

CONSPIRACY THEORY

an original screenplay by  
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FADE IN:

INT. MANHATTAN STREETS - CAB - DAY

Behind the wheel: JERRY FLETCHER. Flat-out handsome if not for his eyes. Someone rash, someone making an uninformed decision might call them crazy eyes. He stops across from an apartment building, TOOTS his HORN.

IN DOORWAY

A woman and a man, a CYNIC, appear. Jerry smiles as they kiss goodnight. A bit of desperate passion. She watches after him as he gets in the cab.

CYNIC  
Luxembourg Towers on 7th.

INT. CAB

Jerry nods, rolls out. The Cynic watches the door to 1257 close, then sighs. Jerry looks at him in the rearview.

JERRY  
The sound of love.

CYNIC  
Excuse me?

Jerry exhales an exaggerated sigh.

JERRY  
That's love.

CYNIC  
Love? Love's just a pretty way of saying, 'I want to sleep with you'. Love is bullshit.

JERRY  
I live on tips, so don't be offended, but you're a liar. I saw you kiss. Admit it, this is the street where love lives.

The Cynic looks back over his shoulder. Down love street. As Jerry hangs a right, the Cynic faces forward.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Love gives you wings. It makes you fly. I don't even call it love. I call it Geronimo.

CYNIC

Geronimo?

JERRY

Geronimo. When you're really in love, you'll jump. Off the top of the Empire State. Screaming 'Geronimo' the whole way down.

CYNIC

But you'll die. You'll squash yourself. What's the point?

JERRY

Aren't you listening, man? Love gives you wings.

The Cynic just smiles, leans back.

CYNIC

She must be some girl.

JERRY

I love her so bad. She just... wrecks me. I would die for her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jerry stops at a light. A road crew are at work ahead.

A white strobe light warns motorists that they're here.

CYNIC

She feel the same about you?

Jerry can't take his eyes off the stroke. As he blinks.

JERRY

I don't know.

FLASH CUT TO:

SUBJECTIVE POV

Looking down as a man's arms are strapped to the arm of a

CHAIR. THE POV JERKING UP AS THE SAME IS DONE WITH THE

head. A kaleidoscope of flashing lights ahead, then darkness as eyes are shut. They're forced open.

We see the reflection of blue eyes in glass as they're taped open. As bright lights strobe...

BACK TO TAXI

Jerry stares at the light, transfixed.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I never told her.

CYNIC  
Why the hell not?

JERRY  
I, uh, I have some problems.

The traffic light glows green; Jerry doesn't see it. The sound of conspiratorial WHISPERS fill the taxi.

FLASH CUT TO:

SUBJECTIVE POV

The contents of a syringe pumped into the strapped arm.

The walls begin to melt. The WHISPERS CONTINUE.

GARBLED, but their tone is perfectly clear. Threatening.

Cabalistic. Human forms appear. Stretched impossibly long, melting along with the walls.

We CLOSE ON the reflection of a dozen pair of the same taped-open eyes. The WHISPERING CUTS SHORT. Ominously.

The eyes dart from side-to-side as FOOTSTEPS approach.

The eyes suddenly widen in agony. As Jerry's scream of pain becomes the BLARE of a HORN, we find ourselves back in the...

TAXI

Going about 60 mph. Jerry snaps to just in time to avoid a head-on collision with a car coming the other way.

CYNIC  
Are you crazy?!

JERRY  
The guy came right at us!

CYNIC  
You turned up a one way street!

Jerry watches, in a sweat, as he passes a "ONE WAY" sign pointing the opposite way. He mutters to himself.

JERRY

I was only going one way.

CYNIC

Drop me off here!

JERRY

Look, I'm sorry --

CYNIC

Just drop me off.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jerry pulls to the curb. The meter at \$3.60. The Cynic slides a twenty through the slot and is out the door.

Jerry watches over his shoulder as the Cynic disappears down the street. Jerry rubs his eyes, tries to regroup.

JERRY

Love street...

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE (MANHATTAN) - NIGHT

Late. The cab rolls, this time the right way. Ahead, a well-dressed man steps off the curb, flags Jerry down.

CAB

Jerry slows, stops. As the well-dressed man starts over, Jerry sizes him up. The man seems suddenly sinister.

As he reaches for the door, LOCKS CLICK DOWN. Jerry GUNS the CAB away. The confused man stumbles back, shouts, apparently not a threat at all.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING (UPTOWN) - NIGHT

Headlights out, the cab pulls up to the curb.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Jerry glances at a lit 2nd floor apartment window, then settles in with a bologna sandwich. About to take a bite, he pauses, removes a slice of bologna. He regards it a beat, then carefully peels off the edge. Jerry holds the narrow casing up against the glow of a streetlight, like it was encoded. Then something catches his eye. He trades the sandwich for binoculars, focuses on the window.

BINOCULAR POV - WINDOW

LIZA SUTTON. In a Yale sweatshirt, stretching, earphones on. She forces her head past her kneecap and holds it there. Driven is the word to describe Liza. When she sleeps, she tries to do it better than anyone else does.

We can't hear her, but as she finishes stretching, she sings along with the music on her headset.

JERRY

captivated, he sighs -- the sound of love. Then he gets an idea. Still watching, he fumbles for the RADIO.

Turning it ON, he SCANS radio STATIONS.

BINOCULAR POV - LIZA

Her lips don't match anything. COUNTING CROWS. DAVID BOWIE. The TRAFFIC REPORT. A RAP TUNE.

JERRY

Never takes his eyes off her, SCANS STATIONS for the elusive number. He finds ANNIE LENNOX singing "Blue Moon."

BINOCULAR POV - LIZA

Lips in synch. That's what she's singing along with.

JERRY (V.O.)

(joins in)

'Blue moon, you saw me standing  
alone...'

INTERCUT between them. "Without a song in my heart, without a love of my own. Blue moon..." In a weird way, it's a duet. A sweet moment. Then, Liza stops.

She gets on a treadmill and cranks it up. Walking a few moments before she's jogging, before she's running. No easy pace here. Liza gets grim, cranks up the speed and goes hard. She's punishing herself.

JERRY

His voice trails off as he watches. Sad, he lowers the binoculars, doesn't want to watch her do this. Throwing the CAR in GEAR, he takes a last look and drives away.

EXT. NEW YORK NEWS - NIGHT

A classic corner newsstand except that a river runs down the street and over the curb.

Newspaper stacks usually on the sidewalk are up on milk crates. The owner, FLIP TANNER, cruises the sidewalk in a battered wheelchair.

All sinew and tendons, Flip is black, about 50. He looks to Jerry's cab plowing twin fountains as it approaches.

Flip heaves a stack of newspapers and magazines into his lap. he rolls to meet Jerry at the curb, hands him the stack through the window. Jerry looks down at the water.

FLIP

Water main. Broke all the way over  
on 40th Street and Seventh.  
Subway's a damn river.

Jerry stares back over his shoulder at water gushing out a manhole cover. Flip watches him, smiles.

FLIP (CONT'D)

What're you thinking, Jerry?

JERRY

Water mains usually go in the winter.  
It's August 1st.

FLIP

Tell you what. Reminds me of life  
in the Delta.

JERRY

Mississippi?

FLIP

Mekong, my friend, Mekong.

JERRY

You know, Flip, Vietnam War was fought  
because of a bet Howard Hughes lost  
to Aristotle Onasis.

FLIP

Sure. And the two of 'em used my  
legs for a wishbone. Nearly snapped  
me in half.

JERRY

I gotta go, Flip. Thanks.

As Jerry drives away, Flip smiles, shakes his head.

EXT. VILLAGE BROWNSTONE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Carrying his magazines and newspapers, Jerry climbs onto the roof from the fire escape. He deadpans a look back and forth.

All seems clear. Jerry starts across. COOS as Jerry passes a PIGEON coop. He steps back, opens the door.

JERRY

It's your choice, fellas.

As Jerry continues...

SPACE BETWEEN TWO ROOFTOPS

As Jerry leaps, PASSES directly OVER us.

INT. VILLAGE BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jerry enters by a window at the fire escape. Apartment 202. He checks the seam between the door and casing.

The tip of a toothpick is just visible. Assured, he unlocks the door. As the toothpick drops, Jerry steps inside.

INT. APARTMENT 202 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacked with filled-to-bursting file cabinets. On the walls, a silvery particle board. Jerry locks the door, balances an empty beer bottle upside down on the door knob.

Satisfied, Jerry enters the file labyrinth. As he moves we FLASH ON some of the labels, some with not bad cartoon drawings. "George Bush," "Delta 30," "Blue Flood," "Sirhan2."

Jerry turns the corner. "Nazis & Nutrasweet," "Patti Hearst," and among many more: "MK Ultra" which features the silhouette of a man holding a handgun & "Council On Foreign Affair" with the C-F-A in heavily Gothic lettering.

KITCHEN - REFRIGERATOR

Locked. Padlocked chains run through steel rings bolted to the sides. Jerry spins the combo-lock. Before opening, he pauses to consider a set of magnetic poetry words on the fridge door. He arranges them, reads:

JERRY

The essential goddess death could  
chain bitter men,  
(moves words)  
and crush the ugly moment... like  
life pounding eggs.

Jerry opens the fridge to reveal ten padlocked stainless steel containers. He removes one labeled: "Tapioca."

INT. APARTMENT 202 - JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carrying a bowl of tapioca, Jerry enters. More files, a manual typewriter. On the wall, an American flag alongside a poster of John Lennon reading: "Assassinated 12/8/80."

He strides to his desk and a...

PUBLISHING MONTAGE BEGINS

Jerry scans a New York Times spread on a drafting table.

He circles headlines, names and dates. Does the same with the San Francisco Chronicle, Le Monde, Time, the Economist and Popular Mechanics. He enters raw data on 3x5 cards: space shuttle launched, base closings, escape from mental hospital and especially the obituaries.

Specifically: "Industrialist Ernest Hariman Drowns."

Jerry flips through 100s of cards on big Rolodexes as he cross-references data. Jerry pulls cards, lines them up.

The first connection: the dates of six Space Shuttle launches and six earthquakes all coinciding. Jerry lets out a low whistle. Never too jaded to be shocked.

Jerry types the text of an article, crosses out mistakes.

He handcranks copies off an old drum mimeograph. The hand drawn logo: lips whispering into an ear. The title: "Conspiracy Theory."

Jerry writes out five labels. Addresses from across America. Jerry slaps the labels on the newsletters.

EXT. STREET

The sun comes up.

Jerry drops the newsletters into a mailbox. He starts across the street, then stops, looks back with dread. He steps back over, checks the slot. Everything went down.

Jerry starts away, then stops again. As he looks back...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - NYC OFFICES - DAY

Jerry passes through the metal detectors. He stops to stare at the blindfolded Status of Justice. As a FEDERAL COP steps over to join him.

JERRY  
Smart girl.

FEDERAL COP  
How's that, sir?

JERRY  
She's got a blindfold on.

FEDERAL COP  
Do you have an appointment here,  
sir?

Jerry continues to stare.

JERRY  
Depends on your definition...

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The morning meeting yet to begin. Lawyers wait as, THROUGH the glass, treadmill girl Liza Sutton argues with brusque department head WILSON. It's a screaming match, though on this side of the glass their VOICES are MUFFLED THUMPS. Liza waves her arms. Wilson shakes his head emphatically.

As they continue to argue, a YOUNG LAWYER arrives being shown the ropes by an OLDER LAWYER.

OLDER LAWYER  
This is the conference room. We  
start 9 AM sharp. Usually.

The argument in the conference room has gotten so vociferous, that people have stopped pretending not to watch.

YOUNG LAWYER  
Wow. How long till I can talk like  
that to Mr. Wilson?

OLDER LAWYER  
About a thousand years. That's Liza  
Sutton. You heard of the federal  
judge? Tom Sutton?  
Assassinated a few years ago?

YOUNG LAWYER  
By that cult leader who's in prison,  
right? Ezekiel Walters.  
The one who blew up the Citibank  
Building.

OLDER LAWYER  
None of it ever proven.  
(MORE)

OLDER LAWYER (CONT'D)

But Sutton did deny Ezekiel a writ  
of habeas corpus. Anyhow, Liza is  
Sutton's daughter.

A commotion down the hall. Jerry. The cop from downstairs  
and a second one try everything short of violence to usher  
him out.

JERRY

I'm an American and I demand to see  
Liza Sutton!

CONFERENCE ROOM

Wilson and Liza are nose-to-nose. THROUGH the glass, the  
head of every lawyer turns from them to Jerry. Like deftly  
executed synchronized swimming, Liza and Wilson can't help  
but notice. Jerry. Liza shakes her head in despair.

WILSON

Ah, your psychotic is here.

LIZA

Not today...

Liza crouches down on the floor behind the chair.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Tell him I'm on vacation. That I  
won't be back for two weeks.

WILSON

I don't know if you're the best lawyer  
I've got or a high school sophomore.

Wilson shakes his head, exits.

OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM

As Jerry struggles with the guards who are definitely getting  
more physical.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Get him out of here.

CONFERENCE ROOM

Liza peeks out. They're hurting Jerry now. As Liza sighs.

OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM

They drag Jerry back. Liza appears.

LIZA  
It's okay! Let him go!

The guards hesitate. Wilson nods. As they let Jerry go...

LIZA (CONT'D)  
Jerry, you are a restraining order  
waiting to happen.

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - LIZA'S OFFICE - DAY

In its own way as cluttered and overflowing with files as Jerry's apartment is. At her desk, Liza watches Jerry pace. The door is intentionally open. Liza's secretary JILL keeps a protective eye from the outer office.

LIZA  
I don't see the connection.

JERRY  
Come on! Six major earthquakes in  
the last three years? The space  
shuttle in orbit for every one of  
them?

LIZA  
(incredulous)  
Testing some top secret seismic  
weapon.

JERRY  
Not testing. Using. Nukes are passe.  
This is the weapon of the future.

As Liza exchanges a look with Jill, Jerry pauses to look at a framed photo on a credenza.

Liza, 20, in full riding gear, gracefully jumping a horse over a set of rails.

LIZA  
I still don't see what it has to do  
with the President.

JERRY  
(re: photo)  
Do you still ride?

LIZA  
Not for years.

JERRY  
So why do you keep the picture up?  
You wish you hadn't quit?

LIZA

Well, I -- Jerry, the point. Get there. What does it have to do with the President?

It takes him a moment to switch gears. Setting down the picture, he pulls out a map, unfolds it on Liza's desk.

A seismic survey map. He points as he talks.

JERRY

The President's in Europe. Tomorrow he'll be in Turkey. Right along this fault line. They launched the space shuttle yesterday.

LIZA

Motive?

JERRY

He's cutting funding for NASA. The milk cow of the aerospace industry. We're talking billions. Motive enough?

LIZA

NASA is going to kill the President of the United States with an earthquake.

JERRY

(nods)

Not exactly the kind of thing a Secret Service Agent can throw himself on top of.

Liza sighs. On another day, Jerry might have been welcome comic relief. Not today. As she folds his map...

JERRY (CONT'D)

You going to warn him?

LIZA

I can't promise you anything.

JERRY

You think I'm crazy.

LIZA

I think you're different.

JERRY

You know, to be 'normal' and live in the 'real world,' to swallow Coca

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

cola and eat Kentucky Fried Chicken, you have to be in a conspiracy against yourself. I can't lie to me, Liza. And the more I strip through the sham, the crazier I look to people like you. Can't you see that's what they're counting on?

(a beat)

You want to go out sometime?

LIZA

No.

Jerry smiles, looks away, embarrassed in an appealingly boyish way. If he wasn't crazy, the answer might be yes.

JERRY

I better get going.

LIZA

You don't have to burst in here every time, Jerry. Just call and make an appointment.

He nods, gathers his map. Halfway out, he looks back.

JERRY

What was your horse's name?

LIZA

Johnny Dancer.

(a beat)

You've been in my office ten times. How come you never asked me about that picture before?

JERRY

Was waiting till I knew you better. Johnny Dancer, huh? Sounds like a racehorse.

Jerry heads out. Liza watches after him a beat as he goes.

EXT. 40TH STREET AND 7TH AVENUE - DAY

Cordoned off with cops redirecting traffic. A lake. Big diesel pumps gush water into the gutters, and the sidewalks are sandbagged. All the same, water flows over Jerry's sneakers as he flags down a passing PUBLIC WORKS GUY.

JERRY

Hey, don't water mains usually go in the winter?

D.P.W. GUY  
 Summer, winter, all I know it it's  
 beaucoup overtime.

