

RIPTIDES

by
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"RIPTIDES"

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

Sunlight on the sand.
Only a hundred feet away from the most expensive homes in California; drop outs, drifters, surfers, and beach bums party and drink beer.

SANDI FULLER, a beautiful beach bunny in her early twenties, laughs and throws a Frisbee across the sand. Dressed in a microscopic bikini, she's the 21st Century version of Gidget: no job, no serious relationship, nothing to tie her down. She lives for the sand and the surf.

The Frisbee skims over the sand, rising at the last minute to pop into the hand of TEDDY LEWIS. A stringy-haired drifter into drugs and petty theft, Teddy is Sandi's current lover. A cigarette dangles from his mouth, and there's a beer can in his left hand.

TEDDY

Shit, I almost spilled my beer.

He fires the Frisbee to Sandi, but a gust of wind blows it over her head.

The Frisbee sails onto the redwood deck of a BEACH HOUSE.

SANDI

You missed me by a mile, Teddy.

TEDDY

Could of got it. Just gotta learn to reach.

Sandi shakes her head and crosses the sand to the Beach House.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

A SIGN READS: No Trespassing. And warns that violators will be greeted by an armed response.

Sandi passes the sign and climbs onto the deck. She searches for the Frisbee, finally finding it under a chaise longue.

ROBERT

This is private property.

Sandi spins, startled.

Standing in the shadows near the sliding glass doors is ROBERT GOODIS, an attractive gentleman in his late thirties.

In his right hand is a Colt Python 357 Magnum, casually aimed towards Sandi. With his Armani suit and gold jewelry, Robert is a noir version of Cary Grant.

SANDI

I'm just getting my Frisbee, okay?

Robert steps out of the shadows, pocketing his gun.

ROBERT

Sorry. We've had some burglaries in the neighborhood.

(smiles)

I'm Robert. Robert Goodis.

SANDI

I'm Sandi.

ROBERT

Yes, you are.

Sandi smiles and brushes some sand from her shoulder... palm moving close to her breast.

Robert looks from her hand up to her eyes and smiles. She's the sexiest thing he's ever seen. Sparks of attraction fly between them.

ROBERT

Do you live near here?

SANDI

Yeah.

LAURA

Dear? Who are you talking to?

LAURA DASHIELL-GOODIS steps through the sliding glass doors. An attractive woman in her forties, Laura was born wealthy and is used to getting her way.

Robert is her trophy husband. Even after three years of marriage, she is still trying to house train him.

Laura and Sandi lock eyes - will a cat fight erupt over Robert? A moment of uncomfortable tension.

Broken when Sandi lifts the Frisbee.

SANDI

I've gotta get back.

Sandi jogs down the steps and across the sand.
Robert tries not to watch her. Laura touches him before
entering the house. Claiming ownership.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Robert closes the sliding glass door behind them.

ROBERT
Her Frisbee landed on our deck.

When he replaces the Colt Python behind the wet bar, he grabs
his martini.

LAURA
How many drinks is that?

ROBERT
I'm not sure. I didn't know I'd be
quizzed on it.

Laura turns so that Robert can zip up her gown.

LAURA
This dinner, tonight, is important.

ROBERT
It's only business.

Laura frowns and brushes past him.

LAURA
Come on. We'll be late.

ROBERT
Dear. Don't forget your pill.
(smiles)
Hate to have you throw a fit, I mean,
seizure, during this "important"
dinner.

Laura controls her anger as she re-enters the bedroom and
grabs her vial of medication.

THE VIAL READS: Dialantin. For treatment of Epilepsy. Dosage:
One pill, every eight hours.

Laura takes her pill, leaves, dragging Robert behind her.

EXT. BEACH -- EVENING

As the sun sets, the BEACH KIDS roast hot dogs in a bonfire
and listen to a trio of MUSICIANS play a rock ballad.

When the music ends, BRIAN, the world oldest Beach Bum, looks out at the crashing surf. A ragged hard-bound copy of "The Anarchist's Convention" is clutched in his right hand.

Sandi, wearing her Top Cat backpack, listens.

BRIAN

It's the end of the world, you know?

SANDI

What is?

BRIAN

This is. The beach. I come out from Wisconsin, over twenty years ago. Sixteen years old. Hitch-hiken. Wanted to see the world. Find something to believe in. Got all the way here and the water stopped me. I couldn't walk across the water, no way to hitch hike... Trapped.

(beat)

So I learned to surf. At first I was wiping out every time. Couldn't stay on the board. People kept telling me I had balance issues. "You're unbalanced, dude," they were saying. But I knew it was the water knocking me off the board. Keeping me trapped here on the beach.

(beat)

I wasn't going to let the waves win. Every day I was on that longboard. Trying to stay up. Find my balance. Standing up for all of us that are looking for something to believe in. Something more than this fast food life the man tries to cram down our throats. More than that minimum wage job with the name badge.

(beat)

Took me almost a year, but I was standing proud on that board. I paddled out to find the big waves, something that would take me all the way to Hawaii. But no matter how big the wave was, it always took me back to shore. All the waves lead right here.

(beat)

That's when I realized this was the end of the world. Hawaii doesn't exist.

A Beach BUNNY seems confused.

BUNNY

I went there on vacation with my parents when I was fifteen.

BRIAN

You THINK you went there, but how can you be sure? The only way to get there is by plane or by boat. You get on the plane, it flies for a while, then lands someplace and they tell you it's Hawaii. That could all be a lie! The Man's saying you're in Hawaii - it's probably just someplace in Mexico. You believe that Hawaii exists because they tell you. You get on that plane, that boat, you don't know where they're really taking you! Can you see Hawaii from here? No. Can you walk to Hawaii? Drive to Hawaii? No. Some airline or cruise line owned by The Man SAYS they are taking you to Hawaii. It's a scam to take your money. There is no Hawaii. Nothing beyond those waves. This is the end of the world. Can't go no farther. We're all trapped here. There's nothing to find, and no place else to go.

Teddy rolls his eyes at the story and pulls on Sandi's elbow.

TEDDY

Come on.

Sandi follows without asking "where?".

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Robert and Laura return from dinner.
Robert heads straight to the bar.

LAURA

That went rather well, I think.

Laura pulls back a painting of her first husband to expose a wall safe. She puts some documents from her briefcase inside the safe, then closes it. The painting of her first husband makes him look a little like 1940s movie star Dana Andrews.

ROBERT

Add another million to the Laura Goodis fortune. How much is it now?

Laura frowns at him.

ROBERT

I'm sorry. I keep forgetting. I'm only your husband, your money is none of my business.

LAURA

Sometimes I wish I could just walk away from all of it. Hit the road like Jack Keroack. No responsibilities.

ROBERT

Just spending your money?

Laura grabs the end of his neck tie.

LAURA

Help me out of this gown.

Robert grabs his drink as he is pulled into the bedroom.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM

Robert removes the last of his clothes and glides into bed behind Laura. He kisses her neck, hand moving to her breast.

Laura removes the hand from her breast.

LAURA

Not tonight.

ROBERT

Why should tonight be any different?

Robert sits up, lights a cigarette.

LAURA

I'll be leaving for Denver tomorrow, to set up the Chandler deal.

ROBERT

Deals, deals and more deals.

LAURA

This is the ultimate deal. Once this one closes I'll never have to do another deal for the rest of my life.

ROBERT

How long will you be gone?

LAURA

Three days. I'll be home Friday night.

ROBERT
 (sarcastic)
 Fine. I'll make sure dinner's waiting
 on the table for you.

Robert snubs out his cigarette in the ash tray.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

Teddy snubs out his cigarette in the sand. Sandy lays next to him, Top Cat backpack as a pillow, looks up at the stars.

SANDI
 Teddy?

TEDDY
 Yeah.

SANDI
 Where do we go from here?

TEDDY
 Nowhere, babe. It's like Brian said,
 we're at the end of the world. Nowhere
 else to go.

SANDI
 I want to go farther.

TEDDY
 What? Hitchhike to Hawaii? ...If
 it even exists.

She props herself up on an elbow, looking at him.

SANDI
 No. I want to have my own place.
 Things that are MINE.

TEDDY
 Babe, you don't own things. Things
 own you. Talk like that, you end up
 trapped in Consumer World on the ride
 to nowhere.

She lays back down, looking up at the stars again.

SANDI
 I was just thinking.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Laura pulls out of the garage in her Mercedes, pausing next to where Robert stands, window down.

LAURA
You'll be thinking of me while I'm gone, I hope?

ROBERT
Of course, dear.

LAURA
Kiss-kiss.

She puts the car into gear and drives away.

Robert watches the car disappear, smiles.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Robert smiles as he watches the party in progress.

MUSIC blasts from the CD player, and BEACH KIDS dance in the center of the living room. A few joints are being passed around, and EVERYONE has a drink in hand.

There's a knock at the front door, and Robert answers it.

It's MARK, the bachelor who owns the place next door.

MARK
What's going on?

ROBERT
Throwing a party for the kids from the beach. You could hear it from next door?

MARK
Sure. E.S.P.P.
(laughs)
Extra Sensory Party Perception.

ROBERT
Come on in.

Robert closes the door behind Mark, who looks from one beautiful beach girl to another.

MARK
Oh, I get it: When the wife's away, the mice will play.

Robert smiles.

ROBERT
You're lucky. You can do this every
day, if you want.

MARK
I tell you, I'd do THAT every day.

A BUXOM girl walks by.
Mark's eyes almost pop out of his head.

MARK
Did you see what she had tattooed on
her boobs? "Not To Be Used As A
Flootation Device".

Robert laughs, then sees...

The sliding glass door opens, Teddy and Sandi join the party.

ROBERT
Excuse me.

Robert leaves Mark to the Buxom girl, crosses to Sandi.

ROBERT
Well, hello.

SANDI
Hello yourself.

Sandi and Robert smile at each other.
Sparks of attraction between them.

Mark and the Buxom Girl begin dancing. Mark has trouble
keeping his eyes off her chest as his wiggles to the music.

Teddy sits on the sofa, sharing a joint with Brian and some
of the kids.

BRIAN
...those TV shows like Hawaii 5-0 and
Magnum P.I.? Shot on a soundstage in
Burbank, just like the moon landings...

Robert looks from Teddy to Sandi.

ROBERT
Is that your date?

SANDI
I came with him.

ROBERT
But you might not leave with him?

SANDI
I haven't made up my mind, yet.

Robert smiles.

ROBERT
I like that. Come on, let's dance.

Robert and Sandi move out to the center of the room and dance with the other kids.

Mark dances with the Buxom Girl, clowning around and having a good time.

One of the beach girls takes off her top as she dances, receiving cheers from the group.

KIDS
More! More!

Robert touches Sandi's waist as they dance. It's like a charge of electricity passes between them. Both getting hot.

Teddy watches them dance from behind the bar. Sure that no one is watching him, he opens the bedroom door and disappears inside.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM

Teddy wanders around, opening drawers. Looking for something to steal.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sandi and Robert continue dancing as a slow number comes on.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM

Teddy hits pay dirt. He opens a dresser drawer and finds a box filled with gold cuff links, diamond studded tie tacks, and a gold Rolex. There's also a pair of hundred dollar bills in the box.

SOMEONE turns the bedroom doorknob, opening it a crack. Teddy freezes.

GIRL (O.S.)
Just a minute while I take a winky-
tink.

GUY (O.S.)
The bathroom's over here.

GIRL (O.S.)
Oh.

The door clicks shut, and Teddy relaxes. Then he pockets the jewelry and money, replaces the box and closes the drawer.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The slow dance is over, and Robert leads Sandi over to the bar. He makes a pair of drinks and gives her one.

The party is winding down, a few couples have already left.

Mark and the Buxom Girl stop by the bar to talk with Robert.

MARK
Hey, Robby, I got to leave. Thanks
for inviting me.

ROBERT
Sure. Hope the noise doesn't keep you
up all night.

MARK
I hope it does.

Mark allows the Buxom Girl to pull him towards the door.

Robert waves goodbye, then turns back to Sandi.

SANDI
Great house.

ROBERT
It's my wife's. But living on the
beach is a dream come true for me.

SANDI
Being able to swim whenever you want.

ROBERT
Yeah. Do you like swimming?

Sandi gives him a sexy smile.
Neither is really talking about swimming.

SANDI

I love getting wet. Tides moving in and out around you, waves crashing on the shore...

ROBERT

My wife hates swimming. Probably because she's not very good at it.

SANDI

She should practice more often.

ROBERT

Too busy with her business.

SANDI

I thought EVERYBODY liked to swim?

ROBERT

Laura doesn't even like to get wet. She's afraid she'll go out too far, get caught in a riptide and drown.

