

ANGEL EYES

by

Gerald DiPego

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS (LOS ANGELES) - NIGHT

CREDIT SEQUENCE.

As OPENING CREDITS play, we study the city's nighttime pulse, ribbons of headlights moving and cross-connecting like blood through the veins of a body -- impressionistic, even beautiful, but what we're hearing is soulful trumpet-based MUSIC, mellow and haunting, the modern classic -- JAZZ sound of a Wynton Marsalis, putting a voice to our story. As CREDITS END, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

POV - EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Now the MUSIC is GONE, SOUNDS are MUFFLED and vision blurred. We get the impression of urgent movement. We hear BREATHING. There are VOICES, SHOUTS, even SCREAMS, but MUFFLED, far away. Only the breathing is distinct. We come to realize it is our breathing, and we are inside someone, looking out. The man whose POV this is is on the edge of consciousness and not far from death. He lies on the pavement of a freeway at the site of an accident only minutes after impact.

His VISION goes IN and OUT of clarity. People are swarming around him and rushing by toward the carnage of wrecked vehicles. A SIREN BLOOMS in the distance and approaches haltingly. The man slips away, comes back toward consciousness, slips again.

The crowd around the downed man parts to allow passage to a police officer. It is a woman, Officer SHARON POGUE, LAPD. She kneels at the man's side, taking charge, speaking, but we hear only SLIVERS of SOUND. He sees her face clearly now, close above him.

Sharon is a dedicated professional and more. We see down into her to a place of real caring. She stares into our eyes and connects. We begin to hear her now -- and there are more SIRENS converging in b.g.

SHARON

Can you hear me?
(shouting, off)
This one's conscious!

VOICE (O.S.)

Paramedics on the way!

We are slipping away again. Sharon holds us with her eyes, and she grips our hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Wait. Wait. Listen to me. Can you feel that?

She holds on tight. We see that our hand, held in her own, is bloody.

SHARON

That's my hand. Hold it. Go on -- as hard as you can.

We watch our hand gripping hers, and as we hold on, the sights and sounds around us grow more clear.

SHARON

It's over, and I've got you, and you're safe. You're safe now. You got that? Don't let go. Don't let me go.

But our eyes unlock from Sharon's and DRIFT TO a patch of night sky. Her voice fades away. Our POV begins TO LIFT, MOVING TOWARD that sky, as the blue-black night begins to turn white. We GO INTO that white light and...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITYSCAPE - DAY

We PICK OUT a police car from the traffic and FOLLOW. The beat being patrolled is a mixed neighborhood with some very rough edges.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Officer Sharon Pogue is driving the car. It is two years since we saw her at the accident site. Her partner, ROBBY LEWIS, sips coffee and keeps one eye on the CAD monitor which lists all area police calls. She slows behind a car that is crawling along, an old 60s car, driven by a young man and woman who sit very close on the bench seat. The car's ENGINE is MISSING and smoking.

SHARON

That car is older than they are.

ROBBY

'67 Chevy Impala.

SHARON

That's what I said.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBBY
Needs a servicing.

SHARON
Don't we all.

Robby nearly spits his coffee, laughing at what Sharon has said and trying not to choke. Sharon smiles, shaking her head.

SHARON
Get it together, officer.

As Robby smiles, Sharon looks ahead at the young couple who each have an arm around the other. She is stroking his neck. He is making gentle circles in her hair. Sharon watches this, and for a moment her eyes reveal a depth that may be loneliness, but she quickly pushes her thoughts away and hits the HORN, startling Robby and startling the people ahead who now disengage and drive on.

ROBBY
Jesus, Pogo! Almost spilled my coffee again! You didn't like his hair, or what?

SHARON
I love Elvis hair. They were going two damn miles an hour.

But Robby's eyes have caught something on the monitor.

ROBBY
Let's roll to this -- fight in progress.

As Robby secures that coffee cup, Sharon hits the SIREN and speeds around the car in front of them.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

At the same time, a few blocks away, an OLD, FRAIL MAN is carrying two plastic grocery bags that are too heavy for him.

Walking behind this man is a younger man named CATCH LAMBERT, an attractive man with some scarring on his face. His eyes, deep down, are haunted by something, but there is energy in his step. He is dressed in a relaxed and stylish manner, not expensive. He begins to pick up his pace to catch up to the old man.

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CONTINUED:

People glance at Catch, and he glances back in an open and unflinching way, ready for anything, a smile, a nod, or -- because these are some of L.A.'s mean streets -- a threatening or taunting look. These he also meets openly, without a trace of fear. The man has been through some kind of fire, and it has left him different from us. Outside the usual boundaries.

Catch walks beside the Old Man, glancing at him. Finally, the man glances back, wondering and suspicious, but Catch has a slight, disarming smile, open and honest.

CATCH

Y'know... since we're both walking the same way, I could take one of those bags for you. That way, I do some upper body work while I'm walking along. Helps my back. What d'you say?

The Old Man trudges on, proud and suspicious, too.

CATCH

Right now your mind's making pictures of me robbing your groceries, but, y'know, nine times out of ten, people do the right thing.

The Old Man glances at him, still not convinced, but he soon has to stop and rest. Catch stops, too. The old man looks at him, a bit embarrassed.

OLD MAN

It's the dog food that makes it so heavy.

Catch nods, puts out his hand. The Old Man hesitates, then decides and lifts a bag, and Catch takes it.

CATCH

I guess it's worth it... for a good dog.

Catch isn't kidding. He has that honesty. The Old Man nods and starts trudging again. As they walk on together, Catch reaches for that second bag. The man relents and lets him take it. They continue on, Catch carrying the bags and every now and then lifting them a bit for his upper body work.

EXT. VIDEO GAME ROOM - DAY

This is the call Sharon and Robby have sped to. It is a chaotic scene of cops breaking up a fight between eight boys, 16-20. A big KID, 18 or so, is being pulled off another by Sharon and Robby. The Kid is wild and resisting and Sharon shows her toughness and professionalism and some anger, too, as she slams him into a fence -- and Robby holds him while she cuffs the young man -- who is very mouthy, playing to his friends.

KID

Look at this bitch. Whoo! Benny,
look at this!

Sharon and Robby are both very good at their jobs, taking this Kid to their car while other cops contain the rest. A crowd watches -- mostly teens.

KID

(to Sharon)

You come in with me. Hey, bitch.

Some of his bystanders friends howl at that.

KID

You're going to arrest me, you
come into the back seat with me.
Come on!

He resists a bit, but they're getting him into the car.

KID

Come on. We'll have a good time.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY (FEW MINUTES LATER)

Sharon's on the radio to dispatch as Robby drives and the Kid keeps mouthing off.

SHARON

(to radio)

Three Adam Five -- show us 1019 to
the jail with one male prisoner.

KID

Take off your uniform. Take off
my handcuffs, bitch, and come back
here. I want one touch.

ROBBY

Give it a rest!

Sharon is stone-faced through this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KID

If you're going to put me away,
you gotta give me one sweet touch.

INT. JAIL BOOKING AREA - DAY

As Robby and Sharon bring their suspect to the booking counter, each holding one of his cuffed arms. The Kid is looking at Sharon's hand on his arm.

KID

That ain't the touch. That ain't
the touch I want.

They get him to the counter.

ROBBY

As I remove your cuffs, I want you
to put your hands here. Spread
your legs. More.

As they remove the cuffs, the Kid makes a sudden move toward Sharon, reaching between her legs -- but she was not only ready for this, but hoping for it -- and the stoniness of her face cracks into fierce anger as she moves quickly and grabs the Kid by the hair, bringing his face into her upraised knee. He cries out and goes down on his knees, hurting and bleeding. The jailer rushes over to help, but Robby grabs the Kid's wrists.

ROBBY

That's it. Back off, John, we got
it.

Robby glances at Sharon -- a dark glance.

EXT. POLICE JAIL PARKING LOT - DAY (LATER)

as Robby and Sharon walk to their car. They are interrupted by one of their lieutenants, SANDERMAN, walking their way and stopping to stare at Sharon. She meets his look.

SANDERMAN

You trying to be a bad-ass, Pogue?

She is straightforward, not rebellious.

SHARON

I just dealt with the situation.
The prisoner...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDERMAN

And you don't see a pattern here?

(pause)

I want you to keep yourself way inside the line instead of walking on it. All right? Are you taking notes?

He walks away, and Sharon and Robby walk on to their car -- she is dark; he is glancing at her.

ROBBY

You broke his nose.

SHARON

He grabbed me. End of story.

ROBBY

And you were waiting for him. You were hoping. You were making long-range plans for his ass while he was mouthing off in the car -- and you're supposed to be above that shit.

SHARON

If you think I crossed the line, put it in the report.

ROBBY

Pogo, stop the shit. What is it? You pissed off at me, too?

They enter the car, Sharon behind the wheel.

SHARON

Not you, Rob. You're a rare unthreatened male cop with a good marriage, and you like to eat where I eat -- so everything's code four.

She STARTS the CAR and starts to back out, and he reaches over and turns OFF the IGNITION. She stares hotly at him -- but then, slowly, she softens, takes a deep breath.

ROBBY

Come over for dinner tonight. I'll call Charlene. She'd like to see you. It's been awhile. We'll talk about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She STARTS the CAR again, more calm, starts to drive out of the lot.

SHARON

Thanks. But she'll invite friends, try and fix me up. She's always trying to fix me up so she doesn't have to worry about you and me.

ROBBY

She doesn't worry about that.

SHARON

They all worry about that.

They both smile wryly, driving on.

SHARON

You don't need to fix me, Robby, or fix me up. I don't want some guy to heart and soul me and then walk away 'cause he can't stand the cop thing -- or worse: he wants cop stories every night 'cause it turns him on, and he has no idea who I am inside my head. Anyway, I'm busy tonight.

ROBBY

Got some action, huh? Well, that's promising.

SHARON

Yeah. Hot and heavy.

IMMEDIATE CUT TO:

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She is on the floor using an exercise rig, sliding into crunches, pushing herself, sweating, alone. We BEGIN DRIFTING TO the rain-spattered window as night sounds filter in, HORNS, SOMEONE SHOUTING, a CAR MOVING BY with THUNDEROUS BASS MUSIC that pulses the very air and RATTLES the LOOSE GLASS of her window.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Catch Lambert is walking the wet streets, head down in the rain. Far away we hear that car with a BASS-BLASTING RADIO.

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In the glow of a street lamp, Catch sees a bright-colored object in the gutter. He picks it up out of the gurgling rain water. It is a small toy, a discarded superhero. He puts it in his pocket, walks on.

Now the car, the prowling, MUSIC-BLASTING, BASS-THUNDERING CAR turns a corner and begins rolling along slowly -- beside Catch. He glances over, walking on. There are four tough-looking MEN in the car, looking for trouble. The MUSIC is DEAFENING. Catch glances again, walks on. Their eyes follow him like gun barrels. He stops and walks out on the street, moving toward the car, shouting over the music.

CATCH

Hey! You want to turn that volume down? What's your point?

The men, incredulous, stop the car and snap OFF the MUSIC in order to make sure they're hearing right. They stare death at Catch.

DRIVER (MAN)

What did you say?

CATCH

What's the point of blasting your music through the whole zip code? Don't you realize there are kids trying to sleep in these apartments -- old people, sick people?

They can hardly believe this.

DRIVER

You better watch your mouth, asshole.

Catch meets the man's look with his own unflinching, haunted eyes.

CATCH

Why? What're you gonna do? Kill me?

Catch's look is not a macho challenge. It's something else -- beyond that, a man somehow without limits. One of the riders in the backseat taps the Driver's shoulder.

MAN #2

Guy's nuts. Let's go.

The Driver, never breaking his death stare, snaps on the DEAFENING MUSIC and then slowly rolls on, still glaring at Catch. Catch stands in the rain, watching them go.

INT. CATCH'S APARTMENT CORRIDOR - SAME NIGHT

Catch is arriving home, soaking wet. He lives in a slightly-seedy three-story. As he walks down the corridor toward his apartment, he passes a neighbor's door and notices a set of keys dangling from the lock. He pauses -- and then knocks softly on the door.

Someone looks through the peephole and then opens the door -- a young single mother, friendly but with a little caution, too. She recognizes Catch. Behind her is a little boy, (five). The woman's name is CANDACE. Her son is TOMMY.

CANDACE

Hi.

CATCH

Hi. Your keys are in the...

He gestures, and she sees the keys and retrieves them, more friendly now.

CANDACE

Oh, thank you. Thanks a lot.
God. I was trying to carry Tommy
and all these bags. He was so
tired. Of course, as soon as I
put him down he had all this
energy...

While she is talking, Catch is staring deeply at the boy, who is shy. Catch almost speaks to the boy, wants to, goes halfway to a smile -- but the sight of the kid stirs that layer of darkness in Catch. He nods a good-bye to the mother and is about to go. She thinks about this, as he is turning, and pushes through her remaining caution to say...

CANDACE

Y'know, we were just baking
nectarine bars because the peaches
weren't ripe. Ever had a
nectarine bar?

He smiles and seems to want to stay, but he is already retreating. His contact goes only so far -- and no further.

CATCH

Sorry. Gotta be going.

And with one more glance at the boy, he walks to his apartment, unlocks it and steps in.

