WOMAN (V.O.)
You can't trust anyone...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A cheap short-stay motel room. A strip of daylight shows between drawn curtains at one of the windows. A woman is sitting on the edge of the bed, her back to us. She's on the phone. We track slowly toward her as she speaks.

WOMAN
(into phone)
There was a time when I trusted my husband, but I can't anymore.
(listens)
I think he's seeing another woman.
(listens)
Well, I'm told that you're very good at what you do.
(listens)
That's fine. What time?
(listens)
Okay. I'll be there.

We are in a close shot now. The woman hangs up the phone and turns around, and we see her face. She's beautiful. She's in her early thirties, very well-put together. Her name is GLORIA CONOVAN.

GLORIA
How was I?

Sitting in a chair, across the room, in the corner, is a man. His suit jacket is draped over the arm of the chair and his tie is loosely knotted. He has a wary look. He's about thirty-five. His name is JOHN MACDONALD.

JOHN
...Good.

He lights a cigarette.

GLORIA
Can I have one of those?
JOHN
I thought you quit.

GLORIA
(smiling)
I guess I'm just not good at giving things up.

She rises from the bed and crosses the room.

He shakes a cigarette loose from the pack.

She takes it, holds it up to her lips.

He lights it for her.

She smokes in slow, steady pulls.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
I really am trying to quit.

JOHN
I can see that.

GLORIA
(smiling)
It doesn't count if someone else lights it.

She goes to the bureau, prims in the mirror, surveys herself critically, is reasonably satisfied.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
...Something wrong?

JOHN
I'm just thinking. Someone you know could drive by and see your car.

GLORIA
No one I know ever comes up here. Why -- you afraid we'll get caught?

JOHN
Maybe.
GLORIA
Really?

JOHN
Aren't you?

She makes a careless gesture with her cigarette, flicks the ashes into an ashtray.

GLORIA
No.

JOHN
Maybe you should be.

GLORIA
(playfully)
You think someone's following you?

JOHN
That's cute.

GLORIA
(teasing)
Your ex-wife, maybe?

JOHN
Please.

GLORIA
Another woman?

JOHN
(unsmiling)
There are no other women. Only you. Besides, I don't think you're in a position to be jealous.

GLORIA
(archly)
Who says I'm jealous?

JOHN
I do.

She gives him a sly smile.
GLORIA
I think you're putting words in my mouth.

He's a little annoyed.

JOHN
So you wouldn't mind if I was seeing other women?

GLORIA
(still playing)
Are you gonna cross-examine me, counselor?

JOHN
I'm serious.

GLORIA
Okay, fine. I might.

JOHN
You "might" -- what does that mean?

GLORIA
Is that a rhetorical question?

JOHN
No.

She blows a slanting plume of smoke. It swirls around her head.

GLORIA
It means you're having an affair with a married woman.

JOHN
Does it ever bother you?

GLORIA
What.

JOHN
That you're married.
GLORIA
(smilng)
Does it bother you?

He takes a deep drag on his cigarette and then crushes it out in the ashtray.

JOHN
I should get back to the office.

She stubs out her cigarette and sits down on the bed. She gives him a languishing, inviting look.

GLORIA
You don't really want to go out into that heat, do you?

He stares at her, absorbing the lines of her figure, the slim legs sheathed in silk stockings.

JOHN
It's not much cooler in here.

She slides her skirt up her thighs, revealing the creamy flesh between her stocking tops.

GLORIA
What'll I do with myself?

He drifts toward her.

JOHN
You could go home to your husband.

GLORIA
I will. Just not yet.

She reaches for him, pulling him down onto the bed. They tug at each other's clothes, kissing deeply.

JOHN
Why do I keep taking these chances?
GLORIA
Because...you can't help yourself.

BLACK.

2 CREDIT SEQUENCE.

3 EXT. RACETRACK - MIAMI - DAY
A concrete grandstand with a tacky, art-deco look.
Gloria's Mercedes convertible turns into the parking lot.
Gloria parks, gets out, looks around. She has dark sunglasses on.

BEAUMONT (O.S.)
Mrs. Conovan?

She turns.

At the end of a row of cars, a stout, florid man in his early fifties is standing next to a well-battered Crown Victoria. He's dressed in a rumpled summer weight suit and a wide-brimmed Panama hat. He has the face of a man who's seen things. This is NED BEAUMONT.

Gloria approaches him.

He smiles. There's something oily and smooth about him. He extends a fat pink hand.

She shakes it.

He walks around the car and opens the passenger side door.

She gets in.

4 INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - DAY
It's a mess. Paper napkins on the floor, a bottle of No Doz, a few soda cans, a couple of those little cartons take-out burgers come in.
Beaumont settles himself into the driver's seat and looks over at Gloria.

She twists her lips, showing her distaste.

BEAUMONT
(noting her expression)
I work out of my car.

GLORIA
I never would've guessed.

BEAUMONT
Thought this would be more private.

GLORIA
You meet all your clients here?

BEAUMONT
Well, I spend a lot of time here. I like watching the dogs run.
(a beat)
I take it you've never been to the races.

GLORIA
No.

BEAUMONT
It's a funny thing. The dogs chase this mechanical rabbit around the track, but they can never catch it. They just keep chasing it around in circles. You'd think maybe with a little luck one of 'em might catch up to it, but it always gets away.

She turns and gazes out the window.

GLORIA
I've never been a great believer in luck.
BEAUMONT
Okay, then. Let's talk about what you believe in.

GLORIA
I believe my husband's having an affair.

BEAUMONT
Well, what you believe and what you can prove are two different things. What makes you so sure?

GLORIA
(evenly)
A wife can tell.

BEAUMONT
How long've you been married?

GLORIA
Ten years.

BEAUMONT
Has he been unfaithful before?

GLORIA
...Yes.

He fixes his small, shrewd eyes on her.

BEAUMONT
But you didn't have him followed.

GLORIA
No.

BEAUMONT
Why now?

GLORIA
I never had a reason to leave. (a beat)
Now I do.

BEAUMONT
...John recommended me?
GLORIA
Yes. I didn't think there were private detectives anymore, except on TV.

BEAUMONT
Well, it's not what you think. A lot of the time I just sit in my car and stare at motels. Last night I was parked outside a motel for five hours, waiting for a lady's husband to come out with his girlfriend. My eyes're still bleary with neon. Got some good pictures, though.

In the closeness of the car, he is starting to sweat. He digs into his pocket, takes out a sodden handkerchief, blots his forehead with it.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
You know if you come to the track at night, they don't let you take pictures. They say it spooks the dogs. I don't know why. They're so involved in what they're doing, I hardly think they'd notice.

She's not really listening. She reaches into her handbag and comes out with a manila envelope. She hands it to him. He tucks it into his jacket.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
You included a recent picture, and addresses?

GLORIA
Yes.
(a beat)
...And this is strictly confidential?

BEAUMONT
'Course it is.
(a beat)
(MORE)
BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
Now, I oughta shove off. I have a lot of getting around to do, and I don't want to rush.

She looks at him coolly and gets out of the car, leaving the door open. He stares at it for a moment, then leans over and pulls it shut.

EXT. STREET - NORTH MIAMI - DAY

A seedy two-part commercial block.

A late model Dodge coupe pulls over to the curb. John gets out. He shrugs his jacket on as he heads into a small office building.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

A cheaply furnished reception room.

John comes in. His secretary, SUSAN, is sitting behind the desk. She's a lanky, sunburned girl, barely past twenty.

JOHN
(brusque, but not unpleasant)
Any messages?

She pushes a phone message slip toward him.

SUSAN
The judge postponed your alimony hearing another twenty-one days.

He picks up the message slip.

JOHN
Anything else?

SUSAN
...I called to order those office supplies?
JOHN
Uh-huh --

SUSAN
(hesitantly)
-- and they said that your account was past due. They wouldn’t accept any new charges.

JOHN
(nonplussed)
All right. I’ll pick them up myself.

He heads into his private office. She gathers her things.

SUSAN
Should I bother coming in tomorrow?

JOHN
Yeah. Half day.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

A cramped office with a busy, cluttered look. Bookshelves lined with legal codes, a couple of file cabinets, stacks of legal pads, a Dictaphone recorder.

John sits at his desk, which is covered with work he hasn't gotten to. He's on the phone. The sun cuts through the blinds behind him in glaring strips.