Something catches Jerry's eye -- a tan sedan parked inside the cordon. Official U.S. Government plates. As Jerry frowns, two suits, CLARKE and PIPER, exit the subway kiosk, head to the sedan. Jerry watches, then heads for his cab.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING (MANHATTAN) - DAY

The sedan pulls up, double parks. As Piper and Clark head inside, Jerry pulls up across the street.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Jerry enters, watches Clark and Piper get on the elevator for the 14th to 25th floors. As the door closes, Jerry steps to a podium with a directory of the building's occupants. He drops a finger onto a listing. Floors 18 to 22 are occupied by: the Central Intelligence Agency.

JERRY  
 Spooks. I knew it.

LOBBY SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV - JERRY

Grainy black and white as Jerry exits. Is he being watched?

EXT. DINER - DAY

Jerry's cab is reflected against the glass. THROUGH the window, we see Jerry at the counter. Standing, he throws a few bills down and exits.

Jerry reappears in reflection, stops short as Piper is reflected on one side, Clark on the other. They grab Jerry. As he struggles Clark jams an air syringe against his neck. Jerry's reflection goes slack.

As they drag him into his cab, a single OLD MAN at the counter looks over, then back to his meatloaf as the yellow of the cab streaks away.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM (GERONIMO) - JERRY - DAY

Strapped to a chair in the middle of what looks like an old hospital room. Jerry's groggy, starting to regain consciousness. As he comes round, we hear FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING from the hall.

CLOSE ON JERRY

Two men enter. They may or may not be Piper and Clark, but we only see their torsos as they move back and forth.

We hear a CLOSET OPEN, EQUIPMENT being DRAGGED. Jerry knows he's righteously fucked. But he also knows...

JERRY

I was right. Wasn't I? I was right.  
(a beat)  
What was I right about?

They don't seem to pay him any mind.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Are you guys from NASA?

Without warning, one of the figures grabs Jerry's head from behind, straps it to a slat he attaches to the back of the chair.

Jerry struggles, but his head is immobilized. The second man goes about taping Jerry's eyes open.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I was wrong! I was wrong!

Finished, they leave. Jerry struggles, then finally waits. A new set of FOOTSTEPS in the hall. Jerry's eyes follow someone into the room and across from him. Jerry frowns.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Do I know you?

JONAS (O.S.)

Yes you do, Jerry. Quite well.

WIDEN to include --

JONAS

Standing opposite Jerry. Genteel looking, professorial.

There's something calm, oddly soothing about him.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Have you ever been in a place from which hope has gone? All that's left is patience. Everywhere. Like a fog.

A beat as Jonas considers Jerry.

JONAS (CONT'D)

I'm a very patient man.

JERRY

That's great. Good for you.

JONAS

Who have you been talking to, Jerry?  
Who else knows what you know?

JERRY

Could you be a little more specific?

Jonas doesn't answer. Instead, he methodically loads a syringe. Jerry watches with grave apprehension.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What's that?

JONAS

Lysergic acid diethylamide... With a little kicker of my own. Surely it must be coming back to you by now?

There's nowhere to go, but Jerry still tries to go there as the needle descends. And then the plunge.

JERRY

What do I know?...

Jonas switches on a row of strobe lights. They flash into Jerry's face. In between them, on a screen, images.

JERRY'S POV

A man on fire. Kennedy with the waiter on the floor in the Ambassador. That guy in Vietnam being shot in the side of the head. Rhesus monkeys subjected to direct brain stimulation. Reagan catching it under the armpit.

A slaughterhouse. And interspersed between it all, a rather official-looking photo of a middle-aged man we'll call Mr. S. Then --

JONAS

is dancing back and forth before Jerry. The strobes freeze him like some club from the '70s.

ROOM

But Jonas isn't really dancing. He's directly across from Jerry -- profile-to-profile.

JONAS

Who else knows what you know?

Slack-jawed, Jerry doesn't answer. Jonas holds an electrode to Jerry's leg, touches a second to his side.

Jerry arches back as current flows.

JERRY'S POV

as the ceiling melts and drops in heavy globs around them.

ROOM

Jonas cuts the flow.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Who else knows what you know?

Jerry's only answers are the tears running down his cheeks. Jonas hits him again.

Jerry jerks back so hard the chair snaps right off the floor and topples over backwards. Jerry's left wrist and right leg burst through the straps which were holding them down. A wisp of smoke rises.

Jonas sighs. He looks down at Jerry who moans, whispers...

JERRY

I'll tell you...

Jonas smiles paternally, steps over. Jerry's mouth moves, but we can't hear him. Mr. S flashes on the screen.

JONAS

(crouching)

From your lips, to God's ear.

JERRY'S POV

As Jonas leans in, his nose looks enormous.

ROOM

Grabbing Jonas' shirt with his limited left hand, Jerry uses the only weapon he's got. He bites Jonas on the nose. Blood pulses as Jerry's teeth find an artery.

Howling, Jonas tries to scramble out of reach.

Jerry kicks him in the stomach with his free leg and then keeps kicking. It's inarticulate, roughshod work, but he connects and Jonas feels it and each new kick as a little more fury than the last.

Finally Jonas rolls away. Jerry half-crawls, half-rocks his way to a crouched position.

Rising, he staggers into the window, the top of the chair smashing through the glass. Jerry stares down to the ground below.

JERRY'S POV

As the earth rises and falls like a wave. The distance down is impossible to gauge.

ROOM

As Jonas staggers to his feet, Piper and Clark charge in.

They move forward, but without warning, Jerry gathers what balance he has and heaves himself out the window.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - DAY

Partially obscured by trees, Jerry does a half-gainer from exactly two stories above the ground. The chair back takes the brunt of the landing. Wood splinters.

ROOM

Blood spurts between Jonas' fingers. Clark and Piper draw their guns and rush to the window...

GROUND

Slats of wood hang at his elbows and knees as Jerry reels across the lawn.

ROOM

Clark and Piper FIRE.

JONAS

Don't kill him! Get him!

As Clark and Piper rush off...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jerry slogs, sinks into asphalt up to his knees. A truck sets a dumpster down on the street ahead. As it pulls away, Jerry dashes, grabs hold of a handle on the rear.

EXT. STREET TWO - SOME BLOCKS AWAY - DAY

We see the truck approach. As it turns right, the centrifugal force flings Jerry off the back and into the oncoming lane. Several taxis slam on their brakes to keep from running him over.

All Jerry sees is yellow.

JERRY

I'm one of you! I'm one of you!

As one driver leans out one window, shouts at him in Hindu.

CUT TO:

INT. JUSTICE - ELEVATOR - DAY (END OF DAY)

Liza's in the back next to, but not with, one of the Lawyers seen earlier. He seems nice enough.

LAWYER

So, you doing anything tonight?

LIZA

(hefts briefcase)

Working.

LAWYER

Hmm, how about tomorrow night?

LIZA

Working.

LAWYER

Night after that?

LIZA

(smiles)

Look, you're a nice guy, but I'm not really dating right now.

LAWYER

I'm not that good at 'no,' Liza.

LIZA

Too bad. Because I'm terrible at 'yes.'

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

As the elevator doors open, Liza steps into her worst nightmare.

JERRY (O.S.)

Liza Sutton! I need to see Liza!

Jerry is being blocked by three FEDERAL COPS.

COP# 1

You don't leave now, you're under arrest.

As Jerry spots her....

JERRY

Liza! This is it. They just tried  
to kill me! I don't know what I  
know, but it's big!

They tangle him up, a few feet from his destination.

Liza can see that something, real or imagined, has happened.

In the struggle, Jerry wrenches free, taking one of the Cops'  
.45s with him. He waves them off with it.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Get back!

Everyone freezes. Stand-off city.

LIZA

Easy, Jerry. Easy.  
(realizes)  
There's blood on your shirt.

Indeed, blood is splattered across his chest.

JERRY

I bit the bastard's nose off.

LIZA

You bit someone's nose off?

JERRY

Yes! Don't let's get into this thing  
where I have to repeat myself!

As one of the Cops moves to flank, Jerry aims the gun.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(to Cops)  
It's a man without a nose you want,  
you dumb complicit sons of bitches!  
(to Liza)  
You've got to listen to me.

LIZA

Put down the gun and I'll take your  
statement. Okay?

JERRY

You're the boss. Just don't make me  
repeat myself. I hate that.

Liza sees blood dripping onto Jerry's shoe. She looks to  
where he clutches his side, blood oozing out. To his face.

LIZA  
Jerry, you're bleeding.

Jerry takes his hand from his side, looks at the blood.

JERRY  
I didn't even feel it till a few  
minutes ago.

As Jerry's distracted, one of the Cops moves in. He forces Jerry's gun hand up while the other two Cops take him down. Jerry struggles till one jams a thumb into a pressure point in his neck. Jerry winces, collapses.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Who are they? I don't even know who  
they are. But it's on the tip of my  
tongue.

And Jerry starts to sob. As Cop one cuffs him.

LIZA  
One of you call an ambulance.

A hesitation before one of them moves to do so. Liza pushes her way through the other two.

LIZA (CONT'D)  
Ease off of him.

They back off a step, keep him covered. Jerry continues to sob, desolate. And Liza, despite herself, puts an arm around him, does what she can to comfort. Her life's never going to be the same.

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

A definite inner city feel. Liza stands out in her smart, stylish business suit. She sits in a plastic chair, tries not to scream into her cell phone.

LIZA  
I need the files tonight. Have them  
sent to my apartment. I don't give  
a rat's ass what you're doing! Hello?  
Damn it!

Phone's dead. Sitting beside Liza, fidgety in the early stages of withdrawal, is DOLLY, a 20-year-old prostitute.

DOLLY  
Sucks, huh?

Liza doesn't even look over. Dolly holds up a pager.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

You should get one of these. Then use a pay phone. Cell phones can be traced.

LIZA

I'm not doing anything illegal.

Dolly looks her over.

DOLLY

Yeah. Right.

A bedraggled DOCTOR enters, scans the waiting faces.

DOCTOR

Who's here for Jerry Fletcher?

LIZA

(standing)

I am.

The Doctor steps over.

DOCTOR

He's lucky. Bullet passed clean through his side, didn't touch anything vital. He lost some blood, but he should be fine.

LIZA

When can I talk to him?

DOCTOR

They're moving him to the police ward. Maybe in twenty minutes.

LIZA

But --The Doctor's already on his way out. Liza sits back down.

DOLLY

You're lucky. I had a boyfriend get shot in the stomach. Now he takes a dump through a plastic tube. I guess that's life, huh?

Liza reaches into her day planner, pulls out a crisp \$100 bill, holds it out to Dolly.

LIZA

It's yours. Just go sit someplace else.

Dolly looks at her a beat. Plucking the bill from Liza's fingertips, Dolly gets up and moves.

INT. HOSPITAL - POLICE WARD - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A cop reads the paper at the end of the hall. He barely looks up as Liza walks down, steps into...

ROOM 322

Liza enters as a NURSE injects a syringe of "something" into Jerry's IV. Jerry's strapped to the bed.

JERRY

What's that?!

NURSE

Something to help you sleep.

JERRY

I don't want to sleep! I want to be checked out!

LIZA

You're under arrest.

Jerry looks over at Liza as the Nurse exits.

JERRY

What's the charge?

LIZA

You were there, Jerry. Figure it out.

He nods. Is quiet a moment.

LIZA (CONT'D)

If you could remember who shot you and where it happened, it might help.

Jerry's suddenly fighting to keep his eyes open.

JERRY

What a day. Wish I could tell you so it made sense.

He tries to sit up. She eases him back down.

LIZA

Just relax.

JERRY

Switch the charts.

LIZA

What?

Jerry's as serious as a guy about to pass out can be.

JERRY

Switch 'em. Or I'll be dead by morning. Don't want to be dead.

LIZA

I'll see you tomorrow.

As Jerry eases back into the mattress.

JERRY

Wouldn't bet on it.

As Liza starts to go...

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hey...

(as Liza looks back)

I can't control it. It's just, something that happened.

LIZA

What is?

JERRY

Love.

They look at each other a moment. Then, as Jerry's eyes flutter.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Switch 'em.

A long sigh and Jerry's out. Liza starts out, then stops, laughs at herself as she realizes what she needs to do. Stepping over, she switches the chart at the foot of Jerry's bed with that of his unconscious roommate.

This guy's handcuffed to the bed frame.

Liza looks at Jerry a beat, sighs, then exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIZA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - WINDOW - NIGHT

Back on the treadmill. Liza practically sprints. Her teeth grit. Driven near collapse. Like she's punishing herself. As we PULL BACK, leaving her to her demons...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - POLICE WARD - HALLWAY - DAY

The next day. Liza, arriving, stops short as an orderly flanked by a COP, wheels a sheet-covered body out of 322.

LIZA  
What happened?

COP  
Guy came in with a gunshot wound,  
but he died of a heart attack. Go  
figure.

Fearing the worst, Liza pulls back the sheet. It's Jerry's roommate. The guy who got Jerry's chart.

COP (CONT'D)  
Are you Miss Sutton?

Liza looks up, nods.

COP (CONT'D)  
They said send you downstairs.

LIZA  
Who?

COP  
The F.B.I., the C.I.A. You name the  
initials and they're down there.

LIZA  
Any special reason?

COP  
All I know is, they said to send you  
and the body to the basement.

They think the dead guy is Jerry. Liza eyes the door.

LIZA  
I'll be right down.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM 322 - DAY

Jerry sits in bed, one hand cuffed to the bed rail.

LIZA  
People do have heart attacks.

JERRY  
Sure. You switched the charts, didn't  
you?

Liza doesn't answer. Jerry jubilant. This is big.

JERRY (CONT'D)

It's okay. The guy traded bullets with some old man in a liquor store. He had it coming.

LIZA

You expect me to believe what, that someone came in here last night. Gave that guy... something that stopped his heart?

JERRY

You switched the charts; you tell me.

LIZA

I got to get downstairs. The C.I.A., they want to see your body.

JERRY

Really?

She nods. Jerry regards the cuff, then her.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I won't be here when you get back, but I'll be in touch. And thanks.

LIZA

For what?

JERRY

You saved my life.

LIZA

Heart attacks happen.

Liza exits. Jerry thinks, smiles. He dips his hand into his oatmeal, smears it across his chin, onto his chest.

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT - DAY

Liza steps off the elevator, is met by AGENT LOWRY.

Darkly handsome, Lowry is all business with a twinkly in his eye.

LOWRY

Ms. Sutton? Agent Lowry, F.B.I.

They shake hands. Both impressed with each other.

LOWRY (CONT'D)  
 We're waiting for jurisdictional  
 problems to be cleared up. This guy  
 Fletcher's something else.

LIZA  
 Tell me about it.

LOWRY  
 While we walk.  
 (they move briskly)  
 D.C. police want him for assault.

Secret Service for counterfeiting and we're tracking him on  
 a string of bank robberies. No one knows what the C.I.A.  
 wants him for.

LIZA  
 Wait --

OPERATING THEATER

Lowry enters ahead of her. The body is here. All backs are  
 to Lowry and Liza. Wilson from Justice looks back over his  
 shoulder. The other five are CIA. One man stands a bit  
 apart. Lowry points him out, whispers into Liza's ear.

LOWRY  
 Guy's a C.I.A. shrink. Here to I.D.  
 Fletcher. They knew each other  
 somehow.

LIZA  
 You don't understand --

Lowry shushes her. The sheet is pulled away to reveal Jerry's  
 roommate. His back still to us, the CIA PSYCHIATRIST is not  
 happy.

PSYCHIATRIST  
 This isn't him.

WILSON  
 (turning)  
 Liza?

The Psychiatrist takes the chart from the foot of the bed.

LIZA  
 I was trying to tell, um, Jerry, I  
 mean Fletcher, he's --

Liza stops short as the Psychiatrist turns around. His nose  
 is bandaged. His eyes look right through her. It's Jonas!  
 Jerry's man with no nose.

JONAS (PSYCHIATRIST)

He's what?

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM 322 - DAY

Covered in oatmeal, Jerry clutches his chest, groans.

Three nurses, two orderlies and an INTERN surround him.

INTERN

He's having a heart attack!

The Intern tugs on the handcuff.

INTERN (CONT'D)

Where's that goddamn cop?!

(giving up)

Get a crash cart in here!

JERRY

No! Get me to the crash cart!

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - DAY

Liza, Jonas, Lowry, Wilson and the CIA agents get into the elevator. Liza can't take her eyes off Jonas's nose.

He looks over at her. It's unnerving.

LIZA

Can I ask you something?

JONAS

A dog bit it.

LIZA

Excuse me?

JONAS

You were going to ask about my nose.  
The poor animal is slated to be  
destroyed today.

LIZA

And you feel bad for it?

