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## Suicide

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SUICIDE

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the  
University of New Orleans  
in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts  
in  
Drama and Communications

by

Kurt Inderbitzin

B.A. Georgetown University, 1985

May 2005

## Suicide

By Kurt Inderbitzin

FADE IN:

1 EXT. RUN-DOWN BAR - NIGHT

1

LISA TRUMAN -- early 30s, pretty -- emerges from the bar, stands there a beat, indecisive. Starts walking up the dimly lit street, looking around nervously with each step.

She reaches the turn off to the alley, looks down it. It's silent, dark. She freezes, takes a deep breath. She tries to block out her fear, moves determinedly ahead, several yards into the alley's darkness.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Got any change?

Startled, Lisa swings around, makes out a STREETWOMAN digging through a garbage can. Lisa shakes her head, continues forward, more hesitant, more nervous with each step.

She reaches the end of the alley, where it dead-ends into another alley running perpendicular to it. Suddenly the alley's lit up like daylight. Lisa spins around, is blinded by the...

HEADLIGHTS of a car heading right at her. She shields her eyes, tries to move out of the way. For a beat, the car looks like it's going to run her over, but it stops directly in front of her. A MAN sticks his head out the driver's side window.

MAN

Get in.

Lisa's frozen, her mind racing.

LISA

Can't we just--

MAN

You want to hire me, get in the car.

Lisa looks back over her shoulder, wonders for a beat if she should try to disappear down the alley.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

She looks back at the man, makes up her mind. She moves towards him, reaches the passenger door, opens it, sees him clearly for the first time. He's fiftyish, clean-cut, trim, wearing a Cubs jacket.

She climbs into the car, hears the Cubs game on the radio.

2 INT. CAR - NIGHT

2

The man looks her over.

MAN  
Shut the door?

She shuts the door and he starts the engine.

LISA  
Why can't we talk here--

He raises his hand...she flinches, as though she expected him to hit her, but instead he turns the radio up.

MAN  
Was sittin' in the bleachers for  
every Cubs game for thirty years  
until night baseball.

He listens to a play, then turns it back down.

He pulls the car down the alley, reaches the street and turns left.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Did you bring the money?

Lisa nods, pulls out an envelope. Hands it to him.

MAN (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
Who am I after?

She swallows, takes a deep breath.

LISA  
Me.

FADE OUT:

SUPER: "Five Months Earlier"

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

FADE IN:

3 INT. UPSCALE BAR - NIGHT

3

Lisa is at a table with her sexy friend, CHRISTIE SAMPSON. They're both nursing cocktails.

LISA

You know, I'm really not comfortable with all this--

CHRISTIE

It's time to get comfortable, Lisa. It's been six months.

Lisa nods. She knows. There's a beat.

LISA

You know what the problem with me and David was?

CHRISTIE

(sarcastic)  
You loved each other too much?

LISA

Don't make fun of it, Christie. David was my first love...and he's still the love of my life. We just...

CHRISTIE

...worked too much.

LISA

We did. I got so caught up in the "get-ahead" mentality, I forgot about what matters--

CHRISTIE

Lisa?

LISA

What?

CHRISTIE

It's like this every time we're together. You're not gonna pull me into this conversation again.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

LISA  
Sorry. You're right.

There's a beat.

LISA (CONT'D)  
If I'm ever with another guy--

CHRISTIE  
You mean when--

LISA  
Okay, when. I'm not gonna work. I don't have to impress anyone with my career or how much money I make. I'm gonna stay at home, focus on him, the marriage--

CHRISTIE  
You're serious?

LISA  
Make babies and watch Oprah every afternoon then greet him -- whoever he is -- at night naked with a martini.

Christie busts a gut laughing.

LISA (CONT'D)  
You can laugh, but I've learned my lesson.

CHRISTIE  
You'd last a week.

LISA  
Nope.

CHRISTIE  
You'd go nuts!

LISA  
I wouldn't.

CHRISTIE  
Lisa, first of all, you're used to having your own money--

LISA  
I live paycheck to paycheck--

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

CHRISTIE

But they're your paychecks! Besides,  
it's about controlling your own  
destiny. You give that up you'd go  
crazy.

RICHARD LARKIN and MICHAEL MANNSFIELD, both late twenties  
and both handsome, approach. Christie gets up and kisses  
Richard.

RICHARD

Hey ladies, sorry we're late.

CHRISTIE

Lisa, this is Michael. Michael,  
Lisa.

The two men sit.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Michael's in real estate.

MICHAEL

Office buildings. Rentals.  
(to Lisa)  
And you?

CHRISTIE

She's into procreating, Oprah-  
watching and serving martinis naked--

MICHAEL

All at the same time?

LISA

(admonishing)  
Christie!  
(then; to Michael)  
I'm a brand manager.

Michael stares at her blankly.

LISA (CONT'D)

(embarrassed)  
Okay, I, um...basically, I try to  
make sure you buy Pleasant Squeezes  
Toilet Paper instead of one of those  
hideous, less squeezable brands.

CHRISTIE

She's really good at what she does.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

MICHAEL

I'm sure. I know I'd never consider letting anything other than Pleasant Squeezes in my bathroom--

Lisa grins.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm serious. Squeezing was never important to me until I saw your ads...I mean, it's not like I like to squeeze...I mean, I do like to squeeze...

(beat)

I'm cornered. Help.

LISA

"A" for effort.

CHRISTIE

"C-" for execution.

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

That averages out to what, a solid "B?"

He looks hard at Lisa.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm okay with that. Gives me room to improve.

Lisa stares at him, is a bit taken with him--

CUT TO:

4 EXT. LINCOLN PARK - DAY

4

A beautiful blue sky shining down on a snow-blanketed park. Lisa and Michael, arm in arm, are walking.

LISA

I used to think I wanted the big career, the big salary. I wanted so badly to be able to go to my 15th high school reunion and impress the hell out of everyone with my so-called status.

(CONTINUED)



MICHAEL

But not anymore?

LISA

Not really. I don't really care what people think anymore. This'll probably make you sick it's so sappy, but basically, now, I want to be in love, and to be happy, and that's about it.

MICHAEL

Wow! That sounds...I don't know...so advanced, so mature.

LISA

It isn't. It's just someone who was beaten up in a bad relationship and a career selling toilet paper.

MICHAEL

Well, either way...I mean...I want what you want, happiness, love...but I gotta admit I still want lots of money.

Lisa looks at him, tries to read him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

For the freedom. The security. And a five bedroom house with a 48-inch flat screen TV.

Lisa grins. She likes him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And of course...I wouldn't mind...

LISA

What?

MICHAEL

Somebody there for me, every night. Greeting me when I get home from a long day at work, you know, standing in the door way naked with a martini--

LISA

(smiling)  
Hey, careful. This is a first date.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

MICHAEL

What do you mean? It's our second?

LISA

No, the other night when we first met doesn't count as a date.

MICHAEL

Well. Too bad.

LISA

Why?

MICHAEL

I don't kiss on first dates.

CUT TO:

5 INT. LISA'S OFFICE - DAY

5

Lisa's dressed to the tee, and harried as a traffic cop. Phone under one ear, typing with one hand, trying to grab a file with another.

LISA

I mean, yeah, I'd have to say it's getting serious.

INTERCUT with Christie, in her law office.

CHRISTIE

Has it occurred to you this could all just be a rebound relationship for you? That that's why you've fallen so fast?

LISA

Hey, you're the one who pushed me to get back out there. Don't hammer me now if your prescription worked out for me. I gotta go.

She hangs up. Her secretary -- KATHRYN CLEMONS -- pretty, twenties, pops her head into the office, sucking on a Slurpee.

KATHRYN

(re: dress)

Damn girl, three months with this guy and you're still dressing like that?

(CONTINUED)

LISA

Why are you bothering me, Kathryn?

KATHRYN

Kagen just called. He says the new Pleasant Squeezes campaign needs to be on his desk first thing in the morning or your ass is his.

LISA

Did he actually say that?

KATHRYN

I was adding color.

Lisa thinks a beat.

LISA

Okay, okay. Kagen wasn't around when I did the campaign for Supersoft last year, was he?

KATHRYN

Nope.

LISA

And Supersoft passed on the campaign. So pull it from the files, do a search and replace on the name and I'll tweak it in the morning.

KATHRYN

Okay, gotcha covered.

LISA

Great. I'm outta here--

KATHRYN

Wait. One other thing. You need to sign this--

Kathryn hands her a form.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Key-man insurance--

LISA

What?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

KATHRYN  
Kagen's getting it on all his  
executives. Covers any losses to  
the company if a key executive dies.

Lisa glances at the form.

LISA  
I'll look at it tomorrow.

KATHRYN  
Sorry. He wants it today.

Lisa reluctantly takes out a pen, signs, then whisks past  
Kathryn.

CUT TO:

6 INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

6

Lisa and Michael are at the table, finishing the dessert  
after a huge, candlelit meal.

LISA  
Well, ahh...that was...great.

MICHAEL  
Well I cook about as well as you  
lie.

LISA  
But I ate every bite.

MICHAEL  
And for that, you deserve one more  
special course.

She watches as Michael gets up, leaves the room. She glances  
around, sees a "Most Likely to Succeed" high school plaque  
on his wall, along with numerous high school athletic  
trophies.

Michael re-enters the room, carrying a silver tray with a  
cover over it.

LISA  
What's going on?

He sets the tray down in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

LISA (CONT'D)  
Really Michael, I can't eat anymore.

And as she starts to protest, he removes the cover from the tray. A beautiful, sparkling engagement ring glistens off the candlelight.

MICHAEL  
I want to take care of you. I want to give you love and happiness...everything you want.

And off her dazed expression--

CUT TO:

7 INT. CHAPEL - DAY

7

Lisa, in a wedding gown, stands with Christie in an alcove in the rear of the chapel. DAVID, thirtyish, conservative, business suite, approaches--

LISA  
David, what are you doing here?

DAVID  
What? You think I'm gonna miss my ex-wife's wedding?

LISA  
You shouldn't be here.

DAVID  
Your parents invited me. And I'll be good, I promise. I really am happy for you.

He moves in, whispers in her ear.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Dying, but happy.

He kisses her on the cheek, smiles at Christie.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Christie.

CHRISTIE  
David.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

There's a moment between David and Christie. Maybe a beat longer than it should be. Lisa notes, as David walks away.

Lisa shoots Christie a look.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

How 'bout we both pretend I didn't just do that?

Lisa rolls her eyes. "The Wedding March" starts up.

LISA

How do I look?

CHRISTIE

Oprah would be proud.

Lisa smiles, looks out at the alcove to the stage where Michael awaits her. He sees her, and shoots her a loving look. Off Lisa--

CUT TO:

8 INT. HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

8

Lisa and Michael are in bed. Her wedding dress is thrown over a chair. They are in a passionate embrace.

MICHAEL

I think I ripped your wedding dress getting it off you.

LISA

And after it took me two months of dieting to get into the damn thing--

MICHAEL

At least you'll never need it again.

Michael rolls on top of her. Starts kissing her neck. She tries to move him away, to get up. He holds her--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Where you trying to go?

LISA

You know, to the bathroom--

MICHAEL

You don't need that.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

She holds him off, looks at him hard, trying to read him.

LISA  
David, what are you saying?

MICHAEL  
I'm saying I'm happy making love to you without you first going to the bathroom.

LISA  
You know that entails...risk.

MICHAEL  
I certainly do.

LISA  
And you're okay with that?

MICHAEL  
We're married now, we both want kids. Why wait?

Lisa looks at him a beat. He starts kissing her neck again.

LISA  
Oh God!

And as she embraces him, we--

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

9 EXT. MANNSFIELD HOUSE - DAY

9

A pleasant, three bedroom rambler in a quiet north suburb of Chicago.

10 INT. MANNSFIELD KITCHEN - DAY

10

Michael's making a bowl of cereal.

MICHAEL  
(into phone)  
No, I got a meeting on the Stemple closing in half an hour.  
(beat)  
Believe me. This one will close.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Commissions should run close to  
 300K. Trust me, I've already  
 mentally added a pool to my house.