JOHN
(into phone)
Believe me, I'm aware of that, but this is my divorce here...
(listens)
I handled it myself, so I know the alimony's subject to review.
(listens)
Because I'm the one who put in the provision that says the court has to re-examine it.
He swivels his chair toward the window, squints, closes the blind slats.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(onto phone)
That's fine, but they still have to rule on whether the payments should be discontinued.
(listens)
I don't think you understand. I've reached the point where I'm sending her everything I make, and I can't do it anymore.
(listens)
Well, if she's working, she doesn't need it -- she's self-sufficient.
(listens)
Okay, I don't have time for this. I have too much to do. You know where to reach me.
(listens)
Yeah, 'bye.

He slams the phone down.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON
A parking lot that overlooks the water.
Beaumont's car is parked at the water's edge.

INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON
He's tucking into a hamburger. He has some fries spread out on a paper napkin on the dashboard, a cup filled with soda in the cup-holder. There's a heap of napkins on the passenger seat.

He looks out the window.
John's car pulls up, stops. John gets out and approaches.
Beaumont rolls his window down.
BEAUMONT
Get in.

John glances into the car.

JOHN
...Why don't we talk out here.

BEAUMONT
I'm eating.
(a beat)
You want some fries?

JOHN
No.

BEAUMONT
All right. I'm almost finished.

JOHN
Finish out here.

Beaumont gets out of the car, the burger in his hand.

BEAUMONT
You're in a good mood.
(a beat)
What's the matter -- you fall short on your alimony again?

JOHN
What makes you say that?

BEAUMONT
I'm a private investigator. It's my job to know these things.

JOHN
Right.
(a beat)
...You meet with Mrs. Conovan?

BEAUMONT
Uh-huh.

JOHN
What'd you think?
BEAUMONT
She's an eyeful.
(a beat)
You two an item?

JOHN
I'm not gonna dignify that with an answer.

BEAUMONT
(smiling)
You could dignify it with a "no."

JOHN
(all business)
...How long's it gonna take?

BEAUMONT
Depends on how long it takes her husband to make a mistake.

JOHN
Shouldn't be too long.

BEAUMONT
How do you know?

JOHN
(a slight smile)
I'm a divorce attorney. It's my job to know these things.

Beaumont bolts down the last of his burger, then wipes the grease off his hands with a napkin. He bunches the napkin up and tosses it onto the ground.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(suddenly serious)
What're you doing?

BEAUMONT
What do you mean?

JOHN
Pick that up.

BEAUMONT
Are you serious?
JOHN
There's a fifty dollar fine for littering, and I'm an officer of the court.
(a beat)
Pick it up.

Beaumont looks at John, realizes he's serious. With a sigh, he bends down, picks up the napkin, stuffs it into his pocket.

BEAUMONT
(slightly amused)
You always like this?

John turns, heads to his car.

JOHN
I don't like it when people don't clean up after themselves.

10  EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - COCONUT GROVE - LATE AFTERNOON
Modest Spanish-style houses. John's car swings into the driveway of a stucco house with a tile roof.

10A  INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON
John comes in, throws his jacket across a chair, sets his briefcase down.

10B  INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON
John opens the refrigerator and stands there for a moment, trying to cool off. He pulls a beer off the rack.

10C  INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON
John walks over to the window, looks out, loosens his tie, sips his beer.
INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

John looks at his reflection in the mirror. He turns the faucet on, gets a handful of water, splashes it on his face. The water runs down his chin and drips. He looks at himself again. A smile pulls at the corners of his mouth.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - MIAMI - DAY

A street lined with mirrored, shimmering buildings. Expensive condominiums and soaring commercial structures.

Beaumont sits in his car, eyes fixed on the entrance of a tall office building across the street. He wears a desultory shave. His clothes are limp, unfresh. There's a half-eaten sandwich in a wrapper on the dashboard.
TOM CONOVAN strides out of the building. He's a powerfully built man in his fifties, nicely dressed in a well-cut suit. He's carrying an expensive attache case.

He looks up and down the crowded street, then starts walking. After a moment, he blends in with dozens of other people. Men in tailored suits and women in stylish dresses.

Beaumont jots a few notes on a small pad. Sweat glistens on his round cheeks.

EXT. CONOVAN HOUSE – CORAL GABLES – LATE AFTERNOON

A golden-hued mansion fanned by towering palm trees.

Gloria's Mercedes is parked in the driveway. Tom's Cadillac convertible pulls in next to it.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE – LATE AFTERNOON

A wide sweep of emerald grass. Sunlight glitters off a spectacular pool.

Gloria is in the water, swimming laps. She swims with a perfect crawl and a powerful kick.

Tom comes out, walks down to the end of the pool. There's a glass-topped table with an umbrella and several deck chairs. He eases himself gingerly into one of the chairs and watches Gloria.

She does a barrel turn, swims another length, and then climbs out of the pool. She's wearing a skintight racing style swimsuit, one piece, cut high on the legs. Water glistens off her lean, athletic body. She grabs a towel, pats herself dry.

GLORIA
You're home early.

TOM
Got a meeting tonight, wanna change clothes.
(conversationally)
That a new suit?
GLORIA
No.

She gathers her wet hair in both hands, sweeps it up off the nape of her neck.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Got time for a swim?

TOM
No, I should go.

He rubs his eyes. He's tired.

GLORIA
...What is it?

TOM
Ah, it's this new high-rise. We're scheduled to break ground in about a month, but the construction loan hasn't closed yet.

GLORIA
Can't you just postpone the ground-breaking?

TOM
It's not that simple.

GLORIA
(smiling thinly)
Right. I guess I'm too dumb to understand.

As they're talking, a Cuban maid comes out of the house carrying a tray with a glass of iced tea on it. She's in her early twenties. Even in her sexless uniform she's a striking woman. Her name is AURORA RUIZ.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
(to Tom)
You think you'll be back in time for dinner?

TOM
(distracted)
No.
Aurora sets the tray down, turns, and heads back into the house. She moves with an easy sure-footed grace.

As she walks away, Tom watches her. His nostrils flare. His eyes glaze.

Gloria notes this.

TOM (CONT'D)
Who's that?

GLORIA
Aurora.

TOM
She new?

GLORIA
Mm-hmm.

TOM
What happened to María?

Gloria picks up her drink, takes a sip, holds the cool glass against her forehead.

GLORIA
She wasn't really doing her job. I had to let her go.

TOM
What about this one -- the pay the same?

GLORIA
(exhaling irritably)
Of course. I know what the budget is.

She turns and walks toward the house.

INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Aurora is in the kitchen, standing at the counter, cleaning up from dinner.
Tom, having just come home, walks past the kitchen. He's in a suit, his attache case in one hand. He stops and watches her.
She leans over the sink, rinses a plate, loads it into the dishwasher.

    TOM (O.S.)
    You like it here?

She turns around, a little startled. After an awkward pause, she gives him a small, polite smile.

    AURORA
    (with an accent)
    Yes, sir.

    TOM
    Everything okay?

    AURORA
    (nodding)
    Yes.

    TOM
    Mrs. Conovan -- you getting along with her?

    AURORA
    (a little uncomfortable)
    Yes, of course.

    TOM
    (smiling)
    Good.
    (a beat)
    You have a problem, you can always come to me, okay?

    AURORA
    Yes, sir. Thank you.

He stands there for a moment, smiling, and then he turns away.

She watches him as he goes.

16     EXT. CONOVAN HOUSE – DAY

A lush flower garden.
Aurora is cutting flowers, placing them into a basket.
Gloria is standing nearby. She’s wearing a large sun hat.

GLORIA
...Have you decided?

AURORA
(nervous)
Ay, señora.
(a beat)
This is hard for me.

GLORIA
Think about your family.
You'll have enough money to bring them here from Cuba.

AURORA
(close to tears)
I know. But for me to do this...

She trails off, snips a flower off with her clippers.

GLORIA
Look, you've seen how he treats me. If you help me,
I'll be able to get a divorce, and this house will be mine.
You'll have a place here with me as long as you want.

Aurora is on the verge of great emotion now.

Gloria takes hold of her arms.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
(firmly)
Look at me.

Aurora slowly looks at her.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
(calmly)
I know how hard this is.
(a beat)
You believe in God, don't you?
AURORA
(softly)
Yes.

GLORIA
Then you know that if you ask Him to forgive you, He will.

