

EXT. MANHATTAN - SUNSET

From up high, the corridors of the downtown core look ominous. Dark clouds shadow the huge glass, steel and concrete buildings of Manhattan.

EXT. LINCOLN TOWNCAR - NIGHT

The black Towncar navigates wildly through Manhattan rush-hour traffic --

MAN IN THE BACK (V.O.)
I'm not going to stand for it, Jay!
If they think I'm some goddamned
punk who can be cast-off...

INT. LINCOLN TOWNCAR - NIGHT

BOB ANDERSON has the jowls and haggard appearance of a fifty year old man but the fierce demeanor of an angry thirty-five year old investment banker.

BOB ANDERSON
(yelling into cell
phone)
...They better think again. It's not
just about me but the bank as well...
What will I do? I'll throw myself
out the fuckin' window is what I'll
do...
(to driver)
Stop here, Omar!
(Bob snaps cell phone
shut)

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Bob pulls his two-hundred-fifty pound frame out of the car and huffs and puffs his way into the building.

CAMERA PANS: up the side of the building to a window on the seventy-fifth floor.

Behind the glass, ANALISE studies her reflection in the window. She has high angular cheek bones, perfect nose, long silky blond hair, ice-blue eyes and full red lips. Her well-toned five-foot-eight frame is immaculately covered by a Gucci suit and she holds a phone to her ear.

INT. DAN REGENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

On the other side of the window, in a large well appointed office, DAN REGENT sits behind a marble desk. He looks over at Analise, while barking --

(CONTINUED)

DAN REGENT

(into phone)

We want you on the team, Ken. Ah screw that, we need you on the team. With the Castle deal about to happen, I want you by my side twenty-four-seven...I understand your allegiance to your firm. I admire it.

ANALISE

(cuts in)

Jesus Ken, no offense to the other senior partners there but they all out-date you by at least thirty years.

Her voice is sensual, soothing and she can make the most mundane words sound somehow erotic.

Dan, who is in his mid-fifties, his hard construction worker looks softened by wealth, glances over at Analise and makes a jerking-off motion with his hand.

DAN

Whaddaya say, Ken?

ANALISE

Come on little man. You're a Samurai stuck in a den of old ladies. Come on over to the battle.

Analise puts a finger up to her lips and mimes shhhh at Dan. As they wait for an answer, the door of the office bursts open.

Bob Anderson barrels into the room.

BOB ANDERSON

I can't fuckin' believe you, Dan!

ANALISE

Can we put you on hold a second, Ken?

DAN

(laughing)

A goddamned terrorist just broke down our door.

BOB ANDERSON

I handed you the Castle deal on a platter. I will not be cast-off.

DAN

Cast-off?

(CONTINUED)

BOB ANDERSON

What's more, the bank won't stand for it.

ANALISE

What are you and the bank going to do about it?

BOB ANDERSON

I'll jump out that fuckin' window.

DAN

They don't open, Bob.

BOB ANDERSON

I swear on my mother...I'll do it.

ANALISE

We're getting a better deal across town.

BOB ANDERSON

I won't let you treat me like a punk!

DAN

Maybe we should order some food-in?
You hungry, Bob?

BOB ANDERSON

I'll jump!

Seeing that his threat isn't being taken seriously, Bob lets out a battle cry, runs across the wide-expanse of office, hurdles a low coffee table and throws himself full force against the wall-sized pane of glass. Unexpectedly it SHATTERS --

Bob plunges to his death.

Analise goes over and looks down, fascinated by the height, unafraid. She walks back over to the desk and picks up the phone --

ANALISE

There's been an accident. Call that Detective we know over at the precinct. And tell maintenance we want bullet proof glass installed in every window.... Why? Go look on the sidewalk why?

(hangs-up)

You okay?

DAN

He's jumped against that window a hundred times.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

He should have stuck to his diet.

The intercom buzzes --

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Ken Beck still holding on line five.

ANALISE

(snaps up the phone)

So whaddaya say, Ken? Come and work with us.

FADE OUT

HEAD CREDITS ROLL

EXT. WIDE OPEN SKY/GLOBAL EXPRESS - DAY

The Global Express jet slices through the air at five hundred and thirty miles per hour, somewhere over Utah.

INT. GLOBAL EXPRESS - DAY

Asleep in the front of the plane is NICK CASTLE. In his late sixties but trying to look fifty, he's got a smile on his face and spit dribbling down his chin.

Analise is on the phone speaking Japanese.

In the back of the plane, Dan Regent drinks rum and coke as if it were water.

ANALISE

(snaps phone shut)

Mori's so much fun. I've never dealt with a race of people who make corruption and backroom dealing seem so ethical.

DAN

Is he in or not?

ANALISE

The yen's taking a beating, boo hoo hoo... the whole Pacific rim is in the toilet, boo hoo hoo. Of course, he's in.

DAN

(agitated/slightly drunk)

Look at Castle. He's up there sleeping like a baby, mocking me with every snore.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

You're paranoid.

DAN

I have a bad feeling about this deal.

ANALISE

He's locked in.

DAN

How do you figure that?

ANALISE

How long have you and I been working together?

DAN

What? I don't know...

ANALISE

Ten years next month. Have I ever been wrong about a deal?

DAN

What are you trying to pull?

ANALISE

From a one million start-up to two billion and if this Castle deal comes off...

DAN

Okay, okay, whaddaya want?

ANALISE

Full partnership and an account with twenty million.

DAN

(whispers)

Don't hit me with this when Castle is sleeping ten feet away.

ANALISE

I hate when you whisper.

DAN

Listen to his fuckin' snoring. He's mocking me.

EXT. BURBANK AIRPORT/L.A. - SUNSET

Dan, Analise and Mr. Castle emerge from the Global Express. Mr. Castle eyes Analise's perfectly proportioned ass.

DAN

Whaddaya say, Nick?

(CONTINUED)

MR. CASTLE
Fine, just fine...

Analise senses Castle looking at her ass and rolls her eyes at Dan.

Mr. Castle walks over to where two Lincoln Towncars and a gleaming black Ferrari F50 are parked.

MR. CASTLE (Cont'd)
Whose is that?

ANALISE
Mine.

MR. CASTLE
I've always wanted one, but my wife...

ANALISE
The F50 has the same constructional criteria as a Formula One car but adjusted for the road. 12 cylinder lay-out in a narrow vee, with a nodular cast iron crankcase. It has a top speed of 201 miles per hour and can go from 0 to 60 in 3.7 seconds.

MR. CASTLE
Powerful...

ANALISE
You don't know the meaning of being a man until you've driven an F50.

DAN
So what about our deal, Mr. Castle?

MR. CASTLE
Take me for a spin.

ANALISE
The F50 is not an amusement park ride.

Like an accomplished used-car salesman, Analise guides Castle into the driver's seat. She drops the keys in his hand and Nick starts the engine.

ANALISE (Cont'd)
I take her up into the hills along Mulholland Drive, just about sunset. Wanting to simply take a ride in this would be like wanting to own a multi-billion dollar company for an afternoon. The F50 is a life decision, Nick.

(CONTINUED)

MR. CASTLE

Regent? Are you committed to owning my company for a lifetime?

DAN

It will be the linchpin of our organization.

MR. CASTLE

Give me this Ferrari and you've got a deal.

Dan reaches in through the window and shakes Castle's hand.

ANALISE

Sorry, it's not his to give away.

DAN

(panicked)

Analise?

ANALISE

It's my favorite car. But I'll give it to you as a gift, no strings attached.

MR. CASTLE

Why?

ANALISE

After Dan, you're my favorite billionaire.

MR. CASTLE

I like the way you operate, honey.

DAN

You'll talk to your son?

MR. CASTLE

First thing...

Castle puts the car in gear, tries to pull-out but it jumps, then stalls. Restarts and screeches off.

DAN

You wouldn't be caught dead in a Ferrari.

ANALISE

You owe me five hundred thousand dollars.

DAN

How'd you know all that technical stuff?

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

Got it off the internet ten minutes ago.

DAN

I knew he was locked in. Let's go out and celebrate.

ANALISE

What about my partnership?

DAN

Forget about the partnership. Marry me.

ANALISE

You're already married, Dan.

DAN

You know I'd divorce her in a second.

ANALISE

Griffin's picking me up.

Across the tarmac, a Honda Civic barrels towards them.

DAN

I don't know what you see in that guy!

ANALISE

He's different.

DAN

He's a goddamned surfer.

ANALISE

What about my partnership?

DAN

I want you at the office early.

Dan gets in a Towncar and it pulls away.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - NIGHT

Mr. Castle is getting the feel of the Ferrari F50, weaving in and out of traffic along Sunset Blvd. He flies past the Beverly Hills hotel -- just a blur --

INT. CASTLE FERRARI - NIGHT

Castle speaking into his cell phone --

(CONTINUED)

MR. CASTLE

That's right Tommy, we're selling to Regent. Get everybody together.... They're okay. Everybody in this business is a crook. They gave me an F50. Tommy? Damn. Tommy?

He throws the phone down on the passenger seat.

INT. HONDA/PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Honda Civic sounds like a blender compared to the Ferrari. Griffin has the accelerator pressed right to the floor.

ANALISE

D'you steal this car, Mr. Warner?

GRIFFIN

Liberated it from the Beverly Center parking lot.

Griffin is a sun bleached surfer-type with a bright smile and piercing eyes.

ANALISE

(checks glove compartment)

No altoids.

GRIFFIN

It's a mint-free car.

ANALISE

Can't this piece of shit go any faster?

EXT. MULHOLLAND HWY. - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A coyote, suddenly spooked as --

Mr. Castle screams by in the Ferrari.

INT. FERRARI - NIGHT

Castle fights to control the car on the winding road, while pushing it even faster.

The radio is on a local AM News station.

ANNOUNCER

In business news today, it has been confirmed by Tommy Castle that despite rumors to the contrary, Castle Communications Corp. is not for sale. KNX News time is...

The Honda gears down as it negotiates a hairpin.

Ready?

(excited)

He violently turns the steering wheel and the car jumps off the road, crashing into the side of a scrub covered mountain.

Analise flicks open a switch blade knife and punches holes in the air bags. She pulls Griffin towards her and kisses him passionately.

Castle wipes the blood out of his eyes and stretches for his cell phone. It's just out of reach. In the dark, Castle sees the red-eyes of a wild animal.

Analise is bent over the hood of the wrecked Honda and Griffin takes her from behind. The sex is athletic and passionate in a cold car-wreck kind-of-a-way.

Bite my neck...Come on do it.

(CONTINUED)

Out of the darkness, a cat jumps at Castle swiping his razor sharp claw across his face. His screams are muffled as the wind is knocked out of him by the other lion attacking from behind.

The radio plays --

ANNOUNCER

Looks like it's going to be a beautiful weekend here in Los Angeles. Sunny and in the nineties. Maybe a good time to get out into the hills for that hike you've been promising yourself. But watch out for the poison ivy, it can leave a nasty rash. KNX News time is eight-thirty.

