

ALL GOOD THINGS

Written by

Marcus Hinchey, Marc Smerling and Andrew Jarecki

Revised
February 27, 2007

Director: Andrew Jarecki
Property of Hit The Ground Running Films
Phone: 212-288-5535
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, DO NOT DUPLICATE

FADE IN:

It is raining. A BRIGHTLY LIT CAUSEWAY stretches across an expanse of open water.

A SILVER HONDA SUV pulls to the side of the road.

INT. SILVER HONDA - NIGHT

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN in a floral blouse, permed blonde hair, sits behind the wheel, her back to us. The wipers thump as the radio murmurs the day's closing stock prices.

EXT. CAUSEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

THE HATCH OPENS. Inside are bulky BLACK GARBAGE BAGS.

TRACKING BEHIND the Woman as she drags ONE BAG to the guard rail...

LOOKING UP THROUGH WATER: the Woman's dark shape pushes the bag over the rail. It plunges into the water.

CREDITS OVER OBSCURE ANGLES OF THE WOMAN, carrying the garbage bags to the rail...

One after another, they fall into the water...

ANGLE -- the back of the Honda as the last bag is lifted to reveal the only item remaining... A BOW SAW.

...END TITLES.

The hatch slams closed...

CUT TO BLACK.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

It seemed to me the big problem's
Robert Durst. And that I wanted to
not be Robert Durst.

TITLE: "ALL COURTROOM TESTIMONY IN THIS FILM IS DRAWN FROM
THE TRANSCRIPTS OF ROBERT DURST'S TRIAL FOR MURDER."

INT. SOCIAL SERVICES OFFICE, HARLEM - DAY (1971)

A GOVERNMENT CLERK looks up from behind a wire mesh window.

CLERK

(loud)

Robert Durst?

Rows of chairs filled with haggard faces, HOBOS, DRUNKS, YOUNG MOTHERS WITH SCREAMING CHILDREN waiting to be called.

CLERK
(louder)
Robert Durst?!

Hearing his name, Bob Durst, 28 here, stands. Average height, shaggy hair and beard, intense dark eyes. He could be a jobless hippie picking up a welfare check, except for the EXPENSIVE TUXEDO. He steps up to the window.

CLERK
Can I help you?

BOB
Yes. I need food stamps.

She looks at him, at his tuxedo.

CLERK
Do you have your social security card?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET, HARLEM - LATER

THROUGH THE WINDOW OF AN EMPTY VW BUG, Bob exits a corner deli, grocery bag in hand, and stops at a phone booth.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - THAT MOMENT

Bob makes a call, groceries propped on the phone box. His tux pulls at his shoulders as he tries to manage the phone.

BOB (INTO PHONE)
I'd like to place a collect call. 626
5888... Robert Durst.
(he shuffles a bit)
It's Bob. Is he in?
(beat)
Dad. I'm here. No, I just got
here... the bridge was closed... Yeah,
I am, but I'm wearing the tuxedo.
Where? (sighs) Can't they just send a
plumber?

Bob hangs up and crosses to the car, shaking his head.

INT. VW BEETLE (PARKED) - THAT MOMENT

Bob gets in, fishes a joint from the inside pocket of his tux, and depresses the lighter. A picture on the dashboard of guru Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. He pulls a can of SLOPPY JOE MIX from the bag and opens it with a can opener.

The lighter pops and he lights the joint, leans back in his seat and exhales, filling the car with smoke. Ash falls on his lap and he pats it off, popping the joint into a stuffed ashtray. Bob smells the sloppy joe mix, then dumps it into a Styrofoam container. Now we see IGOR, Bob's Norwegian Elkhound, waiting eagerly in the back. Bob puts the food in front of him.

BOB

Here.

He turns back and starts the car...

INT. FOYER, APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

The SUPER adds a name to the buzzer panel, turns to see Bob approaching. He opens the door for him.

SUPER

Good evening, Mr. Durst.

INT. GROUND FLOOR APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens to reveal Bob in his tux, head back, putting Visine in his eyes.

BOB'S POV: A GIRL COMES INTO FOCUS. KATHIE MCCORMACK, 19, fair skin and a mop in her hand.

KATHIE

Hi.

Bob blinks, forgetting for a moment why he came.

BOB

I'm here about the leak.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Kathie watches, leaning against the counter. As Bob struggles with a pipe under the sink, his pants inch up, revealing a pair of RED WOOL SOCKS. She smiles.

KATHIE

I was going to put some coffee on.

Water hisses from the pipe, soaking Bob's sleeves. Holding the pipe with one hand, he peeks his head out...

BOB

Excuse me?

KATHIE

Would you like coffee? I was going to make some.

Bob looks at her (a little too long).

BOB

No, thank you.

He dives back under the sink.

KATHIE

(re: his attire)

Am I keeping you from something?

Bob peeks his head out again.

BOB

No. Yes... something I'm dreading.
It's fine.

Kathie shrugs and starts to fill the coffee pot from the tap as...

...down below, Bob turns the water off at the source.

The tap groans and runs dry. Bob stands, patting his elbows.

BOB

Sorry. Do you have a container I can put down for now?

Bob notices the coffee pot in her hand.

KATHIE

Maybe...

Kathie turns to look through boxes on the counter. Bob bends to look under the sink at the drip.

BOB

When did you move in?

KATHIE

On Sunday.

(pulling out mugs, plates)

All this stuff. You know, it's funny, I figured the more I packed the easier it would be, all my things from growing up. But it all looks so wrong in here.

Bob reaches for the coffee pot, but it eludes his grasp as Kathie searches through another box. Bob wipes his wet hands on his jacket.

BOB
Where did you move from?

KATHIE
Long Island. My mom's house... the
big move...

Kathie turns to Bob, the coffee pot in one hand, a small
salad bowl in the other.

KATHIE
I think a salad bowl's the biggest
container I have...

At last, Bob snags the coffee pot and Kathie smiles. Bob
smiles too as he gets down to slide it under the pipe.

KATHIE
How long will it take to fix?

BOB
(standing)
I don't know. I'm not a plumber and I
can't get one to come until the
morning.

(off Kathie's look)
I know. I drove all the way from
Vermont to tell you that you have a
leak, and you need a plumber to fix
it. What I do is essentially
pointless...

KATHIE
Your tie's crooked.

He tries to straighten it, makes it worse.

KATHIE
Here.

Kathie moves toward him, fastens his tie. They're close.

BOB
You're beautiful.

KATHIE
(coolly)
You're going to be late.

BOB
I'm always late.

KATHIE
You must be very important.

She finishes fastening his tie, straightens his collar.

KATHIE
There. Perfect.

BOB
Thank you --

KATHIE
You could always blame me.

BOB
(without missing a beat)
Yeah, you always take too long to get
ready --

CUT TO:

EXT. GRACIE MANSION, NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

To establish: The residence of the Mayor of the City of New York. Town cars and taxis drop guests off for a party.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, GRACIE MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Bob and Kathie, who now wears a simple dress, are met by a COAT-CHECK GIRL. Bob spots his father, SEYMOUR DURST, hard features, moving through the crowd toward them. Everything about Seymour exudes power.

BOB
Just ignore him. In fact, I
apologize for anything he says between
now and when we leave.

SEYMOUR
(joining them)
Late. Always late. Anyone would
think you're a busy man the way you
swan in like royalty.
(to Kathie)
And you are?

KATHIE
Kathleen.

SEYMOUR
Your full name Kathleen. Always your
full name.

KATHIE
Kathleen McCormack.

SEYMOUR
You look ravishing, even on the arm of
a vagabond.

(MORE)

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

Now why don't you get yourself a drink. I need thirty seconds alone with young Robert here.

Bob looks at Kathie, who smiles politely and moves away.

ANGLE -- QUIET CORNER, Bob and Seymour stand together, away from the crowd. Seymour is re-fastening Bob's bow-tie.

SEYMOUR

...I didn't ask you here to help you get laid. There are people I want you to meet, and things I need you to convey, namely, that you're my eldest son, and you're ready to take on that responsibility.

BOB

Dad, we've talked about this...

SEYMOUR

I'm working on something that will reshape the city. You can be an important part of it...

Through the shifting crowd, Bob appreciates Kathie, standing by herself, sipping a drink from a straw.

BOB

I'm opening the store, dad. In Vermont. I told you that.

Seymour sees Bob looking at Kathie, moves into his eye-line.

SEYMOUR

You're going to be a shopkeeper? That's not a business for a Durst, Bob. Your place is here.

BOB

I'm sorry, Dad.

Bob walks off, leaving Seymour exasperated.

CUT TO:

A CHAMPAGNE GLASS being tapped with a fork.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Seymour stands at the head of a square banquet table. Seated by his side, MAYOR ABE BEAME, 50s, short, white hair, heavy black-framed glasses.

SEYMOUR

My father, Joseph Durst, came to this country with three dollars sewn into his lapel. Within a few years, he had scraped together enough money to buy a building in Times Square. I played stickball against the boys from St. Anne's in an alley off 42nd Street -- back then we called it "The Deuce."

(looking around the table)

You remember those days...

A few nods.

SEYMOUR

It's been a long time since anyone's played stickball on The Deuce. These days, it's overrun by prostitutes and drug dealers....

Standing at the back of the room is SIDNEY GREENHAUS, the Mayor's special assistant, mid-30s, horn-rim specs. He watches Seymour, stonefaced.

SEYMOUR

It's my hope that as a member of this committee I can do my part to help breathe life back into this neighborhood that was so dear to my father...

Seymour looks at Bob. Bob's younger brother DOUGLAS, 27, sitting across the table, can't help but notice.

SEYMOUR

...a man who placed great trust in me to carry on his legacy. Thank you.

Applause. The Mayor stands and embraces Seymour.

Bob watches Kathie turn from looking at his father to looking at him. She smiles widely, completely impressed.

INT. BAR, RECEPTION AREA - LATER

Douglas, comfortable in his tux, turns away from the bar, balancing drinks. He bumps into Bob...

BOB

Dad should have you wearing white gloves.

DOUGLAS

Screw you, Bob.

Douglas moves off. Bob orders a drink. Greenhaus steps up to the bar next to him. He extends his hand.

GREENHAUS

Bob? Sidney Greenhaus. Special assistant to the Mayor.

BOB

(uncomfortable)
Have we met?

GREENHAUS

I'm sure you know what's going on with your family's properties in Times Square...

BOB

Actually, I'm not involved in my dad's business.

He turns back to the bar, gets his drinks and scans the crowd, spotting Kathie...

BOB

(moving off)
Excuse me...

Greenhaus puts a hand on Bob's arm.

GREENHAUS

That was a lovely speech your dad made, but we're expecting to see some evictions, Bob. If he waits much longer, I won't ask so nicely.

Bob pushes past. Greenhaus watches as Bob moves through the crowd, puts his arm around Kathie, hands her a drink. Bob glances back, but Greenhaus is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. VERANDA - MOMENTS LATER

SEYMOUR (O.S.)

Ambassador Moynihan?

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN, mid-40s, red bow tie, US ambassador to India, turns to see Seymour, who has dragged Bob with him on his rounds. Kathie is at Bob's side.

MOYNIHAN

Seymour. Congratulations.

SEYMOUR

Thank you. Welcome back...
(to Moynihan's wife)
(MORE)

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

Elizabeth, always more gracious. You remember my eldest, Robert, and this is...

KATHIE

Kathleen... McCormack.

Introductions --

MOYNIHAN

(to Seymour)

We were just admiring your addition to 3rd Avenue.

SEYMOUR

Has it really been that long?

MOYNIHAN

Long enough that Manhattan looks different... and civilized. Then again, after Calcutta --

Bob suddenly belches, unrestrained and seemingly oblivious. Heads turn. The Moynihans share a look.

KATHIE

(without missing a beat)

Is that Irish?

MOYNIHAN

Excuse me?

KATHIE

Moynihan. Is that an Irish name?

Seymour looks at her. Moynihan smiles.

MOYNIHAN

It's Gaelic, but originally Scottish Gaelic. Although my family roots, as far I can trace them, are from Belfast. Whereas McCormack, and correct me if I'm wrong --

As Bob watches Kathie and Moynihan, Seymour glances inside to see Greenhaus talking with Beame, both looking his way.

GREENHAUS (V.O.)

...two murders, three shootings, five stabbings, six drug overdoses, and fourteen robberies in one month...

CUT TO:

ANGLE -- Greenhaus and the Mayor, who raises his glass to Seymour.

GREENHAUS

...And that's just the Hotel 123. Who knows how many other buildings he's bought through decoy brokers, dummy corporations... I just don't understand what you get from putting him on the cleanup committee. He's the problem.

MAYOR BEAME

Exactly.

He turns to look at Greenhaus, smiles.

MAYOR BEAME

Lighten up, Sid. We'll get what we want. Remember, we're just the custodians. These guys built the place.

EXT. VERANDA - THAT MOMENT

Seymour rejoins the conversation.

ALL SOUND OUT.

As Moynihan prattles on, WE HEAR...

DEGUERIN (V.O.)

There's a microphone in front of you, a little flat thing, if you will pull it close to you so you can be heard...

FLASH ON:

INT. COURTROOM

CU. HAND ADJUSTING A MICROPHONE.

DEGUERIN (O.S.)

You and Kathie, after you met, did you begin dating her?

EXT. VERANDA - RESUMING (MOS.)

Bob watches Kathie laughing with Moynihan.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

I began dating her and we began living together almost immediately.

Seymour watches Bob admire Kathie.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
Did your father approve of you living
with Kathleen Durst, I mean Kathleen
McCormack?

EXT. CARL SCHURZ PARK, 86TH AND EAST END - LATER (MOS.)

Bob and Kathie walk along a riverside path, sharing a joint.

MR. DURST (V.O.)
He didn't have much of a problem with
that, but he wanted me to live in New
York and go into the family
business...

SOUND RESUMES:

KATHIE
Is that what you want to do?

BOB
Me? No. I'm working on something for
myself in Vermont. But I agreed to
take care of some things for him...

KATHIE
Ah, my leak.

BOB
Exactly.

KATHIE
So what are you working on?

Bob stops and looks at her, considering...

BOB
I want to open a health food store.

KATHIE
What a great idea.

Bob smiles, encouraged. They walk on.

KATHIE
I always wanted to live here. Since I
can remember. I commuted for a while.

BOB
What do you do?

KATHIE
I work for a dentist...
(smiles)
I wanted to go to med school.
(MORE)

KATHIE (CONT'D)

I had the grades, but after my dad died... I don't know.

BOB

I bet you could do anything.

Kathie stops, looks at him.

EXT. CARL SCHURZ PARK - LATER

Bob sits on a bench in a tiny park, Igor at his side, watching Kathie perform the title number from OKLAHOMA standing on the bench opposite. They are both stoned. As Kathie runs out of lyrics, and fills in with hums, they collapse laughing.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE ON BLACK: "DECEMBER, 1999"

EXT. RIDING TRAILS, BEDFORD, NEW YORK - MORNING

TWO WOMEN ON HORSEBACK cross a quaint footbridge. Ahead, a BLUE SEDAN is pulled up on the trail.

EQUESTRIAN #1

I don't believe it.

EQUESTRIAN #2

How did that get in?

EQUESTRIAN #1

It's the entrance on Hillside. There's no one there before eight.

A MAN rolls down the window and flags them down.

CLOSER ON THE EQUESTRIANS (50s).

EQUESTRIAN #1

They're obviously determined to ruin my morning.

She pulls away and trots up to the car. The man opens the door, motioning to a map laid across his lap.

MAN IN CAR

I'm sorry to bother you. I'm a little lost.

As she looks to the map, he pulls it away, EXPOSING HIMSELF.

CU. EQUESTRIAN. Her face drops.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - MORNING

On the inside of the sun visor, rubber bands hold an icon of the VIRGIN MARY. TWO ROTTWEILERS sleep on the back seat.

In front, a man sleeps under a comforter. This is JOE BECERRA, slick black hair, boyish good looks. The car is filled with bags and belongings (of the moving-out kind). A cell phone chimes on the dash and Becerra blinks awake. He looks at the number on the dial pad and sighs. He answers...

BECERRA

Hey.

He winces, rubs his eyes.

BECERRA

I understand. I know. I'll pick up the rest soon. I might have found a place.

(listens)

Come on, honey, give me a break.

(beat, softens)

Me too. I'm sorry too. Yeah. Okay. Let's talk later.

Becerra hangs up, stares out the windshield. A dog pokes his head between the seats, licks Becerra's face.

EXT. POLICE PARKING LOT, SOMERS BARRACKS - A MOMENT LATER

A small parking lot behind the State Police Barracks. Becerra's paint-faded BMW 540i sits beside six POLICE CRUISERS. Becerra gets out, puts weight on his leg -- it's asleep. He shakes it off and gathers his dogs for a walk. He limps across the parking lot to a slice of green grass.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Becerra shaves in a mirror, conscious of his looks. He stands in a wife-beater at one of five washbasins, a gun strapped under his arm. COPS move in and out of showers. WAYNE HACKETT, 50s, a barrel-chested cop, turns from the urinal, moves to the basin next to Becerra, and washes his hands.

HACKETT

Hollywood.

BECERRA

Sir.

HACKETT

I hear the wife put you on the street.

Becerra finishes shaving. Hackett watches him.

HACKETT
You missed a spot.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Becerra sits across from THE FLASHER from the riding trails, who fidgets and taps his foot nervously.

BECERRA
You know I'm busy, right?

FLASHER
Yeah. Yeah. I know, Joe. But I wouldn't, you know, this is something. This could be real good for you. I wouldn't waste your time.

BECERRA
All right. I'm here.

FLASHER
I'm looking at two years, Joe. I can't do that kind of time --

BECERRA
Right now, you've got ten seconds.

FLASHER
Okay. Okay.

He thinks, "Where to start?"

FLASHER
You remember that millionaire? A long time ago. Real estate. Durst... the one whose wife disappeared?

Becerra looks at him blankly. He has never heard of him.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. OLD GENERAL STORE, VERMONT - DAY (1971) (MOS.)

Kathie paints letters on a wooden sign lying on the counter...