Aurora nods.

AURORA
(regaining her composure)
...What if Mr. Conovan doesn't want me?

GLORIA
(laughing sharply)
Have you seen the way he looks at you?

Aurora flushes with shyness. She nods.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Well, then, just remember -- the best way to chase something is to let it chase you.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - LATE AFTERNOON
John comes in. He crosses the reception room, opens the door to his office.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON
Gloria is sitting in a chair in front of John's desk. She smiles.

JOHN
How'd you get in?

GLORIA
Your secretary let me in, before she left.
JOHN
You shouldn't have come here.
We need to be careful.

She gets up and moves toward him. She puts her hands
around his neck and pulls his head toward hers, until
their mouths all but touch.

GLORIA
I'm always careful. Besides,
you're my attorney. We could
account for a couple of
visits, couldn't we?

JOHN
That's not the point.

GLORIA
Don't be angry...

She kisses him. He pulls back, gazes at her.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
What's that look?

JOHN
I can't believe you're with me.
(a beat)
You could have any man you want.

GLORIA
You are the man I want.

JOHN
You sure?

GLORIA
All my life, men have been
choosing me. Now I'm choosing you.

Her arms tighten around him.

JOHN
Are you sure you want to go
ahead with this thing?
GLORIA
Yes...
(pulling back,
looking into his
eyes)
Aren't you?

JOHN
...It's just that I've seen a lot of people get divorced. I've been through it. And it's never easy.

GLORIA
It's the only way to get everything we want.

JOHN
Is it?

GLORIA
My husband thinks I should be able to manage with what he gives me, which is a generous amount for a reasonable woman.
(smiling)
It just so happens that I'm not a reasonable woman.
(a beat)
Besides, we're doing this for us. I thought that's what you wanted.

JOHN
It is.

GLORIA
Don't say it if you don't mean it.

JOHN
I mean it. I wouldn't want to be with anyone else.

GLORIA
Neither would I.

JOHN
Even if we weren't doing this?
GLORIA
Yes.

JOHN
...But I know I could never
give you what he could.

GLORIA
Why would you say that?

JOHN
It's the truth. An honest
lawyer doesn't make much.

GLORIA
(smilng)
You're not that honest.

JOHN
(a quality of fate in
his voice)
Well, whatever I've got, it's
yours. Whatever you need, I'll
get.

GLORIA
That's what I love about you.
But you don't need to worry,
because we're going to have
plenty.

JOHN
I just don't want anything to
go wrong.

GLORIA
Nothing's going to go wrong.
We're close now. We just need
to follow things through.

JOHN
I know, I just --

GLORIA
-- you want to know if
Aurora's in, right?
JOHN
That'd be a good place to start.

GLORIA
Yes.

JOHN
Yes what?

GLORIA
Yes, she's going to lead my husband astray. Yes, we're going to have the photos to prove it. Yes, he'll be forced to pay me. Yes, yes, yes...

They kiss.

JOHN
...When's it gonna happen?

GLORIA
I don't know.

JOHN
Soon?

GLORIA
We need to wait for the right moment.

JOHN
So what's the plan?

GLORIA
Well, I was thinking...after he and I have an argument, I could go out somewhere for a while, leave him alone in the house with her...

JOHN
(skeptical)
I think it'll take more than that.
GLORIA
(smiling)
You haven't seen what she
looks like.

JOHN
Well, I'm sure your husband's
a careful man. I don't think
he got where he is by making
mistakes.

GLORIA
He didn't.

They kiss again.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
...But nobody's perfect.

19  INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON
Gloria is on the phone.

GLORIA
(into phone)
Where are you?

20  EXT. PAYPHONE - LATE AFTERNOON
Beaumont's car is parked next to an open-air phone. The
racetrack is visible in the background. He's on the
phone, disheveled and bleary-eyed, still dressed in his
grimy, unpressed suit. His scruffy tie is crooked.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GLORIA AND BEAUMONT.

BEAUMONT
(into phone)
I've been at the track.
Figured I'd come and watch the
dogs a while.

GLORIA
(sarcastic)
Sounds exciting.
BEAUMONT
Well, it's like I told you --
the rabbit always wins.

He takes out a small package of sunflower seeds. A few
pigeons waddle by. He tosses them a handful of seeds.

GLORIA
(becoming impatient)
Right. So do you have
anything?

BEAUMONT
Not yet. He's been a good boy.
If you want, I'll keep
following him, but it's gonna
get expensive.

GLORIA
Well, look, I'm not that
concerned about days. Just
stay on him a few more nights.

BEAUMONT
All right.

He hangs up the phone, looks around. He tosses the
pigeons some more seeds. They peck away at the ground.

INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom and Gloria sit at opposite ends of the dining room
table, which is set with fine china and crystal. They're
finishing dinner. She pushes her food around on her
plate.

TOM
Not hungry?

GLORIA
I've had enough.

TOM
(with a wide, mean
smile)
(MORE)
TOM (CONT'D)

Guess you're at that age where you need to start watching what you eat.

She rests her tanned arms on the table, gives him a jaundiced look.

GLORIA

Have you decided if you're coming to the gallery opening?

He slices off a piece of rare sirloin, raises the fork to his mouth, chews.

TOM

No, you go. Just don't buy anything.

GLORIA

Don't worry. With what you give me, I couldn't afford to.

He shakes his head.

TOM

(laughing irritably)
It must be rough on you, living in this house, wondering which dress you're gonna wear and which car you're gonna drive. You didn't have those problems when I met you. Who knows -- if we hadn't met, you might still be working as a stewardess.

She fingers the stem of her wine glass, inspecting a crescent her lips have left on the rim.

GLORIA

I'm not complaining.

TOM

'Course not. You know better than to do that.

She tucks her hair behind her ears. Her bejewelled earlobes glitter.
TOM (CONT'D)
Nice earrings.

GLORIA
(without looking at him)
Thank you.

He picks up a piece of French bread, runs it through the juice on his plate, puts it in his mouth, washes it down with some red wine.

TOM
I don't remember buying those for you.

GLORIA
I bought them for myself.

He grimaces, showing his teeth. There's a sudden intensity in his eyes. A hint of menace.

TOM
They expensive?

She looks up slowly. There's a scornful expression around her mouth.

GLORIA
(an edge to her voice)
Why -- are you going to deduct them from my allowance?

He stares at her for a moment, then slices off another piece of steak and chews it.

TOM
I just wanna know where my money's going.

GLORIA
Well, it is only money, Tom.

TOM
(glowering)
Yeah. Mine.

He rises, walks away from the table.
INT. ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Tom heads for the door. Gloria follows him.

GLORIA
Where are you going?

TOM
(terse)
Out.

GLORIA
Where?

TOM
Why, you gonna miss me?

He walks out.

She blinks, stands there, stares at the door.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Tom is tooling around in his convertible.

There’s a bus stop ahead. As Tom gets closer to it, he sees Aurora sitting on the bench. She’s wearing a nice, simple dress.

Tom slows down and pulls over to the curb.

TOM
Hey, where you headed?

AURORA
I was going to get something to eat.

TOM
You want some company?

AURORA
Oh, no, that’s okay.

He leans over, opens the passenger side door.
TOM
Come on, I'll take you somewhere.

Reluctantly, she gets into the car and closes the door.

TOM (CONT'D)
Fasten your seat belt.

AURORA
What?

He tugs on his seat belt.

AURORA (CONT'D)
(a little embarrassed)
Oh, yes.

He watches, amused, as she struggles with the belt.

TOM
You look nice.

AURORA
Thank you, sir.

TOM
You don't have to call me that. Call me Tom.

AURORA
(diffidently)
I can't do that.

TOM
(mock serious)
Who's the boss?

AURORA
(laughing)
You, sir.

TOM
(smiling)
Okay, then. Call me Tom.

He drops the car into gear, and they pull away.
INT. BAR - NIGHT

Tom and Aurora are sitting at a table, sipping drinks.

   TOM
   (looking around)
   I like this place.

   AURORA
   (smiling)
   Me too.

   TOM
   How do you say "me too" in Spanish?

   AURORA
   Yo tambien.

   TOM
   (mangling it)
   Yo tambien.

She laughs.

   TOM (CONT'D)
   (chuckling)
   That bad, huh?

   AURORA
   (touching his arm)
   No, no, I should not laugh.
   I'm sorry.