INT. CATCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He walks into a bare living room -- no chairs, tables, lamps, nothing on the walls. He walks into a spotless, never-used kitchen and flips on the light, opens a drawer.

In the drawer is a collection of kids' toys, some found, some purchased, mostly plastic figures. The action of opening the door has started some battery-operated animals moving around in there. Now from his pocket he takes the plastic superhero he just found and drops it in and closes the drawer.

He walks back into the living room. He sits on the floor, leans back against the wall, his clothes still soaked from the rain. He stares at his thoughts, looking a bit numb -- and lost.

EXT./INT. DRY CLEANERS SHOP - DAY

Sharon is just leaving with a clean uniform on a hanger in a plastic bag. It's a neighborhood place where alterations are done. As she is leaving, an older woman is just entering. This is MRS. VANDER, beaming at Sharon, a real talker.

MRS. VANDER

Sherry!

SHARON

Hi, Mrs. Vander. You're looking good.

MRS. VANDER

Oh, you just wait. I splurged.

She is pulling a new blue dress out of a shopping bag.

MRS. VANDER

It's for the church and the party.
It's just a little too long.

SHARON

Looks great.

MRS. VANDER

Y'know, I cried over the
invitation -- just imagine me in
church.

(laughs)

It'll be so good to spend time
with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sharon forces a smile -- but is mystified. Mrs. Vander is walking to the counter and pausing to say...

MRS. VANDER

You know Dan and I renewed our vows last year. I bet that's where your mom got the idea.

SHARON

Their vows?

MRS. VANDER

Your mom and dad -- the ceremony...

Mrs. Vander realizes what's going on and stammers on, sympathetic and embarrassed.

MRS. VANDER

Oh, well... y'know, I just got that invitation a few... just now, so I'm sure you'll...

SHARON

Oh, yeah. We've had... there's been some problems with the mail in our building, so... I'll probably get it today.

They're both covering like mad, both realizing Sharon's been left out.

SHARON

So, I guess I'll see you.

MRS. VANDER

Sure, honey. I'll see you there.

Sharon leaves -- Mrs. Vander staring after her, feeling bad. As Sharon walks away, we see her forced smile die, replaced by an old pain and darkness.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Robby and Sharon's unit pulls up at a house remodel with a sign marked "POGUE CONSTRUCTION." Sharon exits the car and walks onto the site, moves toward a man who is both carpenter and supervisor on the job. This is her brother, LARRY POGUE, 29. They are not comfortable with each other -- an old wound. He gives her a wary nod. She's trying a little harder, being a bit more friendly. We can sense the strain.

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CONTINUED:

SHARON

I didn't see his truck, so...

LARRY

He's not here.

SHARON

How you doing?

She touches his shoulder as she says this, a friendly gesture, a reaching out. He doesn't respond, only shrugs.

LARRY

I'm okay.

SHARON

Kathy and the boy? Bet he's big now.

LARRY

Growin' fast.

SHARON

Is he looking more like you now -- or did he get lucky?

She has broken through a bit and they both smile a brief, wry smile.

LARRY

He's got Kathy's looks and brains and my strong back. You should feel his grip.

(pause)

You just passing by?

She looks about.

SHARON

Place is coming along nice. The octagon window. Dad's signature.

But Larry's look stays on her, wondering what's on her mind.

SHARON

Look, Larry, I shouldn't have to hear it from Mrs. Vander -- about what's happening.

He turns back to his work now as they speak, uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

What's happening?

SHARON

(hurt)

So you really weren't going to tell me? Nobody was going to tell me? Mom and Dad renewing their vows, the church, the party. Mrs. Vander is all excited. She bought a new dress. It's blue.

LARRY

We're workin' on Dad. We think you should be there. We told him.

SHARON

Mom told him?

LARRY

We mentioned it.

SHARON

He's holding out, hah?

LARRY

You want to come?

SHARON

It's my family. Jesus, Lar. It's over ten years, and he won't let go of it.

LARRY

You two were always head to head.

SHARON

For good reason. Remember?

LARRY

Let's just leave it.

She stares, then...

SHARON

You're still scared of him.

Pissed, he throws his hammer down on the plywood, turns to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

I don't think it's a good idea you coming around here in uniform. People see it, they think we're in trouble here.

SHARON

Nice seeing you, too.

She walks away. He frowns, picks up his hammer, goes back to work.

ON STREET

As Sharon walks towards the car, she sees a van approaching and she holds up a hand to Robby and calls out...

SHARON

Two more minutes.

And she walks toward the oncoming van, which is parking now.

EXT. VAN - DAY

The van is driven by KATHY, Sharon's brother's wife. Beside her in a car seat is LARRY, JR., four years old. Sharon comes to the rolled down window on the driver's side. She has a warm smile for Kathy and the child. Kathy smiles, too.

KATHY

Hi! Look -- it's your Auntie Sharon.

SHARON

Hey, Champ, my God, look how big.

She has a special affection for the boy -- who is subdued, but he smiles a small one for his aunt. She takes one of his hands and they shake in mock formality.

LARRY JR.

Hi.

SHARON

Ow! You hurt my hand with that grip. Whew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She shakes her fingers, and he smiles a bit more. Sharon reaches in and rubs his head in a mock knuckling move. He laughs. She smooths his hair, affectionately.

KATHY

We're bringing Larry his lunch.
Hey, it's good to see you. It's
been awhile. What?

Sharon is staring at Kathy's badly bruised ear.

KATHY

Oh, I went boom into a low shelf
-- chasing after him of course.
(nodding to the child)
How're you doing?

Sharon pulls her eyes off the bruise to meet Kathy's look -- and connect.

SHARON

I'm semi-okay. I heard about
the... ceremony and the party.

KATHY

(embarrassed)
Oh. I hope you'll be there.
(pause)
Really.

Sharon smiles a bit, appreciating the support. She pats Kathy's arm.

SHARON

Take it easy. You too, Champ.

The boy offers his little hand to shake again.

SHARON

Oh, no. You're not breaking my
fingers again.

They smile and drive on and Sharon walks toward her car and Robby.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY (NEXT DAY)

We WATCH moms and kids and a basketball game in the park and PICK UP Catch walking by. Two pre-teens are playing bounce and catch with a rubber ball against a (tennis practice) wall, and one of them misses, and Catch makes a lunge and snags the ball. Instead of throwing it to one of the boys, he fires it at the wall.

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CONTINUED:

One of the boys catches it, bounces it off the wall toward Catch. Catch grabs it, and now he's part of this rapid-fire game -- and he's athletic and funny, too, playing hard and mugging and making them smile until... a POLICE CAR comes ROARING down the boulevard, slowing a bit to CHIRP its SIREN a few times -- clearing traffic. Catch glances up and sees...

CATCH'S POV

Sharon is in the car beside Robby.

ON CATCH

Stunned by the sight of her -- and he doesn't know why. He can't move, can't breathe, eyes fixed on her. The POLICE CAR pulls around a truck and ROARS on -- and that's when he is struck by a memory, a little like lightning. It comes as a quick --

FLASHBACK - EXT. FREEWAY - ACCIDENT SITE - CATCH'S POV

-- The man near death. Sharon is bending close to him, this all just a sliver of an image, and it jolts him.

BACK TO SCENE (PRESENT)

The police car is now converging with other squads just half a block away. Catch throws the ball back to the boys and runs toward the police incident. The boys watch him go, wondering.

EXT. CLOSED STORE - DAY

A police car is parked askew near this closed store -- as now Robby and Sharon's UNIT ROARS to a STOP beside it. Two cops are calling and motioning to them, one holds a shotgun. This is RAY JULIETTE.

RAY

Break-in alarm. One suspect in --
nobody out. Take the back.

And they are moving.

EXT. BACK OF CLOSED STORE - DAY

Robby and Sharon are hurrying around to the back as we hear more POLICE UNITS CONVERGING in front.

ANGLE - STREET

As Catch arrives on the scene and sees Sharon and Robby moving around the building to the back. He is still amazed at the sight of her. He decides to follow her, keeping her in sight, driven.

ON SHARON, ROBBY

They are scouting through crates and weeds as a young man is flushed from cover at the back of the store and runs from them.

ROBBY

Freeze!

The man runs on, and Sharon chases with Robby close behind her. Sharon speaks to her shoulder radio mike as she runs.

SHARON

(to radio)

Three-A-5, foot pursuit. Suspect fleeing south on Pico Place, young man, green jacket. No visible weapon...

(to Robby)

Robby!

ROBBY

Right behind you!

(to man)

Stop and lie down with your arms... shit.

The man has jumped a fence. Sharon follows.

ROBBY

Careful!

SHARON

I see him!

She goes over the fence, then Robby.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The man runs and Sharon chases. Robby, not far behind glances off to the side, seeing Catch, still following.

ROBBY

Citizen on your right! Hey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Sharon is now closing on the fleeing man who turns suddenly, pointing a handgun!

ROBBY

Gun!

And Sharon, wide-eyed, is already pulling her weapon, but not in time. The man is aiming at her and about to fire when he is tackled by Catch.

Catch and the man go sprawling, and the gun flies out of the man's hand, and Sharon is on him in an instant, pointing her gun at him...

SHARON

Freeze! Right there!

Catch scrambles to his feet. Robby joins Sharon and puts his knee in the man's back and cuffs him, then glances at Catch. So does Sharon. But Catch starts to hurry off.

ROBBY

Hey! Wait!

Two other cops (Ray Juliette and SANCHEZ) rush toward the suspect on the ground.

RAY

You got him?

ROBBY

He was armed.

RAY

Jesus.

ROBBY

Citizen took him down.

RAY

No shit!?

Sharon stares across the lot to where Catch has halted. More cops are converging. Ray Juliette and Sanchez move toward Catch, while a sergeant and others surround Sharon and the suspect. In between the crowd of cops, Catch and Sharon glance at each other, during...

ON CATCH

as the cops reach him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

What happened here?

CATCH

I... just saw it and... I saw the
gun, so...

ON SHARON

ROBBY

You all right, Pogo?

She is shaken, speaks softly.

SHARON

I was dead. Y'know.

She glances toward Catch. (She doesn't recognize him from the accident.) Their eyes meet briefly, but then their attention is pulled to the others. Sharon speaks to her sergeant.

SHARON

He had me. I was dead.

ON CATCH

He is shaken, too. Sanchez is taking notes as Ray checks his I.D.

CATCH

I was just walking by. I live
near here.

Ray nods, handing the I.D. to Sanchez.

SANCHEZ

Sergeant's going to want to talk
to you, Mr. Lambert. We'll need a
statement.

RAY

Don't worry about it. That's just
procedure. Look -- we appreciate
what you did. No bullshit. Let
us buy you a drink tonight, all
right? You know where the Rib
House is?

Catch glances at Sharon again, and he nods.

EXT. UPSCALE RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (SAME DAY)

Catch, a bit bruised and dirty from his tackle, is carrying groceries up the walkway steps to a small, well-kept home. He is taking out a key as he walks to the covered portico.

INT. MRS. CHU'S HOME - DAY

ELANORA CHU, 60, is an attractive woman with warmth and intelligence in her eyes. She is in a wheelchair, at a writing table where she carefully translates an English text into Chinese characters.

She glances up as Catch opens the front door and heads for the kitchen, speaking as he goes, not looking at her or into the living room at all.

CATCH

I got you nectarines because the peaches are hard as rocks.

ELANORA

Your jacket's all dirty.

She rolls away from the table in her motorized chair -- and as they speak across the house, she performs a ritual...

CATCH (O.S.)

I tackled a guy.

Elanora is moving about the living room, picking up framed photographs and turning them face down. We don't see what -- or who -- is in these photos. She is turning them all in a routine way, used to this.

ELANORA

Why would you 'tackle' a guy?!

CATCH (O.S.)

Why do you think?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Catch is at the cupboards, putting away groceries as Elanora rolls into the kitchen, her CHAIR HUMMING.

CATCH

He had the ball. He was going for a touchdown.

ELANORA

Can you be serious?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH
(as he works)
What day is today?

ELANORA
Wednesday.

CATCH
No.

They are not smiling at their little jokes, but they have an ease with each other and the deep love of dear friends. He doesn't pause in his work, but we can see some nervousness in him as he says...

CATCH
Met somebody today.

Mrs. Chu is now taking some of the groceries out of the bags to help.

ELANORA
Oh? That's good. Ahh -- they had the broccolini today. Thank you.

CATCH
A woman.

Elanora is more interested and curious now, still helping with the groceries and being casual.

ELANORA
You didn't tackle her, too, did you?

CATCH
No.

ELANORA
Good, Catch.

CATCH
She's a police officer.

ELANORA
(stops; worried)
Are you in trouble?

Catch goes on working, a depth in his eyes.

CATCH
No. No trouble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elanora watches him work and gladdens slightly. We see her own depth of feeling.

ELANORA

Well... that's a good thing.

He is still working, but his eyes are on his thoughts, his struggle.

CATCH

I saw her once a long time ago.

Elanora stares a moment. This has meaning for her.

ELANORA

Where?

He doesn't answer. He's nervous about this.

CATCH

She looks the same.

Now she watches him as he moves to the refrigerator and continues his work in silence.