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
Tell us a little bit about your life in Vermont with Kathie.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD GENERAL STORE - DAY (MOS.)

Bob stands on a ladder, hanging the sign above the porch. He climbs down and stands back to see if it is straight. Kathie is beside him.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

We were very happy, as I remember.

The sign: "ALL GOOD THINGS"

SOUND RESUMES:

KATHIE

Perfect.

INT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Bob and Kathie sit in a corner booth. Bob pores over a catalog of natural foods as Kathie turns pages in an NYU summer course guide.

KATHIE

After the skiers go home, I hear it gets really quiet up here. Maybe we could spend the summer in the City. Come back up in time to see the leaves turn...

Bob looks up at her.

BOB

The City is hell... especially in the summer.

He looks down at his catalogue.

BOB

What about organic paté? People might like that, no?

Kathie puts the course guide down, looks around at the other diners: flannel shirts and tractor caps. On their plates, fried eggs, hash browns, sausages, slabs of fatty ham.

KATHIE

I think we have to come up with something that...

BOB

What?

KATHIE

...that tastes good.

Bob looks up and laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEYMOUR'S COUNTRY HOUSE, KATONAH - DAY

At the tennis court, a game of doubles. Bob and Seymour versus Kathie and Douglas. Bob, in cut-off jeans and an old bleach-stained Izod, serves. Douglas, in tennis whites, returns. At the baseline, Seymour sends the ball back to Kathie. Douglas attacks the net, intercepting the ball, smashing it at Bob, who can't get out of the way. The ball careens off his head.

Kathie and Seymour watch it sail over the fence. Kathie stifles a laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENNIS COURT - LATER

Post-game.

KATHIE
Losers get the balls.

Kathie winks at Bob, then follows Douglas up the lawn toward a large modern house, throwing an arm around him to celebrate their victory.

Bob and Seymour pick up balls on either side of the net.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENNIS COURT - LATER

Bob sits on the bench, putting balls into cans, Igor panting at his feet. Seymour approaches, zipping up his racquet cover. He sits next to Bob.

SEYMOUR
I'm glad you two came down this weekend. She's a lovely girl.

BOB
I want to marry her.

Taken aback, Seymour turns to him.

SEYMOUR
You realize... she's not like us.

BOB
Maybe I'm not like us.

Bob goes back to the tennis balls. An uncomfortable pause.

BOB

Do you remember how Mom used to take us to the public tennis courts?

Igor walks up with a tennis ball in his teeth, expectantly. Bob reaches out and tugs at it.

SEYMOUR

Why don't you stay over? Let's have lunch tomorrow.

Igor growls, baring his teeth around the ball. Bob holds it firmly. An impasse.

BOB

There were kids there to play with...
I made friends there.

Seymour gets up, uncomfortable.

SEYMOUR

We could spend the day together. We haven't done that since you were a boy. Remember how we used to spend a day in the office together?

BOB

Sometimes I'd ask mom if I could bring them home. You wouldn't allow them to come over. No kids. No kids in the house.

Bob BARKS sharply, like a dog. He snaps the ball free. A long beat. Seymour picks up his racquet.

SEYMOUR

Don't forget your racquet.

TRACKING WITH SEYMOUR as he walks up the lawn, Bob diminishing in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. SEYMOUR'S COUNTRY HOUSE - LATER

VIEW THROUGH floor-to-ceiling windows of Kathie and Bob packing the VW to leave. Bob opens the car door for Kathie.

REVERSE: Seymour watches, sipping a highball...

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - NIGHT

Driving back to Vermont, the highway lights reflect on Kathie, asleep against the passenger-side window. Bob mumbles angrily to himself as he drives. Kathie awakens.

KATHIE

Bob, you're talking to yourself.

She curls up next to him and goes back to sleep.

EXT. ALL GOOD THINGS - LATER

Bob and Kathie climb the steps onto the porch. Bob looks up at a perfectly clear night sky filled with stars. He puts a hand on Kathie's arm. She turns, Bob touches her face.

BOB
How did I find you?

KATHIE
You came to my rescue, remember?

ALL SOUND OUT.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
And what did you do?

INT. ALL GOOD THINGS - THAT MOMENT (MOS.)

CAMERA TRACKS ACROSS a large, framed picture of guru Mahesh Yogi... jars of granola and lentils...

MR. DURST (V.O.)
As I said, we bought a small piece of property. We improved a cabin that was on it, and we ran this health food store and lived there.

We see through the door to the storeroom, Kathie up on the counter, her skirt hiked up, Bob between her legs, his hands under her shirt.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
Did you need the income from the health food store in order for you and Kathie to live?

Kathie climaxes and rests her head on Bob's shoulder, her face flushed.

MR. DURST (V.O.)
No. I always had more money than I could possibly spend.

SOUND RESUMES:

KATHIE
Mom wants us to come to her house for Christmas dinner. She wants to meet you.

Bob nods, trying to catch his breath.

CUT TO:

INT. ANN MCCORMACK'S HOME, NEW HYDE PARK - NIGHT

Christmas dinner. Bob and Kathie sit with her boisterous Irish-American family, all eating and talking over each other. Bob is flanked by Kathie and her brother JIM, 26. A card table has been added at the end for the CHILDREN. At the head of the table is Kathie's mother, ANN MCCORMACK, 50s, bright face, big specs. MARY, Kathie's sister, sits across from them.

JIM
You're crazy.

UNCLE
I always take the Parkway.

JIM
And you're crazy. I'll draw you a map.

Bob shifts in his seat, trying to follow the conversation over the CHATTERING OF THE CHILDREN. His fingers tap the side of the table.

MARY
The ham's delicious, mom.

ANN
Oh, it's nothing special. Your dad always did a better job.

JIM
Bob, what do you and your family usually do for the holidays?

Bob doesn't have an answer. An awkward pause. Jim looks up, his eyes falling on Bob's tapping fingers. Jim shares a look with Mary. Ann watches Bob closely.

Kathie places her hand over Bob's.

KATHIE
We're going skiing. I'm going to teach Bob to ski.

AUNT
You look terrific.

KATHIE
Thank you.

AUNT
Doesn't she look terrific?

UNCLE
She's a beautiful girl.

Bob and Kathie steal a look at each other. Bob relaxes a bit, smiles, tries to seem at ease.

EXT. BACK PORCH - LATER

Bob sits alone, smoking a joint. Kathie comes out.

KATHIE
Aren't you cold?

BOB
I'm fine.

KATHIE
Mom's making coffee.

He offers her the joint. Kathie peeks inside before taking a hit and sits next to him.

KATHIE
Is it awful?

BOB
No. It's nice.... It's just so different.... The kids are loud. And your brother and your mom... they love you so much. Everyone talks.... What do you think about us getting married?

Kathie exhales smoke and coughs. Bob looks at her.

KATHIE
What?

INT. DINING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

The family remains at the table, hushed in gossip. Ann clears the dishes.

JIM
The Dursts? Are you kidding? They own half of Times Square.

ANN
Can we not talk about this now?

UNCLE
Which half of Times Square? What are you talking about?

JIM
I'm saying --

MARY

He's taking her to Paris. That's what she said.

AUNT

Whatever happened to my trip to Paris?

Laughter.

EXT. BACK PORCH - THAT MOMENT

Kathie is now staring at Bob.

BOB

Is that a "yes?" If it doesn't work out...

KATHIE

(a beat)

Yes...

(smiles/overjoyed)

Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.

Yes...

She hugs him. Kisses him.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Ann rinses dishes. Kathie comes in, a little disheveled.

KATHIE

Can I do anything?

ANN

I'm almost done...

(a beat)

I love having you home, and Jim from Chicago.

KATHIE

I'm sorry I haven't been around much.

ANN

You have your lives. I understand. I just look at you all together...

KATHIE

Mom?

ANN

Hmm?

Kathie hesitates. Ann stops what she's doing.

ANN
What is it?

KATHIE
Bob proposed. We're getting married.

Ann is speechless.

ALL SOUND OUT.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
Let me show you Defendant's Exhibit 52
and 53.

EXT. TOWN HALL, BEDFORD, NY - DAY (1973) (MOS.)

Bob and Kathie on their wedding day. Only Ann and Seymour are present. They shuffle together for a PHOTOGRAPH. An anemic moment.

FLASH/picture taken...

MR. DURST (V.O.)
That's us on our wedding day...

FLASH/picture taken...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

A slide show of the wedding: THE PICTURE JUST TAKEN.

MR. DURST (O.S.)
That's us on our wedding day, too.

CLOSE ON A JUDGE, female, 50, overweight.

DEGUERIN (O.S.)
We move to introduce exhibits 52 and
53.

JUDGE
Admitted.

INT. RESTAURANT, BEDFORD, NY - DAY (1973)

A large restaurant, only three tables occupied. Bob, Kathie, Seymour and Ann sit in the middle of the room. This is their wedding dinner. The table has been cleared. Ann is upset, but does her best to hide it.

ANN
This was nice.

BOB

Yes it was...

KATHIE

Maybe we'll do something later. You know --

ANN

That would be nice.

KATHIE

We just wanted to do it... to make it official.

Polite smiles. A lull. A WAITER brings the check to Seymour. He looks at it and does a quick calculation.

SEYMOUR

(to Ann)

That's \$39.50 each. That includes a generous tip.

Ann is confused. Kathie is shocked. Bob looks away. Suddenly realizing Seymour is expecting her to pay half, Ann rustles through her purse, mortified.

ANN

I'm sorry. I'm sleeping.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SCHOOL BUS ON A HIGHWAY - DAY

A BUS FULL OF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL KIDS pulls into the passing lane to overtake Bob's VW. A KID looks down and sees: first, Kathie in the back seat, reading a book... then Igor, ALONE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, wearing Kathie's bridal veil, paws on the wheel. The kids start laughing and pointing.

INT. VW BEETLE - THAT MOMENT

Bob, in the passenger seat, his foot on the gas and one hand on the wheel out of sight, laughs hysterically. Kathie, in the back, tries to keep a straight face.

CUT TO:

INT. SEYMOUR'S OFFICE, DURST ORGANIZATION - DAY

Seymour stands in front of a large architectural model, displaying his grand vision of a redeveloped Times Square: gleaming office towers connected by plazas to beautifully restored Broadway playhouses.

His consigliere, SOLLY SACHS, 50s, sits on the couch.

SEYMOUR

He's sitting up there selling Lima beans to hippies when he should be here learning the business, taking responsibility...

Sachs steps up next to Seymour.

SOLLY SACHS

Sy, we've got bigger problems. If Greenhaus starts kicking out the tenants paying our rents in Times Square... if he cuts off that cash flow, we'll have to start selling...

(re: the model)

This will be history.

Seymour adjusts the position of a building on the model.

SEYMOUR

(distracted)

The Mayor doesn't have the balls...

SOLLY SACHS

Sy?

SEYMOUR

Have the garage bring up my car.

CUT TO:

INT. ALL GOOD THINGS - DAY

Tourists on Fall foliage outings, hippies, and middle-class families browse the store. Kathie's touch is evident: alongside jars of grain, there are pies, Vermont cheddar, maple syrup, natural soaps, wind chimes. Customers bring purchases to the register, where Kathie rings them up, smiling and chatting. Bob brings pies from the back room.

EXT. ALL GOOD THINGS - LATER

Kathie says goodbye to STRAGGLERS as she lifts a display to bring it inside. She glances up and smiles, watching Bob through the glass as he struggles with the mop bucket and ringer. She catches the reflection of a MAROON CADILLAC pulling up.

EXT. ALL GOOD THINGS - MOMENTS LATER

A DRIVER polishes the chrome. Seymour, hat and scarf, no coat over his business suit, stands on the porch with Bob.

SEYMOUR

...Your grandfather didn't come hat-in-hand to ask me to join the firm. It was understood. I understood it. Your brother Douglas understands it... I can't continue to subsidize your lifestyle.

BOB

We're happy up here.

Seymour looks through the window to see Kathie, behind the counter, looking worried.

SEYMOUR

You think she's happy up here living like a hillbilly? I doubt very much that's what she had in mind when she left New Hyde Park.

Bob looks at Kathie.

SEYMOUR

She deserves more. She's a beautiful woman, Bob. Like your mother.

Bob looks at Seymour.

SEYMOUR

I know you want what's best for her...

Kathie comes out, crosses to Bob, takes his hand.

KATHIE

We'll be fine.

Seymour takes a last look at the two of them. He turns and walks to his car.

Kathie looks at Bob, who is looking at her. His expression shows concern. A beat.

KATHIE

What?

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. FILE ROOM, STATE POLICE BARRACKS - DAY (1999)

The dank basement of a government building. An OLD COP pushes a clipboard under a mesh window.

OLD COP

I'm gonna need your autograph here, Hollywood.

Becerra looks at him, irked by the nickname. He signs and looks over the counter at FOUR LARGE FILE BOXES stacked by the door, the sides labeled "DURST/20TH PRECINCT/1982."

INT. KITCHEN, GARAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Becerra has just moved in. He stands at a card table in a crowded kitchen, poring over the contents of the file boxes: STATEMENTS, PHOTOGRAPHS, PRESS CLIPPINGS...

A yellowed cover of *New York Magazine*, showing Seymour Durst and three other men in suits: "THE MEN WHO OWN NEW YORK."

Tabloid headlines: "BEAUTIFUL MED. STUDENT DISAPPEARS"
"MYSTERY OF MISSING HEIRESS"

He reaches in and pulls out a copy of an old book: *Easy Street*. On the back cover, a picture of the author: SUSAN BERMAN, late 20s, Cleopatra hairdo. He thumbs through it.

He pulls out a copy of the *New York Post* with Kathie on the front page: "CASE GOES COLD." Clipped to the back is a Polaroid. Becerra unclips it...

Kathie in the picture, laughing, her hair pulled back by A BLUE BANDANA.

CU. BECERRA looking at the picture, looking at Kathie.

ANN (V.O.)

Kathie truly had something special.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHIE'S BEDROOM, ANN MCCORMACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Becerra stands in a typical teenage girl's bedroom: trophies on shelves, stuffed animals on the bed.

ANN (V.O.)

She had high expectations of people,
and she made them feel special that
way...

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Becerra sits on a couch next to ANN MCCORMACK, 80s here, frail but poised. She turns the page of a large PHOTO ALBUM.

ANN

It was disarming the way she listened,
the way she hung on to every word...

Pictures of Kathie: a baby girl held by her older brother; a majorette; dressed for her prom.

BECERRA

What about her husband?

Her smile fades.

ANN

Bob always seemed uncomfortable here. We could be very loud... I don't think he had much love in his life before Kathie. She told me his mom died when he was a boy. He was raised by the hired help --

Ann comes upon another photo of Kathie, age eight, a lock of blonde hair taped to the corner.

ANN

That's Kathie at her confirmation.

Becerra smiles... Just then, JIM MCCORMACK, 53 here, pops his head in.

JIM

Will you stay for dinner, Joe? We'd sure like you to.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Becerra sits at dinner with the McCormack family: Ann, Mary, Jim and Sharon, and their three daughters. Heads are bowed, hands joined around the table. Their eldest, ELIZABETH, 18, says grace. Becerra watches her. Her resemblance to Kathie is uncanny.

ELIZABETH

Thank you Lord for the food we're about to receive, and for bringing us together. Thank you for our health and for our family... and our guest, Mr. Becerra. Help us welcome him into our home and our hearts... Amen.

MCCORMACKS (UNISON)

Amen.

Becerra looks up to see Sharon watching him. He smiles. The others dig in.

EXT. ANN MCCORMACK'S - LATER

Becerra shakes Jim's hand. Sharon stands in the doorway watching.

JIM

When my sister went missing, Bob's father told someone from the press she'd run off to Europe with some drug dealer. They did everything they could to make this go away --

Joe looks at Sharon, who is looking off.

BECERRA

I'm going to do my best.

Becerra heads to his car.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sharon clears the table. After a moment she puts the dishes down, trying to control her emotions. She turns to see Jim standing in the doorway.

INT. BMW - THAT MOMENT

Becerra puts the keys in the ignition, glancing up at the house. He stops to watch Jim and Sharon in the window. Sharon starts sobbing. Jim takes her in his arms, trying his best to comfort her. Becerra starts the car, puts it in gear and pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM, WESTCHESTER - DAY

Becerra stands at the bench with his LAWYER, opposite his WIFE and HER LAWYER.

JUDGE

And with respect to Detective Becerra's pension, Ms. Becerra will be entitled to her 50% share for the seven year period of the marriage, inclusive of the period during which the couple has been estranged...

Becerra looks over at her. She doesn't return his look.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE COURTROOM - LATER

Becerra's stands awkwardly with his ex-wife. Beyond her, a successful-looking OLDER MAN avoids Becerra's gaze. Becerra notices the Man's EXPENSIVE SHOES.

BECERRA

Nice shoes.

She reaches up and touches his face.

EX-WIFE

Handsome Joe.

Becerra watches her walk away and take the Older Man's hand. He takes the stairs down.

INT. CAFETERIA, COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Becerra enters the cafeteria, spots the man he's looking for: DA'S INVESTIGATOR ED MURPHY, late 50s, white hair and moustache, holding court with TWO YOUNG ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEYS and Detective Wayne Hackett, whom we recognize from the Somers barracks.

BECERRA (O.S.)

Detective Murphy?

Murphy looks up, mouth full of salad. The table goes quiet.

BECERRA

Sir? Joe Becerra from Somers barracks...

(expectantly)

I was in your evidence seminar last year?

Becerra takes a seat.

ADA #1

I've got to be in court.

ADA #1 and ADA #2 pick up their trays to leave. Hackett picks up his tray.

HACKETT

A little off your beat, Joe?

He walks off. Becerra turns to Murphy.

BECERRA

Sir, I'd like your advice... I got a lead on a cold case. Kathie Durst. Married a rich guy.

(MORE)

BECERRA (CONT'D)

Went missing in 1982. It was a big deal at the time... See my guy's sister-in-law was their maid. He says the husband killed her... up here. But there are witnesses who say they saw her in the city...

Murphy butters his roll.

MURPHY

You talk to them?

BECERRA

No, not yet...

MURPHY

Then why'd you ruin my lunch?