   TOM
   (amused)
   Don't be.

She leans forward to sip her drink, revealing a bit more of what he can't help but notice.

   TOM (CONT'D)
   So, you have a boyfriend?
AURORA
(sheepishly)
No.

TOM
I find that hard to believe, a
girl as pretty as you.

AURORA
...I came to this country by
myself. I guess I'm still
learning my way around.

TOM
How long've you been here?

AURORA
Not that long. Twelve of us
came over on a raft. I don't
like the water, and I was
afraid. But then I saw the
lights of Miami...it was so
beautiful.
  (a beat)
I just wish my family could
have come.

TOM
...Well, I'm glad you came.

AURORA
(smiling)
Yo tambien.

Tom laughs.

25 INT. TOM'S CAR - NIGHT

Tom and Aurora are parked outside the bar. He leans
toward her. Being this close to her is too much for him.
The scent of her. The allure. He moves in for a kiss.

AURORA
(holding him off)
No, I can't...
He works his lips together as if tasting something he likes. He moves in again. She moves back again. She's running out of room.

TOM
Tell me what you want.
Anything.

AURORA
Please...
(a beat)
Just take me home.

TOM
I won't hurt you. I promise.

AURORA
And tomorrow...?

He gives her a wet smile.

TOM
Don't worry, sweetheart. You know the old song? Mañana never comes.

25A EXT. MOTEL
A cheap motel with a neon sign.

26 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT
Shabby, anonymous furniture.

Tom is in the bathroom. The door is half-closed. A narrow shaft of light slices out across the floor.

Aurora sits in a chair in the corner. She seems nervous, scared.

Glancing around, she notices the heavy curtains blocking the window.

She gets up, goes to the window, parts the curtains.
INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tom splashes a handful of water on his face. He grabs a towel, dries his face off. He looks at his reflection in the mirror.
INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom door opens. Tom comes out. It's time.

Aurora turns around.

He moves toward her. He looks into her eyes, smooths her hair back.

   TOM
   (almost tenderly)
   It's okay.

He takes her by the wrist, leads her to the bed, sits on the edge of it. She stands there as he admires the full swell of her breasts. She seems embarrassed. He cups her breasts in his hands and looks up at her.

   TOM (CONT'D)
   Is this all right...?

   AURORA
   (quietly)
   Yes.

   TOM
   Let's see what's underneath this...

He reaches for the top button of her dress, unfastens it, and pauses. Then he unfastens the next button. He can see her bra now. Next button.

   TOM (CONT'D)
   (smiling)
   Could you...?

She looks at him for a moment, then unfastens her dress so that it hangs loose on her shoulders.

He reaches up and slips the dress down, just a bit, his eyes fixed on the tops of her breasts.

She shrugs out of the dress and lets him pull it all the way down, until it's at her feet. She is wearing a modest white bra and panty set.
He is mesmerized. Her figure is even more voluptuous than he had imagined.

He puts his hands on her waist, kisses her stomach. His hands move over her skin.

She's starting to realize how much power she has over him, but she isn't sure how to use it, or even how much she wants it. She's not immune to what he's doing to her, though. She likes it.

She's standing with her back to us now. She reaches back and unclasps her bra, and the only thing that's keeping it in place is his grip on her breasts.

He lifts his hands, and the bra slips off. He grips his arms around her back and pulls her down onto the bed.

INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - NIGHT

Beaumont is parked outside the motel, clutching a camera with a long telephoto lens. He trains the camera at the motel window and clicks off a few quick shots. He lets out a yawn.

INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The phone rings. Gloria answers it.

   GLORIA
   (into phone)
   Hello.

   BEAUMONT (O.S.)
   (from phone)
   Mrs. Conovan?

   GLORIA
   Yes.

   BEAUMONT (O.S.)
   You recognize the voice?

   GLORIA
   Uh-huh...have you got something?
BEAUMONT (O.S.)
Yes ma'am. I believe you owe me some money.

There's a click on the other end.

She hangs up, sits there for a moment. Then she picks up the phone and hits the speed dial.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. John lies in bed, face down, sprawled out. The phone on the nightstand rings. He turns on a light, opens one eye, looks at the phone, answers it.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GLORIA AND JOHN.

JOHN
(into phone)
Hello?

GLORIA
Hi. It's me.

JOHN
(sleepy)
Hey.

GLORIA
I just got a call...

JOHN
Uh-huh.

GLORIA
I'll have the pictures tomorrow.
(a beat)
I hope they're good.

JOHN
Don't worry. They'll be good enough to frame.

GLORIA
...I wish you could be here.
JOHN
I know. We'll be together soon.

GLORIA
Okay.
(sweetly)
Go back to sleep.

She hangs up the phone. A smile flashes across her face.

EXT. CONOVAN HOUSE - MORNING

A beautiful morning. A blue sky fleeced with perfectly white clouds.

Gloria, wrapped in a thick terry cloth robe, sits at the table by the pool. She sips a glass of orange juice.

Tom comes out of the house. He's wearing suit pants without the jacket. He picks up his juice, takes a long swallow.

GLORIA
You were out late last night.

TOM
(nonchalant)
Ran into a friend.

GLORIA
Did you?
(a beat)
A male friend, or a female one?

TOM
It was Stan Carlisle.

Aurora comes out, carrying a serving tray.

Gloria looks at her.

Tom doesn't see her, because she's behind him.

GLORIA
So how is he?
TOM
He's fine. Said to say hello.

GLORIA
Really. How nice.

Aurora sets the tray down. There's a large covered plate with Tom's breakfast, a smaller one with his bagel, a platter with some cream cheese on it, a fork, a large knife, a smaller knife to spread the cream cheese.

Gloria seems to be enjoying the awkward tension between Tom and Aurora. She watches as they ignore each other.

Aurora uncovers the larger plate.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Looks good.

TOM
(gruff)
Yeah.

Aurora turns and heads back into the house.

Tom throws his tie over his shoulder, starts eating.

Neither one speaks for a moment. The only sounds are the tiny clicks of Tom's knife and fork against his plate.

GLORIA
Something bothering you?

TOM
Why?

GLORIA
You're not acting like yourself.

TOM
Really? How'm I acting?

GLORIA
I don't know...
(a beat)
Tell me, what was Stan wearing?
TOM
  (irritably)
What?

GLORIA
Last night, when you ran into him.
  (a beat)
A suit? Pants and a sport jacket?
  (a beat)
A low cut dress?

He jabs a piece of egg, skewers a bit of ham, sips his last swallow of juice, dabs his mouth with a napkin.

TOM
  (caught off guard)
What're you talking about?

GLORIA
I think you have an idea.

TOM
  (muttering)
Christ...
  (a long sighing exhalation)
I don't need this. Not this morning.

He rises, walks away.

Gloria watches him go.

GLORIA
  (smiling)
Have a nice day, sweetheart.

33    EXT. PAYPHONE – DAY  33

Beaumont is on the phone.

BEAUMONT
  (into phone)
I'd like to make a reservation.
  (listens)
  (MORE)
BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
Two adults.
(listens)
Want it in the name of Tom Conovan.
(a beat)
Let me give you my credit card number.

34 EX. MOTEL - DAY

The same cheap motel. An exterior hall balcony on each floor has the entrance doors to the rooms. Beaumont's car turns into the parking lot.

35 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

The clerk looks up as Beaumont enters.

CLERK
Can I help you?

BEAUMONT
I've got a reservation. It's under Tom Conovan.

The clerk goes over his reservation list. It's short.

CLERK
Conovan, yeah, here it is. You him?

BEAUMONT
No, he'll be here later.

Beaumont hands the clerk a credit card. The clerk checks the number against what's on his reservation list.

CLERK
This is for you.

He hands Beaumont a registration form. Beaumont checks the form to make sure that "Tom Conovan" is listed as the room's primary occupant.

BEAUMONT
Room 110 available?
CLERK
Let me check.

The clerk goes over his reservation list again.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Yeah. Here ya go. 110.

The clerk hands Beaumont a key with a large plastic tag.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Just turn left when you walk out.

BEAUMONT
Thanks.

INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - DAY

Gloria is talking with Aurora in the master bedroom.

Aurora is clearly feeling mixed emotions about what she's done.

GLORIA
It's over now. You don't have to do anything else.

AURORA
Now you divorce him?