INT. ANALISE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom is elegant. Sharp lines, modern furniture and a TV casts a ghostly-light over an otherwise dark room. A huge window opens onto a balcony and beyond that the Pacific Ocean.

Analise sits up in her Queen-size bed smoking. You can almost hear her brain ticking over. Griffin is asleep beside her.

The chatter of the TV is interrupted by the telephone ringing.

ANALISE

Yes?... Jesus, that's not good. Well, I guess we pay our respects and deal with the kid...

GRIFFIN

(stirs)
Who is it?

ANALISE

(hand over phone)
Nick Castle was eaten by mountain lions. Go back to sleep.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

(on phone)
How about the Ferrari? Okay, I'll call the insurance company and collect on our policy... Yeah, I'm gonna miss him too. The way he used to stare at my tits when I talked. You and I will both shed a tear tomorrow. But in our grief, let's not forget to get our money back for the car. Also I'll gather all the research we have on Tommy Castle... First thing.
(hangs up)
Griffin reaches for the TV remote but Analise puts her hand over his.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

You know I can't sleep with it off.

GRIFFIN

Did you say lions?

INT NEW YORK CATHEDRAL - DAY

Dan and Analise are in a Cathedral with hundreds of other mourners.

At the front of the church is a coffin. The Cardinal of New York eulogizes the deceased --

CARDINAL

Nick Castle was a great man with a profound vision...

ANGLE ON: Analise and Dan.

ANALISE

Since his wife died he spent most of his free time in Thailand.

DAN

I heard that too. What's he got going there?

ANALISE

What d'you think? I wonder what it feels like to be ripped apart by mountain lions?

DAN

Closed casket for sure. Where's the kid?

ANALISE

Over there.

In the front pew, Tommy Castle stares straight ahead, his expression hidden behind sunglasses.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

I'm going to make sure I look good when I'm dead.

DAN

Ken Beck spoke to his guy over at Castle and the old man didn't talk to his son before...

ANALISE

The kid's not stupid. Why would he tell us even if he did?

A woman turns and shhh's.

(CONTINUED)

DAN

We've gotta get Tommy on our
side...And please, no more Ferrari's.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The coffin is being lowered into the rain-soaked ground.
Mourners huddle beneath umbrellas.

ANALISE

I'm going to be cremated.

DAN

Not me. I'm too sensitive to heat.

ANALISE

Under six feet of dirt I'd be
claustrophobic. And I have a definite
aversion to being consumed by maggots.

DAN

You're too beautiful to die.

ANALISE

I'll go talk to Tommy.

INT. CASTLE LIMOUSINE - DAY

Tommy slides into the back of the limousine and the door is
closed with a thwack. Sitting across from him is Analise.

ANALISE

I wanted to convey my condolences.

Tommy doesn't say anything but like his father would have,
checks out her body.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

I can relate to what you must be
going through. My dad was killed
when I was seventeen. We were in
Africa on safari. He was gorged and
trampled by a herd of stampeding
elephants. I remember looking at his
body in the back of the Land Rover.
He meant no more to me than the pile
of oily rags that were beside his
crushed head. I felt no loss, no
yearning, nothing...Do you mind if I
smoke?

(she lights a cigarette)

My mother couldn't handle the loss,
she fell apart. For a while I had no
supervision. A lot of drugs, alcohol,
wild sex.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE (CONT'D)

Then one day Dan Regent, who had been a family friend for years, came over to the house. He told me I was being ridiculous but I could make a difference in the world. If I wanted to be present at the dawn of a new age, then I should work for him. Do you like Chinese food, Tommy?

TOMMY

I eat hamburgers, chicken sometimes, bloody steak.

ANALISE

The Chinese at over a billion are going to be the strongest economic force over the next century.

TOMMY

What does that have to do with me?

ANALISE

East or west, communist or capitalist, what's the one shared desire of mankind?

TOMMY

Cable TV.

ANALISE

Exactly. You and your father were going to be key elements in our plan. Join us. We'll all make a pile of money but more than that we will create something everlasting.

Tommy takes off his sunglasses, reaches over for Analise's cigarette and inhales deeply.

TOMMY

I don't know shit about the Chinese but let me tell you two things I do know. The first is that I hated my goddamned father. He was a selfish prick and dead or alive I could care less. The second is that I hated his business. You can have it... but I want something in return.

ANALISE

Money...

TOMMY

Of course money. But I also want something from you, personally.

(CONTINUED)

Tommy unzips his pants.

Analise picks up the in-car phone --

ANALISE
Pull over here, driver.
(to Tommy)
Don't be childish. Make the deal.

INT. ANALISE'S OFFICE - DAY

Analise types figures into her computer. KEN BECK, who is a bundle of energy but looks like he hasn't been to sleep in a few days, hurries into the office.

ANALISE
Do you know how much we are going to make on this deal?

KEN
Not a penny. Tommy Castle just broke it off.

ANALISE
That's ridiculous. Everything is in place. He has to sign.

KEN
Tell that to Dan.

Dan bursts through the door --

DAN
That little prick is screwing with me! He won't talk to anybody but you.

KEN
I locked him in Dan's office.

ANALISE
I want my partnership.

DAN
Would you excuse us, Ken?

ANALISE
Stay. I want a witness.

DAN
Goddammit Analise...Have your partnership. But don't mess this up, we have to move fast. You and I have been partners from the day we started together.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAN (CONT'D)

I may be the toughest son of a bitch you know and nobody outside the walls of this room may trust my word. But you should. Everything hinges on getting Tommy Castle back on side. We don't have time to fuck around!

ANALISE

Give me your word.

DAN

You've got my word.

Analise considers Dan, then looks over at Ken, who just shrugs.

INT. DAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Tommy Castle sits on the edge of the desk.

Analise walks in with the merger agreement held high over her head.

ANALISE

You going to sign this Tommy?

TOMMY

(unzips his pants)

You know my conditions...I can walk.

ANALISE

If you do, you'll pay close to three hundred million in penalties.

TOMMY

What do I care?

ANALISE

What makes you think I'm going to do what you want?

TOMMY

I read the research on you.

ANALISE

Second-hand research is always wrong.

TOMMY

The research on my father must have told you he'd always wanted a Ferrari.

ANALISE

The research on your father told me that he was miserable being married to your mother. I came up with the Ferrari on my own.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

I loved my mother.

ANALISE

I love my mother too, who gives a
shit. Sign it, Tommy.

TOMMY

Nothing will stop you from making
this deal.

ANALISE

You going to tell me I need this
more than you?

TOMMY

This can't be the first time you've
had to do something like this.

ANALISE

I don't think you want to walk down
this path with me.

(beat)

Did your research tell you that my
best friend was my cat?

TOMMY

Miss Malice.

She presses her body close and whispers in his ear --

ANALISE

From the time I was a little girl
one of my favorite things to do was
watch my cat lapping up a bowl of
milk. When I was eleven, Jimmy Fagan
was over at the house and he kept
trying to grab me...So I lifted my
skirt, slipped off my white cotton
panties and dipped my pussy into the
cats milk-bowl. Then I made Jimmy
lick the milk off.

A switch blade materializes in Analise's hand. She flicks it
open.

Tommy flinches as she runs the sharp blade over his cheek,
across his chest and down towards his crotch.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

I'm sure your research also told you
about when I went to school in Madrid.
A rich Spaniard took me to the
bullfights.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE (CONT'D)

I knew I'd love it when he told me that the matadors got the balls of the first killed bull delivered to them, which they'd eat while watching the next fight. I got him to get the balls delivered to me. I ate them while I watched a beautiful young matador gored and killed. I was fifteen.

The blade of the knife rests on the bulge in his pants.

TOMMY

(visibly nervous)

Did you...ever...do my dad?

ANALISE

Did he still have his balls connected when he died?

TOMMY

Jesus, you're sick.

ANALISE

It's a different game if you want to play with me, Tommy.

Disgusted and afraid, Tommy pushes away the knife, grabs a pen and signs the merger agreement.

INT. ANALISE'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Analise sits at the foot of a flat-screen TV, playing Playstation 2 with the speed, skill and agility of a young child.

Griffin walks-in carrying a bouquet of long stemmed red roses.

ANALISE

(not taking eyes off game)

Where you been?

GRIFFIN

Mountain climbing with Bodhi and Ian.

ANALISE

Tell me you didn't buy me red roses?

GRIFFIN

They were left at the gate.

ANALISE

(still playing)

Read the card.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN

I'm glad I joined your team. Congrats on the partnership. The Samurai.

ANALISE

Huh. Would you throw them out for me? Red roses are so tacky.

GRIFFIN

Dan Regent made you his partner? Why didn't you tell me?

ANALISE

(deadpan)

Hey Honey, Dan Regent made me his partner and gave me twenty million dollars.

Griffin pulls the Playstation controls away from her.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

Hey!

GRIFFIN

That's incredible news.

Analise takes the flowers from Griffin, grimaces at them, opens the balcony door and throws them out onto the beach.

GRIFFIN (Cont'd)

What's wrong with you? He's finally giving you the respect and recognition you deserve.

ANALISE

I don't care about respect. I want power. Dan should kiss my ass everyday, the son of a bitch is so lucky to have me.

GRIFFIN

Why are you so angry?

ANALISE

It's just so goddamned anti-climactic.

GRIFFIN

Be happy.

ANALISE

He should have given me this five years ago.

GRIFFIN

Sometimes I don't understand you.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

You'll never understand me.

Analise takes the Playstation controls back from Griffin and slumps down in front of the TV.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

If you don't mind, I'm going to sit here and celebrate.

INT. REGENT HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Analise stalks through a huge room filled with workers; at consoles, talking on phones, rushing here and there.

INT. DAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Dan is at his desk pouring over some papers.

Analise bursts into the room.

ANALISE

Ken Beck has lost his mind. He told me you refused to sign my partnership agreement. The pressure must be getting to him.

(she holds out a pen)

DAN

I'm not giving it to you.

ANALISE

Why do I get the feeling you're not kidding?

DAN

With partnership comes huge responsibility and I'm not sure you realize what that means.

ANALISE

I run this company and I have been for the last five years. While you're whoring around, going on three day drinking binges, losing money on the stock market, confusing the most logical of people, I am here keeping it all going. I repair your damage.

DAN

Last time I checked, the name of the company was *Regent Communications*.

ANALISE

That's all you can come up with?

(CONTINUED)

DAN

We're a team, Analise. But I'm the front guy, I'm the schmoozer who makes the deals and you're the person behind the scenes. I don't want to mess with a combination that has worked so well for us.

ANALISE

You're fucking me, Dan. You sure you want to play it like this?

DAN

You're not ready.

ANALISE

I quit.