SANDI

But you aren't afraid?

ROBERT

Swimming's my favorite thing in life. I could swim all day long.

SANDI

Really?

ROBERT

It takes a lot to tire me out. Nothing I like better than to wake up early, do a couple of laps before breakfast.

SANDI

Free style?

ROBERT

I prefer the breast stroke.

Sandi smiles.

Teddy closes the bedroom door behind him, re-joins the party. Notices Sandi and Robert talking to each other and frowns.

Robert touches her hand.

Sandi feels the sexual electricity pass between them.

ROBERT

Would you like to spend the night?

Sandi looks at him, weighing it. It takes her a long time to decide, and she's disappointed by her own decision.

SANDI

It's too soon. Maybe some other night.

ROBERT

Something to look forward to.

That's when Teddy moves up to the bar, smiling at Sandi.

TEDDY

Ready to split?

Sandi looks at Robert for a moment, then back to Teddy.

SANDI

Sure.

Robert watches as Sandi grabs her backpack and leaves the beach house with Teddy.

ALMOST EVERYONE IS GONE.

Robert puts a couple of jazz disks in the CD player.

Then he turns to a Beach BUNNY in a tube top and smiles.

ROBERT

Is it true what they say about girls
in tube tops?

BUNNY

What?

ROBERT

You get best results when you squeeze
from the bottom?

BUNNY

Try me.

Robert kisses the Beach Bunny.

Robert and the Beach Bunny cross to the bedroom.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sandi stands on the beach, watching the silhouettes of Robert and Beach Bunny as they ripple across the bedroom curtains.

She looks down at the sand, wishes SHE had stayed the night with Robert.

Sandi is hooked.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

A Frisbee sails across the sand, landing on the deck of Robert's beach house.

Sandi, dressed in cut-offs and a shirt, climbs onto the deck to retrieve it. When she raises up, Frisbee in hand, Robert stands over her.

He looks out over the beach, it's empty.

ROBERT
Who are you playing with?

SANDI
Just myself.

ROBERT
No reason to do that.
(smiles)
Why don't you come in for a drink.

SANDI
(hesitant)
I... I don't know.

When Robert goes inside the house, Sandi has no choice but to grab her backpack and follow.

She wants him.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

The moment Robert closes the sliding glass door, the Frisbee drops to the floor and Sandi sweeps into his arms. Their kiss is deep and passionate.

SANDI
Good. As good as I thought it'd be.

Robert kisses her again, hands move over each other's bodies.

Sandi reaches between his legs, caressing over his trousers. Robert's hands glides over her shirt, caressing her breasts.

SANDI
Rip me! Oh, God, rip me!

Robert pulls on her shirt, tearing fabric and sending buttons zinging all over the living room.

PING! a shirt button lands inside a wine glass on the bar.

Robert tears the shirt to shreds, exposing Sandi's lacey white bra.

SANDI

My pants!

Robert snakes his hand up the leg of her cut-offs and RIPS them off of her, exposing white cotton panties.

SANDI

Yes! Yes!

Robert unhooks her bra, kissing and suckling her breasts as he presses her against the wall.

Sandi unbuckles his pants, reaching inside his fly.

Robert kisses down her body to her panties, tearing them off with his teeth.

Robert raises up, panties still between his teeth. Sandi bites into them, too.

Joined at the mouth by torn cotton, she presses his butt, forcing him into her.

They make love against the wall, rattling the painting of Laura's first husband.

Sandi looks even more naked next to Robert's clothed body.

The sex is incredible... The best either has ever had.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM

It's dark outside.

Sandi and Robert lay in bed, a sheet draped across them. Their hands massage each other under the sheet.

SANDI

How much time do we have?

ROBERT

Hmm?

SANDI

Until your wife comes back.

Robert rolls over, kisses her, hand still between her legs.

ROBERT

She'll be back tomorrow night.

SANDI
That's not much time.

Sandi giggles and they begin making love again.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Sandi lays spooned in Robert on the sofa, licking his fingers.

ROBERT
You born here?

SANDI
Cherry Hill, Michigan. Land of the
rich. Private schools, summer camp...

ROBERT
How'd you get here?

SANDI
Usual way. Mom and dad split when I
was ten. Mom dated every rich guy in
Wayne County...
(beat)
Too many of her boyfriends hit on me,
so I split.
(beat)
Hitch hiked all the way. Had a couple
of shitty jobs waiting tables, but
they fired me.
(shrugs)
Ended up on the beach with Teddy.

Robert kisses her neck.

ROBERT
He doesn't seem like your type.

SANDI
Teddy's a loser. He's all messed up,
with no place to go. Let's not talk
about him.

Sandi gives Robert's fingers a final lick, then guides his
hand down her body. Over her breast, down her flat stomach,
and between her legs.

Sandi moans with pleasure.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Moans echo across the sand.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sandi moans with pleasure. She is on her hands and knees, with Robert behind her, on the bed.

SANDI

I love that!

Robert hears a car pulling into the driveway. He stops moving, listening.

SANDI

Don't stop.

ROBERT

I heard a car.

SANDI

DON'T STOP!

EXT. BEACH HOUSE DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

Laura parks her Mercedes in the driveway and gets out.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and Sandi continue making love.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

Laura pops open the trunk, pulls out her luggage.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and Sandi's breathing is ragged and loud in the quiet bedroom.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Laura slides the key into the front door lock.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert stops, listening to the sounds of the keys.

ROBERT

(whispering)

My wife...

SANDI

Don't stop.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Laura opens the door and enters the house, setting down her luggage in the entrance hall.

LAURA

Robert?

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sandi bites down on a pillow to muffle her cries of passion.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Laura flicks on a light and moves deeper into the house.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sandi finds it harder and harder to muffle her cries of orgasm with the pillow. Robert bites his lip, trying to stay quiet.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

LAURA

Honey? Are you home?

Laura hears a sound, crosses to the bedroom. The door is closed. She listens for a moment at the door.

LAURA

Robert?

She twists the bedroom door knob. Slowly opening the door. Entering the bedroom.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Laura looks around the bedroom.

Shadows fill the corners of the room. The bed is empty, but unmade. Curtains ruffle in the breeze from the open window.

LAURA

Robert?

Light from the bathroom.
The shower suddenly goes on.

Laura is startled, then advances into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Laura sees Robert in the shower through the glass door. Alone.

LAURA

Robert?

The shower door opens, Robert sticks his head out.

ROBERT

You're home. Need help with your bags?
I'll be out in a minute.

LAURA

No. I've got them already.

Robert nods and goes back to his shower, closing the door.

Laura studies the shower for a moment.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Laura looks at the blowing curtain and open window with a
confused look. Crossing the room, she closes the window.
Then notices the smell. The smell of passion is in the air.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

Sandi comes out of the ocean, shaking out her hair.
Teddy, dressed in black jeans and a black T shirt, tosses her
a towel.

SANDI

Thanks.

TEDDY

You comin' by the bonfire tonight?

SANDI

I don't think so.

Sandi reaches into her backpack, pulls out Teddy's Frisbee.

SANDI

Teddy... I don't know. I think it's time for me to move on, you know?

Teddy forces a smile.

TEDDY

Hey, no problem. I was thinking of getting something going with Debby, you know?

Sandi gives him a kiss on the cheek.

Teddy takes his Frisbee and runs down the beach.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

A FIGURE, dressed entirely in black, runs from the beach to the beach house.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

The Figure in black stops at the sliding glass doors.

A black gloved hand uses a strip of tin to unlock the door.

The gloved hand opens the sliding glass door, and the Figure enters the beach house.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

The black clad Figure almost merges with the shadows, as it creeps across the room.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert and Laura are asleep next to each other in bed.

The doorknob begins turning, glittering in the moon light. Slowly and quietly, the door opens. The black-clad figure is silhouetted in the door frame.

Robert and Laura continue sleeping.

The black-clad Figure moves deeper into the room. Not making a sound as it creeps.

A GLOVED HAND clamps over Robert's mouth, muffling his screams as he suddenly wakes up.

Robert's hand reaches up, grabbing the wrist of his assailant, trying to pull the hand from his mouth.

The black-clad Figure puts a gloved finger up to her lips.

Robert recognizes the figure as Sandi.

Robert stop struggling, allows Sandi to pull him out of bed. Careful not to wake Laura, Robert slips from under the covers.

Sandi pulls Robert out of the bedroom, careful not to make a sound.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sandi pulls Robert to the sofa.

ROBERT
(whispering)
What if she wakes up?

SANDI
Shhhh.

She begins unbuttoning his pajamas.

Robert looks at the bedroom door, still open.

Sandi places his hand between her legs, gets his attention.

Robert kisses her, peeling the tight black clothes off her.

Soon both are naked on the sofa, illuminated only by the moonlight filtering through the sliding glass doors.

They kiss. A deep, passionate kiss.

As they make love on the sofa, Robert keeps looking at the open bedroom door. Entwined with his passion is a trickle of fear that Laura will wake up and catch them together.

Robert accidentally knocks over a nick-nack on the end table. They stop.

Waiting for Laura to wake up and catch them. Nothing happens, so they continue making love.

Sandi's climax is frighteningly vocal.

Robert looks at the door to the bedroom. Waiting for the light to come on...

But nothing happens.

SANDI
(whispers)
Your wife's a sound sleeper.

Robert smiles.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

Kids on the beach.
A group plays tackle football in the sand using a Frisbee.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- EVENING

Robert hears Laura talking to someone outside, opens the sliding glass door...

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- EVENING

Laura and Sandi talking.
Tension in the air.

LAURA
You have to make a decision - sleep
with him or deal with me.

Sandi snatches a sheet of blue paper from Laura, storms off.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- EVENING

When Laura turns and walks back to the house, Robert moves away from the door - wouldn't want to be caught spying.

Laura enters, closes the door behind her.

ROBERT
What was that all about?

LAURA
Telling your girlfriend who's boss.

They move into the...

INT. DINING ROOM -- EVENING

Robert pulls out the chair for Laura.
Dinner by candle light.

ROBERT
Do you really think I'm sleeping with
some white trash kid from the beach?

LAURA
Aren't you?

ROBERT
Did she say that I was?

LAURA
No... but you just did.

Robert freezes, looks across the table at his wife.

LAURA
You always underestimate me.

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

LAURA
I'm TALKING about divorce, Robert.
I'm TALKING about seeing a lawyer next
week and having you thrown out on the
street.

ROBERT
Laura, let's be reasonable....

LAURA
Why? Remember the prenuptial we signed?
You don't get a penny.

Robert lowers his fork, looks across the table at his wife.

ROBERT
I'm sorry you feel this way, Laura. I
haven't done anything to hurt you. I
love you, I've always been faithful.

He gets up from the table and walks into the bedroom.

Laura watches the bedroom door close, confused.
Was she just imagining things?

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Robert watches his wife sleep, then slips out of bed.
He dresses in the darkness, before leaving the bedroom.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

FROM OVER ROBERT'S SHOULDER we see the beach at midnight. Full moon glowing overhead and waves crashing the shore.

Robert moves closer to the surf, coming upon Sandi's beach towel, handbag, and wrap. He squats for a moment, studying her things, then looks out at the water.

Sandi explodes from the water's surface, body glistening in the moonlight, dressed in a sexy one-piece bathing suit.

Robert strips off his shirt and jeans, leaving them at Sandi's towel, as he runs towards the water in his briefs.

Sandi's laughter echoes across the dunes as Robert splashes into the water next to her.

The two frolic in the water, splashing each other, laughing, wrestling, swimming.

ROBERT

Can't go too far out. The riptides.
They'll pull us right under.

SANDI

Then let's swim back to shore.

Sandi and Robert swim back towards the shore.

Sandi takes Robert's hand, and they run along the edge of the surf, waves crashing into their legs. A big wave knocks them to the sand, and their bodies melt together in passion.

Lips and legs entwined, as the surf breaks over them.

Robert pulls the bathing suit from her shoulders, exposing her breasts to the moonlight. He fondles, licks, and kisses them. His fingers travel down her body, moving under the leg band of Sandi's bathing suit, pressing and caressing.

Sandi reaches inside his wet briefs, taking hold of him.

Robert gently slides the bathing suit off Sandi, kissing down her body as he does so. Naked in the moonlight, Sandi's body is the kind men kill for.

Sandi kisses down Robert's chest, biting his left nipple, as she removes his wet briefs.

They make love on the wet sand, waves crashing over them, bodies entwined.

AFTERWARDS:

Robert and Sandi lay on a sand dune, still wrapped in each other, looking up at the stars.

ROBERT

My wife suspects, doesn't she?

SANDI

She warned me away.