He hangs up as Lisa enters. Shows no signs of pregnancy.

Lisa reaches into the refrigerator when she doubles over in  
 pain. Michael's at her side in an instant.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 You gotta go see a doctor.

LISA  
 I already did. There's nothing  
 wrong with me.

Another cramp hits. She doubles over. Michael holds onto  
 her, walks her into the living room, sets her down on the  
 couch.

MICHAEL  
 We're seeing another doctor.

Lisa nods--

CUT TO:

11 EXT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

11

Lisa and Michael exit. Lisa is sickly pale -- whatever she  
 heard, it was NOT good news.

CUT TO:

12 INT. MANNSFIELD CAR - DAY

12

Michael drives Lisa home. They're silent. Both staring  
 blankly ahead.

CLOSE ON LISA

FLASH INSERT: DR. SILVER, older, regal, sits at a desk,  
 looking somber. A name plate with "Dr. Benjamin Silver" is  
 on the desk--

DR. SILVER  
 Chronic myeloid leukemia--

RETURN TO SCENE as--

(CONTINUED)



12 CONTINUED: 12

Michael stops at a light. He and Lisa watch a couple wheel a baby carriage across the street.

FLASH INSERT: Silver at his desk--

DR. SILVER (CONT'D)  
80% of patients die in the first  
six months.

RETURN TO SCENE as--

Lisa drops her head. Tries unsuccessfully to hold back the tears.

DR. SILVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
With drugs we can help to control  
the pain but remissions unlikely--

CUT TO:

13 INT. MANNSFIELD BEDROOM - NIGHT 13

A bedside clock reads 3:15 a.m. Michael's asleep. Lisa climbs out of bed, pads to the door.

14 INT. MANNSFIELD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 14

She takes her wedding album from the mantle, sits on the couch, leafs through it -- looks at photographs of her and Michael. They both seem so happy, so full of life.

15 INT. MANNSFIELD KITCHEN - NIGHT 15

She washes a pile of dishes. She looks queasy, spots a bottle of medication on the counter.

CLOSE ON BOTTLE--

The label reads, "Take two every four hours for nausea."

BACK TO SCENE

Lisa stares at the bottle when her stomach cramps up. She reaches for the medication, closes her eyes, swallows two pills.

She moves from the sink, drops into a chair, curls herself into a ball. Michael enters, kneels in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Michael gently lifts her chin so she's looking at him.

MICHAEL

Lisa, we're not giving up. This was just one doctor.

LISA

But he said...

MICHAEL

I don't care what he said. We're going to get a second opinion.

16 EXT. NORTHWESTERN UNIV. HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

16

A sprawling mass of brick and cinder-block buildings.

17 INT. EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

17

DR. TRAINER -- early sixties, professorial -- looks into a patient folder. Lisa sits on a patient's table in a robe. Michael looks on.

DR. TRAINER

I reviewed the results of all your tests and I unfortunately concur with Dr. Silver.

LISA

But there's some chance the diagnosis is wrong?

MICHAEL

Yeah. I mean doctors aren't infalliable.

DR. TRAINER

No, we're not. If you want to know for sure, a bone marrow aspiration is the most conclusive test -- it's virtually 100% accurate. It's painful, but you'll know.

Lisa looks at Michael.

LISA

I have to know--

18 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE EXAMINING ROOM 18

Michael leans his back against the wall, stares blankly ahead.

19 INT. EXAMINING ROOM 19

CLOSE-UP on an enormous syringe as the doctor brings it down towards Lisa's lower back, then, cut to a...

CLOSE-UP of Lisa, gritting her teeth, feeling the needle penetrate her skin. She tries to stifle a moan.

20 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE EXAMINING ROOM 20

Michael hears her MOANS, clenches his eyes shut.

21 INT. TRAINER'S OFFICE - LATER 21

The doctor sits across from Lisa and Michael.

DR. TRAINER

Results will take two to three days.  
I'll call you as soon as I have  
them.

LISA

Oh, there's a call I'm really looking  
forward to getting.

MICHAEL

You want him to call me instead?

Lisa looks from Michael to the doctor. Nods.

CUT TO:

22 INT. MICHAEL'S CAR 22

With Michael driving, they pull out of the hospital parking lot. Lisa appears queasy.

MICHAEL

It's okay to take the pain  
medication, Lisa. There's no reason  
to suffer.

Lisa shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Please. It's not worth it.

Lisa's stomach cramps up. She nods, hands Michael her purse.

Michael pulls the car over, finds the bottle, pops it open, reaches to give Lisa her pills. She takes the pills from Michael, swallows them.

LISA  
If this is anything like having  
morning sickness, I never want to  
have kids.

She forces a smile. A beat. Michael puts the car in gear, pulls away.

MICHAEL  
We'll get a fish instead.

He grins at her. Through her pain, she cracks a smile.

LISA  
A fish?

CUT TO:

23 INT. MANNSFIELD BEDROOM - NIGHT

23

PAN from a new fish-bowl with a single goldfish in it sitting on a chest of drawers to...

Lisa, lying in bed on her side, Michael lying next to her.

LISA  
If I am sick...I mean, if I don't  
make it...I want you to have children  
with someone else.

Michael rolls over, faces her.

MICHAEL  
Whoa whoa whoa, Lisa. Slow down. I  
told you before we ever got married  
I wanted to take care of you, and  
that's what I'm gonna do. And either  
way, let's wait 'til we hear from  
Dr. Trainer before we go making big  
life plans.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

Lisa nods--

CUT TO:

24 EXT. MANNSFIELD HOUSE - DAY 24

Christie knocks on the door while holding a grocery bag. A beat and Lisa opens it. They hug each other.

CHRISTIE

Goddamn you for not calling me sooner.

CUT TO:

25 INT. MANNSFIELD KITCHEN - DAY 25

Christie puts away the groceries, pulls out a quart of ice cream, shows it to Lisa.

CHRISTIE

Nectar of the Gods. You want some?

Lisa shakes her head.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

(feigned shocked)  
You don't want ice cream?!? I guess you really are sick.

Lisa shares her smile.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

You mind if I...

Lisa shakes her head, and Christie pulls a bowl from a cabinet.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

How's Michael?

LISA

He's been really great and supportive. But I can tell, even though he's trying to hide it, that it's really wearing on him.

Christie puts the ice cream in the freezer, takes her bowl and joins Lisa at the table. Michael enters.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

CHRISTIE  
Speaking of the devil.

MICHAEL  
I'm glad you're here. Lisa insists  
that I go to work, but I don't think  
this is a great time for her to be  
alone.

LISA  
I'm a big girl, Michael.

Michael moves to the table, sits with them.

MICHAEL  
I know. But it'd be good for you  
to spend some time with Christie.  
She's been through this before...

LISA  
Through what?

There's a beat. Christie shifts in her seat.

CHRISTIE  
My father... He died of leukemia.  
You knew that, didn't you?

LISA  
No, I didn't. Why didn't you ever  
tell me?

CHRISTIE  
I don't know. It just...I don't  
know.

There's a beat.

LISA  
Was it painful? For your father?

Christie hesitates, looks away. It tells Lisa all she didn't  
want to know.

26 EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

26

On the street level of a major office building, with a slick  
sign that reads, "Dayton Properties."

27 INT. ALEX DAYTON'S OFFICE

27

ALEX DAYTON -- handsome, graying -- sits at his desk in a plush office. Michael enters stressed, tense.

ALEX  
Did Taylor close?

MICHAEL  
They've put it off 'til next week.

ALEX  
And Stemple's not happening at all anymore, right?

MICHAEL  
It's a down market. I'll--

ALEX  
This company needs you to bring in business now.

A RECEPTIONIST enters.

RECEPTIONIST  
Dr. Trainer's office on line two, Michael.

Michael freezes.

28 EXT. MANNSFIELD HOUSE - DAY

28

Michael pulls his car into the driveway.

29 INT. MANNSFIELD LIVING ROOM - DAY

29

Michael enters, looks around. Lisa walks into the room, smiling to see her husband.

LISA  
Why are you home? I thought--

MICHAEL  
(tears welling up)  
Lisa, I heard from Dr. Trainer's office.

Lisa waits for the rest -- but from his expression she already knows.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He says your white blood count is up to 12,000.

LISA

Oh God.

She turns away from him, looks ready to break.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna die, Michael, aren't I?

He moves towards her, holds her.

MICHAEL

We're not going to quit, sweetie. We'll look until we find someone who can help you.

LISA

How long does he think I have?

MICHAEL

I don't know.

LISA

Michael, how long?!?

MICHAEL

As little two months. As much as six.

She shakes her head. Tries to pull herself together.

LISA

I don't want to spend my time fighting this. I want to spend it with you. Just trying to live our lives--

30 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

30

Michael and Lisa are seated at a corner table. Michael eats as Lisa pecks at an enormous plate of lasagna and garlic bread. He puts down his fork.

MICHAEL

This isn't a good idea, Lisa. Maybe we should just go home and--

(CONTINUED)



30 CONTINUED:

30

LISA  
 No. I want to do things like this,  
 Michael. They're important to me.

Lisa puts down her fork, stands.

MICHAEL  
 You okay?

LISA  
 I'm fine. I just need to use the  
 bathroom for a minute.

She moves towards the bathroom. When she's out of Michael's  
 view, Michael pulls out a cellular phone.

MICHAEL  
 (into phone)  
 She's getting sicker and sicker.  
 (beat)  
 It's hard--

He hangs up the phone, slips it into his pocket.

31 INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM

31

Lisa is kneeling over the toilet, vomiting. She pushes  
 herself up, moves to a mirror. Her eyes are bloodshot. She  
 looks more dead than alive.

CUT TO:

32 INT. MANNSFIELD HOME - NIGHT

32

Lisa's in the kitchen in her nightgown. There's a knock on  
 the door. Lisa opens it, and Christie enters.

CHRISTIE  
 Michael told me about the test  
 results.

She hugs Lisa, holds her tightly. Fights back tears.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)  
 If there's anything I can do.  
 Anything...

33 INT. MANNSFIELD BEDROOM - DAY

33

Lisa's awake in bed, her forehead sweating. Michael enters.

MICHAEL

I hate going to work and leaving  
you here.

LISA

Go. I'm okay.

MICHAEL

You're sure?

LISA

Please go, Michael.

MICHAEL

I'll come home at lunch. Call me  
if you need anything.

He kisses her, exits. As soon as she hears the front door close, she throws the covers off. She's drenched with sweat and shivering violently. And clearly been trying to hide these symptoms from Michael.

She crawls out of bed, walks towards her dresser, bracing herself with every step. Grabs a card with a phone number--

CUT TO:

34 INT. MANNSFIELD KITCHEN

34

Lisa is on the phone.

LISA

Dr. Silver? It's Lisa Mannsfield.

DR. SILVER (O.S.)

Are you okay?

LISA

No. I'm really sick. And...and  
scared.

(a beat)

I'm afraid to tell my husband. I  
know this whole thing is tearing  
him up and I just don't want to  
make it worse for him.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

DR. SILVER (O.S.)  
If you need to see me I can make--

LISA  
I don't know. I don't know what I  
need.

DR. SILVER (O.S.)  
Get into a support group Lisa.  
Learn what you're dealing with. It  
helps, believe me--

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE

35 INT. LISA IN A LIBRARY, READING A BOOK ON LEUKEMIA-- 35  
--deeply engrossed, ignoring all around her.

36 INT. LISA AT A TERMINALLY ILL SUPPORT GROUP MEETING 36  
She's sitting in a circle in a church basement with half a  
dozen other people, all of whom look sick.

37 INT. LISA AT A COMPUTER 37  
Lisa doing a Google search on chronic myeloid leukemia.  
From the look on her face, she doesn't like what she's  
learning

38 INT. LISA BACK AT THE LIBRARY 38  
She comes across an article entitled, "The Hemlock Society."  
The article grabs her interest. She writes down some notes  
on it.

END MONTAGE

39 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 39  
Lisa sits in the corner of a nearly deserted restaurant  
sipping a drink. A forty year old man in a conservative  
business suit -- CHARLES -- sits across from her.

