A built in side board, real wood trim around the windows.
This is the prime unit in the complex.

GINNY

Look at the wood work.

While Ginny moves from room to room, imagining furniture,
Robert and Jeffries hang back a few steps.

JEFFRIES

Sprinklers and smoke detectors in every
room...

GINNY

Rob, look at the fireplace.

ROBERT

(smiles)

Perfect for those hundred degree L.A.
winters.

Ginny moves into the bedrooms.

JEFFRIES

What kind of work do you do?

ROBERT

Stock broker for Webb-Paymer. Just
transferred down from San Francisco.

JEFFRIES

Promotion?

ROBERT

More of a lateral move.

Robert makes sure Ginny is out of range.

ROBERT

We had to get out of the city. See, Ginny quit her job when she got pregnant. Turned our spare room into a nursery. Really fixed it up.

(beat)

Then she had a miscarriage. She was pretty depressed, and having to look at that nursery every day didn't help.

Jeffries puts a hand on Robert's shoulder.

JEFFRIES

Sometimes it's good to get a fresh start. Let go of the past.

(smiles)

Hell, that's what this place was supposed to be for me. A fresh start. I swear, sometimes I think it'll be the end of me.

When Ginny enters, Robert and Jeffries are laughing.

GINNY

And what's so funny?

JEFFRIES

Just man talk.

ROBERT

What do you think?

GINNY

I like it.

ROBERT

What are the terms?

JEFFRIES

Eight fifty a month, which is two hundred less than the place next door. First and last.

ROBERT

Deposit?

JEFFRIES

I trust you.

(beat)

Don't tell the rent board this, but I'm kind of picky about who I let into this place. No gang bangers, no conspicuous tattoos, no face jewelry, no college kids. I like young couples.

GINNY

We aren't exactly young...

JEFFRIES

But you're married, stable, employed.
Just like the people who were here
before.

ROBERT

What happened to them? You raise the
rent?

Jeffries turns serious.

JEFFRIES

No. The husband died in an accident.
She moved out a couple of weeks later.
A tragedy. He was like, in his late
twenties.

GINNY

Wow.

JEFFRIES

Someone you see every day... You just
don't think things like that could
happen to them. It's scary.

Jeffries tries a smile.

JEFFRIES

I assure you the place is not haunted.

He moves to the front door.

JEFFRIES

Tell you what. I've got some work to
do on the patio. Why don't you two
look around, think about it, come see
me when you decide.

He points to the door knob.

JEFFRIES

This button, here, locks the door.

ROBERT

Thanks.

When Jeffries leaves, Robert and Ginny look at each other.

ROBERT

What do you think. It's a one year
lease. Could you stay here that long?

She wanders around, looking at walls, a feel for the room.

GINNY
It feels... safe.

ROBERT
Good.

She comes back to him, and they kiss.

EXT. PATIO AREA -- DAY

Jeffries transplanting a tree, shirt off and sweaty, when Robert and Ginny approach.

JEFFRIES
So? What'd you two decide?

ROBERT
We're going to take it.

JEFFRIES
I've got some paperwork in the office.
Give me a minute, I'll be right there.

Robert and Ginny cross to the office.

Jeffries wipes his hands on his pants and watches them.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Robert and Ginny's car at a stop light...

A huge MOVING VAN behind them, almost touching their bumper.

INT. ROBERT'S CAR -- DAY

Robert and Ginny sing along with a cassette.

ROBERT
It's too late, to turn back, now...

GINNY
I believe, I believe, I believe I'm
falling in love...

The light changes and they go, moving van right behind them.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

A pair of MOVING MEN bring in furniture.

GINNY
I think the sofa should go over there.

ROBERT

Why don't we just have them set it down and we'll place it later?

MOVING #1

Sounds good to me.

They practically drop the sofa where they're standing and hustle out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROB & GINNY'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

The apartment is full of furniture and cardboard boxes. Robert and Ginny sit on the floor eating Chinese food from cartons. Robert sets his carton down and gives her a kiss.

GINNY

Mmmmm. You taste like Mu Shu Pork.

Robert dips his finger in the sweet & sour sauce, rubs some on Ginny's chest, then licks it off.

ROBERT

Sweet and sour chick.

She laughs.

They begin taking off each other's clothes, kissing, licking.

GINNY

Keep that hot mustard away from me.

They make love on the living room floor. Passionate, fun.

Afterwards, Robert is licking sweet and sour off his fingers.

ROBERT

Think we should test every room?

GINNY

Why? Think an hour from now you'll be horny again?

ROBERT

(laughs)

I'm not sure I can wait an hour.

Ginny jumps up and runs into the bedroom. Robert follows.

GINNY (O.S.)

My mother always told me no strenuous exercise for an hour after eating...

ROBERT
Afraid I'll drown?

GINNY (O.S.)
(laughs)
Going down once, twice, three times...

Cut off by the sounds of passion from the bedroom.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dressed in matching robes, Robert and Ginny place furniture.

Robert sets down an end table and sees something between the carpet and the wall... an un-fired pistol shell.
Weird.

He studies it for a moment, before pocketing it.
Never mentions it to Ginny.

GINNY
Maybe the sofa should go over there?

ROBERT
You'll have all day tomorrow to find better places for the sofa. Let's just see if we can find the floor.

Ginny nods, and they continue placing furniture.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

An old piece of brownish paper masks the medicine cabinet mirror. Ginny tears it off, almost throws it away, then notices the hieroglyphics printed on the back. Strange.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Robert finds their wedding photo in a box, puts it on the mantle. Smiles, remembering the day ten years ago.

GINNY
Robert. What do you make of this?

ROBERT
I can make a hat, I can make a swan...
(sees the hieroglyphics)
Weird.

GINNY
Do you think the previous tenants were mummies?

Robert shakes his head, carefully folds the paper, and puts it in his pocket... With the bullet.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

ROBERT

Any thought about going back to work?

GINNY

Maybe after a while. When we get settled.

ROBERT

I just don't want this to turn into a full blown depression, you know?

GINNY

I know.

ROBERT

A new beginning doesn't work unless it's for both of us.

Ginny nods. Robert takes her in his arms and kisses her. They end up in the freshly made bed.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS APARTMENTS -- EVENING

The NO VACANCY sign is up.

EXT. PATIO AREA -- EVENING

Flames in the night sky.
From a barbecue, cooking chicken, hamburgers, hot dogs.

A banner across the patio area offers a generic WELCOME, but it's obvious that Robert and Ginny are the guests of honor.

Just over a dozen tenants mill around, eating burgers and drinking keg beer, welcoming the new couple.

ALICE RICHMOND, a bird-like woman with a patch over her left eye, has had one too many beers.

RICHMOND

You moved HERE from San Francisco?

ROBERT

Looking for our place in the sun.

RICHMOND

They don't have sun in northern California?

GINNY

Actually, Robert got transferred.

RICHMOND

I wish my office would transfer me someplace... Far away from here.

GINNY

You don't like Los Angeles?

RICHMOND

The filth? The crime? The smog? What's not to like?

ROBERT

At least it's not raining.

RICHMOND

Someday a real rain will come and wash all of this filth away. I keep trying to move, but there's no escape.

(beat)

I just hope I get out before I end up like Mr. Preston, the last tenant...

ROBERT

What happened to him? Mr. Jeffries said there was some kind of accident...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PATIO

Robert and Ginny talk with BYRON CRANE, a soft, pudgy man with traces of polish on his fingernails.

CRANE

Accident? That's what they call it?

GINNY

Wasn't it?

CRANE

Died before his time, that's what happened. I've seen a lot of people die, but never anyone that young...

Crane sees Ginny's shocked expression, explains.

CRANE

I'm a nurse. The cancer ward at St. Joe's Hospital.

GINNY

Oh.

CRANE

It's sad to see so many people dying.
Just wasting away. Sometimes I try to
ease their suffering...

NEAR THE BEER KEG

Robert fills his cup. Behind him, ARBOGAST, a skinny hawk
nosed man with a bitter attitude waits for the spigot.

ARBOGAST

That's all I ever hear. Pain and
suffering, complaints about life.

ROBERT

Psychologist?

ARBOGAST

Bartender. Same difference I guess.
Let me tell you, one thing I learned
in my business: What goes around comes
around.

ROBERT

Really?

ARBOGAST

Regular customer, comes in every night,
drinking himself into the ground, right?
Hits bottom, goes to AA, cleans up his
life. Lost customer, right?

ROBERT

I guess.

ARBOGAST

They always come back. Two, three
months, a year later: they're back on
the stool ordering doubles...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PATIO

Ginny is talking with CHAMBERS, overly slick, with obvious
hair plugs and glasses so thick you can't see his eyes.

CHAMBERS

Do you play tennis?

GINNY

No.

CHAMBERS

I have to. Part of the job.

Robert returns, hands Ginny a fresh beer.

GINNY

What do you do?

CHAMBERS

I'm a producer.

ROBERT

Movies? TV?

CHAMBERS

Insurance. Sales.

GINNY

Oh.

CHAMBERS

You know what's the key to commissions?
Repeat business. Past clients. Every
time I move to a new company, I bring
all of my clients with me.

ROBERT

(false smile)
Interesting.

As Chambers rattles on, Robert and Ginny exchange looks.

ANOTHER PART OF THE PATIO

Robert and Ginny meet Mr. & Mrs. MILLER, both in their 50s.

MRS. MILLER

Lose interest and the marriage dies.

ROBERT

I invest in T bills...

MRS. MILLER

You know how we add spice to our
marriage?

Ginny and Robert can't wait to hear the answer.

MRS. MILLER

We change sects every month.

ROBERT

You change SEX?

MRS. MILLER

No, silly. SECTS.

(explains)

Last month we were Baptists. This month we're Hindu. Next months we'll either be Presbyterians, or Christian Naturists.

(beat)

Paul may have a problem becoming a naturist, because of his office's dress code...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PATIO

DOYLE, a scary looking 30 year old, notices Robert staring at his gun and shoulder holster (under his sport coat).

DOYLE

Part of the job. Nothing to worry about.

ROBERT

You a cop?

DOYLE

Security. You know those signs that say "Armed Response"? That's me.

ROBERT

Have gun, will travel.

DOYLE

That's it. Eight hours driving around a protected zone, waiting for a call. Usually, no calls.

ROBERT

Peaceful.

DOYLE

Too fucking peaceful. I'm chomping at it, man. Want to see some action. What do you do?

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PATIO

Robert and Ginny talk with FREMONT, reed thin with a shock of impossibly colored orange hair. He oozes weirdness.

GINNY

Robert works for Webb-Paymer. The brokerage house?

FREMONT

I'm sorry. I'm afraid I don't get out much. I live a cloistered life. Most of the tenants here keep to themselves. That's why I like it.

ROBERT

What do you do?

FREMONT

Egyptology. I'm a professor at UCLA.

GINNY

We found some hieroglyphics in our apartment.

FREMONT

Painted? Carved?

ROBERT

On a piece of paper. For all we know, it was somebody's laundry list.

FREMONT

Unusual. Very unusual.

GINNY

We thought so, too.

As Ginny and Robert chat with Fremont, we see Jeffries sitting on top of a patio table lording over his tenants.

A look of satisfaction. These are HIS people. HIS tenants.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS APARTMENTS -- MORNING

Robert zooms out of the underground garage, going to work.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- DAY

Ginny listens to the dryers hum, alone. Notices a bulletin board on the wall, hops off the bench to take a look.

THE BULLETIN BOARD

Has the typical apartment complex messages. But one corner is filled with a collage of stapled photos. Weird photos. Women's faces. Hands spanking body parts. Creepy stuff.

BUZZZ!

The dryer alarm goes off. Ginny jumps.

She attends to her wash, wondering what the collage is about.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Furniture in its proper place, pictures on the walls, apartment decorating complete.

Ginny wanders with a steaming cup of coffee, looking for something to occupy her time.

She looks out the living room window at the swimming pool.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- DAY

Ginny passes Mrs. Baily on her way to a chaise longue, wearing a two piece, carrying the latest Sue Grafton paperback.

Mrs. Baily is always dressed in her bikini and dark glasses, puffing away on menthol cigarettes.

MRS. BAILY

Well, well. The new neighbor.

GINNY

Ginny Townsend.

MRS. BAILY

Helen Baily... The ex-Mrs. Baily.

A brief shake of hands.

MRS. BAILY

Cigarette?

GINNY

I quit. You're divorced?

MRS. BAILY

Blissfully. For an entire glorious year.

GINNY

Sounds like you had a rough one.

MRS. BAILY

I thought it would be better the second time around. I was wrong. All men ARE turnips. And you?

GINNY

Still working on my first marriage. And hopefully my only.

MRS. BAILY

Well, don't be surprised if it goes to hell in a handcart.

(beat)

At least you have your afternoons free. What do you do?

GINNY

I used to work for a mortgage banker. I quit when I got pregnant...

(beat)

After the miscarriage...

(beat)

Do you work?

MRS. BAILY

I work on my tan. Community property was very good to me. It should be, I put the bastard through medical school and worked two jobs while he was establishing his practice. That was my first husband. My second was a bum. Thought he could live off me.

GINNY

Two can't live as cheaply as one?

MRS. BAILY

Not on someone else's money. Not the way George lived.

(laughs)

So... What brings you to the Woolrich Complex?

GINNY

Robert, my husband, thought it might be a good idea to move. Get a fresh start.

MRS. BAILY

There are no new beginnings. No matter where we go, we take ourselves with us. Our old problems tag along...

GINNY

No such thing as starting over?