INT. RIB HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

It's a noisy restaurant with a large bar area. We PAN TO a booth of off-duty cops, out of uniform now, including Ray, Sanchez, Sharon and a few more male officers. They're all a bit high. Sharon shows the signs, too. They are passing around a photo now as one COP looks at it and says...

COP

Beautiful.

... And Sanchez says proudly.

SANCHEZ

Yeah. My wife's got him in agility class.

RAY

No shit.

Ray is handed the photo, and we see that they're talking about Sanchez's dog, the name "REX" printed on the photo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

'Rex.' Rex is good. I wonder who the first person was to name a dog 'Fido,' and what the hell does it mean?

SHARON

I like how you're always asking the big questions, Ray.

There is some laughter. Ray is a smart-ass and a flirt.

RAY

I got a big question for you, Pogo -- but I can only ask it when we're alone.

She moves some of the change on the table, sliding it toward Ray.

SHARON

Here -- use this -- call your wife and ask her instead.

SANCHEZ

I happen to know Ray's wife is busy tonight.

They laugh and drink and Ray asks her...

RAY

Why doesn't your partner ever come out with us?

SHARON

Robby's a family man.

RAY

I'm a family man.

SHARON

Yeah, but his family actually likes him.

More laughter. Sharon's eyes do a quick roam of the bar. Ray catches this.

RAY

That Lambert -- I guess he's not showing either.

She shrugs this off like it's not important and starts to slide out of the booth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

Where are you going?

SHARON

The head. Do you mind?

SANCHEZ

She's just gonna freshen up her makeup.

RAY

You're wearing makeup?

She leaves the booth with a wry frown.

SHARON

That reminds me, Ray. You still have that eye-liner you borrowed from me?

She grins, leaving the laughter behind her.

ANGLE - DOOR

Catch has entered the bar. He is watching Sharon leave the booth and walk to the rest rooms. He looks back at the raucous booth and hesitates. He sits at a small table near the door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sharon is drying her hands in the bar's bathroom, staring into the mirror. No smile now. We see into her mind for a second.

FLASHBACK - MAN

Pointing the gun at her face today.

BACK TO SHARON (PRESENT)

in the mirror and see how shaken she still is.

ON CATCH

A waitress is leaving his table, and he looks back at Sharon's booth and sees that she still isn't there. He starts to turn, and then freezes as he hears...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON (O.S.)

There you are.

She has stepped out of the bathroom and spotted him. He is surprised, face to face now.

SHARON

We thought you wouldn't show. Why you sitting here?

He shrugs.

CATCH

I don't talk to a lot of people. Would you...?

He half rises and gestures to the other chair. She glances back at her booth, then sits. She's nervous, too.

SHARON

I didn't have a chance to thank you. I'm Sharon Pogue.

She puts out her hand. He stares at that hand for just half a beat before taking it. They shake. The feel of her hand holding his evokes the memory of the accident, but he covers this.

SHARON

You look familiar.

CATCH

I guess I live on the beat you patrol.

Her way to cover nervousness is to be blunt, even tough.

SHARON

Why would you do that -- jump a man with a gun?

CATCH

(shrugs)

He was going to shoot you.

SHARON

He could've shot you. You have a death wish? You a bungee jumper?

CATCH

No. I didn't have time to think about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

What d'you think about it now?

CATCH

I figure... it was worth the risk.

SHARON

For someone you don't even know?

CATCH

Yeah -- and for what you do. I think cops are great. Out there, trying to keep it safe. You know? Tough job. Firemen are everybody's heroes. Kids wave at firemen. People should wave at cops. Did you ever think about how many people are walking around this town because you saved them?

SHARON

I never thought about it.

CATCH

... because you helped them or because you arrested somebody who would've hurt them or because you just... did your job?

SHARON

Now I'm walking around this town because of you. Ever think about that? Maybe you should be a cop.

CATCH

I don't know... I look pretty dumb in a hat...

He has made her smile.

CATCH

... and I don't drive and, like I said, I don't talk to many people. Am I talking too much? I am. You go ahead.

SHARON

Okay. What d'you do? You employed around here? Oh, God. Sorry. Every time I try to talk to somebody, it comes out like an interrogation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

Where do you want to be ten years from now?

SHARON

What?

CATCH

Somebody taught that to me. Kind of a shortcut. You ask somebody, what are your plans for tomorrow -- what're your dreams for ten years from now. It's supposed to get things started.

SHARON

Does it work?

CATCH

I never tried it.

SHARON

Bullshit.

CATCH

No. Really. I just remembered it -- God is my witness.

SHARON

Not in here. It's mostly cops.

Now she has made him smile, the first real smile we've seen from Catch. It's open and real and she is charmed by it.

SHARON

You have a nice smile.

She's a bit self-conscious, saying that, and just as she says it, the waitress arrives with shots and beers for both of them. Sharon looks up, questioning, and the waitress nods toward the booth. Catch and Sharon see the cops, staring, smiling, raising their glasses. There is a hint of teasing in their grins. And now Sharon is more self-conscious, and a bit tough again, taking her drink and turning back to Catch.

SHARON

So... what were we talking about? Oh, yeah, you were giving me some line about starting a conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

The shortcut.

SHARON

Okay. I'll play.

They clink glasses and drink. Then...

SHARON

Tomorrow I've got a night watch shift. If the weather clears, in the morning I'll go hiking. If it rains, I'll go to the gym -- and the laundromat. Ten years from now... I want to be living in some mountainous place.

CATCH

Tibet?

SHARON

Could be Tibet. Could be Colorado. Your turn.

But now Ray Juliette is approaching the table.

RAY

Hey, Pogo -- don't keep him all to yourself. Come on over, Lambert, join the group. We'll buy you dinner, give you a medal for saving Pogo's ass.

Sharon drains her shot and stands.

SHARON

Actually, I'm kind of tired, Ray. I'm taking off.

CATCH

Oh. I'll... walk you to your car.

Catch stands and turns to Ray.

CATCH

Thanks for the drink.

RAY

Least we could do. We don't like her very much -- but we don't want to lose her.

Sharon frowns and waves to the booth of cops. Ray smiles and shakes hands with Catch as a good-bye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

Take care.

And Catch and Sharon leave.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

As Catch and Sharon exit the building, walk toward her car.

SHARON

It's not a great neighborhood.
Maybe I should walk you to your
car.

CATCH

I don't have a car.

They walk on, silent a moment. This doesn't come easy for her.

SHARON

Want a ride home?

CATCH

Oh, thanks, but... I like to walk.

SHARON

It's starting to rain. Don't be a hero.

He hesitates, nervous about it, but then...

CATCH

Yeah. If it's no trouble.
Thanks.

They walk to her car.

SHARON

Okay... ten years from now, what
d'you want to be doing?

They walk side by side a moment. He shrugs. Then -- in his open way...

CATCH

I don't know. This is pretty good.

She glances at him, taking this in, then fumbles a bit with her car keys, and he asks -- nervously again...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

Can you drive okay?

She gets a little defensive.

SHARON

I'm not drunk. You think I'm drunk? I'm not. You'll know I'm drunk when I'm throwing up, and I never throw up, so don't worry about it.

He nods, looks at her dead-on a moment.

CATCH

The only time I worry is when people tell me not to worry.

SHARON

Get in the car, will you?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

As they get in and she STARTS the ENGINE.

CATCH

I'm on Lundy Street, just off Pico.

They drive a while. She notices his anxiety. He grips the armrest when she speeds up.

SHARON

I'm good at this.

CATCH

Streets are wet.

SHARON

Are you one of those people who drive ten miles an hour in the rain? I hate that.

CATCH

I never drive.

She glances at him, and he notices her glance.

CATCH

I'll be alright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's forcing himself to relax. He takes a deep breath, sitting back in his seat. He watches her as she drives. After a moment...

CATCH

Y'know, I can picture you in Colorado.

SHARON

Oh yeah? What am I doing there?

CATCH

Driving around... pissed off.

She smiles in spite of herself, slows down.

SHARON

I'm not pissed off at you.

CATCH

Give me some time.

Now she laughs. She drives, not to his building, but to her own street. She parks, takes a deep breath. This sounds a bit hard-bitten because she's using her toughness to cover.

SHARON

Those guys in the bar are my friends -- sort of. We work together, we tell jokes and we bullshit, but I can't say to them...

She halts.

CATCH

What?

She says this clipped and fast and even tougher:

SHARON

Every time I close my eyes, I see that goddamn gun pointing at me and I don't know why I'm telling you unless it's because you were there and because I had three drinks, but I'm not ready to go inside and close my eyes and I don't want to go to your place and I don't want to keep driving around, so what the hell do we do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

Whew. I feel like we're boxing,
and you've got me on the ropes.
(pause)

We'll do whatever you want.

SHARON

What I want is to know how you
happened to be walking by that
parking lot at that minute. What
if you hadn't been there?

For a moment, she shows her fear.

CATCH

I guess we were supposed to meet.

They stare a while, then she opens her door.

SHARON

If you want -- you can come in for
a minute.

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As they walk in, she moves into the kitchen.

SHARON

Want a drink?

CATCH

No thanks.

She pours one for herself while he looks about. It's a
stiff drink. Now that he's here, her I-don't-want-to-
make-a-fool-of-myself alarm is on. She flops on the
sofa, watches him.

SHARON

Sit down or something.

CATCH

I'm circling awhile.

He's looking around at the clutter of her life -- the
intimate details.

SHARON

You're not supposed to look
around. I didn't have time to
straighten up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

So... it's more real this way.

SHARON

It's rude.

He turns to her.

CATCH

Now that I'm in here, you seem mad about it.

SHARON

I'm not mad. You'll know when I'm mad. I don't usually let somebody in here, but here you are. That's all. Let's talk about something stupid.

CATCH

You first.

She smiles in spite of herself.

SHARON

Okay -- one thing I don't believe is that 'supposed to' business. We were 'supposed to' meet. That sounds a little fringy to me, like something you might hear on public access TV. You believe that?

CATCH

Some people say we each give off a particular odor -- that can only be detected by one other person's brain.

SHARON

So, we... smell each other? Who says that?

CATCH

I have no idea.

(as they smile)

I'm more in the destiny school, we-met-in-another-life school. Do you believe that? Do you think when we die -- we come back in another form?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

You mean like a duck? No. I think dead is dead. I've been thinking about it all day -- and I don't want to think about it anymore.

He looks at her, steps close to her, takes the drink out of her hand, puts it to his lips and drinks it all down. He puts the glass on the table.

SHARON

Why'd you do that?

CATCH

See? Now you're thinking about me.

She gets a half smile, assessing him. Her look is direct, and the attraction is there. He feels it, too, and he deflects it, nodding toward a large photomural of snowcapped mountains.

CATCH

Let me guess. Colorado.

SHARON

It's Austria, but I can't picture myself in Austria. I'm not good with languages, so I couldn't qualify for the departments over there.

She rises and goes to a desk and takes the holstered gun off her ankle. She takes the cuffs off her belt, the mace from her jacket, the shield from her shirt pocket, puts them all in a desk drawer. She takes off her jacket and throws it over a chair. Disarmed, she turns to him. Her look is all wanting and pushing away, almost fierce in her struggle. He sees this.

SHARON

Thanks for... coming up here.

CATCH

Does that mean I'm going?

SHARON

(flustered)
No. You don't have to. I...

CATCH

You okay now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her eyes grow a bit hard, defensive.

SHARON

Oh. You're here as a medic.

CATCH

Is this the mad part?

She smiles in spite of herself -- again. He has gotten to her. She wants to fall into this guy, but she's pumping those brakes. They are standing close together.

SHARON

Maybe going is a good idea.

CATCH

Can I come back some time?

SHARON

Why?

CATCH

(shrugs)

Must be the smell.

That makes her laugh, and her resistance falls away with her surprised laughter, and she puts her hands around the back of his neck. Her touch is electric to him. She is going in for a kiss, and he is retreating. They stare a moment -- and then he suddenly takes her shoulders and lets loose his own longing. It is a hungry and passionate kiss, and in the very midst of it, he breaks off and pulls back, his darkness rushing at him. She is staring, surprised, and he is looking a bit shaken, getting the words out just above a whisper.

CATCH

I better go.

She doesn't know what to say. The moment hangs. He leaves. Once he closes the door, the breath escapes her, and she shakes her head -- feeling like an idiot. She lost control. With a stranger.

SHARON

Oh, God.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Catch leaving Sharon's building in a turmoil of emotions, staring hard at his thoughts -- and he steps into the path of a car. The CAR SCREECHES to a stop, and the scream of those brakes and white light of the head lamps paralyze Catch, and he sees --

FLASHBACK - SLIVER OF IMAGE

Headlights suddenly washing into a vehicle he is driving.

BACK TO SCENE (PRESENT)

This sliver of memory jolts HIM -- and then another one comes.

FLASHBACK - HEADLIGHTS

coming closer and the scream of brakes from his memory, and all of this is exploded --

BACK TO SCENE (PRESENT)

by the angry DRIVER shouting at him.

DRIVER

What the hell do you think you're doing?!

Catch is numb -- completely shut down there in the middle of the street. The Driver exits his car and comes toward him, raging.

DRIVER

Are you crazy?!

Catch isn't even aware of him. The man gawks at this -- and now Catch walks off. It is raining. The streets are wet.