LISA  
My parents are dead. I really only  
have my husband.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

CHARLES

And us. How did you hear about the Hemlock Society?

LISA

I was researching my disease at the library. There was an article I saw...

CHARLES

So you understand what we do?

LISA

You help terminally ill patients painlessly take their own lives.

CHARLES

That's right. We're not for everyone. But if you ever need us, we're here.

LISA

Do...a lot of terminally ill patients...do that?

CHARLES

Some. If they're in pain, and know it's going to get worse. Others want to commit suicide but won't.

LISA

Why not?

CHARLES

Religious beliefs can make it hard. And there's financial reasons: life insurance doesn't pay on a suicide. Sometimes that's all the money the patient's family would have.

Lisa takes this in.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. MANNSFIELD HOME - NIGHT

40

Lisa sits on the front steps as Michael pulls up in his car.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

(through car window)  
Hey, beautiful. I got your refill  
for you and brought it home at lunch  
but you weren't here.

(grinning)  
What'd you have -- a date or  
something?

Michael gets out of the car, approaches.

LISA

I met a man from the Hemlock Society.

MICHAEL

The what?

LISA

They help people -- terminally ill  
people -- take their own lives.

MICHAEL

What!

LISA

I had to talk to someone, Michael.  
Don't be mad at me.

MICHAEL

What do you mean don't be mad at  
you? Look, you don't want to fight  
this, that's one thing. But to  
actually take your own life? That's  
another story.

LISA

I can't just let myself waste away.

MICHAEL

Well you can't just take your own  
life, either. Christ, Lisa, I love  
you. You can't do this...you can't  
even think about it.

There's a beat.

LISA

All the books and the studies and  
the doctors say--

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

MICHAEL

I don't care what they all say. I want you to fight this. I want to fight it with you.

LISA

I don't know if I can. You're a fighter, Michael. I don't have that kind of strength. I'm sorry.

41 INT. NORTHWESTERN HOSPITAL - ONCOLOGY WARD - DAY

41

Lisa stands outside a patient's room with a NURSE. Sick, lifeless patients wander about.

NURSE

I told her you're coming. She's very sick, so if it seems like it's too much for her...

Lisa nods.

42 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - DAY

42

ELLEN FOLSOM is emaciated, bald -- maybe thirty, but she looks sixty. Once attractive, she now looks nearly dead. She's in a fetal position, I.V.s attached to her arm. Lisa peers into the room, just as Ellen doubles up in a cramp of agony.

Lisa pulls away. Leans against the hall wall. Closes her eyes--

FLASH INSERT--

Dr. Silver is at his desk.

DR. SILVER

85% chance of dying.

RETURN TO SCENE as--

Lisa hears the SCREAMS of another female patient from just down the hall.

FLASH INSERT--

Dr. Trainer holds her file.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

DR. TRAINER  
It's virtually 100% accurate...

RETURN TO SCENE as--

Lisa tries to pull herself together, and leave the hospital.  
But she can barely move. She's living a nightmare.

43 INT. LAW OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

43

Lisa's sitting on a couch. Christie and her mother, DELORES,  
enter.

CHRISTIE  
Lisa. I didn't know you were coming  
here. I would have...

LISA  
It's my fault. I should have called.  
Hi, Mrs. Sampson.

DELORES  
Good to see you, Lisa. I'd love to  
talk but I'm running late.

She heads for the door.

DELORES (CONT'D)  
(to Christie)  
Don't forget what I said...

Christie looks confused.

DELORES (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Get a lip wax.

CHRISTIE  
(rolling eyes)  
Bye, mom.

44 INT. CHRISTIE SAMPSON'S OFFICE

44

Lisa and Christie sit on a couch.

CHRISTIE  
I didn't tell my mother. I won't  
unless you tell me it's okay.

(CONTINUED)

LISA  
I don't mind if you tell her. Right now, I need your advice.

CHRISTIE  
Anything. You know that.

LISA  
I know you didn't want to talk about your father's leukemia.

CHRISTIE  
You're a different person, Lisa. No telling--

LISA  
Please Christie, let me finish. The leukemia I have leads to a painful death. It's not just nausea and vomiting. It's lying in a hospital bed, wasting away. In agony. Sometimes with dementia.

CHRISTIE  
Maybe. Or maybe it'll go into remission. I've heard stories...

LISA  
This isn't a story. I can't end up rotting away in some hospital room somewhere, not knowing who or where I am. I can't.

There's a beat.

LISA (CONT'D)  
I want to end my life before that.

CHRISTIE  
What?

LISA  
I have to.

CHRISTIE  
Lisa, that's crazy. Maybe you'll be the one in a hundred who makes it through this--

LISA  
Maybe I won't.

(CONTINUED)



CHRISTIE

Have you told Michael this? What does he think?

LISA

He wants me to fight it 'til the end--

CHRISTIE

--and you should.

LISA

But I can't!

There's a beat. Lisa doesn't know what to say.

LISA (CONT'D)

Christie, please just listen. After we got married and decided to have kids, we took out life insurance policies. I never thought about it much then. But now, things haven't been going that well for us financially. The insurance would pay off our debts and still leave Michael financially comfortable. That's important to me.

She fishes in her purse, pulls out a document.

LISA (CONT'D)

I want to know if suicide, even for a terminally ill patient, would stop the benefits from being paid. I brought the policy for you to look at.

CHRISTIE

I don't need to look at it. Every policy issued excludes suicide--

LISA

Will you look anyway?

CHRISTIE

No. This is ridiculous.

LISA

I'm going to die, Christie. Who cares if it's leukemia or suicide that kills me?!

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (3)

44

CHRISTIE  
Me. Michael. Your friends.

LISA  
And the insurance company.

CUT TO:

45 INT. MANNSFIELD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

45

Lisa watches T.V. There's a knock on the door, and Lisa opens it. Christie stands there awkwardly.

CHRISTIE  
Can I come in?

Lisa nods, and Christie enters.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)  
Is Michael home?

LISA  
No. He's at a meeting.

Christie nods. There's a beat.

CHRISTIE  
Look. You know I want to help you.  
It's just--

She starts to cry.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)  
I love you. You're my best friend.

Lisa hugs her. Christie pulls herself together.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)  
I looked at the policy. You know I'm a criminal attorney, so this isn't my area of expertise, but the suicide clause is there...if you take your own life...there's no payout.

LISA  
What if it's an accident? I drive off a cliff, into a wall--

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIE

Lisa, they're not stupid. They'd investigate. Given your state of health, how recently the policy was taken out, and that you've discussed this with me and probably others, they'd know it was suicide.

LISA

So it can't look like an accident. What if...I don't know...someone else pushes me off a cliff?

CHRISTIE

What?

LISA

Think about it. If someone else kills me--

CHRISTIE

I'm leaving.

LISA

Christie, stop. This makes sense.

CHRISTIE

No, it doesn't.

LISA

Yes it does. You just said it yourself. You're a criminal lawyer. You must have run into someone through the years that could end this for me--

CHRISTIE

Like I said, I'm leaving.

She reaches for the door.

LISA

(desperate)  
I have no other options, Christie.  
Please.

But Christie leaves.

CUT TO:

46 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

46

Lisa's alone in the kitchen. The phone rings.

INTERCUT with Christie in her townhouse.

CHRISTIE

Write this down.

Lisa grabs a pen.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

312-555-6783.

LISA

I don't understand. What is it for?

CHRISTIE

It's for a man who can...who can help you. The way you want to be helped.

Off Lisa--

47 EXT. LINCOLN PARK - DAY

47

Flowered gardens and rich green trees line a path where Michael and Lisa stroll.

LISA

I still love walking through the park with you.

MICHAEL

Me too.

Lisa stops, dizzy. She doubles over slightly, tries to get her bearings.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You took your medicine this morning, didn't you?

She nods, forces a smile. She straightens up, starts walking again.

LISA

Remember when we were first here?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MICHAEL  
 (embarrassed)  
 Yeah, sure. I um...remember.

LISA  
 It was on our first date, silly.

MICHAEL  
 Second date.

He smiles at her. Then Lisa stops again, doubles up. She's about to collapse but Michael holds her up, moves her to a bench.

LISA  
 I don't think I can come here again.

Lisa gets another wave. Severe pain. And as he embraces her--

CUT TO:

48 INT. LISA'S CAR - DAY

48

Lisa's alone in her parked car, pasty white, feverish.

49 EXT. BUSY STREET CORNER - LISA'S POV

49

Several phone booths line the street. A patron in one of them hangs up, exits.

50 EXT. BUSY STREET CORNER - DAY

50

Lisa exits her car, heads for the phone booth.

51 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

51

Lisa looks at the piece of paper with the number Christie gave her. She dials the phone.

MAN (O.S.)  
 Yeah?

Lisa looks panicked. She's silent for a long beat.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Who is this?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

LISA  
I... I want to hire you.

52 EXT. RUN DOWN BAR - ACROSS FROM WRIGLEY FIELD - NIGHT 52

Lisa approaches the bar, looks around nervously.

53 INT. BAR - NIGHT 53

A small crowd meanders about chugging beers. Televisions blare out an announcer calling the Cubs game.

Lisa enters, looks sorely out of place, draws penetrating stares.

She scans the room, timidly moves around the bar, searching.

BARTENDER (O.S.)  
Your name Mannsfield?

Lisa turns around, comes face to face with a burly BARTENDER leaning over the bar, holding a phone.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
Phone's for you.

LISA  
How did you know it's for me--

BARTENDER  
You don't exactly blend, here. Now you want the phone or not?

Lisa takes the phone.

LISA  
Hello?

MAN (O.S.)  
Out the door, make a right. In fifty yards, make another right into the alley. I'll find you there.

54 EXT. RUN-DOWN BAR - NIGHT 54

Lisa emerges from the bar, stands there a beat, indecisive. Starts walking up the dimly lit street, looking around nervously with each step.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

She reaches the turn off to the alley, looks down it. It's silent, dark. She freezes, takes a deep breath. She tries to block out her fear, moves determinedly ahead, several yards into the alley's darkness.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Got any change?

Startled, Lisa swings around, makes out a STREETWOMAN digging through a garbage can. Lisa shakes her head, continues forward, more hesitant, more nervous with each step.

She reaches the end of the alley, where it dead-ends into another alley running perpendicular to it. Suddenly the alley's lit up like daylight. Lisa spins around, is blinded by the...

HEADLIGHTS of a car heading right at her. She shields her eyes, tries to move out of the way. For a beat, the car looks like it's going to run her over, but it stops directly in front of her. A MAN sticks his head out the driver's side window.

MAN  
Get in.

Lisa's frozen, her mind racing.

LISA  
Can't we just--

MAN  
You want to hire me, get in the car.

Lisa looks back over her shoulder, wonders for a beat if she should try to disappear down the alley.

She looks back at the man, makes up her mind. She moves towards him, reaches the passenger door, opens it, sees him clearly for the first time. He's fiftyish, clean-cut, trim, wearing a Cubs jacket.

She climbs into the car, hears the Cubs game on the radio.

55 INT. CAR - NIGHT

55

The man looks her over.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

MAN  
Shut the door.

She shuts the door and he starts the engine.

LISA  
Why can't we talk here--

He raises his hand...she flinches, as though she expected him to hit her, but instead he turns the radio up.

MAN  
Was sittin' in the bleachers for  
every Cubs game for thirty years  
until night baseball.

He listens to a play, then turns it back down.

He pulls the car down the alley, reaches the street and turns left.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Did you bring the money?

Lisa nods, pulls out an envelope. Hands it to him.

MAN (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
Who am I after?

She swallows, takes a deep breath.

LISA  
Me.

MAN  
What?

LISA  
I'm terminally ill.

They exchange a look.

LISA (CONT'D)  
It has to look like you were robbing  
me or something. I don't want to  
know when you're going to do it.

She looks at him.

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

LISA (CONT'D)  
You understand? I can't know.

He nods.

MAN  
Where do you want me to let you  
out?

LISA  
I don't care. Here's fine.