Becerra sits there for a moment, not knowing what to do.

FLASH ON:

INT. COURTROOM

A COURT REPORTER'S FINGERS FLUTTER ACROSS THE KEYS OF A STENO MACHINE...

DEGUERIN (V.O.)

What happened to the business that you and Kathie had in Vermont?

EXT. ALL GOOD THINGS - DAY (MOS.)

CU. a hand locks a door with a key.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

We sort of sold it...

Kathie, bundled in a winter coat, turns and hands the key to A REALTOR. Bob in just a sweater, stands nearby, staring out at the mountains, cold wind whipping his long hair.

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIOUS DURST BUILDINGS, NEW YORK CITY (MOS.)

A MONTAGE: GLEAMING OFFICE TOWERS -- 1133 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, 1155 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, 114 WEST 47TH STREET, 733 THIRD AVENUE, 675 THIRD AVENUE, 655 THIRD AVENUE, 205 EAST 42ND STREET...

DEGUERIN (V.O.)

Explain to the Jury, please, what the family business consisted of...

MR. DURST (V.O.)

We had land in Midtown which was once upon a time a farm. And as the area developed, we kept owning the land and would build whatever was the appropriate kind of building on it, initially houses and then apartment buildings and eventually office buildings...

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN, MANHATTAN - DAY (MOS.)

A GLASS TOWER. Waves of DARK SUITS pass through a bank of revolving doors under a sign: "The Durst Organization."

MR. DURST (V.O.)

It was the same then as now except then there was a whole lot more land and now there's a whole lot more office buildings.

INT. BUILDING SECURITY OFFICE - LATER (MOS.)

Bob, clean-shaven now with short hair, in a dark suit and red tie, stands in front of a white pull-down screen. His blank expression is flatly lit by photographic lamps.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)

Did you want to go back to New York?

A POLAROID CAMERA ejects a snapshot of Bob.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

No.

SOUND RESUMES:

A LAMINATING MACHINE seals Bob's photo to his new Durst Organization ID badge.

INT. EXECUTIVE MEN'S ROOM - LATER

Seymour, at the urinal, shakes off and zips up.

SEYMOUR

Some of our Times Square tenants pay the rent in cash. So you'll pick it up in person.

(to Sachs)

Give him the address of the Luxor.
We'll start him there.

Bob stands next to Sachs, who helps Seymour with his jacket.

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

(turning back to Bob)

When you get down there, you'll see why I'm sending you. These people are not as... corporate as most of our tenants. But those properties have to pay for themselves until we're ready to start construction on the new Times Square. Ultimately I'd like you to manage the whole area. Think you're up to it?

BOB

Yeah. Yes.

An awkward pause. An equally awkward hug.

SEYMOUR

Good to have you here son... and keep Solly in the loop.

Seymour and Sachs leave. Bob unclips his ID badge and stares at his photo, then at his reflection in the bathroom mirror.

INT. PENTHOUSE, 37 RIVERSIDE DRIVE - NIGHT

Bob opens the door and leads Kathie, her eyes closed, into a dark apartment. He flicks on the lights to reveal a penthouse with stunning views. It is being renovated. Drop cloths, ladders, fixtures hanging off the walls.

BOB

All right... open them.

KATHIE

(eyes adjusting)

Oh, my God.

BOB

Do you like it?

KATHIE

Oh my God, it's amazing. Bob, it's too much.

BOB

If I'm going to be a captain of industry, we might as well enjoy the perks...

Kathie smiles, moves to the window, dazzled by the view across the Hudson River.

KATHIE
(turning)
Let's sleep here tonight.

BOB
What?

KATHIE
Please. Just for tonight.

JUMP CUT TO --

BOB'S AND KATHIE'S LIPS, glued together, kissing, biting, sweating, eyes locked, making love on a mover's blanket... pulling off their clothes, groaning and grinding, approaching climax... Bob stiffens... Kathie holds her breath... holds him inside.... Realizing what she's doing, Bob pulls away.

KATHIE
No. No. No. Stay. Please...
Bob rolls off... and they lie there, staring at the ceiling.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - LATER

Bob and Kathie sit on a small terrace overlooking the city. They are naked, wrapped in their overcoats.

BOB
Hi.

KATHIE
(smiles)
Hi.

Bob takes out a joint, head in his coat to light up. Bob offers Kathie the joint. She declines.

A long beat.

KATHIE
Do you ever think about kids?
Bob looks away. Kathie hugs him playfully...

KATHIE
Come on, you don't want a little Bob tearing around the house? Pulling your toes in the morning... smushing food in your hair.

BOB
I can't.

KATHIE
Can't what? What do you mean?

BOB
I can't have kids. That's something I
can't do. That's all. Okay? I
can't...

She takes his hand.

KATHIE
Bob, are you saying there's something
wrong with you?

Bob hesitates, then looks at her...

BOB
Yeah. There's something wrong with
me.

A chill as Kathie tries to absorb this.

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAWN

Early light outlines the room, Kathie asleep on a makeshift
bed. Hearing something, she wakes up. Bob isn't there.

KATHIE
Bob?
She hears noise coming from down the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kathie walks down the hall, hearing muttering and retching
behind the bathroom door. She listens...

KATHIE
Bob?
(a beat)
Bob, are you okay?

INT. BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT

The bathroom mirror: Bob rises INTO FRAME.

BOB
I'm fine. Go back to sleep.

INT. HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT

Kathie stands outside the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUXOR BATHS HOTEL, TIMES SQUARE - MORNING

A neon sign: "LUXOR BATHS HOTEL" Bob steps over a WINO passed out on the sidewalk and looks up to see a once grand Times Square hotel, reduced to an SRO flophouse.

He checks the address against an index card.

INT. OFFICE, THE LUXOR - LATER

An OLD WOMAN in black pulls stacks of CASH from a FREE-STANDING SAFE. Bob sits across a desk from her son, a hard looking MAN with acne scars.

MAN

He doesn't believe me, Ma...

(to Bob)

I got the clubs, and them cleats with the fucking things on them.

Bob is anxious to leave.

OLD WOMAN

Mr. Durst doesn't care about your golf clubs.

(putting the cash on the desk)

Here...

She watches Bob quickly load the last bundles into his briefcase and start to go. She calls after him.

OLD WOMAN

Aren't you gonna count it?

INT. HALLWAY, THE LUXOR - MOMENTS LATER

A long, narrow hallway lined with doors. Bob makes a beeline for the stairs. A young PROSTITUTE brushes past.

PROSTITUTE

Hey, do you know if the Yankees won?

Bob keeps walking, head down.

EXT. LUXOR BATHS HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Bob stumbles out, looking over his shoulder. He pulls out a joint and lights up, inhaling deeply. He takes another hit and starts to relax. He moves down the sidewalk, the briefcase in his hand. A POLICE CRUISER pulls alongside him. The window lowers to reveal Sidney Greenhaus.

GREENHAUS

Bob!

Bob sees Greenhaus, lets the joint fall from his hand.

GREENHAUS

What are two nice Jewish boys like us doing in this neighborhood?

Bob walks as the cruiser keeps pace. He holds the briefcase closer. The cruiser catches up.

GREENHAUS

Come on Bob. I'll give you a lift.

Bob stops. He looks at Greenhaus, then crosses to the cruiser, ducks down to see a UNIFORMED COP at the wheel.

GREENHAUS

You'll have to ride in the back.

Bob hesitates, then gets in.

INT. NYPD CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

It's early morning. They drive along Times Square past closed peep shows and massage parlors. Greenhaus stares forward. Stoned, Bob watches the dregs of society pass...

GREENHAUS

The men of Sodom were wicked and were sinning greatly against the Lord. The outcry against Sodom was so great that he sent his messengers to destroy it. They asked: "Do you have anyone else here, anyone else in the city who belongs to you? Get them out of here, because we are going to destroy this place. Abraham asked the Lord "Will you sweep away the righteous with the wicked?" The Lord asked Abraham to find one righteous man...

Greenhaus turns to look over the seat at Bob.

GREENHAUS

I ask you, Bob: are you a righteous man?

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - THAT MOMENT

The car pulls to the side of the street. Bob jumps out, forgetting his briefcase. Panicked, he leans back in to get it. When he rises, he is face to face with Greenhaus who now stands on the sidewalk.

GREENHAUS

Tell your dad we had this chat.

Bob pushes past and heads down the street.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE, DURST ORGANIZATION - LATER

Bob at his desk in front of the open briefcase, stares down at the money. WE HEAR only the hum of the air conditioner. Bob reaches out and slips a twenty-dollar bill from a bundle, stuffs it in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. XENON, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The club is jammed with PEOPLE dancing.

SUSAN BERMAN (whom we recognize from the book Becerra found in the NYPD files) holds court in a booth with TODD and LISA FLECK, a glamorous young couple in matching tweed suits, and other hip partygoers.

SUSAN

So I'm drunk and horny and he's the most gorgeous man alive, but he lives on the 18th floor.

(laughter)

I know, right. So I'm frozen, I can't even talk --

Susan bounces up in mid-sentence as Bob and Kathie arrive. Bob looks worn out.

SUSAN

Bob, you cocksucker. Get over here and give me a hug!

ALL SOUND OUT.

Susan greets Bob and Kathie and introduces them to the table.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
Did you meet Susan Berman at UCLA?

MR. DURST (V.O.)
Yes my very first summer there I met Susan Berman.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
Did you become friendly, or good friends with Susan Berman?

MR. DURST (V.O.)
We became best friends right away. We could just talk for days on end. Her upbringing was similar to mine. She didn't get along with her parents well and neither did I, with my father that is...

INT. XENON - LATER

The DEEJAY puts on a new record. People react. Bob stands at the bar with Todd.

TODD
Relax Bob. You look like hell. What do you want to drink?

BOB
Anything.

Bob looks across the dance floor to see Susan and Kathie talking intently. Kathie gives Bob a little wave.

BOB
I swear to God, I never thought people like her were real. She's perfect. I'm not kidding. There's nothing I do she doesn't like.

ANGLE -- KATHIE AND SUSAN IN THE BOOTH.

KATHIE
It must be so interesting writing for those magazines. You know I was thinking of taking some classes. Continuing my education...

SUSAN
How's Bob doing working for his dad?

KATHIE
He's been out of sorts. I guess it was hard between them after Bob's mom passed away...

SUSAN

Passed away? You mean he didn't tell you?

Kathie looks perplexed. Susan leans in.

SUSAN

Honey, mom jumped off the roof of their house. Bob was there. He was seven. Seymour let him watch. I'd jump too if I was married to that prick.

Kathie is stunned. Susan spots someone:

SUSAN

Oh my God, there's Prudie.

KATHIE

Who?

A blonde girl wearing a full Indian Sari with a Bindi on her head is at the bar talking to Todd. He introduces her to Bob. This is PRUDENCE FARROW.

SUSAN

She's Mia Farrow's sister. That Beatles song, *Dear Prudence*? That's Prudence.

Bob sees Kathie looking over and smiles. A belly-dancing Santa takes her Polaroid. Kathie winces from the flash.

CUT TO:

INT. WO HOP RESTAURANT, CHINATOWN - 5 AM

First daylight outside. It's busy. An odd mix of strung-out party-goers and Chinese construction workers. Bob and Susan sit alone at a table in the back.

SUSAN

I've missed you.

BOB

I know. Me too.

SUSAN

You're like my fucking brother, Bob. You know that? And I'm not getting gooey on you. You just surprised me a little...

She takes a bite of lo mein.

SUSAN
...married to a nice shiksa. Working
for your dad (which you said you'd
never do). When's the baby shower?

BOB
Come on. It's me.

SUSAN
These are the best noodles in New
York.

She looks at Bob, who just picks at his food. She puts her chopsticks down.

SUSAN
Oh, no. How long?

BOB
I'll get it under control.
She reaches for his hand.

SUSAN
My best friend: the only bulimic man
in America. Does that girl know how
fucked up you are?
Bob doesn't respond.

SUSAN
We're gonna straighten you out. I
know a great therapist, and the best
part is she does house calls.
The WAITER comes with the check. Susan looks at it, then at
Bob with a devilish smile.

BOB
No.
(off Susan's look/smiling)
No. Forget it.

EXT. WO HOP RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Bob and Susan charge down the block, in full sprint, running
out on the check. The waiter yells after them.

They turn into an alley, hunch over catching their breath.
Susan starts cracking up. Bob reluctantly joins in.

EXT. SEYMOUR'S COUNTRY HOUSE, KATONAH - DAY

Douglas and his WIFE sit on lounge chairs by the pool, reading, relaxing. The peace is shattered by a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM from inside the house...

INT. GUEST ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Kathie ties her bikini top and puts a cigarette in her mouth. She tries to light it, but the lighter is out. She searches her jeans pockets for matches... then Bob's suit jacket. She looks at BOB'S BRIEFCASE on the bureau, opens the lid.

KATHIE
(giddy)
Jesus.

INSIDE: CASH-STUFFED ENVELOPES, and STACKS OF CASH BOUND WITH RUBBER BANDS, along with a GREEN LEDGER BOOK.

Another SCREAM from downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Bob, dressed in white, stands with a SCREAM THERAPIST, a woman with cropped white hair. She gestures for him to stop.

THERAPIST
Try to focus on your breathing. And
it's not so much the memory, but more
the feelings the memory evokes.

Bob nods.

INT. GUEST ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Kathie opens the ledger book and sees handwritten entries with figures next to them: "LUXOR BATHS... AVON THEATER... HOTEL 123." She replaces the ledger and finds a pack of matches. She lights the cigarette, puts the briefcase back the way she found it.

Another SCREAM.

EXT. POOL AREA - THAT MOMENT

As the scream reaches the pool area, Douglas finally gets up.

DOUGLAS
This is ridiculous.

He throws down his *Barron's* and starts toward the house.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE, WESTCHESTER - DAY (1999)

Becerra walks around the outside of a stone lake cottage. He looks in a window at the dark interior.

BILL (O.S.)

She's out.

Becerra turns to see BILL MAYER, 60, peering over the fence from the next yard.

BECERRA

Are you Bill Mayer?

CUT TO:

AN ASSORTMENT OF FRESH PASTRIES, untouched.

BILL (O.S.)

If I'm not mistaken, they bought the house in 1976.

INT. MAYER HOME - DAY

Redwood. Modular. Sliding glass doors look onto the lake.

BILL

They were weekenders. That was the idea. But Kathie ended up spending a lot of time here. She had started going to school nearby. And you'd see her in their garden, always doing something. She was very sweet.

He offers the plate to Becerra.

BILL

You're sure you won't have one? I'd like your opinion.

BECERRA

No. Thank you.

Mayer shrugs and takes one himself.

BECERRA

In Bob's statement, he said that he dropped Kathie off to take the train into the city the night she went missing, then he came here for a drink.

BILL

I heard that... He just, I assume, fabricated that story without ever coming here for a drink, nor even discussing it with us in any way. So he didn't ask us to lie for him... he must have just fibbed for himself. That's what I told the detective at the time.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET, MANHATTAN - DAY

Lights, cameras... A sign on a parking meter: "No Parking: Law And Order." Crew members talk by a CATERING TRUCK.

BECERRA (O.S.)

Detective Struk?

STRUK turns. A retired cop, 50s, with a hangdog look.

EXT. PRODUCTION TRAILER - LATER

Struk and Becerra sit in director's chairs outside a trailer.

STRUK

When Durst came in to report her missing, I remember thinking, who is this guy? Came in with an old magazine with his dad on the cover. Just to say, you know, this is who we are, don't fuck with us.

An ASSISTANT brings Struk coffee.

BECERRA

Tell me about the witnesses who said they saw Kathie in the city.

STRUK

I searched the penthouse twice -- they weren't happy about that. The second time I took the whole building apart. Basement, furnace... Nothing.

Becerra flips open his notebook.

BECERRA

Maybe you were looking in the wrong place.

Struk glares at him.

STRUK

Listen, she was a great girl. Had so much going for her. I felt the same way you do. But you're not hearing me. Without a body, it's just a missing persons case.

Becerra meets his look.

BECERRA

Tell me about the witnesses in the city.

EXT. BOB AND KATHIE'S BUILDING, 37 RIVERSIDE DRIVE - DAY

Becerra stands under the awning of the building half a block down, talking to the SUPER. They look along the sidewalk toward US/A VAN IN THE FOREGROUND.

BECERRA

So, what? By that van?

CLOSER -- BECERRA AND THE SUPER.

SUPER

Maybe a little further. There used to be a payphone there. She made a call, then she flagged down a cab.

BECERRA

But she was walking away from you? Is that what you mean?

A TAXI pulls up and a WOMAN gets out with TWO KIDS and groceries. Becerra notices a silver-haired DOORMAN, also in his 70s, come out to help her.

SUPER

(gesturing)

That way... toward West End.

BECERRA

So, she was a block away with her back to you?

SUPER

She had her coat on, this white ski-jacket she always wore. You could spot her a mile away.

BECERRA

What about the elevator operator? You know where I can find him?

SUPER
(uncomfortable)
You know who owns this building?

The Super heads back into the building.

Becerra watches the Doorman play-box the woman's five year-old son. The Doorman feels Becerra's eyes on him and glances his way. They share a look before Becerra turns to leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. DURST ORGANIZATION, MANHATTAN - LATER

A pair of black FLORSHEIM SHOES click against granite.

They belong to Becerra, who stops to look up at the gleaming structure, then crosses the plaza past an ornate fountain.

INT. LOBBY - THAT MOMENT

FROM HIGH ABOVE, the small figure of Becerra enters the lobby, stops in the middle, watching SUITS crowd the reception desk below a polished sign: "The Durst Organization." Others rush past him to important business meetings, their shoes clicking against the marble floor.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Can I help you, sir?

Becerra turns to see a SECURITY GUARD in an immaculate uniform. He looks around for a long moment, the clicking of heels getting louder. His eyes fall on EXPENSIVE SHOES. Lots of them.

BECERRA
No thanks.

Becerra walks out the way he came in.

EXT. MEDICAL SCHOOL, BRONX - LATER

A plaque at the gate reads: ALBERT EINSTEIN COLLEGE OF MEDICINE. Students head to class.