ROBERT

If she gets proof, it's over. Everything's in her name. The house, the cars, the bank accounts. If she divorces me, I've got nothing.

SANDI

Isn't California a community property state?

ROBERT

We signed a pre-nup. She wants to destroy me. Leave me penniless.

SANDI

That's not fair. You spent time with her, that ought to be worth SOMETHING, right? I mean, she can't just DUMP you...

Robert pulls her close.

ROBERT

I wish Laura would just go away. We could live together in the beach house. Just you and me.

SANDI

(sotto)

I'd have a home.

ROBERT

Sometimes I wish she'd forget to take her medication. Have a seizure, go into a coma, and just die.

Sandi holds Robert's head against her chest maternally.

After a moment, she kisses him gently, and he responds.

ROBERT

Sandi, you're the best thing that ever happened to me. I want to spend the rest of my life with you.

Sandi nods, and kisses him again.
The passion increases, and they begin making love.

ON A DUNE

A FIGURE watches Robert and Sandi make love.
Giggles and cries of passion echo through the night,
underscored by the crashing surf.

When he takes a drag on his cigarette, light from the ember
illuminates the figure's face for the first time.

It's Teddy Lewis. Frisbee is clenched in his left hand.

When he has seen enough, Teddy turns, and walks over the dunes
to the Beach Kid's camp.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY TO NIGHT

Waves crash against the shore and sea gulls swoop as we time-
laps from day to night.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

We can hear Sandi and Robert making love on the deck.

Laura rolls over in her sleep.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Robert and Sandi lay entwined after making love.

SANDI

I wish we could do this every night.

ROBERT

I wish she'd die.

(beat)

Just have a seizure and die.

Sandi looks into Robert's eyes.

SANDI

Why don't we help her.

ROBERT

What do you mean?

SANDI

She'll go into a seizure without her medication, right? And she can't swim very well...

ROBERT

You mean, why don't we drown her?

SANDI

But make it look like an accident... Like she skipped her medication and got caught in the riptides.

ROBERT

But the police will suspect me. I'll need an alibi.

SANDI

What do you mean?

ROBERT

I can't be anywhere near here when it happens...

(thinks)

Maybe one of your beach bum friends can fly to San Francisco, pretending they're me. Wear my clothes, use my credit card, and check into a hotel under my name.

SANDI

Teddy would do anything for me.

ROBERT

Perfect.

Robert kisses her.

ROBERT

A week from now, my wife will be dead, and we can be together... Forever.

As Robert and Sandi make love again, we raise up until the beach house looks like something from a Monopoly game.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- DAY

Robert creeps into the bedroom. Sliding on a pair of rubber gloves, he takes Laura's pill vial from her night stand.

Uncapping the vial, Robert pours the pills out into a zip-lock baggie. He places the baggie in his left pocket.

Robert pulls an over-the-counter sleep aid from his pocket. Opening the bottle, he pours the pills into Laura's vial.

The sleep aid pills are the same size, shape, and color as Laura's medication.

Replacing the vial, Robert sets the vial back on the night stand and strips off his rubber gloves.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Robert picks up the phone and dials a number.

INT. CASABLANCA TRAVEL -- DAY

The phone rings at the travel agency, an AGENT grabs it.

AGENT
Casablanca Travel, Richard speaking,
do you need a vacation?

ROBERT (V.O.)
Richard, this is Robert Goodis.

AGENT
Yes, Mr. Goodis, how are you? Ready
for eight days - seven nights in
beautiful and exotic Bangkok? Ancient
Buddhist temples, famed palaces,
manicured parks and stunning modern
high-rises plus gourmet restaurants
and exotic night life?

ROBERT (V.O.)
Love to, but I need to fly to San
Francisco tomorrow on business. Could
you book me an afternoon flight to SFO
with a Thursday return to LAX?

The Agent turns to his computer and keys in some information.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

AGENT (V.O.)
How about a one thirty American Air,
arrives at two twenty five.

ROBERT

Great. Can I pay by credit card and pick up my tickets at the gate?

INT. CASABLANCA TRAVEL -- DAY

AGENT

No problem. Where will you be staying? The Hotel Atherton? I have a suite package starting at only --

ROBERT (V.O.)

Not this time. What's the Airport Holiday Inn like?

AGENT

Busy and impersonal.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Robert laughs.

ROBERT

Well, reserve a room there anyway. I've got to be in Daly City bright and early for a meeting and I don't want to fight traffic.

AGENT (V.O.)

How will you pay for that?

ROBERT

With my credit card, when I get there.

AGENT (V.O.)

Okay, Mr. Goodis. Tickets will be waiting for you at the American counter and the Airport Holiday Inn will be expecting you tomorrow for six days.

(beat)

Sure I can't book you for Bangkok while I'm at it?

ROBERT

Maybe next month.

Robert hangs up the phone.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Robert spots Mark watering his lawn and approaches him.

ROBERT
Mark, how are you?

MARK
Hey, Robby. How they hanging?

ROBERT
Look, could you do me a favor?

MARK
What do you need? Alibi for the wife?

ROBERT
Nothing like that. I've got to go to San Francisco for a week on business - Just got off the phone with the travel agent - I'm kind of worried about Laura.

MARK
How so?

ROBERT
She's been having trouble sleeping lately. So she's been doing these midnight swims in order to relax...

MARK
I thought she hated swimming?

ROBERT
Well, she read one of those self-help books, and decided to "confront her fears". She still hates it, but she's doing it anyway.

MARK
I'll never understand women.

ROBERT
You and me both. Anyway, if you could just look in on her every couple of days, I'd really appreciate it.

MARK
No problemo.

ROBERT
Hey, thanks.

Robert gives Mark a wave, heads back inside the beach house.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

Sandi approaches Teddy, who has an arm around DEBBY.

They have a brief conversation, Teddy nodding a few times, then Sandi leaves.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Sandi and Teddy approach the beach house, knocking on the sliding glass door.

Robert opens the door and beckons them inside.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Teddy sits on the sofa, beer in hand, listening to Robert's proposal.

TEDDY

Sandi said something about some money.

ROBERT

Yes. I have a little job I want done.

TEDDY

Work is a four letter word... I don't believe in it.

ROBERT

Oh, there's no work involved, here. More of a vacation.

TEDDY

All expenses paid, of course.

ROBERT

Of course. You see, I wish to go on vacation with a young lady, without having my wife find out about it.

TEDDY

Don't tell her.

Robert smiles.

ROBERT

But she might still check airline tickets, hotel reservations, and find witnesses who would ruin me in divorce court.

(smiles)

So I need a ringer. Someone to pretend they're me. Go to San Francisco for a week.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Check into a hotel, go out to dinner...
But do it alone. In case my wife checks
up on me, later.

TEDDY

What if she decides to call this hotel
of yours?

Robert pulls an electronic device from behind the bar.

ROBERT

This is an electronic call re-router.
When you arrive at the hotel, plug it
into the phone jack in the room. It's
pre-set for our condo in Maui.

Teddy examines the re-router, checking the phone jack.

ROBERT

If my wife calls San Francisco, the
call will automatically be rerouted
and the phone will ring in Maui.

(smiles)

That way, I can talk to her as if I
were in San Francisco... Alone, in my
hotel room.

TEDDY

What does it pay?

ROBERT

Five thousand dollars. Cash.

Robert pulls a bundle of money from behind the bar and tosses
it to Teddy.

Even though it's high and outside, Teddy catches the bundle
with one hand.

He admires the money.

More than he's ever seen before.

TEDDY

So? When do I do this?

ROBERT

Today. The plane leaves at one thirty.
You'll pick up the tickets at the
terminal.

Robert pulls out his billfold and extracts a credit card.

ROBERT

There's a seven hundred dollar line of credit on this card. Use it to pay for the hotel room and meals.

Teddy takes the card, smiles.

ROBERT

You're booked into the Holiday Inn at the airport under my name.

(beat)

Don't get any ideas about using the card for anything else. Once the seven hundred is used up, that's the end of it. I plan to pay off the card and cancel it at the same time. It'll be worthless.

TEDDY

Okay.

He pockets the credit card.

ROBERT

Now. You'll need to dress in my clothes, and cut your hair like mine, to confuse any witnesses.

Teddy brushes his hair with a hand, frowning.

TEDDY

Shit. For five grand, it'll grow back.

Sandi drops a newspaper to the floor and picks up a pair of scissors.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- LATER

Teddy, with hair styled like Robert's, dressed in one of Robert's suits and wearing dark glasses; looks enough like Robert to pass in a crowd.

Robert closes a suitcase on the re-router box and some extra suits and clothing.

Sandi dumps the hair clippings and newspaper in the trash.

Teddy looks at himself in the mirror.
He looks just like Robert.

ROBERT

This is my old driver's license - you'll need it to get past security at the airport. It's a domestic flight - they'll only glance at it.

TEDDY

How do I get to the airport?

ROBERT

In my Jaguar. Here.

He hands Teddy his car keys, on a Jaguar emblem key ring.

ROBERT

Leave it in long term lot C at LAX. I'll pick it up on my way home from Hawaii.

TEDDY

Okay.

ROBERT

Oh, and Teddy?

TEDDY

Yeah?

ROBERT

(smiles)

Don't fuck with me. I'll check to make sure my car's in the airport lot this evening. If it's not, I'll call the police and report it stolen at gunpoint.

TEDDY

Okay.

Teddy nods slowly.

ROBERT

I'll also call the hotel before flying to Hawaii to make sure you've plugged in the re-router. If you haven't, I'll phone the police and report my credit card and drivers license stolen.

(smiles)

I'm sure you don't wish to deal with the police. I'll bet you're a real rip-off artist, with a record and every thing.

Teddy studies Robert for a minute, then nods slowly.

TEDDY
I won't fuck you.

ROBERT
Good. Now you'd better hurry, or you'll miss my flight.

Teddy nods, tosses the keys up in the air and catches them, then leaves the beach house.

Sandi and Robert watch the door close, and listens as the Jaguar starts up and pulls out of the driveway.

ROBERT
I think that went rather well.

Sandi nods, and lifts her drink in toast. Robert clinks glasses with her.

SANDI
To crime.

ROBERT
To PERFECT crime.

They finish their drinks, setting their empty glasses down on the coffee table.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE DRIVEWAY -- EVENING

Laura parks her Mercedes, heads to the front door.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- EVENING

Robert sets a wine glass down on the dining room table, as Laura enters the house.

Then notices the shirt button in the glass.

Laura's footsteps get closer.

Robert replaces the wine glass with an empty one from the bar, just as Laura enters the room.

When she sees Robert, she's startled.

LAURA
Where's your car?

ROBERT
Repair shop. Wouldn't start. Mark drove me back.

LAURA
Any idea what's wrong with it?

ROBERT
Too early to tell.

Laura notices the elegantly set table, candles, food.

LAURA
So. What's the occasion?

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Dinner is in progress.

Robert notices that Laura's wine glass is empty, fills it.

ROBERT
I thought we could discuss our marriage.

LAURA
You mean: your settlement.

Laura takes a sip of her wine, watching Robert squirm.

ROBERT
Have you talked to your lawyer, yet?

LAURA
I have an appointment next Tuesday.

ROBERT
That gives us time to talk this over.

LAURA
I really have nothing to say.

She takes a sip of her wine.
The moment she sets her glass down, Robert tops it off.

ROBERT
Laura, I wish you'd reconsider. I
know I haven't been a model husband.
But I think you unfairly compare me to
your first husband....

Robert gestures to the painting of Laura's first husband.

ROBERT
It's hard to compete with a dead man.

LAURA

What you mean is: It's hard to lose to a dead man. But I think you've done splendidly.

She takes another sip of wine, and Robert tops off her glass.

LAURA

I really shouldn't be drinking so much.

ROBERT

You took your medication, right?

LAURA

Of course.

ROBERT

Then there's nothing to worry about.

He tops off her glass again.

LAURA

You're right. We should celebrate.

She lifts her glass in toast.

LAURA

To our marriage.

Robert clinks glasses with her, and both drink.

ROBERT

I don't want it to end, Laura. I love you. I want to try again. Please, give me another chance.

She takes another sip of wine studying him; obviously tipsy.

LAURA

Another chance?

ROBERT

Yes.

Robert refills her glass.

LAURA

Another chance to do what? Spend my money? Flirt with my friends? Ruin my business reputation?

Laura's eyes flutter spasmodically, she rubs them.

ROBERT
Are you okay?

LAURA
I'm just tired.

ROBERT
Maybe we should discuss this some other
time?

She looks up at him, frowning.

LAURA
No... I'm fine.

She takes another sip of wine.
Robert tops off her glass.

LAURA
I was thinking about our prenuptial
yesterday...

ROBERT
And?

LAURA
I've made a decision.