MAN  
I'm going to be watching you for a  
while. I gotta know when to pick  
my spot. You see me, you keep it  
to yourself. Understand?

Lisa nods, gets out of the car.

CUT TO:

56 INT. MANNFIELD BEDROOM - DAY

56

Boxes of clothing, old letters, bills and knickknacks litter  
the room and cover the bed.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
Lisa?

Startled, Lisa swings around, knocks into the chest of  
drawers. The fish bowl falls and SMASHES.

LISA  
Jesus.

She bends down, picks up the goldfish -- dead from its  
injuries. She looks like she's about to cry.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Poor fish.

MICHAEL  
It's okay sweetie. It was an  
accident.

Lisa nods, heads to the bathroom holding the fish.

She enters the bathroom. A beat and we hear the toilet FLUSH.  
Lisa then re-emerges carrying a trash can.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

She starts helping Michael pick up the glass.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
So what were you doing in here?

LISA  
I'm throwing out all my junk. I'm  
going do the same thing at work.  
I...I might not have time to do it  
later.

Michael kneels next to her, takes her hand.

MICHAEL  
Lisa, you made us promise to keep  
things normal. Remember?

Off Lisa--

CUT TO:

57 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

57

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of a handgun. A Cubs game can be HEARD in the background on a radio, along with the NOISES of someone shuffling about an apartment. A...

HAND enters the screen, grabs the gun.

PULL-BACK, see the man Lisa hired shoving the gun in his jacket pocket. He stands in the middle of a neat one-room apartment, a Chicago Cubs banner the only decoration on the wall.

He grabs binoculars and a set of keys and heads towards the door.

58 EXT. LISA'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

58

Lisa pulls her car to the front of the building. She sits there a beat, nervously looking around, studying the faces of passersby.

She pushes open the door, jumps out and rushes into the building.

REVERSE ANGLE on the man, sitting in his beat-up sedan across the street, watching.

59 INT. ADVERTISING OFFICE - DAY

59

Framed photos of print ads cover the walls. Boxes filled with books and art materials are strewn about.

Lisa stands at the far end of the office, looking out a 22nd story window onto the Magnificent Mile.

KATHRYN (O.S.)  
Hey girl, wish you could leave your  
magic touch behind.

Lisa turns around, sees Kathryn, dressed slightly more provocatively than your standard business attire would allow -- standing in the entrance to the office. Kathryn slurps another Slurpee.

LISA  
Sorry?

KATHRYN  
I'm getting your office and the  
Pleasant Squeezes' account. Now if  
you could--

Kathryn stops, looks at her.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
You know, you don't look that good?

LISA  
Just a cold.

KATHRYN  
Oh, sorry. Anyway, if you could  
just leave me your magic touch...  
Mr. Kagen says you could create  
your way out of any advertising  
jam.

LISA  
You're getting my job?

KATHRYN  
Yeah. You gotta go for this stuff  
right?

Lisa shrugs, moves to her desk, piles some more of her things in a box.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

So why are you leaving, anyway?

LISA

Just time to move on. That's all.

KATHRYN

God. If you can afford to quit, I guess that Stemple deal must have made you and your husband bucks.

Lisa does a double take.

LISA

How do you know about the Stemple deal?

KATHRYN

I don't know. I guess you mentioned it to me.

And off Lisa--

CUT TO:

60 INT. SEDAN - DAY

60

The man has a doughnut in one hand, his binoculars in the other. The Cubs game is on the radio.

MAN

(to himself)  
Hit the ball, Franklin! For crying out loud.

He shakes his head, puts the binoculars up to his eyes...

61 EXT. LISA'S OFFICE BUILDING -- THROUGH BINOCULARS

61

Lisa emerges from the building, cautiously scans the area, then heads to her car.

62 INT. SEDAN

62

The Man puts down the binoculars, starts up his car.

63 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

63

Lisa pulls her car into the driveway. Climbs out, approaches the front door. She knocks on it, and after a beat, her ex-husband, DAVID, opens it.

DAVID  
(surprised)  
Lisa.

LISA  
Can I talk to you?

DAVID  
What's wrong?

64 INT. DAVID'S HOME - DAY

64

Lisa enters. The place is virtually empty -- most the furniture and fixtures are gone.

LISA  
You're moving?

DAVID  
Um...yeah.

LISA  
Why?

DAVID  
Just...ah...too many painful memories here I guess.

There's a beat. It's awkward.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Lisa, is everything okay?

LISA  
I just wanted to say goodbye.

DAVID  
I don't understand. How did you know I was moving?

LISA  
I didn't. I'm um...I'm dying, David.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

What?

LISA

I have leukemia. And I just wanted to make sure I saw you before--

DAVID

My God. What did...why...I mean...when did you find out?

LISA

It doesn't matter.

DAVID

Is there something, anything I can do?

The phone RINGS.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ignore it.

LISA

No, you answer it. I'll wait.

David reluctantly exits the room. Lisa meanders over to a fold-out card-table that, along with a fold-out chair, are the only pieces of "furniture" left in the room.

She sits down at the table. Stares blankly ahead. Looks down at some bills on the table. Many of them are labeled "Past Due." One of them, a gas bill, is still labeled "Lisa and David Truman."

She picks it up, stares at the names. Shakes her head. Looks down again. Sees another bill with both their names on it. This one from Equitable Life Insurance Company.

She picks it up, studies it. Opens it. It's a renewal notice. For a half million dollar life insurance policy. On her own life. With David as the beneficiary.

David enters the room.

DAVID

Lisa?

LISA

Why do you have a life insurance policy on me, David?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

David shifts uncomfortably.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Tell me.

DAVID  
I took the policy out a few months  
before we divorced.

LISA  
Why?

DAVID  
I thought...hoped...we were gonna  
get back together...and I wanted  
kids.

LISA  
You wanted us to get back together?

DAVID  
I still do.

There's a long beat.

She turns, heads for the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Lisa?

Lisa turns back to him.

LISA  
There's nothing to say, David.  
Except goodbye.

She exits.

65 EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

65

Lisa climbs into her car. She sits there a beat, looks back at the house, then pulls away. In the distance, out of Lisa's sight, the sedan appears, following.

66 EXT. ROAD - DAY

66

Lisa's car eases down a street, approaches an elementary school.

67 EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - LISA'S POV 67

Lisa watches as dozens of KIDS play during recess.

68 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY 68

Lisa pulls up to the curb, climbs out of her car. She crosses the street, walks towards the playground.

REVERSE ANGLE as a sedan eases to the curb, just down the street.

ON LISA, as she reaches the playground's fence, leans against it, watches the kids. A ball flies over the fence. Lisa retrieves it, tosses it to a KID.

She gets a wave of nausea, but keeps smiling at the kid.

KID  
You all right, lady?

Lisa nods and the kid takes off. After several beats, Lisa has a more severe attack. She doubles over, stumbles away from the fence, heads back towards the street, walking haphazardly. Before reaching the street, she collapses.

ON THE SEDAN, easing away from the curb and heading towards Lisa. Through the windshield, we see the Man pulling out his gun.

ON LISA, picking herself back up, stepping several more feet, seeing her car, still 50 yards away, then spotting the sedan. Moving towards her. The Man inside staring at her with cold, lifeless eyes.

Lisa shudders in fear. It's one thing to want to die...another to face death scarely in the eyes and accept it.

LISA  
(to herself)  
No! Not now!

Terrified, Lisa starts scrambling away. Then she sees a cab heading her way. She signals it, and it screeches to a stop. Lisa climbs in.

69 INT. CAB - DAY 69

She curls up on the back seat in agony.

(CONTINUED)



69 CONTINUED:

69

LISA  
11 East Wacker. Hurry.

She looks back, tries to spot the sedan. But it's nowhere to seen--

CUT TO:

70 EXT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

70

The cab pulls up, lets Lisa out. Doubled over, clutching her stomach, she makes her way towards the building.

71 INT. ELEVATOR

71

Lisa leans against the wall, taking deep breaths. The elevator doors open.

72 INT. DR. SILVER'S OFFICE

72

Clutching her abdomen, Lisa enters, approaches the RECEPTIONIST.

LISA  
I need to see Dr. Silver. Right away.

RECEPTIONIST  
And your name?

LISA  
It's Lisa Mannsfield. Please, hurry.

RECEPTIONIST  
Do you have an appointment?

LISA  
No, but--

She doubles over again.

RECEPTIONIST  
Do you need an ambulance?

LISA  
No, I need to see Dr. Silver!

And the receptionist scrambles into the back, appears after a beat with a WOMAN in a doctor's jacket.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

The woman approaches Lisa, steadies her.

WOMAN  
What's wrong?

LISA  
I need to see Dr. Silver.

WOMAN  
I'm Dr. Silver. Now tell me what's wrong?

Lisa looks around the room as though she's trying to spot someone else.

LISA  
Where's the other Dr. Silver? A man. I've seen him here.

WOMAN  
I'm the only Dr. Silver I know of. Now, can you please tell me what's wrong?

LISA  
What? You can't be!

WOMAN  
I assure you I am Dr. Silver. Why don't you come into my office and let's see what I can do to help you?

Lisa jumps away from her. Backs towards the door. Exits.

73 EXT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

73

Lisa emerges from the building, her nerves tearing apart. She looks up and down the street. She studies the pedestrians, parked cars, looking for the man. Sees nothing.

She pulls out her cell, frantically dials a number.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Dayton Properties.

LISA  
I need to speak with Michael. It's Lisa.

74 EXT. STREET - LISA'S POV - DAY 74

Scanning the street, Lisa spots a beat-up sedan parked down the street on the curb. A chill shoots down her spine.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
I'm sorry, Mrs. Mannsfield. He's out at a meeting. Do you want to leave a message?

Lisa's frantic. Her eyes are glued on the sedan.

LISA  
Tell him I'll be home. It's an emergency!

Lisa hangs up the phone.

75 EXT. HURON STREET - DAY 75

She runs around a corner, looks back, doesn't see anything. She flags down a cab, climbs in.

76 EXT. MANNSFIELD HOUSE - DAY 76

The cab lets Lisa out. Lisa walks toward her door, sees the beat-up sedan again, just down the street.

She quickens her pace, reaches the door. She frantically digs through her purse, finds her key, shoves it in the door.

77 INT. MANNSFIELD LIVING ROOM 77

She hurries inside, SLAMS the door behind her and deadlocks it. She catches her breath a beat, then steps into the house.

She hears a NOISE coming from the back door, freezes. The noise is definitely there, and she bolts back to the...

Front door, determined to get out of there. She shoves her key in the deadlock, yanks it open, gasps as she sees--

KATHRYN CLEMONS, her co-worker from work earlier, standing there. Scared to the bone, Lisa backs into the house.

LISA  
What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

KATHRYN

I just...you okay?

Kathryn moves toward her, into the house. Terrified, Lisa edges towards a phone.

LISA

Why are you here?

KATHRYN

I just wanted to...

Kathryn reaches into her purse.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Lisa?

Lisa looks at the phone, then back at Kathryn. Kathryn's only a few feet away. Lisa backs up further.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Look, I just wanted to--

Michael enters. Kathryn and Lisa turn to him, Kathryn seemingly confused, Lisa terrified. Michael takes in the scene, sees Lisa's frightened look.

MICHAEL

What's going on?

Lisa's speechless. Michael looks at Kathryn.

KATHRYN

I'm Kathryn. Kathryn Clemons.

MICHAEL

I remember. You worked with Lisa.

A beat. Michael's unsure what to say. Kathryn turns to Lisa.

KATHRYN

You left some things at work.

She opens her briefcase, takes out a small, framed photo, some papers.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry if I startled you. When no one answered the doorbell I was going to leave them by the back door. Then I heard you come in...

MICHAEL

It's okay. Thanks.

Kathryn heads to the door.

KATHRYN

No problem. If I find anything else of yours, I'll call you. Like I said, I'm sorry if I startled you.

She exits, and Michael shuts the door behind her. He goes to Lisa to embrace her. Lisa backs up.

MICHAEL

You want to tell me what's going on? You look terrified.

LISA

I...I got really sick today. So I went to see Dr. Silver.