JONAS

It was my dog. Let me ask you a  
question. How long have you been  
acquainted with Jerry?

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ROOM 322 - DAY

A crash. The Intern staggers back out the door and into the wall.

Jerry exits -- wearing a johnny which flaps as he dashes down the hall. Bouncing along behind him is the bed's side rail which he's still cuffed to.

INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - ELEVATORS - DAY

Jerry pounds on the down button. PING! The doors on the middle elevator open to reveal Liza, Jonas, et. al...

They spot Jerry the same moment he spots them.

Jerry drives the rail into one agent's gut, staggering him. The second agent trying to exit catches the rail in the teeth. The elevator doors close.

ELEVATOR

Lowry reaches for the control panel. But he's too late.

As the elevator starts up, Lowry slaps the emergency stop. Then they pull the doors open. The various agents climb out, step down to the 3rd floor hallway below.

Jerry is nowhere in sight. But from the hallway to the right of the elevators, a SHOUT and a CRASH. Everyone heads that way.

NURSES' STATION

A nurse stands over an upended Med-Cart. She looks up at Liza and the suits charging around the corner. Points.

PILLS CRUNCH under their feet as they take off in pursuit.

HALLWAY TWO

Jerry pulls a chair cover, hops up and punches a ceiling panel loose. Then he continues down the hall.

The gang round the corner, stop short at the chair and panel. Jonas motions two agents up.

JONAS

The rest of you go room to room!  
I want dogs! I want motion detectors!  
I want heat sensors!

As Jonas moves off, Lowry mutters to Liza.

LOWRY

Is this guy a psychiatrist or a field agent?

HALLWAY THREE

A row of beds against the wall. An orderly dumps a load of laundry down a laundry chute. He leaves. Jerry exits a bathroom, heads over. Gripping the lip of the chute, he's just swung a leg inside when the room COP appears around the corner, gun drawn.

COP  
Put your foot down.

JERRY  
If you knew what really happened to Serpico, you'd be doing everything you could to help me out.

COP  
(closing)  
Put your damn foot down.

Obliging, Jerry swings his leg back over. But he sets his heel on a laundry cart, shoves it hard into the Cop.

It gives Jerry a chance to swing the bed rail into the Cop whose gun skitters away as he tumbles back.

Jerry tries again to jump down the laundry chute, but the Cop is there, grapples with him. Jerry finally head-butts him. As the Cop falls back, releasing Jerry, Jerry falls down the chute. He jerks to a stop as the bed rail forms a crossbar over the mouth of the chute.

#### LAUNDRY CHUTE

Jerry dangles from his wrist. That hurt.

Jamming his back against one side of the chute, his feet against the other, he inches his way up. As he grips the edge to get out, a face looms! Liza. Jerry loses his grip again, drops, jerks to another joint-wrenching stop.

#### HALLWAY THREE

Liza stands beside the semi-conscious Cop, looks down at Jerry. He looks up at her. At her mercy.

LIZA  
He says a dog bit his nose.

JERRY  
Arf... You gotta help me.

LIZA  
I can't promise you anything.

Liza turns, hears PEOPLE COMING her way. Deciding, she takes the key ring from the cop's belt, finds the handcuff key.

She slides it into the cuff on Jerry's wrist.

They share a long look. Click. Jerry drops. Liza's left holding the rail. She turns, sees the beds by the wall.

LAUNDRY ROOM

Jerry lands hard in a hamper.

HALLWAY THREE

Liza tends to the Cop (returning his keys, pockets the cuffs) as Lowry and Jonas turn the corner.

LOWRY  
Which way did he go?

LIZA  
I don't know. Didn't see him.

As the Cop starts to sit up groggily.

LOWRY  
No way we can shut a place this size  
down quick enough.

JONAS  
You have a half-naked man chained to  
a bed rail. Just cover the exits.

Lowry nods, heads out. Liza follows.

LIZA  
I'll come with.

Jonas looks over at the lone bed rail, then across at the laundry chute. Finally at Liza's retreating back.

JONAS  
You.

Liza stops, looks back. Jonas crooks a finger at her.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
Keep me company.

INT. HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Jerry the doctor. In his scrubs, pulls on a paper hair net.

INT. HOSPITAL EXIT - DAY

Two cops on watch at the exits. Three tired interns on the way out when Jerry joins them. Just one of the guys.

JERRY

Did you see that spleen? I never  
saw a spleen like that ever.

The cops don't give them a second look as they exit.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Odd looks from the interns, but Jerry's home free.

JERRY

It was unbespleenable!

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Jonas dips a tea bag, stares across at Liza who grinds out a  
cigarette in an overflowing ashtray. He watches as she goes  
for her pack, realizes that was her last butt.

JONAS

So he thinks NASA is plotting to  
kill the President?

LIZA

You already asked me that. Why do  
you insist on making me repeat myself?

JONAS

And you have no idea where he lives?

LIZA

You've asked me that one three times.

JONAS

Here's a fresh one. Why you?  
Your colleague Mr. Wilson says Jerry  
won't speak to anyone else. That  
seems oddly possessive behavior to  
me.

LIZA

I'm sorry. What was the question  
again?

JONAS

Why you?

LIZA

Honestly? I think he has a crush on  
me.

JONAS

A charming term. Now, why him?

LIZA

Excuse me?

JONAS

Jerry's visits to your office.  
Why do you tolerate them? Why him?

LIZA

A year ago I was leaving work late one night. Two guys tried to mug me. It was horrible. Jerry came out of nowhere. To my rescue. Then he started coming to see me.  
(smiles)  
Could've been a storybook if he wasn't crazy. At first I did my best to avoid him. But there's something inside Jerry and...  
(shrugs)  
Jerry made me see it. He made me see him. That make sense?

Jonas nods. As he tends to his tea, Liza notices he wears a Harvard alumni ring.

LIZA (CONT'D)

You went to Harvard?

Jonas nods. Liza gestures toward the ring.

LIZA (CONT'D)

May I?

Jonas offers his hand so she can get a closer look: three open books with the letters VE-RI-TAS.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Veritas. Truth. What is it they say about truth?

JONAS

The truth shall make you free.

LIZA

That's it.  
(releases his hand)  
I went to Yale. I hope you won't hold that against me.

JONAS

Only on the football field.

That's as charming as Jonas gets. The sparring continues.

LIZA  
I didn't know the C.I.A. had  
psychiatrists.

JONAS  
We're very specialized.

LIZA  
Brain washing, mind control, that  
sort of thing?

JONAS  
Re-educating trained killers in the  
ways of polite society.  
Making sure the men who've gone over  
the edge won't hurt anyone.  
That sort of thing.

Jonas takes a sip of tea, watches her over the rim.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM 322 - DAY

A cop at the door. Liza flashes her ID, enters. She heads to the nightstand, opens it. There's a key ring, a pack of gum and a worn paperback copy of *Catcher In the Rye* with the familiar crimson and gold cover. Liza flips through it. Certain passages are highlighted, others blacked out.

LOWRY (O.S.)  
Catcher In the Rye?

Liza looks up as Agent Lowry enters.

LOWRY (CONT'D)  
That's the book Hinkley had on him  
when he shot Reagan.

LIZA  
I was just thinking that.

COP  
(leaning in)  
You remember that Arab guy who shot  
the Rabbi a few years back?  
(as they look over)  
I was one of the arresting officers.  
He had a copy of the goddamn thing  
too.  
(smiles)  
You know that expression, it must be  
the water. Well, maybe it's the  
book.

As the Cop laughs it up, Lowry and Liza exchange a look.

LOWRY  
Thanks for your input, officer.

The Cop shrugs, exits. Lowry picks up the keys and gum.

LOWRY (CONT'D)  
Gum, keys and a book.  
(checks keys)  
Car... Maybe apartment... This is an  
odd one.

Of the three keys, one is long and narrow.

LIZA  
Safety deposit box.

As Lowry nods, three of Jonas' CIA suits enter. As one confiscates the gum and book, another holds his hand out for the keys. Lowry gives them over. As they exit...

LOWRY  
You're welcome!  
(shrugs to Liza)  
Spooks. So, you want to compare  
notes on this guy.

LIZA  
No. Not yet.

Something catches Liza's eye. She steps to the nightstand.

A word is scratched into the side by the bed. Geronimo.

Lowry picks a fork off the floor. Just the right size.

LOWRY  
Geronimo? What's that?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - EARLY EVENING

Liza exits, starts for the street. A long day. She fishes a small tape recorder from her briefcase, switches it on.

LIZA  
Jerry Fletcher. Apparently, a major  
desperado. Subject of a  
multi-jurisdictional task force  
manhunt... I don't buy it. He might  
be nuts, but there's something...  
good about him.

Liza suddenly reacts in shock to something ahead.

LIZA (CONT'D)

No!

Liza dashes forward. We see her car at the curb -- a BMW sedan. A traffic control officer has just finished shoving a ticket under the wiper. Liza arrives shouting, as they roll away. Liza grabs the ticket, pissed, frustrated. But after a moment, she gets in the car.

INT. BMW - STREET - EARLY EVENING

She gets in grumbling, STARTS the ENGINE. As six fanned-out parking tickets rise from the back seat behind her, she spots them in the rearview. Liza jumps, her grip on the steering wheel the only thing keeping her from hitting her head on the roof.

JERRY (O.S.)

They've been coming all day.  
Nothing I could do about it.

As she recovers...

LIZA

How'd you know this was my car?

JERRY

He lies across the back seat, staring up. Lucky guess... Um, I'd feel a lot less naked if we could get outta here.

LIZA (O.S.)

Don't tell me you're naked back there.

JERRY

Figure of speech. Could we go?

BMW

Liza takes the tickets. Deciding, she hits the gas, starts through the intersection.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What took so long? You were in there all day.

LIZA

That's how long it takes to turn a hospital inside out. A lot of people are after you, Jerry.

JERRY

Dead or alive, they'll stick me in there with Oswald. Another lunatic acting alone,

LIZA

Oswald was an assassin. You're not an assassin, are you, Jerry?

JERRY

If you're worried about the President, call and warn him about the Space Shuttle.

LIZA

Right. Sit up so I can see you.

JERRY

Uh uh, don't want them to see me.

LIZA

Them who?

JERRY

Change lanes. Then watch your rearview.

Liza does so. Looking in the mirror, a set of headlights, maybe three cars back, move as well. Liza frowns, turns left, eyes on the mirror. A beat and the car follows her.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Flat, wraparound headlights?

LIZA

Yeah.

JERRY

Crown Victoria. F.B.I. car. A legitimate tail.

LIZA

As opposed to?

JERRY

People more serious about their work. You know how to drive this thing or do you just like looking good in it?

LIZA

You mean I should speed up and try and lose them?

JERRY

Yes.

LIZA  
That's how a man would do it. I'm  
not a man.

JERRY  
I noticed.

Liza stops in the middle of the street. Jerry stays low.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

STREET

The Crown Victoria has slowed considerably. Liza sticks her  
arm out of the window of the BMW, motions it forward.

CROWN VICTORIA

Lowry at the wheel. Knows he's been made. No use trying to  
get out of it now. Shaking his head, he rolls forward.

STREET

Lowry pulls up alongside Liza. Can't see Jerry in back.

LIZA  
Agent Lowry.

LOWRY  
(shrugs; sheepish)  
Wasn't my idea.

LIZA  
Jonas?

LOWRY  
It's his show for now. Look, you  
want to get some dinner? Inter-Agency  
cooperation and all?

JERRY  
in the back. He doesn't like the  
sound of that.

INT./EXT. BMW/CROWN VICTORIA

Liza smiles, but isn't biting.

LIZA  
When I'm ready to compare notes,  
I'll let you know.

LOWRY  
Your call. Have a good night.

Lowry puts it in gear and takes off. Relieved, Jerry sits up, watches the taillights fade away.

LIZA

See? Wasn't that a lot easier than squealing tires and knocking over trash cans?

JERRY

Nothing is easy.

LIZA

How long have we known each other, Jerry?

JERRY

Six months. Eleven days.

LIZA

Till today, I haven't believed a word. Now, I'm curious. Six months, eleven days. I'm going to give you one more hour to impress me. Where to?

EXT. NEW YORK NEWS - NIGHT

Flip watches from his wheelchair as the BMW pulls up. It takes him a minute to recognize...

FLIP

Jerry? You didn't show last night. First time ever. Had me worried, boy.

JERRY

Sorry, Flip.  
(re: Liza)  
Got sidetracked.

Flip glances at Liza, thinks he understands. As he winks at Jerry, Liza rolls her eyes to the heavens. Flip retrieves a double stack of newspapers and magazines.

FLIP

Saved you last night's, too.

JERRY

Flip was a hero in Vietnam.

FLIP

Sure was. Pounded the V.C. for this Greek cat named Ari Onasis.

Flip smiles as he wheels back over. He likes Jerry.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jerry and Liza by the window. Jerry hands her the front page of The New York Times. As Jerry scarfs bread...

JERRY

Just look at it. Ten seconds and you'll be scared out of your mind.

As Liza scans the paper, a waiter sets a small salad in front of her and a big bowl of spaghetti and sausage in front of Jerry. He digs in like a five-year-old.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(re: salad)

You worked all day for that? Lettuce, tomatoes, no dressing. That's what, you're punishing yourself, right?

She looks up. An odd beat. Is Jerry on to something?

LIZA

You have the right to ask me certain personal questions?

JERRY

(slurps noodles)

Yeah. I think so.

Liza hands him back the paper.

LIZA

Nothing scary there. Sorry.

JERRY

Oh, well, maybe to the untrained eye.

(scans it)

Hmm... Ahh...

(raises eyebrows)

Oooooo...

Liza waits as Jerry spreads out the paper.

JERRY (CONT'D)

More about life on Mars. From a rock they found on the South Pole. Explain that one to me. But maybe we should go to Mars and find out? How much do you think that's going to cost?

LIZA

What is it with you and the space program?

JERRY

And look here. Cease fire in Chechenia. That's good for the banks who lent the government money, but bad for the guys selling them weapons.  
(scanning article)

Listen to this, some gas company in Colorado. Their researchers have been blocked from testing a fuel additive. They've accused the E.P.A. of, quote, 'turning a blind eye to the future.'

Jerry grabs a dollar bill from the tip of the adjacent table. He turns it over, points out the "eye" above the pyramid.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Well that's the eye right there. Money. And all the power and misery it brings with it. It's a plot to take over the world. The Master Conspiracy. Can take a lifetime to pull off.

LIZA

Do they have a secret handshake?

Jerry takes her hand. He shakes it, employing various complex machinations. Finished, he regards her intently.

LIZA (CONT'D)

That's it?

JERRY

I have no idea.

She laughs. He got her that time. But after a beat...

LIZA

So why are they after you?

JERRY

I'm not sure. I think I figured something out.  
(lowers voice)  
It must've been in my newsletter.

LIZA

What newsletter?

Jerry crosses his lips with his finger, shushes her. He motions her forward so he can whisper. She leans in.

At that moment -- a GUNSHOT!

In one motion, Jerry stands, throws his chair through the plate glass window. As GLASS RAINS down, he's already got one foot out on the sidewalk. He reaches back for Liza.

JERRY

Come on!

Then Jerry sees the waiter, standing nearby, a bottle of wine in one hand, a popped cork in the other -- the source of the sound. Jerry looks back to Liza.

JERRY (CONT'D)

So I'm a little jumpy. Who wouldn't be?

LIZA

You're certifiable.

JERRY

You wouldn't be sitting here if you didn't halfway believe me.

LIZA

Believe you about what?

Jerry shrugs. As the manager storms over, Liza peels off a hundred dollar bill.

LIZA (CONT'D)

(re: window)

Will that cover it?

He shakes his head. As she peels off a few more...

JERRY

You know that hour you gave me to impress you? How much of it is left?

INT. JERRY'S VILLAGE BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Liza enters by a window at the fire escape. Jerry follows. His side is obviously bothering him.

LIZA

You okay?

JERRY

Flesh wound. No big deal.

Jerry heads for the door to his apartment.

LIZA

I still don't think we had to park a mile away.

INT. APARTMENT 202 - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry and Liza enter. Closing the door behind them, he switches on the light. Liza looks from the filing cabinets to the silvery particle board covering the walls.

LIZA

Is this supposed to protect you from aliens?

Jerry doesn't answer as he locks the door, picks the empty beer bottle up off the floor.

JERRY

You know why the Grateful Dead are always on tour?

LIZA

Surprise me.

JERRY

The whole kit and caboodle of 'em are British Intelligence agents. Spies. Jerry Garcia had a double-o rating. Just like James Bond.

Jerry sits the beer bottle on the doorknob, turns, heads off. Liza looks at the bottle, then, "a la Bond"...