She takes a sip of wine.

LAURA
A decision regarding your settlement.

ROBERT
Yes?

The suspense is killing him.

She takes another sip of her wine, eyes twitching slightly.

LAURA
The contract stands, Robert. You don't
get a cent.

ROBERT
I'm sorry you feel that way.

Laura takes another sip of wine, studying him.

LAURA
You're taking it rather well.

ROBERT
What do you want me to do? Cry?

Laura takes another sip of wine, twitching slightly.

Robert tops off her glass.

ROBERT

A final toast.

(smiles)

To the good times we had.

Laura lifts her wine glass.

LAURA

Both of them.

She finishes her glass, her eyes begin twitching violently.

LAURA

Robert? I think....

Her eyes roll up and her left arm goes stiff, knocking her empty glass off the table.

THE GLASS SHATTERS on the floor.

Laura's eyes close as she passes out, going into a mild rigidity seizure.

Robert finishes his glass of wine, blots his mouth with his napkin, then moves around the table to check her pulse.

A LOUD KNOCK at the sliding glass door.

Robert let's go of his wife's rigid arm and goes to the door. He opens it. Sandi enters.

Sandi looks at Laura, rigid and unconscious in her chair.

SANDI

Is she okay?

ROBERT

Mild seizure. Rigidity. And she's a little drunk, too.

Sandi nods, then heads into the bedroom.

SANDI

Where's the bathing suit?

ROBERT

Third drawer down. It's a red one piece with a monogram.

We hear drawers opening in the bedroom, as Robert carefully lowers Laura to the dining room floor.

SANDI (O.S.)

Got it.

We hear the drawer close.

Sandi comes in with the red swimsuit - monogrammed LDG.

Robert and Sandi carefully peel Laura's clothes off of her body. It isn't easy. Her arms and legs are rigid.

ROBERT

Here. Let me get her arm.

Robert has to muscle her arm into position to remove her blouse and bra.

Sandi and Robert work to squeeze her into the swimsuit.

ROBERT

Darling, I think you've gained a little weight.

Laura lays there without response.
Eyes fluttering behind their lids.

Sandi pulls the straps over her shoulder, examines their work.

SANDI

There. Looks fine.

Sandi's face is next to Robert's, and they kiss.

Passion consumes them.
He presses Sandi back against the table.

SANDI

Not now. Not now.

But she doesn't mean it.
Her hands are all over him.
She unbuttons his shirt, moving her hands over his chest.

Robert reaches up under her skirt and pulls off her panties.

THE PANTIES drop onto the floor next to Laura... whose eyes flutter open.

Sandi unzips Robert's fly, as he presses her sweater up to expose her breasts.

Robert kisses her breasts and pushes her back onto the table.

SANDI

Yes. Oh, yes.

Robert and Sandi make love on the table, dishes and silver rattling around them. Passion exploding.

Laura's glazed eyes watch her husband make love with Sandi. Her arm begins twitching out of control. Laura makes a low, breathy, moaning sound. Almost non-human.

Robert and Sandi make love on the table, plates rattling.

When they finish, they hear the moaning sound.

SANDI

She okay?

ROBERT

Nothing to worry about. Just part of her seizure.

SANDI

She's not going to bite her tongue or something, is she?

ROBERT

No. This is just low-grade rigidity. If she goes into a panic, she may go grand-mal and completely lose control.

Laura's eyes close again, and she stops moaning.

ROBERT

Let me get the towels.

Robert goes into the bathroom and comes out with a pair of big beach towels.

ROBERT

We'll tie her with this one.

Sandi and Robert roll one towel long-ways around Laura's upper body, "tying" her arms to her sides.

ROBERT

There. Won't leave any marks.

They roll Laura onto the second towel, which they wrap around her entire body.

Completely wrapped, the only thing which shows is the top of Laura's head.

ROBERT
You get the boat?

SANDI
It's out on the beach.
(beat)
No one will ever notice it missing.

ROBERT
Okay. Ready to lift her?

Sandi nods.

ROBERT
Wait. The clothes.

Robert gestures to Laura's clothes.

SANDI
Right.

Sandi scoops all of the clothes (including her panties) into her Top Cat backpack and carries it to the bedroom.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sandi sets the Top Cat backpack down next to the dresser, counts down to drawer number four and opens it.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sandi returns from the bedroom, wearing the backpack.

ROBERT
Ready?

Robert bends down next to the wrapped body.

She and Robert pick up Laura's wrapped body and head towards the sliding glass door.

ROBERT
Shit. I should have left it open.

Robert fumbles as he tries to open the sliding glass door while maintaining his grip on Laura.

He almost drops Laura a couple of times as he opens the door.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Robert and Sandi carry Laura's wrapped body out of the house.

They set her down on a chaise longue, while Robert closes and locks the sliding glass door.

ROBERT
Where's the boat?

SANDI
Straight down there.

She points to the crashing surf.

Robert nods, and they lift Laura's wrapped body again.

Sandi leads as they negotiate the stairs down to the sand, balancing the body.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

The beach is empty, lights off in many of the beach houses.

Robert scans the beach, then they carry the rolled up body across the sand towards the ocean.

The extra weight is hard on Sandi's back.
She tries not to stumble as her feet sink into the sand.

Terror builds.
Any minute, someone might open a door or look out a window and see Robert and Sandi with the rolled up body.

A light goes on in Mark's beach house.

Illumination falling over Sandi and Robert's faces.
They stop cold.

There is a sound, echoed in the stillness of the night. Robert and Sandi freeze.

Waiting for someone to wake up.
Waiting to be discovered. Nothing happens.

The light goes off.

Robert and Sandi continue carrying Laura down to the ocean.

ON THE CREST OF A DUNE

Sandi hears something drop out of the roll onto the beach behind her.

SANDI
(whispering)
Wait a minute.

They stop and she turns around.

Behind Sandi on the beach is a Laura's wedding band, glittering in the moonlight.

SANDI
Her wedding ring.

Robert looks around the beach for signs of life, then they set Laura down on the beach. He picks up the wedding ring and shoves it in a pocket.

A door slams somewhere.
Robert and Sandi freeze.

All of the doors from the beach houses are still closed.

After a moment, Robert and Sandi hoist Laura's rolled up body back up and continue to the beach.

NEAR THE WATER

Sandi and Robert stop dead.

There's a JOGGER on the beach.
Coming towards them.
Maybe two hundred feet away.

Sandi sees the row boat, beached about twenty feet away.

SANDI
The boat.

Robert nods.

The Jogger continues towards them.

Robert and Sandi carry Laura down to the boat.
Lay her on the sand.

The boat is a small row boat, made of aluminum.

The Jogger gets closer.

Robert starts to drag the boat down to the water.
Sandi stops him.

SANDI
Not enough time.

The Jogger gets closer.

Sandi gestures to Robert to move quickly.

They take the aluminum boat and flip it over Laura, keel up.
Covering her... but her arm sticks out.

The Jogger gets closer.

Sandi pulls Robert down to the sand and kisses him, leaning
back against the upside-down boat.

It's a pretty good kiss...

But the pressure on the boat presses against Laura's arm.

Laura begins MOANING under the boat.

The aluminum gives it a mechanical sound.

The Jogger is only a few feet away.

Closer.

Closer.

Closer!

Laura's moaning gets louder.

Vibrating the aluminum boat.

Neither Sandi nor Robert know what to do.

The Jogger runs right at them!

Closer.

Closer!

CLOSER!

THE JOGGER gives them a nod of hello.

Then continues jogging down the beach.

He doesn't hear a thing.

He's wearing a Walkman.

Robert and Sandi turn and watch him jog away.

Laura's moaning stops.

The Jogger is just a silhouette on the horizon.

ROBERT

Where are your panties?

SANDI

I took them off in the house... Should
I go back and get them?

ROBERT

Not enough time.

Robert and Sandi flip the boat back over, uncovering Laura.

They lift Laura and place her inside, next to the paddles. Then they drag the boat down to the crashing surf.

EXT. ROW BOAT -- NIGHT

Robert and Sandi row the boat out to sea, with Laura's wrapped body between them.

Moonlight glitters over the water, as they row further and further out to sea.

ROBERT

How far?

SANDI

All the way out to the buoy. Make sure she gets caught in the riptides.

They continue rowing in the moonlight.

Finally, they reach a point far out at sea.

A buoy bell can be heard ringing nearby.

Robert lays down his paddle and unrolls Laura from the first beach towel.

Laura's eyes flutter under their lids. She's still unconscious.

Robert pulls the wedding band from his pocket and slides it over Laura's finger.

ROBERT

'Till death do us part.

Sandi lays down her paddle, looking at Laura.

SANDI

What do we do now?

ROBERT

We throw her over the side.

SANDI

We can't just dump her....

ROBERT

It's a little late to get cold feet .

SANDI

I can't do it, Robert. I just can't.

Robert puts an arm around her, comforting her.

ROBERT
Sure you can. It's easy.

Robert puts Sandi's hands under Laura's shoulders.

He untucks the second towel, loosening Laura's arms.
Then his hands go under Laura's knees.

ROBERT
Gently. Over the side.

Robert lifts, and Sandi follows suit; their eyes locked together.

Laura is lifted gently over the edge of the row boat.

BUT LAURA'S BODY gets away from them, making a loud SPLASH as it hits the ocean and sinks from view.

THE SOUND ECHOES ACROSS THE WATERS.

Robert looks around the rowboat, wondering if anyone heard the noise.

Behind him, the Laura POPS back to the surface...

SCREAMING. THRASHING. CONVULSING.

Sandi sinks down in the row boat, trying to hide, as Laura fights her way through the cold waters to the boat.

LAURA'S FINGERS clamp onto the side of the boat.

LAURA
NO! NO! NO!

Robert puts a hand on her face, pushes her away from the boat. Her fingers hold tight.

Holding her with one hand, Robert begins prying her fingers off the boat one by one.

Sandi cowers on the floor of the boat, scared.
Wondering how she got into this.

LAURA
NO! NO! NO!

Robert removes one entire hand from the boat.
The hand begins thrashing in the air.
He pulls the second hand's fingers from the boat, one by one.

LAURA

No! No! No!

He gets down to the last finger.
Plucking it from the boat. He shoves Laura's head away.

Laura begins thrashing back to the row boat.

Robert picks up a paddle - ready to hit Laura in the head.

SANDI

No! Don't want to leave marks.

Robert places the blade against Laura's chest. Gently pushing her away from the boat.

ROBERT

(smiling)

Goodbye.

Laura continues thrashing, clawing, screaming, and yelling in the water.

Robert takes his seat in the row boat, grabs the other paddle. He calmly begins rowing the boat back to the shore.

Sandi looks on in terror as Robert rows the boat to shore, while Laura screams and thrashes in the water behind them.

Robert rows, whistling "Michael Row The Boat To Shore"...

AS LAURA THRASHES in the water behind them.

Finally, Laura gurgles, taking in a lung full of water. She goes into a grand-mal seizure, wheezing and twitching out of control. Taking in more water.

LAURA FINALLY SINKS below the water level...

Drowning.

Caught in a riptide.

Robert calmly rows the boat, whistling in the moonlight.

Sandi sits up in the boat, eyes full of fear.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

Robert beaches the boat. Sandi gets out of the boat slowly, still haunted by images of Laura's murder.

ROBERT

Are you okay?

SANDI
It's just a hell of a thing, you know?
Just dumping her out there...

Robert pulls her close, hugging her.

ROBERT
It'll be okay.

Sandi nods, getting back some strength.

ROBERT
You've got to take back the boat and
make the phone call.

SANDI
Yeah.

ROBERT
Look. We can't see each other for a
while. A couple of months, maybe more.
We can't let the police suspect either
of us, okay?

Sandi takes a long time before answering.

SANDI
Okay.

Robert lets go of her, and starts to move away; but Sandi
grabs him and gives him a final, passionate, kiss.

SANDI
To tide you over.

Robert smiles, then walks across the beach to the Beach House.

Sandi watches him walk away, feeling very alone.

She adjusts her Top Cat backpack and pushes the row boat back
into the water, begins rowing to the pier.

EXT. THE PIER -- NIGHT

Sandi ties up the boat...
No longer wearing the backpack.

INT. PAY PHONE AT PIER -- NIGHT

Sandi steps into the phone booth and dials 911.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Nine One One, operator twenty three.
 Can I help you?

SANDI
 I want to report a drowning.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Your name please.

SANDI
 Look, this is an emergency.
 (beat)
 I was night surfing out at Cain's Point
 and heard some woman screaming in the
 water.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
 At Cain's Point?

SANDI
 Yes.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Your name, please.

SANDI
 Look, I wanted to help her.
 (beat)
 But she was too far out. Too close to
 the rip tides.