DEAN GEORGE LINDSTROM, mid-60s, beard, corduroy blazer, walks briskly across campus with Becerra at his side.

LINDSTROM
Kathie was one of my best students.
She understood medicine was about
people.

BECERRA

You told the police she called you that morning.

LINDSTROM

She said she wasn't feeling well and needed some time off. It was an important time and I said something to that effect.

BECERRA

How did she sound?

LINDSTROM

She sounded sick...

BECERRA

Are you sure it was Kathie?

Lindstrom stops on the entrance steps.

LINDSTROM

I had no reason to think otherwise... I'm sorry, I have a class to teach.

He starts off.

BECERRA

You said her grades were suffering. Was there anything else?

LINDSTROM

She stopped paying her tuition. Her husband had cut her off.

BECERRA

And you covered for her?

Lindstrom looks at him.

LINDSTROM

I would have done more... she was three months from graduation. If you knew Kathie, you'd know that was the most important thing in the world to her.

Lindstrom goes inside, leaving Becerra on the steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOB & KATHIE'S BUILDING, 37 RIVERSIDE DRIVE - NIGHT

From across the street: the DOORMAN pulls on his coat.

INT. DUBLIN HOUSE, WEST 79TH STREET - LATER

Loud and crowded. The Doorman sits at the bar. Becerra enters and sits next to him. We watch Becerra buy him a drink and they start talking. Over the noise, we can't hear what they are saying.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROW HOUSE IN QUEENS - LATER

Becerra talks through the screen door to EDDIE LOPEZ, 65, bedraggled, T-shirt and boxers. Becerra holds up the picture of Kathie.

BECERRA
You remember her?

LOPEZ
Miss Kathie. Yes.

BECERRA
Do you remember taking her up to her apartment? That the police asked you if Kathie came home that night, and you told them you took her up in the elevator. Do you remember that?

LOPEZ
Yes. Miss Kathie. She came home that night.

BECERRA
Are you sure it was her?

LOPEZ
(with conviction)
I saw Miss Kathie. In the elevator.
It was Miss Kathie.

Becerra looks away, frustrated.

EXT. SPLIT RANCH, NORTHERN WESTCHESTER - LATER

Ed Murphy comes out his front door in his robe and walks to where a sprinkler douses the lawn. He turns it off... then looks up to see Becerra standing at the curb.

EXT. MURPHY'S BACKYARD - LATER

Murphy and Becerra sit across from each other on lawn chairs, the only light coming from the pool.

BECERRA

The doorman says the elevator operator was a drunk. That he never worked past 10.

MURPHY

Still... he says he saw her. And he was standing two feet away. That's a problem. Another problem is you don't have a body --

BECERRA

I want to search the lake house. Can you talk to the DA?

Murphy smiles.

MURPHY

Oh, I see. You want me to ask Jeanine Pirro to go after one of the richest families in New York. In the middle of an election year. If you're gonna mess with the forces of nature, you'll need a little more than just your arms up your sleeves.

Becerra looks off, deflated.

MURPHY

(yielding)

The guy waits five days to report his wife missing. Figure out what he was up to...

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - LATER

PAGES FED THROUGH A FAX/COPIER. We see typed letters, fractured words.

Becerra watches the PAGES come out.

The kitchen table being cleared, pages put in PILES.

Becerra tapes pages to the kitchen cabinets: "9:17 TRAIN" "DRINKS WITH NEIGHBORS" "CALLED FROM HOME"

Becerra, in reading glasses, reviews the POLICE REPORT. He stops, flips back three pages.

A SHARPIE CROSSES OUT "HOME" AND WRITES "RESTAURANT."

Becerra continues to review the POLICE REPORT. He stops and highlights a section.

HE CROSSES OUT "RESTAURANT" AND WRITES "PAYPHONE..."

HE CIRCLES "DROVE TO CONNECTICUT," stares at it. WE HEAR A PHONE RING...

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Becerra asleep, head on the table. His night's work covers the cabinets and walls: an elaborate time-line of events surrounding Kathie's disappearance.

CU. The photo of Kathie on the table next to Becerra's hand.

THE MACHINE PICKS UP.

BECERRA'S VOICE

I can't get to the phone, but leave a message and I'll call you back.

BEEP --

Becerra blinks awake...

VOICE (ON MACHINE)

This is GAIL KAPLAN from *The Daily News*. I'm writing a book about the disappearance of Kathie Durst. I think we might be able to help each other...

Becerra grabs the phone.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - DAY (1976)

Cars clutter the road. Loud music from inside the house. Jim McCormack, 31 here, and Sharon, 28 here, voluptuously attired, step out of a Pontiac and cross to the door.

SHARON

Am I overdressed?

JIM

You look beautiful.

SHARON

(re: the cars)

Do you think all these people came up from the city.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE - THAT MOMENT

A party in full swing. Kathie, radiant in a sun dress, hair in a French braid, sees Jim and Sharon coming in.

Bob stands behind Kathie, his arms around her waist, talking to a guest. As she pulls away, Bob tightens his grip.

KATHIE
Bob... my brother's here.

He reluctantly lets her go.

ANGLE -- Kathie crosses to Jim.

KATHIE
Jim.

Hugs and introductions.

KATHIE
Hi.

JIM
Sorry we're late.

KATHIE
Sharon?

SHARON
Hi.

KATHIE
This is great. I'm so glad. Jim's told me so much about you.

SHARON
What a beautiful home you have.

They move off as Bill Mayer, 30s here, and his PREGNANT WIFE RUTH, bottle-thick specs, come in, looking like they've stepped out of another era, Ruth holding a large cheesecake. Bill looks around: pot smoking, dancing, loud music...

RUTH
Oh my God. Disco people.

BILL
I think we should leave.

Ruth joins the party.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE - LATER

Susan Berman is playing records and singing along. Jim is drunk and has Bob cornered, both slouched on a sofa.

JIM
It's really quite unique.
Of course I'd love to pick your brain
about the business plan...

Bob is very stoned. He looks at Igor.

BOB
(doggie baby-talk)
Igor's got a business plan, don't you,
buddy? Don't you? Yes you do. Yes
you do...

Jim smiles, feeling put on. He swigs his beer.

INT. KITCHEN - THAT MOMENT

Kathie brings in dishes, followed by Ruth. Kathie stacks the dishes in the sink, turns to Ruth.

KATHIE
What's it like?

Ruth looks at Kathie for a beat, then takes Kathie's hand.

RUTH
You tell me.

Ruth lifts her shirt, puts Kathie's hand on her belly.

KATHIE
Oh my God. It's moving.

RUTH
She. She's moving.

KATHIE
How do you know?

Their eyes meet.

RUTH
A girl knows...

Kathie smiles, but then her smile drops.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - LATER

Half the party has spilled outside. A TANNED MAN with a ponytail strums wildly on a guitar. On the dock, A HIPPIE GIRL helps Bill Mayer into the Lotus Position.

EXT. ROWBOAT ON THE LAKE - THAT MOMENT

Kathie and Sharon sit in a rowboat in the middle of the lake.

SHARON

I was nervous coming here. Your mom and Jim talk about you all the time.

KATHIE

That's what you get when you're the baby of the family.

SHARON

I don't think that's it. And even tonight, I see how people act around you -- you know, I wanted to ask you something about Jim --

KATHIE

(out of the blue)
I'm pregnant.

Sharon goes quiet.

KATHIE

I'm sorry. I just don't know who to tell.

SHARON

Oh my God. That's wonderful. When did you find out?

KATHIE

Last week. But it wasn't planned. I don't understand how it could have happened...

SHARON

(confused)
What's not to understand? Isn't that good news? You have everything. You're married. You have money. You have the perfect life.

Kathie is quiet, forges a smile. THEN:

BOB (O.S.)

That's not what I said...

INT. LAKE COTTAGE - DAWN

First daylight. Bob and Kathie argue in the kitchen.

KATHIE

...You said you couldn't... I thought that meant... you *couldn't*... that it wasn't possible... I would never have agreed to that...

Bob starts pacing, trying to straighten his thoughts.

BOB

I did all this for you. This is what you wanted. The cottage, the apartment... What more do you want from me?

KATHIE

I don't need any of that. I need you. I want to have your child. This is something good. It won't be like when you grew up.

(considers)

Bob... I know what happened to your mother.

In an instant, Bob HURLS a chair across the room... it hits the wall and smashes a picture and shelves. Bob storms out. Kathie pulls herself together, then follows...

EXT. PORCH - THAT MOMENT

KATHIE

Bob.

She grabs his hand. He turns fiercely.

KATHIE

Bob. Look at me. Look at me.

He can't. Kathie takes his face in her hands.

KATHIE

Look at me. Bob. Shh. Shh. It's okay.

BOB

No. No. No. You don't understand.

KATHIE

I love you. It's okay. It's okay for us to have this.

Bob turns to her.

BOB

You make me out to be this person who you think I am. I'm not this person, Kathie. I am not this person. I love you more than I could ever imagine I knew how...

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

But I can't give you this, and you
have to choose. Ask me anything --
just not this...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, PENTHOUSE - MORNING

Kathie puts on earrings in the bureau mirror. An expression we haven't seen before. Deadpan. She watches Bob in the reflection, as he hangs up the phone in the hall.

Bob comes up behind her.

BOB

Are you ready?

Kathie doesn't respond.

INT. TAXI (MOVING), MANHATTAN - LATER

Kathie looks out at passing streets.

BOB

(to the driver)

I need to make a stop on the way.
46th and Broadway.

Kathie looks at him.

EXT. LUXOR BATHS - LATER

Scores of POLICE CARS are pulled up outside the LUXOR BATHS HOTEL. UNIFORMED COPS haul out half-naked PROSTITUTES and JOHNS in the rain, ushering them into paddy-wagons. The OLD WOMAN and her son are led away in handcuffs.

INT. TAXI - THAT MOMENT

Kathie sits in the back, staring across the street... police lights reflect off the window.

KATHIE

What are we doing here? What is this
place?

Bob is surprised. Then, he notices someone.

BOB'S POV: Sidney Greenhaus talks with a POLICE SERGEANT. He sees Bob. Their eyes meet.

BOB

I have to make a call...

INT. PAY PHONE, TIMES SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Bob dials.

BOB (INTO PHONE)
Yes, a collect call. Bob.

He shuffles nervously.

BOB (INTO PHONE)
Dad, Dad, it's me. I'm at the Luxor.
There are police everywhere.

INT. SEYMOUR'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Seymour at his desk on the phone. INTERCUT WITH THE ABOVE.

SEYMOUR
I know.

BOB
What? You knew about this?

SEYMOUR
Calm down. Listen to me: just go to
the Avon. They may be next.

BOB
No, I can't. I have to take Kathie
somewhere.

SEYMOUR
What are you talking about?

Solly Sachs stands across the room on another phone.

SOLLY SACHS
(covering the receiver)
The Mayor's not available.

SEYMOUR
Bob. Get your ass over to the Avon
and pick up the cash.

Bob looks at Kathie in the cab. Seymour hangs up.

EXT. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

Bob leans into the cab.

BOB
Go ahead, I'll be right behind you.

Kathie looks at him, incredulous. Bob reaches over her to get his BRIEFCASE.

BOB
I'll be there.

He pays the driver and the cab pulls away.

INT. WAITING ROOM, OBSTETRICS PRACTICE - LATER

Kathie sits alone, her bag on her lap. A RECEPTIONIST sits behind her desk on the phone, her voice muted by the glass.

INT. LOBBY, THE AVON THEATER - LATER

Bob sits in the lobby, briefcase on his lap. He checks his watch. A TICKET GIRL sits in her booth reading. A porn movie plays behind the curtain. An OLD MAN exits the theater, leaving the curtain parted: BLURS OF SEX ON SCREEN.

INT. WAITING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Kathie looks around, restless, trying to hold it together. A YOUNG COUPLE come in and sit across from her, holding hands. The WOMAN is pregnant.

Kathie starts to cry but quickly dries her eyes, straightens her skirt.

INTERCUT WITH BOB, IN THE THEATER, waiting, increasingly restless. A FLASH OF SEX, hands groping breasts.

Bob needs to get out.

THEATER MANAGER (O.S.)
Mr. Durst.

The THEATER MANAGER stands in the lobby, holding a thick envelope. Bob roughly pushes him aside and heads for the door without taking it.

INT. WAITING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

A NURSE enters --

NURSE
Mrs. Durst.

Kathie looks up... then shuts her eyes tight.

CUT TO BLACK.

We hear Kathie breathe deeply. When she opens her eyes we're back in --

INT. WAITING ROOM - RESUMING

The nurse smiles warmly.

NURSE

I'm sorry. We'll have to get started.

EXT. ELAINE'S - THAT NIGHT

To establish: the restaurant is crowded and smoky.

INT. ELAINE'S - THAT MOMENT

Bob and Kathie sit at a table in the back. They look numb.

BOB

I wanted to come. I tried to come.

Kathie stares at him blankly.

BOB

We'll go away. You always wanted to go to Greece.

Kathie doesn't respond.

BOB

We can go anywhere you want. I can tell my Dad I'm taking some time off.

TODD (O.S.)

Bob? Bob?

Bob looks up --

Todd and Lisa Fleck roll in wearing matching furs.

TODD

If it isn't the happy couple...

Awkward hellos. Kathie says nothing. Lisa picks up on the tension but Todd rambles on.

TODD

They can't seat us for an hour. Do you mind, Bob...

(to Waiter)

Can we pull up that chair? Is that okay? Thank you.

(settling in)

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

So, I heard about all the excitement today. Your old man must have had you running all over town...

Kathie abruptly leaves the table. Bob starts to follow her but Lisa stands first.

LISA

Nice job, Todd.

(to Bob)

Sit. I'll go.

Bob reluctantly sits down. Todd looks at Bob, "Did I say something?"

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kathie splashes water on her face. Lisa comes in.

LISA

You okay?

Kathie's quiet.

LISA

He's not being rude. That's just Todd. He's completely unaware of anyone around him...

(chuckles)

Which just makes him an asshole.

Lisa goes into a stall.

LISA

Step into my office...

(Kathie looks at her)

Come on. It'll cheer you up. You look like you need it, and I didn't exactly have the best day.

Kathie follows her in. Lisa locks the door. She takes out a small bag of cocaine from her purse and taps out two lines on the toilet tank with a credit card.

LISA

Have you done this before?

KATHIE

No.

LISA

Just snort it back fast. Like this...

Lisa demonstrates, then hands Kathie a rolled-up bank note. Kathie looks unsure.

LISA
Trust me: whatever's on your mind now,
it won't be.

Kathie leans down and snorts the line...

COCAINE goes into the bank note.

Kathie winces and rubs her nose.

INT. XENON, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

PUSH IN ON KATHIE, alone in a booth, wired, lights flashing
on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. ANN MCCORMACK'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

It's dark. A phone rings in the hall. A light flickers on
upstairs and Ann comes down in her night-dress to answer.

ANN
(sleepy)
Hello?

INT. XENON - THAT MOMENT

Kathie is on a payphone outside the toilets, strung out.

KATHIE
Mom, it's me...

Kathie starts to cry. She covers the phone.

ANN (OVER PHONE)
Where are you?

KATHIE
I've done something, mom... I've done
something terrible.

ANN (OVER PHONE)
Kathie.

KATHIE
I didn't want to. I swear to God, I
wanted to keep it...

Kathie breaks down. A couple kissing and laughing push past.

ANN (OVER PHONE)
Kathie. You've always been the strong
one.

(MORE)

ANN (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
You're the strongest person I know.
Your dad and I always wondered who you
got it from.
(a beat)
Be strong now.

Kathie sucks in a deep breath.

CUT TO:

INT. CORNER BOOTH, XENON - LATER

Bob sits with Susan, the Flecks, and others, deep in conversation with Todd, when Kathie leans over the booth and pulls his arm. Everyone is yelling to be heard over the din.

KATHIE
Bob!?

Bob continues talking. Kathie tugs his arm harder.

KATHIE
Bob!

Bob turns to look at her. She is strung out.

KATHIE
I want to go back to school.

BOB
What!?

KATHIE
I'm going back to school!

Bob looks perplexed. After a beat...

BOB
That's great. That's a great idea.

He turns back to his conversation with Todd. Kathie watches him for a beat.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE FLOOR, DURST ORGANIZATION - LATER

The office is empty. A CUSTODIAN vacuums.

INT. SEYMOUR'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Seymour stands in front of the architectural model, phone in one hand, receiver pressed to his ear.

MAYOR BEAME (OVER PHONE)
 Jesus, Sy, it's like the wild west
 down there. I gave you a chance to
 get rid of those people yourself but
 you wouldn't have it. Let Sidney do
 what he needs to. Then we'll stand
 back and see what we've got. In the
 meantime, I think it would be best for
 you to step down from the Committee.

(beat)

We'll talk again soon.

A click. Seymour raises the heavy telephone over the model
 and brings it down hard.

ALL SOUND OUT.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)

All right...

FLASH ON:

INT. COURTROOM

A MAN'S MANICURED HANDS rest on the balustrade of a jury box.
 A gold signet ring and Vacheron Constantin wristwatch. We
 see the chests of JURORS.

DEGUERIN (O.S.)

Something happened on October 31st of
 the year 2000 that turned your world
 upside down.

INT. WESTCHESTER DA'S OFFICE - DAY (2000) (MOS.)

Rows of cubicles and glassed-in offices. People typing,
 moving about, conferring.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

There was a message...

Becerra sits in a waiting area, beneath an official portrait
 of a handsome woman. The legend: JEANINE PIRRO, DISTRICT
 ATTORNEY - WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

...New York City tabloids were going
 to do a new story about the
 disappearance of Kathie Durst.

INT. PIRRO'S OFFICE - LATER (MOS.)

HEADLINE, THE DAILY NEWS: "COPS SHAKE DUST OFF '82 CASE."

DEGUERIN (V.O.)

Well, what did you believe was going on?

The paper is lowered to reveal District Attorney Jeanine Pirro, 48, wearing a Chanel suit with a short skirt. She looks down a long conference table to where Becerra is being grilled by ADA #1, ADA #2 and Wayne Hackett.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

I believed that the District Attorney of Westchester County was going to seek to charge me and get publicity by doing so to further her political career.