MICHAEL

What did he say?

LISA

Nothing, cause he wasn't there. He never was.

MICHAEL

What?

LISA

Dr. Silver is a woman.

MICHAEL

I don't understand. You mean--

LISA

(yelling)  
I visited the goddamn doctor and he doesn't exist!

There's a long beat. Michael speaks very calmly.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (3)

77

MICHAEL  
Maybe her husband's a doctor.

Lisa shakes her head.

LISA  
No, Michael. Now what's going on?

MICHAEL  
I don't know. It's got to be some  
sort of mistake or something.

LISA  
Michael, I may be sick but I haven't  
lost my mind. I think someone was  
impersonating a doctor.

MICHAEL  
Okay, okay.

He thinks a beat, reaches for the phone.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. MANNSFIELD HOUSE - DAY

78

Lisa and Michael exit the house. Lisa looks over, sees the  
sedan is gone.

79 INT. DR. SILVER'S OFFICE - DAY

79

OFFICER MCGUEWYN, his partner -- OFFICER OLFRY -- and Michael  
are speaking with Dr. Silver (the woman).

Lisa sits in a chair, disheveled, scared, on edge.

MICHAEL  
She was here twice -- two Mondays  
ago for a check-up and then last  
Monday with me.

OFFICER OLFRY  
How'd you find Dr. Silver?

MICHAEL  
A P.P.O. plan from work. Dr. Silver  
was a listed physician.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

OFFICER MCGUEWYN

(to Lisa)

Ever seen the man who was in here  
before?

Lisa shakes her head.

OFFICER MCGUEWYN (CONT'D)

(to Michael)

You?

MICHAEL.

Lisa just recently decided to switch  
doctors, so neither one of us had  
ever seen him or...

(pointing at Dr. Silver)

...her, for that matter.

OFFICER MCGUEWYN

You still have the phone number you  
used to contact this guy?

Lisa nods, pulls out an address book, opens it. The cop  
takes it, writes down the number, turns to Michael.

OFFICER MCGUEWYN (CONT'D)

We'll check this number out right  
away. We'd also like you and your  
wife to come down to the station.  
Guy might have tried to pull this  
kind of sham before so we may have  
a mug of him.

MICHAEL

Okay. Just give us a minute.

OFFICER MCGUEWYN

(to doctor)

And you should get the locks changed  
on your door, maybe talk to your  
landlord about upgrading the  
building's security system.

Lisa gets up, moves to the door.

MICHAEL

Lisa?

But Lisa's already gone.

80 EXT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 80

Lisa exits the building. Michael runs up to her, grabs her arm.

MICHAEL  
Where are you going?

Lisa's scared, confused.

LISA  
You found the doctor Michael. Why didn't you tell the police that?

MICHAEL  
What? What are you talking about?

She tries to pull away, but he holds on.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Lisa, I'm sorry this happened. But it wasn't my fault. Let's go get your car and then go to the police. We'll figure this out, okay?

Off Lisa, not at all sure everything is okay--

CUT TO:

81 EXT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE - HEADING SOUTH - NIGHT 81

Michael's car cruises along lake Michigan.

82 INT. MICHAEL'S CAR 82

Lisa stares blankly out the passenger window as Michael drives. She turns to him.

LISA  
(quietly)  
What if the other doctor was a fake, too?

MICHAEL  
What?

LISA  
What if Dr. Trainer was a fake, or was wrong, just like Silver? I mean, it's possible, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)



82 CONTINUED:

82

MICHAEL

Lisa, I want you to be hopeful. I mean, I think that that's good. Dr. Silver...or whoever he was... I don't know what he was doing in that office. But Dr. Trainer -- he works at Northwestern University. It has one of the best hospitals in the world.

Michael pulls the car up next to Lisa's car.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You going to be okay? Driving to the police?

Lisa opens her door.

LISA

How did you find him, Michael?

MICHAEL

Find who?

LISA

Dr. Trainer.

MICHAEL

He was on my company's PPO plan.

LISA

You mean the same way you found Dr. Silver!?

She climbs into the car, shuts the door. Michael rolls down his window.

MICHAEL

Lisa! LISA! LISTEN TO ME!!!

Lisa ignores him, pulls away.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

83

Early evening and Lisa pulls up to the hospital, climbs out of her car.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

She cautiously approaches the entrance, busy with ambulance and POLICE activity. She slips inside...

84 INT. HOSPITAL 84

Lisa approaches a door labeled "Hematology." She enters.

85 INT. HEMATOLOGY OFFICE 85

She approaches a NURSE.

LISA  
I need to see Dr. Trainer. It's an emergency.

NURSE  
You should go the emergency room if...

LISA  
No. I need to go over my test results with Dr. Trainer. Now!

NURSE  
I'm sorry, Dr. Trainer's out of town.

Lisa stares at the nurse, ready to burst.

86 INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT 86

Jammed with PATIENTS and COPS, Lisa sits at a nurses station, filling out a form. She hands the nurse the form.

NURSE  
We're packed. It'll be at least two or three hours.

And off Lisa's frustrated look, we...

CUT TO:

87 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 87

Michael sits in an interrogation room, leafing through a stack of mug shot books. McGuewyn enters.

OFFICER MCGUEWYN  
Your wife coming?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

MICHAEL

I don't know. She was pretty upset after the Silver thing and I don't know where she went.

McGuewyn nods. Makes sense.

OFFICER MCGUEWYN

We had the phony doctor's phone number traced. Goes to an empty apartment in Melrose. Landlord says it's been vacant for months. You find anything in the books?

Michael shuts the last of the books, shakes his head.

MICHAEL

Sorry. If you want, I can bring my wife down to look tomorrow. Maybe she'd spot someone I missed.

OFFICER MCGUEWYN

That'd be fine.

McGuewyn opens the door for Michael to leave.

CUT TO:

88 INT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY EMERGENCY ROOM

88

Lisa lies on a gurney. DR. KALE approaches her, staring at a bottle of Lisa's pills.

DR. KALE

How long have you been taking these?

LISA

Just over a week. Two pills, four times a day.

DR. KALE

And how long have you been having these nausea attacks?

LISA

A little longer. Maybe two or three weeks. But the real intense ones only in the last week or so.

Dr. Kale looks puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

DR. KALE

The drug you've been taking isn't a pain killer. It's Erythromycin, a common antibiotic. In normal dosages, side effects are rare. But taking four thousand milligrams a day -- like you've been doing -- well, I would definitely attribute the intensity of your nausea attacks to them. Before the pills, your nausea was probably from morning sickness.

Another beat while the doctor's words sink in.

DR. KALE (CONT'D)

You see, Lisa, you're six weeks pregnant. And based on the blood tests we just took, I'd say you're in perfect health.

And off Lisa's stunned look--

CUT TO:

89 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

89

Daybreak, and Lisa exits the hospital, heads towards the parking lot.

She sees a trash dumpster, digs into her purse, removes a bottle of Silver's drugs and tosses them into the bin.

She looks over her shoulder, sees a MAN in the building's shadow looking her way.

She quickens her pace, looks back again, sees the man headed right at her.

She breaks into a run, but in high heels, doesn't go far. She trips, falls. Desperate, she starts pushing herself up, sees the man is upon her. He pulls his--

HAND

From his coat, and as Lisa recoils in fear, he extends it.

MAN

Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

Lisa looks at him, realizes it's not the hit man. Lisa hesitates, then takes the hand. He pulls her to her feet, smiles at her, moves on.

Lisa watches him for a beat, then she gets an idea. She pulls out her cell. Digs out of her purse the crumbled piece of paper with the killer's number on it.

Nervously looking around her, she dials, gets a message telling her the number is disconnected. She hangs up the phone, dials again, gets the same message.

LISA

Damnit!

She runs off to her car.

90 INT. BAR - DAY

90

Lisa enters the same bar she entered earlier, now empty but for the BARTENDER. She approaches him.

BARTENDER

Sorry, lady. We don't open on Saturdays 'til two.

LISA

I was in here two days ago, to meet a man. He called me on your phone.

BARTENDER

I don't remember ever seeing you before, lady.

LISA

What do you mean? You gave me the phone! Now I need to find him!

BARTENDER

I don't know you, and I don't know what you're talking about.

Lisa looks around a beat. She's frustrated. She pulls out her cell. Dials.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

CHRISTIE (V.O.)

(on machine)

Hello. Christie Sampson is not in at the moment. At the tone, please leave a message and I'll return your call as soon as possible.

There's a BEEP, then:

LISA

Christie, it's Lisa. If you're there pick up!

(beat)

Please Christie. Pick up the phone!  
It's an emergency!

She waits another beat, then hangs up. She turns, runs out of the bar, as the bartender reaches for his own phone.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. CHRISTIE SAMPSON'S APARTMENT - DAY

91

Late afternoon, at a three story graystone apartment building on Chicago's Wellington Street.

Lisa pulls up to the curb, runs up to the door, buzzes the button marked "Christie Sampson." There's no answer. She buzzes again.

LISA

Come on, Christie!

There's no response. She looks up and down the street, then leans against the wall, waits.

92 INT. BAR - DAY

92

The man's talking to the bartender, who nods his head.

The man looks up at the T.V., sees a Cubs player strike out, mourns the out with the bartender.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

93 EXT. CHRISTIE SAMPSON'S APARTMENT - LATER 93

Lisa is sitting on the front steps, leaning against the front wall of the building, half-asleep.

Christie Sampson walks toward her, spots her, then runs toward her. Lisa gets up.

CHRISTIE  
My God! What's wrong? You look exhausted.

LISA  
I need help.

94 INT. CHRISTIE SAMPSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 94

A tastefully decorated, two-bedroom apartment taking up the third floor of the building. Lisa sits in the kitchen, Christie across from her.

LISA  
...and that's when I went to Northwestern.

Christie just stares at her, a big smile across her face.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Why are you smiling, Christie?

CHRISTIE  
Are you kidding? You're not dying of leukemia.

LISA  
Christie, I've gotta hit man after me. And somebody -- probably my husband -- set me up.

CHRISTIE  
I know, I know. Look, as for Michael...that just seems so hard to believe.

LISA  
(somberly)  
Yeah.

CHRISTIE  
Could it be someone else?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

CLOSE ON LISA--

FLASH INSERT--

Lisa is in her ex-husband's house, looking at all the unpaid bills as she picks up the renewal notice for the life insurance policy.

CUT TO:

FLASH INSERT--

Lisa with Kathryn, signing the key-man documents.

RETURN TO SCENE

LISA

I don't know. Maybe. Either way, first thing I have to do is stop this man.

CHRISTIE

We'll call him. The number I gave you--

LISA

--doesn't work. It's been disconnected. How else can I find him, Christie?

CHRISTIE

I...I don't know. I don't know who he is. I just had a number.

LISA

There can't just be a number. Somebody's got to know who he is.

CHRISTIE

I don't--

LISA

(hard)  
I'm not gonna let this guy kill me.  
NOW HELP ME FIND HIM!

Christie looks scared. She shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)



94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

CHRISTIE

I got the number from a client. He didn't even know the guy's name. The client told me if I ever had a real emergency, this guy would handle anything -- for a price.

LISA

(angry, forceful)  
Call the client!

CHRISTIE

He's in jail. There's no way--

LISA

Then you're going to have to go there and find him!

Christie nods, starts putting on her jacket. She heads towards the door.

CHRISTIE

I'll call you as soon as I can.  
(beat)  
With that man out there, you should stay here. Don't leave.

And Christie exits the apartment, locking it behind her. Lisa moves to a window, looks out.

95 EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT - LISA'S POV - 95 NIGHT

Christie exits the building, climbs into her car. Through the car window Lisa sees Christie grab her cell phone.

Lisa turns, heads into Christie's office. Picks up the phone. Dials 911.

LISA

(into phone)  
I'm at 2674 Wellington. A man's trying to break in and kill me. Please, send the police now.

She hangs up. Checks out another window. Sees nothing. She moves to Christie's drawers, starts shuffling through them.