Sandi looks down at the ocean, under the pier, and sees
 something the thrashing in the water...
 Just like Laura thrashed...
 But this is just a sea gull.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Your name, please?

SANDI
 Afraid I'd get caught in the rip
 tides...

She hangs up the phone.
 away from the water.
 Walks down the pier to town.

Turns

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

KIDS in swimsuits walk across the sand in the morning sun.

Looking completely out of place, Lt. JACK WOOLRICH is dressed in a blue suit and tie. Woolrich is a smart, good looking ex-big city cop. A no-nonsense homicide detective who never goes anywhere without his Fred Flintstone Pez dispenser.

NEAR THE EDGE OF THE WATER

A pair of uniform policeman hold a crowd of sunbathers back from a crime scene.

Woolrich pops a Pez into his mouth as he tries to squeeze through the crowd.

DETECTIVE NEBEL takes photographs of something on the beach. He lowers his camera when he sees Woolrich.

DT. NEBEL

Hey, Woolrich. What's the flavor of the day?

Woolrich pops a Pez into his mouth.

WOOLRICH

Grape. What have we got?

DT. NEBEL

Nine one one got a call last night - woman drowning, caught in the riptides. Coast Guard did a search, found zip. Then this washed up this afternoon.

WOOLRICH

That's all that's left of her?

DT. NEBEL

So far.

Woolrich squats down to examine the crime scene. No body, just a ripped and bloody red one piece bathing suit with a monogram - LDG.

DT. NEBEL

We've had some shark sightings...

WOOLRICH

Anybody see anything?

DT. NEBEL

Got a drunk who saw two women making out on the pier last night.

WOOLRICH
Find out what he's drinking and get me
a bottle.

(looks at bathing suit)
L.D.G. Who could that be?

DT. NEBEL
Laura Goodis. She and her husband
live in the beach house over there.

Dt. Nebel points down the beach to the Goodis beach house.

Woolrich nods and pops a Pez in his mouth.

WOOLRICH
Anybody talked to the husband?

DT. NEBEL
Figured we'd let you do that.

WOOLRICH
(smiles)
Thanks.

Woolrich heads down the beach to the Beach House.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- DAY

Robert creeps into the bedroom, and puts on his rubber gloves.

Suddenly, there is a LOUD KNOCKING at the sliding glass door.

WOOLRICH (O.S.)
Mister Goodis? Mrs. Goodis?

Robert freezes, not wanting to make a sound.

MORE KNOCKING on the glass door.

WOOLRICH (O.S.)
Mister Goodis?

FOOTSTEPS moving across the deck.

Robert relaxes a little....

THEN A SHADOW falls over the bedroom window.
A silhouette of Woolrich as he tries looking in the window.

Even though the curtains are closed, Robert stands absolutely
still.

WOOLRICH'S SILHOUETTE moves away from the window.

Robert waits a moment, then pulls the empty Sominex container from his left pocket.

Moving to the night stand, he pours the contents of Laura's medication vial into the Sominex container.

Pocketing the sleep-aid bottle, he pulls the baggie containing the actual medication from his right pocket and pours it into the empty vial.

Carefully re-capping the vial, he returns it to the night stand.

Robert quietly crosses to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Robert opens the medicine cabinet and takes the bottle of Sominex from his left pocket and returns it to the cabinet.

He moves a container of vitamins in front of it, and slowly closes the medicine cabinet.

SUDDENLY, there's a loud knocking at the front door.

Robert freezes, trying not to make a sound.

WOOLRICH (O.S.)
Anybody home?

EXT. BEACH HOUSE DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Woolrich knocks on the door again.

Mark ambles over.

MARK
Can I help you?

Woolrich turns around, spotting Mark.

WOOLRICH
Are you Robert Goodis?

MARK
I live next door.
(beat)
Who are you?

WOOLRICH
Detective Jack Woolrich.

He flips his ID for Mark to look at.

MARK

Is anything wrong?

WOOLRICH

Have you seen Mrs. Goodis today?

MARK

Her car's in the driveway... But I haven't seen her.

WOOLRICH

What about Mr. Goodis?

MARK

Robert's out of town.

WOOLRICH

Fishing trip in Berkeley?

MARK

What is this about?

WOOLRICH

A woman got caught in the riptides and drowned last night.

MARK

Oh, my God. I shoulda known.

WOOLRICH

What?

MARK

Laura had been taking these midnight swims. Robert asked me to keep an eye on her while he was away.

WOOLRICH

Away where?

MARK

San Francisco. He's there for a week on business.

WOOLRICH

Do you know where he's staying?

MARK

No. But you could call his travel agent. Casablanca. Here in town.

Woolrich writes this down in his notebook, flips it closed.

WOOLRICH

Thanks.

Woolrich walks away, popping a pez.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

Dt. Nebel puts the swimsuit in a plastic evidence bag when Woolrich walks up.

WOOLRICH

Tell me if this sounds familiar: Wealthy wife is missing, husband has a perfect alibi - away on business.

DT. NEBEL

Peterson case.

WOOLRICH

Wins the prize... Let's get a dive crew out there to search for her body... or whatever's left of it.

DT. NEBEL

Where you going?

WOOLRICH

Check out the husband's alibi before he dies his hair and heads to Mexico.

INT. CASABLANCA TRAVEL -- DAY

Woolrich talks to Richard, the travel AGENT.

AGENT

Yes, he made his arrangements through me. He left at one thirty yesterday.

WOOLRICH

Can you give me his flight number and hotel reservations?

AGENT

Of course.

Richard punches information into his computer and prints out Robert's travel plans.

AGENT

You look like you could use a vacation.
(MORE)

AGENT (CONT'D)

Eight days - seven nights in beautiful and exotic Bangkok? Ancient Buddhist temples, famed palaces, manicured parks, plus gourmet restaurants and exotic night life?

Woolrich grabs the print-out and leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Woolrich, at his desk on the phone, looks at the print-out.

WOOLRICH

So, his car's in the airport lot.

(listens)

Did you check the time on his ticket?

Yeah.

(nods)

One 0'clock, huh? Okay. Did he make the flight?

(frowns)

He WAS on it, huh? Okay. Thanks.

Woolrich hangs up the phone and picks up the hotel information. He dials the number of the SFO Holiday Inn.

WOOLRICH

Hello. Holiday Inn? Do you have a Robert Goodis staying there?

(beat)

Yeah? When did he check in?

(beat)

Three 0'clock yesterday, huh? Well, could you patch me through to his room?

Woolrich holds as they ring Robert's room.

ESTABLISHING SHOT. SAN FRANCISCO -- DAY

The San Francisco skyline.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

In the non-descript hotel room, Teddy hears the phone ring. He turns to look at the call re-router box.

THE RE-ROUTER clicks on, light going from red to green and dial spinning.

There isn't a second ring.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

The phone rings.
Robert picks it up before it rings again.

ROBERT
Robert Goodis' room...

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Woolrich tosses the computer print-out in his trash can and
pops a Pez.

WOOLRICH
Mr. Goodis? This is Detective Jack
Woolrich, with the Cain's Point Police
Department.
(beat)
Yes, sir. Are you the husband of a
Mrs. Laura Goodis?
(beat)
When was the last time you spoke with
your wife?
(beat)
Sir, I'm sorry, but I have some very
bad news for you.
(beat)
A swimming accident.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Robert's voice sounds shocked, but his body is relaxed.

ROBERT
Oh, my God.
(beat)
Yes, sir. I'll fly back right away.

Robert hangs up the phone. It's working.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

Woolrich pops a Pez as he questions the BEACH KIDS.

WOOLRICH
So, none of you were surfing out here
last night.

He turns to BRIAN, the old beach bum.

WOOLRICH

What about you?

BRIAN

What's the point in surfing, man? The waves just bring you back to the beach.

WOOLRICH

You don't know anybody that made a phone call to 911?

BRIAN

Back in Wisconsin my friend Elmo once made some prank calls --

WOOLRICH

Anybody in California last night?

Brian shakes his head. Woolrich turns to Sandi.

WOOLRICH

What about you?

SANDI

I was at a party in town all night.

Woolrich nods, and walks away from the beach kids.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Woolrich pops a Pez and looks across his desk at Robert.

WOOLRICH

When was the last time you spoke with your wife?

ROBERT

Before I left for the airport. I called last night, she must have been out... Should I file a missing person report?

Woolrich drops the plastic evidence bag on his desk.

WOOLRICH

You ever seen that before?

ROBERT

My wife's bathing suit.

WOOLRICH

Forensics found traces of blood - OB positive, your wife's blood type. Any idea how it got there?

ROBERT

You found my wife's bathing suit, but you can't find my wife?

WOOLRICH

What are the odds of that?

ROBERT

I want to file a missing persons report. Whatever it takes for you to find her.

WOOLRICH

We don't know if this is a missing person, accidental drowning, or something else. You have any recent problems with your wife?

ROBERT

No... Well, we had a disagreement last week. Just a spat.

WOOLRICH

Really? What about?

ROBERT

Should I have a lawyer present?

WOOLRICH

Think you need one?

ROBERT

My wife is missing - probably drowned. I want you to find her. I don't want to bury an empty coffin.

Woolrich pops a Pez, decides to call Robert's bluff.

WOOLRICH

We have dive teams searching out by the old buoy... but usually a body will wash ashore by now. Unless it's weighted down by something.

ROBERT

Find her. Please find her for me.

WOOLRICH

Sure, but do me a favor - don't take any sudden trips out of town.

Robert leaves. Woolrich pops a Pez.

WOOLRICH

Don't dye your hair blond, don't grow a goatee.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- EVENING

Robert enters, dropping his luggage in the entry hall.

He grabs the evening paper from his porch, closes the front door, and crosses to the bar.

Robert mixes himself a drink, opening the paper.

THE HEADLINE READS: "Society Woman Missing" A sub-headline reads: "Victim of Riptides?"

Robert raises his drink in toast to the painting of Laura's dead husband.

ROBERT

To Dead Spouses.

He finishes the drink in one swallow, crosses to the sliding glass doors and looks out at...

EXT. BEACH -- EVENING

A DIVE TEAM big steps off a Search & Rescue boat - looking for Laura's body at the bottom of the ocean.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE PIER -- DAY

Saturday, and the pier is crowded with CHILDREN, FAMILIES, and COUPLES in shorts and T shirts. A uniformed POLICEMAN strolls through the crowd.

Robert stands nervously at the pier railing, throwing bread scraps to the sea gulls.

A WOMAN in shorts, a tank top, and sunglasses moves to the railing next to him, looking out at the water. The Woman pretends not to know Robert.

When she speaks quietly, we realize it's Sandi

SANDI

I miss you.

ROBERT

We shouldn't even be meeting...

SANDI

How'd it go with the police?

ROBERT

They can't close the case until they find a body. They've been searching for days.

(beat)

They were supposed to find the body, do an autopsy, no evidence of foul play... because we didn't give her any drugs, we just took away her medication. You can't see what isn't there. They'd call it an accident, case closed. But they can't find the body...

SANDI

They questioned me.

Robert fights the urge to turn towards her.

ROBERT

What?

SANDI

This cop named Woolrich.

The POLICEMAN wanders past them.

Robert is almost in a panic from the last bit of information, tries to remain calm.

ROBERT

How'd he find you?

SANDI

They questioned everyone on the beach.

Robert is relieved.

SANDI

I miss you, Robert. I want to feel you inside me again.

Her hand touches his on the railing.

SANDI

When can we be together?

ROBERT

Maybe never.

SANDI
What do you mean?

Robert extracts his hand from under hers.

ROBERT
My wife's dead. We murdered her.
(beat)
If the police EVER connect you and me,
we could end up in jail. Understand?
Jail.
(beat)
Maybe even the gas chamber.

He looks away from her.

ROBERT
So we can never see each other. Never.

Sandi tries to maintain her anger... fails.

SANDI
You can't just dump me. Throw me away
like garbage? After what we did
together?

ROBERT
What are you going to do? Go to the
police?

Before Sandi can smile at the possibility, Robert dashes it.

ROBERT
I'm the one with the alibi, remember?
You don't have any alibi for the time
of Laura's murder.

Sandi's expression turns to fear, but Robert continues.

ROBERT
What's more, it's YOUR voice on the
police department's 911 tape.
(smiles)
They can voice-print you, prove it.

The Policeman wanders past them again.
Stopping for a moment.

Robert and Sandi pretend not to know each other, but even
their silence is charged with tension.

When the Policeman moves on, Sandi pleads with Robert.
Tears edge from under her sunglasses.

SANDI
I did it all for you.

ROBERT
Everything you did to help our
"relationship" helped put an end to
it. It's over, Sandi. Over.