GLORIA
Uh-huh. And then we can start to work on bringing your family here.

AURORA
(moved)
Oh, señora. This means everything to me.

GLORIA
I know it does.

She puts an arm around Gloria, leads her to the bedroom door.
AURORA
...Thank you.

GLORIA
(smiling)
No. Thank you.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Beaumont is stretched out on the bed, the phone pressed to his ear. He dials. After a moment:

BEAUMONT
(into phone)
Hi, uh -- you're not by any chance the same desk clerk who was on duty this afternoon?
(listens)
No, I didn't think so.
(listens)
Well, the thing is, I was here last night, in the same room, but I lost my statement. I was wondering if I could get another copy of it.
(listens)
Tom Conovan. C-O-N-O-V-A-N.
(listens)
If you could just slide it under my door, that'd be great.

INT. DARKROOM - DAY

Darkness. We hear the click of a pull-string. A red light bulb is illuminated.

We're in a makeshift darkroom. It's crowded with metal developing pans, bottles of chemicals, packages of photo paper, developer bath, stop bath, fixing bath.

Beaumont slides a piece of photo paper into the developer bath.

The paper sinks in the solution until it's submerged.
Sweat rolls into his eyes. He wipes his forehead with a sleeve. Then, gently, he lifts a corner of the pan up and down so that the solution flows back and forth over the paper. Delicate work.

By degrees, pale and indistinct forms appear on the paper.

He examines them.

A high-contrast black-and-white image materializes. It's Tom and Aurora, in the motel room.

He smiles.

---

39

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

A darkening sky. Incandescent light from within the coffee shop.

40

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

Gloria is seated in a vinyl booth.

Beaumont comes in, looks around, sees her. He approaches and slides into the booth.

BEAUMONT

(genial)

Greetings and salutations.

He places a manila envelope on the table between them.

She unfastens the clasp, bends back the flap, reaches into the envelope and pulls out an 8 x 10 black-and-white photo.

It's grainy, but the faces are unmistakably those of Tom and Aurora. They're standing in the motel room.

Gloria stares down at the photo, a smooth untroubled look on her face.

Beaumont fans himself with his hat.
BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
You seem to be taking this a lot better than I thought you would.

She glances at him coolly, then takes a few more photos out of the envelope and looks at them. They are progressively more compromising.

One of them shows Tom and Aurora on the bed, without their clothes.

Gloria's untroubled look turns abruptly hard.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
That's one of my favorites. Didn't have a hell of a lot of light to work with, but there's no doubt about what those two are doing.

She puts the photos down on the table and pushes them into a stack with her finger.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
There's a copy of your husband's bill for the room in there, too.

She slides a thick pay envelope across the table.

He picks it up and turns it over in his plump hands. He opens it. There's a packet of stiff new bills inside.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
Genuine coin a' the realm.

He takes the bills out, counts them, taps their edges into alignment. He stuffs them back into the envelope and tucks the flap in over them.

GLORIA
All fifties, as requested.

BEAUMONT
I appreciate that. Anything larger creates problems. And I don't like having problems.
GLORIA
You like having money, though.

BEAUMONT
...I like having peace of mind. Which is not the same thing.
(a beat)
It's like the man said. Money's round. It rolls toward you, and it rolls away.

She picks up the photos and slips them into the manila envelope.

GLORIA
Does anyone besides John know I hired you?

BEAUMONT
Not a soul.

GLORIA
Good. If my husband ever found out about this, I'm afraid it would be over between us.

BEAUMONT
(smiling bleakly)
Well, I'm not a marriage counselor, but offhand I'd say it's already over between you.

As he slides out of the booth, he hacks out a chuckle.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
Look at it this way -- half of all marriages end in divorce. Which is not as bad as it sounds, when you consider the other half end in death.

GLORIA
...You're an interesting man.

BEAUMONT
(putting on his hat)
It's just an act.
Tom is at the front door, trying to fit his key into the lock. It isn't working. He rattles the knob, leans on the doorbell. We hear distant chimes.

GLORIA (O.S.)
(through the intercom)
Yes?

TOM
(into intercom)
My key's not working.

GLORIA (O.S.)
I had the locks changed this morning.

TOM
What's going on?

GLORIA (O.S.)
You don't live here anymore.

TOM
Let me in.

There is no response.

TOM (CONT'D)
Come on...
(a beat)
We can discuss this.

GLORIA (O.S.)
You can discuss it with my attorney.

He pounds on the door.

TOM
Open the goddamn door!

He pounds on the door again, then steps back and stares at it. He blinks with vacant eyes.
INT. JOHN'S CAR - AFTERNOON

John is cruising along. His cellular phone rings. He answers it.

JOHN
(into phone)
Hello.
(listens)
Uh-huh.
(listens)
All right. I'll be there soon.

EXT. CONOVAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

John rings the bell.
The door opens, and Gloria is there. She is smiling. She steps away from the door, and John enters the house.

INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Gloria leads John through the house toward the pool.

JOHN
(looking around)
Aurora here?

GLORIA
I sent her out to run some errands.

JOHN
Where's your husband?

GLORIA
When he came home this afternoon I told him I'd had the locks changed. He's already gone.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - AFTERNOON

John and Gloria come out of the house.
She stretches herself out on a chaise lounge.

He shucks off his suit jacket, sits in a deck chair.

JOHN
Any idea where he might spend the night?

She turns her face toward the sun.

GLORIA
Does it matter?

JOHN
I think we should serve him with the papers as soon as possible.

GLORIA
He'll probably sleep on his boat.

JOHN
You don't think he'd check into a hotel?

GLORIA
That's the interesting thing about Tom -- he's got more money than he knows what to do with, but he'd rather die than spend any of it.

EXT. MARINA - LATE AFTERNOON

Tom is unloading gear and supplies from the trunk of his car. A sleek ocean-going yacht is tied up at the dock behind him.

A car wheels into the parking lot. A man gets out. He walks up to Tom.

MAN
Tom Conovan?

Tom looks up.
The man flourishes a sheaf of typewritten pages.

MAN
These are for you.

The man unceremoniously hands over the documents, then walks away.

Tom looks at the papers.


Tom's jaw sags.

INT. LAW FIRM - DAY

A well-appointed conference room.

John and Gloria are seated at a long table. John's nerves are clearly on edge. Gloria, looking cool in a fitted skirt suit, is preternaturally calm.

Across the table, Tom is seated next to his attorney, SAM MASTERTON. He's a heavy man in his late fifties, sharply dressed in a custom suit.

Tom flips through the photos of him and Aurora. His face is grim. He passes the photos to Masterson.

Masterson glances at a couple of them, lays them on the table.

MASTERTON
At this point my client is willing to consider reconciliation.

JOHN
We've ruled that out.
MASTERVER
Then I’d like to propose a thirty day cooling off period before initiating any proceedings.

JOHN
My client has made a decision. She doesn't need any more time.

MASTERVER
(nodding equably)
All right. If you’ve got a proposal, let's hear it.

JOHN
Monthly alimony payments in the amount of twenty thousand dollars, plus sole possession of the house and fifty percent of all cash and liquid assets.

MASTERVER
(smiling tightly)
Let's be reasonable.

JOHN
That is reasonable. Your client signed a prenuptial agreement. I believe you drew it up for him, so I’m sure you're familiar with its provisions. And I'm sure you realize that a court is going to rule in our favor.

MASTERVER
Well, I'm not as sure you are.

JOHN
Your client plainly violated the agreement's fidelity clause.

Gloria gives Tom a hurt, reproachful look. It seems perfectly sincere.
MASTERS
I think that's for a court to
decide.

John looks squarely at Masterson.

JOHN
Look, I have a witness who can
testify that your client
checked into a motel with
another woman, I have a copy
of his statement for the room,
and I have photos of
everything.

The color has drained from Masterson's face. He
compresses his lips into a narrow seam.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Now: you can allow your client
to be humiliated in a very
public way, or we can avoid
all of that and agree on a
settlement. It's up to you.

TOM
Gloria, for God's sake. Can't
we talk about this?

JOHN
My client is not here to
answer questions. You have her
terms.

MASTERS
Her terms are outrageous.

JOHN
...All right, then. If there's
nothing else, I think we're
finished.

He points to the photos.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You can keep those, and the
receipt from the motel. We
have copies.
JOHN (CONT'D)
(to Gloria)
Shall we?