She storms out of the office and Dan yells after her --

DAN

Walk away. Fine. You'll come crawling back to me on your hands and knees. You'll beg me to take you back. You're nothing without me.

INT. MERCEDES 500 SL - DAY

Analise speeding along PCH towards Malibu, pulls her car off the road. She pounds her fists on the steering wheel. Tears of anger smudge her make-up and run her eyeliner.

She looks in the rearview mirror --

ANALISE

That goddamned prick!

She takes a moment to compose herself, then pulls back onto the highway

EXT. ANALISE'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Ken Beck gets out of his BMW and walks up to the front door of Analise's beach house. The door is ajar and loud music and yelling fills the air.

INT. ANALISE'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

Griffin, Bodhi and Ian are drinking beer and snorting cocaine.

Ken appears at the edge of the room but nobody notices him.

Bodhi does a line and then letting out a warrior cry, vaults over the side of the balcony and falls fifteen feet to the beach. He's followed by an equally demented Ian.

(CONTINUED)

Griffin who has had his back turned to Ken, spins around and fires a speargun.

GRIFFIN

(manic)

You with Regent?

The spear lodges in the wall not two feet from Ken's head.

KEN

(pale)

God, no!

GRIFFIN

(covers the drugs
with a newspaper)

You shouldn't sneak up on a man like that. Especially when he's armed.

KEN

I'm looking for Analise.

GRIFFIN

You a friend or an enemy?

KEN

Friend.

Bodhi and Ian clamber back into the room.

BODHI

What's he doing here?

GRIFFIN

For Analise...Hand me the spear.

KEN

How has she been?

GRIFFIN

Pissed-off.

BODHI

(coke-speak)

That's not entirely true. To be upset would require an emotional reaction, which is not something that the ice-Queen is profoundly in touch with. Not that she hasn't had every opportunity to become so. She is surrounded by men of emotion. We live life according to a strict code of behavior. Adrenaline is our mistress and Analise...

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN

(reloads the speargun)
...is snapping out of it. You sure
you're not with Regent?

KEN

I'm gonna go. Tell her I dropped by.

Bodhi and Ian both let out rebel-yells and jump head first
off the balcony.

EXT. ANALISE'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Analise pulls up in a silver Mercedes 500 SL with black
interior.

ANALISE

Stop thief. You breakin' into my
place?

KEN

I pity the thief who walks into that
mad-house.

Analise gets out of her car.

ANALISE

You met Griffin.

KEN

He almost killed me with his speargun.
Do those guys have jobs?

ANALISE

Trust fund babies. They had really
hard working grandparents.

KEN

You haven't returned any of my calls.
Nobody has seen you for over a month.

ANALISE

Laying low.

KEN

I've been worried about you.

ANALISE

That's really sweet of you, Ken.

KEN

You've gotta come back. We're
desperate.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

Not so desperate you're going to throw yourself out the window like Bob Anderson in New York?

KEN

(stung)

Bobby was my roommate in law school. He was a good man.

ANALISE

I didn't throw him out the window, Ken. I just didn't take his calls for two days.

KEN

Dan needs you. He's trying to run his own business and it's a disaster. He's alienating his friends and embracing the people who are out to screw him. I almost had a heart-attack today when he tried to negotiate us down from a gross point position to a net point position. He doesn't understand anything.

ANALISE

What's he offering?

KEN

He'll phase the partnership in over the next seven years with a one time eight point five million dollar payday.

ANALISE

D'you think that's a good deal?

KEN

I think you should take it.

ANALISE

That wasn't the question.

KEN

Jesus Analise, I can't say....

ANALISE

If somebody crosses you in business what do you do?

KEN

I'm not a good example.

ANALISE

You're a perfect example.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

I make it my mission to seek them out, destroy their career and if I'm still not satisfied, then I destroy their personal life as well.

ANALISE

In other words?

KEN

(much glee)

I fuckin' crush 'em!

ANALISE

And what would you do to Dan Regent if you were me?

KEN

I'd fuckin' crush him. But please...You've gotta give me something to go back with.

ANALISE

You couldn't deliver what I want.

KEN

I'm Ken Beck the Samurai. I'm the great facilitator. When the deal to buy America from the Indians was negotiated, it was one of my ancestors who suggested infecting the blankets with small pox. I can negotiate the last breath out of a dying man. I was involved in that deal to sell sand to the Arabs. I'm Ken Beck...

ANALISE

Okay. I want it all.

KEN

Come again?

ANALISE

I want Regent communications.

KEN

Jesus, be reasonable.

ANALISE

Thanks for dropping by Ken.

KEN

You can't crush Dan Regent.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - SUNSET

The sun, a huge orange ball, rolls towards the horizon and...Night.

INT. ANALISE'S BEDROOM - SUNSET

Analise in bra and panties is even more physically alluring than when clothed. She's putting on make-up when Griffin walks-in holding a mirror filled with lines of cocaine.

ANALISE

You should cool it with that stuff.

GRIFFIN

Why you getting ready so early?

ANALISE

I'm going to see my mother. Wanna come?

GRIFFIN

She has ways of making me feel like shit that haven't even been invented yet.

ANALISE

I'll meet you at the hotel then.

GRIFFIN

I'm glad you're finally venturing out. But why does it have to be to Larry's benefit...of all places?

ANALISE

He's your brother. He's got AIDS, he's gonna be dead soon.

GRIFFIN

I hate those fuckin' things. Everybody pretending to care...

ANALISE

Whatever...

GRIFFIN

You wanna line?

ANALISE

After you.

Griffin snorts a long line and hands the mirror to Analise. She turns away from him but instead of snorting the drug she blows-out and it evaporates in the air.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN
 (edgy/paranoid)
I'm not going.

 ANALISE
How long has it been since you've
seen your parents?

 GRIFFIN
Don't start with that...

 ANALISE
Ooh. The big-huge-scary demands they
put on you.

 GRIFFIN
Goddammit, Analise, I'm not going
and that's it. If I want to stay
and hang-out with Bodhi and Ian that's
my business. Sometimes I think you
forget who the man is in this
relationship.

 ANALISE
Be at the hotel by eight.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS/MANSION - DAY

Analise pulls around a circular driveway, parking her Mercedes
500 SL.

INT. MANSION/FOYER - DAY

In the foyer, Analise is met by Iverson, the long-time butler.

 IVERSON
Deliveries are round back.

 ANALISE
Very funny, Iverson.

 IVERSON
Ah Ms. Arpel. It's been so long I
didn't recognize you. The household
has been all abuzz since we found
out you'd be gracing our humble home
with your presence.

 ANALISE
You know sarcasm is a form of anger,
Iverson?

They walk off together --

 IVERSON
Your father and his new bride paid
us a visit yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

Is she number three or four?

IVERSON

Five.... So young she makes Lolita look like a grandmother.

ANALISE

How'd mother take it?

IVERSON

Like the Grand Dame that she is. Then after they left, Dr. Ellis came over and gave her a sedative. Can I fix you a Campari and orange juice?

ANALISE

I'm okay, thanks.

She leans up and kisses Iverson on the cheek.

IVERSON

(surprised)

What was that for?

ANALISE

I miss you.

INT. SITTING ROOM/MANSION - DAY

Everything about Analise's mother is immaculate and well preserved. She has a regal air.

ANALISE

Good evening, mother.

MOTHER

Darling, you look pasty. Please, sit.

(pours tea)

Nonetheless such a treat to have you drop by.

ANALISE

I've been busy.

MOTHER

Yes, I've heard being unemployed is almost a full-time job.

ANALISE

Who told you?

MOTHER

You've been the talk of the town for the last month.

(CONTINUED)

Analise groans at the thought.

MOTHER (Cont'd)

Don't bellow like an animal, dear.
Groan only when you are not the talk
of the town.

ANALISE

I gave Dan Regent ten years and he
spit in my face.

MOTHER

He was one of your father's closest
friends.

ANALISE

Father is a loathsome man, which
should tell you something about the
calibre of his closest friends.

MOTHER

You're preaching to the choir, dear.

ANALISE

I heard he made his annual appearance.

MOTHER

Such a ridiculous man.

ANALISE

Do you ever get tired?

MOTHER

Every night around nine-thirty.

ANALISE

No, I mean of him.

MOTHER

Exhausted.

ANALISE

Every six months he turns up here,
introduces you to the latest bimbo
and then...

MOTHER

...asks for money.

ANALISE

And you give it to him.

MOTHER

Every time.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

Still you've never remarried. It makes me so angry. Don't you want to get back at him?

MOTHER

Oh Analise, you're such a treasure. Any other daughter would tell her mother how wonderful she is or how young she still looks. Desirable even.... But you want revenge.

ANALISE

Damn right I do. It's wrong the way he treats you.

MOTHER

As it was wrong the way Regent treated you. The only reason I continue to indulge your father is because he is your father. But don't make any mistake by thinking of me as a victim. I'm banking on the fact that when he reaches the end of his life, he is going to look back on an empty meaningless existence and go into the void unfulfilled and terrified.

ANALISE

I don't have your patience. I want my revenge now.

MOTHER

In that case I pity Dan Regent.

ANALISE

I want to ask you a question.

MOTHER

As long as it's not about my age.

ANALISE

Do you love me?

She is caught by surprise and takes a moment by pouring more tea.

MOTHER

When you were a kid, I had the love of a mother for a child. But now I admire you as a woman. You've turned out better than I could have hoped. You are as tough as nails and as beautiful as a rose. By God, of course I love you. I'll prove it by feeding you dinner. Do stay.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

That would be delightful. But I'm committed to Larry's fundraiser this evening.

MOTHER

I'm giving him a cheque. I can't bear to witness his terrible demise. His poor parents. With only that useless Griffin left to carry on the family name.

ANALISE

I'm still with him.

MOTHER

Surely you don't love him?

ANALISE

He's harmless and it drove Regent crazy.

MOTHER

Men are dogs.

ANALISE

I've gotta run or I'm going to be late.

MOTHER

And with AIDS, time *is* of the essence.

Analise gets up to leave, then hesitates.

ANALISE

Can I kiss you, mother?

MOTHER

Good grief, why?

ANALISE

Because we never have.

She looks petrified as Analise leans down for the kiss.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

Goodbye, mother...

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

The ballroom is elegantly appointed - from the swan ice sculpture at the entrance, to the tuxedoed string ensemble, the majestic floral arrangements, catered food and finest champagne. All wonderfully complimented by elegantly attired guests.

(CONTINUED)

Analise enters as if she were the guest of honor. She is greeted by some, stops to talk here and there to others, finally arriving at an older, distinguished couple.

ANALISE
How are you both?

Mrs. Warner is the picture of high society.

MRS. WARNER
It's wonderful to see you, Analise.

ANALISE
Larry has done a beautiful job.

MR. WARNER
I'm paying enough for it.

MRS. WARNER
Oh hush, father.

ANALISE
I haven't seen him yet.

MRS. WARNER
He's around.