She turns towards him, voice louder than it should be.

SANDI
You can't just dump me.

ROBERT
If you don't leave me alone, I'll be
forced to call the police.

Robert walks away, leaving Sandi alone at the railing.
Sandi looks at the water, a sea gull THRASHES and caws...

EXT. OCEAN -- FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

Laura screams and thrashes in the water.

EXT. THE PIER -- DAY

Sandi slams her hands over her ears, trying to block out the
noise of the sea gulls.

EXT. OCEAN -- EVENING

The Dive Team splashes out of the water, back onto the boat.
The Search & Rescue boat starts up and heads to the shore.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Robert watches the boat head back to the pier.

BUNNY (O.S.)
What you looking at?

Robert lets the curtains fall closed and turns to the Beach
Bunny, smiling.

ROBERT
The most beautiful girl in the world.

He takes her in his arms and starts dancing with her.

Robert whispers in the Beach Bunny's ear, she giggles.

BUNNY

Really?

ROBERT

Let's find out.

BUNNY

Okay.

Robert dances towards the sliding glass door with the Beach Bunny, and they move outside.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Robert and the Bunny end up on the chaise longue.

She giggles as he undresses her.

BUNNY

Out here?

ROBERT

Don't worry, nobody's watching.

(sotto)

The police are between shifts.

Robert and the beach Bunny make love on the chaise longue.

Robert and the beach Bunny's naked bodies move rhythmically. Sweaty sounds echo across the dunes. Slap. Slap. Slap.

ON A DUNE OVERLOOKING THE BEACH HOUSE

Sandi watches Robert and the beach Bunny make love. Something slaps against her left hand rhythmically.

We move down slowly to see that it's a big kitchen knife. Slap. Slap. Slap.

The knife glitters in the moonlight.

Sandi puts the knife in her tote-bag, turns, and walks away.

Sandi becomes is a silhouette on the beach in the moonlight.

EXT. BEACH -- MORNING

Robert jogs along the beach, dressed in shorts and a hooded sweat shirt.

Tries not to look at the Dive Team as they continue to search for his wife's body. Splash! Splash! They enter the water.

ON A DUNE

Sandi watches Robert jog, a distant silhouette.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Robert carries groceries from the Jaguar.
He balances them as he unlocks the front door.

DOWN THE STREET

Sandi watches him enter the house.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Robert looks out the sliding glass door at the ocean...

Sees Sandi, just a silhouette, watching his house from a dune.

Robert frowns and moves away from the door.

He mixes himself a drink at the bar, thinking about this.

He returns to the sliding glass door with his drink, wondering if she's gone.

SANDI IS STILL THERE.

Standing on the stand dune, watching the beach house.

ROBERT

Shit.

Robert downs his entire drink in one gulp.

EXT. BEACH -- AFTERNOON

Sandi watches the house from a dune.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Robert on the phone, lets the curtains fall - hiding Sandi from his view.

LAWYER (V.O.)

You can't file a life insurance claim until it's classified as an accidental death. For that they need a body.

ROBERT
What if they never find her body?

LAWYER (V.O.)
You wait seven years.

ROBERT
Seven years? What about our other assets? The checking account is almost tapped and I'm running out of room on the credit cards.

LAWYER (V.O.)
There ARE no other assets. Laura has everything tied up in this Fuller deal.

ROBERT
Everything?

LAWYER (V.O.)
Eighteen point three million dollars. She even borrowed against the house.

ROBERT
What am I supposed to do when the money runs out?

LAWYER (V.O.)
Find a job?

Robert hangs up.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

The beach house at night.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Robert moves to the sliding glass doors, looks out at the beach.

Sandi still stands on the sand dune.

Robert turns away from the glass and heads towards the bar.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE DRIVEWAY -- MORNING

Robert steps out onto the porch to get the newspaper.

When he looks up, paper in hand, Sandi is standing behind his parked Jaguar.

ROBERT

What are you doing here?

She places the tip of her keys against the side of the Jag.

SANDI

Just going for a walk.

Robert hears the keys SCREECHING against the car as she walks its length.

Sandi gives Robert a final smile, then puts her keys in her tote-bag and continues down the street.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Robert races in, tossing his paper on the sofa, and scoops up the phone.

Robert dials the police number from an 'In Case Of Emergency' sticker.

VOICE (V.O.)

Cain's Point Police Department.

(beat)

Can I help you?

Robert slowly hangs up the phone, frowning.

WHEN HE OPENS HIS PAPER, the headline reads:

"Society Woman Missing"...

Someone has written "Murdered" over "Missing" in red ink.

THE NEWSPAPER DROPS to the floor.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

A TRUCK pulls over to the side of the road and stops. The passenger door opens, and Teddy hops out.

TEDDY

Hey. Thanks for the ride.

Teddy grabs his duffle bag from the truck and shuts the door.

As the truck speeds away, Teddy slings the duffle bag over his shoulder and heads towards the beach.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

Teddy finds a bench to sleep on.
He uses the duffle bag as a pillow, and grabs an old newspaper
to put over his face.

The newspaper's headline jumps out at him:

"Society Woman Missing"

TEDDY

Shit.

He pulls the newspaper from his face and tries to read it.
There's a little spill light from a street light, and by
holding the paper at the correct angle, he can read.

"Heiress presumed dead. Victim of riptides."

TEDDY

He killed her.

(grins)

Killed his fucking wife, and I was his
alibi.

Teddy drops the newspaper to the sand.

TEDDY

Five grand just ain't enough.

The newspaper lays on the sand.

INT. ROBERT'S JAGUAR -- DAY

Robert buckles his seat belt and starts the car, notices the
newspaper under his wiper blade.

"Murdered" has been written over "Missing" in red ink again.

ROBERT

Fucking bitch.

Robert gets out of the car, ripping the newspaper from under
the wiper and destroying it.

He gets back into the car and drives away.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

As the Jaguar drives away, Sandi reaches down and picks up
the newspaper, smiling.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY -- DAY

Establishing shot of the public library.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY -- DAY

At a microfilm machine Sandi flips through the Dallas Tribune.

She looks at a sheet of light blue paper with Dashiell Industries letterhead with a hand written list of Newspapers, Dates, and Page Numbers... under the heading Robert Goodis.

Her research.

The page number next to Dallas Tribune is "3".

She scrolls through to page 3.

ON THE SCREEN

The newspaper page - Headline reads: "Society Woman Killed In Auto Accident".

A photo of Robert - identified as "Robert Hammett.

Sandi flips through pages from the Boston Globe, stopping at an article on page twelve.

ON THE SCREEN

Headline reads: "Woman Mugged/Murdered".

Sandi puts her finger on the victim's name: "Mrs. Robert Gardner"... but the photo of the husband is Robert Goodis.

Sandi flips through pages of the San Francisco Examiner, stopping at an article on page three.

ON THE SCREEN

The newspaper headline: "Society Woman Killed By BART train". The victim's name: Helen Daly, wife of Robert Daly.

A PHOTO shows Robert Goodis... and his dead wife.

Sandi sits back in her chair.

SANDI

He's a fucking black widower.

She inserts a roll of microfilm from the New York Times, and flips through it.

A photo of Robert with another last name & another dead wife.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Robert flips through a copy of Forbes, sipping a cocktail, when the phone rings.

ROBERT

Hello?

TEDDY (V.O.)

Is this Mister Robert Goodis?

ROBERT

Yes. Who is this?

TEDDY (V.O.)

Sorry to hear about your wife.

(beat)

A shame she had to die like that...
leave you all that money.

ROBERT

Who is this?

EXT. PAY PHONE AT PIER -- DAY

Teddy leans against the phone booth wall, smiling.

TEDDY

You don't even recognize your partner's
voice? I'm shocked.

(grins)

This is Teddy Lewis. I'm back in town,
and I thought I might return your charge
card....

ROBERT (V.O.)

I have nothing to say to you.

TEDDY

Well, if you'd rather I turned it over
to the police... Along with this call
re-router.

ROBERT (V.O.)

What do you want?

TEDDY

Now we're talking, huh?

(grins)

I read in the newspaper that your wife
was worth millions.

(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I wouldn't ask for that much...
But ninety thousand would probably
keep me quiet.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

ROBERT

Go to hell.

Robert hangs up the phone and collapses onto the sofa.
It's all coming apart.

THE PHONE RINGS LOUDLY.
Robert jumps.

He picks up the phone.

ROBERT

Hello?

EXT. PAY PHONE AT PIER -- DAY

TEDDY

If you don't pay me, I'll tell
everything I know to the police and
you'll end up doing life in prison.

(beat)

How much is life worth to you?

Teddy hangs up before Robert can answer.
Leaves the phone booth and closing the door behind him.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Robert steps out to grab his newspaper.

When he opens the paper, a dozen Xeroxes fall onto the porch.

ROBERT

Shit.

Robert bends down to pick up the copies...

COPIES OF NEWSPAPER STORIES about his late wives.
One Xerox for each wife.
Six in all.

ROBERT

My God.

Bundling up the copies before a nosey neighbor can see them, he bolts into the house.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Robert drops the Xerox copies on the floor, locks and bolts the door... Trying to keep the world out.

THE PHONE RINGS LOUDLY.

Robert ignores it, sliding down the door to sit on the floor. It's all falling apart.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Robert comes out of the house dressed in a summer suit and white shirt, car keys in hand, and stops suddenly.

THE JAGUAR is covered with graffiti.
Red letters spell out the word "MURDERER" all over the car.

ROBERT

Shit.

Robert drops his keys and runs to the car.

ROBERT

NO! NO! NO!

He runs his hand over the car, and when he pulls it away, there's red paint on his palm.

Robert races across the yard, grabs the garden hose and turns on the faucet.

MARK

Hey, Robby. Finally caught you!

Robert spins, sees Mark standing on the property line.

Spray from the garden hose barely misses Mark as Robert spins.

MARK

Hey! Watch it there!

ROBERT

Mark... Caught me what?

Robert keeps Mark focused on him, so that he doesn't notice graffitied car.

MARK
Watering your lawn. Thought you had a
gardening service for that?

ROBERT
This heat... dries out the lawn...

Mark looks at Robert's hands, covered with red paint.

MARK
(laughs)
Looks like I caught you red handed!

ROBERT
(tries laughing)
Just a little paint.

MARK
Well, I hope it comes off... Some of
that stuff's permanent.
(beat)
You just gotta WEAR it off.

Robert tries not to look down at his hands, can't help it.

MARK
Anything on Laura? I see they've got
divers out there every day.

ROBERT
Nothing.

MARK
Thought about posting a reward for
information? Maybe putting together
search parties?

ROBERT
If the Police and Coast Guard can't
find her... and there are money issues.

MARK
Get volunteers. Some of these beach kids --

ROBERT
I asked you to keep an eye on her. Did
you see her go out to swim?

MARK
I... I may have.

ROBERT

The police may call off their search unless they can find someone who actually saw her swimming that night.

MARK

Oh.

ROBERT

I need closure, Mark. If you could tell them that you saw her --

MARK

If we get jammed up in a lie it's not going to help either one of us... Look, I've got to go.

(beat)

I hope they find her.

Before Robert can stop himself, he waves a red hand at Mark.

Mark gets into his car and drives off.

Robert watches the car drive off, turns to his graffitied Jag.

ROBERT

Shit. Better come off.

Robert sprays the hose at his car.

Red paint begins running down the vehicle like dripping blood.

Some parts won't spray clean, and Robert rubs the paint off with his hands.

RED WATER runs down the gutter and into the storm drain. Spinning into the drain. Twisting.

Soon the Jaguar is clean, but Robert is covered with red paint. His shirt, his suit, his hands; all are stained red. He turns off the faucet, notices his clothes and hands.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Robert keeps scrubbing his hands in the sink, but can't get all of the red paint off.

He scrubs until his hands are raw and bleeding.

Robert EXPLODES in frustration.

ROBERT

Shit! Shit! Shit!

He breaks everything in the bathroom of Laura's he can find, crashing it all into the bathtub. Crash! Smash!

Then Robert slides down the wall to the cool floor, covering his face with his red hands. Covering his confusion.

IN THE BATHTUB

Variegated colors from shampoos, medicines, and perfumes twist together in a confusion of strange patterns.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

Sandi watches the beach house, dressed in a TIE-DIED SHIRT. The cause of Robert's confusion.

AROUND HER kids play, laughing, throwing Frisbees. It's a typical bright sunny day at the beach.

Sandi smiles as she watches the beach house. Humming "Michael Rows The Boat To shore".

SUDDENLY, a hand grabs her shoulder. Pulling her back.

Sandi spins around in shock... Sees the man who has captured her...