John and Gloria stand.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(to Tom and his attorney)
Gentlemen.

He opens the door, holds it for Gloria, follows her out.

Tom sits there and watches them go. He is white with anger.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

John and Gloria step into an elevator. John presses a button. The doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

John and Gloria are alone in the elevator. They look at each other for a moment. She moves closer to him, then kisses him deeply and pins him against the wall. She reaches bluntly between his legs.

GLORIA
Is this for me?

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

John and Gloria step outside, keeping a respectable distance from each other, casually smoothing their clothes. They head across the parking lot toward their cars.

He is smiling.

Her face is flushed with excitement. Her eyes are brilliant.

They walk in silence for a moment. When they do speak, they don't look at each other.
GLORIA
I want you more right now than
I ever have.

JOHN
(grinning)
Really.

They come to her car.

He turns, offers his handshake.

She takes his hand, shakes it for show.

GLORIA
Will you follow me back to the
house?

He nods.

She gets into the car.

He looks around, then heads toward his own car.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY
Beaumont stands behind a pillar. He's been watching John
and Gloria. He takes a small pad out of his hip pocket,
makes a note. He smiles.

INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON
John follows Gloria into the living room.

GLORIA
We did it.

JOHN
It's not completely done.

GLORIA
He can't contest anything.
JOHN
It still has to be presented
to the court for written
approval. The judge has to
sign off on it.

GLORIA
I thought you were excited.

A smile doesn't entirely hide his wariness.

JOHN
I am.

GLORIA
Then don't worry so much.

She heads to the bar. She picks up a tumbler, fills it
with ice, splashes some bourbon into it, hands it to him.
She fixes one for herself, holds it up to the light. She
taps her glass against his.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
To us.

They drink. She cracks an ice cube between her teeth. She
sits on the sofa, sinks back onto it, crosses her legs.
Her drink dangles from her hand. She swings her upper leg
gently.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
(with a sexy pout)
So...what we should we do now?

JOHN
(smiling)
I don't know.

He moves toward her. He sets his glass down and lightly
strokes her cheek.

She sets her glass down, holding his gaze.

He bends down and kisses her.

She pulls him to her tightly, moving her hands over his
body.
INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

John stirs and wakes up. He's alone in the bed. He scrubs at his eyes with his knuckles, looks around.

The bathroom door is open and the shower is running.

He swings his feet to the floor, sits on the edge of the bed, hunches forward. He notices a framed photo on the nightstand.

The photo shows Tom and Gloria standing on a sunstruck beach. Tom's wearing a long beach robe, and Gloria is in a swimsuit.

John traces his finger down Gloria's leg. Then his eyes shift over to Tom, whose head is thrown back slightly.

Tom is laughing.

    GLORIA (O.S.)
    I've been meaning to do
    something about that.

John turns his head.

Gloria, fresh out of the shower, is framed in the doorway of the bathroom. She has a plush bath sheet wrapped tightly around her shapely figure.

She moves past him, plucks the photo off the nightstand, tosses it into a drawer. She sits down next to him on the bed.

    GLORIA (CONT'D)
    ...We don't have to hide from
    anyone now.

He rubs the back of his neck.

She moves behind him on the bed, starts lightly massaging his neck and shoulders. She speaks softly into his ear:

    GLORIA (CONT'D)
    We can finally be together.
    Take care of each other.
    (MORE)
GLORIA (CONT'D)
And with the money we've got, you won't have any problem making those alimony payments.

JOHN
(laughing)
My ex-wife'll be thrilled.

GLORIA
I'm sure she will be. But none of that matters, does it? No one else really matters now. It's just us.

JOHN
When are you going to pay Aurora?

GLORIA
When the divorce is finalized. (a beat) And then I'm going to fire her.

JOHN
What?

GLORIA
You saw the pictures. You've seen her body. You don't think I want that body walking around in front of you every day, do you?

He lies down on the bed. She lies down next to him.

JOHN
It's good to know that you trust me so much.

GLORIA
Sorry... (a beat) It's been a long time since I was in a loving relationship.
JOHN
You've been married for ten years.

GLORIA
(laughing mournfully)
That's what I mean.

JOHN
You don't consider that a relationship?

GLORIA
I don't know. It never really felt like he was my husband.
(a beat)
It felt more like...an arrangement.

JOHN
An "arrangement"?

GLORIA
Yeah. It was like we had a deal. He actually used those words. "Let's make a deal."

JOHN
...What was the deal?

GLORIA
My looks. His money.

JOHN
...That's romantic.

GLORIA
Well, I knew what I had to offer him, and he knew what he had to offer me.

---

A couple of seagulls wheel around lazily over the water. Tom's car pulls up. He gets out. He's wearing a T-shirt, a pair of shorts, deck shoes. He has a few days of beard on his face. He walks out onto the dock, pauses to admire his boat.
BEAUMONT (O.S.)
She's a beauty.

Tom starts, turns, looks around. Beaumont is standing in the parking lot. He pushes his hat back on his head, gestures toward the boat.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
You take her out much?

TOM
Who are you?

BEAUMONT
(smiling inscrutably)
I'm the man's gonna haul your ass out of the fire.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

Tom and Beaumont sit at the stern, each with a beer.

BEAUMONT
(dry, matter-of-fact)
I've done a lot of work for John, but when he called me about your wife, I knew there was something strange about it. The way he talked about her. It got my attention. I decided to do some freelance work, started tailing him. Saw him meet up with your wife in a parking lot. Followed them to a motel, got some nice pictures of them together.

(a beat)
All of this went down before I took the pictures of you.

Tom sits there, waiting for more. Finally:

TOM
How much?
BEAUMONT
(chuckling)
You get right to it, don't you?

TOM
How much?

BEAUMONT
(sipping his drink)
Well, I'd say that depends on how much you want what I have.

TOM
What -- some pictures?

BEAUMONT
No, no, no. These are not "some pictures." These are the pictures that are going to nullify the infidelity charge your wife is using to take away a whole lot of your money. From what I've heard, she's doing quite a number on you. Quite a set-up.

TOM
(watchful)
What do you mean, "set-up"?

BEAUMONT
The girl -- Aurora? I went to the agency she works out of. Your wife had a cattle call at your house before she picked her. Seems she was looking for a very specific type of girl.
(smiling)
The type you'd find irresistible.

TOM
(staggered)
...The girl was in on it?

BEAUMONT
You were there. You tell me. Did she come on to you, ever?
TOM  
    (nonplussed)  
    ...No.

BEAUMONT
And that night?

TOM
She was waiting for a bus. We 
wound up going to a bar...
    (a beat)
How'd you know where we were?

BEAUMONT
It's my job to know these 
things.

TOM
    (thinking out loud)
I wonder how much Gloria's 
paying her.

BEAUMONT
Not enough, considering.

TOM
Would you be willing to give a 
deposition?

BEAUMONT
    (getting up to leave)
Absolutely. No extra charge.

TOM
All right. I'll call my 
lawyer, see if I can get an 
extension on the hearing.
    (draining his glass)
You bring me the pictures, 
we'll talk about money.

56  EXT. ROAD - DAY  56

Tom's car is parked next to Beaumont's.
INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - DAY

Beaumont sits quietly in the driver's seat as Tom pores over a series of 8 x 10 black-and-white photos.

The photos, taken through a telephoto lens, show John and Gloria in bed.

Tom slowly flips through the photos. He turns and gazes out the window.

TOM
(bemused)
You know, a month after we met, she said we should get married. I said, Don't you want to get to know me a little more? She said, Why, does it get better?

(laughing bitterly)
My family never liked her. We had a small wedding. Flew down to Santo Domingo, hired a local band, got married on the beach. She said she didn't want a thing in the world except to be with me...

Beaumont pats his pockets, takes out a roll of antacid tablets. He pops a couple into his mouth and chews them. He grimaces.

BEAUMONT
I'll tell you the way I look at it, the ones who say they don't want anything always get more in the end.

Tom carefully slides the photos into a manila envelope.

Beaumont rubs his nose with the back of his hand.

Tom hands Beaumont a fat pay envelope.

Beaumont opens the envelope with his thick fingers, counts the money inside.
BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
...I've been thinking...
(a beat)
I'm not sure how much good those pictures are gonna do you.

TOM
What?

BEAUMONT
...They prove she was having an affair with her lawyer. But they don't prove she set you up.

TOM
What're you suggesting?