MR. WARNER
Where's that lay-about son of mine?

ANALISE
He'll be here.

MRS. WARNER
You are that boy's saving grace.
There's Larry.

Across the room is a tall elegant man who looks like Griffin but is thin and emaciated.

LARRY
Analise! I knew you'd make it.

ANALISE
I wouldn't have missed it, Larry.
You look...

LARRY
...like I'm dying. Getting the old man to pay for the food, orchestra, ballroom, decor, was a necessary travail. Shaming my friends into paying a thousand dollars a ticket for AIDS research was easy. Investing the physical energy when I have so little to spare was worth it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (CONT'D)

But what I cannot abide is people
lying about how good I look.

ANALISE

I was going to say you look awful.

LARRY

I love you. If I weren't gay, you
would have been the one for me.

ANALISE

You are the one for me.

LARRY

Let me guess? Griffin had an urgent
sky-diving session to attend or there
was a scuba convention he couldn't
miss or he's away at Formula One
racing school?

ANALISE

None of the above.

LARRY

How he ended up with you will remain
a mystery to me.

ANALISE

I'm just using him.

LARRY

For his extra adrenaline secretion?

Looking over Analise's shoulder, Larry's face breaks into a
sinister grin.

LARRY (Cont'd)

Speak of the Devil!

Griffin's hair is a mess, face unshaven, wild-eyes and wearing
shabby beachwear. He grabs a glass of champagne from a passing
waiter.

Analise heads straight for him --

ANALISE

What are you doing?

GRIFFIN

You told me to be here at eight.

ANALISE

You're a bastard. How can you think
of ruining Larry's night?

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN

Isn't this what you wanted?

ANALISE

You can be such a jerk.

She grabs his champagne and pitches it in his face.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

Go home and sober up.

She turns on her heel and heads towards the garden, passing Larry on the way.

LARRY

Good for you, honey.

EXT. GARDEN/HOTEL - NIGHT

Analise looks out at the lush hotel garden, her face surprisingly serene and unaffected after her emotional encounter with Griffin.

DAN

I'll never understand what you see in that guy.

ANALISE

(stares straight ahead)

He's not you.

DAN

I'm going to be honest with you, Analise.

ANALISE

Spare me...

DAN

I'm miserable. On the eve of my greatest triumph, I'm not getting any pleasure out of the deal. Without you there, I feel like shit.

ANALISE

(turns and looks at him)

You're lying.

DAN

Goddammit. How do you do that?

ANALISE

I can read the lies in your face. You're such an idiot.

(CONTINUED)

DAN

Nobody talks to me like that.

ANALISE

How do you really feel?

DAN

Fantastic! Taking over Castle is like having a thousand orgasms a day.

ANALISE

Without the sticky mess.

DAN

I know you love this as much as I do. How can you walk away now? Just as everything we've been working for is coming to fruition.

ANALISE

I'm tired of being an employee.

DAN

I love you. Are you happy? Is that what you want?

ANALISE

I'm not interested in love or marriage.

DAN

Love! Jesus Christ, Ana. We're not like other people. Love isn't about a house with a picket fence, sex on Saturday nights, coaching little league and the fucking PTA. For us it's the consummation of billion dollar deals. Sex is the feeling in our loins, like fifty thousand volts, at knowing we have the power of maybe five or six people on the entire planet. When I look at you, I don't think about getting old and retiring one day, I think about living forever.

Her grave look turns to a cold smile as she peers deeply into his eyes. She reaches out, holds him by the back of the head and kisses him passionately.

Dan is stunned by the kiss, reduced to a puddle.

ANALISE

Never.

She leaves.

(CONTINUED)

Dan is devastated by their first kiss but more so by the loss of Analise.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

Analise walks across the ballroom towards Griffin. On her way, Ken Beck pops-up in front of her.

KEN

What happened with Dan?

ANALISE

(sweeps by him)

He threatened me. If he's not careful
I'll have to get a restraining order.

Griffin leans up against the bar nursing a drink.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

I thought I told you to go home?

GRIFFIN

I'm staying.

ANALISE

While I've got you here, I want to
ask you a favor?

GRIFFIN

Whatever it is, no.

ANALISE

I want you to kill me.

GRIFFIN

You're always testing me.

ANALISE

Come on, be a sport.

GRIFFIN

Not here, Ana.

ANALISE

Come on, do it. Give it your best
shot.

GRIFFIN

Just get away from me.

He pushes her and in an exaggerated gesture, she tumbles to the floor.

Five hundred people react to the change of energy in the room.

Griffin tries to help her up but two waiters hold him back.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

Get him away from me! Please...

Griffin is dragged out of the room yelling and struggling.

INT. ANALISE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Analise sits in front of her vanity mirror, applies make-up and combs her hair.

She hears the front door open and despite the fact that she looks thin, beautiful and radiant --

ANALISE

You look fat...

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Griffin unsteadily leans over the coffee table and snorts a line of coke.

GRIFFIN

What you did back there was fucked-up.

ANALISE

I thought it was funny.

GRIFFIN

I didn't!

ANALISE

It added a little excitement to Larry's benefit.

GRIFFIN

Ever since he got AIDS, it's like he's the Golden Child of our family.

ANALISE

You're so pathetic.... You change your mind?

GRIFFIN

About?

ANALISE

Killing me.

GRIFFIN

How come you can't just fuck like a normal woman?

She walks over and slaps him hard across the face.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

It would be easy. All you have to do
is get mad.

GRIFFIN

Don't...push...me.

She hits him again, harder this time.

ANALISE

Regent asked me to marry him tonight.

GRIFFIN

What?

ANALISE

(slaps him)
I said yes.

GRIFFIN

Why?

ANALISE

Because he's not a coward.

After all the drugs, the booze, Griffin seriously beats her.

But every time he knocks her down, she gets right back up.

In an instant the attack is replaced by a passionate kiss.
He rips her clothes off and desperately struggles to get his
pants down.

ANALISE (CONT'D)

Bite my neck...do it.

He sinks his teeth into her neck.

ANALISE

Harder, do it harder...

He bites down so hard, blood flows out his mouth.

But because of all the drugs, booze and anger, he can't get
a hard-on.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

You're so fucking lame. Dan never
had a problem getting it up.

She turns around and kicks him in the balls. He doubles over
in pain and is gripped by an overwhelming rage.

GRIFFIN

You bitch! I'm gonna kill you!

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

You're pathetic.

He lashes out and hits her. About to strike again he catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He's a wild animal. Disgusted, he pulls on his clothes and heads out of the room.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

What a pain in the ass...

She looks at herself in the mirror and gingerly touches her cuts and bruises. She studies her reflection, then --

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAWN

Early morning, Griffin sits Buddha-like on the beach, wrapped in a blanket.

Two uniformed POLICEMAN trudge heavily across the sand.

POLICEMAN 1

Are you Griffin Warner?

GRIFFIN

(groggily)

Every single goddamned day.

POLICEMAN 2

Do you live at number fifty-four?

GRIFFIN

I love the ocean in the morning.

POLICEMAN 1

Please come with us, Mr. Warner.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

The two uniformed cops lead Griffin into the house. There are a number of Detectives in cheap suits standing around the living room.

Griffin winces as he sees a man putting the cocaine from the coffee table into an evidence bag.

A criminalist and her assistant dust for prints and search for clues.

DETECTIVE CONNOR is in his mid-forties but has the deep lines of a man ten years older. He has witnessed a lot of ugliness in his lifetime.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Griffin Warner? I'm Detective Connor.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN

What's going on here?

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Calm down, Mr. Warner. I have a few questions.

GRIFFIN

Don't tell me to calm down...

With enormous strength, Detective Connor grips Griffin's shoulder.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Did you spend the night here?
Jesus....

Blood seeps out of Griffin's left nostril. Detective Connor hands him a Kleenex.

GRIFFIN

Goddamned nose.... Out on the beach.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

You make it a habit of sleeping on the beach?

GRIFFIN

I had a fight with my girlfriend.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Obviously you won.

GRIFFIN

You don't know Analise very well.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Not at all.

GRIFFIN

She always wins.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Not this one.

GRIFFIN

What the hell are you talking about?

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Come with me.

Detective Connor leads Griffin to another part of the house where Analise is lying on the floor. She has an (underwater) spear through her chest.

At the sight of her, Griffin's legs buckle and he falls to the floor.

INT. DAN REGENT'S WEST COAST OFFICE - DAY

Dan is meeting with a couple of dour Chinese men and a very pretty woman interpreter.

DAN
Please tell Mr. Lee and Mr. Chow
that it is an honor for me to welcome
them to Los Angeles. I look forward
to visiting them in Peking.

The woman prattles away in Chinese while Dan has a wide-smile plastered across his face.

Ken Beck barges into the office and everyone turns to see what the intrusion is about.

KEN
(in Chinese)
Excuse me, I'm sorry...I have to
speak to Mr. Regent.

Ken walks over to the side of Dan's desk.

KEN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
It's a disaster...

DAN
(clenched teeth/smile)
Get out, Beck.

KEN
Analise is dead.

DAN
What?

KEN
Murdered last night.

Dan quickly recovers, gets up and leads Ken out of the office by his elbow.

DAN
My two friends here represent a
billion Chinese who are all craving
international communication from me
and you.

KEN
Jesus Dan, it's Analise we're talking
about! Cancel the goddamned meeting.

Dan slams the door-shut in Ken's face.

EXT. ROSE GARDEN/MANSION - DAY

Analise's mother, Mrs. Arpel, looks elegant in her gardening clothes. She tends to her prize winning roses.

Iverson arrives in the garden followed by Detective Connor.

IVERSON

Detective Connor to see you, m'am.

MRS. ARPEL

What can I do for you, Detective?

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Mr. Romero, the Los Angeles District Attorney...

MRS. ARPEL

Yes, I know who Buddy Romero is detective. My generous donations and unwavering support virtually got him elected.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

He asked me to come personally. Your daughter was murdered last night.

For a long time, Mrs. Arpel doesn't say or do anything but stare at one of her roses.

MRS. ARPEL

When Ana was younger, her greatest fear was that she would go insane like her great-grandmother. The old woman lost her grasp on reality, completely losing her ability to speak. She hummed like she was in a brass band and thought she was somewhere else most of the time. I'll never forget how relieved Ana was when she found out great-grandmother wasn't her blood relative.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Did you understand what I just told you?

MRS. ARPEL

I saw her last night.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Was her behavior unusual in any way?

MRS. ARPEL

Who killed her?

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE CONNOR
We're still investigating.

MRS. ARPEL
Who do you suspect, Detective?

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Our prime suspect is Griffin Warner.

MRS. ARPEL
Really?

DETECTIVE CONNOR
That surprises you?

MRS. ARPEL
It's just that Griffin never committed
to anything in his life, let alone
murder.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
I promise you the murderer will be
brought to justice.