MRS. BAILY

Honey, I can't start over until my ex is six feet under ground. Even then, that bastard'll probably haunt me.

(puffs)

My second husband, that is.

GINNY

George.

MRS. BAILY

Yes. George has turned into quite the little bastard. Had to get a restraining order after the divorce.

(puffs)

He still calls. Just to say he hates me. The bastard.

GINNY

At least he remembers you.

Mrs. Baily laughs.

Ginny notes a figure in one of the apartment windows, watching them. Before the curtains close, she recognizes Mrs. Miller.

MRS. BAILY

Welcome to the neighborhood.

GINNY

It's a nice building.

MRS. BAILY

Jeffries really keeps it up. He always seems to be working on something. Bare chested. Using some sort of power tool.

Mrs. Baily's leer can be seen even with the dark glasses.

MRS. BAILY

This place is his obsession.

(puffs)

Personally, I think he should find a girl. He could still use the power tools, if he likes.

Ginny thinks about Jeffries.

MRS. BAILY

I'm kind of surprised he rented your unit... So soon after the accident.

GINNY

He told us...

Mrs. Baily cuts her off by greeting Jeffries.

MRS. BAILY

Speak of the devil.

JEFFRIES

And he shall appear... to clean the pool.

Jeffries, dressed in cut offs, tool belt, and a muscle T shirt, grabs the pool skimmer and goes to work.

JEFFRIES

Gossiping about me again, Mrs. Baily?

MRS. BAILY

Just passing time.

Jeffries skims next to Mrs. Baily.

JEFFRIES

A few more hours in the sun Mrs Baily and your skin will look like real Corinthian leather.

MRS. BAILY

I'm sure you'd like to Armorize it.

Jeffries laughs, hangs up the skimmer, cleans the pool filter.

Ginny sets her book down, moves to the edge of the pool.

GINNY

Is it okay to go in?

JEFFRIES

Sure.

They exchange smiles. It's hard for Ginny not to stare at his muscular body. She finally dives in.

Jeffries tests the pool water for chemicals. When Ginny breaks surface, he nods to her.

JEFFRIES

I'm going to add some chlorine. It may sting your eyes a little.

Ginny nods, swims some more. Jeffries adds chlorine, tests the water again, then closes the test kit.

Mrs. Baily watches Jeffries watch Ginny swim.

Ginny breaks the surface and leans against the side of the pool near Jeffries.

JEFFRIES

I was admiring your form.

GINNY
 (flirting)
 What sharp little eyes you have, Mr.
 Jeffries.

JEFFRIES
 You ought to see my teeth.

GINNY
 You're not married?

JEFFRIES
 Used to be.

Mrs. Baily tries for Jeffries' attentions.

MRS. BAILY
 Didn't we all.
 (puffs)
 Mr. Jeffries is a confirmed bachelor.

JEFFRIES
 Footloose and fiance free.

GINNY
 Playing the field?

JEFFRIES
 Usually just playing.

Mrs. Baily tries harder: Moving to her feet and adjusting her bikini top... showing a flash of breast.

MRS. BAILY
 I'm going inside. Rub some lotion on
 this leather. You're free to join me
 Mr. Jeffries...

JEFFRIES
 I've got some work to do.

Mrs. Baily tries to hide her jealousy with a smile, and leaves the pool area. When she's gone, Jeffries turns to Ginny.

JEFFRIES
 You're a good swimmer.

GINNY
 Made my high school's varsity swim
 team... That was a long time ago.

JEFFRIES
 Does your husband swim?

GINNY

Robert?

(beat)

He doesn't even like to get wet.

JEFFRIES

Do you?

GINNY

What?

JEFFRIES

Like to get wet?

Ginny pulls away from the edge of the pool.

GINNY

(cold)

I thought you had work to do.

Jeffries realizes he's crossed the line.

JEFFRIES

Sorry. I was just joking around. I didn't mean to...

GINNY

No offense taken.

Ginny plunges beneath the surface, swims away.

Jeffries watches Ginny swim a lap before leaving.

Ginny waits until he's gone before breaking the surface.

INT. COMPLEX UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- EVENING

Robert parks his car, hears something.

A baby crying? A cat in heat?

Robert scans the dark garage, spots Byron Crane sitting on the cement next to his car, crying. Moves to the male nurse.

ROBERT

Are you okay?

CRANE

Leave me alone. Just leave me alone.

Crane swings his hand to keep him away. Continues sobbing. Robert doesn't know what to do, reluctantly leaves.

Crane sits on the dirty cement floor, crying his eyes out.

EXT. MAILBOXES -- EVENING

Robert stops at the mail boxes to grab their mail.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S KITCHEN -- EVENING

A bubble breaks the surface of the water in the sink.
It's obviously not draining.

Ginny hits the garbage disposal switch.
Nothing happens.
Robert tosses the mail on the kitchen table.

GINNY
Garbage disposal's broken.

ROBERT
New apartment. It's probably something
simple. The wiring...

GINNY
You want to take a look?

ROBERT
What? Me fix it? That's what landlords
are for.

GINNY
Meanwhile we have a broken disposal, a
clogged sink, and I can't use the
dishwasher.

ROBERT
What you're trying to say is that this
broken garbage disposal is the first
step to world nuclear destruction?

Robert puts his arms around her. She reciprocates.

ROBERT
Your hands are wet.

Robert pulls away, checking his shirt.

GINNY
You aren't going to look at this?

ROBERT
I wouldn't know what to do. I'd just
end up getting my hands dirty, and
it'd still be broken.

(beat)
My dad was Mr. Do It Your-selfer.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Could fix anything. Never called a repairman in his life. He'd work a ten hour shift at the factory, come home and spend all night in the garage fixing the lawnmower.

(beat)

When he died, the mortician had to bleach his fingers to get the grime out from under his nails.

(beat)

I could go my whole life without ever touching a tool and die a happy man.

GINNY

With a broken garbage disposal.

ROBERT

I'll call Jeffries. Have him take care of it tomorrow. Okay?

Ginny nods and Robert moves into her arms.

ROBERT

Have you given any thought about going back to work?

GINNY

I'm shopping for office furniture tomorrow. See if I can fill up that spare bedroom.

Ginny laughs and they kiss. Robert doesn't mind her wet hands. They start moving towards the bedroom. Siamese Twins joined at the lips.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- MORNING

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Robert follows the sound to Jeffries, repairing a fence with a hammer as Alice Richmond watches.

ROBERT

Mr. Jeffries?

RICHMOND

He's working.

Eye patched Richmond puts herself between the two men.

The men are polar opposites: Jeffries stripped to the waist, perfectly tanned, muscled, holding the hammer. Robert in his blue suit and tie, briefcase, pale and scrawny.

Jeffries pushes past Richmond, who shudders at his touch, smiles at Robert. Lots of male posturing.

JEFFRIES
Mr. Townsend?

ROBERT
(intimidated)
There's a problem, with um, with our kitchen sink...

JEFFRIES
Something serious?

ROBERT
No. It's just clogged.

JEFFRIES
Want to borrow my snake?

ROBERT
Well...

JEFFRIES
You know how to use one, don't you?

ROBERT
I'm already late for work. Could you, um, take care of it for me?

JEFFRIES
Sure. No problem.

Jeffries turns back to the fence, ignoring Robert.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

EXT. STAPLES OFFICE SUPPLY -- DAY

Signs in the windows announce a sale on office furnishings.

INT. STAPLES OFFICE SUPPLY -- DAY

Ginny, dressed in business attire, is looking at desks. Opening drawers, checking the construction.

SALESMAN
Can I help you with a desk?

GINNY
Just looking right now.

The SALESMAN nods and moves on to the next customer.

EXT. COMPLEX UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- DAY

Ginny pulls into the garage, gets out of her car, Staples bag in hand. Crosses to the stairs.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Ginny closes and locks the door behind her.

The Staples bag gets dumped in the empty spare bedroom on her way to the Master Bedroom.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM

Ginny starts taking off the business clothes. Stripping off the blazer, the skirt. Hanging both up in the closet. Taking off her scarf-tie and blouse. Hanging them up.

She chooses a pair of jeans and pullover top from the closet.

GINNY
Damned panty hose.

She strips off panty hose, grabs underwear from her drawer...

And hears a noise.
From inside the apartment.

She quickly pulls on the underwear. Scared.

GINNY
Hello?

No answer.

Maybe it was nothing. Listens closely for a moment, shakes her head, grabs her jeans...

And hears ANOTHER noise.

Letting go of the jeans, she cautiously goes to investigate.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Ginny creeps down the hallway, backlit by the light from the master bedroom... the only light on in the apartment. Ready for something or someone to spring at her from the shadows.

The door to her office is closed.
Didn't she leave it open?

Ginny braces herself, then presses the door open slowly.

The room is empty.

She takes a step into the room... then looks behind the door.
Nothing.

ANOTHER NOISE from the front of the apartment. She jumps.

Ginny steps out of the room, creeping down the hall.

The bathroom door is open.

Ginny cautiously enters the dark bathroom.
Empty.

What about the tub?

She grabs the shower curtain, slowly draws it back.
Tension builds. Suspense.

Nothing in the tub...

ANOTHER NOISE. From the Living Room?

Did she leave the front door open?

Ginny leaves the dark bathroom, venturing down the shadowed
hallway to the living room.
Moving cautiously. Tension.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Ginny creeps into the room.

GINNY

Hello?

She gets all the way into the living room, when the voice
comes from right behind her.

JEFFRIES

Mrs. Townsend.

Ginny jumps half a mile into the air. Almost screams.

She spins to see...

Jeffries, kind of dirty, holding a pipe wrench in one hand.

JEFFRIES

Didn't mean to scare you.

GINNY

What are you doing here?

JEFFRIES

Fixing the garbage disposal. Your husband said...

She calms. Embarrassed by her reaction.

GINNY

I'm sorry. I just didn't know you were here.

JEFFRIES

You want me to come back later?

GINNY

No....

She realizes she's only dressed in bra and panties and becomes embarrassed again, covering herself with her hands.

JEFFRIES

I had to put in a new unit. The old disposal had something stuck in it. From the last tenants. Looked like bones. Probably chicken.

(beat)

You've got to be careful what you put in these things. Even celery can be a problem. It's got those strings in it. They get caught in the blades.

GINNY

I'll remember that.

JEFFRIES

I was just finishing up. Having problems with anything else? As long as I'm here...

GINNY

Everything else is fine.

JEFFRIES

Like I said. If you ever need anything, don't hesitate to call. I'd rather nip these things in the bud than wait until they become big problems. Big problems always end up costing me...

GINNY

I'd better get dressed.

Jeffries nods.

JEFFRIES

I'll be out of here in a minute. Want me to lock the door?

GINNY

Yes. Please.

She squeezes past him, down the hall to the master bedroom.

Jeffries watches her ass, smiles, and pops the pipe wrench against his palm a couple of times. Then goes back into the kitchen to finish up.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM

Ginny doesn't close the bedroom door behind her.

She pulls on her jeans and sits on the edge of the bed, thinking about Mr. Jeffries.

JEFFRIES (O.S.)

Okay. You're all set.

GINNY

Thanks.

She hears the front door close behind him as he leaves.

Ginny smiles.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Ginny smiles.

ROBERT

What's so funny.

Robert closes the front door and sets down his briefcase.

GINNY

Nothing.

ROBERT

Did Jeffries get the disposal fixed?

GINNY

Yeah. It was working when I got home today.

Robert kisses her, but she doesn't respond.

ROBERT

Get your furniture?

GINNY

Still looking. I don't want to buy
the first desk I see and be stuck with
it for the rest of my life.

Robert nods.

EXT. COMPLEX DUMPSTER -- EVENING

Robert takes the garbage to the dumpster behind the complex.
Gets ready to toss the bag inside when he hears the noise.
Someone inside the dumpster.

He peers inside.

Chambers, the insurance man with bad hair plugs, is sifting
through the contents of the dumpster... dressed in a suit.

ROBERT

Mr. Chambers?

CHAMBERS

(explains, embarrassed)
Things keep disappearing from my
apartment. Important papers and...
(breaks down)
I've lost my mother.

ROBERT

I... I'm sorry.

CHAMBERS

No. No. The photo of my mother. It's
gone. I can't imagine throwing it
away by accident, but I must have...

ROBERT

I hope you find it.

He gently sets his bag inside the dumpster, leaves.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

Darkness has fallen on the complex.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and Ginny are sleeping when a strange noise yanks Ginny
awake... A scream? A baby crying?

She sits up in bed... Robert is still asleep.

In the dark bedroom, the memory of the sound seems fuzzy...
Was it real? Her imagination? Or a dream?

She can't get back to sleep, and pads out of the bedroom in shirt and panties.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Ginny flips on lights, then pulls back the curtains to look at the dark complex. Empty. Silent.

Still unable to sleep, she clicks on the TV, volume low, and watches Gordon Grahame on CNN Headline News.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- NIGHT

On the bulletin board, the collage has grown. Spanking, bald men, babies, toad's tongues, clowns having sex.

FADE OUT.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

When Ginny wakes up, the sun is shining. Robert is gone.

IN THE BATHROOM

Ginny steps out of the shower wrapped in a towel. She examines herself in the mirror.

Opens the medicine cabinet, pops a Prozac.

As she turns to leave the bathroom, she hears a noise.

Turning... she sees someone looking RIGHT AT HER!

It's only her reflection in the mirror.

But when she turns away, she can't help but steal a quick glance back: Is her reflection still watching her?

A knock at the front door!

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Ginny, in a robe, looks through the front door's peephole.

A distorted image of the empty upstairs hall.