Pirro holds up her hand and the group falls silent.

SOUND RESUMES:

PIRRO

You're quoted.

BECERRA

She caught me off guard. I asked her not to print it. I said it might hurt the case --

HACKETT

What case? The DA decides if there's a case.

Murphy enters, late for the meeting.

PIRRO

As far as I'm aware, this office hasn't approved any investigation, so I'm curious how you think you have the authority --

Murphy takes a seat. Becerra flashes him a glance.

BECERRA

(interrupting)
Durst lied.

Pirro glares at him. Their eyes meet. He dives in.

BECERRA

He says he put his wife on the 9:17 train, then went to the neighbors' for a drink. Neighbors say it never happened.

(MORE)

BECERRA (CONT'D)

He tells the state cops he called her that night when she got back to the city, but when they tell him they can dump his calls, he suddenly remembers he called from a restaurant. Two days later, he tells NYPD he made the call from a payphone three miles away. He said he walked there from his house. It was ten below that night. I checked.

He's got Pirro's attention. Murphy pours himself coffee, the trace of a smile.

HACKETT

Husbands lie all the time.

BECERRA

The neighbors saw this husband throwing his wife's school books out even before he reported her missing. She never got on that train.

ADA #1

That would make it ours.

Pirro swivels her chair toward ADA #2.

PIRRO

What do you think?

ADA #2

Pretty wife. Rich husband. It'll be all over the Six O'Clock News.

HACKETT

Let me put Kelly and Sullivan on it.

Pirro thinks, twiddles her pen. Panicked, Becerra looks around the room. He locks eyes with Murphy.

MURPHY

I'll work with the kid.

INT. PRESS ROOM, WESTCHESTER DA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Pirro is at the podium, bleached by camera lights. Becerra stands to her right in his best suit, chest out.

PIRRO

Thank you for coming on such short notice...

(reading from a statement)

(MORE)

PIRRO (CONT'D)

Due to new evidence which surfaced last week, and a close look at the case, I've decided to open an investigation into the disappearance of Kathleen Durst...

We focus on one reporter, GAIL KAPLAN, 30s, (whose voice we heard on Becerra's answering machine).

PIRRO

Kathleen disappeared in 1982, almost twenty years ago... And she remains a missing person to this day.

PUSH IN ON BECERRA, in the flash of news cameras. FLASH...

INT. DURST ROOM, WESTCHESTER DA'S OFFICE - DAY

Becerra unpacks, putting documents on the wall, rebuilding his timeline. He takes out the photo of Kathie smiling, "Case Goes Cold," and tacks it above his desk.

PIRRO (V.O.)

Yet our evidence points to a homicide in Westchester, and it was never pursued here...

Murphy sits at a desk across the room, watching.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAWALL, GALVESTON, TEXAS - THAT MOMENT

TRACKING BEHIND THE MIDDLE-AGED BLONDE WOMAN WE MET ON THE CAUSEWAY, in her floral blouse, now carrying grocery bags. She reaches behind to adjust her underwear.

PIRRO (V.O.)

Now there are plenty of people who thought they got away with crimes that we're now finding can be solved based on DNA and other forensic evidence, and I'm sure this puts a lot people on edge right now.

The Woman turns up a side street and we recognize her as BOB, 58 here, dressed as a woman, wearing makeup and a wig.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - LATER

The hallway of a cheap rooming house. Bob walks toward us with his groceries.

ALL SOUND OUT.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
 Okay... so November 11th the story
 breaks. What did you do then?

Bob comes to a door, rustling for his keys. An odd-looking man, 71, emerges from the room across the hall, and starts berating Bob... This is MORRIS BLACK.

MR. DURST (V.O.)
 It convinced me what I wanted to do
 was to go some place and hide and not
 be Robert Durst...

Bob looks at Morris blankly, then writes on a small note pad:
 "I AM MUTE."

MR. DURST (V.O.)
 I decided I was going -- I was going
 to Galveston to hide.

SOUND RESUMES:

MORRIS
 Yeah, well... just make sure you turn
 the hall light off when you come or
 leave. It's on my meter -- and while
 we're at it: I don't like music, I
 don't like dogs, and I hate the smell
 of anything fried.

Morris goes back inside his room and slams the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL, ROOMING HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Morris stands in the dark at the far end of the hall, outside Bob's door.

CU. MORRIS, swaying slightly, listening to THE SOUND OF CNN coming from behind the door. HOLD.

INT. LIQUOR STORE, GALVESTON - LATER

Bob is at the check-out counter in shorts and a golf-shirt, wig and makeup gone.

BOB
 (to clerk)
 A quart of Jack Daniels.

Morris steps up behind him.

MORRIS
 You got a TV?

BOB
(turning)
...excuse me?

MORRIS
I can hear you got a TV.

Bob looks at him. The CLERK waits for Bob to pay.

INT. BOB'S ROOM, ROOMING HOUSE, GALVESTON - LATER

Dank and depressing, old wallpaper and a rickety ceiling fan. BOB AND MORRIS watch CNN, drinking whiskey from plastic cups. Bob's floral blouse hangs on the bathroom door. His platinum wig is perched on a styrofoam head on the bureau.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. AUDITORIUM, WESTERN CT. STATE COLLEGE - DAY (1977)

A HANDSOME PROFESSOR teaches a biochemistry class. Kathie sits in the front row next to BONNIE FELDER, 25, slight, short black hair. They take notes.

EXT. GARDEN SHED, LAKE COTTAGE - THAT MOMENT

A blustery, NOVEMBER afternoon. Bob straddles the roof of the garden shed, a joint clasped between his lips.

ALL SOUND OUT.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
Marijuana use has increased. Your
bulimia has worsened. Are you talking
to yourself?

He is installing a wind speed monitor, mumbling to himself.

MR. DURST (V.O.)
I have always been talking to myself.

He runs a wire through a vent into the shed...

INT. GARDEN SHED - MOMENTS LATER (MOS.)

Bob stands in front of a home weather station, rubbing his hands together for warmth.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
How did that affect your performance
at the Durst Organization?

He sees the wire running down from the ceiling and pulls. It is caught on something in the storage loft above...

MR. DURST (V.O.)

It was apparent to me and everybody else that I really wasn't capable of working in that type of business. I gradually stopped going.

SOUND RESUMES:

He pulls harder and a cardboard box falls from the loft, spilling papers and old photos across the floor.

BOB

Shit.

He cleans up the mess, a photograph catches his eye...

- Kathie back in Vermont, sweeps the porch under the brand new sign: "ALL GOOD THINGS." She smiles for the camera.

He looks at another photograph...

- Bob and Kathie, in an impromptu self-portrait. The dusk light bathes them in a golden glow. JUST THEIR FACES, IN PROFILE, KISSING.

Bob stares at the photograph. The sound of a car. He looks up through the window to see a MAILMAN walk up the path.

Bob puts the photographs back in the box.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE COTTAGE - LATER

Bob sorts the mail, stops on a letter.

CU. A RETURN ADDRESS: "ALBERT EINSTEIN SCHOOL OF MEDICINE"

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE PARKING LOT - LATER

Kathie and Bonnie cross the parking lot.

BONNIE

Doesn't he understand that you have finals?

KATHIE

Bob? Understand? He already hates that I spend my weeks up here.

(MORE)

KATHIE (CONT'D)

Our deal is that I spend weekends with him and he wants to go to this party in the city tonight...

BONNIE

I don't think you are grasping the gravity of the situation. If you aren't at the study group we're all going to fail...

KATHIE

(laughing)

All right. He'll have to live without me. I'll see you at eight.

As Bonnie walks off, the Handsome Professor passes Kathie on the way to his car. Kathie quickens her pace to catch up.

KATHIE

Ben, can I get another copy of the chemistry study guide?

On the trunk of his car, the Professor roots around in his briefcase and finds one.

PROFESSOR

Kathie, you're going to do fine...

CUT TO:

INT. RED MERCEDES - THAT MOMENT

THROUGH A CAR WINDSHIELD: The Professor smiles and puts his hand on Kathie's shoulder affectionately as they chat.

REVERSE: Bob watches for a beat, cold, then honks...

EXT. LAKE TRUESDALE - DAY

A SAILBOAT drifts, rudderless, in the middle of the lake, its sail sagging in the water.

INT. KITCHEN, LAKE COTTAGE - THAT MOMENT

Kathie enters, drops her bag...

She sees THE LETTER, NOW OPEN and lying on the counter. She picks it up, reads it, and a broad smile crosses her face. She lets out a yelp. She glances up to see Bob heading down the back lawn toward the lake, stripping to his underwear as he goes. He dives in.

EXT. LAKE TRUESDALE - THAT MOMENT

ON BOB, swimming through the icy water like his life depends on it. He comes to the wayward boat and hauls himself up. He catches his breath, steam rising off his skin.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - THAT MOMENT

Kathie stands inside, looking out, her smile extinguished. Reflected in the window, Bob paddles the boat back to shore.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

WE FOLLOW KATHIE down from the house, a blanket in one hand, the acceptance letter in the other. Bob has pulled the boat onto the lawn and is shaking a can of spray paint. He begins to spray paint something across the boat's deck.

KATHIE

What are you doing?

He finishes, sits down on the grass, stares out at the lake. She looks down to see he's painted their phone number.

BOB

I don't want anyone stealing it.

Kathie sits down next to Bob.

KATHIE

Come on, Bob. At least I'll be back in the city.

Bob is shivering.

BOB

We should have stayed in Vermont...

WE HEAR the sound of a CHILD PLAYING next door. Kathie glances over to see Ruth and Bill Mayer playing tag with their daughter, now five years old.

KATHIE

It's too late for that now.

WIDE: Kathie pulls the blanket around Bob and rubs his shoulders.

INT. SHOWER, LAKE COTTAGE - LATER

Bob takes a hot shower. The glass of the shower door is fogged. We see the shape of Kathie moving to open the door. Bob turns to see her step inside. She reaches up and touches his face, his ears. He closes his eyes. She touches his eyelids. They kiss...

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - LATER

Bob packs his car, leaving to go back to the city. Kathie stands by. He opens the door for Igor to get in.

BOB
(to Igor)
Go on, get in...

Igor just looks at him.

KATHIE
Please leave him.

BOB
I have to take him to the vet.
(to Igor)
Get in...

Igor starts barking at Bob.

KATHIE
I'll take him to the vet out here.

BOB
Why?

KATHIE
You know why, Bob. I get nervous here at night.

BOB
Then come home.

Kathie looks at him, exhausted. Bob steps forward and puts his arms around her, holds her awkwardly.

BOB
Come with me to Susan's party. Don't make me go alone.

KATHIE
You know I have to study tonight.

BOB
(smiles)
You could always blame me...

Kathie pulls away.

KATHIE
Please don't do this.

Bob looks at her, not knowing what to do.

KATHIE
You promised... you said anything I want. Well this is it, Bob. This is what I want... I'm going to be a doctor.

BOB
(to Igor)
Come on.

Bob grabs him by the collar and pulls him toward the car. Igor digs in, thrashing from side to side. Bob tightens his grip. The dog starts wheezing.

KATHIE
Bob. Stop. You're hurting him.
Igor yelps, PULLING OUT OF HIS COLLAR and running behind the house. Bob gets into the car and peels off.

INT. MERCEDES - MOMENTS LATER

It's dark. Bob drives fast, mumbling angrily to himself, distracted. At the edge of the beam from the headlights, movement. Bob swerves and WE HEAR A SICKENING THUD.

EXT. ROUTE 22, BEDFORD - MOMENTS LATER

The Mercedes is pulled off the road. Bob gets out and looks back down the road to see...

...A SMALL DOE, standing in the middle of the road, stunned, its breath visible. It staggers off into the woods.

Bob watches it go.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - NIGHT

Looking through a window: Kathie sits on the floor in front of the fire with Bonnie and two classmates amid textbooks and papers. Bonnie speaks animatedly. The others laugh.

ON KATHIE, smiling, enjoying the camaraderie.

INT. SAMMY'S ROMANIAN, LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

TRACKING ACROSS STACKS of copies of the book Becerra pulled from the NYPD files: *EASY STREET* by Susan Berman.

Bob is crammed between elbows and laughter, people stuffing their mouths with chopped liver and onions, drinking Vodka. Susan's PUBLISHER stands and raises a toast.

PUBLISHER

To our dear Susan, and the first of many a great novel.

They clink and congratulate her. Bob half-raises his glass. Susan leans into him.

SUSAN

Quit moping. Tonight you're a single guy in New York City. Things could be worse...

Someone squeezes in, and Bob gets shoved. He turns angrily to see Prudence Farrow, tanned and beautiful. She smiles apologetically.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Relax Bob. Have a drink.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE - LATER

Kathie is alone, studying, glass of wine and a cigarette, Igor curled up at her side. She stops writing... she can't concentrate, looks at Igor.

KATHIE

You, young man, look like a stray old hound without your collar.

She takes off her BLUE BANDANA and ties it around Igor's neck as a makeshift collar.

KATHIE

There. Perfect..

She looks at the phone.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

FLASH. A box of Midol...

FLASH. A box of Tampax...

FLASH. A prescription pill vial with Kathie's name on it.

The answering machine beeps.

KATHIE'S VOICE

Bob? It's me. I don't know what time it is. It's late.

Kathie's message continues over a MONTAGE of still images, small details of the apartment, each punctuated by A CAMERA FLASH...

KATHIE'S VOICE

And it's so quiet here, the smallest sounds are keeping me up. Anyway, I miss you, and I'm sorry we left on such a bad note... I just wanted to say that, and I wanted to hear your voice.

The last image is A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH OF BOB AND KATHIE SKIING, on a table next to the answering machine, which clicks off. Bob's hand removes the photograph.

A DOORBELL rings.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE - THAT MOMENT

Kathie hangs up. She looks outside. It is snowing.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - THAT MOMENT

Bob opens the door to reveal PRUDENCE FARROW.

PRUDENCE

Hi.

CUT TO:

A CLEAR BLUE SKY... GRADUATION CAPS GO FLYING...

EXT. WESTERN CT. STATE COLLEGE - DAY

A beautiful SPRING DAY. GRADUATES in gowns stand and applaud. We find Kathie, her face glowing with pride, hugging Bonnie.

In the crowd, Bob remains seated, the only one not clapping.

ALL SOUND OUT.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

Kathie moved back to New York in 1978.

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

Kathie reorganizes a bookshelf, making room for her schoolbooks. Igor, lying on the carpet, watches with interest.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

To my great shock she had gotten into medical school in New York City...
Albert Einstein Medical School, which is about the best.

SOUND RESUMES:

Kathie moves a dictionary, and a set of Polaroids falls out. She picks them up and looks through them, confused.

INSERT: POLAROIDs SHOWING FAMILIAR DETAILS OF THE APARTMENT, THE MEDICINE CABINET, NIGHT STANDS, ETC.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Bob arrives home from work. Kathie stands in the kitchen doorway, holding out the Polaroids.

KATHIE

What are these?

Without looking at her, Bob puts his briefcase on the floor.

BOB

What?

KATHIE

These pictures.

BOB

I don't know. Let's go to the lake this weekend.

He takes a hanger from the closet, hangs up his coat.

KATHIE

You're not looking.

BOB

I don't take pictures.

KATHIE

Bob. These are pictures of our things. Of small things, our lives. Who would take these pictures then hide them in a book?

Bob passes her on his way into the kitchen.

KATHIE

Bob?

(nothing)

Okay. Well, that you don't know
twists it from really weird to really
scary and if it's not you, then
someone's coming into our apartment
and I'm calling the police.

Kathie watches him open the refrigerator, looking for a beer.
She picks up the phone.

BOB

I took them.

KATHIE

(hangs up)

Why? Why would you lie? And why
would you take pictures of our things?

Bob just looks at her.

KATHIE

This is getting too strange, Bob.
Taking pictures of our things, is that
like painting our phone number on your
boat? That you're worried someone's
going to steal something? What am I
supposed to think? I don't know what
to think, if it's your work or
something I'm doing --

BOB

I'm seeing someone.

KATHIE

What?

Kathie looks at him, confused.

KATHIE

What are you talking about?

BOB

I've been seeing someone. When she
comes here I move your things to make
it look like I live alone... and I
take pictures so I can put everything
back in the right place.

Kathie is speechless. She looks away, trying to straighten
her thoughts --

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kathie throws clothes haphazardly into a suitcase on the bed.
Bob watches from the door.

BOB
What are you doing?

She doesn't answer, goes on packing.

BOB
Where are you going?

KATHIE
I don't know. Back to the lake. My
brother's. I'm not staying here.

She looks up at Bob.

KATHIE
You are just too sad.

She goes back to packing. Bob's anger rises.

BOB
Where will you live, Kathie? Who'll
pay your tuition? Who will pay? You?

She doesn't respond.

BOB
I can't continue to subsidize your
lifestyle.

She stops packing but doesn't look up.

Bob stands there for a moment, then leaves. Kathie sits down
on the bed to think.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - THAT MOMENT

Alone in the dark, Bob leans against the counter, his chest
heaving, his face wet with tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN ROADS - DAY

We pick up on the Mercedes driving...

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT

Bob and Kathie drive in silence. Kathie stares out of the side window.

INT. ANN MCCORMACK'S HOME - THAT MOMENT

Kathie's graduation party. Guests mingle under a haze of cigarette smoke. Kathie sits on the couch between Jim and Ann, all talking, drinking, and laughing. Kathie is drunk.

KATHIE

Say it, you didn't think I was smart enough.

JIM

Of course I did.

KATHIE

Neither did my husband, if that makes you feel better.

ANN

Where is the campus?

KATHIE

It's in the city. In the Bronx. It's got one of the best pediatrics programs in the country --

JIM

Medical school. You believe this? She's going to be a doctor now. Can we still call you Kathie? Or is it Dr. Kathie?

They laugh. Kathie slaps his hand.

ON BOB, watching Kathie from the adjacent room. He stands uncomfortably with a small group.

BOB

Excuse me.

Bob works his way through the crowd. Sharon stops him.