ANGLE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

As Catch continues his walk, he is still a bit shaken -- but when he passes a parked car with the window half open, rain getting in, he hesitates. He can't just walk on. He looks about. He tests the lock. He opens the door, rolls up the window, closes the door, walks on.

But a MAN is just exiting a doorway to the street -- and calls out...

MAN

Hey! Hey! What did you do?

Catch stops and turns in the rain. The Man hurries toward him, upset, angry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

That's my car! What the hell were you doing?

CATCH

Nothing. I just...

The Man shoves him.

MAN

I saw you! What did you take out of there?!

CATCH

No, I rolled up the window. It's rain...

The Man gets in his face, shaky...

MAN

You take my phone?! Hah?!

He shoves Catch again, and Catch's desperate confusion explodes in a surprising reaction, grabbing the Man's jacket front in one hand and not punching him but quickly slap, slap, slapping him, saying...

CATCH

Hey! Hey! Wake up! Wake up!

The Man is now speechless, frozen, terrified, as Catch's eyes hold him with a fierceness -- and a sadness.

CATCH

I helped you.
(pause)
I helped you.

Catch lets him go, and immediately begins walking away, hunching into the rain, his expression dark and troubled. He gets five steps away and turns. The Man steps back -- but Catch only says...

CATCH

I'm sorry.

And he walks on. The Man watches him go.

INT. CATCH'S APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - NEXT DAY

Candace, Catch's neighbor, is waiting for the slow, RATTLING ELEVATOR with her son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The elevator door opens -- and there is Catch, seated on a newly-bought wicker chair in the elevator with a small table across his lap, other boxes nearby and a long-stemmed rose in his hand, wrapped for giving.

CATCH

Oh. Sorry.

He rises and hurriedly gets his purchases off the elevator so the woman and little boy can enter.

CANDACE

Shopping day?

He smiles at her, a bit less subdued than before as he gets his things into the hall -- and he manages a special look for Tommy, a wink. He frees the elevator; they step inside. As the door starts to close, Catch's face "follows" the sliding door with a funny look for the boy. We hear Tommy laugh as the door closes. Catch carries his new possessions to his apartment.

EXT. OLDER HOUSE - LATE DAY

A well-kept older home, well-planted, pretty. A woman of nearly 60 is tending the flowers. She hears someone approaching the gate in the wooden fence. She looks up. Sharon is at the gate, in uniform, on her dinner break. The older woman is her MOTHER, Elaine Pogue. There is an old strain between them, a sadness -- and a nervousness in Elaine. She's a quiet woman. She smiles at her daughter as Sharon comes through the gate. They hug tentatively, a lot of baggage here. Sharon turns to the garden.

SHARON

It's looking great, Mom.

MOTHER

(pleased)

Thanks, honey. It's the best year ever for the impatiens. The very best.

There is a beat of awkward silence.

MOTHER

Let's go in.

INT. POGUE HOME - DAY

As they enter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's a bit dark inside, older furniture, lots of keepsake clutter and photos. Sharon is restless in here -- bad memories.

SHARON

Looks the same. Still smells like cigarettes. I thought he quit.

MOTHER

He's down to six a day.

SHARON

Your hair looks nice.

Her Mother touches her hair, self-consciously. She can't help glancing at her daughter in all that gear -- bullet-proof vest under her shirt, radio, cuffs -- and that gun.

MOTHER

Are you well?

Sharon steps close to the mantel. There is a photo of her there, graduating from the police academy, a professional, not a family shot. She is surprised.

SHARON

I guess I'm well. Is this always here?

MOTHER

Yes. It's always there.

SHARON

Did Larry tell you I came by where he's working? Is that why you called me?

MOTHER

I called because we want to invite you to our renewal of vows. It's three weeks from Saturday.

SHARON

Who's 'we.' You said 'we' want to invite you.

MOTHER

The family.

Sharon takes that in, still looking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

How come you're renewing your
vows?

MOTHER

It's sort of... a fresh start.

SHARON

Your idea?

MOTHER

No. Both of us. It's a way of...
having the marriage blessed.

SHARON

Wasn't it blessed before?

Her Mother sighs, sad for all the trouble between them.

MOTHER

Sherry... of course it was
blessed. You just...

SHARON

I just what, Mom?

MOTHER

You just think about the bad, and
you never remember the good. I
wish you remembered the good.

Sharon stares deeply at her.

SHARON

Sorry. I wish I did, too.
(then, almost
like a child)

Does he? Remember any good about
me?

MOTHER

Of course. He doesn't hate you.
He just... still feels hurt.

SHARON

Hurt? I hurt him?

MOTHER

Being arrested like that.
Somebody doesn't forget that.

SHARON

Oh? How come you forgot what he
did?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER

It wasn't as bad -- you always make it sound worse. And it hasn't been that way for years.

SHARON

I'm glad it hasn't been that way. That means it worked, Mom. That was the point. That's why I did it. Christ. Why do I get punished for it?

MOTHER

Honey, nobody's punishing you. We're inviting you. Will you come?

SHARON

Of course I'll come.

MOTHER

We didn't think you'd want to.

SHARON

Why not?

Now her Mother shows a trace of fear. She says gently...

MOTHER

We don't want any trouble... on that day. Please.

SHARON

Mom, I'm your daughter. I don't want any trouble -- ever. I'll come to the ceremony. I won't come to argue, and I won't come in uniform.

They each get a small, sad smile.

MOTHER

It's on the 23rd. Saint Monica's.

SHARON

I'd like you to send me an invitation. Mrs. Vander said it's a beautiful invitation.

Her Mother starts to leave the room.

MOTHER

I'll show you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Mom. I'd like to get one... in
the mail... from my family. Okay?

MOTHER

Yes.

Sharon goes to the door, then stops and turns, letting
her guard down all the way to say...

SHARON

Tell Dad... thanks.

And she leaves.

EXT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Sharon is climbing the outdoor staircase to her
apartment, tired after her shift, drained a bit by her
visit home. When she reaches her door she sees that a
long-stemmed rose has been masking-taped to her door.
Written on the masking tape is: "Catch Lambert" and a
phone number.

She pauses, staring at this, gets a little grin.

INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (HOURS LATER)

Sharon is dressed for bed in a sleep shirt, lying on the
bed, surrounded by old photos and a couple of photo
albums from her girlhood. In a vase on her bed table is
Catch's rose.

Sharon is feeling blue, looking at her young self within
the family that has shut her out. She closes the book,
angry at herself for nearly crying. She sits up and
catches sight of the rose and rummages in the drawer and
pulls out the tape with Catch's phone number on it.

She's very conflicted about this. She puts the tape
down, but it sticks to her fingers. She tears it off and
tries to throw it onto the table, but it hangs off her
thumb. She sighs and steels herself and dials the
number.

INT. CATCH'S APARTMENT

He has bought a shelf unit that "needs some assembly" and
he's at work with a screwdriver, his new chair and table
nearby, the phone on the floor. PHONE RINGS, and he
picks it up.

FULL SHOT

As we INTERCUT the call:

SHARON
Do you have a machine?

CATCH
What?

SHARON
Do you have an answering machine?

CATCH
Yes.

SHARON
Will you hang up please, and I'll
call your machine.

CATCH
Why?

She hangs up. He stares at the phone a moment, bewildered. He hangs up, and his PHONE RINGS. He lets it ring. His MACHINE comes on with no recording, only a BEEP.

SHARON
Hi. Maybe we can... have
breakfast or something. I get up
early and run in Ballard Park.
There's a Denny's across from the
park. Like eight or so. If
you're there, you're there.

She hangs up, sighs a heavy one.

SHARON
Oh, God.

And she falls back on her bed.

INT. DENNY'S - MORNING

Catch walks in, glances at the clock. It's 7 A.M. He's nervous -- and excited. He takes a seat where he can watch the park, the runners. He waits.

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

She has tossed and turned all night. She is awake, turning to look at her clock-radio. It is 7:14. She raises a hand over it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It changes to 7:15 and the RADIO COMES ON. She slams her hand down on it, cutting it OFF. She lays back and heaves a sigh that becomes a moan, sits up again and picks up the phone, dials the number on the tape.

SHARON

Hi, don't pick up. Look, I didn't sleep much and anyway this is a bad idea. I was feeling funky last night and I'm all right now so let's just leave it where it's at. Bye. Oh, thanks for the... Bye.

She hangs up and lays back down and pounds her head into the pillow and covers herself, even her head, with the sheet.

INT. DENNY'S - MORNING

Catch is waiting, watching out the window. It's 8:05, until we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DENNY'S - MORNING

... and now it's 8:38, and Catch is still waiting and watching.

INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

She is still in bed, under the sheet. Someone begins KNOCKING on her door and she sits up, bleary and frustrated.

SHARON

Damn it!

She stumbles out of the bedroom to her door.

SHARON

What?! Who?!

CATCH (O.S.)

It's me.

SHARON

Oh, Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She opens the door. He wears a stern look. She is not apologetic.

SHARON
I was just falling asleep.
Finally.

CATCH
We made a date.

SHARON
It wasn't a 'date.'

CATCH
Okay, an 'appointment.' I keep my appointments.

She gives an exasperated moan and turns to stagger back to bed. He closes the door and follows.

SHARON
I called you. I called you at seven.

CATCH
I get up early. I walked there.
I waited there.

SHARON
Check your messages.

She heads for the bed, passing a mirror, looking at her rumpled self and groaning at the sight. She climbs into bed and snuggles there and puts the sheet over her head. He is entering the bedroom. He carries a Denny's take-out bag.

SHARON
(under the sheet)
I need more sleep. Come back in a month.

CATCH
Come back? What makes you think I'd come back here?

The lump under the sheet says...

SHARON
Then why are you here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

I'm here to tell you that when you tell someone you're going to be somewhere then that someone rearranges his life and you should be more aware of that and a lot more considerate instead of just...

She has come out from under the sheet and is watching him.

SHARON

What's in the bag?

CATCH

What? None of your business.

SHARON

Did you bring some coffee?

CATCH

You think you deserve coffee?

SHARON

What else did you bring? Food?

CATCH

(opening the bag)

You definitely don't deserve food. I've got coffee, sugar, sweetener, non-dairy...

SHARON

Just black. Black. Thanks.

She sits up. He hands her the coffee. She sips, relishing the sip, then studies him.

SHARON

So what kind of life did you rearrange in order to get to Denny's? You never said one word about yourself last night. What d'you do?

CATCH

What's the difference?

SHARON

What's the difference?! You're standing in my bedroom. That's the difference. Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

Somebody who keeps appointments.

SHARON

You're ducking. Don't duck.

(then a thought)

Oh, shit -- you're married, right?

Convinced -- she picks up one of the throw pillows from the bed and tosses it at him.

CATCH

I'm not.

SHARON

I don't believe you.

CATCH

You don't believe me? Give me back the coffee.

SHARON

No.

CATCH

Give me the coffee.

She hands him the coffee. He hits her with the pillow and hands her back the coffee. He has made her smile, but she continues, half teasing now.

SHARON

Oh, God. Oh, wait -- you're involved in some criminal activity, aren't you? Great -- That's all I need.

CATCH

My name is Catch Lambert. I don't work. I don't commit any crimes. I like being with you. We can start from here -- from now.

SHARON

Bullshit. I'm... I let you in here. I'm not going to be some fool. I need the details.

CATCH

And I need to start from here.

SHARON

That's ridiculous. Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

That's the way it is.

SHARON

Oh. Your rules.

CATCH

My rules.

SHARON

Jesus. Okay. Fine. I don't really want to know you anyway. Goodbye.

He is conflicted -- but he won't relent. He walks to the door. She stares, waiting. But he never turns around. He walks out. She is mystified, exasperated. She hears her FRONT DOOR CLOSE. She puts the coffee on her bed table -- and finds herself staring at that damn rose. She suddenly gets up and begins to dress hurriedly -- with a plan.

EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY

Sharon is driving, speeding a bit, getting to Catch's building ahead of him.

EXT. CATCH'S BUILDING - DAY

He approaches his apartment building, unlocks the front door, walks in the entrance area. Now we see, across the street, Sharon exit her car and follow him.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

The front door has locked automatically. Outside there is a panel of buzzers and apartment numbers. Sharon hits all the buttons. Somebody BUZZES her in.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Sharon enters, looks at the elevators. It's not moving. She goes to the stairs, listens, hears him TRUDGING UP the stairway. She follows silently.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

As Catch reaches his apartment door, unlocks it, opens it and walks in.

INT. CATCH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Before he can close the DOOR behind him, it BANGS open wider, startling him -- and Sharon is in the doorway, staring hard at him.

SHARON
(sarcastic)
Can I come in?

She walks in and closes the door and starts looking around as he says...

CATCH
Yeah. Sure. Come in.

Despite his recent "decorating" the apartment is still nearly empty. No books, magazines, photographs, no clutter of life. She glances into the equally sterile kitchen.

SHARON
You live here? Nobody lives here.
This place is some kind of front,
a scam, a drop -- or what?

CATCH
This is what you told me about --
right?

SHARON
What?

CATCH
Your interrogation. Do I need a
lawyer?

He has made her look at herself, and take a breath.

SHARON
I just don't want to be jerked
around.

CATCH
I'm not.

SHARON
Then tell me straight out. Who
are you?

He is silent, and she starts to leave. Moment of truth.