Ginny makes sure the chain is on before opening the door.

No one is outside. Who knocked?

She takes the chain off, opens the door.

EXT. ROB & GINNY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Ginny takes a step out of the apartment.
Dressed only in her robe. Nothing in her hands to use as a
weapon.

Looks all the way down the hall to her right.
No one.

Ginny looks down the hallway to her left.... empty.

Then she notices the box of roses.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The roses have a card, which isn't signed. She smiles...

THE PHONE RINGS LOUDLY.

Ginny jumps. She calms and picks up the phone.

GINNY

Hello?

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE -- DAY

ROBERT

Just wanted to say good morning. You
were asleep when I left.

The difference between the enclosed dark apartment and Robert's
spacious view office is startling.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- INTERCUT

Ginny walks over to the box of roses.

GINNY

Good morning.

ROBERT

Have a rough night?

GINNY

Something woke me up. I couldn't get
back to sleep.

ROBERT

Nightmares again?

GINNY

No. Just a noise.
(beat)
Thanks for the flowers.

ROBERT
What flowers?

GINNY
"What flowers?"
(smiles)
You know, you forgot to sign the card.

ROBERT
You lost me. What card?

GINNY
You didn't send me a dozen roses this morning?

ROBERT
Sounds like you have a secret admirer.

GINNY
These aren't from you?

ROBERT
Honey, I make no secret of my admiration of you. My passion for you. My lust for you.
(beat)
What are you wearing?

GINNY
Just my robe.

ROBERT
Nothing underneath?

GINNY
Why don't you come home for lunch and find out?

ROBERT
That's why I called. Looks like I'm going to miss dinner. Scotty wants me to wine and dine some clients tonight.

Ginny frowns and tightens the belt on her robe.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Don't know when I'm going to be home.

GINNY
Okay.

She hangs up the phone. Looks out the window.

OUTSIDE: Jeffries is working in the garden.

Ginny lets the curtains fall closed, heads to the bedroom.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

A dresser drawer contains sweaters and bathing suits.

Her standard two piece, a one piece... and way in the back, a VERY sexy bikini. She grabs the bikini.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- DAY

Ginny passes Mrs. Baily on her way to the lounge chair. Mrs. Baily notes the sexy bikini.

MRS. BAILY
Something new?

GINNY
Haven't worn it since our honeymoon.
I'm surprised it still fits.

Mrs. Baily waits until Ginny sits before starting.

MRS. BAILY
He called last night.

GINNY
Your ex?

MRS. BAILY
It seems he's tried once again to put
his life together and failed. He's
been out of work so long that no one
will hire him.
(puffs)
For this, he blames me.
(puffs)
For this, he threatens to kill me.

Mrs. Baily lights another cigarette, offers Ginny the pack.
She takes one, lights it.

GINNY
He threatened you?

MRS. BAILY
I like my men a little dangerous. But
George proved to be a bit much.

GINNY
You think he's serious?

MRS. BAILY

He's serious... But he won't do anything. He can't even get a job.

Jeffries enters the pool area to do his daily skim, smiles at Ginny and completely ignores the ex-Mrs. Baily.

JEFFRIES

How are you today, Mrs. Townsend?

MRS. BAILY

Our charming host. I was about ready to do my back, would you be so kind as to rub some lotion on it...

JEFFRIES

New suit?

GINNY

I've had it for a while.

JEFFRIES

I like it.

GINNY

Thanks.

Mrs. Baily tires of being ignored and moves to her feet.

MRS. BAILY

I think I'll go in. Rub on some lotion.

Neither Ginny nor Jeffries watch her leave. When the wooden gate makes a noise, Jeffries smiles.

JEFFRIES

Alone at last.

(turns away)

Look, I'm sorry about yesterday. I should have told you I'd be working in your unit, but I'd talked to your husband and he said...

GINNY

It's okay. You startled me. I thought it was some stranger...

Jeffries hangs up the skimmer.

GINNY

I feel like getting wet. Is it okay to go in?

JEFFRIES

Sure.

Ginny dives into the pool.
Jeffries watches her swim for a moment, prepares to leave.

GINNY

Mr. Jeffries? Could you hand me my
towel?

Jeffries grabs her towel as Ginny gets out of the pool.

Instead of handing it to her, he helps dry her off. Rubbing
the towel over her body, caressing her with the terry cloth.
Ginny DOESN'T pull away.

Jeffries stands behind her, drying her back... rubbing the
towel over her shoulders, over her breasts, over her legs.

Ginny moves her head back, and they kiss. Passion explodes
between them, but she reluctantly pushes Jeffries away.

GINNY

We can't...

ON THE BALCONY

Mrs. Baily watches Ginny take the towel from Jeffries and
leave. Anger and jealousy in her eyes, along with tears.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS APARTMENTS -- EVENING

The sun begins to set behind the complex.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S KITCHEN -- EVENING

The vase of roses is the dining table centerpiece.

Ginny sits alone, finishing dinner and a bottle of Chardonnay.
A place mat set for Robert, still at work.

Ginny pours the last of the wine, goes into the living room.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Ginny sips wine, bored.
Peeks through the curtains at the complex.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- EVENING

Across the courtyard, she sees Jeffries standing in front of
his window, just a silhouette. Watching her?

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

She takes another sip of wine, lets the curtains fall closed.

A knock at the front door startles her.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- EVENING

When Ginny opens the front door, Mrs. Baily is in the hall. She is nervous, paranoid. REALLY agitated.

MRS. BAILY

Are you alone?

GINNY

Robert's working late...

MRS. BAILY

I saw you with Jeffries today.

GINNY

(cold)

So?

MRS. BAILY

I know he seems nice, but you can't trust him. He creeps around the complex sometimes...

GINNY

Like he owns it?

MRS. BAILY

No. Like he owns US. The tenants. Sometimes, I think he's been in my bedroom, touching my things...

GINNY

Has he? Been in your bedroom? Touching your things?

MRS. BAILY

This isn't funny.

INT. COMPLEX UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- EVENING

Robert pulls into his parking space.

EXT. MAILBOXES -- EVENING

Fremont is reading his mail when Robert pulls out his mail box key, grabs the mail. He sees that...

Fremont is reading a letter written in Egyptian hieroglyphics. When Fremont realizes Robert is watching, he hides the letter.

FREMONT

Private.

Robert nods, heads to his apartment.

EXT. PATIO AREA -- EVENING

Robert passes bartender Arbogast, headed to work.

ARBOGAST

Your day's over, mine has just begun.

ROBERT

Let me ask you something: Does Mr. Fremont seem... unusual... to you?

ARBOGAST

Hey, everybody's a little weird if you catch them at the right time.

Robert notices Ginny and Mrs. Baily outside their apartment.

ARBOGAST

You know the difference between a bartender and a proctologist?

Robert is distracted, trying to hear the women's conversation.

ROBERT

Uh... No.

ARBOGAST

A proctologist only has to look at one asshole at a time.

Robert gives a polite laugh, starts climbing the stairs.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- EVENING

GINNY

Are you jealous? Were you sleeping with him?

MRS. BAILY

That's none of your business.

She lights a cigarette, leaving her pack on the window ledge.

GINNY

And what I do is none of your business.

(MORE)

GINNY (CONT'D)

I don't know what you think you saw,
and I don't care. Neither will Robert.

Mrs. Baily and Ginny try to stare each other down.

MRS. BAILY

Remember I warned you about him.

Mrs. Baily storms away, passing Robert.

ROBERT

What was that all about?

GINNY

I don't know. I think she's been
drinking.

Robert gives her a kiss and they enter the apartment.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Robert tastes the kiss.

ROBERT

Chardonnay?

GINNY

Want another taste?

She moves in for another kiss.

ROBERT

She seemed pretty agitated. What's
her problem?

GINNY

She thinks I'm stealing Jeffries away
from her.

ROBERT

(joking)
Are you?

Ginny pulls away.

ROBERT

I mean, he's a good looking guy. Big,
muscular, outdoor type. The kind of
guy women usually go for.

Robert's teasing produces a guilty reaction from Ginny.
Suspicion tints his questions.

ROBERT
What gave Mrs. Baily the idea you were interested in him?

GINNY
I don't know...

ROBERT
Had to be something. She wouldn't wobble all the way down here...

GINNY
I was flirting with him today.

ROBERT
Flirting?

GINNY
Are you jealous?

ROBERT
Should I be?

GINNY
We were just talking. Passing time.

ROBERT
Okay...

GINNY
Nothing happened. Nothing is GOING to happen. He's our landlord.

ROBERT
You flirt with him every day?

GINNY
By ten O'clock everyone in the complex has gone to work. Mrs. Baily and I are the only ones left... Except for Mrs. Miller who's locked inside her unit praying. We sit out by the pool, working on our tans and gossipping.

ROBERT
Sure.

GINNY
When Jeffries comes down to clean the pool, he flirts with us, and we flirt back. That's all.

ROBERT
She seemed pretty angry...

GINNY

Mrs. Baily has some sort of relationship, real or imagined, with Jeffries. She thinks I'm stealing him... She's crazy. Paranoid.

ROBERT

Maybe you should stop flirting.

GINNY

It's harmless...

ROBERT

Mrs. Baily doesn't seem to think so.

Neither does Robert. Ginny finishes her wine.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and Ginny climb into bed.
Lights out.

An awkward moment, as Ginny waits for Robert to move to her.
Make love with her.

Robert just looks at her from his side of the bed.
Wondering if she's cheating.

Suspicion. Tearing him apart, like in the Elvis song.

ROBERT

Goodnight.

GINNY

'Night.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Robert looks at the page of hieroglyphics Ginny found in the bathroom, wondering if it's connected to Fremont.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- DAY

The driers go round and round.
Mrs. Miller sits in a Yoga position, meditating, humming.

Ginny sets her basket of laundry on a washer, sorts and loads.
When Mrs. Miller opens her eyes and stops humming...

GINNY

T.M.?

MRS. MILLER

Brahmin mysticism.

GINNY

(nods)

I was wondering about the people who lived here before us, the Prestons?

MRS. MILLER

You've only been here a few months, Mrs. Townsend. This Complex is our oasis from the city. We value our privacy, here.

Mrs. Miller returns to meditation.

Ginny starts her washers, goes to look at the bulletin board.

The weird collage has grown, taking over a quarter of the bulletin board. Spanking, goats, dancers, silly hats.

Ginny can't interrupt Mrs. Miller's meditation to ask about it, takes a seat on the opposite side of the laundry room.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Darkness has fallen on the complex.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and Ginny are sleeping when a strange noise yanks Ginny awake... A scream? A baby crying?

She sits up in bed... Robert is still asleep.

In the dark bedroom, the memory of the sound seems fuzzy... Was it real? Her imagination? Or a dream?

She pulls up the covers, closes her eyes, tries to sleep.

A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM fills the night.

Robert and Ginny bolt upright out of bed.

ROBERT

What the hell was that?

GINNY

Screaming. Somebody screaming.

The hit the lights, roll out of bed to investigate.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Robert and Ginny, in bathrobes, lean over the hall railing, trying to get a glimpse of the action.

On the balconies, walkways and patios: Every other resident of Woolrich Arms rubbernecks... except for Arbogast. Missing.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Police car flashers strobe the complex with red and blue.

POLICEMEN, DETECTIVES, a FORENSIC TEAM crowd the courtyard.

In the courtyard, Robert and Ginny join other RESIDENTS, trying to get a peek at the action.

GINNY

What happened?

MRS. MILLER

No idea.

DOYLE

Somebody got tapped.

GINNY

What?

FREMONT

He doesn't know anything...

A POLICEMAN pushes through the crowd, to the parking lot. Robert grabs him.

ROBERT

What's going on?

GINNY

We heard screams.

POLICEMAN

One of the tenants was killed.

ROBERT

Accident?

POLICEMAN

She was beaten to death.

The Policeman tries to get away, but Ginny grabs him.

GINNY

Who was?

POLICEMAN

The woman in 213.

GINNY

Mrs. Baily?

POLICEMAN

That's right.

GINNY

Was it here ex-husband? She had a
restraining order against him, and...

The Policeman stops trying to break away, interested in Ginny.

POLICEMAN

Detective Elwood'll want to talk to
you. Come on.

The Policeman pulls Ginny through the crowd.
When Robert tries to follow, Policeman #2 holds him back.

POLICEMAN #2

Hold it.

ROBERT

My wife....

POLICEMAN #2

Stay behind the barricades. He'll
bring her back when he's done.

Robert watches the Policeman lead Ginny across the courtyard.

ROBERT

I can't believe someone would break in
here and kill that woman...

RICHMOND

These are dark days. Sometimes, I
feel the darkness inside of me, growing,
struggling to escape... and I have to
fight to keep it within.

Robert nods, smiles, and moves the hell away from her.

EXT. PATIO AREA -- EVENING

Jeffries is being questioned by rhinestone cowboy Homicide
DETECTIVE ELWOOD when the Policeman and Ginny enter. With
his Stetson, boots, and scorpion string tie, Elwood looks as
if he'd be more at home on the range than the big city.

The Policeman gestures to Elwood, points to Ginny.

ELWOOD
Thanks, Mr. Jeffries. If you think of anything else, give me a call.

Elwood gives Jeffries a business card.

When Jeffries leaves, the Policeman presents Ginny.

POLICEMAN
The victim had an angry ex. Lady, here, knows all about it.

ELWOOD
Detective Ron Elwood. You are?

GINNY
Ginny Townsend, unit 217. Mrs. Baily?

ELWOOD
Dead. We'd like to find out why. You two were close?