LIZA

Garcia, Jerry Garcia.

As he moves to follow...

FILE LABYRINTH

They snake their way through the towering files.

JERRY

You want something to drink?

LIZA

Um, coffee. If that's okay?

Jerry looks back over his shoulder, smiles.

JERRY

Coffee's our friend.

KITCHEN

Liza watches as Jerry unchains the refrigerator. He misinterprets the look on her face.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I keep the beans in the fridge.

They stay fresher that way.

As Jerry removes one of the stainless steel containers, Liza reads some of his magnetic poetry off the door.

LIZA

Must language produce a thousand  
knives and not recall a whisper?

(then another)

I love the delicate shadow of she  
wanting me to be.

Liza smiles at Jerry who looks up sheepishly from the container. He's having trouble with the lock.

JERRY

Forgot the combination... You want  
some grapefruit juice?

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry enters with Liza. The photo of Lennon gives her pause. She looks at the surrounding files then watches as Jerry turns the mimeograph drum, starts printing something.

JERRY

If my universe had a hub...

LIZA

This would be it?

Jerry nods. Liza steps to the drafting table where Jerry has done several rough, but competent sketches of horses in motion. There's a book open to a photo of a horse and rider jumping a rail. Liza closes it, reads:

LIZA (CONT'D)

Equitation.

JERRY

I've been reading up on it.

LIZA

(re: sketches)

Are these yours?

Jerry nods, embarrassed. As he staples some papers together, Liza stops short. In the margin of one of the drawings are two small profile sketches of her.

Eyes closed, it looks like she's sleeping.

JERRY

Here it is. Conspiracy Theory  
(proudly hands it  
over)

It just went out Tuesday. Third  
issue this year. I bet I struck a  
nerve. Pissed someone off.

LIZA

(scans contents)  
'The Space Shuttle's Seismic Secret'.  
'The Oliver Stone-George Bush  
Connection'.  
(looks up)  
Oliver Stone?

JERRY

Stone is their spokesman. You think  
if someone really had all that  
information and a national podium to  
shout it out from that they'd let  
him do it? Stone's a disinformation  
flunky. The face that he's alive  
says it all.

LIZA

Can you prove any of this?

JERRY

Absolutely not. A good conspiracy  
is an unprovable conspiracy. If you  
can figure it out, they screwed it  
up.

Liza flips through, reads the lead-in to one story aloud.

LIZA

'On July 8, 1979, security forces  
under control of the Trilateral  
Commission abducted the fathers of  
all American Nobel Prize winners.  
The men, many of them octogenarians,  
were forced at gunpoint to ejaculate  
into small plastic bottles. The  
sperm collected is now under study  
in a  
laboratory beneath the  
headquarters of the Rand Corporation  
in Santa Monica, California.'

JERRY

Pretty scary, huh?

LIZA  
Yeah... how many subscribers do you  
have?

JERRY  
(embarrassed)  
Just five. It's the economy...

You think maybe one of them is not who they seem?

LIZA  
You got a list?

Jerry nods, goes about digging one up. Liza steps to a  
bookshelf and fifteen different copies of *The Catcher in the  
Rye*.

LIZA (CONT'D)  
You're a Holden Caulfield fan.

JERRY  
Who?

LIZA  
Holden Caulfield? *Catcher in the  
Rye*?

JERRY  
Never heard of him.

LIZA  
You have ten copies of the book, but  
you don't know who the main character  
is?

JERRY  
I've never read it. I just --Every  
time I see one I buy it. I don't  
know why exactly... Wanna hear my  
favorite part?

Strange. As Liza nods, Jerry opens to a particular page.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
(reads)  
'I keep picturing all these little  
kids in this big field of rye...  
And I'm standing on the edge of some  
crazy cliff...'

FRONT DOOR - BEER BOTTLE

Nothing until, almost imperceptibly, the door knob moves.

JERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 'If they're running and they don't  
 look where they're going I have to  
 come out from somewhere and catch  
 them.'

JERRY'S BEDROOM

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 (finishing)  
 'That's all I'd do all day. I'd  
 just be the catcher in the rye.'

FRONT DOOR - BEER BOTTLE

The BOTTLE FALLS as the knob turns.

JERRY'S BEDROOM

A brief look between them before Jerry hits a switch which  
 kills the lights, then pulls her down alongside him.

LIZA  
 It probably fell by itself.

Jerry puts a finger over her lips.

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Two black-clad snipers aim at Jerry's window, OPEN FIRE.

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liza stifles a cry as tear gas canisters CRASH the WINDOW.

FRONT DOOR

It's bludgeoned open. Light streams from the hallway.

BUILDING HALLWAY

Ten black-clad assault team members dives for cover as their  
 leader tosses in a CONCUSSION GRENADE.

JERRY'S LIVING ROOM

Cabinets split at the seams as the air is rent by the THUDDING  
 IMPLOSION.

JERRY'S BEDROOM

A beacon shines through the shattered window, but they're  
 clear. Jerry shoulders the desk across the floor. He pulls  
 a barely visible wire loop, opens a trap door in the floor.

JERRY

Go.

As Jerry guides Liza down the hatch...

LIVING ROOM

The assault team enters military style.

KITCHEN WINDOWS

Smash as two commandos rappel their way inside.

JERRY'S BEDROOM

Grabbing the subscriber list, Jerry drops down the hatch pulls the trap door shut behind him.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark. Jerry lands alongside Liza on a mattress.

JERRY

Always rent a spare apartment!

Standing, Jerry hauls down on a handle attached to another thin wire. Really putting his weight into it.

JERRY'S BEDROOM

The desk slides back into position over the trap door.

Just an instant before the assault team rolls in.

DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT

Jerry dashes to a closet. Liza watches as he opens the closet door, strikes a waiting match. He lights a fuse which burns up toward a hole in the floor.

LIZA

What are you doing?

JERRY

Getting rid of my hub!

Liza stops short. The white light from the fuse illuminates the Wonderwall. Liza stares at a 6x12 painted montage. One image dominates. In fact, it's arresting.

Bliss: Liza in full equestrian fear, hands outstretched, head thrown back. Astride a winged horse. It soars over a gate and up into the heavens.

Jerry has eyes only for the fuse. As it disappears through the hole in the floor, it takes its light with it. The Wonderwall goes dark.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - FILE CABINETS - NIGHT

Branching off, the fuse runs into them, through them.

Incendiaries ignite.

FILE HALLWAY

Bursting into flames. Everywhere. The assault team members shout, beat a retreat.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry pulls a jacket from the closet, starts to pull it on. It's too dark to make out exactly what he's doing.

Liza grabs the matches, lights one. It casts a barely adequate glow on the wall.

LIZA

What is this?

Jerry's wearing a fireman's greatcoat, pulls on a fireman's helmet. Realizing what she's seen, he's very embarrassed.

JERRY

Don't know. It was here when I moved in.

The match burns to Liza's fingertips. Darkness once again.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

No shortage of light up here. As the last man exit, it's become an incinerator. White hot flame shoots out.

Paint peels. The housing of the typewriter melts. A locked METAL CYLINDER on the kitchen counter EXPLODES in a shower of popcorn. Polaroids blister. But more than anything -- files burn. As the sound of SIRENS builds...

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Smoke, but no fire. Six NYC firefighters escort squinting residents to the fire escape. A FIREMAN exits an apartment with a woman slung over his shoulder.

FIREMAN

Make a hole. Watch your backs.

It's Jerry. The woman is Liza. As a path is cleared...

## STAIRWELL

Jonas and his men trot up the stairs led by a FIRE CAPTAIN. Lowry follows, looking like he wished he were someplace else. Jonas no longer wears the bandage, just a small strip which partially covers the stitches across his nose.

They meet Jerry and Liza on the landing, cross right past them. Oblivious. Jerry and Liza continue down.

LIZA

Was that who I thought it was?

JERRY (FIREMAN)

Uh huh.

LIZA

Has this happened to you before?

JERRY

Never, but I've been practicing.

LIZA

(beat; then...)

Who are you, Jerry?

JERRY

Just a guy trying to put out a fire.

They continue down OUT OF SIGHT.

EXT. JERRY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - NIGHT

Jerry dumps the fireman's coat in the trash, jumps in the BMW as Liza TEARS AWAY from the curb.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonas and his men are walked through the smoldering ruins by a Fire Captain. He pauses at the silver on the walls.

FIRE CAPTAIN

See the aluminum stuff? Firewall.

Guy designed it so he could turn the place into an incinerator.

Leaves the rest of the building untouched.

CIA AGENT

(stepping up)

Dr. Jonas, there's something else you should see.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Illuminated with flashlights. Jonas enters, stares at the Wonderwall, mainly Liza, a moment before.

JONAS

In one hour I want to know what she eats, where she sleeps, the name of her gynecologist. Everything.

INT. LIZA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. Liza enters followed by Jerry. An awkward beat as Jerry looks suspiciously about.

LIZA

See? Home safe and sound.

They stand there like two teenagers at the end of a date.

Liza holds her copy of Conspiracy Theory.

JERRY

You gave me an hour; now give me a day.

LIZA

Jerry, there's something I have to ask you. Actually about a hundred things, but we can make progress, if you answer one question. To my satisfaction.

JERRY

Shoot.

LIZA

It was that painting. The one on the wall.

JERRY

(embarrassed)

I didn't mean for you to see it. It's like looking in someone's diary and taking it out of context. Know what I mean?

LIZA

It made me feel like you could see inside of me. And I don't know how that's possible.

JERRY

So what's the question?

LIZA  
How is it possible?

Jerry doesn't answer. He looks around. Trapped. Then he spots a particular doorway...

JERRY  
Could I, um, could I look at something?

Without warning for her answer, he walks into...

INT. LIZA'S APARTMENT - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Big enough for a chair, bookshelves and a treadmill.

Jerry steps onto the treadmill. Tentatively, like it might swallow him. He looks forward, then looks back.

At...

A framed 8X10 photo on the bookshelf: Liza, maybe 21 years old, in full equestrian gear holding the reins of her horse -- Johnny Dancer. She stands beside an older man who surely must be her father. He's also the "Mr. S" from Jerry's bizarre strobe show.

Liza stands in the door.

LIZA  
I'll give you 100 bucks if you leave right now.

JERRY  
(steps to photo)  
Is this your dad?

LIZA  
That was him.

JERRY  
(picks up photo)  
Is he dead?

LIZA  
Please put it down.

JERRY  
How'd he die?

LIZA  
He was murdered.

Liza tries to keep her cool; it's not easy. Jerry looks from the photo to the treadmill. It's all suddenly clear.

JERRY

He's why you punish yourself.

LIZA

Not this again.

JERRY

You run with your back to the picture.  
Like you were trying to get away.  
Once in awhile you sing along with  
music, but mostly you punish yourself.

LIZA

(realizes)

You watch me, don't you?

Jerry realizes he's blown it. Liza looks out the window,  
down to the street.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Where do you stand? In the alley?  
Do you sit in a car? Is it every  
night? What?

Jerry counters by pointing out the horse in the photo.

JERRY

Johnny Dancer, right? You don't  
ride him anymore, do you? Not since  
your dad died.

LIZA

Fuck you. I know you're crazy, but  
fuck you.

Forlorn, Jerry sets the picture back down. The walls of  
books reminds him of something.

JERRY

Do you have a copy of that book I  
can borrow? Catcher? I don't usually  
go this long without one.

Liza closes her eyes, rubs them.

LIZA

You got your twenty-four hours.  
Just give me the next eight off.

Jerry nods, exits in front of her. She stays put. A few  
moments pass before we hear her front DOOR OPEN and then  
CLOSE as Jerry leaves. Liza's eyes flicker over to the  
treadmill. A moment and then...

LIZA (CONT'D)  
(re: treadmill)  
Fuck you, too...

Liza turns, switches off the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE LIZA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A drizzle has started to fall. For a street lined with parked cars, it has a rather desolate feel. There's a certain car -- a Crown Victoria. A silhouette behind the wheel. Liza's apartment is being watched.

CROWN VICTORIA

It's Agent Lowry. And in the back seat AGENT MURPHY.

They sit in silence, a relaxed, practiced state of alert.

Murphy frowns at the RAINDROPS which SPLAT the rear window.

MURPHY  
I'm gonna take a piss in the alley  
before it starts to pour.

Lowry nods, keeps his eyes on the entrance to the apartment. Murphy opens the door. As he climbs out of the back seat, we see a black 9mm in a shoulder harness.

A few moments pass. Agent Lowry leans forward to look up to the dark window of Liza's apartment. Behind him, he hears the back door open, Agent Murphy slide in the back seat. As Lowry leans back:

LOWRY  
How's your bladder?

The barrel of Murphy's black 9mm is pressed squarely against the side of Lowry's head.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Not bad.  
(cocks hammer)  
How's yours?

It's Jerry in the back seat! But Lowry's a pretty cool customer. He regards Jerry evenly in the rearview.

LOWRY  
Lot of folks are looking for you.

Lowry's hand inches toward a .45 on the front seat.

JERRY

Then you must be the smart one.  
Hands on the steering wheel.

A little nudge of the 9mm and Lowry does as he's told.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

LOWRY

You're welcome. Where's my partner?

JERRY

I like that. A gun to your head and  
you ask about your partner.  
He's okay. May have a headache for  
a few days. Are you here with  
honorable intentions?

LOWRY

I'm not sure what you mean.

JERRY

You should think of me as Liza  
Sutton's guardian angel.

LOWRY

That's ironic. Because we're here  
to protect her from you.

JERRY

You're here because you figured I  
might show up.

LOWRY

It seemed like a possibility.

What about your intentions? Are they honorable?

JERRY

I'm not a violent man, Mr. Lowry.

Not by nature, anyhow. But if you hurt Liza in any way,  
I'll kill you. Does that seem honorable?

LOWRY

Well, I don't know if --

Jerry creases the back of his head with the gun barrel.

As Lowry slumps unconscious, Jerry starts out, then pauses.

JERRY

Are you pretending?

It sure doesn't seem so. Till Jerry cocks back the hammer.

LOWRY  
(all but motionless)  
Yes.

Jerry whacks him again. Jerry's about to go when the front door to Liza's building opens and Liza steps out in her running gear.

Jerry crouches, but he needn't bother. She's not looking his way. As she takes off down the street:

JERRY  
Shit...

Jerry pulls Lowry over to the passenger's seat, then climbs into the driver's seat. He starts the car, then rolls out after her.

LIZA  
runs. Looks every inch the athlete as she moves. Her feet splash through the growing puddles as she's off the curb and on the street.

CROWN VICTORIA - JERRY

Jerry "talks" to Lowry as he drives, shadowing Liza.

JERRY  
She shouldn't be outside at night.  
What's she doing?  
(looks to Lowry)  
I know you can hear me.

LIZA

cuts through a gap in the wall and enters Central Park.

CROWN VICTORIA - JERRY

As he stops short, Lowry slams into the dash. He turns, rides along looking for a place to turn into the park.

And then she's gone from sight. Jerry abandons Lowry and the car in the middle of the street and takes off on foot.

PARK - LIZA

Moving between the trees. Elusive. Tireless.

PARK - JERRY

Gasping. It takes everything he's got to keep her in sight. He strips off his jacket to lighten the load.

STREET

As Liza exits the park, continues on her way, unaware that behind her...

Jerry collapses against the wall. Taking each breath like it was his last, he watches as she disappears from sight. Finally, as he staggers out of the park...

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE BOOKSTORE (MANHATTAN) - NIGHT

Jerry down the aisles. Getting desperate. Finally, the classics section. Moby Dick. Pilgrim's Progress. Of Mice And Men. Bingo! The Catcher In The Rye. One copy left. Jerry grabs it. Whew...

CASH REGISTER

The clerk waits as Jerry steps up, hands him the book.

JERRY  
Been a long day.

The clerk nods, picks up a scanner, runs it over the bar code on the back of the book.

IMMEDIATE CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER SURVEILLANCE ROOM (SOMEWHERE) - NIGHT

Three bleary-eyed TECHNICIANS sit up and take notice as an alarm goes off on one of several computer screens.

TECH #1  
Somebody bought one!

The second Technician watches as city grid maps flash across his computer screen. It narrows to a single street.

TECH #2  
Barnes and Noble. McKinley Avenue.

Tech #3 grabs a radio mic.

TECH #3  
CLEET code 115. Location is 11-546  
McKinley. Barnes and Noble.

Keep collateral damage minimum.

CUT TO:

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE - NIGHT

The clerk hands Jerry his bag, thanks him. Jerry starts out. Throwing the bag in the trash, he's out the door.

EXT. BARNES AND NOBLE - NIGHT

Jerry walks down the street, reading.