Teddy, dressed in his usual beach bum attire, grinning.

TEDDY

Like Marco Polo said: Long time no sea.

SANDI

What are you doing here?

TEDDY

Question is: What are YOU doing here?
(grins)
Watching the man's house, aren't you?

Sandi doesn't answer.

TEDDY

(grins)
You helped him waste her, didn't you?

Sandi steps away from him.

TEDDY

Hey, no reason to freak. So did I, remember... I was his alibi.

A trace of fear on Sandi's face, but she stops backing away.

TEDDY

So how much did he give you?

SANDI

Nothing.

TEDDY

So you're trying to fuck the man over, right? Give him a head trip? Do a little "Gidget Goes Psychotic" number on him?

SANDI

Trying to see how far I can reach.

TEDDY

Why not get him where it hurts? Below the belt. You know?

(grins)

In his wallet.

Sandi looks back at the beach house.

Teddy knows he's hooked her.

TEDDY

Look, with what you know, and what I know, we could send the man to the gas chamber. He knows that.

(grins)

I'm sure he'd rather pay us a few measly hundred thousand dollars than be a guest of the state, huh?

(wider grin)

Am I right?

SANDI

You're right.

She says with a wicked smile.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Robert piles all of the newspapers and Xerox copies in the bathroom sink and lights them on fire.

Watches them burn down to ash, then washes away the residue.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Robert mixes himself a drink at the bar, trying to relax. Takes a sip, smiles, then crosses to the sofa and sits down.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! Someone knocks on the door.

Robert grabs his Colt Python 357 Magnum, cautiously opens the front door...

Dt. WOOLRICH stands on the other side of the threshold.

Robert keeps the gun hidden.

ROBERT
Have you found her?

WOOLRICH
No. I'm sorry.

Robert slides the gun into his belt under his coat.

WOOLRICH
Mind if I come in? Got a couple of questions - might help us find your wife.

He allows Woolrich to enter, careful to keep the gun hidden.

ROBERT
What kind of questions?

WOOLRICH
We've decided to call off the dive teams. They've gone over every inch out there - haven't found anything.

ROBERT
You have to keep looking.

Woolrich pokes around the house as he talks - doing a casual search. Robert tries to pull Woolrich's focus away from potential evidence back to him... while keeping the gun hidden. Two predators - circling each other - ready to pounce.

WOOLRICH
We're beginning to believe she was never in the water.

ROBERT
Didn't someone see her by the buoy?

WOOLRICH
I've questioned everyone on the beach, no one admits to making that call.

ROBERT
You're just going to give up?

WOOLRICH
How did you get back from San Francisco?

ROBERT
A Boing 737 - I don't remember which seat.

WOOLRICH
Airlines have no record of your return.

ROBERT
You saying I'm still in San Francisco?
(smiles)
I traded tickets at the gate. I don't know how their system works, so I have no idea why there's no record of my return. Obviously I'm here, right?

Woolrich pops a Pez, waits him out.

ROBERT
My wife drowned while I was in San Francisco. You found her bathing suit.

WOOLRICH
You ever been married before?

ROBERT
What does that have to do with anything?
No.

WOOLRICH
Even under another name?

ROBERT
Usually it's the wife who changes her name. How is this bullshit helping to find my wife?

Woolrich starts poking around at the bar.

WOOLRICH
We'd like permission to search the house.

ROBERT
What do you expect to find? Her car's in the garage, her clothes are in the closet, the only thing missing is her bathing suit - and you have that.

Woolrich find the wine glass with the popped button.
Pours the button into his hand, studies it... pockets it.

WOOLRICH
We'd still like to look around - what
have you got to hide?

ROBERT
My wife drowned while swimming. Her
body is out there. Not here.

WOOLRICH
So you aren't going to let us search?

ROBERT
Not unless you have a warrant.

Woolrich nods, heads to the front door.

WOOLRICH
Might try a little lotion on those
hands. They look pretty rough.

ROBERT
Goodbye Detective Woolrich.

Robert closes the door behind Woolrich, pours a fresh drink.

SUDDENLY, the phone rings, startling him.

Robert spills his drink on his pants, picks up the phone.

ROBERT
Shit.

EXT. PAY PHONE AT PIER -- DAY

Teddy stands in the phone booth, smiling.

TEDDY
Is that anyway to answer your phone?
Where are your manners?

ROBERT
What do you want?

TEDDY
You'd never guess who I bumped in to
today on the beach? Old friend of
yours. Used to go rowing with you
late at night.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Color drains from Robert's face.

ROBERT
Is she with you now?

TEDDY
Sure. Say hello to the man.

SANDI
You shouldn't have dumped me.

TEDDY
Sounds like you could use a few pointers
on how to handle women, Mr. Goodis.

ROBERT
What do you want?

EXT. PAY PHONE AT PIER -- DAY

TEDDY
Thought I'd sell you a used phone re-
router. Keep the phone from ringing
off the hook at your place.

(grins)
I'm sure you'd rather hear the sound
of silence than the sound of sirens.
Am I right?

(cold)
I mean, you don't want the police to
call you and ask where you REALLY were
the night of your wife's death.

ROBERT
You can't prove anything.

TEDDY
Alone I can't. But add a little
testimony from Sandi, here, and you're
sitting on death row up in San Quentin
waiting for the gas chamber.

(beat)
Think about it.

ROBERT
How much do you want?

TEDDY
What does five hundred thousand sound
like to you?

ROBERT
Too much.

TEDDY
Five hundred thousand it is, then.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- DAY

Robert tries to control his anger.

ROBERT
Both of you, you and Sandi, show up at
my place tonight at three A.M.
(beat)
Bring the re-router. I'll have the
money for you.

He hangs up the phone.

EXT. PAY PHONE AT PIER -- DAY

Teddy hangs up and turns to Sandi.

TEDDY
Done. Two hundred and fifty Gs for
you, two hundred and fifty Gs for me.

SANDI
He's really going to pay?

TEDDY
We meet him at his house, tonight after
three.

Sandi smiles

Teddy grabs his duffle bag and hoists it over his shoulder.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

Teddy, duffle bag hoisted over his shoulder, walks down the
beach to the Beach House with Sandi.

Waves crash against the shore in the moonlight.

Teddy and Sandi stop on the crest of a dune overlooking the
beach house.

Then they continue down to the beach house.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Dark.

Teddy slides open the glass door, allowing Sandi to precede him into the house.

SANDI

Robert?

No answer.

She ventures deeper into the room, finding the light switch. Click.

Light illuminates the room.

SANDI AND TEDDY HAVE WALKED RIGHT INTO HELL.

Furniture is in disarray, the TV and stereo are gone, and the wall safe has been torched open. The place looks like it's been hit by a team of dangerous, violent burglars.

Sandi and Teddy are shocked by the destruction.

ROBERT

Welcome to my nightmare.

A CHAIR SWIVELS AROUND, exposing Robert; smiling, with his Colt Python 357 Magnum in his right hand.

SANDI

What happened?

ROBERT

Oh this? Just a cover story to explain the missing half million dollars I'm about to give you.

Teddy looks around, not sure he believes the story.

ROBERT

Did you bring the re-router?

TEDDY

Yeah.

ROBERT

Let me see it.

TEDDY

You first.

Robert sets his car keys down, reaches into his coat pocket, pulls out a bundle of money and tosses it to Teddy.

Teddy catches the money in one hand, then examines it.

TEDDY

What's this? A down payment?

(beat)

Hey, we're not on the installment plan, here.

ROBERT

You'll get the rest as soon as I check out to re-router.

Teddy pockets the money, and reaches down to his duffle bag. He pulls out the call re-router, handing it towards Robert.

ROBERT

Just put it on the table.

Teddy places the re-router on the coffee table.

TEDDY

Now where's the rest of the money?

Robert smiles broadly, moving to his feet, but keeping the 357 Magnum aimed in Teddy's direction.

ROBERT

Can I tell you a funny story?

(smiles)

Two days after my first little party, I noticed some of my diamond cuff-links, and of course, my gold Rolex, at a pawn shop. You know who pawned them? Whose name was on the slip?

(smiles at Teddy)

Teddy Lewis.

Teddy frowns.

ROBERT

Teddy the rip off.

(smiles)

That's what gave me the idea. The solution to all of my problems.

Sandi looks from Teddy to Robert.

ROBERT

You see, I came home late tonight and found you two burglarizing my home. There was a struggle, you were armed with this gun...

Robert pulls a cheap 22 Automatic pistol from his pocket and tosses it to Teddy.

Teddy catches the gun, aiming it at Robert.

ROBERT

I had to protect my home and property,
so I was forced to shoot both of you.

(smiles)

A homeowner's right. It's an unwritten
law.

(beat)

When the police investigate, they'll
find that you've stolen some things
before.

(smiles)

Case closed.

Teddy points the gun at Robert's face and pulls the trigger a half dozen times.

Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click.

ROBERT

It's empty.

Robert pulls a clip with one live round, and four shell casings from his pocket, tossing them on the floor.

ROBERT

But recently fired.

Teddy drops the gun and runs towards the glass doors.

BANG!

BANG!

Robert fires twice.

Blood sprays from Teddy's chest, staining the wall.

Sandi screams and bolts into the Dining Room.

Robert twists around and aims at Sandi... But she's gone.

INT. DINING ROOM -- DAY

Sandi runs in panic, knocking over a pair of chairs.
She bumps the table, sending a crystal vase shattering to the floor.

Ahead of her: a closed door to the right, an archway straight ahead... which way to the garage?

Sandi runs through the archway, and immediately regrets it.

INT. KITCHEN

Sandi stops just inside the archway.
The kitchen is a dead end.
No exit.
No where to hide.

ROBERT (O.S.)
We can still work this together Sandi.

Sandi hears Robert yell, still in the living room.
She turns, bolting back into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

Sandi bolts to the closed door, fumbling with the knob.
Robert slowly enters, 357 Magnum in hand.
Sandi gets the door open and squeezes out of the Dining Room...
As Robert approaches.

INT. HALLWAY

Sandi has a choice of three doors, chooses the middle one.
Opening it and disappearing inside...
JUST AS ROBERT opens the hall door.
He looks down the hall, wondering which door Sandi picked.

ROBERT
Well? Door number one? Door number
two? Or door number three?

Robert makes a choice and begins moving towards a door.

INT. LIBRARY

Sandi cowers against the wall, watching the door knob.

ROBERT (O.S.)
We could be a team. You take the rich
husbands, I take the wealthy wives.

Footsteps get closer in the hallway.

The door to the room next door is kicked in, and Sandi hears
furniture knocked over.

Sandi bolts to the closet, loosing a shoe along the way.
No time to go back for it.

She quietly slides the closet door open and crawls inside.

Sandi closes the closet door just as Robert kicks down the door to the room.

Wood splinters through the room as the door smashes in.

Robert aims the Colt Python into the room, eyes searching.

THE LIBRARY has a desk with Laura's PC, several shelves of books, a pair of wing-backed chairs, and a connecting door to the master bathroom.

Robert looks from desk to chair, wondering where she's hiding.

IN THE CLOSET

Sandi cowers against the wall, listening to the foot steps.

INT. LIBRARY

Robert almost backs out of the dark room...
But something on the floor glitters.
He flips on the lights.

On the floor is Sandi's sequined left shoe.

ROBERT

Cinderella, you seem to have lost your
glass slipper.

IN THE CLOSET

Sandi hears Robert kicking over furniture searching for her.
She scrunches up in the corner, hoping not to be found.

INT. LIBRARY

Robert aims the 357 Magnum under the desk, no one hiding there.
He kicks over one of the wing-back chairs.

ROBERT

I know you're in here, Cinderella. So
why don't you just come out? We can
find a way to make this work. Blame it
all on Teddy. You and I can still be
together.

IN THE CLOSET

Sandi cowers in the corner.
Listening as Robert's FOOTSTEPS go RIGHT PAST HER.
She holds her breath.
The footsteps move away.

INT. LIBRARY

Robert passes the closet door, looking.
Gun ready.

ROBERT

We can live happily ever after.

Robert walks to the bathroom door and opens it.

INT. BATHROOM

Robert springs into the room, gun ready.
Nobody here.

He looks at the closed shower door and advances slowly.

One hand on the shower door, one hand on the Magnum, he slides open the shower door and fires a shot that ricochets through the shower, but hits nothing.

The shower is empty.

He opens the connecting door to the Master Bedroom.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM

Robert sees nothing in the bedroom, backs into the Bathroom.

IN THE CLOSET

Sandi hears no footsteps.
She reaches up and begins slowly opening the closet door.

THEN SHE HEARS the footsteps approaching.

INT. LIBRARY

As Robert enters from the bathroom, the closet door silently squeezes shut on the other side of the room.