GINNY
I just moved into the complex a few months ago. Neither of us worked. We used to sit out by the pool and talk.

ELWOOD
What about?

GINNY
Beaten to death?

ELWOOD
Some sort of blunt object. We haven't recovered it. What's this about an ex-husband?

GINNY
He was calling her... Threatening her. She had to get a restraining order. She talked about him all the time. Like he was haunting her.

Elwood and the Policeman look at each other. A real lead.

ELWOOD
Remember this ex-husband's name?

GINNY
George. I think it was George.

ELWOOD

Thanks.

(pulls out a card)

If you remember anything else, give me
a call.

GINNY

Mrs. Baily?

ELWOOD

Guess this place is just bad luck.

Elwood gestures, and the Policeman takes Ginny away.

GINNY

Wait... What do you mean bad luck?

Elwood doesn't hear her. The Policeman pulls her away.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Ginny rejoins Robert at the edge of the crowd.

ROBERT

What happened?

GINNY

She's dead. I can't believe it.

Robert puts his arms around her. Holds her close.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

A strange noise yanks Ginny awake... Another scream?

She sits up in bed... Robert is gone.

GINNY

Robert? Robert?

No answer.

In the dark bedroom, the memory of the sound seems fuzzy...

She rolls out of bed, goes to look for Robert.

GINNY

Robert?

INT. ROB & GINNY'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Robert is gone.

A coffee cup sits on the drain. It's 10:17.

GINNY

Over slept.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Dressed, Ginny crosses to the window, opens the curtains.

OUTSIDE: Mrs. Baily's pool side chaise longue is empty.

Ginny looks at the empty longue chair, sadness in her eyes. Spots Mrs. Baily's cigarettes on the window ledge. Grabs them. Shakes one out and lights it... Just like Mrs. Baily.

Turning from the outside world, she reads a book on the couch.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- DAY

Police tape flutters in the breeze outside Mrs. Baily's apartment. A yellow and red police seal covers the door.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- DAY

Jeffries whistles as he enters the pool area. Expecting to see Ginny.

Stops when he realizes he's alone. Looks at Ginny's window.

Jeffries goes back to work. Caressing Mrs. Baily's empty lounge chair on his way to the pool skimmer. Whistling.

As Jeffries skims the pool, he keeps an eye on Ginny's window. As if he has her under surveillance.

Smiles at a quick flash of Ginny crossing the room.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Ginny finishes making the bed, hears a noise behind her.

Turning... she sees someone looking RIGHT AT HER!

It's only her reflection in the wall sized mirror.

She studies it for a moment. Where did the noise come from? Behind the mirror? There's a wall behind the mirror. Could the noises be coming from INSIDE the walls?

GINNY

That's crazy.

She turns away, hears another noise, quickly glances back: Is her reflection still watching her?

Tries escaping into the bathroom.

IN THE BATHROOM

Another reflection watches her.
Mimics her every move.
Creepy.

Ginny flips on the bathroom lights. All of them.
Pops a Prozac from the medicine cabinet vial, tries to calm.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Ginny flips on the master bedroom lights.
The hallway lights.
The kitchen lights.
The living room lights.
EVERY LIGHT IN THE APARTMENT.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Every shadow chased away, Ginny sits on the couch listening
for strange noises. Chain smoking the menthol cigarettes.
Wondering if she's going crazy.

LOUD KNOCKING startles her.
She jumps, then answers the door.

Jeffries outside, screen door between them.

JEFFRIES

Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Townsend.

GINNY

Is something wrong?

JEFFRIES

I missed you at the pool today.

GINNY

Didn't feel much like swimming.

JEFFRIES

Just came by to make sure you're okay.
Like to think of my tenants as family.

Ginny opens the screen, allowing Jeffries entrance.

Jeffries stays just inside the door, a little nervous.

GINNY

I never knew anyone who was murdered...

JEFFRIES

It's shocking. You don't think it could happen to anyone that you know. But it does.

(looks away)

She'd lived here since her divorce. I knew her pretty well.

GINNY

I'm sorry.

Jeffries turns to face her.

JEFFRIES

Look, Ginny, I care about my tenants. You can't stay locked up forever. What happened to Helen was horrible, but we can't let our lives end just because she's not here anymore.

Jeffries gently touches her arm.

JEFFRIES

Life can be unpredictable. Frightening sometimes. But the bad things often lead to new beginnings...

(beat)

Rob told me about the miscarriage.

GINNY

(pulls away)

He had no right to...

JEFFRIES

He wanted me to keep an eye on you. Make sure you're okay.

GINNY

I'm fine.

JEFFRIES

I'm worried that Mrs. Baily's... accident... might make things worse.

(touches her arm again)

I don't want you to be afraid to go out, develop a full blown case of agoraphobia.

GINNY

I just need some time.

JEFFRIES

Remember I'm here. You can feel safe while I'm around.

GINNY
Thank you Mr. Jeffries.

JEFFRIES
Sam. When you say Mr. Jeffries I want
to turn around, see if my father's
behind me.

GINNY
Sam.

She gives him a friendly kiss on the cheek.

JEFFRIES
So, will I see you by the pool tomorrow?

GINNY
Sure.

She lets him out, watches him leave through the screen.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS APARTMENTS -- EVENING

Shadows engulf the complex as night falls.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ginny brushes her hair when she hears a noise.
She listens. Nothing. Goes back to brushing her hair.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

A figure crosses the living room, casting shadows.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ginny doesn't hear the man creeping up behind her.
She doesn't see the shadows on the wall.
Hands grab her shoulders.
She jumps. Screams.

ROBERT
The greeting every husband wants after
a hard day at the office.

GINNY
I didn't hear you come in.

She lights a cigarette, puts on her dark glasses.

ROBERT
How was your day? If the scream is
any indication...

Robert follows her into...

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM

GINNY

I stayed in. Couldn't go out to the pool so soon after Mrs. Baily...

ROBERT

Honey, you can't spend the rest of your life indoors...

GINNY

That's what Mr. Jeffries said.

ROBERT

When did you talk to him?

GINNY

He came by this afternoon. Worried about me.

ROBERT

He came in the house?

GINNY

Just for a few minutes.

ROBERT

What was he doing here?

GINNY

I told you. He was worried about me. He cares about his tenants.

ROBERT

Maybe he should mind his own business.

GINNY

Are you jealous?

She lights another cigarette off the butt of the last one.

ROBERT

I thought you quit.

GINNY

I quit because I was pregnant. I'm not pregnant anymore.

She would have done less damage by shooting him. He sits on the sofa, looks away from her.

ROBERT

I'm just worried about you, Ginny.
Worried about both of us.

He reaches out for her, but she walks away from him.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and Ginny sleep on opposite sides of the bed.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The apartment is quiet. Peaceful.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Only the hum of the refrigerator.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Quiet. Then a clicking sound.

The deadbolt lock on the front door clicks open.

The doorknob begins to slowly, quietly, revolve.

Someone is breaking in.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and Ginny continue to sleep.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The front door opens silently, and a MAN enters the apartment.
He closes the door behind him, creeps through the room.

The Man examines the items on the mantle.
Looks at their wedding photo, nick-nacks. Touching things.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and Ginny continue sleeping.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The MAN creeps into the kitchen.
Notices the flowers in the garbage. Shakes his head.
It's Jeffries.

Jeffries snoops through the kitchen.
Reading private papers from the garbage.
Looking for personal items.
Accidentally bumps a glass.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert rolls over, doesn't wake up.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jeffries pushes open the office door, looks inside. Empty.

Creeps down the hall to the bedroom.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jeffries watches Robert and Ginny sleep.

Noting the distance between them.

Smiles.

Jeffries begins examining things in the bedroom.

Running his hands over Ginny's discarded bra.

Smelling her panties.

Ginny and Robert continue sleeping.

Jeffries creeps to Ginny's side of the bed.

Looks at her.

The sheets have pulled down, exposing a bare shoulder.

Jeffries gently caresses her shoulder.

Ginny doesn't wake up.

Jeffries carefully pulls the sheet away from her legs. Studies them. Caresses up her leg.

Ginny moans in her sleep as Jeffries' hand moves higher up her thigh, caressing over her panties. Jeffries pulls his hand away, licks his fingers.

Ginny doesn't wake up.

Jeffries smiles. She is one of his subjects. He owns her.

Pulling the sheet back over her legs, he takes her discarded panties as a trophy before creeping into the bathroom.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Jeffries pokes around the medicine cabinet.

Finds Ginny's vial of Prozac.

Opens it, dumps them into his pocket.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ginny rolls over, snorts, almost wakes up.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Jeffries pulls a vial from his pocket, pours the pills into Ginny's vial. Puts her vial back in the medicine cabinet.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jeffries picks up the wedding photo from the mantle...
Accidentally drops it.
Crash! It shatters on the floor.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ginny's eyes pop open.
She sits up in bed... Robert is still asleep.

In the dark bedroom, the memory of the sound seems fuzzy...
Was it real? Her imagination? Or a dream?

She can't get back to sleep, and pads out of the bedroom in shirt and panties.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jeffries hides in the shadows behind the couch, broken photo in hand. Standing perfectly still.

Ginny steps into the living room, looks around.
Only inches from Jeffries.
Almost steps on a shard of glass.

She turns into the kitchen, flicks on the light.

Jeffries perfectly still, stripes of light on his face.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Ginny fills a glass with water from the fridge. Sips it.
Takes a step into the living room as she drinks.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jeffries holds his breath. She's inches away.
He could reach out and grab her if he wanted.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Ginny finishes her water. Puts the glass in the sink.
Clicks off the light and goes back to bed.

EXT. ROB & GINNY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jeffries cleans up the rest of the broken glass, lets himself out, relocking to door with his key.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Jeffries glides down the hallway, fingering the police tape outside Mrs. Baily's apartment. Glides down the stairs.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- NIGHT

Jeffries is reflected in the dark waters as he passes by.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- DAY

The complex is reflected in the pool: Police tape fluttering.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- DAY

Yellow police tape flutters festively outside Mrs. Baily's.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Ginny finishes her coffee. Bored. Cabin fever setting in. Wanders through the apartment, looking for something to do.

Opens the door to the spare room. Still empty.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Ginny enters, sees someone looking RIGHT AT HER!
It's only her reflection in the mirror.

The walls seem to close in on her. Trapping her.

GINNY

Enough of this.

Ginny grabs her two piece bathing suit from the drawer.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Robert sits behind his desk, fuming. Can't concentrate on his work, all he can think about is Ginny and Jeffries.

He grabs the phone, dials his home.
Listens to it ring, unanswered.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The phone rings off the hook.
Ginny isn't in the apartment, but through the window we see:

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- DAY

Ginny lays on the chaise lounge, dressed in bikini and dark glasses, chain smoking menthol cigarettes, reading her book...

She has become Mrs. Baily.

When Jeffries enters to clean the pool, she looks up, smiles.

GINNY
Speak of the devil...

JEFFRIES
And he shall appear to clean the pool.

He scoops out dead leaves.

JEFFRIES
You kept your promise.

GINNY
The walls were closing in on me. I
had to get out of there...

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- DAY

The collage fills the bulletin board with weirdness.
Driers hum as they rotate, creating white noise.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Robert hangs up the phone, looks at the bullet and page of hieroglyphics. Wonders what it all means.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Robert knocks on an apartment door. Keeps knocking.

Fremont throws open the door, dressed in an oriental robe.

FREMONT
May I ask what it is you want of me?

Robert hands him the sheet of hieroglyphics.

ROBERT
What does this mean?

Fremont studies the sheet for a moment.

FREMONT
Where did you get this?

ROBERT
Is it valuable?

FREMONT
It's MINE. Have you been in my unit?
I've had a number of things stolen
over the past few months, including
these notes...

ROBERT
We found it in our apartment the day
we moved in, along with a bullet.

FREMONT
Unusual. Very unusual.

ROBERT
I thought so, too.

Robert leaves Fremont holding the page of hieroglyphics, goes next door to his apartment.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The first thing he notices are the cartons of cigarettes on the counter. Ginny seems to ignore him as she pulls a TV dinner from the freezer, slides it across the table to him.

GINNY
Working late again?

ROBERT
I tried to call. Where were you?

GINNY
Probably out by the pool.

ROBERT
Again?

GINNY
You have some objection? Some reason
why I shouldn't be out by the pool?

She bolts into the living room, and Robert follows.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM

ROBERT
I'm worried you're becoming Mrs. Baily.

GINNY
What do you mean?

ROBERT

You're smoking her cigarettes. You spend all day hanging around the pool flirting with the landlord.

GINNY

You're jealous.

ROBERT

Is that your job, now? Whatever happened to starting over again?

GINNY

Mrs. Baily said you can't start over.

ROBERT

We've lived here two months, and that office is still empty.

Robert throws open the office door, flips on the light.

ROBERT

Not a single piece of furniture. Weren't you going to buy a desk?

GINNY

I haven't had time.

ROBERT

But you've had more than enough time to hang out by the pool with Mr. Fix-it working on your tan.

GINNY

You don't trust me?

ROBERT

Trust has nothing to do with this.

GINNY

Trust has EVERYTHING to do with this. You think I'm living some wild life with our landlord.

ROBERT

No. I think you're living someone else's life. Mrs. Baily's life.
(points to the office)
Your life is in that room.

GINNY

Mrs. Baily was murdered. I'm scared. I could use your support.

Robert wants to keep pushing, but backs down.

ROBERT

I'm just worried about you. We've been given a second chance, I don't want to see you throw it away.

Robert tries to put his arms around her. She pulls away.