SHARON

Congratulations, Bob.
(kissing his cheek)
You must be so proud.

Bob pushes by.

ANGLE -- KATHIE, JIM AND ANN.

ANN
(to Jim)
I always thought you'd be the doctor.

JIM
Well, that's nice, mom, thank you. I
feel much better about my life now --

Bob approaches, ready to leave.

BOB
Get your coat. I can't find your
coat.

ANN
Are you leaving?

KATHIE
No.

JIM
Bob. Sit down. Come on, what are you
drinking?

BOB
Kathie.

KATHIE
I'm not leaving.

BOB
I'll start the car.

KATHIE
Do whatever you want. I'm not leaving
yet.

Bob looks at her.

KATHIE
(raising her voice,
slurring)
What, Bob? What is it that's so
important that we have to rush home
for? You know, for someone who
doesn't go to work, you sure as hell
act busy.

People are looking over now.

BOB
I'll wait in the car.

INT. MERCEDES (PARKED) - LATER

Bob gets in and starts the car. He turns on the radio and tries to calm himself. Suddenly, he turns the car off, and gets out...

EXT/INT. ANN MCCORMACK'S HOME - THAT MOMENT

WE FOLLOW BOB back into the house, into the living room. In an instant, HE GRABS KATHIE BY HER HAIR, yanking her up off the couch and marching her out of the room.

It's dead silent, everyone too stunned to react.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - MORNING (2000)

FADE UP ON THE LAKE. A police search. TROOPERS with dogs comb the surrounding woods. Becerra and Murphy watch as a dredge-cage is hauled onto a boat.

BECERRA

So how's this going to work?

MURPHY

What?

BECERRA

You and me.

A beat.

MURPHY

Milk. Two sugars.

Becerra looks uncomfortable. Murphy smiles, letting him off the hook. A LOUD SQUAWK on their radios.

COP

(over radio, dogs barking)
Detective?

MURPHY

(into radio)
Yeah?

COP

(over radio)
Sir, I think you should get down here.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

FOLLOWING BECERRA toward a thin stretch of woodland where troopers are gathered, looking down at the ground, dogs barking and tugging at their leashes.

Two troopers stand in a ditch, digging away loose soil with their hands. Becerra approaches the OFFICER IN CHARGE.

BECERRA

What is it?

He shrugs without looking at him.

Hands brush off loose soil, exposing a RIB-CAGE protruding from the earth, wrapped in an old TRASH BAG...

OFFICER IN CHARGE

We've got a body. Get forensics down here.

Commotion as cops react, radioing. Murphy joins Becerra.

Becerra's eyes are fixed on the ditch, his heart pounding in his throat...

The trooper starts to remove the garbage bag, hesitates... Then lifts it, revealing the SKULL OF A DOG with tufts of fur hanging off it.

Becerra exhales, containing his disappointment.

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - DUSK

It is getting dark. Troopers and divers carry their gear to their trucks. The end of a nonevent.

Becerra sits on the shore, looking out at the lake.

MURPHY (V.O.)

What if she did get on that train?

INT. DURST ROOM - NIGHT

Becerra sits with his head in his hands across from Murphy who has his feet up on a table.

MURPHY

What if it's like the dad said? She got tired of being married to such a cheapskate, emptied the bank account, and ran off with the drug dealer.

Becerra starts going through the file boxes.

BECERRA

He must have moved the body.

Murphy watches.

BECERRA

He says he was in Connecticut the next day looking at real estate.

MURPHY

Joe --

BECERRA

We got expense reports signed by his secretary, a Mrs. Lula Brown, who's either dead, or deaf and doesn't pick up her phone.

(sifting through bills)

He didn't use his credit cards... no gas receipts...

(picking up an overstuffed file folder)

And we got phone records with five thousand calls from the Durst Organization and no way to figure out which ones came from Bob's office --

MURPHY

JOE!

Becerra throws down the files.

BECERRA

It's bullshit, Ed. It's bullshit and you know it.

MURPHY

Why? It's just as good as anything you've got...

BECERRA

(overlapping)

Because she wasn't like that. Not Kathie.

MURPHY

Not Kathie? You know her now? What do you really know, Joe?

Becerra goes quiet. Sits back in his chair, spent.

BECERRA

I know she never had a chance.

Murphy pulls on his coat, starts to leave.

MURPHY

I'll be sure to mention that when I
tell the DA we got nothing.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Becerra pulls into a parking space next to a roadside diner,
turns off the car, sits back, exhales. He looks up at the
window, where a WOMAN sits alone in a booth, her back to us.

BECERRA (V.O.)

Last time we talked, I got burned.

INT. DINER, WESTCHESTER - LATER

The Woman is Gail Kaplan, the *Daily News* reporter we met at
Pirro's press conference.

KAPLAN

It got you in the DA's office. Anyway,
you called me this time. What do you
need?

A beat.

BECERRA

Pirro's going to pull the plug.

KAPLAN

Not as long as there's a headline in
it.

A WAITRESS refills their coffees. Kaplan takes a sip.

BECERRA

Seriously, I need help.

KAPLAN

(considers)

You talk to Susan Berman yet?

BECERRA

Bob's friend? The writer? Not yet.

KAPLAN

They were thick as thieves. She stood
up for him after Kathie disappeared.
I talked to her once, before she
started hanging up on me. She told me
she hasn't worked in a few years. But
somebody's paying her rent. Did you
read her book?

BECERRA
Yeah. Nothing there.

KAPLAN
You must have read the wrong book.

She fishes in her handbag and takes out a worn paperback, slides it across the table.

KAPLAN
I underlined the juicy parts.

INT. MURPHY'S HOME - 2 AM

Murphy asleep with his WIFE. The phone rings. He picks up.

MURPHY (INTO PHONE)
Yeah.

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Becerra sits in bed, his dogs curled up around him, the phone pressed to his ear. He's holding the paperback: *SPIDERWEB* by Susan Berman. INTERCUT WITH THE ABOVE.

BECERRA (INTO PHONE)
Murph. It's Joe.

MURPHY
What time is it?

BECERRA
I don't know. It's late.

Murphy sits up, sees the time.

MURPHY
What is it, Joe? Jesus --

BECERRA
Bob's friend, Susan Berman. She wrote another book, after Kathie disappeared. Listen...
(reading)
"Blue Calloway's wife disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Her family accused him of murdering her. He had some phony story about what happened the day she disappeared. Did they arrest him? No. So he wasn't charged. Maybe he didn't do it, I said, finding it impossible to picture Blue as a murderer. Elizabeth, don't be naive. He just didn't get caught."

Murphy is quiet. His wife stirs.

MURPHY
She wrote that?

BECERRA
This is it, Ed. We've got to go see her.

Murphy thinks.

MURPHY
All right. I'll work it out with the DA in the morning.

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Becerra hangs up, restless. He flips through the book. On the inside cover, Kaplan has written a Los Angeles address and phone number. He picks up the phone and dials... We hear it ringing on the other end.

SUSAN (OVER PHONE)
(groggy)
Hello?

BECERRA
Miss Berman?

We hear rustling, coughing.

SUSAN (OVER PHONE)
Who is this?

BECERRA
This is Detective Joe Becerra from the New York State Police.
(silence)
I'd like to talk to you about Robert Durst.

SUSAN (OVER PHONE)
Shit.

She hangs up.

CUT TO:

AN ANSWERING MACHINE CLICKS ON...

AUTOMATED VOICE
The person you called is not available. Please leave a message.

BEEP --

SUSAN'S VOICE

Bob, it's me...

INT. OLD MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE, LOS ANGELES - DAY

CRANE UP FROM A CALIFORNIA VANITY PLATE - "E-Z STRT" - to reveal SUSAN BERMAN, 50s here, head-scarf and cheap sunglasses, at the wheel of an old convertible. THREE WIREHAired TERRIERS sit on the passenger seat squinting into the wind.

SUSAN'S VOICE

I don't know how people get my number. First it was this reporter, and now a cop's calling from New York every five minutes.

INT. BOB'S ROOM, GALVESTON - DAY

Bob comes in, sweating from his morning jog, running shoes, shorts and wig. Susan's message plays on the MACHINE.

SUSAN'S VOICE

I can't believe this is happening again. And I want to be there for you, Bob. But I have my own problems now.

Bob sits at the table, pulls off his wig, unties his shoes.

INT. CONVERTIBLE, LOS ANGELES - RESUMING

THE ENGINE SUDDENLY CATCHES FIRE. Susan panics and pulls over, her dogs going wild.

SUSAN'S VOICE

I had an accident. It's nothing serious, but my car was totalled... and as you know, life in Los Angeles without one is impossible...

INT. BOB'S ROOM, GALVESTON - DAY

Bob crosses to the bathroom and reaches for the stop button.

SUSAN'S VOICE

And I hate myself for asking, but I need more money --

BEEP. The message is cut off.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY, LOS ANGELES - RESUMING

Susan hurries out of her car gathering her dogs in her arms.

SUSAN'S VOICE

Hello? Bob? Shit. I don't know if this is recording.

INT. BOB'S ROOM, GALVESTON - DAY

Bob is passed out on the couch, the TV on.

SUSAN'S VOICE

(crying)

Bob... Bob, why are you avoiding me? I've always been there for you. I've been a good friend to you, Bob. Don't fucking ignore me...

BEEP -- JUMP CUT TO:

Bob lets himself in. He props a paper bag on the table, removes two boxes of .22 shells.

SUSAN'S VOICE

(composed)

Hey. It's me. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to blow up like that.

Bob goes to the oven, puts the bullets in the grill drawer. He sits at the table, taking a checkbook from a key tray.

SUSAN'S VOICE

It's just the hardest thing for me. And I don't feel like I thanked you for the last check --

CU. BOB WRITES A CHECK FOR \$25,000.

INT. BOB'S ROOM, GALVESTON - NIGHT

2 AM. Bob stands on a chair on the bed in his underwear, a joint clasped in his lips, trying to kill a mosquito with a rolled up newspaper.

SUSAN'S VOICE

I don't want to make this about money. It's not about money. But if you tell me something, then I think that's what it is, you know --

CU. MOSQUITO... SWATTED.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Susan cries on the roadside, smoke billowing from her car. Traffic flies by. A CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROLMAN pulls up on his motorcycle.

SUSAN'S VOICE

(forced laughter)

You're my fucking brother, Bob, you know that? And I'm not getting gooey on you... I just miss you.

AND WE HEAR A COMMOTION, two men yelling at each other...

CUT TO:

FISH-EYE VIEW: through a PEEPHOLE into the rooming house hallway. Morris brandishes a floor lamp to keep the Landlord at bay.

MORRIS

No. Get away from me. I got rights here. I know my rights.

INT. HALLWAY, ROOMING HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Morris thrusts at the Landlord.

LANDLORD

What rights? You got thirty days to get out. You're lucky I don't call the cops.

MORRIS

You can't come in here. I pay you... I pay good money for this shit hole.

LANDLORD

(starts to leave)

Whatever. You got thirty days, Morris... and stop turning off the goddamn light.

INT. BOB'S ROOM, GALVESTON - THAT MOMENT

Bob moves away from the peephole. We hear Morris' door slam. Bob thinks for a moment.

CUT TO:

CU. BLONDE MODEL IN A COSMETIC AD, torn from a magazine and tacked to a telephone pole, fluttering in the wind.

EXT. PELICAN ISLAND - MORNING

CABOOM! The model's head is blown off and a bullet rips into the wood, sending splinters flying.

CABOOM! CABOOM!

BOB (O.S.)

The hell you learn to shoot like that?

Morris lowers the target pistol. Next to him, Bob in his blouse but no wig, also holds a pistol. They are standing on the rocky shore of a small cove, desolate, neglected. Broken wires hang from telephone poles.

INT. BOB'S HONDA - LATER

Bob and Morris sit in the car, in a large empty parking lot on the beach. They're in fits of laughter, smoking a JOINT, both very stoned.

BOB

The Purple Heart?

Morris nods, wheezing with laughter.

BOB

...for...for sunburn?

MORRIS

I swear to God. And we spent the whole damn war shooting coconuts off the side of the boat. That's all we did.

BOB

You're a hero, goddamnit. The Purple Heart.

MORRIS

No one... not one casualty, so they gave them out for sunburn and dysentery... five years in the Pacific and the only Jap I saw was the cook...
(tearing, he can barely finish)
...and he was from Kansas.

This has them in silent wheezing fits. Morris starts coughing... more and more. Bob stops laughing, looks at him. Morris gets out of the car, heaving, holding the door to keep his balance.

HOLD INSIDE THE CAR ON BOB, watching Morris, whose face is reddening as he tries to catch his breath.

EXT. BOB'S HONDA - THAT MOMENT

Bob gets out to help Morris, who raises his hand for Bob to leave him alone. He finally stops coughing.

MORRIS
(recovering)
The hell you wear all that shit for anyway?

BOB
What?

MORRIS
The girl stuff? You like that kind of thing?

BOB
No.

MORRIS
What then?

BOB
I don't know. I just want to disappear for a while.
(a beat)
What about you? Isn't that why you came here.

MORRIS
Me?
(shaking his head)
I disappeared a long time ago...

Bob looks at him, pulls on the joint. It's out. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a key to his room.

BOB
Listen, I'm not always here. I know you like to watch TV.

He hands Morris the key.

BOB
In case I'm out of town...

WIDE: Bob moves to get into the Honda. Morris stands there for a moment, looking at the key. This might be the nicest thing anyone's ever done for him. He rushes to get in the car, and they drive off.

EXT. A NEW SEASIDE CONDO COMPLEX - LATER

A banner across the fence: "FOR SALE - OPEN HOUSE TODAY."

INT. NEW CONDO - THAT MOMENT

Empty, new paint. A REALTOR shows TWO COUPLES around.

REALTOR

Everything's top-shelf: the Berber carpets, the cabinets are in real oak -- and of course, the location's a big draw...

ALL SOUND OUT.

Another couple ENTER FRAME and we recognize them as Morris and Bob, who is now wearing his platinum wig. No one makes much of them.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)

At some point during that summer, did Morris Black become aware that you had a lot of money?

Morris heads down a sunny hallway.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

He became aware that I had financial resources or whatever.

INT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT (MOS.)

Morris looks into a bedroom: gleaming floors, a bay window.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)

Knowing you were going to buy a house and so forth, what, if any affect did you see that have on Morris?

Morris looks inside the closet turning the light on and off.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

A couple of times I thought when we were looking at open houses that he was alluding to the fact -- alluding to, "this would be a great place for you to buy because there would be room for me over there," or something like that.

SOUND RESUMES:

Morris sits on the bed, testing the mattress. He looks up to see Bob in the doorway.

BOB

Let's go.

MORRIS

What do you think?

BOB

It's nice, Morris. It's real nice...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JACOBI HOSPITAL - NIGHT (1981)

An emergency room door flies open and TWO PARAMEDICS rush in from the ambulance bay wheeling in a TEENAGE GIRL, black, with IV lines swinging over her.

TRACKING WITH KATHIE in GREEN SCRUBS, as she follows them in with a clipboard.

KATHIE

How old is she?

PARAMEDIC

Fifteen, sixteen.

KATHIE

(feels her wrist)

Do we have a name?

PARAMEDIC

No. Where are we going?

KATHIE

Exam Four. We're on diversion. There's a slot in four.

Kathie stops, rubs her eyes, exhausted.

LINDSTROM (O.S.)

Kathie?

Kathie turns to see DEAN LINDSTROM, late 30s here, white coat, standing in the doorway of an office.

LINDSTROM

We need to talk.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER

THROUGH THE GLASS, Lindstrom talks to Kathie, showing her a pink notice. Kathie paces, upset. Lindstrom tries to comfort her.

CUT TO:

INT. MILBANK TWEED - MORNING

A brass plaque behind the reception desk tells us this is the venerable New York law firm. Kathie, dressed conservatively, waits with Bonnie.

BONNIE

Are you okay?

KATHIE

I can't believe I'm sitting here.

INT. ERMA BARRY'S OFFICE - LATER

Kathie and Bonnie sit opposite ERMA BARRY, an attractive lawyer with a grave, precise manner.

ERMA BARRY

Your husband is the beneficiary of a number of family trusts, most of which were set up a long time ago.

KATHIE

I know that...

ERMA BARRY

Well, that means the money you live off of comes from distributions made from these trusts. So he's entitled to it, and he can spend it as he likes, but he can't access the corpus of the trust.

BONNIE

Motherfuckers.

KATHIE

(overlapping)

What does that mean? I don't know what that means --

ERMA BARRY

It means that as long as you're married, you can have access to it.

(MORE)

ERMA BARRY (CONT'D)

But if you separate, if you divorce him, you won't get any money because he doesn't have any. Not of his own.

Kathie absorbs this.

KATHIE

He's cut off my tuition. I just need enough to finish school...

ERMA BARRY

Regardless... families like the Dursts set their assets up this way to protect them from divorces.

BONNIE

(to Kathie)

Mother. Fuckers.

ERMA BARRY

(to Bonnie)

Okay, can you just not... just not do that.

(back to Kathie)

If you want a settlement, you're going to have to think of a way to motivate them... these people play hardball --

CUT TO:

A CREDIT CARD MACHINE FLASHES "AUTHORIZATION DECLINED"

INT. D'AGOSTINO, UPPER WEST SIDE - LATER

Kathie is at the checkout trying to buy groceries and a carton of cigarettes. People behind her are becoming impatient. The CASHIER looks up.

CASHIER

Same again.

KATHIE

That's impossible.

CASHIER

Do you have cash?

Kathie gives her a look: "What do you think?"

CASHIER

I'm going to have to ask you to step aside so I can serve other customers.

Kathie looks embarrassed. All eyes on her.

LISA (O.S.)

Kathie?

Lisa Fleck, on her way out of the store, sees Kathie.

KATHIE

Hi.

LISA

What's going on?

KATHIE

I don't know. My cards are being declined.

LISA

Oh, for Christ's sake, here.

Lisa whips out a credit card and hands it to the cashier.

LISA

(noticing people staring)

What the hell's everyone looking at?
Her husband makes more money in five
minutes than all of yours together in
a year.