CATCH
What is it you're looking for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Your life. I don't want any surprises.

CATCH

This is it. I sleep here. I walk around town. That's all of it.

SHARON

That's all of it?

CATCH

Yeah. Except for you -- the way I feel about you.

SHARON

Which is?

CATCH

Surprising. I thought it was impossible. I thought I was...

SHARON

You thought you were what? Gay?

CATCH

Dead. In a way.

SHARON

I'm supposed to understand that?

CATCH

No. Did you ever wonder what 'scratch' meant, when people say, 'we'll start from scratch'? This is scratch. We can start from here.

She looks at him, looks at his empty place, his non-life, and back at him again.

SHARON

I don't know. I just don't know.

She breaks off the stare and heads for the door. He watches her go.

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (SAME DAY)

As Catch charges up the stairs to the wide porch of Mrs. Chu's well-kept home, carrying a grocery bag, head full of his thoughts.

INT. MRS. CHU'S HOME - DAY

As Catch enters. She is watching TV. He does glance into the living room briefly to throw her a quick hello smile, before moving to the kitchen. She SNAPS OFF the TV and begins turning the photos face down as she sends her voice to the kitchen.

ELANORA

I remember that. That was a smile.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He is putting groceries away as she rolls into the room. He doesn't look at her, tries to be casual, but his thoughts are bubbling out.

CATCH

You know the cop -- the woman cop?
She... visited me.

Mrs. Chu registers surprise at this, but keeps it covered and casual.

ELANORA

Oh? Where did she sit?

CATCH

I have a chair now.

ELANORA

You're... seeing her?

He darkens a bit as he works.

CATCH

She has a lot of questions. She wants to know everything.

ELANORA

Of course she does. Everybody does.

CATCH

We could start from today. What's so wrong with that?

ELANORA

Tell her.

The can in Catch's hand bangs on the cupboard, and he stops, suddenly uptight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

Tell her what?

Mrs. Chu comes closer.

ELANORA

Tell her, Catch. Tell somebody.
It's been almost two years.

CATCH

(a warning)

Nora...

ELANORA

Every time I tell somebody, it
gets a little bit easier. I'm not
saying it goes...

His next warning is tough and absolute.

CATCH

Nora!

She is silenced. The moment hangs. She rolls her chair
to him, takes a box of cookies out of his hand, opens the
box and eats one, defusing the moment.

ELANORA

She nice?

He starts to work again.

CATCH

She's tough.

ELANORA

She pretty?

CATCH

That doesn't matter.

ELANORA

(smiles)

She is pretty.

CATCH

She's sort of pissed-off at me.

ELANORA

Apologize.

CATCH

For what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELANORA

It doesn't matter. We like it
when men apologize.

He stares at her a while.

CATCH

I'm sorry I yelled at you.

She smiles and hands him the box.

ELANORA

Have a cookie. See?

INT. POLICE REPORT ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon is typing at the computer, dark and dogged in her work. Lieutenant Sanderman is watching her through the glass wall of the watch commander's office. He comes out of the office and moves to where Sharon is typing.

SANDERMAN

Sharon...

SHARON

(typing)

Lieutenant...

We can see the computer screen now. Sharon is searching for any prior record of "Catch Lambert" -- arrests, convictions. She has several "Carl Lamberts" on the screen, even a "Casper," no Catch.

SANDERMAN

Anything bothering you?

SHARON

Why? What'd I do?

SANDERMAN

Nothing. I'm talking about your
general attitude lately.

Sharon stops typing. She can find nothing. She clears the screen, sighs.

SHARON

My attitude's fine. End of a long
day. I'm tired.

SANDERMAN

Family matters getting to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Family?!

SANDERMAN

Your brother, Larry...

SHARON

What about Larry?

SANDERMAN

You know Nester -- on the Culver City P.D.? He went out on a violent domestic dispute yesterday. A neighbor called it in. It got a little ugly. No arrest -- a warning.

This hits her hard.

SHARON

Larry. Oh Christ.

SANDERMAN

Nester said it's not the first time.

Sharon is quiet a while, taking it in, shaken by it.

SHARON

Thanks for telling me.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET (CULVER CITY) - DAY (NEXT MORNING)

Sharon, not in uniform, is approaching Larry's house. It has a small yard with kids' toys strewn about and a tire-swing. She walks up on the porch and RINGS the DOORBELL. She hears VOICES inside, LARRY AND KATHY, a quick murmuring, low-voice argument, can't make out the words. In a moment, Larry opens the door.

LARRY

Jesus, you're up early.

SHARON

I wanted to catch you before you went to work.

LARRY

I thought you were on late shifts.

SHARON

I don't sleep much. Can I come in?

INT. LARRY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The place is messy. A TV can be heard -- CARTOONS.

LARRY

What's up?

SHARON

Where's Kath?

LARRY

She's busy with Larry Jr. right now.

Sharon nods, but then walks past him.

INT. CHILD'S ROOM - DAY

As Sharon walks into this toy-strewn room. Larry Jr. is sitting on the floor, watching a small TV. Kathy is not with him. Sharon kneels beside the boy a moment.

SHARON

Hey, Champ.

But he stays focused on the TV, some darkness, some unsayable worry in his eyes. She picks up a toy car, speaks softly.

SHARON

Y'know, they call this one a woody 'cause it has wood on the sides.

LARRY JR.

I know.

Now he looks at her with sad and bottomless eyes. She is hurting for him. Larry is now in the doorway. Sharon kisses the child's head and walks out, passing her brother.

LARRY

Why'd you come by?

SHARON

To see Kathy.

INT. HALLWAY

As Sharon heads for the master bedroom, Larry takes her arm.

LARRY

She's not feeling good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sharon pulls away from her brother.

SHARON
I'll just say hello.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sharon walks in. Kathy is sitting on the bed, her face badly bruised. They stare. Kathy speaks quietly, her eyes filling.

KATHY
Don't make it worse.

SHARON
It gets worse?

KATHY
He's okay now. He's torn up about it. Don't make him mad.

Sharon moves closer. She reaches out, touches Kathy with a comforting touch as the woman turns her bruised face away.

SHARON
When Larry and I were growing up,
our mother said that all the time.
'Don't make your father mad.'
(pause)
Has he hit Larry Jr. yet?

KATHY
He never would.

SHARON
Oh. Just you, huh?

Larry is in the doorway now, angry.

LARRY
What d'you think you're doing in
my house, Shar? In my home.

She walks out of the room and he follows her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

She turns on him.

SHARON
You see a pattern here, bro?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

I lost my temper. Things got out of hand. It won't...

SHARON

People always say that: 'I've got a temper.' Like it's an excuse.

LARRY

I don't need a goddamn lecture.

She comes very close to him.

SHARON

You want to hit someone? Next time your 'temper' flares up, Lar, and you just have to hit somebody, you go home and hit your father.

LARRY

You blame everything on him.

SHARON

I'm blaming you, you fucking coward.

He grabs her shirt hard.

LARRY

You don't come in here...

He pushes her into the wall.

LARRY

You don't come in here and call me names.

SHARON

What do you call a man who uses his wife as a punching bag?

(pause)

Coward.

He swings a slap at her. She blocks it and punches him hard in the face, and he crashes down on the floor. Kathy comes running, calling out...

KATHY

Don't hurt her, Lar...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kathy sees that it's Larry on his ass. The little boy comes out of his room. There is a surprised moment. Then Kathy picks up the child and takes him back to his room. Larry is sitting up, shaken, his nose bleeding. Sharon goes close to him, rigid with fury.

SHARON

I know how it feels, 'cause I remember. I remember standing between you and Dad and taking the blows for you -- and for what?! You turned out to be just like him, you bastard.

(pause)

And so did I.

And she leaves the house and SLAMS the DOOR.

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She is just returning home after her shift, very tired, drained. She absently turns ON the TV, the STEREO. She notices a blinking light on her MESSAGE MACHINE and hits the button.

LARRY (V.O.)

I bet you feel real proud of yourself, Shar, knocking me down in front of my family. You know what I've got in my hand? I've got a Polaroid picture of my busted-up face, and I'm thinking of sending it to your department, to your lieutenant. I'm going to turn you in to the police, Shar, and see how you like it.

The message ends. She stands there a moment.

SHARON

(quietly)

Oh, God. Oh, shit.

She sits on the edge of a chair, worried, deep in her thoughts, hitting bottom -- the darkness engulfing her. In a moment, she looks at her desk, walks there, opens a drawer, pulls out that piece of tape with Catch's number on it -- but it is all stuck to itself. She hesitates, then starts to pick it apart when a KNOCK at the door makes her jump. She wonders, then, somehow, she knows. She walks to the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

It's you, right?

She unlocks and opens the door, stares at Catch, very vulnerable, on the very edge, her pain and fear over Larry just under the surface. Catch holds a box of cookies as an offering.

SHARON

Can you just shut up? Just shut up and listen.

CATCH

I didn't say anything.

SHARON

I don't want to talk. I don't care if you have to play some game and pretend you're a... 'angel of mercy' or... whatever. I don't care, but I don't want to hear about it. All right? I don't want to hear anything.

She steps back, allowing him in, and closes the door and turns to him.

SHARON

It's a bad night.

He sees her pain and puts his arms around her, pushes through his fear and holds her -- and she lays her head on his chest. He embraces her fully, and the effect on him goes deep, to his core, where there is both pain and longing, but he holds on to her, even rocks her a bit. She sighs. In a moment...

SHARON

This is good... but I'm too tired to stand up anymore.

He walks her to the couch and has her sit, and then slowly, gently, he "disarms" her. He lifts her leg, takes the ankle holster and gun off, puts it on the table. He turns her, takes the cuffs off her belt from the middle of her back. He reaches into her pants pocket and removes the Mace. From her shirt pocket he takes her I.D. shield. He has her lie down on the couch now, their faces close, eyes locked. They linger...

SHARON

You want to kiss me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks a little lost, but he nods, helpless. He comes toward her lips -- finally -- but just before they touch, she says, softly...

SHARON

Kiss me someplace I've never been kissed.

He's not sure what to do. He begins to look her over -- as if hunting, and she gets a soft smile. He starts slowly toward her ear -- but she shakes her head. Her shirt is out of her belt and her midriff bare, and he starts to move there, but checks her with a look. She shakes her head. He hunts. Her smile deepens a bit. He takes her hand and turns it over, going for the soft flesh on the underside of her forearm, and she closes her eyes. He kisses her there softly, and then again, and then he lavishes kisses from her wrist to the underside of her elbow as she sighs with pleasure and draws up her knees in a kind of sensual glow that is leading them to... No. He stops. She looks at him, a deep look, soft voice.

SHARON

Why do you stop? You always stop.

She has a glimpse of his mystery, the old sorrow, the deep pain. He hugs her drawn-up knees, closing his eyes a moment. Then he sits on the couch, puts a pillow on his lap and raises her slightly, lays her head on the pillow. He strokes her hair, her scalp as she closes her eyes and sighs, slowly moving toward sleep. Our TRUMPET MUSIC slides in here, lush and dreamy as we linger a while, and then --

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Just after dawn. Catch has slept on the couch. He is beginning to awaken now as the first light strikes the windows. The dreamy TRUMPET FADES OUT. Catch's eyes clear, sleep replaced by thought, and he is suddenly shaken by --

FLASHBACK - CATCH'S POV

-- a sliver of memory. But in this one, he is driving. We see his hands on the wheel. Then his POV looks to the side and we see an Asian-American woman seated beside him, attractive, about his age. Her name is Annie. She is saying something to him. We don't hear the words. When the FLASHBACK ENDS --

BACK TO SCENE (PRESENT)

Catch sits up on the couch, jolted. He gets another sudden --

FLASHBACK - HEADLIGHTS

glaring through his windshield, blinding him. He gasps, sitting there on the couch, but it's all over. He stands, rattled, and he moves toward Sharon's bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Sharon is peacefully asleep. He stands over her with troubled eyes, but this slowly changes to a loving look. He bends close to her face. He feels her breath on him. He wants to lie down with her -- but he raises a hand and very gently brushes her cheek. She stirs. He does it again. She sighs a peaceful sigh, opens her eyes. He smiles at her.

CATCH

New day.

EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY

Sharon is driving Catch home. They are now on a main boulevard of stores, office buildings. They stop at a light. Both are surprised by a voice calling out from the pedestrians crossing the street.

PINDELLA (O.S.)

Catch?

They look up to see a well-dressed man pausing in the middle of the crosswalk to face their car. He is in his forties, tall, with grey-blond hair. This is RICHARD PINDELLA. He has a small smile and wave for Catch. Sharon is curious, looking at Catch. Catch throws the man a dark look and then turns away, ignoring him, nervous, intense.

PINDELLA

Catch?

CATCH

(to Sharon)

Drive, will you?

Pindella is moving toward the car, Sharon watching him, wondering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

Drive!

The light changes. Pindella hurries to the curb as the cars surge forward. Sharon drives slowly, checking the mirror to see Pindella stare after them -- then enter the office building on the corner.

CATCH

Will you get off this street?

She makes a turn, glancing at Catch.

SHARON

What? You owe him money?

But his dark look persists, and he doesn't answer. Then...

CATCH

If you take a right and stop -- we can walk from here. I'd rather walk.