INT. APARTMENT MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and Ginny on opposite sides of the bed. Robert is awake, a tear in his eye.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- DAY

SPLASH!

Ginny dives in, sending ripples through the reflection. She swims a lap underwater.

Sees a silhouette of a man at the edge of the pool and breaks the surface. It's Jeffries.

JEFFRIES

Sharing yourself with the world?

GINNY

Don't know if I'm ready for that.

JEFFRIES

It's time to move on. We shouldn't let Mrs. Baily get in our way.

Ginny looks away. Not ready to think about that, yet.

She splashes underwater, swims some more laps.

Jeffries watches her swim for a while, then exits.

Ginny sees a silhouette on the side of the pool, thinks it's Jeffries, surfaces... But it's not Jeffries.

Detective Elwood looks down at her, hands her a towel.

ELWOOD

Mrs. Townsend. I have a couple more questions for you.

Ginny climbs out of the pool, dries off. Wraps the towel around herself. She feels naked in the two piece.

GINNY

Questions about what?

ELWOOD

Your relationship with Mrs. Baily.

GINNY

That's her lounge. She spent every afternoon there, working on her tan. I'd come down here to swim sometimes. We'd talk.

ELWOOD

About what?

GINNY

Everything. Nothing. Girl talk.

ELWOOD

About her ex husbands?

GINNY

Both of them. But mostly about George.

Elwood notices Ginny light a menthol cigarette.

ELWOOD

Same brand Mrs. Baily smoked.

GINNY

She left them in my apartment a couple nights ago. I'd quit, but with all of this... tension.

ELWOOD

What about other tenants?

GINNY

Did she loan them cigarettes?

ELWOOD

Did she talk about them? Or to them.

GINNY

She was friendly with everyone. The others work during the day, so it was usually just the three of us.

(curious)

What happened to Mr. Preston?

ELWOOD

The THREE of you?

GINNY

Mr. Jeffries would come down to clean the pool, flirt with Mrs. Baily.

ELWOOD

Were they romantically involved?

GINNY

I don't know. I don't think so. I think flirting was as far as it went.

ELWOOD

Did he want more?

GINNY

She did. She got jealous when he flirted with me.

ELWOOD

Really? Was something going on between you two?

GINNY

I'm a married woman...

ELWOOD

Lots of married women fool around. Whatever you tell me won't get back to your husband, I promise.

GINNY

I've never cheated on Robert...

(puffs)

Why the questions? Couldn't you get her ex-husband to confess?

ELWOOD

We've had a little problem with that.

GINNY

She told me he used to threaten her over the phone. Surely you can get phone records as evidence...

ELWOOD

Baily has an airtight alibi. He couldn't have killed her.

GINNY

So who did?

ELWOOD

We don't know. Somebody she knew well enough to let into her apartment. There were no signs of forced entry...

GINNY

She let him in?

ELWOOD

How'd you know it was a man?

GINNY

I just guessed...

ELWOOD

Was Mrs. Baily sexually active?

GINNY

I don't think she was dating anybody.

ELWOOD

We found traces of semen in her vaginal canal, no signs of vaginal bruising usually associated with rape...

GINNY

You sure her ex husband couldn't have killed her?

ELWOOD

He was our prime suspect. We cleared him. Now the field is wide open.

(beat)

Another Goodbar killing. Someone she met in a bar, took home with her, was intimate with... and killed her.

GINNY

Some lunatic.

ELWOOD

Guy with a complex...

GINNY

How was Mr. Preston killed? No one in the complex will tell me. They only say it was an accident...

ELWOOD

Was skinny dipping on his anniversary. Drunk. Hit his head on the side of the pool and drowned. Wife found him. She was pretty broken up about it.

GINNY

Any chance it wasn't an accident?

ELWOOD

You've been watching too much TV, Mrs. Townsend. Thanks for your time.

Elwood closes his notebook, leaves the pool area.

Jeffries watches him leave, sets the hedge clippers down.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- DAY

Ginny snubs out her cigarette, looks at the empty lounge.

JEFFRIES

What was that all about?

Startling Ginny.

GINNY

Mrs. Baily's ex didn't kill her.

JEFFRIES

How do they know? Baily certainly had motive and means.

GINNY

I guess he has an alibi, too.

JEFFRIES

How much did he pay for that?

GINNY

It must be real. Detective Elwood crossed him off the suspect list.

JEFFRIES

Who else is on the list?

GINNY

He didn't say.

(puffs)

Someone she was sleeping with, who had access to her apartment.

(fishing)

I didn't think she was seeing anybody.

JEFFRIES

I never saw her with anyone other than her ex husbands. If the cops have ruled out her second husband, what about her first?

GINNY

I always thought they got along.

JEFFRIES

They were divorced. Any time a relationship falls apart, there's bound to be some animosity.

Ginny plays with her wedding band, thinks about her marriage.

JEFFRIES

The passion remains, but love turns to anger. The pain and the hurt digs around in your gut until you can't hold it in any longer.

(beat)

The passion takes control.

GINNY

You think that's what happened?

JEFFRIES

Hmm?

GINNY

Her first husband resented supporting her and snapped?

JEFFRIES

If I were that detective, that's who I'd be looking at.

(looks at his watch)

Don't you need to start dinner?

GINNY

Robert is working late... again. I hardly see him any more.

JEFFRIES

I've got a couple of steaks in the freezer. Why don't I fire up the barbecue? No sense in each of us having dinner alone.

Ginny gives it a moment of thought.

GINNY

Sure. Why not?

EXT. PATIO AREA -- NIGHT

Ginny and Jeffries sit at a patio table next to the barbecue. Candle light, soft music playing from a boom box. They're on their second bottle on wine.

JEFFRIES

I like working with my hands. Making things. Knowing they're mine.

GINNY

There must be satisfaction in that. Finishing your job and having something to show for it.

JEFFRIES

Like this place? The job is never finished. But there's comfort in knowing that I own it, control it.

GINNY

Your own little world.

JEFFRIES

Yeah.

A Motown song plays, and Ginny smiles.

GINNY

I love this song.

Jeffries pops a Certs into his mouth, smiles.

JEFFRIES

Let's dance...

GINNY

I don't know...

JEFFRIES

Come on.

He pulls her to her feet and they dance. Jeffries is a great dancer, and shows off some of his moves. Ginny laughs.

The next song is slower. Ginny allows herself to be pulled in close, dancing cheek to cheek with Jeffries. Moonlight. Very romantic.

She looks into Jeffries' eyes as they dance. He smiles. She smiles. They kiss.

The kiss is stronger than she expected, and Ginny pulls away. But Jeffries pulls her back. She can't help herself. Kisses him again.

JEFFRIES

Ginny...

GINNY

I can't.

She pulls away from him. A really awkward moment.

GINNY

Look. I'm sorry. Dinner was nice.
 Thank you.
 (turns away)
 I have to get home.

JEFFRIES

Okay.

He slowly releases her hand, allowing her to leave.

Ginny walks away, realizing how close she came to staying.

Jeffries watches her leave, turns off the boom box and begins clearing the patio table. He doesn't seem happy.

INT. COMPLEX UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- NIGHT

Robert closes his car door. It echoes through the garage.
 A noise.

ROBERT

Hello?

No answer.

Shadows stretch around him.

Robert crosses to the stairs, footsteps echoing. Creepy.

A BUG-MAN MONSTER pops out from behind a pillar.

Robert jumps so high he almost hits the ceiling.

DOYLE

Sorry, man, just testing the equipment.

The Bug-Man is security guard Doyle wearing infra-red goggles.
 He pulls off the goggles, smiles.

DOYLE

Night vision. Great for surveillance.

ROBERT

Part of your job?

DOYLE

More of a hobby. People are real when
 they don't know you're watching. They're
 free to be themselves.

Doyle gets into his security car, drives away.
 Robert heads back to the stairs.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Robert sets his briefcase down on the kitchen table, opens the refrigerator looking for leftovers. Nothing.

ROBERT
What'd you make for dinner?

GINNY (O.S.)
I had dinner with Mr. Jeffries. He barbecued some steaks...

Robert leans against the sink, concerned and angry.

GINNY
(enters)
... Had kind of a picnic on the patio.

She sees his expression.

GINNY
What's wrong?

ROBERT
What do you think's wrong?

GINNY
We had dinner together. He's a friend. You weren't going to be here, so he suggested we have dinner.

ROBERT
I was working late...

GINNY
Robert, you work late every night. You're never here.

ROBERT
It's a new job. For a while I have to put in some extra hours. I'm doing the best I can to support us.

GINNY
SOME extra hours?

ROBERT
(explodes)
What are you doing, Ginny? Nada. That room is still empty. You haven't even bought furniture, yet.

GINNY
I'm not ready to go back to work.

ROBERT
Neither was I, but I did it anyway.

GINNY
You didn't lose the baby. I did.

ROBERT
Is this all about you? I thought we were in this thing together. 'Til death do us part.

GINNY
We haven't been together since we moved in. You've been at work.

ROBERT
Supporting us. Paying for this apartment. Paying for you to sit out by the pool smoking your cigarettes and working on your tan.

GINNY
You don't understand.

ROBERT
You think the miscarriage didn't effect me, too? It was MY son. Our son.

GINNY
You act as if nothing happened.

ROBERT
Someone has to be in control. Someone has to earn a living. Someone has to hold this marriage together.

GINNY
You aren't doing a very good job.

ROBERT
But I'm working at it. Why was I elected to be the strong one? Why am I supposed to offer my emotional support to you? Who's giving me any support? I come home, I want you to be here for me.

GINNY
You're never here for me.

ROBERT
But Jeffries is? Are you sleeping with him?

GINNY

How dare you ask me that.

She turns away, but he grabs her.

ROBERT

Answer me: Are you having an affair?

GINNY

No.

As soon as Robert lets go of her, she bolts into the bedroom.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ginny locks the door behind her, leaning against it.
The doorknob rattles.

ROBERT (O.S.)

Ginny. Unlock the door.

The knob rattles again.

ROBERT (O.S.)

Ginny?

Tears in Ginny's eyes.
Her marriage really is falling apart.
She is alone.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Robert sits on the couch, holding back tears.
He looks at the mantle. It's empty.

ROBERT

She took down our wedding photo.

After a moment, he takes off his shoes, stacks the throw
pillows on the sofa arm, clicks off the light. Goes to sleep.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

The light goes off in the Townsend's apartment.

Police tape still flutters around Mrs. Baily's door.

On the other side of the complex, a silhouette framed in an
apartment window looks out at the complex.

INT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jeffries steps away from the window, closes the shades. He's
dressed entirely in black.

A long sleeve black turtleneck leaves only his hands and face exposed.

Opens a cabinet by the door, grabs a ring of pass keys. Whistling, he leaves his apartment.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Jeffries creeps through the complex like a shadow.

Police tape flutters outside Mrs. Baily' apartment.

Jeffries pulls a scraper tool from his pocket and removes the police seal. Opens the door with pass keys.

INT. MRS. BAILY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Still completely furnished, but the place feels empty. Dead. Vacant.

Jeffries creeps through the apartment, touching things.

IN THE KITCHEN

Jeffries looks in the garbage, frowning at a bouquet of discarded roses. Pulls out the card (unsigned) pockets it.

IN THE BEDROOM

Jeffries picks up a discarded pair of Mrs. Baily's panties. Smells them, pockets them.

He searches her drawers, looking for trophies. Touching the property of a dead woman.

Searches her jewelry, finds a special pair of ear rings, pockets them. Removing anything that traces back to him.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Jeffries leaves Mrs. Baily's, replaces the police seal.

Walks down the hall until he comes to another apartment door. Uses his pass keys to open it.

INT. BYRON CRANE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jeffries creeps into the apartment, silently closing the door behind him.

Crane's apartment is more feminine than Mrs. Baily's. A painting on the wall shows a naked eight year old boy with angel's wings floating over a garden.

Jeffries sneaks through the apartment, touching things.

IN THE BEDROOM

Byron Crane sleeps in a frilly bed.

Jeffries creeps into the room, touching things.

Crane snorts and rolls over.

Jeffries stands very still for a moment.

Waits for Crane to settle.

Creeps deeper into the room.

He looks down at the sleeping nurse, crosses to the bathroom.

IN THE BATHROOM

Jeffries opens the medicine cabinet: it's filled with drugs.

He examines the vials, each with a different patient name.

Finds a couple he likes and pockets them.

Crane snorts again.

Jeffries stands very still.

Waits until Crane's breathing returns to normal.

Searches some drawers. Lots of make up products.

Drawer #3 has vials of morphine and a bag of hypos.

Jeffries pockets a couple of each.

Sneaks past Crane and out of the apartment.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Jeffries relocks the door behind him and creeps down the hall to a small door marked with a high voltage sign.

Uses his pass keys to unlock the door.

INT. SERVICE ROOM -- NIGHT

A water heater, master circuit breaker, cable box, electrical meters, gas meters in a cramped little room.

Jeffries squeezes past the water heater, into a...

INT. SERVICE PASSAGE -- NIGHT

A narrow passage between apartment units, filled with water pipes, electrical conduits, wiring: unusual for a residential building. No lighting, but pinpoints of illumination can be seen further down the passage.

Jeffries squeezes down the passage silently.

As he nears a pinpoint of light, the sounds of a shower. Jeffries stops, presses his eye against the source of light, and sees...

INT. RICHMOND'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Alice Richmond, the bird lady, showers. Through the shower door, we see her completely naked... without her eye patch.

Directly across from the shower: The big wall sized mirror.

INT. SERVICE PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Jeffries watches her from behind the mirror, gets bored, moves to the next point of light. Presses his eye against the door peephole installed in the wall, sees...