MRS. ARPEL
How heroic of you.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
You don't seem very upset.

MRS. ARPEL
My heart is broken but what would be
the use of making a public spectacle
of myself? I always taught Analise
to rage rather than to grieve.

Mrs. Arpel clips off a white rose and hands it to Detective
Connor.

MRS. ARPEL (CONT'D)
Can I see her?

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Of course.

Mrs. Arpel watches Connor leave, reaches for her jacket and
takes out a cell phone.

MRS. ARPEL
Hello Mr. Kendal? Something terrible
has happened...I'm going to need
your help.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Griffin is at a table on which sits a half finished cup of
coffee and a partially eaten donut.

(CONTINUED)

His hair is matted, eyes bloodshot and his skin sallow.

Detective Connor walks into the room and sits opposite Griffin.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
I'm Detective Connor.

GRIFFIN
...from the house. Yes, I remember.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
How do you feel?

GRIFFIN
How do I look?

DETECTIVE CONNOR
I'm going to ask you a few questions.

GRIFFIN
Don't I get to see my lawyer first?

DETECTIVE CONNOR
He hasn't shown up yet. My boss thinks
I might be able to get you to confess.

GRIFFIN
I know it looks bad...

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Five hundred people saw you punch
Analise, you had her blood on your
hands, your fingerprints are on the
murder weapon and we found bite marks
which I'd wager will match your teeth,
on her neck. Yes it looks bad.

GRIFFIN
I didn't kill her.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Did you punch her at the hotel?

GRIFFIN
I pushed her.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Did you beat her up at home?

GRIFFIN
Yes.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Her clothes were torn.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN

Yes, I did that too.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

You bit her?

GRIFFIN

Yes. But when I left her she was still alive.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Walking around alive? Or still breathing with a fuckin' great big spear sticking out of her chest alive?

GRIFFIN

Walking around alive.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

That's your story?

GRIFFIN

That's the truth.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

What were you arguing about?

GRIFFIN

Nothing, everything.... I was on the downslide of a three day binge.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

We found enough coke in your place to kill an elephant. Did Analise do coke?

GRIFFIN

All the time.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Before she was killed.

GRIFFIN

Yes.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

How's your nose?

GRIFFIN

It's okay.

Another Detective leans into the interrogation room.

DETECTIVE

Captain wants a word.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE CONNOR
(gets up)
Maybe we'll talk again later.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Griffin's father and his attorney, stand alongside the Captain.

ATTORNEY
He shouldn't have been questioned.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Cool it Marty, we've been waiting for you to get here.

ATTORNEY
They sent us to the wrong precinct.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Can I be blamed for bad directions?

MR. WARNER
I want to see my son now.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Be my guest. I've gotta go to the morgue because Mrs. Arpel wants to see her daughter.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Mrs. Arpel walks into the waiting room with an older distinguished man.

Detective Connor steps forward.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Mrs. Arpel.

MRS. ARPEL
I'm ready to see my daughter now.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Are you sure?

MRS. ARPEL
Don't trifle with me, Detective.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
(motioning to the man)
And this is?

MRS. ARPEL
This is Mr. Kendal, my mortician.

Mr. Kendal flips out a card and hands it to Connor.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

An attendant shows them to a table and lifts the sheet off Analise. She's naked, bluish, bruised, very dead.

MRS. ARPEL
This is not my daughter.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
What?

MRS. ARPEL
Analise was so beautiful.

Mr. Kendal puts his arm around Mrs. Arpel's shoulder and leads her out of the room.

MR. KENDAL
I will take care of everything.

MRS. ARPEL
You can make her beautiful again?

MR. KENDAL
Ravishing.

INT. KENDAL FUNERAL HOME - DAY

In the front of a room, which has seating for two hundred, there is an elegant silver urn framed by two twenty foot pictures of Analise.

Over the urn is a wide-screen TV.

The room is filled with familiar faces from Analise's life. Along with her mother and a hovering Mr. Kendal, are Ken Beck, Dan Regent, his wife Taylor, Analise's father and his child-bride, Iverson the butler, Bodhi, Ian, Griffin, a frail Larry, Mr. & Mrs. Warner and many others.

MR. KENDAL
I have been asked by Mrs. Arpel to deliver a word of explanation. Analise hated churches, didn't like funerals any better and could not stand the idea of being eulogized by a stranger. One of her last wishes was to have a personalized funeral. Therefore I present to you, Analise Arpel.

Mr. Kendal turns on the TV.

Her face appears on the screen in close-up.

ANALISE
Obviously I am dead.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE (CONT'D)

The notion of a funeral in a church surrounded by a bunch of pious people is odious to me. If anybody wants to smoke or have a drink please feel free to do so.

Immediately Bodhi, Ian and Griffin light-up cigarettes.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

Dear mother, I want to say I love you dearly. Any strength of character, intelligence or love I may have possessed was instilled in me by you. Although I doubt my father is here, you're probably banging some girl half my age in Hawaii, I want to tell you to grow the fuck-up. You've spent a lifetime not living up to your responsibilities and for that I hope you will be a lonely, unloved old man. Iverson you were the father figure I never had. We had so much fun sneaking Campari and orange juice and talking about life when nobody else was around. Thanks for all the great times. Unless I was hit by a bus or had a fatal skiing accident, I can only imagine that Griffin finally killed me.

Gasps and murmurs from the gathered mourners.

ANALISE (CONT'D)

When I met you Griffin, I thought you were a gentle sensitive man who might be able to nurture a side of me that I don't let many people see. As well, a girlfriend told me you were great in bed. You can imagine my vast disappointment when I discovered that neither of those things were true. You are a cold, bitter, abusive man whose only emotional outlet is to indulge in drugs and alcohol. I should have left you a long time ago but the beatings and threats were so terrifying and vicious that I did not dare. Why would you treat me like that? I can only say that if there are any other women who find themselves in a similar situation, please get help. But having said that, I ask that you don't treat Griffin too harshly.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE (Cont'd)

If Larry, Mr. & Mrs. Warner are still around to hear this, I want to say you are three of my favorite people.

ANGLE ON: Mr. & Mrs. Warner.

MR. WARNER

Jesus...

MRS. WARNER

Hush...

ANALISE

I love you, Larry. I'll save a spot for you in heaven. Finally I want to express my appreciation to you Dan. You were my mentor, my inspiration, my light for the past ten years. You took a confused, angry teenager and taught her how to be a valued member of society. We had some rough times together but mostly they were good. We built something from virtually nothing into a great company and for my tiny part in that I am proud. I hope I won't get you in trouble with Taylor but I've always loved you Dan. If you hadn't been married, I would have made my move years ago. Well that's all I have to say. Mother, I know how you deplore pets but could you find a home for my cat Miss P. Make sure she's okay. Goodbye.

There are some tears, a smattering of applause, even a laugh or two.

Mr. Kendal stands in front of the mourners.

MR. KENDAL

Analise has asked that as a parting gift, each person be given a VHS copy of her funeral address.

The TV screen flickers on and Analise appears again, smiling slyly.

ANALISE

Because really the worst thing about dying is being forgotten.

For the last time the screen goes blank.

INT. IVY RESTAURANT - DAY

Dan and Ken Beck are at lunch with Mr. (Buddy) Romero, who is the DA for Los Angeles.

DAN

I want Warner to fry, Buddy.

MR. ROMERO

Jesus Dan, we haven't even finished the investigation and you've already condemned the man.

KEN

If I'm not mistaken, our system is designed so that the guilty will pay for their crimes.

MR. ROMERO

You sound like a first year law student.

DAN

Warner is as guilty as I am innocent.

KEN

He tried to kill me with the same goddamned spear he used on Analise.

DAN

Nobody is asking you to do anything out of the ordinary, Buddy.

MR. ROMERO

I can assure you gentlemen, that the full weight of my office will come down on Griffin Warner.

KEN

I can only hope you've put on a few pounds since the O.J. Simpson case.

MR. ROMERO

Jesus...

DAN

Analise was strong, beautiful, smarter than ten Harvard grads...I wouldn't be here if it weren't for her. I worked deals where all the lawyers would fall from exhaustion, I'd even be out on the floor. She would be the only one standing. Astounding...

MR. ROMERO

You sound more like a love-struck man, than a business partner.

(CONTINUED)

DAN

We were going to be married.

KEN

Really?

DAN

That son of a bitch! He's gotta fry,
Buddy.

INT. MR. WARNER'S OFFICE - DAY

In his home office, surrounded by Mahogany and heavy furniture, Mr. Warner could be a land baron, an oil magnate, a real estate tycoon but he's content being the frozen-food King of the western world.

MR. WARNER

I know you look at me and think I'm a boring ridiculous man. Who else could be so interested in frozen foods? But let me tell you something. I don't just freeze food, I feed people.

Griffin leans forward in his chair.

GRIFFIN

Please...I can't listen to this today.

MR. WARNER

I remember when I created the frozen fish finger. Me and Mort Saperstein in R&D were the only two people in the whole company who believed in the finger. Everybody was lined up against us. Fish don't have fingers they cried. It doesn't look enough like fish, they said. We knew we had a winner. But I was going to have to change minds and I knew I only had a week to do it. I cajoled, I thawed, I baked, I tested, I lobbied, I lied and by the end of the week...

GRIFFIN

(familiar story)
...You had people believing fish had fingers.

MR. WARNER

The only way I could achieve that...

GRIFFIN

...was that you had a plan. Do you believe I'm innocent?

(CONTINUED)

MR. WARNER

Do you think I'm an idiot? Of course you're not.

GRIFFIN

Then why'd you bail me out?

MR. WARNER

Because you're a Warner and no matter what you've done we must stand together.

GRIFFIN

I'm not that person she described?

MR. WARNER

That's it. That's your plan?
(adopts whiny voice)
I'm not that person she described?

GRIFFIN

I don't know why she said those things about me.

MR. WARNER

I don't know if this has been lost on you during your years of drug taking and throwing yourself out of aeroplanes but your last name is Warner. In capital fucking letters! With that comes a certain responsibility. Don't just sit around crying. It's time to grow up. Fight like a...Warner. Lie about your innocence.

GRIFFIN

It's not that simple.

MR. WARNER

Of course it is. Look at your brother. He's dying a horrible death but he's fighting every step of the way. I used to think he was just a stupid little faggot. But now I see that he has the Warner character, he is tough and will not give up without a fight. I love and respect him for that. Fish have fingers! Don't ever forget that.

INT. WARNER HALLWAY - DAY

Larry is sitting with his legs swung over the arms of a chair.

LARRY

He give you the fish finger speech?

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN

He gave me the fish finger speech
when I got arrested for drunk driving,
when I got thrown out of college...

LARRY

...When I studied design instead of
business, when I dated a drag Queen...

GRIFFIN

...When I surfed around the world
instead of joining the company.

They both laugh at the ridiculousness of their father.

GRIFFIN (Cont'd)

Somehow I thought a murder charge
would warrant a new speech.