BEAUMONT
I'm suggesting you'd be on firmer ground if you had another piece of evidence.

TOM
Like what?

BEAUMONT
Like, say, a taped confession.

TOM
(laughing)
And how do you propose I get that?

BEAUMONT
There're ways.

TOM
(skeptical)
Really.

BEAUMONT
Uh-huh.

TOM
Such as...?
BEAUMONT
The less you know about it the better.

Tom considers this for a moment.

TOM
When could I have it by?

BEAUMONT
Few days. Sooner, maybe.

TOM
...All right...

He gets out of the car.

58 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT
Beaumont heads down the hall to John's office carrying a tool kit. He moves quietly, looking relaxed.

He kneels in front of the door. He opens the tool kit and starts using lock-picking tools on the lock.

59 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT
Beaumont enters, closes the door, locks it.

He takes out a penlight and turns it on. He flashes it around the office, finds the phone.

He goes over to the phone, picks it up, unscrews the earpiece.

He takes a small, round listening device out of his pocket. He peels off the backing to expose the adhesive.

He attaches the listening device inside the phone, puts the phone back together.

He heads for the door.

60 EXT. PAYPHONE - AFTERNOON
Behind John's office. Beaumont's car is parked nearby.
Beaumont is dialing a number. He waits, clears his throat.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The phone starts ringing in the reception room. Susan picks it up, then hits the hold button.

SUSAN
(yells)
John. It's for you. He wouldn't give his name.
(a beat)
You want him?

JOHN
Sure.

John swivels in his chair so that he can see Susan in the reception room.

As she hangs up her phone, she gives him a strange, ambivalent look.

He watches her as she goes back to work.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BEAUMONT AND JOHN.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?

BEAUMONT
(into phone)
Hiya John.

JOHN
Hey...

BEAUMONT
Listen, I wanted to ask you a question.

JOHN
Uh-huh.
BEAUMONT
...When you and your girlfriend decided to set up her husband, whose idea was it to bring in the maid?

JOHN
What?

Beaumont hangs up.

INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - AFTERNOON

The driver's side door opens and Beaumont gets in. He puts on a pair of headphones.

The headphones are connected to a radio surveillance receiver. The receiver is hooked up to a tape recorder.

We hear the phone ringing in the headphones.

BEAUMONT
Come on...

GLORIA (O.S.)
...(through headphones)
...Hello?

JOHN (O.S.)
...(through headphones)
It's me...

GLORIA (O.S.)
What's wrong?
JOHN (O.S.)
I just got a call. I think Beaumont knows something.

GLORIA (O.S.)
About what...?

JOHN (O.S.)
You, me, Aurora. He knows about the whole thing...

GLORIA (O.S.)
I don't see how he could.

JOHN (O.S.)
I'm telling you, he does.

GLORIA (O.S.)
(chafing)
Well, what do you expect me to do?

JOHN (O.S.)
...I don't know.

GLORIA (O.S.)
Look, you're a lawyer. He can't do anything unless he has some evidence, right?

JOHN (O.S.)
Right...

GLORIA (O.S.)
So, then, don't worry about it.

(a beat)
...I can't really talk now. I'll call you later, okay?

JOHN (O.S.)
(still distraught)
Okay.

We hear a click on the line.

Beaumont takes off the headphones, sits back, smiles.
EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An empty parking lot.

Tom's car turns in. As the car's headlights sweep across the lot, they briefly throw light on Beaumont's car, which idles unobtrusively in the darkness.

Tom parks, gets out.

Beaumont rolls his window down.

BEAUMONT

'Evening, Tom.

INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - NIGHT

Tom settles himself into the passenger seat. He glances at Beaumont, who's rumpled and sweating.

BEAUMONT

You know, a lot of people come here at night. You'd be surprised.

Beaumont takes out a handkerchief and wipes the sweat from the palms of his hands.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)

(getting expansive)
Sometimes I'll see two cars pull in and park next to each other. The drivers'll go off somewhere in one of the cars. I jot down the license plate numbers and look 'em up the next day. If their listings don't match, there's a chance they're married to other people. And if they are, I'll place a call to the spouses. I've found a few clients that way.

He mops his brow.
BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
...The things people think they can get away with.

TOM
You ever been married?

BEAUMONT
No. Can't say I have.

Tom turns and peers out the window.

TOM
It does strange things to people.

BEAUMONT
Well, despite my line of work, I've seen a few happily married couples.

Tom shrugs.

TOM
Marriage has got nothing to do with happiness.

Beaumont laughs at this. His amusement is genuine and unalloyed.

BEAUMONT
I'd say you've got a particular slant on the subject.

Tom is silent for a moment.

TOM
(unsmiling)
Yeah, I do.
(a beat)
You have something for me?

Beaumont dips into his jacket pocket with two fingers, pulls out a tape. He hands it Tom.

BEAUMONT
...And I believe you have something for me...
Tom slips the tape into his pocket, then hands Beaumont a thick pay envelope.

Beaumont tucks the envelope into his jacket.

TOM
You're not gonna count it?

BEAUMONT
(smiling)
Nah, I trust ya.

Tom pulls a roll of bills out of his pocket. He peels off a twenty, hands it to Beaumont.

TOM
Here. Get your car washed.

He gets out of the car.

INT. MASTERTON'S OFFICE - DAY

A large, richly decorated office.

Tom sits across from Masterson. He has just slapped the tape on the desktop, next to the photos of John and Gloria.

MASTERTON
And he's willing to testify that he took these before he took the ones of you and the girl?

TOM
Yeah.

MASTERTON
You ever hear the term, "connivance?"

Tom shakes his head.

MASTERTON (CONT'D)
(steepling his fingers)
(MORE)
MASTERSO N (CONT’D)
Well, essentially, it's when someone sets up a situation so tempting that someone else will commit a wrongdoing in the pursuit of that temptation. I've seen the pictures. This girl definitely falls into that category.

TOM
Which means...?

Masterson leans back in his chair.

MASTERSO N
Which means your wife is in for a very rude awakening.

TOM
What about the tape. Is it admissible in court?

MASTERSO N
(with a dismissive wave)
It doesn't matter. I could go out and get some corroborating witnesses if I had to.
(smiling)
But I don't think I'll have to.

TOM
(skeptical)
Why not?

MASTERSO N
Believe me, once her lawyer friend hears this tape, he's not gonna want to go to court.

TOM
(thinking)
...Can you get me a court order so I can get into the house, pick up some of my stuff?
MASTERS
Sure. When?

TOM
(rising)
Today.

66 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

Gloria comes into the reception room and heads straight for John's office. Susan is at the desk. She looks up, wrinkles her brow.

GLORIA
(smoothly)
He's expecting me.

67 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John is sitting at his desk, smoking nervously. He seems to have been waiting for some time. Gloria enters, closes the door.
John stubs his cigarette out in an ashtray and stands up.

JOHN
(tense)
Hey.

GLORIA
Hi.

He comes out from behind the desk and moves toward her. She locks her arms around his neck, looks up into his eyes.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Have you got any more of those cigarettes?

JOHN
(restive)
Yeah.

He shakes a cigarette out of the pack and hands it to her.

She fits it between her lips.

He lights it for her.

She takes a long slow drag and exhales.

He starts pacing up and down.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What if he really knows something?

Gloria rotates her cigarette, looking at the ash.

GLORIA
If he knew anything, he'd have done something by now.

JOHN
What if he goes to Tom?

GLORIA
With what? He doesn't have anything.
JOHN
We don't know that.

GLORIA
He's done work for you in the past, hasn't he?

JOHN
Uh-huh.

GLORIA
And has he ever given you a reason not to trust him?

JOHN
With a guy like that, you don't need a reason.

She screws her cigarette out in the ashtray and moves toward him.

She straightens his tie, smooths his shirt to his chest.

She looks into his eyes.

GLORIA
(soothing)
Don't worry. Everything's fine.

She kisses him on the lips, then pulls away.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
(smiling)
...Meet me at the house in an hour.

She turns and goes out the door.

68  INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - DAY  68

Tom is in the master bedroom. There is an open suitcase on the bed. A stylish one-suit. He's hastily packing some clothes.

The phone starts ringing.
He looks at it. He decides to let the answering machine pick up. After a beep:

    JOHN (O.S.)
    (on the machine)
    Hi, it's John. I just got a call from Tom's attorney. They got a thirty day extension. We're gonna have to figure something out. I'm on my way over now. I'll see you soon.