INT. ARBOGAST'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Arbogast sits up in bed in his boxer shorts, drinking beer and watching the Spice Channel.

INT. SERVICE PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Jeffries pulls away from the point of light, squeezes down the passage, around a corner, to the next viewing port.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ginny sleeps alone in the bed, unaware that Jeffries is watching her every move from behind the wall sized mirror. Alone... Robert sleeping on the sofa.

INT. SERVICE PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Jeffries smiles as he watches Ginny sleep. She is his.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- NIGHT

The collage has taken over the entire bulletin board, overflowing onto the wall. Like a cancer of insanity.

Babies, goats, naked clowns, spanking, golfers, hats.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS APARTMENTS -- MORNING

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Jeffries pounds nails savagely, repairing the fence.

Robert leaves his apartment for work, looks over the railing at Jeffries. Anger, jealousy on his face.

EXT. PATIO AREA -- MORNING

Robert gets to the base of the stairs, will have to pass Jeffries on his way out of the complex.

With every step closer, anger builds.
This guy may be sleeping with his wife.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The hammer pounds, so does Robert's heart.

Robert stops a couple feet away from Jeffries.
Jeffries looks up, hammer in hand.

JEFFRIES
Something I can do for you, Townsend?

ROBERT
Maybe.

JEFFRIES
Want a beer? Or is it too early for you?

ROBERT
(awkward)
No... Look, Ginny said you had dinner together last night.

JEFFRIES
That's right. Out at the barbecue.

Jeffries pushes it.

JEFFRIES
Wine, moonlight, music. Your wife's a pretty good dancer.

ROBERT
You danced with her.

JEFFRIES
It's the way to romance, according to Fred Astaire.

ROBERT
Did... did you kiss her?

JEFFRIES
(offended)
Are you accusing me of sleeping with your wife, Townsend? Are you?

Jeffries, hammer in hand, advances. Robert steps back.

JEFFRIES

Are you?

ROBERT

No... That's not what I'm saying.

JEFFRIES

(smiles)

Because I did. That's a hot little woman you've got there. You ought to pay more attention to her. Her mouth was all over me... Does she do that with you? Does he lick you? Suck you? Swallow you?

Robert's hand turns into a fist and he gets ready to swing.

ROBERT

You son of a bitch.

JEFFRIES

You going to hit me?

(throws hammer aside)

Come on. Give me your best shot.

Jeffries dares him, looking for an excuse to beat him up. To best him. To prove himself the superior MAN. Robert lowers his fist, turns it back into a hand.

JEFFRIES

(laughs)

She's right. You're gutless. You really don't give a damn about her.

(grabs hammer)

What a fucking pussy loser.

ROBERT

You didn't sleep with her.

JEFFRIES

I didn't? Why don't you ask her? Ask your sweet little Ginny.

Robert storms away... Jeffries laughs, goes back to hammering:

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Robert blasts up the stairs, heart pounding:

Bam! Bam! Bam!

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The door bursts open, Robert throws his briefcase across the room, goes looking for Ginny. Heart pounding like crazy.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Ginny, dressed in her two piece, beach wrap, dark glasses, cigarettes, doesn't even make it out to investigate. Robert grabs her, pushes her back into the bedroom.

GINNY

Why aren't you at work?

ROBERT

A little early for sunbathing.

GINNY

Are you sick? Is something wrong?

ROBERT

I was just chatting with Mr. Jeffries.

GINNY

What about?

ROBERT

Oh, just man talk. I asked him if you two've been having an affair.

Takes off her sun glasses, can't believe he's such an idiot.

GINNY

Oh, Rob.

ROBERT

You want to know what he said?

GINNY

No, Robert.

ROBERT

He confessed. Said you were sleeping together. Called you a hot little number. Described some of things you did together in bed...

GINNY

That's preposterous!

ROBERT

Why would he say that? I mean, what would he have to gain by lying?

GINNY
He's crazy... has some sort of macho
complex...

ROBERT
Did you sleep with him?

GINNY
How can you ask me that?

Robert grabs her roughly, manhandling her.

ROBERT
Did you?

GINNY
I don't believe this. You're going to
take his word over mine.

ROBERT
Why would he lie, Ginny? Just answer
me that. What possible fucking reason
would he have to say he's sleeping
with you if he isn't?

GINNY
You don't trust me.

ROBERT
Just tell me the truth.

She pulls away, looks him right in the eye...

GINNY
I didn't sleep with him.

Leaves the bedroom.

Robert sees his reflection in the wall sized mirror - a chump -
and loses control. Hauls off and punches his own face.
Pummeling the mirror until it shatters, cutting his fist.

He examines his bloody hand for a moment, still angry.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Ginny looks out the window at Jeffries cleaning the pool. She
hears Robert enter, doesn't turn to face him.

GINNY
Doesn't this marriage mean anything to
you?

ROBERT

I'm not the one fooling around with the landlord. Did he offer you reduced rent or something?

GINNY

I can't believe you're joking about this. You really don't care, do you?

ROBERT

Did you fuck him?

No response. Robert grabs her again, spins her around.

ROBERT

Answer me: Did you fuck him?

GINNY

No. We were dancing, he kissed me...

Robert lets go, isn't sure he wants to hear what's next.

GINNY

I kissed him back. It was... very romantic. I could have slept with him but I didn't. Doesn't that tell you something?

ROBERT

He says you did.

GINNY

You trust the landlord more than you trust me. You're going to believe some malicious lie he told you.

ROBERT

Ginny...

GINNY

When did you stop trusting me? Was it the miscarriage?

ROBERT

No.
(maybe)

GINNY

I lost my son. He was growing inside of me. Part of me. Now he's dead.

ROBERT

He was MY son, too. Do you think it didn't hurt? That I didn't care?

GINNY

All I had to do was hang on to him.
Hold him inside of me for nine months.
But I couldn't...

ROBERT

Ginny, you have to get on with your
life. That's why we moved here, a new
beginning. A second chance.

GINNY

I tried to start over, it didn't work.

ROBERT

That room is still empty. You never
even bought the furniture. We're
supposed to be partners, here, but
I'm doing all of the work.

GINNY

(gets in his face)

No. You're using work as an escape.

ROBERT

An escape from what? Responsibility?
I'm the only one earning a living...

GINNY

And escape from me. From us.

ROBERT

What are you talking about?

GINNY

When was the last time we made love?
Hell, when was the last time we had
dinner together?

ROBERT

I've been busy.

GINNY

Too busy for me. Too busy for US.

ROBERT

I don't even know who you are anymore.
The woman I married is dead, gone,
reborn as Mrs. Baily.

GINNY

You don't know what it's like. Trapped
here, feeling the walls closing in, as
if everyone is watching me, waiting
for me to break down... go crazy.

ROBERT

Ginny...

GINNY

I had to find some pattern, some regular activity that insulated me from... the past. Just like you with your job. My job became hanging out with Mrs. Baily. And when she died...

Robert touches her gently.

ROBERT

I don't want to lose you...

GINNY

Listen to me... When we moved here, I thought it would change everything. And it did... Just not for the better.

ROBERT

I spent my whole life looking for you. Trying to find someone who brings coloring books to bed. Who knows all the words to the Partridge Family songs. Someone as crazy as I am.

(beat)

The perfect person.

Ginny touches him gently.

ROBERT

I finally found her. It's you, Ginny. I don't want to lose you. I know I can never find a replacement. Never.

GINNY

We've spent too much time together... Good time. I don't want to lose you.

ROBERT

I'm sorry, Ginny, so sorry.

They embrace. Holding each other. Giving each other strength. Finally kissing. Then the passion grows.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Siamese twins, joined at the lips, they enter the room.

ROBERT

Watch the glass.

GINNY
Hmmm. Seven years bad luck?

ROBERT
Ten more years good luck.

GINNY
I like that.

They make it to the bed without parting. Ginny uses her feet to push off Robert's shoes. She pushes him onto the bed. They undress each other while continuing to kiss.

Ginny stops abruptly. Fear in her eyes.

GINNY
Robert...

ROBERT
What's the matter?

GINNY
Someone's watching us.

Robert sits up, follows Ginny's sight line to...

THE WALL

Where the broken wall mirror once was. A door peephole.

Robert grabs his shirt, goes to examine the peephole...
Almost stepping on a shard of broken glass.
Slips on his shoes.

The peephole looks just like the one of the front door. Robert tries looking through it.

GINNY
Robert?

ROBERT
Nothing. Too dark.

When he pulls away, she takes a look. Can't see anything.

GINNY
It's Fremont. He's some kind of
pervert. Watching us...

ROBERT
It's not Fremont.

GINNY
How do you know?

ROBERT

Remember that sheet of hieroglyphics?
I showed it to him, asked what it
meant... He accused me of stealing it.
Said someone's been breaking into his
apartment and taking things.

GINNY

Some of my things are missing...
(beat)
What made you ask Fremont about that
nonsense?

ROBERT

Strange things have been happening
around here. After Mrs. Baily's
murder... I was worried.

GINNY

She wasn't the first.

ROBERT

What do you mean?

GINNY

The people who lived here before us,
the Prestons. The husband's accident?
Hit his head in the pool and drowned.
What if it wasn't an accident?

ROBERT

You think someone is killing the
tenants? Someone who lives here?

GINNY

There's no shortage of weirdos here.

ROBERT

Tell me about it. That Richmond woman's
a paranoid psycho. I think nurse
Crane's hobby may be mercy killing.
Doyle's a high tech peeping tom.
Arbogast has a chip on his shoulder
the size of Texas...

GINNY

Everyone has some crazy secret, some
strange private world. A hidden life.

ROBERT

Maybe Arbogast is right, you watch
people long enough, you're bound to
see something strange.

Robert touches the peephole.

ROBERT
Let's see where this leads. See what
Mr. Fremont knows.

GINNY
He's got classes, he won't be home.

ROBERT
Good. We'll break in.

Robert grabs a screwdriver, Ginny grabs her robe, they leave.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- DAY

Ginny and Robert blast down the hall to Fremont's unit.
Hearts pounding.

Robert gets to Fremont's door, notices Ginny is gone.

GINNY
Robert?

She's standing in front of the service door.
Robert back tracks to stand beside her.

GINNY
What's in here?

ROBERT
Let's find out.

Robert pries with the screwdriver until the lock pops.

He presses the door open slowly, looking inside.

INT. SERVICE ROOM -- DAY

A water heater, master circuit breaker, cable box, electrical
meters, gas meters in a cramped little room.

GINNY
Nothing.

ROBERT
Wait a minute.

Robert squeezes past the water heater, into...

INT. SERVICE PASSAGE -- DAY

A narrow passage between apartment units, pinpoints of
illumination can be seen further down the passage.

Robert and Ginny squeeze down the narrow passage to a pinpoint of light. When Robert looks through the peep hole, he sees:

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Their own bedroom.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Robert gives Ginny a look through the peephole.

GINNY

Oh my God. He can see everything.
He's watched us make love.

ROBERT

Not recently.

GINNY

We have to call Detective Elwood.

ROBERT

Tell him what? Our landlord is a peeping tom? He sneaks into apartments when nobody's home and steals things? They'll fine him a couple of hundred dollars and let him go.

INT. SERVICE ROOM -- DAY

GINNY

But he killed Mrs. Baily...

ROBERT

This doesn't prove that. If he's arrested as a peeping tom, he'll know we're on to him and destroy anything that ties him to Mrs. Baily's murder.

GINNY

We can't just let him go...

ROBERT

We've got to find the evidence before he destroys it. Make sure Detective Elwood arrests him for murder.

GINNY

How do we do that?

Robert takes the screw driver to the water heater, unscrewing a clamp and prying off one of the pipes.

ROBERT

Watch out.

Boiling hot water floods the room.

ROBERT

Now we wait...

Robert's hands are filthy, coated with rust, dirt, and grease.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- EVENING

Night falls on the complex.

INT. RICHMOND'S BATHROOM -- EVENING

Alice Richmond gets ready to take a shower...

Can't get any hot water.

She cranks the hot faucet.

No steam.

Puts her hand into the water.

Cold.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Ginny looks out the window at the complex.

A phone rings from one of the units.

A minute later, Jeffries leaves his unit with his tool box.

GINNY

He's moving.

Robert enters, dressed entirely in black, armed with a flashlight and screwdriver. Latex gloves on his hands.

ROBERT

Let's go.

Robert and Ginny leave.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- EVENING

Robert and Ginny watch from the shadows as Jeffries enters Richmond's apartment with his tool box.

GINNY

What should I do if he comes back?

ROBERT

Yell? That's going to take him a while,

I should be done before he is.

Ginny gives him a kiss, then Robert creeps to Jeffries unit.

EXT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- EVENING

Robert uses the screwdriver to jimmy open the door.

INT. RICHMOND'S BATHROOM -- EVENING

Jeffries turns off the water.

JEFFRIES
Must be the water heater.

Alice Richmond holds her robe tightly closed, no peeking.

EXT. SERVICE ROOM -- EVENING

Water from under the door.

JEFFRIES
Shit.

Unlocks the door, enters the service room.

INT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- EVENING

Robert enters Jeffries' apartment, relocks the door.
Rugged, masculine furnishings.

Robert clicks on the flashlight, searches for clues.

Looks under the sofa cushions, nothing.
Opens all of the drawers of a desk: work related papers.
Searches the entire living room and gets zilch.

INT. SERVICE ROOM -- EVENING

Jeffries takes one look at the water heater and frowns.

JEFFRIES
How the hell did that happen?