LARRY

He's a strange man. I had to contract
the HIV virus and AIDS before he'd
tell you he's proud of me.

GRIFFIN

I'm sure when you're breathing your
last breath, he'll be there to give
you the nod. Do you think I'm guilty
as well?

LARRY

Honestly? I'm too tired to care.

INT. REGENT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dan is surrounded by thirteen dinner guests and at the other
end of the table, his beautiful young wife Taylor.

Ken Beck along with assorted models, intellectuals, an
architect, a movie star, a hockey player, two officials from
the People's Republic of China, make-up the party.

At the center of the group, famed architect Orin Haifitz has
the diners enthralled by the scope of his latest project --

ORIN

The real estate alone is worth five
hundred million and the budget for
the building is one point two billion.
Simply said, it will be the largest
standing structure in Manhattan.

From Dan's POV, he is listening but the sound is distorted.
Like he's hearing grown-ups speak in a Charlie Brown cartoon.
Whaa, wha, wha, wha, whaa...

(CONTINUED)

The interpreter who has been working with Mr. Lee and Chow arrives carrying a large manila envelope. She leans over and whispers to her two bosses.

Dan blinks when he sees ANALISE sitting where Taylor is supposed to be. She smiles brightly and gives him a conspiratorial wink.

Dan jumps up from the table, knocks over a glass of wine and hurries out of the room.

INT. REGENT'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Hands shaking, Dan pours himself a scotch.

Seconds later, Taylor walks into the room.

TAYLOR

What's wrong?

DAN

Nothing. You go tend to our guests and I'll be out in a minute.

TAYLOR

The Chinese are freaking out.

DAN

What's wrong?

TAYLOR

How the hell should I know? They speak Chinese.

Ken Beck walks into the room just as Taylor sweeps out. He pours himself a drink.

DAN

Jesus...Look at me.

KEN

I miss her too, Dan.

DAN

I don't see you making a fool of yourself.

KEN

I took my moment alone.

DAN

What's wrong with the Chinese?

KEN

We got trouble, Dan.

(CONTINUED)

They both look over to see Mr. Lee and Chow walk purposefully into the room, followed by their interpreter.

INTERPRETER

Mr. Lee and Chow would like to thank-you for your hospitality but now must bid you both farewell.

DAN

Farewell?

KEN

We'll talk again tomorrow?

Mr. Lee walks over to Dan and lets loose a barrage of angry Chinese.

DAN

What's he saying? I don't understand!

INTERPRETER

Nobody from the People's Republic of China will ever enter into a business agreement with any man who so openly supports Tibet and the Dalai Llama.

KEN

What? We don't even know where Tibet is?

Mr. Chow reaches into an envelope and hands Dan a stack of photographs.

They are of a smiling Dan with the Dalai Llama, a movie-star and a model.

DAN

This is a mistake.

INTERPRETER

Is the article about your support of Tibet that will appear in this Sunday's New York Times a mistake?

The Chinese motion to each other and stalk out of the room.

KEN

What the hell's going on Dan?

DAN

Goddammit. I only did it because I wanted to screw that model who is always popping-up beside him. We're fucked.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

I'll call Bob over at the Times.
We're going to find out whose behind
this. We'll stop it.

The fax machine rings and goes into receive mode. The color
drains out of Dan's face.

KEN (Cont'd)

What's wrong?

DAN

Only one other person apart from you
has that fax number.

Ken retrieves the fax, glances at it and hands it to his
boss.

CLOSE ON: Fax: Hey Dan, Imagine if some of your other secrets
were to get out.

KEN

Who else has that number?

INT. MRS. ARPEL'S HOUSE - DAY

It's all Iverson the butler can do to restrain himself from
killing Griffin.

IVERSON

(spits out name)

Mr. Griffin Warner, m'am.

Instead of leaving, Iverson hovers at the edge of the room.

MRS. ARPEL

What can I do for you, Griffin?

GRIFFIN

I need to talk.

MRS. ARPEL

Don't be so dramatic, Iverson. Leave
us alone.

The Butler reluctantly backs out of the room.

MRS. ARPEL (Cont'd)

You haven't said more than five words
in as many years. Now you want a
heart to heart.

GRIFFIN

I want you to know that I'm innocent.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ARPEL

Aren't you also supposed to say that you loved my daughter?

GRIFFIN

Of course...

MRS. ARPEL

We're all guilty, Griffin. What was her mood before she died?

GRIFFIN

Honestly? Angry, depressed, bitter, despondent...

MRS. ARPEL

At?

GRIFFIN

Everybody. I told her to go out and find another job.

MRS. ARPEL

(smiles)

You shouldn't have done that.

GRIFFIN

Why not?

FLASH TO:

INT. ANALISE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Whereas Analise has been immaculately dressed and presented, now she looks like she's been in bed for a few days.

ANALISE

Why not?

GRIFFIN

You'd be an asset to any company.

ANALISE

An asset? Are you insane! Do you understand nothing? I ran that company. We built it from the ground up. We made it a force to be reckoned with.

GRIFFIN

Then why'd you quit?

Analise throws a vase of Italian Roses at Griffin. They smash against the wall, missing him by inches.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE

Get out!

BACK TO:

The present with griffin and Mrs. Arpel.

MRS. ARPEL

The roses she threw at you were white?

GRIFFIN

Yes.

MRS. ARPEL

Ana loved white flowers.

GRIFFIN

I need to find out who did this to her.

MRS. ARPEL

Why would I believe you over her?

GRIFFIN

I'm sorry...

Griffin leaves and Mrs. Arpel goes over to a portrait of a young Analise.

MRS. ARPEL

My dear Ana, what are you playing at?

INT. DAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dan has a bank of televisions against a wall. He switches around to different stations. He clicks on an intercom.

DAN

Is Beck in yet?

INTERCOM

You better come out here, Mr. Regent.

DAN

(irritated)

Just send Beck in when he arrives.

INTERCOM

(official male voice)

Please come out, Mr. Regent.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Government agents swarm over the office.

(CONTINUED)

DAN
What the hell?

AGENT
(hands him envelope)
We have a subpoena for your files.

DAN
What? Who are you?

AGENT
It's a joint FCC, IRS, FBI
investigation.

Ken Beck walks into the middle of the mayhem, quickly assesses the situation and snatches the envelope out of Dan's hand.

DAN
Do you have any idea who I am?

AGENT
I'm quite aware of your identity,
Mr. Regent.

Beck has been reading the subpoena. He grabs Dan by the arm and pulls him into his office.

INT. DAN'S OFFICE - DAY

KEN
This says they can take files that
have to do with your ownership of
the Star Radio network.

DAN
I'm not going to stand for this.
(grabs the phone)
Get Senator Brown on the phone.

KEN
You don't own the Star Radio network.

DAN
Of course, I don't.

KEN
(not convinced)
Do you? That would destroy the Castle
deal.

A cell phone rings and Dan reaches into his pocket and flips it open.

DISTORTED PHONE VOICE
Having fun, Dan? Power is the greatest
corruptor?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DISTORTED PHONE VOICE (CONT'D)
But what happens when all of a sudden
your power is taken away from you?

DAN
Who the hell is this?

Dan throws the phone across the room.

KEN
Jesus Dan, tell me you don't own
this fuckin' network!

DAN
Senator Brown'll get these pricks
out of here.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Griffin is across the desk from Marty.

MARTY
I can make a deal with the DA's
office?

GRIFFIN
What kind of a deal?

MARTY
Second degree murder.

GRIFFIN
What would that get me?

MARTY
Shorter sentence.

GRIFFIN
But I'm innocent.

MARTY
You said yourself, you'd been high
for three days.

GRIFFIN
We all were.

MARTY
Allegedly.

GRIFFIN
What does that mean?

MARTY
Analise was clean. Not even an aspirin
showed up in her blood.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN
That's impossible.

 MARTY
I'm gonna be honest with you, Griffin.
It doesn't look good.

 GRIFFIN
What can I do to convince you of my
innocence?

 MARTY
Short of delivering me your imaginary
killer, nothing.

INT. NORM'S DINER - DAY

Ken Beck sits in a booth.

Dan Regent walks in and heads straight for his table.

 KEN
What the hell are we doing in this
place?

 DAN
 (paranoid)
I didn't want to meet at the office.

 KEN
Why the hell not?

 DAN
What have you got?

The waitress nods a greeting.

 KEN
Two coffees. Griffin Warner is the
one who leaked the story to the Times
about the Dalai Llama.

 DAN
What?

 KEN
Griffin fuckin' Warner.

 DAN
Why?

 KEN
He must really hate you. That's not
the worst of it. I just found out
today that he leaked your ownership
of the Star Radio chain to the FCC,
IRS and FBI.

(CONTINUED)

DAN
How's he doing this?

KEN
I've traced the source of the leaks
to a number of different lawyers.

DAN
Guys we use?

KEN
Nobodies. Small town nothings. I had
Owsley look into their accounts and
they each have a substantial cheque...

DAN
...from Griffin Warner. Analise would
have been able to stop this.

KEN
Our stock dropped \$40 by the close
today.

DAN
We've gotta stop this or we're going
to be dead in the water.

KEN
We can fix this, Dan.

DAN
Goddamned right we can!

The waitress returns and puts down two coffees.

WAITRESS
(to Dan)
You look better with clothes on,
honey.

DAN
Would you leave us alone?

WAITRESS
You perverts are all the same.

The Waitress goes back to her station.

DAN
What the hell's going on here, Ken?

Ken hurries over to the waitress and they have a short
exchange. A number of the other customers eye Dan
suspiciously.

Ken arrives back at the table clutching a National Enquirer.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

What have you done?

DAN

Nothing!

KEN

Let's get out of here.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ken hands Dan the newspaper. The headline reads: Media Giant Not So Big.

The front page is filled with tantalizing shots of a naked Dan having sex with different famous women and some not so famous.

Dan's face drains. He throws down the paper and viciously kicks his Jaguar. He grabs a nearby garbage can and smashes it against the back window. He turns on Ken.

DAN

You find out if this was Warner!
I'll fuckin' kill him.

KEN

I'll call the lawyers. We have to figure out how to react to this.

DAN

Oh my God...Taylor.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Detective Connor sits at his desk, tapping out a report on his computer. He looks up to see Griffin standing over him.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Somehow I thought computers would make me type faster.

GRIFFIN

I need your help.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Wrong guy. I'm the person who's helping to put you away.

GRIFFIN

There was something I didn't tell you.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

'Bout what?

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN

The month after she quit Regent,
Analise was severely depressed.
Suicidal...

DETECTIVE CONNOR

How so?

FLASH TO:

INT. ANALISE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Analise lies under covers, the only part of her showing are
her black platform shoes.

Griffin sits on the edge of the bed.

GRIFFIN

You goin' somewhere?

ANALISE

Go away.

GRIFFIN

You've got your shoes on.