A popular area, there are still quite a few people about.

Suddenly the pages flutter in Jerry's hand. Trash swirls at his feet. He stops, slowly looks up as he hears the

HELICOPTER.

Black, no running lights, equipped with a sound damper.

It descends quickly over the intersection. Silky black cords drop. Traffic snarls as CLEET COMMANDOS slide down.

Four of them. Plainclothed with discreet com-headsets.

Wearing jackets, we catch glimpses of the equipment slung on their hips, including machine pistols. Each has a 2X3 piece of paper taped to his wrist. Like NFL quarterbacks with the plays, except the papers are photos of Jerry.

The helicopter is gone so fast some people haven't even noticed. The commandos disperse into the crowd, refer to their wrists as they advance in Jerry's direction.

Jerry hightails it the opposite way, tries not to attract attention. He pulls up in front of a movie theater as a second chopper swoops in to drop four more commandos at the south intersection. The street has been sealed off.

Jerry stands there a beat, not sure what to do.

Something makes him look across the street where CLEET #1 pulls up, looks over at him. As CLEET #1 refers to his wrist photo, Jerry dashes into the theater.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - THIRD HELICOPTER - NIGHT

In a hurry. The skyline whizzes past as Jonas listens in on his headphones.

CLEET #1 (V.O.)

I repeat. Target has entered the theater.

JONAS

Oswald tried the same tactic, if I recall.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Nearly a full house. Jerry sits near the front, nervously looking back over his shoulder, watching the aisle.

Four CLEETs appear silhouetted at the entrance. As they start down, checking faces...

As the manager drones, people head for the aisles. Jerry moves for the emergency exit. Sticking out like a sore thumb as the emergency door opens and a shadowy figure steps inside the alcove. A CLEET commando.

He spots Jerry, starts forward.

CLEET #3  
(into com-set)  
He's in the third theater.

Jerry starts back through what's been an orderly proceeding.

JERRY  
Bomb! There's a bomb in here!

As the cry of "Bomb!" gets taken up, panic spreads. No one gets trampled, but the shoving is fierce. As the CLEETs fight their way down, Jerry heads for the rear exit. A few other patrons go that way as well.

EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND THEATER

Jerry exits with a solid head-start, but as he turns there's a CLEET in the alley. Checking faces -- not looking Jerry's way yet. Jerry keeps close behind another patron, then darts out, swings the CLEET face first into the wall.

As the CLEET draws his machine-pistol, Jerry slams his face once, twice into the wall. As the CLEET drops, Jerry makes eye contact with a woman who watches aghast.

JERRY  
I didn't like his looks. Did you?

As she shakes her head "no," Jerry continues on his way.

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT

A big crowd. As police cars pull up, the CLEET commandos exchange a look. Removing their headsets, they disperse, dissolving into the crowd like they were never even here.

INT. LIZA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She's asleep. All seems peaceful. Then, low WHISPERING.

It STOPS, STARTS again. Low, conspiratorial, cabalistic.

Liza tosses, turns in her sleep. A shadow seems to pass over her. But as she wakes up, the WHISPERING FADES.

Liza sits up, a bit spooked. She cocks her head, listens. Was that a click in the other room. Unsure, she gets up, heads for the door.

#### LIVING ROOM

Filled with long, dark shadows. Liza steps out, puts a hand on the light switch. Steeling herself, she switches them on. The room is empty.

#### SITTING ROOM

Liza sticks her head in. Empty.

#### BATHROOM

Lights go on. No one here. Liza slowly pulls back the shower curtain. Nothing. She switches the lights off.

#### LIVING ROOM

Liza returns from the kitchen, something in her hand.

Stepping to the door, she first checks to make sure it's locked. Then she balances an empty bottle upside down on the knob. She looks at it a second, shakes her head.

LIZA

I'm turning into Jerry.

Switching off the lights, she exits for the bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - BINOCULAR POV - DAY

as Liza starts up the steps. Being watched.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Two surveillance drones monitor Liza's movements.

BINOCULAR POV - SURVEILLANCE VAN

Someone's watching the watchers.

CLOSE ON JERRY

Observing the van through a pair of binoculars. It's difficult to say where he is.

INT. ACROSS STREET - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jerry stands at the window, looking through a small telescope.

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - WILSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Wilson looks across his desk to where Liza stands.

WILSON

I've been given a cease and desist on all matters relating to Jerry Fletcher. We're not to discuss him with the press, the N.Y.P.D., anyone. Building police are to arrest him on sight and we're to report any attempt he makes to contact you.

LIZA

This doesn't make sense.

WILSON

It makes perfect sense. Field work is not our oeuvre.

LIZA

I don't like it. Something's wrong.

WILSON

Dr. Jonas thought you might be inclined not to cooperate. Why is that?

LIZA

We don't know who Jonas is. We don't know who it is we're cooperating with.

WILSON

I've had a lot of credentials flashed in my face, Liza. What I saw yesterday, I know not to ask questions. We're out. Shut off. Terminated. Understood?

LIZA

-- Understood.

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Liza strides down the hall. LAWYERS, seen earlier in the conference room, are talking. One looks over as Liza nears.

LAWYER

Liza, settle a bet for us.

LIZA

(snaps)

What do I look like to you?  
Switzerland?

They all lean a little closer to the wall, make sure she has room to pass.

As Liza passes her secretary, Jill.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Any messages?

JILL

Nothing so far, Liza.

INT. LIZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Liza enters, she looks at her equestrian photo a moment, then BUZZES the INTERCOM.

LIZA

You're sure?

JILL (V.O.)

(over intercom)

Not a thing.

Sighing, Liza opens her briefcase, pulls out the Conspiracy Theory newsletter and Jerry's subscriber list.

Sitting at her desk, she turns on her computer.

EXT. ACROSS FROM JUSTICE BUILDING - SIDEWALK - DAY

Lunchtime. A big crowd on the street. Among them --Jerry. He wears a baseball cap, heads right for the van.

JERRY

Can't see the forest for the trees.

He holds a six inch length of steel rebar and a coil of wire cable. He passes the van. No one in the front. At the rear quarter, Jerry bends down to tie his shoes.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

The DRONES hunch over a speaker as a reel-to-reel records. We hear a TELEPHONE RING, a WOMAN'S VOICE say "Hello?"

LIZA (V.O.)

(over speaker)

I'd like to speak to Mr. Ketcham.

WOMAN (V.O.)

This is Mrs. Ketcham.

INT. LIZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Liza's on the phone, unaware it's a party line.

LIZA

Hi, Mrs. Ketcham. Your husband  
subscribes to our newsletter. I'd  
like to ask him if he'd like to renew  
his subscription.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Where they listen, unaware of Jerry.

MRS. KETCHAM (V.O.)

My husband's dead. He was killed  
two nights ago in a car accident.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

On one end, the cable is sinched around the middle of the  
length of the rebar. Jerry slides the bar through the center  
hole of a manhole cover. The other end has a loop which he  
attaches to the van's undercarriage. Shoes tied, Jerry rises,  
continues on his way.

INT. LIZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Liza crosses the name Ketcham off the subscriber list.

There's just one name left: Henry Finch. In St. Louis.

Liza looks up as her office door opens and Jill carries in a  
bouquet. Sunflowers -- seven of them.

JILL

They just came for you.

Liza opens the car: Go out front. Take the westbound bus.

Liza stands, grabs her cell phone off the desk.

LIZA

Jill, I'm expecting a call from the  
post office in St. Louis.  
Transfer it to me when it comes.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

The Drones watch as Liza exits and heads for the bus stop.  
As Drone #1 moves up into the driver's seat, Drone #2 makes  
a call.

DRONE #2  
Subject is on the move.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

A bus pulls up and Liza gets on.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Facing the other way. As it pulls out, the wire unspools.

INSERT - INSIDE MANHOLE

The wire whips up until the piece of rebar hits the hole.

STREET

The 155 pound manhole cover pops loose, bounces along behind the van. As the van pulls a U-turn, the MANHOLE whips around, SLAMS in the door of a parked car.

VAN

Drone #1 checks the side mirror, spots the manhole cover bouncing along behind. He HITS the BRAKES. The van stops, but the MANHOLE keeps coming. It SLAMS the rear of the van, tears a three-foot gash before CLANGING to the ground.

Drone #2 jumps out, tries to lift the manhole to thread the rebar out. As he struggles, Drone #1 hits the HORN.

DRONE #1  
We're losing her!

Giving up, Drone #2 gets back in the van. They take off.

The MANHOLE CLANGS along behind them, sideswipes a car.

That draws the attention of a police cruiser coming the opposite direction. As the cherry lights flip on, the manhole takes out the cruiser's windshield.

As the van turns the corner, the manhole wraps around a pole. As the rear axle tears free of the van...

EXT. BUS STOP #2 - DAY

Jerry waits as the bus approaches, stops. Down the street, the cops approach the van. Smiling, Jerry boards the bus.

INT. BUS - DAY (ROLLING)

Jerry walks to the back, sits beside Liza.

JERRY

Did you see the van back there?

LIZA

(turning)

What van?

JERRY

Never mind. You'd think I was making it up.

LIZA

Where'd you get your subscribers?

JERRY

I put an ad on a computer bulletin board. I log on at the library so I can't be traced.

LIZA

Well, I've been tracking them down all morning.

JERRY

You haven't been bothering them, have you?

LIZA

They're dead. Four out of five anyhow. All in the last 24 hours. One car accident, two heart attacks and a stroke.

JERRY

Jesus... It's my fault. They drew a black line over me and now I'm passing it on.

(realizes)

I'm passing it to you, too.

LIZA

I'll be fine. Let's worry about Henry Finch. P.O. Box in St. Louis. He's the last on the list. I haven't been able to reach him yet.

JERRY

Maybe you better not try... I worked so hard to keep quiet. Like a mouse. I should have realized.

LIZA

Realized what?

JERRY

Henry Finch. That they monitor everything. That it was only a matter of time. And now four people are dead.

Liza reaches into her pocket, takes out the newsletter.

LIZA

Elaborate on 'they,' okay?

JERRY

There are all kinds of groups, all kinds of initials. But they're all part of two warring factions. One: families that have held wealth for centuries. They want one thing. Stability. Group Two: the boat rockers. Eisenhower's military industrial complex. They want instability. It's a trillion dollar a year business. When there isn't a hot war, they make a cold one.

LIZA

Cold War's over, Jerry.

JERRY

So now they feed us terrorists. To create fear. How much do you think an airport security system goes for? Then multiply it by every airport in the country.

LIZA

And you think Group One is at war with Group Two.

JERRY

Latest casualty? Ernest Harriman. You heard of him?

LIZA

Sure. One of the richest men in America until he died a few days ago.

JERRY

His obituary was in every paper. But not one of them said he was murdered.

LIZA

Murdered?

JERRY

Right here in Manhattan.

LIZA

It said in the paper he drowned in a swimming pool. In Newport.

JERRY

Nobody dies in Newport. They couldn't even kill Sunny von Bulow there. Harriman drowned, but it wasn't in Newport.

LIZA

Where then?

INT. 7TH AVENUE SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Jerry and Liza stand amidst the hustle and bustle.

JERRY

Right here. In the 7th Street subway station.

LIZA

What was he doing down here? A billionaire waiting for the subway? Why not drown him in a bus? Why drown him at all? Why not shoot him? Is the hitman from the lost world of Atlantis? I mean, come on.

JERRY

I see the big picture and you stumble around in the details.

LIZA

They're big details, Jerry.

JERRY

Do you watch the news? Read the paper. Last week, this whole place was underwater.

LIZA

A water main broke.

JERRY

They don't break in the summer! Do you know what building is right over this spot? Harriman Tower. Their sub-basement was flooded! He didn't die in a pool. Call the coroner in Rhode Island! Ask if the water in his lungs was chlorinated!

LIZA  
Okay, I will.

JERRY  
You will?

LIZA  
If that's what you want. Yes.

She means it sincerely. She'll help. Jerry's touched.

JERRY  
I don't know what to say.  
(blurts)  
I love you.

LIZA  
What?

A spontaneous moment. Jerry's barely sure he said it.

JERRY  
I -- It's like, I resolve to call  
you up 1000 times a day. To ask you  
if you'll marry me in some old-  
fashioned way.  
(shrugs)  
Everything you do is magic.

LIZA  
Those are song lyrics, Jerry.

JERRY  
I know that. I'm just -- I'm nervous.  
I reached out and grabbed the first  
thing out there.  
I know they're song lyrics. And I  
know how I feel.

LIZA  
I like you, Jerry. A lot.

JERRY  
Oh, Christ, here it comes. Look, I  
know you think I'm crazy. I don't  
think I am, but...

LIZA  
Jerry, I --

JERRY  
What if I reached a point where you  
didn't think I was crazy anymore?  
If I was normal.

LIZA

If you were eating Kentucky Fried  
Chicken and drinking Coca-Cola again.

JERRY

Yeah... Would you, I mean, could  
you love me then? If I was normal.  
Maybe?

LIZA

Don't do this to yourself. Jerry.  
You don't love me.

Jerry shakes his head.

JERRY

You're wrong. Since I met you, I  
don't dream about holes anymore.

LIZA

Holes? I don't know what you're  
talking about.

JERRY

Yesterday you were wondering about  
the wall. How it was possible.

LIZA

Now's not really the time to get  
into this --

JERRY

It's Geronimo. Love. It lets you  
see things. It gives you insight.  
I've loved you since the first time  
I saw you.

After a long beat...

LIZA

And when was that? Was it that night  
I got mugged? Or was it before then?

Jerry looks away.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Answer me. Was the first time you  
saw me the first time I saw you?  
Was it? You've been following me  
around. Do you see how that could  
be disconcerting to me? That's not  
love, Jerry. It's obsession.  
And it isn't normal and you can't  
expect me to respond to it and you

(MORE)

LIZA (CONT'D)  
 can't expect me to feel the same  
 way.

(long beat)  
 Can you?

JERRY  
 I would never hurt you, Liza.

Think whatever you want, but don't think that.

LIZA  
 I don't. I know you wouldn't.

JERRY  
 I thought you -- Why -- Love ruins  
 everything, doesn't it?

Jerry starts off through the crowd.

LIZA  
 Jerry? Come back.

Jerry starts to run. Liza starts after him, but she runs  
 into a commuter, then another. Jerry's lost in the crowd.

The subway is about to leave. As Jerry gets on, Liza spots  
 him. The doors close. The train rolls. She moves alongside,  
 tries to get his attention, but he won't look over.

SUBWAY TRAIN

Jerry finally looks back. He sees Liza an instant before  
 entering the tunnel, then a row of white strobe lights on  
 the tunnel wall. Jerry tries to blink them out as the sound  
 of conspiratorial whispers fill the train. He looks about.  
 It's all suddenly unreal. Certain passengers turn their  
 heads, leer at him.

FLASH CUT TO:

SUBJECTIVE POV

Mr. S. Mr. Sutton. Liza's father. Standing at a white  
 horse fence. His BACK TO us as whoever it is comes up from  
 behind. As a pistol is raised INTO FRAME, the WHISPERING  
 GROWS IN VOLUME. Mr. Sutton turns and somewhere along the  
 way, it BECOMES A SCREAM.

INT. 7TH AVENUE SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Liza stands there, curses herself as the last of the train  
 is swallowed by the tunnel. This isn't how she meant things  
 to turn out. Then, her CELL PHONE RINGS.

She takes it from her pocket, flips it open.

LIZA

Hello?

JILL (V.O.)

Liza, we got a call from the P.O. in St. Louis. The mail for Henry Finch is being forwarded. Right here to Manhattan.

LIZA

Where?

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING (MANHATTAN) - DAY

The same place where Jerry followed Clarke and Piper in the beginning. As Liza enters...

JILL (V.O.)

The International Fund For Mergers and Acquisitions.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Liza steps to the building's directory, slides a finger across. The Central Intelligence Agency occupies the 18th to the 22nd floors. Just like Jerry saw. Liza drops her finger down... The 24th floor -- The International Fund For Mergers and Acquisitions.

EXT. 24TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Liza gets off the elevator, heads over to the door to the I.F.M.A. What's really behind here? Liza takes a breath, grabs the doorknob to find out.

INT. INTERNATIONAL FUND FOR MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS - DAY

A group of bureaucrats pass by discussing interest rates.

Liza steps over to a RECEPTIONIST.

LIZA

I'm here to see Henry Finch.

RECEPTIONIST

Who?

LIZA

Henry Finch.

The Receptionist looks her over a moment.

RECEPTIONIST

Is he expecting you?

Jackpot! Liza, dropdead official, flashes her credentials.