Turns off the water and opens his tool box.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- EVENING

Ginny looks from the service room where Jeffries is working,
across the complex to Jeffries unit where Robert is searching.

INT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- EVENING

IN THE KITCHEN

Robert opens kitchen cupboards, pulling out cereal boxes and
shaking them. Looking for anything out of place.

ROBERT

(sotto)

Where do you hide your secrets?

He searches every cupboard and drawer in the kitchen, finds nothing, leaves the kitchen...

Bolts back in and opens the refrigerator door. He examines everything, giving some items a shake. Nothing.

The freezer is filled with foil wrapped packages. One labeled: Mrs. Baily. A body part?

ROBERT

Oh my God.

He carefully unwraps it, afraid of what it might be. Red liquid drips onto the floor. Drip. Drip. Drip.

Robert pulls back the foil to reveal...

ROBERT

Lasagna.

Rewraps it and tosses it back in the freezer, shuts the door.

INT. SERVICE ROOM -- EVENING

Jeffries keeps fixing the water heater. Suspicious of the break.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- EVENING

Ginny keeps watch.

INT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- EVENING

IN THE BEDROOM

Robert searches the closet, wastebaskets, under the bed. A night stand has a secret door.

ROBERT

What have we here?

Skin magazines. Bondage, some S&M material. Robert flips through one of them, frowns, replaces them.

IN THE BATHROOM

Robert searches the medicine cabinet, looks under the sink, in the toilet flush tank. Finds nothing criminal.

INT. SERVICE ROOM -- EVENING

Jeffries almost has the water heater fixed.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- EVENING

Ginny looks from the Service Room across to Jeffries' unit.

INT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- EVENING

Robert leaves the bedroom, down the hall to the living room...

Stops.

The hall is at least five feet too long.

In the center of the hall is an old fashioned wall heater...

But there's a central air vent on the floor.

Robert takes a closer look at the wall heater.

Plays with the control knob on the side. Instead of turning on the heater, it unhooks the unit from the wall. The wall heater is a DOOR!

ROBERT

Bingo.

Robert shines his flashlight inside.

INT. SERVICE ROOM -- EVENING

Jeffries finishes fixing the water heater, turns on the water. No leaks.

He starts putting away his tools.

INT. JEFFRIES' SECRET ROOM -- EVENING

Is filled with "trophies" from the tenants.

Everywhere Robert shines the flashlight he finds more evidence.

ROBERT

Shit.

Vials of drugs stolen from Nurse Byron Crane.

Sheets of hieroglyphics from Professor Fremont.

Tennis rackets and sales brochures from Chambers.

Neon bar lights and booze bottles from Arbogast.

Religious paraphernalia from the Millers.

A billy club, weapons, badge, and a uniform from Doyle.

Robert and Ginny's shattered wedding photo.

ROBERT

Jesus.

And a pile of things from Mrs. Baily: dark glasses, her bathing suit, suntan lotion, cigarettes, and photos...

Lots of photos.

A shrine made of candid photos shot through the peep holes.

Stolen panties hang on pushpins, adding to the collage.

A second shrine of photos for Alice Richmond.

Eye patches and stolen panties... Weird!

A third shrine to murder victim Ana Preston.

The last shrine contains candid photos of Ginny taken through the peep holes, and several pairs of stolen panties.

ROBERT

Oh my God.

INT. SERVICE ROOM -- EVENING

Jeffries closes his tool box, leaves the service room.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- EVENING

Ginny watches Jeffries lock the service door behind him.

GINNY

Oh no.

Jeffries starts down the hall.

Ginny looks across the complex at Jeffries' unit.

Robert is still inside.

Jeffries stops at Alice Richmond's door, knocks.

Ginny steps closer to Jeffries' unit, whispers loudly:

GINNY

Robert! Robert!

Robert can't hear her.

But Jeffries turns his head away from Alice Richmond, looks out across the complex. Listening.

Ginny clings to the shadows near the edge of the pool, Jeffries looks right at her... but doesn't see her.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- EVENING

Jeffries turns back to Alice Richmond.

JEFFRIES

The water heater was broken.

(MORE)

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)

Should be fine, now, but I'd give it
ten - fifteen minutes to fill with hot
water.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- EVENING

Ginny tries whisper-shouting again.

GINNY

He's coming, Robert!. Get out!

Robert doesn't hear her, but Jeffries turns his head again.

INT. JEFFRIES' SECRET ROOM -- EVENING

Robert tears all of Ginny's photos off the wall, rips her
panties off the push pins. Anger building.

In the flashlight beam: A door in back of the secret room.

Robert stops tearing up photos, opens the door.

INT. SERVICE PASSAGE -- EVENING

Another service passage, dotted by pinpoints of light from
the peep holes. Robert shines the flashlight down the passage.
It runs the length of the building.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- EVENING

Alice Richmond closes her door.
Jeffries grabs his tools, ambles down the hall to the stairs.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- EVENING

Ginny looks from Jeffries trotting down the stairs to the
closed door to his unit... Robert still inside!

INT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- EVENING

Robert steps out of the secret room, closes the wall heater.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- EVENING

Jeffries bounces away from the stairs, decides to cut through
the swimming pool area on the way back to his apartment...

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- EVENING

Heading right at Ginny! She rolls under the gate into...

EXT. PATIO AREA -- EVENING

Just as Jeffries cuts through the pool area...

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- EVENING

Passing within a few feet of where Ginny hides near the fence.

EXT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- EVENING

Jeffries strolls up to his apartment door, unlocks it.
Then notices the jimmy marks.

Sets his tool box down, opens it, pulls out a big claw hammer.

EXT. PATIO AREA -- EVENING

Ginny sees Jeffries push open his door, hammer raised.

GINNY

ROBERT!

Her voice echoes through the complex.

EXT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- EVENING

Jeffries turns, looks RIGHT AT HER.

JEFFRIES

Good evening Mrs. Townsend.

EXT. PATIO AREA -- EVENING

Caught.

GINNY

Mr. Jeffries... Have you seen my
husband?

JEFFRIES

He isn't working late tonight?

GINNY

No. Not tonight.

EXT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- EVENING

JEFFRIES

If I see him, I'll tell him you're
looking for him.

Jeffries enters his apartment, hammer raised. Knows who
jimmied his door, who will be the next victim of an accident.

The door closes behind Jeffries.
Cutting off all hope Ginny has of seeing her husband again.

INT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- EVENING

Jeffries flicks on the lights, hammer ready.

JEFFRIES

You can come out now, Mr. Townsend.
The game is over.

He goes from room to room flicking on the lights.

EXT. PATIO AREA -- EVENING

Ginny watches in terror as lights flick on in every one of
Jeffries' windows.

Knows that Robert will be caught... killed.

EXT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- EVENING

The bedroom window glides open.
Robert knocks out the screen as he rolls out. Quickly pops
the screen back in place SECONDS before the bedroom light
flicks on.

EXT. PATIO AREA -- EVENING

Ginny sees that Robert has escaped...
Or has he?

Jeffries crosses RIGHT TO THE WINDOW!

EXT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- EVENING

Robert hugs the base of the window as Jeffries LOOKS OUT.
Only inches between the two men.

When Jeffries looks down Robert squeezes against the wall.

EXT. PATIO AREA -- EVENING

Ginny sees Jeffries looking down at where Robert hides.
Will he spot her husband?

Ginny waves at Jeffries, distracting him.
Jeffries glares at her as he slides his window closed.

Ginny buries her face in her hands, catching her breath. That
was a close one.

Someone creeps behind Ginny.
A hand grabs her shoulder, spins her around!

ROBERT

He's the one.

When Ginny returns to the ground, Robert continues.

ROBERT

Stalking a dozen people and he doesn't even have to leave the building.

GINNY

He knows where we live, when we're home and when we're away, and he has keys to our apartment.

Ginny looks at Jeffries' unit.

GINNY

You're sure it's him?

ROBERT

He has a trophy room in there, Gin. Stolen stuff from the tenants. Mrs. Richmond's eye patches, drugs, hieroglyphics, weapons, underwear... Shrines to Mrs. Baily, Anna Preston...

GINNY

Shrines?

ROBERT

(reluctant)
Photos and personal items. Candid photos, taken through the peep holes.

GINNY

Pictures of me?

ROBERT

You don't want to know about this.

GINNY

We're together on this, remember? Equal partners. You can tell me.

ROBERT

He had photos of you. Nude photos. Some of your panties. Personal stuff.
(beat)
He's obsessed with you.

Ginny nods slowly, really creeped out.

GINNY

I kissed him.

ROBERT
I tore up the pictures. Didn't want
him looking at them again.

GINNY
Thanks.

ROBERT
He's going to know I was there. Know
that we're on to him.

Ginny looks back at Jeffries' apartment.
Every light is on, door still closed tight.

GINNY
He's still in there. Hasn't tried to
run. Maybe he doesn't know, yet.

ROBERT
He's going into that secret room
sometime. When he does...

Jeffries will kill them.

GINNY
What's our plan?

ROBERT
You have that detective's phone number?

GINNY
Elwood?

ROBERT
We go back to the apartment. Call
him. Get him out here before Jeffries
destroys the evidence.

Ginny nods, keeps an eye on Jeffries' door as they creep across
the patio to their unit. Looking for shadows on the curtains,
signs that Jeffries might look out, discover them.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Night is falling fast.
When Robert and Ginny reach the stairway, it's dark.

They creep up the stairs, keeping an eye on Jeffries' door.
It remains closed.
He hasn't discovered... yet.

Down the hall, past a half dozen closed doors...
Finally to their own door.
Robert unlocks it, they enter.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Robert locks and bolts the door behind them.
Puts on the chain.
Grabs a chair from the kitchen, wedges it under the knob.

ROBERT

There.

Ginny brings Detective Elwood's card from the kitchen.

GINNY

Here.

Robert and Ginny hold each other for a moment.
Finally safe.

They kiss, snuggle, taking strength from each other.

ROBERT

Keep an eye on his door while I call.

Ginny looks through parted curtains at Jeffries' door.

GINNY

What if he leaves before Elwood gets
here?

ROBERT

Just hope he doesn't.

Robert picks up the phone, dials from the business card, puts
the handset to his ear. Hears nothing.
Taps the hang up bar a couple of times.
The phone is dead.

ROBERT

Ginny?

WHAM!

Jeffries steps out of the dark hall and SLAMS his hammer into
Robert's head, knocking him down and out.

Ginny turns from the window, screams when she sees Jeffries.
Runs to the front door, tries to open it.
Locked.

Jeffries tosses the hammer aside, pulls a roll of duct tape
from his tool belt, pulls off a strip.

JEFFRIES

Your husband forgot to mention the
back way out of my place.

Ginny pulls the chair from under the knob, THROWS it at him.
Jeffries ducks, the chair flies by harmlessly. He laughs.

JEFFRIES

Minute I saw the jimmy marks on my
door, I knew he found my treasures.
Knew he'd want to call the police.

Ginny fumbles with the locks, the dead bolt, the chain. Gets
the door open!

Jeffries kicks it closed.

JEFFRIES

I can't let that happen.

Ginny gets ready to scream...

.....Jeffries slaps the strip of tape over her mouth.

JEFFRIES

Shhhh! Take it easy.

She fights, slamming hands against his chest.
He grabs her wrists, uses brute force to pull her hands away.
Then begins dancing through the room with her.

JEFFRIES

(hums the Motown song)
I like dancing with you, Ginny.

He swings her out, dips her, spins her... She's his prisoner.

JEFFRIES

You're a good partner.

He pulls her hands close together, tapes her wrists together,
backs her to the sofa and sets her down with a flourish.

JEFFRIES

You'll have to wait here while Robert
has his accident.
(terror in her eyes)
Taking a walk by the pool, tripped,
hit his head, drowned.

Jeffries grabs Robert by the belt, lifts him like luggage.
Carries him out the front door.

Ginny watches in terror as the door closes behind them. Then
the lock and dead bolt locks from the outside, Jeffries using
his pass keys to trap her inside the apartment.

She tries screaming, can't.
Tries pulling her hands apart, can't.
Wants to save her husband, can't.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Jeffries carries Robert down the stairs to the pool.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- NIGHT

Opens the gate, saunters through carrying Robert.

Stops at the edge of the pool, looks at the rippling water.
Swings Robert back and tosses him into the pool.

Splash!

Watches the ripples for a moment before popping a Certs into his mouth and returning to the apartment for Ginny.

EXT. ROB & GINNY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jeffries uses his pass keys to unlock and unbolt the door.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Ginny isn't on the sofa anymore.

JEFFRIES

Come on, Ginny. Where are you going to go? Who's going to help you?

Jeffries looks through the apartment for her.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

She isn't in the kitchen or dining area.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

JEFFRIES

You in here waiting for me?

He searches the bedroom, throwing open the closet door.
No sign of her.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Pokes his head inside the bathroom, she isn't there.
Leaves.

Then bolts back inside and throws open the shower door!
Empty.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

JEFFRIES
Where the hell are you?

Sees the spare bedroom door and smiles.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

No furniture to hide behind, Ginny cowers in the corner.

JEFFRIES
(smiles)
What are you doing in here?

He ambles over and jerks her to her feet, drags her out.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Jeffries muscles Ginny out of the apartment, down the stairs, across the complex to his apartment...

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- NIGHT

Passing Robert floating face down in the pool.
Motionless.

Ginny sees her husband, tries to scream.
Can't because of the tape.

EXT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

When he unlocks the door, she escapes.
Running to the next apartment door.
Knocking on the door with her head.

MRS. MILLER (O.S.)
Just a minute.

Jeffries opens his door, races to grab Ginny.