- 96 EXT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 96
- In the alley behind the apartment building, the man's sedan eases to a stop.
- The man takes out a doughnut, bites on it, and puts the remainder back in the box.
- 97 EXT. MANNSFIELD HOUSE - NIGHT 97
- A silhouetted figure of a woman approaches the door.
- 98 INT. CHRISTIE SAMPSON'S OFFICE 98
- Lisa finds an old address book, rifles through it, finds nothing. She clasps her head in her hands. What the hell is she going to do?
- 99 EXT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 99
- The back gate's lock clicks, and the man slowly swings the gate open.
- 100 INT. MANNSFIELD BEDROOM - NIGHT 100
- Two silhouetted figures stand, embracing.
- 101 INT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT 101
- Lisa unclasps her hands from her head, catches a glimpse of an old scrap book sitting beneath the desk.
- She picks it up, flips the pages, finds an obituary that reads: "Assistant D.A. Robert Sampson Commits Suicide."
- She shuts the scrapbook, hears a NOISE outside. She moves to the back window, peers out, sees a...
- FIGURE stalking towards the rear fire stairs. A beat, and she makes out the face of the man.
- Lisa runs towards the front door, tries to yank it open. It's deadlocked.
- 102 EXT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT - REAR FIRE STAIRS - NIGHT 102
- The man scrambles up the stairs, reaches Christie's back door. He slim-jim's the door open in a heartbeat.

103 INT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 103

The man enters the apartment, shuts the door behind him, then stands there, silent. He hears a quiet VOICE from the front of the apartment, moves towards it.

104 INT. CHRISTIE'S BEDROOM - OFF KITCHEN 104

Lisa watches from behind the bed as the killer crosses the kitchen and heads towards the living room.

105 INT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT 105

The man reaches the living room, sees the T.V. is on, the volume turned low. He scans the room.

106 INT. CHRISTIE'S BEDROOM 106

Lisa slides the window all the way up, looks out, sees a gap of three feet between herself and the fire stairs. Looking down, she sees a--

THIRTY FOOT plunge to the ground below. She climbs onto the window ledge, her foot scrapping the wall.

107 INT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT 107

The killer hears the noise, marches towards the room, gun drawn, a silencer screwed onto the barrel.

108 EXT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT -- LOOKING INTO BEDROOM 108

Lisa crouches on the window sill just as the killer enters the room behind her. He points his gun at her. She sees it--

LISA

NO!

--and she JUMPS towards the fire stairs, grabbing onto the banister. She swings under the banister as the killer reaches the window, looks out just as she tears down the stairs, out of sight.

109 INT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT 109

The killer runs from the room, reaches the front door, tries to pull it open, finds it's deadlocked. Frustrated, he POUNDS his fist on the wall.

110 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 110

Lisa runs down the alley, gasping for breath, sees a COP CAR heading toward her. She flags it down.

111 INT. MANNSFIELD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 111

The phone rings. Michael, in a robe, grabs it.

MICHAEL

Hello?

He listens for a beat, looks worried.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No. Oh my God!

He slams the phone down, as we...

CUT TO:

112 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER 112

McGuewyn sits across from Lisa. Officer Olfry leans against the wall. ASSISTANT D.A. LINDA STICCONO sits next to McGuewyn.

A mug shot of Lisa's killer rests on the table next to stacks of mug shot books. It's labeled with the name Victor Channing.

OFFICER MCGUEWYN

So if he killed you, how much insurance would your husband get?

LISA

Seven hundred, fifty thousand dollars.

McGuewyn nods. He's seen people killed for a lot less than that.

ASS'T D.A. STICCONNO

(to McGuewyn)

You checked the numbers to this phony doctor?

OFFICER MCGUEWYN

Nothing. And Mrs. Mannsfield didn't spot him in the books.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

There's a beat. Sticonno picks up the killer's mug shot.

ASS'T D.A. STICONNO  
(to Lisa)  
Can you give us a minute?

Lisa nods.

113 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY 113

Sticonno, McGuewyn and Olfry emerge from the interrogation room. McGuewyn looks at Olfry.

OFFICER MCGUEWYN  
What do you think?

OFFICER OLFRY  
Wild story. Hiring a man to take  
herself out?

McGuewyn looks at the Assistant D.A.

ASS'T D.A. STICONNO  
Let's say everything she says is  
true. We've got nothing on her  
husband. We can't prove this man's  
attacked her yet. And I guarantee  
if we drag him in here he'll deny  
ever having seen her. Unless you  
bring me something more, I don't  
see what we can do.

Sticonno takes off down the hallway. McGuewyn starts to open the door to Lisa's room.

OFFICER OLFRY  
So?

OFFICER MCGUEWYN  
I think this woman got messed up  
with some bad people and now she's  
got no way out.

He pushes open the door, enters--

114 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 114

McGuewyn and Olfry enter.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

OFFICER MCGUEWYN

We're gonna keep an eye on you, continue trying to find this Dr. Silver. We'll also bring your husband back in here for questioning.

LISA

That's it?! That's all you're going to do?

OFFICER MCGUEWYN

I'm sorry.

LISA

Sorry?! This man's going to kill me. Is that what you're going to wait for?

OFFICER MCGUEWYN

There's nothing else we can do now. You got a place you can stay? We'll have someone check on you every couple of hours.

LISA

I wanna make this clear. Somebody's trying to kill me. I've asked you for help, and you haven't given it. As far as I'm concerned, you've just given me carte blanche to do whatever I have to do to save my neck.

She storms out of there. The cops look at each other...what the hell can they do?

CUT TO:

115 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

115

Lisa walks up the street, nears Wrigley Field. She constantly looks around, cautious, scared.

116 INT. BAR - DAY

116

Again, the same bar Lisa entered earlier, and the same bartender.

Several patrons are scattered about, watching a Cubs game. Lisa marches in, walks right up to the bartender.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

LISA  
 (angry, determined)  
 You've got to tell me where to find  
 him.

BARTENDER  
 I told you yesterday, lady. I don't  
 know what you're talking about.

LISA  
 You're a damned liar! Now you tell  
 me where he is or I'll get the police  
 in here!

BARTENDER  
 I think you better get the hell out  
 of here or I'll get the police.

Disheartened, Lisa turns, starts out of the bar. She stops,  
 turns around, looks up at the T.V. with the Cubs game on it.

LISA  
 Is the game being played here?

BARTENDER  
 What?

LISA  
 Is it a home game!?

The bartender just looks at her.

117 EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY

117

Lisa approaches the field. A TICKET SCALPER approaches--

TICKET SCALPER  
 You need tickets?

LISA  
 Just one. Bleachers.

He gives him some cash, he hands her a ticket.

CUT TO:

118 INT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY

118

Lisa gives her ticket to an attendant, enters the stadium.  
 Through heavy crowds, she makes her way up the ramp-way to

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

the bleachers, eyeing patrons with every step, searching for the man.

She emerges into the seating area, walks along the top of the bleachers, then up and down the walkways between them, looking, looking.

Up ahead, she spots a MAN who looks like the killer. She pushes her way through the crowd, loses him, stands there a beat searching.

She spots him heading down the exit ramp, runs after him, reaches him. She grabs him and he spins around.

MAN

Yeah? What do you want?

It's the wrong man.

LISA

I'm sorry. I thought you were someone else.

The man shakes his head, walks on. Lisa, frustrated, hopeless, walks back up the ramp, continues her search as we--

DISSOLVE  
TO:

LATER, and Lisa's given up her search. She heads towards the exit when she sees the killer buying a beer.

She follows behind him as he makes his way back up the ramp towards the bleachers.

Reaching the bleachers, he finds his seat. Lisa walks up and sits directly next to him. The man never looks at her.

LISA (CONT'D)

I want you to call off the contract.  
I don't want you to come after me.

MAN

(quietly)  
I told you never to approach me in public.

LISA

I didn't know how else to find you.  
Now please, just call off the--

(CONTINUED)



118 CONTINUED: (2)

118

MAN

You want to talk, there's an area on the entrance level -- beneath the center bleachers.

Lisa looks at him a beat.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'm watching the rest of this inning. Alone.

Lisa sits there another beat. She doesn't want to leave until the deal's definitively off.

MAN (CONT'D)

You can meet me down there, or I'll leave now and you'll never see me again. And you won't know whether I'm after you or not.

Lisa gets up and leaves. The killer reaches under his seat, pulls out a box and removes a doughnut.

119 EXT. BENEATH WRIGLEY BLEACHERS - DAY

119

Dark but for patches of light filtering through the bleacher seats. Stains and the stench of urine are embedded in the concrete floor. The HOWLING of fans is muffled.

Find Lisa, standing in a patch of light, vulnerable, alone.

The man appears from around the corner. Lisa doesn't see him at first.

He stares at her a beat -- is he going to shoot her or talk to her? Lisa finally senses him, turns toward him.

LISA

I want to end our agreement.

MAN

I don't cancel contracts.

LISA

I'll go to the police. They'll find you.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

MAN

My bet? You already went to the cops, told them everything. But Chicago's finest got nothing on me 'cause I haven't done anything yet, so there's nothing they can do to help you.

LISA

I...I can give you some more money... to call it off.

MAN

You really don't have a clue what's going on here, do you?

LISA

(desperate)  
If you can just give me a day or so. I can get you another five thousand dollars...maybe more.

MAN

A few thousand dollars isn't going to be enough.

LISA

Why not?

MAN

I'm getting ten times that to take you out.

He turns and slowly walks away.

120 EXT. CHRISTIE'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

120

A modern, downtown building on Monroe near Michigan.

121 INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

121

Christie exits an elevator, heads to her car. As she inserts her key, she senses somebody behind her. She swings around, terrified, sees Lisa standing there.

CHRISTIE

Lisa. Jesus, you scared me to death.

(CONTINUED)

LISA  
Your father didn't die of leukemia.  
He killed himself.

CHRISTIE  
What? How do you know that?

LISA  
I went to the police and told them  
everything. Just keep that in mind.  
That if anything happens to me you  
and Michael will be prime suspects.

Lisa turns and walks away.

CHRISTIE  
(yelling)  
Lisa, you've got it wrong. I haven't  
done anything! I want to help you!

Lisa continues to put distance between them. Christie runs  
after her, grabs her arm.

LISA  
Damn you! How could you do this to  
me? You were my best--

CHRISTIE  
You've got to listen to me. My  
father did commit suicide. He was  
dying of leukemia and he killed  
himself.

Lisa tries to pull away.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)  
It's true, Lisa. You have to believe  
me. He was in so much pain at the  
end that he wanted to die. That's  
why I gave you the phone number. I  
didn't want you to go through the  
same thing.

LISA  
Somebody gave the killer more money.  
You were the only one who knew I  
hired him.

Christie shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

121

CHRISTIE  
Michael knew.

LISA  
What?

CHRISTIE  
I thought he should know. I mean,  
he's your husband. But I didn't  
know he was setting you up. I swear.

Lisa eyes Christie a beat, shakes her head, then turns and  
walks away.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)  
Lisa, please!

But Lisa keeps walking, exits the garage and disappears.

122 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

122

Lisa walks up to a hotel. She looks around several beats,  
then enters.

123 INT. HOTEL

123

She approaches a front desk CLERK.

LISA  
I need a room.

The clerk punches a computer.

CLERK  
Yes, we have a king at...\$189 a  
night.

He hands her a form.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
If you could please fill that out  
and I'll need a credit card.

Lisa digs into her purse, hands him a credit card. He moves  
to an authorization machine, swipes the card. After a beat,  
he comes back.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Ms. Mannsfield. The  
card's been declined.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

LISA  
That's not possible. I use it all  
the time. Can you try it again?

CLERK  
I already did. Do you have another  
credit card?

She hands him another. He tries it, shakes his head.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. We also take personal  
checks and, of course, cash.

Lisa looks in her purse, checks her cash, sees she has twenty  
bucks left.

124 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

124

Lisa moves down the street, scanning in all directions. She  
sees an ATM, moves to it, slips her card in. She pushes  
several buttons, gets a "zero balance" message.

Frustrated, she turns around. Sees a man standing down the  
street. From a distance, she can't see who it is, but it  
appears he's looking at her.