LIZA

I'm Ms. Sutton with the Justice Department. Could you tell Mr. Finch I need to see him at once.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A SECRETARY leads Liza past cubicles full of clerks going about business. They come to a door. Finch. They enter.

FINCH'S OFFICE

No one's at the desk, but the door to the adjoining bathroom is open. Liza can hear WATER RUNNING in the SINK.

SECRETARY

He'll be right with you.

The Secretary exits, closing the door behind her. Liza watches the bathroom door, apprehensive as she hears the WATER TURN OFF. A prolonged moment before ...

Dr. Jonas exits the bathroom. He looks at her, smiles.

JONAS

If you're as impressed to see me as I am to see you, you're very impressed indeed. How's Jerry feeling this morning?

LIZA

Fine. What the hell is going on?

JONAS

Please, sit.

Liza sits across from the desk. Jonas watches her closely.

JONAS (CONT'D)

What I'm about to tell you is partially documented. The Freedom of Information Act saw to that. But much more of it isn't. For reasons which will soon be regrettably clear, I'm going to share -- secrets -- with you. Repeat any of it and you'll simply bestow the title of 'paranoid' upon yourself.

LIZA

Truth'll set you free. I'm listening.

Jonas smiles sadly, turns his alumni ring around his finger.

JONAS

Years ago, I worked for the C.I.A. in the M.K. ULTRA program. Are you familiar with it?

LIZA

It was mind control. Manchurian Candidate kind of stuff, right?

JONAS

A vulgar pop term, but yes. Take an ordinary man and turn him into an assassin. That was our goal.

LIZA

Ask what you can do for your country. That kind of thing.

JONAS

(ignores comment)

M.K. ULTRA was terminated in 1973. But not the research. It was renamed. EX CATCHER.

LIZA

As in Catcher in the Rye?

JONAS

I am impressed. We used the distinctive cover as a sort of mental flash card.

Jonas steps over, his tone growing more confidential.

JONAS (CONT'D)

We experimented with hallucinogens. We used electro-shock to produce a vegetative state. We conducted terminal experiments in sensory Deprivation.

LIZA

Terminal?

JONAS

As in 'resulting in death.' We pushed the envelope until it wasn't even an envelope anymore.

LIZA

If I had any idea what to charge you with or how to prove it, I'd arrest you right here.

JONAS

Me? I was a minor missionary, a heretic really. But where else could a red-blooded American boy lie, cheat, steal and kill with the sanction and blessings of the All-Highs? Besides, now I'm trying to pay my penance.

LIZA

Missionary? Penance? You talk about it like it was a religion.

JONAS

It was. It was.

Jonas says it almost sadly.

LIZA

Jerry told me he bit your nose.

JONAS

And what did I say?

LIZA

A dog.

JONAS

My dog. One I intend to put to sleep. Extrapolate from there.

LIZA

These things you're talking about. You did them to Jerry?

JONAS

Yes, that's right.

Liza looks at Jonas with revulsion. A moment.

LIZA

Why don't you continue with your religious experiences?

Jonas smiles, nods in acquiescence.

JONAS

M.K. ULTRA, EX CATCHER, it all ended the moment John Hinckley shot Ronald Reagan.

He sees her eyes widen.

JONAS (CONT'D)

It wasn't us. The science had been sold. Pandora's Box opened. My children were taken from me and employed by the private sector. Jerry was one of them.

A long beat as they consider each other. We hear the CLOCK TICK on the credenza.

LIZA

I'm still listening.

JONAS

Jerry is dangerous. Jerry has killed --

LIZA

I don't believe you.

Jonas looks a bit melancholy as he smiles, shrugs.

JONAS

Belief is immaterial. What's important is the truth... It's been my job to find Jerry. I'm very much responsible for him.

LIZA

If this was a spy novel, your next words would be something like I now know too much to live. Why are you telling me all this?

JONAS

So you'll believe what I tell you next. Because I need to find Jerry. And I don't think I can do that without you.

Jonas reaches into a file on his desk, hands Liza a worn, creased wallet-sized photo.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Do you recognize this?

It's a smaller version of the photo of Liza and her father that Liza keeps behind the treadmill. Liza's stunned.

LIZA

Where'd you get it?

JONAS

You do recognize it then?

LIZA

It was my father's. Kept it in his wallet. He was murdered --

JONAS

I know the story. A federal judge. He denied a man in prison an appeal for a new trial.

LIZA

Not a man. Ezekiel Walters.

JONAS

Walters had nothing to do with your father's murder.

LIZA

You sound so sure.

Jonas doesn't answer. Liza looks at the photo. Jonas' watches -- the observer.

LIZA (CONT'D)

When they found him, he was holding his wallet.

But he hadn't been robbed.

(to Jonas)

The only thing missing was this photo. Where did you find it?

Jonas picks up a keyring, holds up an odd-shaped key.

JONAS

In Jerry's safety deposit box.

LIZA

I don't understand.

Jonas is coldly paternal as...

JONAS

Jerry killed your father, Liza. And he's been obsessed with you ever since... It's not even really his fault. The blame is mine. I'm sorry.

Liza looks up at the ceiling, the walls. Like a bird in a cage as it sinks in. She blinks out a tear. Another.

No place to hide. Jerry.

LIZA

It all makes sense. Oh God. He killed him. Jerry killed him.

Liza gulps a breath, covers her mouth with her hand.

She's going to be sick.

Jonas sees it. Like he's done it before, he turns his trash can over, dumps the contents, hands it to her empty.

PHOTO OF LIZA AND HER FATHER

TIGHTEN ON it as we hear LIZA RETCH. Painfully. Like glass was coming up.

INT. OFFICE - CLOSE ON BUSINESS END OF TELESCOPE - DAY

Jerry on the other end. He stands at a half-washed window with a bucket of soapy water and a squeegee, stares up the street at ...

TELESCOPE POV - BLINDFOLDED JUSTICE

PAN DOWN the building TO the street. Two operatives wait in a black sedan. PAN UP and ACROSS the street. Two more operatives in a second black sedan facing the opposite direction. The VIEW SWINGS AROUND.

TELESCOPE POV - HELICOPTER

Black. On a helipad two blocks away. An eight member plainclothed CLEET unit milling. The VIEW SWINGS again TO an adjacent rooftop. Two last operatives stand at the edge, headphones on, scanning the area with parabolic microphones.

JERRY

Smiles grimly. At least someone's finally taking me seriously.

Spotting something below, Jerry raises the telescope.

TELESCOPE POV - STREET

A truck shaped like a slice of pizza pulls up. As the pizza guy climbs out.

JERRY

Checks his watch, smiles. Pizza's right on time. He turns, starts out. A hand clamps down on his shoulder.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

WIDEN to include a BIG MAN. As Jerry balls a fist ...

BIG MAN  
 (gesturing)  
 You call that a clean window?

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - WILSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Wilson and Liza and Jonas and various hovering aides sit in silence.

Waiting for something to happen. Liza jumps as the door opens. WILSON'S SECRETARY steps in with the pizza.

WILSON'S SECRETARY  
 Ms. Sutton's pizza, sir.

LIZA  
 I didn't order... a pizza.

As Liza realizes, Jonas is already waving the Secretary in. He grabs the box, sets it in front of Liza. She looks at Wilson, then opens it. Pepperoni. With a note on top.

LIZA (CONT'D)  
 (reading)  
 Go to the northeast corner. Call a cab. Bring the pizza.  
 (looks up)  
 Then there's a poem.  
 (reading)  
 Roses are red, violets are blue, if the Pope goes to Washington, I would, too.

WILSON  
 What the hell does that mean?

As Liza hands Wilson the note.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
 Somebody find out if the Pope's scheduled to visit Washington?!

As people scramble, Jonas looks across at Liza.

JONAS  
 If you're up to it, I'd like to follow him. See where he goes.

WILSON  
 No, hold on. I don't think --

LIZA  
 It's okay. I'm game.

JONAS  
 (re: pizza box)  
 I want this box rigged with a beacon!

EXT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Liza exits carrying the pizza. MOVE WITH her as she heads to the NE corner. She has no sooner raised her hand when a Yellow Cab pulls up at the curb. Jerry behind the wheel.

JERRY  
 Where to, lady?

Liza hesitates a beat, then gets in on the passenger side.

LIZA  
 You tell me.

The cab rolls. A sedan follows; the second pulls a U-turn.

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

The helicopter lifts off.

EXT. COMMAND VAN - PARKED BEHIND JUSTICE - DAY

A big box van. Jonas and Wilson enter. A dot (the beacon) flashes on a city grid. They roll.

EXT. YELLOW CAB - HELICOPTER POV

Driving the city grid. There are other taxis down here, but not so many that they'll be lost.

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - DAY

The PILOT flies. His SPOTTER is on the radio.

SPOTTER  
 Rolling east. Fender number 1301.

INT. SEDAN ONE - ROLLING - DAY

One of the Operatives on the radio.

OPERATIVE  
 We're on him. Seventy-five yards back.

INT. COMMAND VAN - ROLLING - DAY

Wilson and Jonas listen as the OPERATIVES AND the SPOTTER TALK BACK AND FORTH.

INT. YELLOW CAB - ROLLING - DAY

Liza instinctively sits as close to the door as possible.

Not noticing, Jerry grabs a piece of pizza, eats.

JERRY

It's good. Have some.

She waves him off.

JERRY (CONT'D)

How'd they like that thing about the pope? I made it up. Threw it in there to get 'em going.

Liza doesn't answer. It's no longer cute. She anxiously starts to check the side mirror. Catches herself.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You look great.

LIZA

(flat)

Thanks.

Liza looks away, can barely stand this.

JERRY

Are you okay? I wish I hadn't told you what I did. But I can't help the way I feel. You don't hold that against me, do you?

LIZA

No. That wouldn't be fair. Where are we going, Jerry?

JERRY

It would be a lot easier for me to show you instead of tell you. But first things first.

Jerry checks his rearview mirror, looking for the car.

Liza feigns ignorance.

LIZA

What is it?

JERRY

There's a car following us. Probably another one flanking us the next street over.

Jerry leans forward to look upwards through the windshield.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
And somewhere up top, a chopper.

Liza looks up as well, her acting convincing.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
They think they're so smart...

Actually, they are.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

1000 feet above. Tough to lose.

EXT. YELLOW CAB - ROLLING - DAY

The light ahead goes yellow. The cab speeds up. Red light. The car ahead stops. The cab weaves around, squeezes the intersection just ahead of the cross traffic.

INT. SEDAN ONE - DAY

Turns into the oncoming lane to follow, but is forced back.

OPERATIVE  
He made us!

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - DAY

No problems up here.

SPOTTER  
We've got him. He's headed for the bridge.  
Down below and ahead, the Queensboro Bridge.

EXT. SEDAN TWO - ROLLING - DAY

Flanking as Jerry thought, they turn left ahead of where Sedan One is stuck in traffic.

OPERATIVE #2  
We're on him!

INT. COMMAND VAN - ROLLING - DAY

Watching the blip, Jonas gets on the air.

JONAS  
Jonas to ground units. The helicopter has him. Hang back and let him think he lost you.

INT. SEDAN TWO - ROLLING - DAY

Following orders, they slow.

INT. YELLOW CAB (QUEENSBORO BRIDGE) - SUNSET

They turn onto the ramp for the bridge. Headed for the lower section of the double-decker.

LIZA  
We're going to Queens?

JERRY  
Not today.

INT. HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

They watch as the Yellow Cab disappears from sight.

SPOTTER  
On the bridge. Lower level.

As they ZOOM over it...

INT. YELLOW CAB (BRIDGE) - SUNSET

Halfway across it. Without warning, Jerry locks it up, whips the wheel around. Liza screams as the cab slides sideways.

EXT. BRIDGE - BRONX-BOUND LANES - SUNSET

HORNS BLARE. The cab blocks traffic. Jerry exits, shouts for Liza to follow. The grabs the pizza box, joins him at the center guardrail.

LIZA  
Now what?

JERRY  
This way.

Jerry climbs over the median, drops over to the other side. He holds out his hand. She pauses, then takes it.

As she goes over, she drops the pizza box. She reaches for it, but Jerry pulls her along.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Forget it! I'll buy you another one!

MANHATTAN-BOUND LANES

already slow with commuters. Across the lanes, an abandoned car, it's rear end up on a jack.

Jerry raises a cautionary hand to traffic, starts across with Liza in tow. He steps over to the abandoned car.

JERRY (CONT'D)

After you.

(as she hesitates)

It's okay. I'm the one who left it here.

LIZA

Where are we going, Jerry?

JERRY

Connecticut.

LIZA

What's in Connecticut?

Jerry takes her arm, guides her in.

JERRY

I don't mean to be mysterious, but you'll know when we get there.

Jerry, behind the wheel, STARTS the CAR. Suddenly, he stares to the left, transfixed. Liza follows his gaze, but the only thing apparent are the three red-and-white smokestacks of the Con-Edison plant.

But before Liza can ask, Jerry snaps out of it.

The front-wheel-drive digs in. The jack spits loose and the rear end hits the asphalt. As they blend into traffic.

EXT. HELICOPTER - SUNSET

Waiting over the Jersey-end of the bridge, no idea of what's going on. The Spotter realizes ...

SPOTTER

Drop down.

They drop, see that no more cars are coming off the bridge.

EXT. BRIDGE - SEDAN TWO - SUNSET

Stopped in traffic. The helicopter Spotter on the radio.

SPOTTER (V.O.)

Something's wrong. We're going in.

The Operatives get out of the sedan, rush forward.

EXT. HELICOPTER - SUNSET

Hovering low, deploying its CLEET unit onto the bridge.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - SUNSET

The abandoned car drives off the bridge. Jerry and Liza go completely unnoticed. PULL BACK AS they become a very small needle in a very big haystack.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The CAR WHIZZES past the "Entering Connecticut" sign.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jerry drives. The RADIO PLAYS SOFTLY. Liza sits as far over as possible. Quiet, then finally...

JERRY

Ted Bundy. David Berkowitz.  
Richard Speck.

The names just hang in the air. Liza is scared.

Finally, curiosity gets the best of her.

LIZA

What about them?

JERRY

How come serial killers have two names, but lone gunman assassins have three. John Wilkes Booth.

Mark David Chapman. Lee Harvey Oswald.

LIZA

(after a beat)

John Hinkley. The guy who shot Reagan. He only had two names.

JERRY

(without hesitation)

Reagan didn't die. If he had died, everybody would know what Johnny's middle name was.

Jerry smiles, but she doesn't smile back. As he concentrates on his driving...

Liza eases her little cell phone out of her pocket.

Holding it at her side, half-turning away from Jerry, she flips it open, turns it on. Enter a pre-dial code:

"WILSON" flashes across the display. As Liza holds her thumb over the ear speaker-holes...

INT. WILSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As Wilson and Jonas and the team confab, the PHONE RINGS.

Wilson's SECRETARY answers it in the b.g.

WILSON'S SECRETARY  
Mr. Wilson's office. Hello?

Hello?

As she hangs up...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Liza sees the light go out on the phone. Shit. She glances at Jerry, hits redial.

INT. WILSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As the PHONE RINGS again...

WILSON'S SECRETARY  
Mr. Wilson's office. Hello?

She moves to hang it up again when suddenly, Jonas grabs her wrist. He takes the PHONE, listens. CELLULAR CRACKLES, ROAD NOISE. Jonas knows.

JONAS  
It's her. The line's open. Get a trace on it.

As they go into action...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Liza sticks the live-line phone between the seat and the back.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The abandoned car takes the exit for "Bumps River Road."

INT. ABANDONED CAR - NIGHT

Liza sits up, doesn't like this at all. For the third time.

LIZA  
Where are we going?

Jerry doesn't answer.

LIZA (CONT'D)  
Where?!

Jerry pulls over, stops alongside the woods.

EXT. ROADSIDE - WOODS - NIGHT

JERRY  
Haven't you figured it out yet?

Liza stares into the woods, knows what's in there.

LIZA  
My father's house.

JERRY  
Come on.

Liza takes a last look at the cell phone antennae sticking out from the seat and follows Jerry out. They head into the woods, he a bit behind her.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

The trees thin. Liza and Jerry step out, start to walk along the side of an old barn.

JERRY  
How do you really know there's gold in Fort Knox? Just because they say so? We should go to Tennessee and demand to see it.

LIZA  
You go. Send me a postcard.

They continue, Liza nervous as hell. Her eyes dart ahead.

LIZA'S POV

An old well at ground level. Covered over with boards, some of which are rotten.

BARN

A plan taking shape, Liza heads toward the boards.

Jerry's nervous, can't keep his mouth shut.

JERRY

You know who was the first President  
to be assassinated?  
George Washington. His doctor bled  
him to death.