INT. FLECK APARTMENT - LATER

Kathie pulls back her hair to snort a line of coke.

LISA

Go easy. It's not cut.

Kathie and Lisa sit on a couch. Walls, furniture, everything is white. Music plays quietly on the record player. Kathie blinks, snorts again.

LISA

I'm serious.

KATHIE

Do you have a cigarette? I need a cigarette.

Lisa gives her one. Kathie lights up.

LISA

What going on?

KATHIE

I don't know. It's Bob...

(cutting another line)

He's crazy. I'm going to be a doctor.

(MORE)

KATHIE (CONT'D)

I mean, you'd think he'd be proud of me, you know... anyone else would be proud, right?

Kathie rubs her nose.

KATHIE

I think it would have worked out differently with Bob if we'd had kids. For all the messed up things he's done, I still think we could have made a nice family.

Kathie looks up to see Lisa looking at her, incredulous.

KATHIE

Yeah, I know.

The phone rings. Lisa crosses the room to answer. Kathie eyes the COCAINE on the table.

CUT TO:

LISA ON THE PHONE IN THE HALL:

LISA

(hushed)

She went to a lawyer, Todd... I don't know who, a lawyer. What difference does it make? No, you can't tell Bob. Because... just don't.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa comes back into the living room. Kathie has left... the cocaine's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM, PENTHOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Bob and Kathie sit across the table from each other, separated by Chinese take-out containers. Bob stares at her, his food untouched. Kathie eats, trying not to look up.

BOB

(after a beat)

How was your day?

Kathie briefly glances up.

KATHIE

Good.

Bob continues to stare at her.

KATHIE
I ran into Rachel. At D'Agostino's.

BOB
What a coincidence. I got a call from
Todd.

She takes a sip of wine. Her hand is shaking.

BOB
What else did you do today?

Kathie looks at Bob. Then looks back down at her plate,
putting down her chopsticks.

CUT TO:

INT. CALLENDER APARTMENT, 37 RIVERSIDE DRIVE - NIGHT

BRIAN and KIM CALLENDER, an attractive couple in their 30s,
sit in bed watching *MASH* on TV. We hear rain outside.

SUDDENLY: There's banging on the window, behind drawn blinds.
They sit up, alarmed.

KIM
What the hell is that?

Brian gets up and goes to the window.

KIM
Don't. Brian. Call the police.

Brian ignores her and parts the blinds. Kathie stands on
their balcony, 14 floors up, shaking and crying in the
pouring rain.

KIM
Oh my God.

Brian opens the window and helps her in. Her lip is badly
cut and there's blood on her collar.

BRIAN
Jesus, what happened?

KATHIE
(hyperventilating)
Oh God. Oh God.

BRIAN
What the hell happened? Kim, call the
police.

Kim goes to the phone.

KATHIE
No. No. No...

Kathie holds him, sobbing. Brian and Kim share a look.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A door opens to reveal Bob, perfectly composed. Brian stands in the hallway.

BOB
Brian.

BRIAN
Bob, Kathie's next door with us, and she's scared to come home.

BOB
Yeah. No. I know. We had a fight, but it's nothing, you can tell her to come home now.

CU. Kathie, just inside the Callender apartment, listening.

BRIAN
Actually, I don't think that's such a great idea. I think she should stay with us tonight, just let things cool off between you.

Kathie, now composed, exits the Callender apartment, unzipping the sweater and handing it to Brian on her way out. She walks past them into her apartment.

KATHIE
Thank you.

Kathie goes inside and Bob closes the door, leaving Brian standing in the hall. Brian turns to see Kim in their doorway, glares at her: "What happened?" She shrugs.

INT. BEDROOM, PENTHOUSE - LATER

Bob is sound asleep facing away from Kathie. She is awake, the outline of a bruise starting to form around her eye.

CUT TO:

AN IBM SELECTRIC TYPEWRITER TYPES: "October 9th, 1981"

INT. ANTEROOM, DURST ORGANIZATION - LATER

LULA BROWN, Bob's secretary, 40s, black, types a letter, cigarette burning in the ashtray. She looks up as Kathie comes in, a school bag over her shoulder, sunglasses to cover the bruise. She is fidgety, wired.

LULA BROWN
Hello Mrs. Durst.

KATHIE
How are you Lula? Is Bob in?

LULA BROWN
No, he's upstairs, and he has a lunch meeting at one.

KATHIE
Do you mind if I wait in his office?
I need to make some calls.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kathie enters and moves quickly to the desk. She picks up the phone and punches in a number. After a moment we hear:

VOICE ON PHONE
At the tone, the time will be eleven
fifty six and twenty seconds... beep
(continuing)...

Kathie rests the receiver on the desk.

INT. ANTEROOM - THAT MOMENT

A TELEPHONE with a console. A light blinks on Line One. The typewriter clacks.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Kathie rifles through the file cabinet.

She finds a file: "LUXOR BATHS." She thinks. Then another: "AVON 42 THEATER" and "123 HOTEL." She pulls them out and shoves them into her bag.

INT. DOUGLAS DURST'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Douglas sits behind his desk, signing checks fed to him by his SECRETARY. Bob stands across the desk, waiting for the checks to be signed.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Kathie closes a drawer with one hand, balancing an open file with the other. There's a KNOCK. Kathie spins toward the door, spilling the contents of the file across the floor.

LULA BROWN (O.S.)
I'm going to lunch now, Mrs. Durst.

Kathie freezes.

KATHIE
Thanks Lula...

Through the translucent pane, Kathie watches Lula leave. As she gathers the strewn papers she notices the GREEN LEDGER BOOK. She opens it to see it is now filled with scores of handwritten entries. She shoves it into her bag.

INT. ELEVATOR - THAT MOMENT

Bob stands in the elevator, staring at the overhead floor indicator. TWO BUSINESS TYPES behind him talk about interest rates. The door opens and Bob exits.

INT. ANTEROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob stops at Lula's desk and flips through a stack of PINK PHONE MESSAGES... He notices the BLINKING LIGHT on her telephone showing Line One is engaged.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Bob's shadow in the translucent pane. The faint sound of the automated voice on the phone.

Bob comes in. Kathie's gone. Seeing the phone off the hook he moves to his desk and picks it up, listening to the automated time message. He hangs up and moves to the window to see KATHIE HURRYING ACROSS THE STREET BELOW.

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE - DAY

Looking down on the bathroom floor: THE GREEN LEDGER BOOK alongside the stolen file folders, spread out among overstuffed ashtrays, a wine bottle, a lipstick mirror with cocaine on it and a phone propped on the toilet, its wire running under the door. The telephone rings. She ignores it.

Kathie writes on a MANILA ENVELOPE: SENATOR PATRICK MOYNIHAN, 476 RUSSELL SENATE OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON, DC, 20510.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Kathie sits alone in the dark, staring at the envelope. The telephone rings again.

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

The Super sweeps the street under the awning. Kathie exits in her parka and sunglasses, the envelope tucked in her coat.

SUPER
Evening Mrs. Durst.

Kathie walks on, crossing to a mailbox. She opens the mailbox door, hesitates... A car turns onto the street, headlights blinding her.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. TEMPLE B'NAI ISRAEL, GALVESTON - DAY (2000)

People gather in a small lobby before the service. Bob and Morris put on yarmulkes. Morris is wearing a brand new suit. He admires himself, fumbles with his tie.

BOB
Here.

Bob helps Morris with his tie.

MORRIS
Did the realtor call back?

BOB
Yes, she did.

MORRIS
It's a good neighborhood.

Bob finishes with his tie. People start going inside.

MORRIS
Thanks Bob. Thank you.

BOB
It's okay Morris. Friends take care of each other.

INT. TEMPLE B'NAI ISRAEL - LATER

Bob and Morris sit in a sparsely attended service.

THE CANTOR SINGS OVER A SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS:

HANDS pack a BOWLING BAG: UNDERWEAR, SHIRTS, PANTS...

HANDS take TOILETRIES from a medicine cabinet.

HANDS open the oven grill drawer, revealing the .22 TARGET PISTOL and BOXES OF SHELLS.

HANDS slip the PISTOL and SHELLS into the BOWLING BAG between boxer-shorts...

HANDS zip the bowling bag closed.

LAPD DETECTIVE (O.S.)

One shot, point blank to the back of the head.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSAN'S BUNGALOW - THREE DAYS LATER

Cops and forensics everywhere. Becerra picks through bills on Susan's desk: "NOTICE OF REPOSSESSION" "FINAL NOTICE" "PAST DUE." In the background, Murphy talks to an LAPD DETECTIVE, 50, overweight.

LAPD DETECTIVE

Small caliber, maybe a .22, maybe a .9. No witnesses, no forced entry, no sign of struggle.

Becerra starts down the hall. The Detective calls after him.

LAPD DETECTIVE

She's been back there a few days...

INT. HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT

Becerra moves toward the guest room. The odd squawk from a police radio. He comes to the door, looks in.

INT. GUEST ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Becerra, holding a handkerchief over his nose and mouth, looks down on SUSAN, LYING DEAD, A POOL OF DRIED BLOOD FORMING A HALO UNDER HER HEAD. Her eyes stare blankly at the ceiling, hands folded neatly on her chest.

ON BECERRA. He looks ill.

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM, DA'S OFFICE, WESTCHESTER - MORNING

Pirro sits in front of a large mirror. A MAKE-UP GIRL applies finishing touches. Becerra and Murphy stand by the door.

PIRRO

What about LAPD?

MURPHY

They think it was her manager. They don't know anything about Bob.

BECERRA

What are we talking about? He killed her, just like he killed Kathie. We've got enough...

Pirro looks at him.

PIRRO

Relax Joe. It's 48 Hours. It's national now.

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT sticks his head in...

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

They're ready, Ms. Pirro.

Pirro gets up and pulls the Kleenex from her collar.

BECERRA

Jeanine. Let me bring him in. We can use all this press...

She cuts him off, obviously annoyed.

PIRRO

Joe, didn't you learn your lesson the first time? I'll handle the press.

CUT TO:

PIRRO ON A TV MONITOR, sitting in a chair in her office, brightly lit, being interviewed by CYNTHIA MCFADDEN. Pirro is comfortable in front of the camera.

MCFADDEN

Susan Berman wasn't just killed... I mean it was an execution.

INT. PIRRO'S OFFICE, WESTCHESTER - THAT MOMENT

A clot of people spill out of Pirro's office. Everyone has stopped working to watch the interview.

Becerra watches Pirro, unsettled.

PIRRO

Her death is a very questionable death. Not just in terms of the fact it was a homicide, but the timing is extremely curious.

INT. SEYMOUR'S FORMER OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

DOUGLAS, 50s here, sits stone-faced on the corner couch, near SOLLY SACHS, 70s here, who works the phone. They are watching *48 Hours*.

MCFADDEN (ON TV)

Curious because Susan Berman was murdered just before District Attorney Jeanine Pirro had intended to question her about another mystery...

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S ROOM, GALVESTON - THAT MOMENT

A SMALL TV in Bob's room: *48 Hours*.

MCFADDEN (ON TV)

The disappearance twenty years earlier of a beautiful young medical student named Kathleen Durst.

REVERSE: Bob alone, watching.

We hear a key in the door. It opens, but the safety chain stops it. Morris peers through.

MORRIS

Bob? Open the door.

(a beat)

Come on. Bob. I know what's going on. I called the broker. She said you never even made an offer.

(a beat)

I can hear the TV.

Bob mutes the television. Morris twists his face to see in.

MORRIS

Okay, I can see your foot... Open the fucking door.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - LATER

Becerra feeds his dogs, when there is a knock on the door. He looks at his watch.

ANGLE -- The door opens to reveal SHARON MCCORMACK holding a file box.

SHARON

Detective Becerra. These are Jim's old files. It took me a while to find them.

BECERRA

Come in.

He moves aside and she enters, looking over the sparsely furnished apartment.

BECERRA

Can I get you something? I don't have much.

SHARON

No, it's late. I have to go back.

But she doesn't move. An uncomfortable moment.

SHARON

This has been very hard on Jim. He blamed himself. It's taken him years to get back on his feet. I want to support him. I just don't know if we can survive another letdown.

She puts the file box down and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Pirro is reviewing the next day's schedule with ADA #2.

ADA #2

Okay, you have the Post interview here at nine - Durst - then a phoner with W.I.N.S. also about Durst, which you could do from the car...

Pirro looks up.

ADA #2

We got a call from Albany. They want you to do that lunch tomorrow...

PIRRO

Did you get the numbers I asked for?

ADA #2 shuffles through his papers. Hands her a spreadsheet.

ADA #2

The Dursts are among the Governor's biggest supporters. Totals are in the last column.

She scans the numbers, raises an eyebrow. She takes off her reading glasses, thinks for a moment.

PIRRO

Tell them I like Italian...

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

CU. An AUDIO CASSETTE TAPE, labeled "FEB '82 - BOB'S SECRETARY LULA BROWN," plays on an old portable.

JIM'S VOICE

Ms. Brown, do you mind if I record this conversation? I want to make sure I get everything straight.

LULA BROWN'S VOICE

That's fine. I'd like to help.

JIM'S VOICE

When did you last see my sister?

LULA BROWN'S VOICE

She came in that Tuesday. Waited in his office pretending to make calls.

Becerra sits at the table listening to a scratchy recording of a phone call between Jim McCormack and Bob's secretary Lula Brown, days after Kathie's disappearance. The contents of Jim's file box are strewn across the table.

JIM'S VOICE

Did you know what she was doing?

LULA BROWN'S VOICE

I figured she was looking for money. I think he wasn't giving her none...

JIM'S VOICE

That doesn't surprise me...

LULA BROWN'S VOICE

(coughing a bit)

The man is cheap. I mean, crazy cheap. He makes me call around and compare restaurant prices at lunchtime. And I never get a bonus at Christmas or a gift of any kind. But he doesn't do it thinking, that's just the way he is. I mean, he always calls the office collect, from anywhere, even from his home --

Becerra looks up. He rewinds the tape a bit...

LULA BROWN'S VOICE

...he always calls the office collect, from anywhere...

Something dawns on him.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. MAIL ROOM, RUSSELL SENATE BUILDING - DAY (1982)

A mailbag is emptied onto a long table. LETTERS opened in quick succession, all addressed to U.S. SENATORS. A YOUNG INTERN opens the manila envelope Kathie mailed to Moynihan. Inside: the GREEN LEDGER BOOK.

INT. HALLWAY, SENATE BUILDING - LATER

TRACKING WITH MOYNIHAN, now SENATOR MOYNIHAN, red bow tie, walking briskly as he flips through the green ledger book, the young intern in tow.

MOYNIHAN

Send it back.

YOUNG INTERN

(confused)

Excuse me, sir?

MOYNIHAN

Send it to Seymour Durst. It's a family matter, it has nothing to do with us.

CUT TO:

INT. SEYMOUR'S FORMER OFFICE - DAY

Bob sits across the desk, the green ledger book sent to Moynihan open in front of him. The blinds are drawn.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
It's not just that you barely show up
at the office...

REVERSE: DOUGLAS sitting where his father used to sit,
immaculate suit, his hands caged in front of him.

DOUGLAS
Or that when you are here, you don't
do anything...

ALL SOUND OUT.

As Douglas continues to address Bob, WE HEAR:

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
Did there come a time when your father
passed on control of the Durst
Organization, not to you but to your
younger brother?

MR. DURST (V.O.)
That's correct.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
So when it happened, how did you feel?

PUSH IN ON BOB, shaking, mortified...

MR. DURST (V.O.)
Oh, very relieved, glad.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
So even though you were relieved,
did you have other feelings about it,
also?

Bob looks OFF SCREEN.

MR. DURST (V.O.)
Yes, yes. In the back of my mind I
was going to be chosen and then I was
going to quit, but things don't work
out like that...

SOUND RESUMES:

AND NOW WE SEE SEYMOUR standing by the window with his back
to Bob, staring out. He looks older now, frail.

BOB
Dad?

Seymour doesn't turn.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE MEN'S ROOM - LATER

We hear retching. A blazer and tie strewn across the floor. We come to a toilet stall, open enough to see BOB HUNCHED OVER THE TOILET...

INT. BOB'S OFFICE - LATER

Bob sits at his desk, eyes closed. The intercom BUZZES and his eyes pop open. He doesn't answer. Lula Brown enters.

LULA BROWN

Sir?

(nothing)

Mr. Durst?

CUT TO:

INT. MOYNIHAN'S OFFICE, SENATE BUILDING - THAT MOMENT

The Young Intern is on the phone.

YOUNG INTERN

I'm afraid the Senator's not available... Yes, I've told him you called... I'm going to have to go now, Mrs. Durst.

He hangs up.

INT. PENTHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

KATHIE

Thank you.

She hangs up, rattled. A beat. The phone rings. She just looks at it. Again. Again. Finally, it stops.

DING DONG...

EXT. JIM AND SHARON MCCORMACK'S - DAY (1982)

A door opens to reveal Kathie.

SHARON

Oh my God, Kathie.

Sharon is eight months pregnant.

KATHIE

I'm sorry.

SHARON

No. You said you weren't coming. Is everything okay?

KATHIE

No. I don't know. Is this a bad time?

INT. JIM AND SHARON MCCORMACK'S - DAY

A baby shower: THIRTY WOMEN crowd the small front room of Sharon and Jim's new home. Sharon sits on a couch opening gifts. She unwraps a tiny outfit and melts.

OVERWEIGHT WOMAN

I couldn't resist.

SHARON

(holding it up)

That's the cutest thing I ever saw.

The other women react.

INT. BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT

Kathie snorts a line of coke off the basin, holds her nose to quell the sting. We hear women laughing in the next room.

Kathie washes her face and looks at her reflection in the mirror. She is worn thin.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Kathie talks to a small group, cigarette and a glass of wine.

KATHIE

Ten years... how did that happen, you know? And he does love me. But I have to look out for me now. I have my whole life...

JUMP CUT TO --

Kathie stumbles a bit, spilling wine on her sleeve. Sharon watches from across the room.

JUMP CUT TO --

Kathie talks with an OLDER WOMAN. She is very drunk now.

KATHIE

He died when I was sixteen. I don't remember much.