He is nervous, being in the car -- and glad to leave it when she pulls over. She watches this, wondering.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Sharon exits the car and locks it, staring at Catch.

SHARON

If you're in trouble...

CATCH

I'm not.

SHARON

If you're in trouble with him, maybe I can help.

CATCH

Forget about him. Somebody I used to know. I don't want to know him anymore. That's all. Forget about it. Walk with me.

She hesitates, then falls in beside him as he walks on. They walk along in silence, the neighborhood growing more seedy, tougher as they go. Catch is relaxing now, trying to push it all away. Sharon looks around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

This is not a great place to walk.

CATCH

I like it here. It's fine.

SHARON

I work here. It's not fine.

CATCH

What's the problem?

SHARON

Besides the shootings, break-ins, rapes, cart thefts? We've got a loose dog raiding garbage cans, knocking 'em over. Can't catch him. Got somebody blowing a trumpet between midnight and three. Can't find him.

As someone approaches them, Catch makes eye contact and smiles a small, friendly smile-in-passing. He gets a brief smile in return. He and Sharon amble on. He does it again.

SHARON

You know everybody here?

He nods to another YOUNG MAN he's never met...

CATCH

How's it goin'?

YOUNG MAN

Goin' uphill, man.

Catch and Sharon smile.

CATCH

(to Sharon)

You try it.

SHARON

Try what?

CATCH

Go ahead. We need this.
Everybody.

She has misgivings. A young woman is bustling along. Sharon makes eye contact and presents a nervous smile and a nod -- but the woman looks at her sternly and bustles on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

I feel like a jerk. I feel like a smiley face.

Catch smiles, Sharon frowns, but when an OLD MAN passes, she gives a small smile. The Man lights up.

OLD MAN

Mornin'.

Catch looks at her. She tries to shrug it off, but can't quite hide her pleasure. Now Catch is pausing as a woman is walking her six-year-old daughter to their parked car.

Catch makes eye contact with the girl and does a goofy wave that makes her smile. Sharon smiles, too. As the girl's MOTHER is unlocking the car, the girl shyly looks back at Catch for more fun. He does that quick finger trick -- trying to catch his own thumb, and the girl giggles. But the Mother is impatient.

MOM

Go on.

The girl gets in. The Mother is about to close the door. She frowns, mean-eyed.

MOM

Move your arm!

The girl slides in further, and the Mother slams the door. The girl follows her mother with hurt eyes as she walks around to the driver's side. Catch has paused to watch this, his eyes gentle on the girl. The Mother is about to enter the car when she sees Catch staring.

MOM

What are you staring at?

CATCH

She feels bad 'cause you yelled at her.

MOM

What?! Who the hell do you think you are?

Sharon is uncomfortable. Catch persists, never flinching at the woman's anger.

CATCH

She just needs you to smile at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM

It's none of your business!

CATCH

Why not smile at her? What's it cost?

MOM

Who the hell are you to talk to me?!

Catch's anger is like flint in his eyes. It surprises Sharon. She's upset by this.

CATCH

You're so damn impatient.

WOMAN

Get away from me!

CATCH

You're so busy being pissed off, and time is going by.

WOMAN

What?!

CATCH

It's not her fault.

The Woman gets into the car and slams the door.

WOMAN

I'm calling the police!

CATCH

No. I'm calling the police.
(turns to Sharon)
Hey -- police.

The Woman speeds her car away. Sharon gets in Catch's face.

SHARON

Jesus Christ, Catch.

CATCH

Maybe she'll think about it now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

You had no right to do that. God!
You think you know everything?!
Who the hell are you, some expert
on raising kids?! The
neighborhood angel?! Jesus!

CATCH

No. No, I just... some people are
walking around blind...

SHARON

That's not your problem!

CATCH

Don't tell me what my problem is!

SHARON

Okay, fine -- you tell me what it
is!

CATCH

Maybe it's not my problem. Maybe
it's your problem. Maybe you're
going around blind.

SHARON

Blind to what?!

CATCH

Blind to what's going on around
you. Blind to what people need.
We're supposed to take care of
each other. We're supposed to
keep each other safe. That's the
way it should be -- if you're not
going around blind, like that
woman...

SHARON

Or like me, right? What about
you? How come you can see?

That stops him, the darkness rising. He looks about,
trying to contain it.

CATCH

I think I'll... walk the rest of
the way on my own.

SHARON

Yeah. Fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

I'll call you later -- about the hiking.

SHARON

I'll be out.

She turns and walks away. He is still angry, but sorry to see her go.

CATCH

Shar... wait. Hey!

But she keeps walking, and he watches her walk away. Then he walks on, upset, mad at himself, trying to pound through it, walking quickly. He is passing an alley, when he hears a CRASH. He looks in...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

He sees a large dog that has just knocked over a garbage can. He and the dog stare. Catch walks into the alley, approaches the big dog, squats down to look the animal in the eye, and begins petting it. The big mutt is now leaning into the petting, and Catch's eyes go deep -- and slowly find their way to a sad smile.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Sharon and Robby are patrolling in their unit. Robby is driving. Sharon is watching out the window with a deep-eyed look, a bit down because of her argument with Catch. She is staring as she rolls along.

SHARON'S POV

She is watching the people on the street, NOTICING, for once, just how isolated they are, each in a box, passing without connecting.

ON SHARON

watching.

INT. CATCH'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

We've never seen the apartment flooded by sunlight like this, all blinds open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We START in the kitchen, staring at the drawer that is now so loaded with toys, it won't shut. Some brightly-painted soldiers are sticking out of the drawer.

In the living room there are two chairs now, and more lamps and tables. Our PAN REVEALS that the dog from the alley is sitting in the living room, watching Catch -- whom we now see is hanging a picture on the wall -- a mountain scene. He holds the picture in one place, then moves it to another, wondering. His fight with Sharon still colors his mood, but he's working through it.

CATCH

Do we go for... symmetry? Or...
more off-center. Japanese.

He glances at the dog as he moves the picture.

CATCH

Are you into this? Bob?

The dog watches him.

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - EVENING

It is early evening of the same day, and Sharon is just off shift, out of uniform in her own car, parking on Larry's street and walking to the door. She knocks -- and takes a step back. Larry opens the door, already angry, his nose bandaged, eyes blackened a bit from the blow.

LARRY

I don't want you around here.

SHARON

Let's go talk in the yard.

They stare. She starts walking back into his darkening front yard, looking over her shoulder. She walks to a tree where the tire swing hangs, waits there. He goes back inside, but leaves the door open. In a moment he reappears, coming outside, closing the door behind him.

ON SHARON AND LARRY

As they meet by the tire swing. His eyes burn her, hate and pain.

SHARON

You took a swing at me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

You asked for it -- calling me a coward. You knew I'd swing. You think I look bad now? Look at this.

He has a Polaroid photo in his hand, holds it in front of her, dried blood and bad bruising on his face.

LARRY

Nice, huh? Beautiful. The cops'll love this, right? Evidence. Don't you guys love evidence?

He puts it in his pocket, and they stare a moment more.

LARRY

You wanted me to swing.

She looks away. She nods, speaks softly.

SHARON

I'm sorry I hit you so hard.

LARRY

But you're not sorry you hit me.

SHARON

Jesus, Larry, what about Kathy's face?!

LARRY

That's not your business! Nobody called you, right? She didn't ask for you to come here. This is my family. You don't get it, 'cause you've got no family. Nobody. So you try to run everybody else's life. Jesus Christ -- get your own life. That's the goddam problem. Get your own goddamn life.

Their stare holds, but she is giving way.

SHARON

Okay. I'm sorry I came here. I'm sorry I hit you. Okay?

LARRY

Okay what?

This is very hard for her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Don't go to my department, all right?

LARRY

Why the hell not?

SHARON

Larry...

LARRY

Why not?!

SHARON

Because the job's all I got.

LARRY

That's what I said, right? No life.

She nods, her voice smaller, almost a whisper.

SHARON

That's what you said.

He makes her wait, thinking it over.

LARRY

And you won't come around here. You won't call. Ever.

In a moment Sharon nods.

LARRY

And I don't want you to come to Mom and Dad's celebration...

Her eyes snap to his, surprised.

LARRY

Not the church. Not the party. Stay away. I don't want you around. I don't want to see you, Shar.

After another moment, she nods again -- and he snatches the photo out of his shirt pocket and pushes it against her chest and walks away. The photo falls to the ground. Larry says without turning...

LARRY

Go get a life.

... and she snaps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

I got a life!

The words burst out of her, thick with tears, but she's not crying. Larry stops and turns.

SHARON

How the hell would you know about my life?!

LARRY

I know.

SHARON

You know nothing about me, because you don't want to know. The family doesn't want to know me. Well, too bad. Sharon's got a life. Sharon's got a boyfriend. Sharon's going hiking in the morning with her boyfriend. She's not sitting alone miserable like you want. Too bad!

She reaches down, snatches the Polaroid photo off the ground, walks to her car, enters and slams the door as hard as it is possible to slam it.

EXT. SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS - DAY

Moving through the panorama are two small figures on a hiking trail, traveling uphill on a ridge.

ON SHARON, CATCH

Sharon is pounding along, barely out of breath. She studies the beautiful view, and it helps her. It lifts her. Catch is falling behind, breathing heavily.

CATCH

Hey. Hey! Can you wait up a minute?!

She waits. He catches up.

SHARON

I thought you walked all over the city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

(gasping)

The city is flat. Okay? Can we stop here? Can we examine the view? Have a Milky Way? I've burned every calorie I ever had.

But she walks on.

SHARON

My favorite lunch spot is another half mile.

CATCH

Up?!

She smiles and walks on, and he follows, calling out.

CATCH

I'm not one of those competitive guys, you know!

EXT. POND - DAY (BIT LATER)

Sharon is already unpacking their lunch as Catch trudges up and collapses near a stream-fed pond. She hands him a sandwich, but he shakes his head.

CATCH

No thanks. I can't eat and have a heart attack at the same time.

She smiles again and takes a bite and stares off, and soon enough her dark thoughts come and cover her, and Catch notices.

CATCH

As soon as you get happy, you get sad.

SHARON

I'm okay. Everything's code four.

CATCH

Everything's what?

SHARON

Everything's fine.

CATCH

Fine? This isn't fine. I know fine. This is something else. Something happened yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Yesterday -- you mean you want to hear about it?

CATCH

Sure I do.

SHARON

No kidding. Why? You never talk about yesterday.

CATCH

All my days are the same.

He keeps staring, waiting. She is chewing a sandwich, looking at him. Finally, she begins -- with no emotion.

SHARON

Yesterday. Okay. Yesterday we rolled on a 415. Juliette and Sanchez had these four guys against a wall, but they were H.D.B. and definitely unco-op. It got pretty jumpy, but we got them in the car with a couple of bruises and Robby got a sprained wrist, so I did the rest of the shift with a rookie who lost it over a D.B. in Sunset Park, old woman who'd been dead maybe six, seven days, and I usually do all right but the smell got to me, and I can still smell her. Then we arrested a prostitute working out of her home, and I carried her little girl out to the social worker, and the kid was holding on real tight and making my shoulder wet and I wanted to punch her rock-head mother, and then shift ended and I had a nice visit with my brother Larry.

He is staring at her. He takes her hands, holds them.

CATCH

(softly)

I'm sorry. That would make anybody sad.

SHARON

Sorry you asked?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

No. No, you can always tell me.

She stares a moment, then speaks with an irony he doesn't pick up on.

SHARON

Well... I feel better now. You feel better?

CATCH

I feel fine. Great.

He takes off his T-shirt and begins stripping off his shorts, his underwear!

SHARON

What are you doing?!

She is surprised, smiling, as he plunges into the pond, her darkness dissipating.

SHARON

Catch! There's no swimming here!
And you can't be naked in a state park!

He dives under and surfaces again.

CATCH

Take the day off, Pogo!

SHARON

What if a park ranger comes?!

He dives and surfaces once more. We STAY CLOSE ON him.

CATCH

Take your badge off for once.
Don't be such a damn Marine about everything. Just...

He stops because she isn't there. He looks about. Then suddenly he sees her, poised on a boulder right above him, in her underwear about to dive! He yelps and gets out of her way, and she dives off the rock in classic, near-professional form, a beautiful, sleek dive. She hits the water just right and surfaces, and they splash and swim and frolic and dunk each other in unabashed play.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At one point she jumps at him to dunk him, and he catches her. They are in chest-deep water and their faces are close. They pause -- then she goes in for a kiss, but he pulls his head back, avoiding that kiss and says...

CATCH

Someplace I've never been kissed.

She smiles, staring, then slowly reaches her hands to his face, gently closes his eyes and is about to kiss him on the closed lids, but she changes her mind and instead puts her lips tenderly on each of the small scars on his face. Then she moves away. He opens his eyes. She walks to the shore, moves to her clothes and starts getting dried and dressed, giving him a soft look.

Catch comes to the shore to dry himself, but as he dresses, Sharon glances at his body -- and the scarring on his chest and arms. He is troubled about this, avoiding her eyes. Then he makes a decision.

CATCH

They tell me I was in an accident.
Long time ago.

SHARON

Looks like a bad one.

CATCH

I don't remember it. I...