ANALISE

I didn't have the energy to take
them off.

Griffin slides her shoes off and puts them by the side of
the bed.

GRIFFIN

You want me to go steal a car? We
could go up to the hills, have some
fun.

ANALISE

I'm dead.

BACK TO:

GRIFFIN AND DETECTIVE CONNOR.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Why'd you stay with her?

GRIFFIN

Well...I loved her.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

What did you love about her? That
she was beautiful?

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN

She was beautiful. But more than that, I'd never met anybody as smart as her. She was so driven, sometimes cold but she was just so great. In a way the perfect girlfriend. I never had to worry about being betrayed...She left me alone.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

That's sweet, but you're still fucked. All the evidence points to you as the murderer and there a lot of powerful people in this town who want to see you hang.

EXT. DAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Dan pulls up in his Jaguar.

A slightly sleazy looking man, older than Dan, walks out of the house.

DAN

Johnny Belder! What's the biggest, meanest, son of a bitch divorce lawyer in Los Angeles doing at my house?

JOHNNY BELDER

You should talk to Taylor.

DAN

She's seen the pictures?

JOHNNY BELDER

Everyone has seen the pictures Dan.

INT. DAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dan walks into the livingroom.

TAYLOR

I'm moving to a suite at the Peninsula Hotel until you get your stuff out. Johnny says...

DAN

Johnny?

TAYLOR

Mr. Belder says, if you want to talk to me it should be through your attorney.

DAN

That's it?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
Look at the goddamned pictures.

DAN
Don't do this now.

TAYLOR
(holds up newspaper)
You should have thought of that before
you photographed yourself shoving a
toothpaste pump up this girl's ass.

DAN
I need you to stand by me now.

TAYLOR
(turns page)
Oh this one's nice. A naked girl, an
empty make-up bag, the contents of
which are sticking-out of her crotch.

DAN
Stop.

TAYLOR
Half of everything and I do mean
everything.

Taylor throws down the paper and holds up a sheet of paper
as if waving a victory flag.

DAN
Where did you get that?

TAYLOR
Why would you try to hide all these
businesses and money from your loving
wife?

Dan slumps down on the couch --

DAN
Analise?

TAYLOR
Don't be ridiculous. She's dead. No
matter how much you wish she were
still alive.

DAN
Nobody else knew.

Taylor runs from the room crying.

Seconds later the doorbell rings and it registers with Dan
but he expects the maid to answer it. But the bell keeps
ringing.

(CONTINUED)

DAN (CONT'D)
(calls out)
Mrs. Gomez?

Again the bell rings.

INT. FRONT FOYER - DAY

Dan opens the door.

DELIVER BOY
Flowers for Mr. Regent.

Dan takes the wrapped flowers, slams the door in the boy's face without even tipping him.

He unwraps a dozen very dead white Italian roses.

DAN
(reads card)
Hey Dan, I guess eventually everything
dies. Flowers, marriage, whatever...

INT. ANALISE'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Griffin goes through Analise's desk. The place is strewn with papers and books. He is startled when he looks up and sees Bodhi standing on the other side of the sliding door. He opens it.

GRIFFIN
You scared the shit out of me.

BODHI
What are you doing?

GRIFFIN
I'm going through Analise's stuff.

BODHI
I came over to say goodbye.

GRIFFIN
Where you going?

BODHI
In search of that wave. South
Pacific.... Maritius.

GRIFFIN
She doesn't have one photograph,
letter, personal paper...Everything's
gone.

BODHI
They wanted me to testify against
you.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN

That why you leaving?

BODHI

Yeah...don't want to get in the middle
of that crap.

GRIFFIN

I appreciate it.

BODHI

I'm not doing it for you. I don't
want the hassle.

GRIFFIN

Do you think I'm innocent?

BODHI

I know your innocent. I was here
that night.

FLASH TO:

INT. ANALISE'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Bodhi comes to the window and looks in on the bruised and
beaten Analise.

BODHI (V.O.)

I ran out of bud and thought you
might have a joint to hold me until
morning.

Analise looks at herself in the mirror and gingerly touches
her cuts and bruises. She spits out blood, then --

SMASHES HER FACE against the mirror.

She falls back, blood streaming from her new cuts.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

Why didn't you try and stop her?

BODHI (V.O.)

Jesus Christ, Griffin. It's not my
business and I was scared, scared
shitless!

Analise stumbles up to the second floor, takes a run and
jumps over the banister and falls to the first level. She's
virtually unconscious. She pulls herself up and grabs the
speargun.

BODHI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When she held-up the speargun, I ran
to stop her but...

(CONTINUED)

Bodhi grabs the speargun and there is a struggle as she desperately holds onto it. She has it from the trigger end and it goes off. The air and life are almost immediately knocked out of her as the spear pierces her chest.

She stumbles a few steps, then falls to the ground DEAD.

Bodhi stumbles back a few steps then runs out of the house.

BACK TO:

GRIFFIN AND BODHI.

BODHI (CONT'D)

I tried to stop her.

GRIFFIN

It was an accident. You've got to tell the police.

BODHI

No way man. You think they are going to believe a half stoned surfer who has never had a job in his adult life?

GRIFFIN

You have to do it for me. We're friends.

BODHI

I'm out of here.

Bodhi walks out to the beach.

GRIFFIN

You ungrateful son of a bitch. Since we were kids I've stood up for you. I took beatings just admitting that I was your friend. When your family cut you off, I let you move into my house. I gave you everything you needed and never asked for anything in return. Now you can save my life but you can't be bothered!

BODHI

Fuck you!

GRIFFIN

Just give a statement and I'll drive you to the airport myself. I'll pay for your plane ticket. Just do this one thing for me.

INT. REGENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dan is drunk while watching Analise declare her love for him on TV. It's the video from the funeral. He keeps rewinding, playing it over, rewinding, playing it over.

Ken Beck walks into the room, trying to adjust his eyes to the dim TV light.

DAN
What the hell are you doing here?

KEN
Can we turn on a light?

DAN
No, leave it. Want a drink?

Ken waves him off and Dan pours himself another.

KEN
You've gotta pull yourself together.

DAN
Look at her.... She was so beautiful.

KEN
Stop watching this. You're just making it worse. If we play our cards right we can salvage all our deals.

DAN
How much have I lost in the last week?

KEN
Personally? Three billion...but that's just on paper.

DAN
We don't have any cards.

KEN
We go to Mr. Chow and Mr. Lee and tell them the Tibet-thing was a set-up. We get them some hookers and a few nights out on the town. Then we get rid of the radio network and we could still make a deal for Castle. Your marriage is fucked but it was from the start anyway.

DAN
Everything started going wrong when that bastard killed her.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

No it didn't.

DAN

That's the truth.

KEN

The truth? All this started after
you screwed her out of the
partnership.

DAN

I loved her.

KEN

You screwed her, Dan. You gave her
your word and then told her it meant
nothing. You ridiculed her for
believing in you.

DAN

You think my world has turned to
shit because I was a bad guy? Grow-
up...

KEN

I think your world is turning to
shit because you're letting it.

INT. KEN BECK'S OFFICE - DAY

Ken is talking on the phone --

KEN

If I can get around these FCC fuckers,
then we've still got a deal Tommy...
Are you kidding? The Chinese love
me. We're back in.

Ken slams down the phone and does a little dance around his
desk.

Griffin walks into the office.

KEN (Cont'd)

How did you get in here?

GRIFFIN

There's nobody out there.

KEN

What?

GRIFFIN

It's Sunday.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Sunday? I've been here for three days straight.

GRIFFIN

I need your help.

KEN

Run out of targets for your speargun?

GRIFFIN

I'm sorry about that. I need to talk to Dan.

KEN

He asked me to hire a couple of hit men to knock you off.

GRIFFIN

Who was it said; Revenge knows no bounds?

KEN

Probably the same guy who said; rage against the dying of the light. How the fuck should I know?

GRIFFIN

I have to talk to him.

KEN

I've put Regent Communications back on the map. They are going to change my name to The Wizard. A few well placed calls, a couple of bribes here and there, selling off this and that and I've got Dan back in business.

GRIFFIN

How can that be?

KEN

I'm a fuckin' Samurai is how that can be. No disrespect to Analise as a business woman but she was a child compared to me.

GRIFFIN

It's really important that I talk to him.

KEN

Yeah, me too. But the bastard has disappeared. If you see him tell him to call me.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Detective Connor and a younger lawyer are sitting in his office.

Griffin walks in.

GRIFFIN

Where's Romero?

DETECTIVE CONNOR

The district attorney of Los Angeles doesn't leave his golf game on a Sunday when summoned by a murder suspect. Even if his last name is Warner.

GRIFFIN

Even if it would get him on the news?

DETECTIVE CONNOR

This is Lewis.

LEWIS

My kids are waiting out in the car. What's this about, Mr. Warner?

GRIFFIN

Analise killed herself and framed me for the murder. Bodhi saw her and is coming down to give a statement.

LEWIS

A friend of yours is willing to perjure himself on your behalf. This was worth the trip.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Hang on a second.

GRIFFIN

I think I gave her the idea.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

What?

FLASH TO:

INT. ANALISE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Analise sits at the vanity mirror. She has a silver 9mm pistol in her mouth, pointed towards her brain.

Over her right shoulder, Griffin appears as a reflection in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN
Don't Analise.

She takes the gun out of her mouth.

 ANALISE
Leave me alone.

 GRIFFIN
You can't do this.

 ANALISE
It's a perfectly viable option.

 GRIFFIN
I won't let you.

 ANALISE
Don't be ridiculous. You have no say
in the matter.

 GRIFFIN
There are people who love you. People
who would miss you.

 ANALISE
Boo hoo hoo.

 GRIFFIN
Me, your mother, Dan Regent even.
Sure we'll all go on to live our
lives. We'll prosper, continue-on
but your loss would mean a great
deal to us. Do you want your life to
amount to nothing? The Analise I
know doesn't kill herself for no
reason. She fights back.

For the first time in a long while, Griffin's words make
some sense to Analise.

 ANALISE
 (puts the gun away)
Maybe you're right, Griffin.

BACK TO:

INT. DETECTIVE CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

 LEWIS
When is this Bodhi character supposed
to be here?

Griffin pulls out a cell phone and dials.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN

Ian? Is Bodhi there?...Shit. How long ago?
(snaps phone shut)
He's trying to take off.

LEWIS

I'm going to Disney Land.

INT. KEN BECK'S OFFICE - DAY

Beck paces his office like a caged animal.

KEN

Yes. We'll pay the penalty...Of course Regent is in on it. He's in the office right next to me. Great!
(jumps to another line)

Teddy!...You want to be in business with us? Let me ask you this; where were you during our troubles? Dan would like to talk to you but he was so offended by your desertion that he can't bring himself to come to the phone. Talk to you.