Robert bends down to examine the shoe on the floor.

ROBERT
How far can you run without your shoe,
Cinderella?

IN THE CLOSET

Sandi looks down at her bare foot, remembers the broken vase.

INT. BEACH HOUSE

The broken vase. Blocking the exit.

INT. LIBRARY

Robert spots the sliding closet door and smiles.

He saunters over to the closet.

Robert pulls back his foot to kick open the door.

Suddenly, the door jerks open and Sandi attacks.
She swings her tote bag at Robert, connects with his gun arm.

Robert's Colt Python goes skittering across the floor.

Sandi swings the tote bag again.

Robert jumps back, and the bag breezes right under his nose.

ROBERT
(smiles)
Found you.

Sandi pulls back the tote-bag to swing again.

Robert grabs a chair, pulling it up for protection.

The bag slams against it, make-up flying through the room.

Robert pokes the chair at Sandi, like a lion tamer.

Sandi takes a step back, trying to avoid the chair.

Robert pokes again, laughing.

Sandi grabs the front chair legs in he hands and tries to
pull the chair away from Robert.

Robert spins the chair left, then right, slapping Sandi's
hands from the legs.

Then he pokes the chair at Sandi once more, forcing her up against the wall.

ROBERT
Right where I want you.

Robert swings the chair at Sandi.
It shatters over her, knocking her onto the floor.
Chair legs bounce against the floor behind her.

Robert scoops up his revolver, standing over Sandi.

Sandi kicks up with both legs, aiming for his groin.

BULLS EYE!

Robert screams and goes down.

Sandi scrambles across the carpet towards the bathroom door,
torn tote-bag slung over her shoulder - spilling make-up.

INT. BATHROOM

Sandi tries to slam the door behind her.

BUT IT'S TOO LATE.
Robert is halfway through the door when she closes it.

The door hits him in the face, but he doesn't go down.
He keeps pushing on the door.
Trying to muscle it open.

Sandi pushes the door with all of her strength.
Can't get it closed.

Robert reaches a hand through, grabbing blindly at her face.

Sandi SCREAMS as the hand clutches at her throat.

She fights the hand off...
.....taking a little pressure from the door.

Robert pushes the door open four more inches, gaining control.

Sandi slams against the door, crushing his arm.

Robert SCREAMS, pulls back his arm and steps up pressure on the door.

THEY PUSH BACK AND FORTH WITH THE DOOR.
Robert trying to get in, Sandi trying to keep him out.

SEVERAL TIMES Robert gets a hand through to terrorize her. Gouging at her face or ripping at her clothes.

AT ONE POINT, Robert has enough space to squeeze inside.

Sandi SLAMS against the door, pinning his shoulder. When Robert screams, and withdraws his arm, Sandi SLAMS the door closed and flips the lock.

Sandi takes a step back, bumping into the counter.

She's trapped in the tiny bathroom.

Robert POUNDS on the door.

ROBERT

Open up. Let me inside.

Sandi panics as Robert pounds harder on the door.

Then she spots the knife handle in her tote bag.

ROBERT

You know you want me inside.

Sandi pulls the knife from her torn tote-bag. It glitters in the light.

BLAM!

A bullet blasts through the door. Sending a spray of splinters through the bathroom.

BLAM! BLAM!

More bullets punch holes in the door. Splinters spray.

Sandi bolts through the connecting door, into the Master Bedroom.

CRASH!

Robert breaks through the door, sending wood flying through the bathroom.

Silhouetted in the door frame, he is a picture of evil.

ROBERT

Please, Sandi, don't make me do anything we'll both regret.

Robert advances to the swinging connecting door.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM

Sandi dives under the bed, trying to hide.

Robert sees her feet disappear in the shadows.

ROBERT
Cinderella?

Robert crosses the bedroom and grabs Sandi's ankle.

ROBERT
Gotcha!

Yanks on Sandi's leg, tries to pull her from under the bed.

Sandi grabs hold of the bed frame, holding on.
Fingers trying to dig into the metal.

Robert pulls HARDER on her ankle.

Sandi holds the frame with all of her strength.
She feels her fingers slipping.

Robert pulls on her ankle...

Then lets go, and JUMPS onto the bed, aiming his gun down.

When Robert lets go of her ankle, Sandi scurries away...

Coming out from under the bed...

Robert smiles down his gun sights...
As Sandi crawls from under the bed...
Right into his cross-hairs!

ROBERT
Gotcha.

Sandi grabs the bed sheets tightly as she looks up at the
crazy leer of Robert towering over her.

ROBERT
Fairy tale's over, Cinderella.

Robert points the 357 Magnum at her face.

Sandi pulls as hard as she can on the sheets.

THE SHEETS move out from under Robert.
He loses his balance, falling down on top of the bed... The
gun falls from his hand.

Robert bounces on his butt, laughing like a kid on a trampoline.

Sandi crawls from under the bed, knife in hand.

Robert bounces onto the floor.

Sandi stabs out at his leg...

Bingo!

Robert SCREAMS as the blade sinks into his thigh.

Sandi begins crawling away at top speed.

ROBERT

You bitch!

Robert pulls the knife from his thigh and springs for Sandi.

Sandi turns to see: The knife blade slicing towards her face.

Sandi rolls to the left and the knife whizzes an inch from her face, plunging into the carpet.

Robert swings the knife at her again.

Sandi rolls to the right, and the knife severs her earlobe.

Fear shows in her eyes as the glittering knife blade flashes up into the air to plunge again.

As the knife shrieks down at her, she rolls her head out of the way, losing a handful of hair.

Robert flips onto his knees, straddling her, jabbing the knife down towards her face.

Sandi feels the knife cut her hair, moves her head aside.

Robert swings the knife down towards her face again.

Sandi swings out at the knife with her hands, knocking it off aim. It plunges into the carpet next to her head.

When Robert pulls it out, Sandi grabs his wrists and twists them. She pulls the knife around, aiming it at Robert, then uses all of her strength to push it up to his face.

Robert tries pulling his face away from the knife. He struggles.

Finally, he just lets go of the knife, allowing it to fall onto the carpet next to her face.

Sandi tries crawling away, but doesn't get far.

Robert grabs the knife.

Brings it high over his head for maximum impact.

The blade begins hurtling down.

Sandi sees the blade FLYING towards her left eye.

THE BLADE speeds down at her.

Sandi grabs the dresser leg in both hands and pulls with all of her strength.

HER BODY pulls out from under Robert.

THE KNIFE slams into the carpet between her legs, missing flesh by an eighth of an inch.

Sandi begins crawling away, into the living room.

Robert sees her getting away.
Tries to pull the knife from the floor.
It's in too deep.

ROBERT

Shit!

He can't get it out.

Then he stops, and turns towards the bed....

Where the gun glitters in the light.

ROBERT

More fun with a gun...

Forgetting the knife, Robert picks up the revolver.

INT. BEACH HOUSE

Sandi scrambles over Teddy's corpse to the fallen 22 Auto.

She grabs the clip, with its single shell, and SLAMS it into the butt of the gun.

That's when Robert pounces on her.
Knocking the gun out of her hand.
THE 22 AUTOMATIC goes skittering across the floor.

Robert and Sandi roll across the floor, punching and scratching at each other. The tote-bag rips all the way open. A blue sheet of paper flutters from the tote-bag.

Sandi tries to keep a grip on the Robert, but lets go when they plow into a chair.

Robert rolls onto his feet, revolver in his right hand.

Sandi scrambles to her feet.

Robert aims the 357 Magnum at Sandi's face.

Sandi grabs the barrel, pushing it up into the air.

Robert squeezes the trigger.

BLAM!

Exploding right between them.

Ceiling plaster rains over them, dust diffusing the light.

ROBERT
Damned bitch!

Robert tries to twist the barrel down at Sandi's face.

Sandi tries to keep the damned thing away from her.

BLAM!

Another shot blasts through the ceiling.

Robert pulls the gun back out of her grip...
Then lets her have it: Right across the face.

Sandi sprawls to the floor from the pistol whipping...
Her fingers touch something metal.

The 22 Automatic.

Robert grabs a handful of Sandi's hair.
Pulls her face into shooting range.
Something catches his eye - the blue sheet of paper.

Dashiell Industries letterhead - a list of newspaper stories.
Robert is confused.

Sandi looks down the barrel of the revolver.

ROBERT
Our relationship is over.

BANG!

Robert is shot in the face and blown off Sandi.

Sandi staggers to her feet and aims the 22 Automatic down at
Robert's corpse.

SANDI
Bastard.

She pulls the trigger again, but all she gets is a click. Out
of bullets. She throws the empty 22 down at Robert's corpse.

She bends over Teddy's corpse, pulls the bundle of money from his pocket, flips through it.

SANDI

We'll call this severance pay.

Sandi picks up the phone and dials 911.

SANDI

Hello, Police?

(beat)

I'd like to talk to a Detective Woolrich.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Sandi sits across from Woolrich, telling her story.

SANDI

Teddy and I were surfing late at night, and saw them. He took his wife out on a boat and threw her over the side. She was pulled under by the riptides. It was horrible.

WOOLRICH

What'd you do?

SANDI

I called the police as soon as we got to shore.

WOOLRICH

I know.

He hits the button on a cassette player, and Sandi's voice comes on.

SANDI (V.O.)

I want to report a drowning...

(zips through fast
forward)

Look, I wanted to help her. But she was too far out. Too close to the rip tides.

Woolrich hits the stop button.

WOOLRICH

Why didn't you mention the murder at the time?

SANDI

I don't know.

He drops some of the Xerox copies of the "past wives" articles in front of her.

WOOLRICH

Someone mailed me these two days ago.
Interesting reading.

Woolrich grabs one of the articles.

WOOLRICH

Somebody did a lot of digging to find this. But money is a powerful motivation.
(smiles)
You and Teddy were blackmailing him.

SANDI

No...

WOOLRICH

In this state, extortion's good for five to ten in the state pen.
(pops a Pez)
That's a long time away from the beach.

SANDI

It was Teddy's idea, I didn't want to --

Woolrich puts the Xerox copies in the file folder.

WOOLRICH

Not enough evidence to prosecute, and what's the point?
(closes the file)
Goodis got his, Teddy got his...
(puts the file away)
But if I hear about you so much as jay walking in my city, I'll open it.
Understand?

SANDI

Yes, sir... Thank you.

Woolrich grabs his Pez Dispenser, pops a lemon Pez.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Sandi walks past a "Entering Cain's Point" sign - leaving town. She sticks out her thumb as a car zooms towards her.

The second car that passes her pulls to the shoulder and Sandi grabs her suitcase, runs up and climbs in.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Sandi throws her suitcase into the back seat...
Next to her Top Cat backpack - empty, now.

WOMAN
Where you headed?

SANDI
Anywhere but here.

WOMAN
That's exactly where I'm going.

She gives the Woman driving the car a kiss...
One hell of a good kiss.
The Woman is Laura Goodis - alive!

LAURA
I'm wearing your panties.
(smiles)
How'd you get to be so lucky?

SANDI
Just learned how to reach.

LAURA
He always underestimated me. Now I'm
free. No responsibility. Just the
open road... like Jack Keroack.

Laura pulls the car onto the road, we see the Top Cat backpack.

WE ZIP BACKWARDS THROUGH TIME - everything around the Top Cat
backpack a blur of motion.

EXT. THE PIER -- NIGHT

Stopping when Sandi hands Laura (in her bathing suit) the Top
Cat backpack filled with her clothes. Laura pulls Sandi into
her arms and kisses her - one hell of a kiss. A DRUNK in the
background watches them make out.

ZIP BACKWARDS - Sandi seems to take back the backpack, she
and Laura get on the boat... then everything but an oar becomes
a blur of motion.

EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT

Stopping when Sandi rows the boat to the buoy, where Laura clings for her life. Sandi helps Laura into the boat.

ZIP BACK - everything around the Top Cat backpack on Sandi's back a blur of motion.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sandi sets the Top Cat backpack down next to the dresser, counts down to drawer number four and opens it.

Behind the clothes in the fourth drawer - a vial of pills. Sandi tosses the vial into the backpack with Laura's clothes.

ZIP BACK - everything around the pill vial a blur.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Laura takes pills from the vial.

ROBERT (V.O.)
You took your medication, right?

LAURA (V.O.)
Of course.

Laura hides the vial in the fourth drawer and closes it.

ZIP BACK - everything a blur...

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- EVENING

Laura and Sandi talking.

LAURA
You have to make a decision - sleep
with him or deal with me.

Sandi decides to make a deal with Laura. She takes the sheet of blue paper, walks off across the sand... a new beginning.

FADE OUT