She walks quickly in the opposite direction of him, turns a  
corner and breaks into a trot, looking again and again over  
her shoulder. She flags down a cab and climbs in.

125 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

125

The cab pulls up. Lisa gives him her last twenty, climbs  
out.

126 INT. OFFICE - DAY

126

Lisa enters her old office, now occupied by Kathryn Clemons.  
Kathryn's surprised.

KATHRYN  
Uh oh. Don't tell me you already  
want your office back?

LISA  
No...I need your help, Kathryn.  
You still do employee paychecks?

(CONTINUED)

KATHRYN  
Yeah, 'til next week. Then I'm--

LISA  
Listen. I have one more paycheck  
the company owes me. I need to get  
it today.

Kathryn shakes her head.

KATHRYN  
No way. I've tried it before myself.  
If it's not the fifteenth or the  
first, they won't sign it. What's  
the hurry, anyway?

Lisa looks at the floor.

LISA  
I can't go home. I need to find  
another place to stay.

KATHRYN  
I understand. Been there myself.  
(a beat)  
Hey, if you want, I got an extra  
room. If you need it for a few  
nights...

Lisa looks up. A glimmer of hope.

LISA  
Are you sure?

Kathryn pulls out her keys.

KATHRYN  
No big deal. I don't get out of  
here 'til six or so, but here's the  
key. It's only a couple of blocks,  
at 1660 North. Just show the doorman  
your key and he'll let you up.

LISA  
Thank you so much. This is--

KATHRYN  
It's nothing. Don't think anything  
of it.

Lisa gets up, heads to the door.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

LISA

I'll see you 'round six then.

Kathryn smiles and Lisa exits. Lisa walks several feet, stops, thinks of something.

She turns, heads back into Kathryn's office. As Lisa enters the office again, Kathryn abruptly stops talking into the phone, covers the receiver with her hand.

KATHRYN

Yeah?

There's an awkward beat.

LISA

I forgot...um...to get the apartment number.

KATHRYN

I'm sorry. It's 1207.

Lisa nods, exits.

127 INT. KATHRYN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

127

Lisa shows the doorman her key, enters the lobby.

128 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

128

Lisa exits the elevator, approaches apartment 1207.

129 INT. KATHRYN'S APARTMENT

129

Decorated with all the taste of somebody who actually likes shag carpet.

The phone starts to ring. Lisa walks to it, looks at it, doesn't pick it up.

A beat, and the answering machine answers with Kathryn's recorded message. Then:

KATHRYN

(on machine)

Lisa! If you're there--

Lisa stares at the phone a beat.

(CONTINUED)

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
(on machine)  
--please pick up. Lisa, if you're  
there.

Lisa slowly reaches out, picks up the phone.

KATHRYN (O.S) (CONT'D)  
Lisa?

LISA  
It's me.

KATHRYN (O.S.)  
I wanted to give you my phone number  
in case you needed anything. They  
changed the number here since you  
left.

Lisa looks around the table for a pencil and paper. She  
opens up a drawer, finds nothing.

She opens another drawer, finds some paperwork from the  
office. Including several key-man policies, with the one on  
Lisa. Lisa takes the policy out of the drawer, stares at  
it.

KATHRYN (O.S) (CONT'D)  
You got a pencil?

Lisa's silent. She just stares at the policy.

KATHRYN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Lisa!  
(a beat)  
Are you there?

A BUZZ breaks the silence of the apartment, draws Lisa's  
eyes to the intercom by the door.

KATHRYN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Lisa!

Lisa hangs up, looks again at the key-man policy she's found.  
The intercom BUZZES again. She moves to the door, hits an  
intercom button.

DOORMAN (O.S.)  
There's a delivery here for you.  
Guy's coming up.

(CONTINUED)



129 CONTINUED: (2)

129

Lisa stands there a beat, her mind on overdrive. She throws open the door, runs into the hall, looks at the elevator lights.

The elevator's at floor 8, now 9, now 10. Lisa looks up and down the hallway, sees the emergency exit at the far end.

She takes off after it, hears the elevator DING behind her. She reaches the door, yanks it open, looks back, sees the--

Man emerge from the elevator. He sees her, takes off after her. She enters--

130 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

130

Tears down the stairs, jumping as many steps as she can handle. She hits the 10th floor, nearly trips, pulls herself up, hears the door open above her.

She moves even faster, pushing herself as hard as she can. Gasping for breath, she comes to the 6th floor, can hear the killer gaining on her.

4th floor, and she looks back, sees the killer just two flights behind her.

2nd floor, and she can see the outside exit door just below.

She reaches the bottom floor, pushes away a mover's cart that's blocking the door.

She yanks on the door -- it's locked. She yanks again, looks up, sees the killer nearing the final flight of stairs.

She looks to her right, sees a glass door that leads to the lobby. She runs to it, yanks it -- it's locked.

Nearly panicked, she runs to the cart, grabs it, rolls it forward, ramming it into the glass door, which shatters into a million pieces.

She jumps through the door, runs into the lobby, finds the doorman by the front door, staring at her. She runs toward him, sees the elevator door is open. She runs into the elevator, hits a button.

Just as the elevator doors close, the killer runs into the lobby, tears out the front door, and disappears.

131 EXT. REAR OF KATHRYN'S BUILDING - NIGHT 131

Lisa emerges from the building, stands behind a dumpster, looking out onto LaSalle Street. No sign of the man.

She runs across LaSalle, cuts through an alley, heads up Clark Street. She sees a restaurant, enters it.

132 INT. REAR OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT 132

Lisa looks through the phone book, finds a number, dials her cell.

LISA  
(into phone)  
David? I need your help.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

133 INT. DINING AREA OF RESTAURANT - LATER 133

Lisa sits at a table, just a glass of water in front of her. She's dazed, lost. David approaches her--

DAVID  
Lisa!

He sits across from her. Lisa stares at him a beat. She's filled with emotions.

LISA  
I cancelled the life insurance policy  
you took out on me.

DAVID  
Cancelled it? I don't understand.

LISA  
If I die, you won't collect a dime.

DAVID  
Lisa, the policy expired a month or  
two ago. I didn't renew it.

Lisa looks at David long and hard.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Lisa, what's going on?

(CONTINUED)

LISA  
I was testing you.

DAVID  
What?

LISA  
I saw all the unpaid bills at your house--

DAVID  
I was laid off--

LISA  
And then I saw the policy, and thought...

DAVID  
What, that I'm trying to kill you?

Lisa just stares at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Lisa, we may have practically killed each other when we were married, but I didn't ever want you dead. What I told you at the house is still true -- I want you back. I still love you. It killed me when you re-married.

Lisa doesn't say a thing.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Look, if you really think I'm out to get you, let's call my insurance agent right now. He'll tell you it's expired.

LISA  
Okay, call him.

DAVID  
You're serious.

Lisa nods. David takes out his cell, checks his Palm Pilot for a number, dials.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Jim Davis please.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2)

133

DAVID (CONT'D)

(beat)

Jim, I have a strange request. I need you to tell Lisa...yeah, my ex-wife--

Lisa reaches out, puts her hand on the phone, indicating he can hang up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Nevermind, Jim.

He hangs up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What's going on?

LISA

Where's your car?

DAVID

Just up the street, at a meter. Tell me what's going on!

LISA

I can't go outside. If you could pull the car up. Then, if you have a place we can go where nobody would look for me...

David looks at her a beat. He can't believe Lisa's in this kind of trouble.

DAVID

Okay, okay. You know my Accord. Give me five minutes.

He gets up, heads out of the restaurant.

134 INT. HOSTESS AREA OF RESTAURANT - JUST LATER

134

Lisa peers out the window, watching for David. As she waits, she takes out her cell. Dials.

LISA

(into cell)

Delores Sampson, please.

(beat)

No just connect me.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

INTERCUT WITH DELORES SAMPSON in her kitchen.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Sampson? This is Lisa,  
Christie's friend?

DELORES  
Lisa? You okay? Christie told me  
you were quite ill.

LISA  
No, I'm fine. I just want to ask  
you something. It's going to seem  
kind of strange--

DELORES  
You can ask me anything, sweetie.  
You know that.

LISA  
Can you tell me how your husband  
died?

DELORES  
That is strange. Why do you want  
to know that?

LISA  
I just... Can you please just tell  
me? It's important.

Delores stares at her a beat.

DELORES  
Gary died of leukemia.

LISA  
But I saw...I...heard he didn't die  
of leukemia. That he committed  
suicide.

There's a beat.

DELORES  
Where'd you hear that?

LISA  
I saw a newspaper clipping. At  
Christie's apartment.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

134

DELORES

Gary did have leukemia. He was dying, and was in a lot of pain. If the paper's want to call that suicide...

LISA

I'm sorry.

DELORES

Can you tell me what this is about?

LISA

I have to go, Mrs. Sampson. I'm sorry to have bothered you.

She hang up, spot's David's car out front.

135 INT. DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT

135

David drives. Lisa's in the passenger seat.

LISA

And this killer refuses to stop trying to kill me.

DAVID

Jesus Christ.

LISA

I need to talk to Christie. I have to tell her that I was wrong about--

DAVID

Christie's going to understand. I think you should be more worried about figuring a way out of this for yourself.

Lisa nods. There's a beat.

LISA

The thing is, without the phony doctor, the police say they can't do a thing.

DAVID

Then we have to find this doctor.

136 INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

136

Lisa and David approach a door labeled, "Jennifer McCallum - Computer Science." David takes out a key.

DAVID

We were dating for a while after you and I divorced. She's out of town and I'm watering her plants.

137 INT. MCCALLUM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

137

Cluttered with computers and books. David goes right for the computer. Lisa pulls out her cell.

CHRISTIE (O.S.)

Hello?

LISA

It's me, Christie.

CHRISTIE (O.S.)

Oh my God -- you're okay! I didn't know if you'd ever call me.

LISA

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have ever--

CHRISTIE (O.S.)

It doesn't matter. Listen to me. I'm going to cancel your insurance policy. That'll end this--

LISA

I thought of that, but it takes both of our signatures to--

CHRISTIE (O.S.)

There's a way. If you file for divorce, you can cancel the policy on your own. I already got the forms. I just need your signature.

Lisa looks at David, who's busy studying the computer screen.

LISA

Can you come here?

CUT TO:

138 INT. CHRISTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

138

Christie finishes writing down directions.

CHRISTIE  
 (into phone)  
 Okay. I'll be there in a half hour.

She hangs up the phone as we...

PULL BACK, see Michael sitting on the couch. He gets up, embraces Christie.

MICHAEL  
 You still think we should go through with this?

CHRISTIE  
 She went to the cops. Told them a hit man is after her, that she hired. If she's killed now, the man's the only one they'll ever suspect.

CUT TO:

139 INT. MCCALLUM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

139

Lisa looks over David's shoulder.

LISA  
 What are you trying to do?

DAVID  
 The university has on-line access to newspapers, law cases -- you name it. I'm doing a key-word search for this phony doctor.

LISA  
 You can do that?

DAVID  
 I can try. I plugged in the words Mannsfield and doctor, Mannsfield and impersonator, a couple others. Tried it with Kathryn Clemons, too. Just seeing if there's a link between either of them and this phony doctor of yours.

(CONTINUED)



LISA  
Nothing?

Michael shakes his head.

DAVID  
You said you thought Silver's  
impersonator was a real doctor,  
right?

LISA  
That's what the police thought.  
Maybe a doctor who lost his license.

DAVID  
I think it takes a court to strip  
somebody's medical license. If it  
happened in Illinois...

David types. CLOSE-UP on terminal, which reads, "physician  
and malpractice and license."

A beat, and the computer flashes, "Searching cases for  
physician and malpractice and license."

PULL BACK to David, studying the screen.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Seven cases in the last 10 years  
where doctors lost their licenses.

David reads the screen intently, then turns and looks up at  
Lisa. He looks nervous.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Dr. Richard Crawford lost his license  
seven years ago in a medical scam  
case.

LISA  
Why do you think it was him? I  
thought you said there were seven...

DAVID  
His lawyer was Christie Sampson.