She waits -- but he says no more. She continues to dress, sliding her shorts over her wet underwear -- but before she puts her shirt on, she turns her back to take off her wet bra. He glances at her. She looks over and catches him glancing. They both smile softly, ironically, as they finish dressing.

SHARON

We should be thinking about lunch.
We have to pack up.

CATCH

So soon?

SHARON

Some of us have to work.
(teasing)
You ever work?

CATCH

Yeah. I worked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Oh? You remember that? Working?

She smiles and walks off toward the food. He stares after her, his smile fading into thoughtfulness, memory, as he dresses.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Catch is standing outside, looking in through the large window, searching. His eyes settle on a man, and he stares. The man, about his age, is having coffee and reading the paper. Catch is staring deeply, mustering his courage. He walks into the place.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Catch hesitates, then walks over and stands beside this man until he -- JACK MOLINA -- looks up. Jack beams with recognition and surprise.

JACK

Catch -- Jesus!

Catch is held back, smiling a bit, but on thin ice here, dipping into his past.

JACK

How are you? Sit down. Been years. You been out of town?

CATCH

(sitting)

I've been around.

Jack's smile clouds as memory kicks in.

JACK

Oh, man, I'm really sorry about what happened. I never got a chance to say...

Catch, with a steady look, says...

CATCH

We don't need to go there.

Jack nods a moment.

JACK

Okay. All right. So... what d'you want, a coffee?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

I want my old job back.

(pause)

What d'you think?

JACK

You been workin'?

CATCH

No, but I'm up to speed.

JACK

(thinks)

Well, it's not good with Randal anymore.

CATCH

No?

JACK

No, he's out of it, but Danny Coley's got something going. Wanna go see 'im?

Catch stares, nods.

CATCH

Finish your coffee.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (LATER SAME DAY)

In a seedy parking lot, tough part of town, Robby and Sharon are arresting two teenage girls. One of them is leaning on the car as Sharon searches her. Robby stands back with the other (cuffed) girl. Robby is staring at Sharon through this moment -- noting the difference in her, still very professional -- but softer. The girl is upset, near tears. Sharon is gentle in her search.

SHARON

I have to check these jacket pockets. What's your name -- Allison?

The girl nods, not trusting her voice.

SHARON

I need to unsnap this, Allison. I'm checking your waistband. You got to Whitney School?

ALLISON

St. Mark's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sharon is searching, Robby is noting all this, his eyes appreciating the difference.

SHARON

Lift your arms higher. Got a good
basketball team at St. Mark's.
You play basketball?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (LATER THAT NIGHT)

Sharon and Robby are still on the job, their unit rolling down a residential street of apartment buildings. A parked car is BLASTING MUSIC, and Robby halts beside it. Sharon starts making dancing moves to the MUSIC, sitting there beside Robby, and he stares at her as she grooves, kidding it. Then Robby HITS the HORN to get the driver's attention in the parked car. Robby makes a gesture to lower the volume, and the man SNAPS OFF his TAPE. Robby rolls on, glancing at Sharon. She wears a small smile, checking their beat.

ROBBY

What's going on, Pogo? You're not
happy or anything?

SHARON

Well, it's a mix, Robby. Life is
shit, but I'm dating this great
dead guy.

She smiles at Robby's look.

SHARON

He says before I came along, he
thought he was dead. Sounds
better when he says it --
(stops abruptly)
Listen.

ROBBY

What?

SHARON

Shhh. Sh!

Robby stops the unit, rolling the windows down. They hear the FARAWAY SOUND of...

SHARON

The trumpet player.

Robby pulls over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBBY

This time we got his ass.

They exit the car and stand in the street, looking up, scanning the dark buildings -- but the sound is hard to track, a FAINT BALLAD on a skillful HORN.

SHARON

Wow.

ROBBY

Got 'im?

SHARON

Look at that moon.

They stare at the full moon. In a moment, we hear the sound of ROARING CARS, their TIRES SCREECHING as they turn onto this street, one car speeding ahead to cut off the other and force it to stop. The two male drivers are screaming at each other. Robby shakes his head.

ROBBY

Full moon, man. Hey!

They run toward the drivers who are exiting their cars to confront each other. One big guy carries a baseball bat. Robby heads off one DRIVER while Sharon intercepts the BAT-MAN.

DRIVER

This guy's crazy!

BAT-MAN

This asshole side-swiped me!

SHARON

Are you McGuire?

BAT-MAN

What?!

SHARON

Mark McGuire?

BAT-MAN

No.

SHARON

Then put that bat away. Put it in your trunk. Now.

The man hesitates, then moves toward his trunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER

I never touched his car.

BAT-MAN

You lying bastard!

The man charges, bat in hand, and Sharon makes a flying tackle, bringing him down hard on the street -- and we immediately...

CUT TO:

INT. SHARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

as she lies on the bed, on her stomach, her top off, and Catch straddles her, massaging her back and shoulder which are sore from her tackle.

SHARON

Ow. Ow!

CATCH

Sorry.

SHARON

No. That's good. Deeper.

CATCH

(as he works)

How heavy was this guy?

SHARON

Like a truck.

CATCH

God. Tractor-trailer?

SHARON

Pickup. Ow. Ow! That's really good.

She begins to moan as he digs out the pain. He is fighting against the erotic charge of this, trying to keep it medicinal, but he's got his hands all over her naked back, and she is moaning -- so he stops and takes a breath.

CATCH

I better... More oil.

He reaches to the bed table and puts oil on his hands, noticing a card that stands open on the tabletop, a very pretty invitation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

This is pretty.

SHARON

Don't get oil on it.

CATCH

Renewal of vows -- that's great.
Is this your parents?

SHARON

Yes. Just put it down. I'm not going.

CATCH

Why not?

She doesn't answer. He puts it down, comes back to the slow rubbing of her shoulders, her neck. In a moment...

SHARON

If I go, my brother'll hurt me with the department. I got mad and knocked him down. All they need is a complaint. Just leave it alone and keep rubbing. Okay?

She moans in pleasure as he rubs, trying to push all other thoughts away.

CATCH

So... he says you can't go?

SHARON

Can't you rub without talking?

(then)

It's been bad with my family a long time, so the hell with it anyway. If they don't want me there, I don't want to be there. All right?

CATCH

All right.

(then, as he works)

Bad how?

SHARON

Oh, Jesus!

But we see her eyes turn inward toward the old pain and, for once, she shares it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

My father used to knock us around,
all of us. But I'm the one who
called the cops -- finally.

(pause)

They say I turned against the
family.

Catch works in silence a while, absorbing this, looking
at Sharon with more tenderness than ever. In a moment...

CATCH

But... they invited you.

SHARON

You don't know anything about it.
So forget it.

CATCH

Well... I know about family.

SHARON

Oh, yeah? What about it?

CATCH

It's... a door you don't close.

SHARON

I didn't close the door.

CATCH

You're closing it now. Right?
Family invites you, you go.
Family shows up, you welcome them
in. That's family.

SHARON

Oh, sure. What if they don't
deserve it?

CATCH

Then you forgive.

SHARON

You have all the answers.

CATCH

No. I just... It seems like a
chance, doesn't it? A chance to
make things right. I'd take it.
Then you tried -- y'know? And
it's up to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sharon is considering his words, but she's also deep in her old pain, defensive, challenging.

SHARON

You close with your family?

That hits him, but he keeps rubbing her, gentle now, looking a little lost. He doesn't answer.

SHARON

See? So why should I listen to you?

But as he works her back in silence, we see her facing her pain and thinking through it.

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Just after dawn. Catch is on the couch, stirring in his sleep, in the grip of an unsettling dream. We hear what he hears: the VOICES of his wife, his son, murmurings. We're not sure of the words, even laughter. Catch's eyes snap open, jolted out of sleep, but the VOICES don't stop, and he suddenly sits up. The VOICES FADE as he catches his breath, gulping air. He tries to calm down. In a moment, he rises and moves to Sharon's bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

He comes to the side of the bed and sees that she is asleep. He sits on the bed and studies her, his dark thoughts dissipating as he watches her sleep, his eyes going deep. In a moment he begins to raise a hand to brush her cheek -- the way awakened her before -- but he stops before touching her. Instead, he brings his face close to her and lightly kisses her.

She stirs. He kisses her again. She opens her eyes. They stare at each other. She raises a limp hand and touches his face. He begins to come close, slowly, for another kiss. She welcomes it. They kiss on the mouth, very tenderly. They kiss again -- deeper. They kiss again, and she holds him, and he moves fully onto the bed, lying over her and supporting his weight on his elbows and kissing and kissing and letting go for once, hungry for her because she is in his heart now, and she is a salvation, and there is a moment when they both pause and stare clear-eyed, acknowledging what they are doing, and both of them abandon their fear and pain and begin to smile, and they make love that way, smiling, as we slowly...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BLUES CLUB - NIGHT

The night of that same day finds us at this neighborhoody place with a lot of down-to-earth atmosphere and not a lot of noise, like Harvell's in Santa Monica -- earthy blues and jazz from a small band in a darkish club, small dance floor. We PAN during this slow number and ARRIVE AT a few dancing couples, including Sharon and Catch who mostly just hold each other and sway. When their eyes meet, there is a lot of deep pleasure there.

The music ends. The small crowd applauds. Couples head back to the tables, but the little band goes right into a more up-tempo but still earthy blues. Sharon stops and pulls Catch back onto the dance floor. He smiles and follows.

This number has a driving beat, and, slowly, we watch Sharon drop her inhibitions and become more and more free out there, and Catch is smiling and wowed by her, and she laughs, wowing herself, and she keeps going, getting wild and playful, and it's something to see. We LINGER ON the joy and abandon. She's earned it. They go a little crazy, happy crazy, and in a while we...

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME - HOURS LATER

The blues club is emptying out. It's late. The band is finishing what seems to be its last number, for the last of thinning crowd -- including a tired, happy Sharon and Catch who applaud the end of the number. Catch stares at her.

CATCH

What's your favorite song?

He rises -- as if to go to the band with a request. She smiles, spent.

SHARON

Catch, I'm beat. So are they. I think they're finished.

CATCH

One more. It's a surprise.

She watches as he leaves her, walks to the bandstand. He talks to the leader who is the PIANO PLAYER.

SHARON'S POV

From the instrument cases on the floor behind the piano, Catch picks up a trumpet case, opens it. Now Sharon's tired smile is changing to curiosity, wonder.

ON CATCH

As he puts the mouthpiece on the horn, nervous, but excited, too, speaking to the Piano Player.

CATCH

Thanks, Danny.

DANNY (PIANO PLAYER)

Gonna be good having you back,
Catch.

Catch comes to the edge of the bandstand, grinning a bit at Sharon, at his surprise for her, nervously fingering the horn. He puts it to his lips.

ON SHARON

Mouth-open surprise -- and then smiling with the wonder -- and Catch begins to play, closing his eyes and rendering a ballad, like the haunting "ANGEL EYES."

Sharon's smile slowly fades, replaced by a much deeper look, not only because he is so good, but because he is showing her his heart, his love and even his pain -- more than he can show her any other way. We INTERCUT as he opens his eyes briefly, watching her, sending her the music, closing his eyes again to fall into the song -- as Sharon's eyes fill at the beauty and sadness of it, and at this look inside her man. We LINGER. Then...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

We keep the sound of CATCH'S TRUMPET going as he and Sharon exit the club and begin to stroll away, arms around each other. In a moment, he stops. He can't go another step. He has to kiss her. He holds her face and comes in for the kiss, and above the music we hear her say softly.

SHARON

Where I've never been kissed.

He stops and stares a moment, then takes her hand and walks her out into the middle of the traffic-less boulevard and there, in the center of the street, kisses her, and she responds, and it is their finest, fullest moment, lifting on the MUSIC, and it is ironic and prophetic that at its peak they are washed over by the revolving light from a police car and a SIREN that CHIRPS once as they break, staring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Oh, God.

We WIDEN to see Ray and Sanchez in their police unit 20 feet away. Ray uses a small electronic bullhorn to say...

RAY

Are you in danger there?

SHARON

Go away.

RAY

I was talking to him, Pogo.

CATCH

No thanks, Ray. Everything's code four. Go away.

Sharon laughs aloud and walks (with Catch in hand) to the police car, her joy overwhelming any embarrassment. She gestures behind them at the jazz club.

SHARON

See that place? He's going to be playing there every weekend.

Catch notes the pride with which she says this.

RAY

(impressed; to Catch)
Oh, yeah? What d'you play?

SHARON

It's music, Ray. You wouldn't like it.

She waves and walks off with Catch, arms around each other. The cops watch them go.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATCH'S BEDROOM - DAY (NEXT MORNING)

Sharon is asleep, alone in the tousled bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Catch is dressed, putting a leash on Bob, glancing into the bedroom at Sharon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is love in his look, and then a passing question, too, a residue of fear now that their relationship has begun in full -- but it all ends up in a soft smile for her as he walks Bob to the door. He hesitates at the door -- then walks into the kitchen and slides open that drawer of toys, stares at them.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING (MINUTES LATER)

Sharon is waking, sleepy. She rises, finds a robe and slips it on, calling out softly for Catch.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Sharon sees that Catch and Bob are gone. She drifts to the window, looks at the day, looks down at the street -- and she sees them.

SHARON'S POV

She sees Catch and Bob on their way into the park across the street from the building.