Yanks her away from the Miller's door...
.....tosses her inside his apartment...
.....closes the door behind them...
.....SECONDS before Millers door opens.

Mrs. Miller, dressed in a bathrobe, looks outside.
Right, then left. No one there.
She closes her door, we hear the locks and deadbolt.

INT. JEFFRIES' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Ginny stumbles through the living room, nowhere to run.

JEFFRIES

I like to nip these little problems in the bud before they get out of control and really cost me.

Jeffries grabs her, gently strokes her face.

JEFFRIES

I like to think of my tenants as my family, but you're special, Ginny.

Kisses her forehead.

JEFFRIES

Most people need a little work, real fixer uppers. So I give them a push.

Strokes her hair, as he guides her to the wall heater.

JEFFRIES

Mr. and Mrs. Miller were having some marriage problems, so I helped them find religion... Left some things in their apartment. Gave them a nudge.

She struggles to escape, but he controls her.

JEFFRIES

When they transferred Mr. Crane to the cancer ward, he became depressed. Stopped finding his job fulfilling.
(twists heater knob)
I worried about him. Put information in his apartment about this fellow who helped end a patient's suffering. Now he has a new direction in life.

Opens the wall heater/secret door, smiles at Ginny.

JEFFRIES

I like making things, knowing they're mine. But the job is never finished.

Pulls a savage looking linoleum knife from his tool belt.
Grabs her hands.
Raises the knife.
Cuts the tape binding her wrists together.

JEFFRIES

There. That's better, isn't it?

Jeffries forces her through the secret door.

INT. JEFFRIES' SECRET ROOM -- NIGHT

He pushes Ginny to the desecrated shrine.

JEFFRIES

Look what your husband did to you. I
build things, and he tears them down.

The candid photos shock her. Her privacy completely violated.

JEFFRIES

Why do you let him treat you like that?
Tear you apart?

Jeffries picks up pieces of photos, tries to reassemble Ginny.
None of the pieces match, creating a distorted Ginny.

JEFFRIES

No respect.

Ginny sees the shattered wedding photo from the mantle.
Shards of glass cutting Robert's image.
He's dead.

JEFFRIES

I'll treat you better. I'm not a smart
man, but I know what love is.

He pulls her close, lino knife in hand.

Ginny lets him kiss her taped mouth. One hand keeps the lino
knife away from her, the other massages his groin.

JEFFRIES

I knew you'd understand.
(licks the tape)
Anna Preston moved out right after her
husband's accident. Didn't even give
me a chance.

When Ginny gets a big enough target, she savagely knees it.

Jeffries screams and goes down into the shrine.

Ginny kicks him in the stomach, runs to the secret room's
back door. Tries tearing the tape off her mouth, can't.

She reaches the door, turns the knob, pushes.
Nothing happens.
The door won't open.

Jeffries crawls to his feet, mad, lino knife glittering.

Ginny throws her shoulder against the door.
It won't budge.

Jeffries growls, charges her.

JEFFRIES
You little bitch.

Ginny tries PULLING on the door.
Gets it open.
Squeezes through JUST as Jeffries reaches the door.

INT. SERVICE PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Ginny tries to pull the door closed, but Jeffries reaches through the opening and grabs her. Clawing at her face.

JEFFRIES
After all I did for you?

Ginny tries to yank the door closed.

But it's too late. Jeffries is halfway through the door.

Ginny stops pulling and PUSHES with brute force.

The door hits him in the face, but he doesn't go down.
He keeps pushing on the door, muscling it open.

Ginny yanks the door, crushing his arm.

JEFFRIES (O.S.)
Shit.

Jeffries removes his arm, using both hands to pull the door.

They push back and forth with the door.
Jeffries trying to get in, Ginny keeping him out.
Like a tug of war.

Several times Jeffries gets a hand through to terrorize her.
Gouging at her face or ripping at her clothes.

Ginny pulls the door, but can't get it closed.

Jeffries pulls the door open wider, gaining control.

Jeffries almost has enough space to squeeze into the hall.
He reaches in to grab Ginny's face.

She bites him.
Jeffries screams, withdraws his arm.
Ginny YANKS the door closed, flips the lock, runs.

INT. JEFFRIES' SECRET ROOM -- NIGHT

Jeffries pulls out his pass keys, unlocks the door. Easy.

INT. SERVICE PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Ginny runs for the pinpoints of light, trying to find help.

Light floods behind her as Jeffries opens the door and gives chase, linoleum knife glittering.

JEFFRIES

Where can you run?

The service passage is a twisted maze, filled with dead ends.

JEFFRIES

This is MY complex.

Ginny tops at a point of light, can see Mr. and Mrs. Miller in their bedroom, tries to scream.

Her mouth is taped.

Doesn't have time to pull off the tape... Jeffries is coming!

Ginny bolts down the dark passage, turning a corner.

Jeffries only a dozen feet behind her. Gaining.

Ginny looks over her shoulder to see how close he is, loses her footing and falls on her face.

Jeffries laughs, lino knife glittering.

Closer.

Closer.

Ginny scrambles to her feet, runs for her life.

Jeffries only a few feet behind her.

Ginny passes pinpoints of light, but doesn't have time to stop and pound the walls. Jeffries is RIGHT BEHIND HER!

She rips the tape off her mouth, turns a corner, runs. Manages to get a half dozen feet ahead of Jeffries before she hits the dead end. She's run the length of the complex.

Jeffries turns the corner, laughs when he sees her.

Trapped.

JEFFRIES

No way out, Ginny.

Ginny realizes the 2x4s nailed to the wall are a ladder. Starts climbing.

The second floor's secret passage is directly overhead.

Jeffries gets to the ladder.

Ginny scrambles up, trying to escape.
He grabs her left foot.

JEFFRIES

Gotcha.

Tries to yank her off the ladder.
Ginny holds on, fingers digging into the 2x4s.

Jeffries yanks harder on her foot, almost pulling her down.

GINNY

Let. Go.

Jeffries pulls harder, she loses her hand holds.
Falls.

Grabs the next rung with both hands and hangs on.
But Jeffries is RIGHT UNDERNEATH HER.

So she kicks him in the face.
Hard.

Jeffries lets go and crumbles to the floor.

Ginny climbs up to the second floor.

INT. SERVICE PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Ginny runs for a pinpoint of light, pounding the wall and screaming, but she's still trapped in the passage.

Jeffries scrambles up the ladder.

Then she hears the sound of a water heater going on.
Sees the flickering blue flame.
Runs to it.

INT. SERVICE ROOM -- NIGHT

Ginny squeezes out of the passage into a service room.
Electric meters, water heater, main cable box.

And a door leading out!

She can hear Jeffries scrambling down the passage. Close.

Ginny SLAMS open the door, runs outside.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Ginny runs down the hall to a door and pounds on it.

GINNY

Help! Help me!

All of the lights in the unit go off.

She runs to the next door and begins pounding.

GINNY

Please help me! Help!

Arbogast looks out his window at her.

They lock eyes.

She bangs on the window, pleading.

Arbogast disappears behind the curtain, turns off the lights.

Jeffries BLASTS out of the service door, knife glittering.

JEFFRIES

There you are.

Ginny stops pounding and starts running.

Bolting to the stairs.

JEFFRIES

No one will help you. They value their
privacy. Want to be left alone.

Jeffries gives chase, running like a mad man.

Ginny stumbles down the stairs.

Trips.

Falls down a few steps, but grabs the bannister.

Gets to the bottom of the stairs, runs to her apartment.

Jeffries only a dozen feet behind her.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- NIGHT

Runs past the pool, almost tripping over Mrs. Baily's lounge.

Gets to the other side of the pool.

No sign of Jeffries.

She has escaped!

Wham!

She runs right into his arms!

He grabs her, holds her close.

She screams. Struggles.

Can't get away!

ROBERT
It's okay. It's me.

Ginny realizes her captor is Robert.
He's alive, dripping wet, holding Jeffries' discarded hammer.

GINNY
Robert.

They kiss, holding each other, giving each other strength.
A moment.

Then Jeffries appears on the opposite side of the pool.

JEFFRIES
You're supposed to be dead.

ROBERT
(to Ginny)
Let's try this again. I'll keep him
busy, you phone Detective Elwood.

GINNY
I can't leave you...

ROBERT
Trust me. I can handle it.

She backs away from the pool slowly, runs to the apartment.
Jeffries advances, linoleum knife glittering in the moonlight.

ROBERT
Get out of our lives. Leave us alone.
Last chance.

JEFFRIES
This is my complex. You're my tenant.
I own you, I control you.
(closer)
This complex is my life's work. I'm
not going to let some office asshole
ruin it.
(closer)
You're a wimpy, dickless, excuse for a
man... A wrong turn in evolution...
(lifts knife)
But all of that is about to end.

When Jeffries is only a few feet away, Robert lifts his weapon.

ROBERT
It's hammer time.

Jeffries pounces, knife swinging.
 Robert blocks with the claw hammer.
 CLANG!

Jeffries swings the lino knife again and again, each time
 Robert blocks it with the hammer.
 CLANG! CLANG!

A crazy parody of a Errol Flynn/Basil Rathbone sword fight.

Jeffries swings low, slicing Robert's shirt.
 Robert lands the hammer on the maniac's shoulder.

CLANG!
 WOOSH!
 CLANG!
 They parry, thrust, lunge, block.

Robert SLAMS the hammer into the knife, knocking it out of
 Jeffries' hand. Disarming him.

INT. ROB & GINNY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Ginny dials the phone, shaking.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- NIGHT

Jeffries pulls another weapon from his tool belt: Pliers.

Robert swings the hammer at his head.
 Jeffries ducks, comes up with the pliers, GRABS Rob's hand.

Misses.
 Swing.
 Snap.
 Swing.
 Snap.

Contact!
 The pliers bite into Robert's hand.
 He screams.
 Fingers bent backwards.

JEFFRIES
 The right tool for the job.

Robert ignores the pain, swings the hammer.

WHAM! Hits Jeffries in the head and knocks him off his feet.

Jeffries goes sprawling on the pool-side tile.

Robert shakes blood back into his bent fingers.

Then Jeffries kicks his legs out from under him.

Robert goes down, dropping the hammer.

The two men grapple at the edge of the pool.
Jeffries pushing Robert's head under water, drowning him.

Arms flailing, Robert is about to die.
Turning blue.

JEFFRIES

That's better. Just let go.

Robert SLAMS a hand into Jeffries face.
Does it again.
Again.

Jeffries lets go, Robert comes up for air.
Deep, greedy breaths.

JEFFRIES

You son of a bitch.

Pulls a screwdriver from his tool belt, stabs at Robert.

Robert moves his head, the screwdriver sparks on cement.

Jeffries pulls the screwdriver high over head, stabs down!

Robert grabs Jeffries' hands, keeping the screwdriver away
from his face. Inches away.

JEFFRIES

Sooner or later you'll get the point.

Jeffries pushes the screwdriver closer to Robert's left eye.
Robert pushes the screwdriver away.
Back and forth.
Closer.

The blade almost touching his eye.
Robert struggling to push it away.
Jeffries muscling it closer to Robert's left eye.
Closer.
Almost touching!

INT. ROB & GINNY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Ginny finally gets through to Elwood.

GINNY

He's down there trying to kill my
husband. You've got to come NOW!

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- NIGHT

Robert moves his head out of the way, lets go of Jeffries' hands, allowing the screwdriver to SLAM into the cement. Sparking.

Robert knocks Jeffries off of him, crawls away. Jeffries grabs his leg and pulls him back.

JEFFRIES
I'm not finished.

Robert kicks him in the face.
Crawls away.
Doesn't get far.

Robert has crawled into the pool side fence.
Trapped.

Jeffries pounces, straddles him, pulls the cordless drill from his tool belt and squeezes the trigger a few times.
Growl.
Growl.

JEFFRIES
This should do the trick.

Jeffries jams the electric drill at Robert's right eye.

The grinding drill bit will pass right through his eye, into the brain, killing Robert.

Robert holds the drill away with both hands...

Ginny runs down the stairs to the pool. On the other side of the pool, Jeffries presses the drill closer to Robert's eye. She's too far away to stop it.

Her foot hits something.
The fallen hammer.

GINNY
Robert!

She kicks the hammer along the side of the pool - almost going over the side and into the water a couple of times.

Robert lets go of Jeffries with one hand.
Reaches down and scoops the sliding hammer.
Swings it!

SECONDS before the drill would have pierced Robert's eye, the hammer SLAMS Jeffries in the head with enough force to knock him a half dozen feet into the pool.

The electric drill hits the water and short circuits.

Jeffries hits the water and sinks in a cloud of red.
The claw end of the hammer sticking out of his head.

ROBERT

Now you're finished.

Robert staggers to his feet, stands tall.
Dirty, ragged, torn up.
A savage.
A man.

Looks down at Jeffries' body floating in the pool.
Dead.
Someone grabs him from behind!
Spins him around!

Robert grabs his assailant.

GINNY

Are you okay?

Ginny pulls him into her arms.
Kisses him.

ROBERT

Good kick. Ever considered a soccer
career?

They hold each other tight.
They have come full circle, a loving couple again...
Finally starting over.

Somewhere in the distance, sirens can be heard getting closer.

EXT. WOOLRICH ARMS COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Lights flick on in the dark units, doors open.

On the balconies, walkways and patios: Every other resident
of Woolrich Arms rubbernecks.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA -- NIGHT

Rob and Ginny look down at the body of their dead landlord.

ROBERT

Hope we don't get evicted for this.

Police cars pull up outside the complex...

FADE OUT