They near the rotten boards. Jerry's behind and to Liza's  
right. She's leading him into a trap.

JERRY (CONT'D)

There's a fraternity of secrecy.  
And anyone trying to expose it is  
labeled a hopeless paranoid.

As she's about to skirt the edge of the well, Jerry suddenly  
leaps forward, grabs her. She nearly screams.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Watch out!

Jerry gestures at the rotting boards, thinks he saved her.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You could've fallen down there.

He releases her, then stares at the distant silhouette of a  
house. She's really scared.

LIZA

What's your middle name, Jerry?

Jerry looks over, cocks his head kind of funny.

JERRY

What do you mean? Liza?

As he takes a step toward her, Liza takes two steps back.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Liza?

LIZA

Did you kill him?

JERRY

Is that what they told you?

LIZA

Did you kill my father?

Jerry shakes his head. Liza wants to believe him, but...

LIZA (CONT'D)

Then why did you have his picture in  
your safe deposit box?

JERRY  
He gave it to me.

LIZA  
I don't understand.

JERRY  
Where were you the day he died?

LIZA  
At a horse show.

JERRY  
That's the last time you rode, isn't it? Do you think it was your fault? Is that why?

LIZA  
Did you kill my father?!

JERRY  
No...! But they trained me to.

M.K. ULTRA. EX-CATCHER. America works. Get rid of the crazy people, the lone gunmen, and the system still works.

Liza tries to stop his rant before it takes over.

LIZA  
Jerry. Please. You don't understand. I have to know. It's all I think about. Do you have any idea what it's like not to know?

JERRY  
Yeah. I know what it's like.

LIZA  
Then tell me what happened.

JERRY  
Can't give you the details because I can't remember. I went to court to kill him. At the Ezekiel Walters hearing. I was supposed to shoot him at the press conference. You were there. That's the first time I saw you.

LIZA  
(sarcastic)  
Love at first sight?

JERRY

I don't know what it was. All I know is I had a gun in my hand, but when I saw you standing with him, I couldn't do it. If that's love, it's not so bad.

(a beat)

I found a part of myself that day. I couldn't go back.

LIZA

Back where?

JERRY

To Jonas. I didn't know that at the time. Didn't know who he was.

(beat)

But I knew inside, whoever he was, he'd send someone else. So I started watching your father. I wanted to keep him safe.

There's a sincerity in Jerry's voice that's hard to ignore.

LIZA

Someone else might call it stalking. My dad felt it. He started carrying a gun.

JERRY

He kept it in the side table in the front hallway.

(off her look)

He showed me. I visited a few times. Then one of Jonas's guys visited. When I arrived, your dad was dying.

LIZA

Why? What do these guys have to do with Ezekiel Walters?

JERRY

Walters was their fall guy. Blow up a building and blame a nut. Create fear. Don't you see? Your father wasn't trying to keep Walters in prison. He was looking into getting him out. He didn't believe the official story.

LIZA

Why not?

Jerry looks away, can't answer.

LIZA (CONT'D)  
Why not, Jerry?

JERRY  
(a whisper)  
Because he believed me.

A raw honesty to the words. Stunned, she only has one question left.

LIZA  
How'd you get the picture?

JERRY  
Your father, he was dying. He was worried about you. He took your picture out to look at it. He called you his baby.

Liza starts to softly cry.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I told him I'd keep you safe. I took the picture and I've been watching you ever since.  
(a beat)  
Please don't cry.

Liza looks at Jerry. He looks like he's on the verge of tears himself. She's not afraid of him anymore. But more important than that...

LIZA  
I believe you.

JERRY  
You do?

She nods. They embrace. Just a lost soul and a lonely one trying to comfort each other. Suddenly, Liza pulls away.

LIZA  
You got to get out of here. My cell phone's on. Back in the truck.

JERRY  
They'll trace it.

LIZA  
I'm sorry.

JERRY  
(smiles)  
It's okay. You... You thought I was bad.

WHITE LIGHT

hits them from the woods on one side.

Then from the house on the other. Jerry grabs Liza's hand to run, but GUNFIRE RIPS into the FENCE beyond them.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hands behind your head!

A third light. This one from a helicopter descending.

Blinded by lights, Jerry knows there's nowhere to run this time. He raises his hands, laces them behind his head.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Step away from him, Ms. Sutton!

Jerry squints over at her.

JERRY  
Is his gun still in the hall table?

Liza nods.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Go get it. And when you got it,  
keep going.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(closing)  
Step away, Miss Sutton!

Members of the CLEET Unit step in. Two from either side.

They grab Jerry, cuff him and start him toward the helicopter.

LIZA  
Wait a minute --

CLEET #1 shoves her back. Jerry dips, drives his shoulder into CLEET #1's back. He looks back over his shoulder at Liza. Not worried about himself.

JERRY  
Go get it.

The CLEETs pound him. The chopper touches down, the door thrown open. As Wilson gets off, Jerry is hustled past him and onboard.

WILSON  
Liza, are you alright?

Wilson looks back as the CHOPPER MOTOR REVS, the skids lift off the ground. In the doorway, Jonas waves goodbye.

The helicopter rises -- revealing CLEET #5, Clark and Piper standing beyond. They hold 9mms.

As CLEET #5 SHOOTS Wilson TWICE in the chest, Liza turns and runs for the house. They FIRE at her, then give chase.

INT. HELICOPTER - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Jerry struggles. Jammed into a corner, he watches after Liza, his face pressed against the glass.

JONAS

You've embarrassed me, Jerry.  
You've made certain people take notice  
of me who shouldn't.

Jerry's not listening. He only has eyes for Liza. Down below, her legs churn her toward the house.

JONAS (CONT'D)

We've arranged for you to take the  
blame. Everyone knows how you've  
been harassing the poor girl.

JERRY

(ready to burst)  
Liza!

JONAS

You shouldn't watch, Jerry. It's a  
moment without hope.

JERRY

(chokes it out)  
You've never seen her run.

Liza disappears as darkness swallows the scene.

Helpless, hopeless, Jerry pounds his forehead against the glass. Jonas watches, amused, till Jerry finds the strength to lunge at him. As Jerry's driven down to the deck...

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Liza turns the corner, runs alongside with CLEET #5 closing. Liza throws a look back over her shoulder then ahead. The rotten planking covering the well looms.

Liza skirts one side, but CLEET #5 steps right into the middle of it. CRASH! As he disappears down...

EXT. CORRAL FENCE - NIGHT

Liza runs. As Clark closes, she jerks back the gate to the hot walker, continues as the aluminum bar catches Clark in the teeth. As he drops...

FURTHER BACK

Piper steadies his aim on the fence, sites through a scope.

INFRARED POV - LIZA

Running away FROM us, but an easy target.

PIPER

Confident, his finger squeezes...

INFRARED POV

As Liza is suddenly blotted out by a big green shape.

CLARK

Mouth smashed, he's gotten up on shaky legs, only to have the back of his head blown off by Piper.

BACK TO SCENE

Piper doesn't get a second chance as Liza disappears from view.

EXT. LIZA'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Liza hits the front steps. In stride, she picks up a porch CHAIR, flings it THROUGH a PICTURE WINDOW.

Piper follows behind as she enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Much to Liza's advantage. She makes it to the hall as Piper trips over a hammock.

HALLWAY

Liza pulls open the drawer of the hall table, fishes out a .38, turns just as Piper turns the corner. Caught by surprise, he goes down as Liza FIRES all SIX ROUNDS. She HITS another SIX EMPTY CHAMBERS before she stops pulling the trigger.

EXT. LIZA'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Reloading, Liza looks out through the broken window.

It's quiet. Peaceful even. The helicopter is gone.  
Just the CRICKETS. She disappears back inside.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Liza goes to the phone on the side table, dials a number.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Federal Bureau of Investigation.

LIZA  
I need to speak with an Agent Lowry.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
The office is closed for the evening.  
Is this an emergency?

LIZA  
Do you have an Agent Lowry in your  
New York office?

Liza closes her eyes, sure the answer will be no.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Yes.

LIZA  
(opens eyes)  
Then this is a goddamn emergency.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - STUDY - NIGHT

Seen FROM BEHIND. A MAN sits in a leather chair reading the paper. A PHONE on a stand beside him RINGS.

MAN  
(answering)  
Lowry.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Agent Lowry, it's Lynn Matthews at  
the Bureau. I hate to disturb you  
at home, but I have a Liza Sutton on  
the phone from the Justice Department.  
She says it's an emergency.

The CAMERA ARCS AROUND to reveal FBI AGENT LOWRY. About 60,  
paunchy with white hair. Not our Lowry, but the Lowry.

MAN  
Never heard the name... Put her  
through.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM (SOMEWHERE) - NIGHT

Our Agent Lowry waits with phone in hand as technicians monitor the call. OVER a SPEAKER:

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Go ahead, Miss Sutton.

LIZA (V.O.)  
Agent Lowry?

A Technician nods to Lowry as he switches him over.

LOWRY  
Liza, what can I do for you?

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - STUDY - NIGHT

The Man holds the phone to his ear.

MAN  
Hello? Hello?

INT. 12TH FLOOR - ELEVATORS - NIGHT

The doors open. Lowry, Liza, six "FBI" agents and a building SECURITY GUARD step off. Badges on jackets, MOVE WITH them as they stride the hallway with purpose.

Suite 1203. I.F.M.A. Lowry and Liza wait impatiently as the Guard keys the door. Guns drawn, they burst in.

INT. INTERNATIONAL FUND FOR MERGERS & ACQUISITIONS - NIGHT

Stop short. The place is empty.

The dividing walls are even missing. The only thing that's here are some ladders, tarps and painting materials. Liza is stunned.

SECURITY GUARD  
I told you. They haven't moved in yet.

CUT TO:

JERRY

Strapped to a metal chair in front of blinding white lights. Only now, it's really happening. Jonas steps over, an electrode in either hand. Jerry's chin is down on his chest. He's already been through the ringer. Monkey finger. Shoot Coca-Cola.

Gently, Jonas slides one of the electrodes under his chin and lifts his head.

JONAS  
Who else knows what you know?

Jerry just blinks back at him.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
Liza Sutton is dead.

JERRY  
Then I can't be hurt anymore.

Jerry squeezes his eyes shut. As tears roll down his cheeks, Jonas fires up the juice.

JONAS  
(looming)  
I'll be the judge of that.

CLOSE ON JERRY'S HAND

OVER the CRACKLE of ELECTRICAL CURRENT, the strap snaps taut as Jerry tries to reach through the ceiling for the moon.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A sink and dirty mattress on the floor. Two CLEETs drag in Jerry. Unconscious, he's dumped on the floor by a narrow heating duct. They leave, lock the door behind them. Jerry doesn't move, doesn't make a sound. A rag doll.

EXT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL - DARKENED WINDOW - NIGHT

We hear the sounds of the CITY, but it's impossible to tell where we are. Practically a show, Jonas stares out the window. A CLEET appears vaguely over his shoulder.

CLEET  
She got away.

JONAS  
Good God... Find her.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR - ELEVATORS - NIGHT

No luck. As the mystery agents pile back onto the elevator, Liza takes Lowry's arm.

LIZA  
Can I talk to you a second?

LOWRY  
 (to others)  
 Go ahead. We'll be right down.

The doors close leaving just Liza and Lowry.

LIZA  
 Do you believe me?

LOWRY  
 Yeah, I do.

LIZA  
 I want to believe you, too.

LOWRY  
 What do you mean?

Liza points her father's .38 into his face.

LIZA  
 Who's the Deputy Director of the  
 F.B.I.?

LOWRY  
 You think we have time to fool around  
 like this? Come on.

He tries to move on, but she cocks back the hammer.

LIZA  
 The Deputy Director.

Lowry shrugs. He doesn't know.

LOWRY  
 What gave me away?

LIZA  
 Nothing. I was just making sure.  
 So, who are you?

Lowry looks at her, grimly shakes his head.

LIZA (CONT'D)  
 I'm going to find Jerry. I'm --Who  
 are you? One of them?

Liza looks ready to pull the trigger.

LOWRY  
 I'm, it really doesn't matter.  
 Think C.I.A. and exponentiate.  
 I'm a government employee and I've  
 been watching Jerry for awhile.

LIZA

And Jonas?

LOWRY

He's why I watch Jerry. Jerry's the bait for Jonas.

LIZA

He's shown himself. Why haven't you arrested him or killed him or done whatever it is you do?

LOWRY

Jonas builds assassins for a living. Several of whom may be in place already. We'd like to kill a few birds with one stone.

LIZA

Where do you think Jerry is?

LOWRY

No idea. Honest. What are you going to do?

LIZA

I'm going to find him. Because he'd find me.

LOWRY

Don't go home. And don't go to work. Either one could be bad.

LIZA

What do you suggest?

LOWRY

That you come with me.

LIZA

I don't think so.

She coldcocks him, the .38 across the back of the head.

As Lowry goes down, Liza heads for the stairwell. As she disappears, Lowry gets up, clutching the back of his head. She should have double-checked.

LOWRY

(as he follows)

I don't get paid enough for this...

INT. JERRY'S BUILDING - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ready for anything, .38 in one hand and a flashlight in the other, Liza walks the hall. She stops at a door draped with Arson Investigation Site tape. She wrenches down a nailed 2x4, steps between the others. Enters.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Liza closes the door behind her, shines the light.

Debris has fallen through a hole in the ceiling. Liza steps through the rubble to the Wonderwall.

Sooty, singed, partially curled at the edges of the paper it was done on. Liza shines the light. She's as taken with it now as the first time.

The more she stares at it the more frustrating it becomes. Fighting back tears, growling back her anger, Liza grabs a corner and tears, then tears again, trying to destroy this thing which affects her so.

When she's done, the Wonderwall hangs in tatters. And as Liza tries to get a hold of herself, she realizes...

There's a second painting behind the first.

Liza pulls down the tatters of brown butcher paper which

MADE THE FIRST. THE SECOND IS THE POV OF A ROOM. IN

fact, it's entitled: "In My Room." In the b.g., a window. F.g., a sinister chair with straps, hooks and other exaggerated apparatus for keeping someone sitting there. Discarded, macabre syringes litter the floor. A flashing light partially obscures a face reflected in a mirror. Jonas?

The whole effect is unnerving, but tells Liza nothing more. Until... she takes a second look at the window.

It's blocked by three red-and-white-striped bars. As Liza runs her hand over them...

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT

Liza pulls her BMW over to the side, gets out and goes to the rail. She stares across at the three red-and-white smokestacks of the Con-Ed plant. The view through the window in Jerry's room.

Liza scans the riverfront buildings on Roosevelt Island across from the plant.

There are only a few that would match and one stands out from the rest...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (LATE)

A few lights burn, all on one half of the building. A security board at the desk, the doors are chained and padlocked shut. Liza stops across from a brass inlaid letters which identify it as...

"Germaine O. Nicols Mental ospital."

The "H" is missing from "Hospital." Liza is about to continue when... enlightenment! Running her hand along, she alters the letters, blacking some of them out:

"Germaine O. Nicols Mental ospital."

LIZA  
Ger-o-ni-m-o...

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF HOSPITAL - KITCHEN DOOR - NIGHT

An institutional foods truck unloads. As the driver passes with the hand truck, Liza slips in the building.

INT. HOSPITAL - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The cook grumbles by. Liza ducks behind a dishwasher, looks across at a roach. As it twitches an antenna...

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A nurse disappears, turning around a corner. Liza pads her way along. Looks into a room.

ROOM

Three middle-aged men asleep on their backs, mouths agape, sleep obviously no release.

INT. NURSE'S DESK - NIGHT

The charge nurse dozes as Liza creeps by.

INT. ROOM TWO - NIGHT

Three WOMEN this time -- two asleep, one rocking back and forth on her knees.

WOMAN

Hey naw-ne naw-ne. Hey naw-ne naw-  
ne. Hey naw-ne naw-ne.

A horrific sight. Liza turns from it and into...

HALLWAY TWO

She turns right into an ORDERLY. Standing square, hands on his hips.

ORDERLY

Can I help you?

Collecting herself, she reaches into her pocket for her ID.

LIZA

I'm with the Justice Department.

As she produces and hands over a \$100 bill, he eyes the .38 in her hand.

LIZA (CONT'D)

I need to see any new patients you've gotten in the last twelve hours.

(eyes him eyeing)

You can say I threatened to shoot you.

ORDERLY

Sounds like you got it covered.

Come on.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry's still lying on the floor where he was left. But he's starting to stir. Feeling like he was already dead, maybe even wishing he was.

INT. 2ND FLOOR - HALLWAY THREE - NIGHT

The Orderly leads Liza to a door.