Lisa realizes they are both in immediate danger.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2)

139

DAVID (CONT'D)

There's something else, Lisa. Your husband was charged in the case too, but the charges were dismissed. I'm sorry.

Lisa absorbs this, stiffens.

LISA

They'll be on their way.

DAVID

If they're on their way, then we got to get you out of here.

Lisa shakes her head.

LISA

They're not after you, David. I'm not going to let you risk getting killed too.

DAVID

But I can't just--

LISA

I fucking got myself into this, I'm getting myself out of this. Just do this, David. Call the police and give me your car keys.

David looks at her a beat, then digs into his pocket for his keys, hands them to her. She heads out of the office.

CUT TO:

140 EXT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING - NIGHT

140

Find the killer's sedan parked on the curb. Nobody's in it.

141 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

141

Lisa tears down a stairwell, reaches the bottom. She opens the back door, looks, sees nobody.

142 EXT. REAR OF UNIVERSITY BUILDING - NIGHT

142

She runs along the rear of the building, looks around the corner. In the distance, she sees David's Accord.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

She takes off for it, covers half the distance, catches the sedan in the corner of her eye.

She stops, stares at the sedan, sees David popping its hood, ripping out its distributor cap wires.

She stands there a beat, then turns and runs the opposite way, back towards the rear of campus. The killer emerges from behind the Accord, takes off after her.

Lisa senses the killer running after her, picks up her pace. She reaches the edge of campus, crosses through a gate, sees a subway stop ahead of her. She looks back, sees the killer closing the distance.

143 INT. SUBWAY - DAY

143

Lisa runs down the stairs, darting around people. She jumps the token gate, heads down a tunnel towards a platform.

She reaches the platform -- empty of people -- sees the killer coming down the tunnel.

A train approaches as Lisa looks for another exit, sees the killer nearing the end of the tunnel, pulling out a gun.

She looks at the oncoming train, then leaps onto the tracks, trips. The train bears down on her.

She crawls to her feet, looks back, sees the killer rushing towards the edge of the platform, leveling his gun at her.

She looks at the train, nearly on top of her, then pulls herself out of the way as the train zooms into the station, blocking the path of the killer.

She scrambles across the opposite tracks, climbs onto the platform, and disappears down a tunnel.

144 INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

144

David's seated across from McGuewyn and Olfry. Assistant D.A. Sticonno stands, leaning against the wall.

A hard copy print out of Dr. Richard Crawford's newspaper photo lies on the table.

(CONTINUED)

ASS'T D.A. STICONNO  
 We can pick-up this Crawford  
 character. Fraud, practicing  
 medicine without a license -- he's  
 facing three to five years.

DAVID  
 That's it? Lisa's out there -- I  
 don't even know if she's alive --  
 and you want to charge someone for  
 practicing medicine without a  
 license?!

OFFICER MCGUEWYN  
 We'll try to scare him with the  
 charge. May break him.

ASS'T D.A. STICONNO  
 If he breaks, we'll get her husband  
 and Christie Sampson on conspiracy  
 charges. And that could lead us  
 back to the hired killer.

Lisa enters the office. She looks like she hasn't slept in  
 a week. David gets up, hugs her.

DAVID  
 Thank God you're okay!  
 (a beat)  
 I told them about Crawford. They're  
 going to bring him in. But they're  
 not making any promises about the  
 man.

OFFICER MCGUEWYN  
 We're going to nail this Crawford,  
 and this man you hired. It's going  
 to take a little time, but we'll  
 get them.

Lisa shakes her head.

LISA  
 My husband will still be after me.  
 What are you going to do about him?

Off Lisa, knowing there's no good answer to that question,  
 cut to--

145 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

145

David and Lisa walk to David's car.

LISA  
There's only one way out of this.

DAVID  
What are you going to do?

LISA  
End this.

DAVID  
Lisa, I'll do anything. I'll be  
there with you.

LISA  
No.

Off Lisa--

CUT TO:

146 INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

146

Lisa and David are seated across from an old, graying attorney who studies some documents.

ATTORNEY  
And this is the only policy you  
have?

Lisa nods.

ATTORNEY (CONT'D)  
Well, the policy is yours. If I  
file the divorce papers today, you  
can assign whoever you want as the  
beneficiary.

CUT TO:

147 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

147

Olfry and McGuewyn knock on a door. A beat, and Richard Crawford -- Lisa's doctor impersonator -- opens the door. He's scared out of his wits as Olfry slaps cuffs onto him.

148 EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY 148

David exits Wrigley Field, walks away from the stadium. He sees Lisa in his Accord, walks to the car, climbs in.

149 EXT. DAYTON PROPERTIES - DAY 149

Lisa and David are in David's car, parked just outside of the building. Lisa exits the car, heads into the building.

150 INT. DAYTON PROPERTIES - MORNING 150

Lisa approaches Michael's cubicle. Michael looks up.

LISA  
We can talk here, or you can find a private place. Your choice.

151 INT. DAYTON PROPERTIES CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 151

They stand facing each other. Lisa's filled with emotions -- residual love, hate, fear.

LISA  
I wanted to tell you that I'm pregnant.

MICHAEL  
That's what you came here to tell me?

LISA  
No. You don't care about that anyway, do you? I came to tell you that I canceled the insurance policy. Now that, I imagine, you do care about.

MICHAEL  
You couldn't have. Takes both our--

LISA  
Check with Christie. She gave me the idea, in fact. Tell her I filed for divorce. And that at midnight tonight, you won't get a dime from my death.

Michael's speechless.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

LISA (CONT'D)

So maybe I can't stop this killer from getting me and our child, but at least you and Christie won't be rewarded when he does.

Lisa heads to the door. She stops, looks back at him.

LISA (CONT'D)

And don't come home. I plan on keeping the house for myself.

She exits. Michael takes out his cellular phone, dials.

MICHAEL

She canceled it. She canceled the goddamn policy.

He listens a beat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Yeah, by midnight.

152 EXT. MANNSFIELD HOUSE - DAY

152

David and Lisa pull up to the house.

153 INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY

153

There's a beat, then David looks at Lisa.

DAVID

I'm not gonna leave you here alone. It's crazy--

LISA

We've been through this. I got myself into this, and I'm not risking your neck to get out of it.

Lisa starts to get out of the car. She looks back in.

LISA (CONT'D)

Thanks again, David. If I had known you were such a good husband...

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

DAVID

(smiling)

I know, you would have let me get involved in a murder plot years ago.

LISA

Something like that.

Lisa climbs out. Stops. Looks back at David.

LISA (CONT'D)

I just want you to know...I never stopped wanting you back either.

She closes the door.

CUT TO:

154 INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

154

Sticonno and McGuewyn are questioning Richard Crawford, who looks nervous, ready to break.

ASS'T D.A. STICONNO

You're looking at five years, and that's just for fraud. Practicing without a license may tack on another year or two. All we want to know is who put you up to it.

CRAWFORD

(scared)

I don't know anything about this. I told you that.

ASS'T D.A. STICONNO

Fine.

(to McGuewyn)

I'll file the damn papers, and let the D.A. know that we offered him a deal that's now permanently withdrawn.

McGuewyn and Sticonno head for the door.

CRAWFORD

Okay, okay.

Sticonno and McGuewyn turn back to him.

(CONTINUED)



154 CONTINUED:

154

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

It was that Sampson woman. Christie Sampson.

ASS'T D.A. STICONNO

That's it? No one else?

CRAWFORD

She's the one who hired me. If the woman's husband was in on it too, I didn't know about it.

ASS'T D.A. STICONNO

(to McGuewyn)

Bring her in.

McGuewyn nods, takes off.

155 INT. MANNSFIELD HOUSE - DAY

155

The phone rings. Lisa picks it up.

LISA

Hello?

There's no response. She looks around the house, nervous.

LISA (CONT'D)

Hello?!

She hears the other end click off.

156 INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DAY

156

Michael hangs up his car phone, then picks it up again. He dials.

MICHAEL

She's at our house.

(a beat)

I'll have her outside in ten minutes.

157 INT. CHRISTIE SAMPSON'S OFFICE - DAY

157

McGuewyn enters the office. Christie jumps to her feet.

158 INT. MANNSFIELD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

158

The phone rings again. Lisa answers.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

KATHRYN (O.S.)

God! You okay? I thought maybe you had been robbed or something.

LISA

No, I'm fine. I'm sorry about leaving like that.

KATHRYN (O.S.)

That's okay. I was just a little worried, plus I have some more of your things in my apartment that I found in the office. A picture of your husband, a coffee mug.

LISA

Thanks.

Lisa hangs up, hears a KEY in the front door, turns and sees Michael entering.

MICHAEL

I thought about what you said. I didn't know you were pregnant.

He steps towards her. She backs away.

LISA

It's too late, Michael.

MICHAEL

You have to believe me, Lisa. I can't let anything happen to you and our--

He suddenly charges forward, grabs her. Lisa SCREAMS. Michael holds on, forces her to the front door.

159 EXT. MANNSFIELD HOUSE - DAY

159

Michael leads her outside. Lisa looks around, sees a beat-up sedan a hundred yards down the street.

MICHAEL

Just walk with me and you'll be fine.

He forces her forward, as the--

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

Sedan eases toward them, the driver's window rolled down. Michael leads Lisa across the yard towards his car that's parked on the street. The sedan edges closer.

When Michael's half-way to his car, he--

SHOVES Lisa aside, leaving her fully exposed, and takes off for his car, as the--

Sedan accelerates, and we see the man now, pointing a gun out his window, as--

Michael dives to the ground, and the man opens fire

BLAM BLAM

Lisa hits the ground, and the--

Man hits the gas, tears down the street.

Neither Lisa nor Michael move, and in the distance, the sound of a police SIREN draws near.

A beat, and Lisa pulls herself to her feet, moves towards Michael, who's motionless.

McGuewyn and Olfry pull up in their cop car, Christie in the back seat. The officers jump out, run towards Lisa.

McGuewyn reaches her just as she reaches her husband. Olfry rolls Michael over, and we see he's covered with blood, dead.

LISA

A man -- he just came out of nowhere and opened fire. Is he really dead?

OFFICER MCGUEWYN

Yeah, he's dead. You gonna be okay?

LISA

I'll...I'll survive.

McGuewyn nods, gets it. Lisa turns, looks at Christie who's still in the cop car. The two women stare coldly at one another, as we--

FADE OUT.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Two Months Later"

FADE IN:

160 EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY

160

Lisa's sitting in the bleachers, as the crowd around her cheers at the game. She's just showing signs of her pregnancy. David's next to her, holding her hand.

A familiar man approaches, his hair a different color, a beard covering his face. It's the man.

He sits next to Lisa. Without looking at him, she reaches beneath her seat, slides a briefcase beneath his.

LISA  
That's all the insurance money.

MAN  
\$750,000?

LISA  
Yeah.

She stands.

MAN  
You know, you could have cut yourself a better deal. Kept some of the money, had it easy from here on out.

Lisa looks at him a beat. Then gets up, walks away.

FADE OUT:

THE END

## Vita

With 9 films to his credit, an MBA in finance from the University of Chicago and a BA from Georgetown University, Kurt Inderbitzin has a comprehensive understanding of both the creative and financial side of filmmaking.

While Kurt was President of Abandon Pictures, Abandon produced the independent films *Scotland, P.A.*, a Sundance Film Festival selection starring Oscar winner Christopher Walken, *Oxygen* starring Oscar winner Adrian Brody (both of which received national theatrical releases) and *Off the Lip*, a low budget surfing film.

Kurt also wrote, produced and directed the ultra-low budget independent feature film *Welcome to the Neighborhood*, which won three "Best of Fests" at film festivals and was sold profitably to an international distributor, and, more recently, Kurt produced and directed the indie feature *Brian Gina Nick*. Kurt has also written or produced seven television films for CBS, NBC, ABC, USA, Lifetime and TBS and worked for a year as a writer/consultant on TNT's original dramatic series *Bull*.

In 2004 and 2005, Kurt spent a year as a visiting professor at the University of La Verne, teaching film production, writing, editing and mass media.