Tom stands there, looking at the blinking message light on the answering machine.

He lays some folded shirts into the suitcase.

Aurora comes in. She stands there.

He turns around.

    AURORA
    (in a small, parched voice)
    I just want you to know, I --

    TOM
    (shortly)
    -- How much is she paying you?

    AURORA
    What?

    TOM
    My wife. How much is she paying you, to do what you did?

    AURORA
    (contrite)
    Ten thousand dollars. And she promised to help bring my family here. She said they can live here, with her.

He studies her for a moment, moves toward her.
She lowers her head. Tears well up in her eyes.

He gently raises her chin.

    TOM
    (softening)
    It's okay.

She gives him an honest, steady look.

    AURORA
    (shyly)
    I only wanted to take care of my family.
    (a beat)
    But that night...that was real for me.

    TOM
    God, you are sweet.

He wipes her tears with his fingertips.

    TOM (CONT'D)
    Don't worry about your family. I can help them.

    AURORA
    (brightening)
    Really?

She clasps her arms around his waist.

He holds her for a moment, pulls away, goes to the bed, resumes packing.

She stands there, watching him. After a moment, he turns his head.

She smiles.
EXT. CONOVAN HOUSE - DAY

John's car pulls into the driveway and brakes to a stop. He gets out, heads up to the front door.

INT. CONOVAN HOUSE - DAY

John comes in, looks around.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY

John comes out and walks toward the pool.

TOM (O.S.)
Look who's here.

John turns around.

Tom is coming around the corner. He has a caddy bag slung over his shoulder. It's filled with golf clubs. He sets the bag down, walks toward John.

TOM (CONT'D)
What brings you here?

JOHN
I might ask you the same thing.

TOM
Well, this is still my house...

JOHN
Is that what you think?

TOM
(smiling)
I've got a court order giving me permission to collect my belongings. Wanna see it?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Aurora is packing the last of Tom's things for him.
She notices a jewelry box sitting on the bureau. 
She goes over, hesitates, opens the box.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY  73

JOHN  
How long you plan on being here?

TOM  
Long as I want. Why -- she on her way home?

JOHN  
Yeah. And I think it'd be better if you weren't here.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY  74

Aurora scoops a pair of earrings out of the jewelry box. 
They glitter in the palm of her hand. 
She puts them on, almost reverently.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY  75

John's cellular phone starts ringing. He reaches into his pocket, checks the caller ID, answers.

JOHN  
(into phone)  
Hi.  
(listens)  
I'm at the house.  
(glancing at Tom)  
Tom's here.

INT. GLORIA'S CAR - DAY  76

Gloria is driving with the top down, her cellular phone pressed to her ear.  

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOHN AND GLORIA.
GLORIA
(into phone)
What? What's he doing there?

JOHN
He says he has a court order
to get some of his things.

GLORIA
I don't want to see him.
(a beat)
Call me when he leaves.

Tom walks over, holds out his hand, his intention clear.

JOHN
He wants to talk to you.

Gloria thinks.

JOHN (CONT'D)
...Gloria?

GLORIA
All right.

John hands the phone to Tom.

TOM
(smug)
Hi, sweetheart. How ya doin'?

GLORIA
Get to it, Tom.

TOM
Get to what? I just want to
say hi. Nothing wrong with
that, is there?

GLORIA
I have nothing to say to you.

TOM
(sing-song)
I know something you don't.
GLORIA
I don't think so. Take a good
look around, because it's the
last time you're going to see
my house.

TOM
You know, I never did thank
you...

GLORIA
For what?

TOM
For Aurora. She makes me feel
young again. I don't know how
I could ever repay you.

He snaps the phone shut and tosses it back to John. John
catches it, a little bewildered.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY
Aurora is standing in front of the mirror, looking at
herself, admiring the earrings.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - DAY
Tom walks slowly over to the caddy bag. He pulls out a
club, inspects it, makes a couple of short swings.

TOM
...You know, in business,
there's a risk that the people
who are closest to you will
betray you. It's happened to
me; somehow, I've always found
a way to get satisfaction. But
what you did to me wasn't just
business. And so I find myself
looking to the outer edges of
acceptable behavior to make
myself feel better...

Suddenly, Tom rears back and swings the golf club
squarely into John's midsection.
John folds over, howls in pain and drops to the ground.

TOM (CONT'D)
(building)
How'd it happen?

John tries to crawl away, hissing his agony through clenched teeth.

TOM (CONT'D)
She come to you? Talk you into it?

Tom draws his lips back in a snarl, tightening his grip on the club.

TOM (CONT'D)
What did she tell you -- that I was a terrible husband?
(a beat)
That you were meant for each other?
(a beat)
What kind of promises did she make?

He raises the club over his head, then smashes it down on the glass-topped table. The glass explodes.

He's breathing heavily now. He has a hard, implacable look on his face.

TOM (CONT'D)
(grinning humorlessly)
Look at you.
(a beat)
You know, I almost feel sorry for you...

He heads into the house, still holding the club.

John rolls around, breathing in rasping gulps.

BLACK.
WOMAN (V.O.)
(filtered)
It's done...

CUT TO:

78A EXT. PAYPHONE - DAY

Beaumont is on the phone. We hear a woman's voice on the other end of the line.

BEAUMONT
So what're you gonna do now?

WOMAN (O.S.)
I'm going away for a while.

BEAUMONT
Really? Where to?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Someplace far away.

BEAUMONT
(chuckling)
Sounds nice. I guess you made out pretty good, didn't you?

79 INT. ROOM - DAY

A darkened room. We are close on a phone.

WOMAN (O.S.)
...Don't contact me again. If I need you, I'll know where to find you.

A woman's hand cradles the receiver.

The woman turns, and we see her face. It's Aurora. (She has been speaking without an accent.)

FLASH CUT:
EXT. MOTEL - DAY

John emerges from one of the rooms. Gloria is at the door, kissing him goodbye. She closes the door and he heads toward his car.

Standing in the shadows, across the courtyard, watching everything, is Aurora -- or at least the woman we have come to know as such.

FLASH CUT:

INT. BEAUMONT'S CAR - DAY

Beaumont is at the wheel. Aurora is in the passenger seat. They're parked outside the racetrack. She hands him a thick envelope. He opens it. There's a packet of bills inside. He smiles and begins counting them.

FLASH CUT:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Tom strides out of his office building, carrying his attache case. He looks up and down the crowded street, then starts walking.

After a moment, he blends in with dozens of other people. Men in tailored suits and women in stylish dresses.

We notice one of those women now. Her hair is wrapped in a silk scarf, and her eyes are concealed behind dark sunglasses.

As Tom passes her on the sidewalk, she turns around to look at him. She takes off her sunglasses. It's Aurora.

CUT BACK TO PRESENT:
Aurora walks down the hallway, coming from the back of the house, carrying a suitcase.

Aurora sets her suitcase down. She looks around. There is a vase filled with fresh-cut flowers on a table. She moves the vase slightly, rearranges the flowers a little. She steps back and admires them. Tom comes down the stairs with his suitcase.

TOM
Is that all you have?

She smiles. Her bejewelled earlobes glitter.

AURORA
(with an accent)
Yes.

TOM
Let's go.

Tom's car is parked out front. The top is down. Aurora is in the passenger seat.

Tom has the trunk open. He tosses in the suitcases, then the golf clubs. He slams the trunk shut. He opens the driver's side door, gets into the car, closes the door, keys the ignition.

John staggers to his feet, doubling up. He looks dazed. His eyes are dull. He teeters at the edge of the pool for a moment, and then he plummets into the water.
Gloria's car barrels down the road. She's driving toward the house.

As Tom drives, he glances over at Aurora.

TOM
...So, where do you wanna go?

She rests a hand on his neck.

AURORA
Wherever you want. I don't care.

TOM
...Really?

AURORA
Yes. As long as I'm with you.

Gloria is whipping along, the wind in her hair. She has an intense, expectant look on her face.

John is floating in the pool, face down.

Aurora sees Gloria's car approaching from the opposite direction.

As the two cars pass each other, Gloria catches a glimpse of Aurora and Tom. She has a look of puzzlement, then confusion -- and then realization.
INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

We end close on Aurora. She is looking straight ahead, and she is smiling.

BLACK.