ORDERLY

In here. White guy in his 30s.

He opens the door and they step into...

ROOM THREE

There's a white guy in his mid-30s. He looks up. Wild.

Straight-jacketed. Not Jerry. Liza's reached the end of her rope. She just shakes her head.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Balled up. Fetal. Not really all there. Head pressed to the cement, he tries to sing to himself.

JERRY

Blue moon... Blue moon...

INT. 2ND FLOOR - HALLWAY THREE - NIGHT

Liza just stands there, leaning on a rail on the wall.

The Orderly isn't sure what's going on, but he knows it's bad.

ORDERLY

You okay?

Liza starts down the hall with the Orderly following.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

We got some new patients last week.  
You want to see them?

Liza waves them off. It's hopeless. She stops at a chicken-wired window at the end of the hall, looks out.

Light's about to break and Jerry's out there somewhere.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

Look, I gotta get back to work.

She turns, grabs his arms.

LIZA

Did you hear that?

ORDERLY

What?

Liza looks up at the air duct. Pulling a laundry cart over, she climbs up, presses her ear against the grill.

JERRY (V.O.)

(singing)  
Blue moon... Blue moon...

LIZA

Jerry...? Jerry.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

We hear LIZA'S DISTANT "JERRY," but it doesn't register with Jerry. He's all inside now.

JERRY  
Blue moon...

LIZA (V.O.)  
(singing back)  
You saw me standing alone ...

Jerry's eyes open. He heard that. Maybe. He sings.

JERRY  
Without a song in my heart.

LIZA (V.O.)  
Without a love of my own.

INT. 2ND FLOOR - HALLWAY THREE - NIGHT

As Liza sings into the vent, the Orderly thinks he may have a new customer.

JERRY (V.O.)  
Blue moon...

LIZA  
(joining)  
You knew just what I was there for.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry moves closer to the vent as the two of them sing their "duet." She's alive. It finally, really sinks in.

JERRY  
Liza?

LIZA  
Where are you?

INT. 2ND FLOOR - HALLWAY THREE - NIGHT

Liza, now joined by the Orderly, listens as...

JERRY (V.O.)  
Here. North wing. First floor.

Liza looks to the Orderly for help.

ORDERLY  
The north wing's closed off... This way.

## GALVANIZED DOOR

A heavy locking bracket riveted to the door. The Orderly smacks the padlock with a fire extinguisher. Once, twice. The lock flies off. Liza pushes the door open to a dark hallway. The windows are boarded over.

Foreboding.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

This is as far as I go.

LIZA

Get the police down here.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry has crawled his way over to the sink.

JERRY

Diversion. Need a diversion.

Hands cuffed, he pulls himself up, leans heavily on the lip. As an afterthought, he stares into the mirror.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Liza's coming. Gotta look sharp.

Jerry runs a hand through his hair, collapses.

INT. DECREPIT HALLWAY ONE - NIGHT

A CLEET on patrol. He passes a doorway into an abandoned room. As he turns a corner, Liza steps out of the room, continues the opposite way.

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

His feet braced against the wall, Jerry pulls on a PIPE under the sink. It GROANS, CREAKS, and then SNAPS.

Water geysers up. Jerry sputters out of the way.

INT. DECREPIT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Liza makes her way down.

INT. DECREPIT HALLWAY TWO - NIGHT

A CLEET GUARD outside a door. He looks down as water pools at his feet. Turning, he sees it runs from under the door. There's a 5x5-inch window on the door, but the view is blocked by a hard, white surface. The Guard raps the glass.

GUARD  
What's going on there?!  
(off no answer)  
Where's the water coming from?

INT. DECREPIT HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry holds a toilet lid over the glass. Another RAP.

GUARD (V.O.)  
Answer me!

The BOLTS BEING SLID BACK. Jerry stumbles as the door is pushed open. The Guard enters, leading with his 9mm.

JERRY  
You had to see for yourself, didn't you?

GUARD  
(re: sink)  
Where'd you think that was going to get you?

The Guard is unaware that Liza has appeared in the doorway behind him. Jerry smiles.

JERRY  
Right where we are now.

The Guard steps forward to let Jerry have it. He freezes at the HAMMER CLICKING back on the .38.

LIZA  
Drop it.

Cursing himself, the Guard lets the 9mm slip to the floor.

LIZA (CONT'D)  
Turn around.

The Guard turns. As he does, Jerry raises the toilet lid, cracks it down over the top of the Guard's head.

The exertion sends Jerry sprawling, as well. He looks up.

JERRY  
So, what do you think? Is something going on here or what?

INT. DECREPIT HALLWAY TWO - NIGHT

Jerry (armed with the 9mm) and Liza exit. Liza slides the bolts back on the door. Footsteps and voices ahead.

Jerry leans on Liza as they start their escape in the opposite direction. They've just disappeared around one corner when Jonas and CLEETS #3 and #4 appear around the corner.

JONAS  
Where's the guard?

Slipping in the water, the CLEETS hurry forward. One of them looks through the window, scowls as the second unbolts the door. As Jonas sees the unconscious Guard and the toilet lid, he does not look happy.

EXT. GERMAINE O. NICOLS MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A man approaches from one end of the sidewalk. Flip, the black owner of the newsstand Jerry frequents. No longer wheelchair-bound. As he converges with Agent Lowry.

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRY - NIGHT

The old security guard watches a little TV.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
The President had left the area only moments earlier and is currently in Germany. Again, the quake in Southern Turkey measured seven-point-three on the Richter scale. Thousands are feared missing or dead...

He looks up as from outside, Lowry shoulders back the door, exposing the chain. Flip cuts through it with a portable torch. Lowry bursts through, passing the sputtering old security guard. The whole entry takes about two seconds.

INT. INTERSECTING HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Jerry and Liza make their way along. Ahead, a CLEET crossing the intersection. SHOTS are exchanged. Liza and Jerry hug the wall, move back the way they came. As the CLEET gets on his headset, they duck down...

EAST HALLWAY

Jerry, who knows where he's going, motions Liza ahead.

JERRY  
This way.

Only a few steps and another CLEET ahead. More SHOTS FIRED and they duck down...

SOUTH HALLWAYS

Jerry takes Liza's hand and they run. Left here. Right there.

EAST HALLWAY

Flip and Lowry, infiltrate. They exchange FIRE with a CLEET.

INTERSECTING HALLWAYS

The GUNFIRE is DISTANT here. Jonas gets the report from CLEET #4, who gets it over his headset.

CLEET #4

He's somewhere on the south side of the wing.

JONAS

(thinks a beat)

I know where he's going.

Jonas strides away, CLEETS #4 and #3 hurrying to keep up.

INT. ALCOVE/DEAD-END HALLWAY - DAWN

They reach the end, a narrow alcove to the left.

LIZA

It's a dead end.

A 2-foot by 2-foot sliding door on the wall. Padlocked.

Jerry aims, SHOOTS the lock off. He opens the door to reveal a dumbwaiter.

LIZA (CONT'D)

How did you know?

JERRY

I spent two years here. This used to bring the med-cart. Demerol. Phenobarb. It's Jacob's Ladder.

Jerry hits a button on the wall. Nothing. No power.

Liza looks back over her shoulder at distant gunfire.

LIZA

Something's going on back there.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! She spins as Jerry FIRES into the wall. He tears plaster back in huge chunks to reveal the dumbwaiter mechanism. A looped bicycle chain, running over teeth on a motor below and disappearing up a shaft above.

He kicks the bottom loop off the motor.

JERRY  
Get in. I'll pull you up to the  
fourth floor.

LIZA  
What about you?

JERRY  
Get up there and we'll get it back  
down here for me. Now.

Liza thinks a beat, then nods and climbs inside.

JONAS  
Jerry, you continually amaze me.

Jerry and Liza freeze. The voice is close. Liza starts to  
climb out, but Jerry holds her back, whispers.

JERRY  
Geronimo.

He shoves her back, hauls down on the chain. The dumbwaiter  
starts up.

LIZA  
Geronimo is down.

JERRY  
It's up. Love gives you wings.

You can fly away from here.

LIZA  
Don't do this.

Jerry hauls down again. Liza disappears from view. He  
clutches his side in pain. Then he hauls again.

DEAD END HALLWAY

CLEETS #3 and #4 advance.

DUMBWAITER

jerking upwards. Liza despairing.

LIZA (CONT'D)  
Jerry!

ALCOVE

Jerry hauls harder. Faster. Hand over fist. Determined to  
get Liza out of there.

JERRY

Too good to be true. Last thing I  
do. Like life pounding eggs.

Up, up, up, the dumbwaiter goes. Finally, it won't go any  
further. It's out of sight.

DEAD END HALLWAY

CLEETs #3 and #4 move up.

DUMBWAITER

The door won't budge. Liza leans back, FIRES a ROUND at  
where she guesses the lock should be. She throws the door  
up. The 4th floor. As she squeezes out...

ALCOVE

Jerry holds the chain with one hand, FIRES through it with  
the 9MM. A tug and 60 feet of chain spools down at his feet.  
Liza's away.

As Jerry smiles, CLEETs #3 and #4 appear behind him, each  
FIRING once into his back.

TH FLOOR - LIZA

Reacting to the shots. Appalled at what must be happening.

LIZA

Jerry!

ALCOVE

Jerry hears her call, closes his eyes.

JERRY

Liza...

Jerry drops his gun, corkscrews down into a broken heap.

His eyes flutter up as Jonas looms over him.

JONAS

A patient man can accomplish anything.

TH FLOOR - LIZA

Liza runs.

DEAD END HALLWAY

CLEETs #3 and #4 turn as Lowry and Flip approach. As they head down to the end of the hall, Jerry's eyes flicker to the 9MM. As his hand inches that way...

STAIRWELL

Liza runs, possessed. Only this time she's running to something and not away. She stumbles, slams into the wall at the landing, continues.

DEAD END HALLWAY

Jonas starts back for Jerry, stops short as he sees him, still on the ground, pointing the 9MM at him. CLICK.

Jerry's out of ammo. Jonas continues toward him.

1ST FLOOR HALLWAY

Liza comes off the stairwell. Runs.

CONNECTING HALLWAY

CLEET #3 goes down, SHOT by Lowry. #4 makes a dash for it, is pursued by Flip.

DEAD END HALLWAY

Jerry, spitting blood, waits as Jonas calmly sets the barrel of his gun against Jerry's forehead. The coup de grace is imminent. Jerry's ready for it.

LIZA

Lungs ready to burst. She hurdles #3's body, turns the corner, screaming as she raises her father's gun.

LIZA

No!

Jonas looks back over his shoulder just in time for a bullet to drill his forehead above his left eye. He's dead before he hits the ground.

And Liza is at Jerry's side. One look and she knows it isn't good.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Help! Somebody help me!

He just looks up at her as she cradles his head.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Don't die on me, Jerry. Okay?

JERRY

I can't promise you anything.

She cries at the allusion, takes his hand.

LIZA

You've been my best friend for years  
and I didn't even know you were out  
there.

JERRY

Top pocket... Go on.

Liza reaches in, pulls out one of the "new" \$100 bills.

It's bloodstained.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Remember when you gave me that? A  
hundred dollar bill to get lost?

(re: bill)

That's it. My lucky charm.

As a tear rolls down Liza's cheek...

JERRY (CONT'D)

They changed Franklin's portrait.

LIZA

You think it's a conspiracy?

JERRY

Don't know, but he looks a lot more  
like Rosie O'Donnel than Ben Franklin.

Liza looks at the bill a moment, shakes her head, then:

LIZA

Fred Mertz. It's Fred Mertz.

Jerry smiles. Liza smiles back. Then:

JERRY

(almost apologetic)

I don't know why I love you. But I  
know that I do.

Liza lowers her head, her heart stripped bare.

LIZA

I love you, too.

JERRY

(a sigh)

Now she tells me.

Overwhelmed, Jerry squeezes his eyes shut. Liza turns back as Agent Lowry appears.

LIZA  
(desolate)  
Help him. Please.

EXT. HOSPITAL - AMBULANCE - DAWN

A madhouse. Police arriving in droves. Jerry in the back of the ambulance. Liza watches, horrified, as his body jerks as they defibrillate him. The back doors close.

LIZA  
Wait! Wait for me.

She's restrained by Flip and Agent Lowry, tries to fight past them as the ambulance pulls away.

Overwhelmed, Liza collapses. As they hold her up...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A beautiful day. Maybe not a bad place to end up after all. We COME UPON a particular stone, freshly turned earth on the grave. Jerry Fletcher. He didn't make it.

Liza stands here all alone. Paying her last respects.

LIZA  
(softly)  
You got away, Jerry. They'll never  
find you now.

Her eyes well up with tears. Liza fights it off.

LIZA (CONT'D)  
(deep breath)  
Get a hold of yourself, baby.

One last moment and then she turns and walks away. As she moves, the sound of FOOTSTEPS. On the FLOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. STERILE HALLWAY (SOMEWHERE) - DAY

Agent Lowry strides down the hall, full of purpose. At an intersection, he's joined by Flip. The two of them continue, without speaking, to a door. They enter.

INT. STERILE ROOM (SOMEWHERE) - DAY

His chest bandaged, tubes running in and out, Jerry looks up as Lowry and Flip enter. He's weak, but very much alive. They look at him. He looks back as defiantly as his situation will allow.

JERRY

Flip. Howard Hughes gave you your legs back.

Flip doesn't even crack a smile.

LOWRY

You made your decision yet?

JERRY

I'm leaning toward no.

LOWRY

That's your option. Ours could be to keep you locked up for a very long time. In case you didn't know it, you're crazy.

FLIP

Not to mention the fact that everyone thinks you're dead.

LOWRY

We need you. We need what you know. To bring these guys down. Believe it or not, we're on the same side.

(as Jerry scoffs)

One thing's for sure. You don't have a choice.

Jerry stares back. That may be the truth.

JERRY

I'll do it. On one condition. I want to make sure she's okay.

LOWRY

We got someone watching her 24 hours a day. She --

JERRY

That's not what I mean. I want to see her.

LOWRY

I don't know...

JERRY

Then screw you. I'll rot.

LOWRY

Alright. You can see her.  
(as Jerry smiles)  
But she can't see you.

JERRY

Whatever.

Lowry and Flip turn to leave.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Flip.  
(as Flip looks back)  
You're the closest thing I got to a  
friend around here. Tell me  
something. You think I'm crazy?

FLIP

Shut the hell up.

EXT. OX RIDGE HUNT CLUB (CONNECTICUT) - DAY

Pastoral to say the least. Liza steps from her BMW, leans against the fence and watches as three 10-year-old girls on horses receive a riding lesson.

INT. OX RIDGE HUNT CLUB - BARN - DAY

Liza moves along the well-maintained stalls. One particular HORSE WHINNIES excitedly as she approaches.

Liza stops to look him over.

LIZA

J.D., I'm back. If you'll have me.

He WHINNIES, stomps a hoof. Liza hugs him around the neck.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Johnny...

The horse has to be the fabled Johnny Dancer. Their moment is broken up by a rough-looking GROOM.

GROOM

Can I help you with something?

LIZA

You got a saddle around here?

This is my horse.

GROOM

I've never seen you here before.

Liza reaches into her jeans pocket, pulls out her trademark denomination: a \$100 bill. But something hesitates inside her. She rubs her thumb over Franklin:

Rosie O'Donnel or Fred Mertz? She pockets the bill, looks up.

LIZA

Could you help me out? Please.

GROOM

(a beat; softens)

I think I can find a saddle for that horse.

EXT. ROAD - SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Pulled off the road. A view to the farm.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Jerry sits with Lowry and Flip, scans with binoculars.

JERRY

I see her car, but -- Oh...

BINOCULAR POV - LIZA

Riding Johnny Dancer out into the ring. She canters back and forth. Tentative at first, but gaining confidence.

INT. RIDING RING - DAY

Liza pulls up, eyes a fence.

LIZA

I must be crazy.

Deciding, she whispers something into Johnny's ear.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Geronimo.

They're off at a gallop.

BINOCULAR POV - LIZA

Picking her spot, Liza guides Johnny up and over. Fluid.

A thing to behold.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Jerry, holding his breath, lets it out in a long sigh, the sound of love. He smiles sadly, lowers the binoculars.

JERRY

She's okay.

(to Lowry; grim)

Let's go.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

It rolls down the road. Destination unknown.

EXT. OX RIDGE HUNT CLUB - FIELD - DAY

Liza gallops out into the sun. Feeling it, remembering, realizing just how much she missed this. But now she has it again. A gift.

Head back, she holds her arms out in hope and faith, very much like the painting on Jerry's Wonderwall.

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END