(MORE)

KATHIE (CONT'D)

But he used to say we should never regret the things we do, only the things we don't do... but I had an abortion and I don't know what that is, you know, if it's something I did, or something I didn't do.

A drop of blood is visible on Kathie's lip. Her hand comes up to wipe it away, and it becomes a stream. She looks at her hand, and sees the blood.

The Woman looks stunned.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kathie sits on the bed, holding a tissue to her nose. The phone rings, stops. A KNOCK. Sharon sticks her head in.

SHARON

Kathie? Bob's on the phone...

Kathie hesitates.

SHARON

Are you sure everything's okay?

KATHIE

Yeah.

She picks up the phone, holds her hand over it until Sharon leaves.

KATHIE (INTO PHONE)

Bob?

We sense someone on the line.

BOB (OVER PHONE)

Come home, Kathie.

KATHIE

Bob, you have to let me go... This is killing me.

BOB (OVER PHONE)

I know that now... I want to make things right. Just come home Kathie.

Kathie goes quiet, rubs her nose. She hangs up the phone.

EXT. JIM AND SHARON MCCORMACK'S - MOMENTS LATER

Jim takes groceries from the trunk of his car. It's snowing hard. Kathie comes out, pulling on her parka.

JIM
Kathie. Where are you going?

KATHIE
I have to go home. I'll call you in the morning.

Kathie slips a bit and he steadies her.

JIM
You can't drive in this. You've been drinking.

KATHIE
(stopping)
Promise me one thing, okay? If anything happens to me, don't let Bob get away with it.

Jim looks at her.

JIM
What are you talking about?

Kathie gets in and starts the car.

Jim watches the Mercedes drive off into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. DURST ROOM - DAY (2001)

BECERRA bursts in. He tears through file boxes, pulls out the overstuffed file of Durst Organization telephone records and clears his desk.

INSERT: TRACKING DOWN THE PAGES, numbers, locations, times, dates... Becerra finds what he's looking for:

COLLECT CALLS

Feb. 1, 1982 -- SHIPBOTTOM, NJ -- 4 mins

Feb. 1, 1982 -- SHIPBOTTOM, NJ -- 8 mins

Feb. 1, 1982 -- SHIPBOTTOM, NJ -- 3 mins

Feb. 1, 1982 -- SHIPBOTTOM, NJ -- 6 mins

CLOSER STILL -- SHIPBOTTOM, NJ

He opens his notebook and copies the phone number.

BECERRA
(to himself)
If you were in Connecticut, how
(MORE)

BECERRA (CONT'D)
come you made so many calls from New
Jersey?

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

BING! The elevator opens and Becerra heads to his car. The CAMERA lingers for a beat. An adjacent elevator opens. Hackett gets out, followed by Pirro, and her POLICE DRIVER.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYER HOME - NIGHT (1982)

RUTH MAYER washes dishes. Hearing a car, she looks outside and sees the Mercedes pull up to the Durst cottage.

INT. MERCEDES - THAT MOMENT

Kathie sits at the wheel. She turns the engine off but stays in the car, staring at the house. Snow settles on the windshield.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Kathie lets herself in and waits by the door, leaving her coat on.

BOB (O.S.)

Hi.

She turns, startled.

KATHIE

What are you doing?

BOB

Nothing. I made hamburgers. Are you hungry?

KATHIE

Where's Igor?

BOB

I put him in the kennel.

KATHIE

Why? You know he hates it there.

BOB

I just want us to have some time alone to talk.

He moves to take her coat. She takes a step back.

KATHIE
I'm cold.

CUT TO:

INT. PIRRO'S BLACK TOWN CAR - MORNING (2001)

Pirro watches the girders of the Triboro Bridge flicker past her window.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - LATER

The Town Car pulls up outside an Italian restaurant. Hackett steps out and opens the rear door for Pirro.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Solly Sachs leads Pirro into the empty restaurant.

SOLLY SACHS
(motioning her forward)
Please.

Pirro sees Douglas Durst sitting alone in the back. He stands, smiles and extends his hand.

DOUGLAS
Thank you for coming.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALVESTON SEAWALL - THAT MOMENT

It's raining. In shorts, running shoes, and his platinum wig, Bob jogs along the seawall, muttering to himself, scratching his arms.

ALL SOUND OUT.

DEGUERIN (V.O.)
Did you have some problems in the next few weeks with your disguise?

Bob turns down a side street.

MR. DURST (V.O.)
Well, anytime I went anywhere I had hair in my eyes and in my mouth...

Bob pulls strands of blonde hair from his mouth.

MR. DURST (V.O.)
I hated that wig.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE COTTAGE - NIGHT (1982)

Kathie eats quietly. Bob watches her. She takes a sip of wine, looks up.

KATHIE
What is it?

He smiles warmly.

BOB
You would have made a good mother.

Kathie puts her fork down. A beat. She gets up and clears her plate, heads into the kitchen.

Bob burps quietly.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BMW (MOVING) - DAY (2001)

ON BECERRA driving fast.

Becerra's BMW races across the Tappan Zee Bridge, overtaking cars, weaving through traffic... pulling off 287... onto the Garden State Parkway...

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY, GALVESTON - THAT MOMENT

A stray dog roots for scraps, rain drumming on a metal dumpster. Bob hurries past the far end of the alley and up to the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - NIGHT (1982)

Kathie comes outside hauling a garbage bag, white parka over her T-shirt, wearing a pair of Bob's boots. She trudges across the snow-covered lawn, looking up to see Bob in the window rinsing glasses...

INT. GARDEN SHED - THAT MOMENT

Kathie opens the lid of a trash can and slides the garbage bag inside. It bumps into a set of garden tools, knocking them over with a clatter.

She bends to pick them up and something catches her eye:
IGOR'S ROYAL BLUE BANDANA stuck to the blade of a shovel.

Kathie picks up the bandana. It is wet and dirty. Her first instinct is to clean it off. She takes her hand away and sees her fingers are STAINED RED. She is suddenly terrified.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY, NEW JERSEY - DAY (2001)

The sun is low in the sky. Becerra's BMW cuts across four lanes, heads down an exit ramp beneath a sign: "SHIPBOTTOM -- PINE BARRENS NATURE RESERVE"

CUT TO:

INT. ROOMING HOUSE, GALVESTON - THAT MOMENT

Bob emerges from the stairwell, walks down the hall, now cluttered with the contents of Morris' apartment. Bob notices a yellow EVICTION NOTICE taped to Morris' now-padlocked door. Stepping over the junk, he stops at his door. The TV is on inside. He thinks, sucks in a breath...

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - NIGHT (1982)

FOLLOWING KATHIE, panicked, crying, slipping and falling in the snow as she struggles toward the cottage. BOB IS NO LONGER IN THE WINDOW.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE - THAT MOMENT

FOLLOWING KATHIE inside. No sign of Bob. The water has been left running in the kitchen sink.

We follow Kathie into the LIVING ROOM.

Bob stands in front of the fire, HIS BACK TO US...

KATHIE (O.S.)

Bob?

She stares at him, trembling, the bandana clutched in her hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE, GALVESTON - DUSK (2001)

A GUNSHOT FLASHES in a window on the second floor and silences the night --

CUT TO:

RUTH MAYER bolts upright in bed, catching her breath.

INT. MAYER HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT (1982)

Bill is asleep. Ruth gets up and slips on her robe, looks out the window to the Durst cottage. It is dark.

INT. MAYER KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Gas ignites under a burner.

Ruth puts the kettle on and looks out at the cottage, now noticing a DIM LIGHT in the basement window.

CUT TO:

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - NIGHT (2001)

BLURS OF MOTION, too close to distinguish. The sound of sawing and heavy breathing, like it's right on top of us. A flash of metal.

BOB COMES INTO FRAME, sweating, laboring over something, stopping for a moment to catch his breath. The low hum of *Wall Street Week* as he gets back to work...

CUT TO:

INT. MAYER HOME - NIGHT (1982)

The KETTLE screams. RUTH stands at the kitchen window, deaf to it, glaring at the cottage and the light in the basement --

ALL SOUND OUT.

MR. DURST (V.O.)

I remember blood everywhere... It was like waking up from a dream or a nightmare with blood everywhere.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

Bob, 60 here, is on the stand, looking meek and drawn in large glasses and a flannel suit.

MR. DURST

And I was swimming in blood, and I kept spitting up and spitting up... And I don't know what is real and I don't know what is not real. That's all I remember.

WIDE: JUDGE, JURORS, ATTORNEYS, shuffling, nervous coughs...

After a long moment, DICK DEGUERIN, in a tailored suit and cowboy boots, stands behind the defense table. He crosses to the witness stand.

DEGUERIN

Now Morris is dead. What was your reaction? What did you think, Bob?

MR. DURST

I just put my head in my hands. And I was there for a long time, and I just kept thinking I have got to get my head up, pick my head up...

Bob's head drops...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S ROOM, GALVESTON - DUSK (2001)

Bob picks his head up, then brings a hand to his forehead, covered by a yellow rubber glove, and holding a familiar BOW SAW. He wipes the sweat from his brow, leaving a streak of blood on his face.

LOOKING DOWN through a ceiling fan, we recognize Bob's room in Galveston. Bob sits cross-legged on the floor wearing only his underwear, surrounded by FIVE BLACK GARBAGE BAGS. The floor is covered in blood. He puts down the BOW SAW, picks up a glass and takes a sip of water.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DUSK (2001)

Becerra stands in a PHONE BOOTH on the side of the Garden State Parkway, shining a flashlight, matching the number on the phone to the one written in his notebook.

Cars whoosh by...

Becerra turns off his flashlight, looks outside, away from the road, as if noticing something for the first time --

He exits the phone booth to see the setting sun dipping through pine trees. He slips off his shoes, steps onto the hood of his car and then the roof to get a better look.

Becerra looks out, golden light slipping off his darkening features.

BECERRA

Kathie.

WIDER... to reveal the sun setting over the New Jersey Pine Barrens, A MILLION ACRES OF WILDERNESS AT THE EDGE OF THE OCEAN.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE: "SIX MONTHS LATER"

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, STATE POLICE HQ, ALBANY - DAY

Becerra sits in his best suit in the middle of a large, brightly lit room, across from TWO SENIOR POLICE OFFICIALS and Wayne Hackett.

A BEAT.

BECERRA

I just couldn't get past the elevator guy. I didn't think he was lying. I mean, he was so sure he'd seen Kathie come home that night.

The Detectives take notes. Hackett looks on blankly.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT (1982)

Eddie Lopez, 45 here, operates the elevator as it rides up. He sways a little, beads of drinker's sweat on his brow.

BECERRA (V.O.)

How could he have seen her if she was already dead?

Lopez stops on the penthouse floor and pulls open the door.

LOPEZ

Miss Kathie.

THE WHITE PARKA brushes past Lopez on the way out the door.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - EINSTEIN SCHOOL OF MEDICINE - MORNING

Dean Lindstrom is in his office advising a STUDENT. The telephone rings and he picks up.

LINDSTROM

Excuse me.

(into phone)

Dean Lindstrom.

EXT. PAY PHONE - MANHATTAN - THAT MOMENT

KATHIE, HER BACK TO CAMERA, shuffles nervously as she speaks. TRAFFIC noise makes it hard to hear what she's saying.

KATHIE (INTO PHONE)
This is Kathie Durst.

LINDSTROM
Kathie?
(nothing)
Hello...

KATHIE
Yeah. Yes. I just wanted to tell
you I won't be at school for a while.
I'm not feeling well. I need some
time off.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Lindstrom looks confused.

LINDSTROM
Look Kathie, this is a critical time
for you --

The line goes dead.

EXT. BOB & KATHIE'S BUILDING - THAT MOMENT

The SUPER sweeps the sidewalk under the entrance awning...
From afar, he glances up and sees THE WHITE PARKA cross the
street from the pay phone AND HAIL A CAB...

INT. CAB - THAT MOMENT

A RUSSIAN CABBIE looks at his passenger in the rear view
mirror.

CABBIE
Where to?

CLOSE ON REARVIEW MIRROR: we see a hand pull off a blonde wig
to reveal not Kathie but SUSAN BERMAN, wearing Kathie's white
parka.

SUSAN
Beekman Place.

BECERRA (V.O.)
That's why he had to get rid of Susan.

Susan breaks down.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSAN'S BUNGALOW, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Susan, 50s here, sits at her cluttered desk with a cup of coffee, staring at her computer screen. A TELEVISION blares. She pushes her chair back and crosses to the hall. Her dogs trot after her...

BECERRA (V.O.)

Susan was a loose end.

INT. HALL - THAT MOMENT

Susan moves toward a closed door, her dogs yapping at her feet. She knocks, no answer.

SUSAN

(loud)

Can you turn that down?

She sighs, then...

INT. GUEST ROOM - THAT MOMENT

WE FOLLOW SUSAN IN: *Wall Street Week* plays at full volume on a wood-paneled TV -- and there, with his back to us, a MAN unpacks the BOWLING BAG on the bed.

SUSAN

(loud, over the TV)

Hey!

He continues to unpack. Susan gives up and marches across the room to turn off the TV. As she bends down, the man turns, revealing he is MORRIS BLACK.

SUSAN

Jesus, Morris, you're going to go deaf.

He raises the target pistol, aiming it at the back of Susan's head.

BECERRA (V.O.)

Why do a chore yourself when you can send a friend?

CU. Blood splatters the glowing TV screen.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, ROOMING HOUSE, GALVESTON - NIGHT

Now we are back with Bob, just outside his apartment door, listening to the television coming from within.

INT. BOB'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bob enters the dark room to find Morris sitting in front of the TV, bathed in the shifting light. As Bob approaches he sees the target pistol resting on Morris' lap. Morris turns, rises, hands fumbling for the pistol. Bob is on him, whipping the pistol away.

The pistol skitters across the floor and underneath the oven.

Morris stumbles and Bob falls off of him. On hands and knees, Morris crawls toward the oven. He reaches beneath, just as Bob grabs his face from behind, his fingers tugging at Morris' mouth. He twists Morris onto his back and starts pummeling him. Morris is beaten, whimpering.

Bob RISES INTO FRAME, looks toward the oven and the gun beneath it...

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE, GALVESTON - THAT MOMENT

THE GUNSHOT FLASHES in a window on the second floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - RESUMING

CU. A VIDEO CAMERA, recording...

BECERRA (O.S.)

...You're getting this, right? That thing is on?

Hackett leans forward.

HACKETT

What the fuck are you talking about? You know that case is dead. Pirro's letting Galveston go with it. We're talking about you now, Joe. She's pressing charges against you.

I.A. #1 picks up A PAPERBACK BOOK. Becerra looks OFF SCREEN.

I.A. #1

Detective, this book contains information that is part of an ongoing investigation.

BECERRA

It was planned. Bob planned it all...

I.A. #1

Did you or did you not give
confidential information about this
case to Gail Kaplan?

I.A. #2

How did she get the NYPD files? Did
you scan them, or photocopy them?

Becerra looks away. The room is suddenly silent.

BECERRA

When a man can't be himself, he begins
to hate what he becomes. And he needs
to destroy anyone who loves him...

Becerra sits back in his chair. He has nothing more to say.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

Becerra crosses the garage. Murphy is waiting by the BMW.

MURPHY

How'd it go?

Becerra shrugs, smiles: "I've been better." Starts to open
his car door.

MURPHY

(heartfelt)
You did a hell of a job, Joe. I'm
sorry.

BECERRA

What for?

He turns to look at Murphy.

BECERRA

We never had a chance.

Murphy wants to say more... Becerra gets in his car.

INT. BMW - MOMENTS LATER

Becerra pulls up the exit ramp. He glances in the rear view
mirror to see Murphy getting on the elevator.

Becerra looks out. Daylight floods the car. AND WE HEAR:

BOB (V.O.)
 (mumbling)
 And the waving wheat can sure smell
 sweet...

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT (1995)

Bob, 50s here, alone in an elevator, watches the floor indicator. The Muzak playing matches a song he mumbles to himself...

BOB
 When the wind comes right behind the
 rain. Oklahoma. Every night my honey
 lamb and I sit alone and talk and
 watch a hawk... Making lazy circles
 in the sky...

INT. ICU, MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - THAT MOMENT

An empty corridor. DARK FIGURES mingle in the hallway at the EDGE OF FRAME. At the far end, the elevator opens. Bob emerges, walks toward them.

FOLLOWING BOB, as he passes various Durst family members and business associates. Among them we recognize Lula Brown, Senator Moynihan, Mayor Beame, all older now. Finally, Solly Sachs and Douglas Durst. They keep their distance. His heels click against the floor as he PASSES CAMERA. WE PAN to see through a glass partition: Seymour on life support, in a coma.

INT. SEYMOUR'S HOSPITAL ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Bob is alone with Seymour. He closes the blinds, sits down by the bed. After a moment, he leans in to speak to his father...

CU. Bob's lips next to Seymour's ear.

BOB
 I miss her so much, Dad.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALL GOOD THINGS, VERMONT - DAY - 1972

It is 1972 -- and Kathie is sitting with Igor on the stoop outside the store. She watches Bob get out of his VW, back from a day in the city. He crosses the street and pulls off his jacket, dropping it in the road, then his tie and his shirt, shedding his businessman's skin in a playful striptease.

Kathie laughs. Bob lifts her up. We now see he has an instamatic camera in his hand. He holds the camera at arm's length, and snaps the shutter as they kiss...

CUT TO:

A FAMILIAR PHOTO. JUST THEIR FACES, IN PROFILE, KISSING.

BOB (V.O.)

Hi.

KATHIE (V.O.)

Hi.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON A SIMILAR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE REAL BOB AND KATHIE DURST, TOGETHER, DURING HAPPIER TIMES....

TITLES:

The disappearance of Kathie Durst is still considered a missing persons case.

In 2000, Susan Berman's murder was investigated by the LAPD. No one has been charged.

In 2004, Bob's testimony convinced the Texas jury that the death of Morris Black was an act of self-defense, committed by accident. He was found not guilty.

In 2006, he received 65 million dollars to sever his ties to the Durst family trusts.

He currently lives in Houston, Texas. He is a real estate investor.

#