(jumps to another line)

Kathy! Where the hell did you go?...So what? Sunday is another day like any other. You call every fuckin' phone number he's ever had. Find Dan Regent for Christ sake.

(jumps to another line and speaks Chinese)

INT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY

Griffin runs through the international terminal. He searches the crowds and spies Bodhi just before the metal detector.

GRIFFIN

What are you doing?

BODHI

Changed my mind. I've gotta get out of here. Knowing my luck, they'll pin the murder on me.

GRIFFIN

You can't hang me out like this.

BODHI

It's not going to happen.

(CONTINUED)

Griffin feels dizzy and stumbles over to a seat. Bodhi takes the one next to him.

GRIFFIN

Why'd she do this to me?

BODHI

Why? Who the hell knows why?

GRIFFIN

She had to have a reason.

BODHI

It could have been one of a million different reasons. Maybe she always hated you or she snapped when you finished off the last of the strawberry ice-cream? You reminded her of a kid who hit her in the head with a rock when she was twelve. To know why, you'd have to know Analise.

GRIFFIN

I thought I knew her.

BODHI

None of us really knew her. She never let anybody in. Remember when we went to things-wedding from down the beach? You and Analise were standing there and friends would nod at her and hug you. She was so intimidating that people stepped away.

GRIFFIN

That's not true.

BODHI

Okay, what was the best sex you had with her?

GRIFFIN

Doing the car thing up in the hills.

BODHI

Whose idea was that?

GRIFFIN

Hers.

BODHI

That whole thing was like a threesome with a big two ton hunk of iron and rubber as the third person. Analise wasn't like us.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFIN

Jesus, Bodhi...

BODHI

We compete to fill the void while she competed to win. Our world, all the crazy shit that we did meant nothing to her. Stop trying to figure out why?

GRIFFIN

You think she loved me?

BODHI

You're not listening, man. She didn't love you and she didn't hate you. She just didn't care.

GRIFFIN

You don't care either.

BODHI

I don't. We're all on our own.

Bodhi gets up and walks through the metal detector.

INT. DAN'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

Dan methodically loads his gun with hollow tipped bullets. His eyes are desperate and demented. He wrenches himself up from his chair and heads out of the room.

STAY ON: The TV.

ANNOUNCER

A bizarre twist today in the Griffin Warner case. In an unconfirmed report we have been told that the Los Angeles District Attorney is in possession of a videotaped confession from Analise Arpel admitting that her death was a suicide. The DA's office has refused to comment but if this is true the murder charges against Griffin Warner would be dropped.

INT. DA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Detective Connor walks into the DA's office holding a tape.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

You guys can't wait five minutes before alerting the media?

ROMERO

Let's see this tape, Connor.

(CONTINUED)

He puts it in a VCR and Analise appears on the screen. She is dead calm, detached, which gives her a slightly crazed look.

ANALISE

(on screen)

Griffin couldn't kill a fly. His part in this is almost done. I took my own life. I did it because I'm sick and tired. But I wasn't prepared to let Regent off the hook for betraying me.

Detective Connor and Romero exchange incredulous looks.

ANALISE (Cont'd)

...My thoughts go directly to his mouth. He speaks what I tell him and everybody thinks he's some kind of genius. He's not a genius. I've proven that his power is very fragile. I can take it away from him so easily.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

She's nuts.

EXT./INT. GRIFFIN'S CAR/MULHOLLAND - NIGHT

Griffin speeds along Mulholland in his Porsche Boxster.

Bright headlights blind him through his rearview. He has to avert his eyes --

GRIFFIN

Back-off....

The car is jolted forward as it is struck from behind.

ANALISE (V.O.)

(on tape)

These guys can be such macho-pricks. It's almost like they treat their ignorance as a badge of honor. Regent has no idea of the fences I have to mend after he's done his damage. But I'm finished with getting him out of trouble. He's on his own.

Griffin speeds up, but the other car keeps pace and hits him again. Harder...It pulls-up alongside and rams the Porsche.

A heart-stopping give and take along the winding road. Griffin is forced into the side of the mountain.

(CONTINUED)

ANALISE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(on tape)

It makes me laugh when people talk about all that they sacrifice for the good of their careers. They don't even know what sacrifice means. I'll make the ultimate sacrifice to get what I want. There is no family, there is no life, there is only victory.

Enraged, Griffin jumps out of his car.

GRIFFIN

What the fuck are you doing?

Griffin shades his eyes to try and see the other driver.

DAN

How dare you!

Dan steps into the shadows and Griffin takes a step back when he sees the gun pointed at him.

GRIFFIN

It's over.

DAN

You're right. It's over for me and now it's over for you.

GRIFFIN

You don't understand. She set us up.

DAN

You couldn't be happy with Analise. You also had to take everything that belonged to me.

GRIFFIN

She killed herself.

DAN

You'd say anything to save yourself.

GRIFFIN

Have you talked to Ken Beck? Call him.

DAN

Get on your knees.

GRIFFIN

No. You have to listen to me. Don't do this.

(CONTINUED)

DAN

The name of the company is still
Regent Communications.

Dan Regent fires off three shots in quick succession. Each one strikes Griffin in the chest before his body hits the ground.

ANALISE (V.O.)

Everyone in my life has a purpose or a role to play. Griffin was my boyfriend, but in that role he has a greater sacrifice to make, he has a bigger part to play.

CLOSE ON: Griffin's wide open dead eyes stare up at the night sky.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

There is a good-sized crowd gathered for Griffin's funeral. The coffin is being lowered into the ground.

Detective Connor stands on the edge of the crowd with his partner.

DETECTIVE PARTNER

This is depressing. What are we doing here?

DETECTIVE CONNOR

I figured Regent might have turned-up out of some morbid curiosity.

DETECTIVE PARTNER

I'm starving, let's get out of here.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

I'll meet you back at the precinct.

The funeral has ended and Mr. Warner walks directly over to Connor.

DETECTIVE CONNOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for your loss, Mr. Warner.

MR. WARNER

You could never understand what this means. He was my only heir. All my hard work now means nothing.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

If there's anything I can do?

MR. WARNER

Find his killer?

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE CONNOR
We'll get him.

MR. WARNER
You'd better.

Mr. Warner joins his family.

Detective Connor walks over to Mrs. Arpel, who has been on the fringes of the funeral.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
I'm surprised to see you here.

MRS. ARPEL
Convention governed that I put in an appearance. I'd much rather have spent the afternoon in the garden.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
What could have made Analise do this?

They walk toward the cars.

MRS. ARPEL
She was a complicated woman.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
She was sick.

MRS. ARPEL
I said, complicated. Goodbye Detective.

The chauffeur holds the door open for Mrs. Arpel.

Detective Connor approaches Ken Beck.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
I want to ask you about Regent.

KEN
(exhausted)
Do me a huge favor and don't. My life turned to shit the day I agreed to sign on with that prick.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
I've gotta find him.

KEN
I went from being a senior partner in one of the most respected law firms in the country to lead council/principal advisor for the multi-billion dollar Regent
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEN (CONT'D)
Communications Corp. and
now...Nothing.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
At least you're still alive.

KEN
Kill me, please.
(looks over at hole
in the ground)
Poor sap had nothing to do with this.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Except that he's dead.

KEN
There's a Zen saying. Who dies first?
The man who pulls the trigger or the
man who takes the bullet? She did a
number on us.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
You almost sound like you admire
her.

KEN
She made the ultimate power play. In
my mind she's the toughest, most
righteous, motherfucker in the history
of business.

DETECTIVE CONNOR
You people are crazy.

KEN
She used to call me a Samurai.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Detective Connor is at his desk.

His partner walks-in and sits at the desk across from him.

PARTNER
Any leads on finding Regent?

DETECTIVE CONNOR
Nothing. It's like the guy vanished.

PARTNER
He's rich. It's been a couple of
days. He's gone. I gotta take my
morning crap.

The Detective heads to the toilet, then turns back. He drops
a white envelope on Detective Connor's desk.

(CONTINUED)

PARTNER (Cont'd)

This was at the front desk for you.

He opens it and there's a single monogrammed card with the initials AA at the top.

56789 Pacific Coast Highway County Line

INT. REGENT BEACH HOUSE - DAY

The place is a mess and at the center of it all is Dan Regent. He hasn't slept in days. He's pacing back and forth, his agitation so great that he's virtually bouncing off the walls.

He dials his cell phone --

VOICE ON PHONE

Castle Communications, how can I direct your call?

DAN

Tommy Castle.

VOICE OVER PHONE

May I ask who is calling?

Instead of saying his name, Dan BELLOWS like a wounded, dying beast and snaps his phone shut.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Detective Connor pulls up and gets out of his car. He goes to the front door, peers through a window but can't see anything.

He walks around the side of the house towards the beach.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Dan has the cell phone to his ear and in his other hand his gun.

DAN

Hey, Ken!

EXT. THE IVY RESTAURANT - DAY

Ken Beck is on the patio having lunch with a client.

KEN

(on phone)

Dan, where the fuck have you been?

(CONTINUED)

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO:

DAN

You're a rat, Ken! I took you into my company and gave you the opportunity to be a player.

KEN

Turn yourself in, Dan. You need help.

DAN

I'm going to make sure you never fuckin' work in this business again.

KEN

What business is that, Dan? Shooting people? Hey, I'm just driving through a canyon and my phone is breaking up.

Ken crinkles a napkin into the receiver and rolls his eyes.

DAN

I just want to say one thing before we're cut off.

Dan puts the gun in his mouth.

At the restaurant, Ken jumps when he hears the loud bang over the phone.

KEN

Jesus....

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

At that moment, Detective Connor is looking in the window. At the sound of the bang, he draws his weapon and rushes towards the door. He looks into the room and sees Dan lying on the floor.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Detective Connor kicks the gun away from Dan's limp hand, then feels for a pulse. There is nothing.

Ken Beck can be heard yelling Dan's name through the cell phone.

Connor picks it up.

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Who is this?.... Yeah, he's dead.
What did he say to you?.... Called
you a rat? Well, he's probably right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE CONNOR (CONT'D)

(hangs up)

The phone from across the living room rings and Detective Connor answers it. Hello?

VOICE ON PHONE

Hey, Dan. What's up? It's Analise...

DETECTIVE CONNOR

Analise? This is...

ANALISE

(on phone)

Don't try to respond, it's a recording. I just wanted to get the last word in before you're thrown in jail for the rest of your life. I thought of framing you but then I figured it would be more fun to destroy your business and once you were at your lowest, then get you to really kill somebody. Poor Griffin, I hope you did it quickly. I guess you could view this as a life lesson, Dan. You should never have humiliated me the way you did. Even in death I'm stronger and smarter than you. I want you to think about this while you're rotting in jail, I created you and I destroyed you. I win. Have a nice rest of your life.

Connor holds the phone, dial-tone droning in his ear.

ANGLE ON: The lifeless figure of Dan Regent.

FADE OUT