ON SHARON

She smiles and moves into the bedroom to dress.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

Catch is walking Bob in the park, but is also checking for someone, studying the playground. He begins walking toward the swings.

ANGLE - SANDBOX

Tommy, Catch's neighbor, is playing in the sand with a metal truck. Catch walks up to Tommy, carrying a bulging plastic bag -- but Tommy's attention is on Bob, and pets the big, friendly dog.

ANGLE - CANDACE

She sits on a bench nearby, watching this, smiling a bit.

ON CATCH, TOMMY

Catch kneels in the sand, beside the boy, and he spills out the contents of the bag -- action figures, superheroes, soldiers. Tommy goes wide-eyed at the array. Catch is pleased by the boy's reaction. Catch keeps a layer of emotion covered here.

CATCH

You like these?

TOMMY

Yeah!

CATCH

Well... They're for you. We can pretend it's your birthday.

Tommy stares at him, then back at the toys in delight. Candace is walking toward them, and Catch turns to her.

CATCH

I hope you don't mind.

TOMMY

They're for me, Mom!

Her look of surprise questions him.

CATCH

Yeah. I've... kind of been saving them up.

CANDACE

For Tommy?

He nods. She kneels close to her boy, the toys, pleased but not quite knowing what to say.

CANDACE

Well, thank you. Thanks a lot.

Catch nods, grins at Tommy who is already at play with the figures.

ANGLE - SHARON

She has entered the park and witnessed this from a distance. She is angling toward the playground.

ON CATCH

He watches Tommy at play with the figures, but it's almost too much for him. He touches the boy and rises, smiles and nods at Candace and begins to walk off.

ON SHARON

She hurries her steps to intersect with Catch.

ON CANDACE, TOMMY

CANDACE

Wow, Tommy -- Look at them all.
Did you say thank you?

Now Tommy looks up. Catch is moving away with Bob, walking home. Tommy stands up, Candace calls out to stop Catch.

CANDACE

Excuse me!

ON CATCH

But he is walking on, some of the emotion seeping through, not darkness, some old joy welling up. We see, in b.g., Tommy starts to run after him to say thanks. We now have a convergence of Tommy, Sharon and Catch, who is moving steadily toward the street, crossing a bike path now. A BIKER is coming on. All in one moment Catch hears the WHIZZ of the BIKE, Tommy calling out "Thank you," and Candace shouting "Be careful!" And Catch goes cold inside and turns quickly and rushes onto the bike path, taking the collision with the bike so Tommy is sure to be safe. Catch and the biker fall hard. Sharon stops -- holding her breath. Tommy watches, wide-eyed, and Candace comes running.

Catch is rising, a little sore and soiled. The biker is angry.

BIKER

Goddammit -- I saw the kid.
Jesus. I wasn't even close.

But Catch is walking away with that frozen, numb look, all shut down by his fear and his memory as Bob trots along beside him and the Biker comes after him and Tommy and Candace watch him go and Sharon hurries her steps to catch up. The Biker reaches Catch first.

BIKER

Wait a minute! Hey!

But Catch won't turn to him, walking on -- and the man gets in front of him, raging.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIKER

Why the hell did you cause a wreck?! I told you -- I saw the kid, you idiot. I was...

Pain and darkness build in Catch's eyes until he says in a quiet, choked voice, right into the Biker's face...

CATCH

One more word, and your life will change forever.

The man stops talking, looking at the dead certainty in Catch's eyes. He wants to say more, to save face, but Catch's look holds him like a fist. Sharon has stopped, frozen, watching. The Biker turns away and walks back to his downed bike as Catch moves on. Sharon can hardly believe all of this, following Catch again.

ON CATCH, SHARON

SHARON

Catch! Catch!

It takes a moment for her voice to penetrate, then he quickly turns and sees her approaching.

SHARON

Are you all right? Your elbow's bleeding. I...

But he is tight, nearly frozen, everything held in.

SHARON

What's wrong?

He walks away from her, and this shakes her, and she catches up again.

SHARON

Where are you going? Catch -- you're scaring me. Please...

But he walks on, desperate, and she gets in his way, faces him.

SHARON

Please, Catch, don't... Can't you talk to me?!

He turns and walks off, heading for the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Please. Wait. I... Catch!

He has walked into traffic -- not completely unmindful of the cars, but desperate to get away. She watches this, frozen, as HORNS BLARE. He has to stop in the middle of the street to wait a moment, and he stands there, stricken.

ON CATCH

As the traffic moves around him and the dog -- a HORN BLARES, BRAKES SCREECH, and he thrown into a storm of...

FLASHBACKS

That come sharper and faster than before, bits and pieces of memory outside any order: He is driving, Annie smiles at him, headlights blind him, Annie screams, the little boy in Annie's arms grins at him, BRAKES SCREAM, Annie says something to him, calmly, but he can't hear her, the headlights blind him again and BRAKES SCREAM again, and:

BACK TO SCENE (PRESENT)

Catch stands there shaken and shut down.

ON SHARON

Watching him, shocked and frightened for him. She sees the traffic let up, and Catch crosses and walks toward home. She watches him go.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY (LATER)

As Robby and Sharon's police unit moves along with traffic. In a moment they pull over and park beside an office building. It is the same building the man entered shouting, "Catch!" Sharon watches the building's entrance. After a while...

ROBBY

Are you going to tell me why we're sitting outside this building again?

SHARON

Watching for somebody. Tall guy. 40s. Grey-blond hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBBY

What's it about?

SHARON

It's personal.

ROBBY

Fine -- what am I supposed to do?

SHARON

Chill.

She watches the building, studying the people who come and go.

INT. CATCH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Catch is at home, still shaken by what happened to him in the park. He reaches for the PHONE, punches in a number. It RINGS and Elanora Chu picks up. Catch is deep in his pain.

ELANORA (V.O.)

Hello?

CATCH

(softly)

Hi.

ELANORA (V.O.)

Hi! How are you? Have you been out in this great afternoon? Brenda took me for a walk.

She senses the silence on the other end and quiets a bit.

ELANORA (V.O.)

Anything wrong?

CATCH

I've been... remembering.

She is quiet for a moment.

ELANORA (V.O.)

Catch... This is good.

CATCH

It's awful.

ELANORA (V.O.)

No. No, there's good to remember.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He doesn't speak, shakes his head.

ELANORA (V.O.)

Catch?

CATCH

I'll call you.

He hangs up, staring at his thoughts.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Sharon is still staking out the office building. Robby is fidgeting. She just keeps watching. When Robby begins to speak, she puts up a hand to stop him, going very still, staring out the window at the man who Catch was afraid of, Richard Pindella. The man enters the building. Sharon gets out of the car, intense...

SHARON

Give me fifteen.

And she hurries after the man.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

As Sharon enters, sees the man at the elevators. He gets into an elevator, and she just misses him. She watches the elevator indicator. It stops at two. She hurries up the stairs.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

As Sharon bangs into a hallway through the stairway door. She looks one way, looks the other way down the long hall, and sees the man just entering a door. She walks to that door. It is marked "private." She knocks and walks in.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

She enters a comfortable office, many shelves, books, couch and chairs, big desk. She hears the man's voice from an anteroom. He's coming toward her.

PINDELLA (O.S.)

Excuse me -- that's a private entrance...

He sees her now, sees the uniform.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PINDELLA

Oh... is there a problem?

He's calm, gentle in the eyes. She stares a moment, trying to keep her emotions undercover.

SHARON

I'm not sure. Who am I speaking to?

PINDELLA

I'm Dr. Pindella.

She takes her time, afraid.

SHARON

What kind of doctor?

PINDELLA

What is this?

SHARON

Do you know a Catch Lambert?

PINDELLA

Oh. Yes! Is he in trouble?

SHARON

I... need to talk to you.

He glances at his watch, worried for Catch.

PINDELLA

Well, I have a patient in five minutes. But I can...

SHARON

Are you a...?

PINDELLA

I'm a psychiatrist.

SHARON

And Mr. Lambert...

PINDELLA

My relationship with Mr. Lambert is confidential.

She's dying inside -- but covering, lying, forcing her way into this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

He's your patient. He's your patient we... know all this. This is police business. I'm officer Sharon Pogue -- L.A.P.D.

PINDELLA

Look... I want to help Mr. Lambert but I can't tell you anything that isn't public record.

SHARON

In general. In general. He's your patient, and he...

PINDELLA

He's not my patient. He walked away from treatment. That was... nearly a year ago.

SHARON

Why did he walk away?

PINDELLA

I can't discuss that, but if you know how to reach him, I would appreciate being able to talk to him.

SHARON

(desperate)

You can help by just telling me what's in the public record. It'll take me half a day to do a search. Can you tell me? Just...

She is unable to play this out as a "cop," her emotions coming through. Pindella sees this. She sits on the edge of a chair and takes a breath, speaks more softly.

SHARON

Can you please tell me what's in the record?

He stares a moment, sympathetic -- and realizing...

PINDELLA

You were with him -- in the car. Your uniform threw me. Are you his friend?

She looks at him, nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

More.

He takes that in, leans back on the desk.

PINDELLA

I can tell you he was in an accident, hospitalized, referred to me as an outpatient...

SHARON

What accident?

PINDELLA

A bus... a city bus hit his vehicle. That was a couple of years ago. It was... an awful thing. His family was in the van. His wife and child. His wife's parents...

SHARON

A bus... and a van. Where? On... the freeway?

Something is pulling at her memory. Her vision turns inward, and she stops breathing for a moment -- remembering. She was there. And here we get a...

FLASHBACK - CARNAGE

A glimpse of the carnage -- what she saw, first on the scene -- with Catch lying there. All the while Pindella is speaking.

PINDELLA (V.O.)

I think so. Yes. Near Santa Monica. On the freeway. He was severely injured but... thrown clear. The others were trapped in the van.

BACK TO SHARON (PRESENT)

still in shock, looks at Pindella again.

SHARON

Survivors? Only him? I... don't remember.

PINDELLA

Remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

(quietly)

Yes. I was there. I was there.

Pindella stares, then...

PINDELLA

His wife's mother survived, but...
she was paralyzed.

She takes a moment, absorbing this.

PINDELLA

Elanora Chu. She's still in town,
I believe.

SHARON

Does he... still see her?

PINDELLA

He used to. I don't know.

(pause)

I'm glad to see... he has someone
else who cares about him. I know
he's running from this. He left
all his friends, his home, his
whole life.

SHARON

He says... he doesn't remember the
accident.

PINDELLA

He lost a lot of memory. I tried
to help him with that. He
resisted. Walked away.

She stares.

SHARON

I think he remembers me.

Very subdued now, she asks...

SHARON

How does he live?

PINDELLA

He received a large settlement
from the city, but he...barely
touches it. He was a professional
musician.

She stares at him and nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Trumpet.

As he says that, we hear our TRUMPET MUSIC begin -- a fast and furious MUTED TRUMPET, incredible RIFFS, and we use this to carry us, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Sharon is in the report room, using the computer, hunting. We MOVE AROUND to see her and the screen. She is searching the police records to find the accident. The CONTINUING TRUMPET RIFFS are the motor for this. She suddenly stops as we FOCUS ON the name: "LAMBERT." Then we watch her as she punches up the data and she reads.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We MOVE THROUGH Sharon's nearly dark apartment, its stillness in strange contrast to the manic TRUMPET RIFFS. We PAN to find her curled in a chair, staring deeply, sadly, drinking a drink. As we PAN, we DISCOVER she is looking at that mural of the mountains and through this to her thoughts, and then she makes a decision and rises and goes to the phone, punches in a number.

INT. CATCH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He is sitting on his bed, back against the headboard, sitting there fully dressed, shoes and all, knees up -- as he plays his muted trumpet, hard and fast, playing the incredible riffs we've been hearing, playing in a driven way, keeping his demons away. When the RING of the PHONE breaks through, he stops suddenly. He waits. His MACHINE CLICKS ON and BEEPS. We INTERCUT the call as Sharon's voice comes on, subdued.

SHARON

Catch, it's me. Can you pick up?

But he sits there, waiting, listening.

SHARON

Why don't we... meet tomorrow?
I'll be in Westwood. Can you meet
me there? Westwood and Cole.
About two o'clock. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sits there. He slowly puts the horn down. He reaches for the phone now -- but she hangs up before he picks up the call.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTWOOD STREET - CORNER - NEXT DAY

Catch waits on a busy street corner in Westwood Village not far from Santa Monica. He is waiting, glancing over the passing crowds for Sharon. He sees her. She is off duty, out of uniform. He watches her until she spots him. She smiles a little, but there is a mix of fear and sadness in her smile. They walk to each other and stop and hug, but it is brief, and then she keeps walking slowly, and he walks beside her. There is a strain lingering between them.

CATCH

Shar, I'm sorry about yesterday.
I...

SHARON

That's okay.

CATCH

It's hard to explain, but it's...
I'm okay now.

SHARON

You don't have to explain.

He glances at her, wondering, walking along.

CATCH

So... why'd we meet here?

SHARON

So you're the trumpet player who
was waking people up -- on my
beat.

They walk along in silence a moment.

CATCH

I used to practice late...
outside. On my roof.

SHARON

On your roof? That's why we
couldn't find you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

I didn't know it bothered anybody
until you mentioned it. You
arresting me?

They smile nervous smiles. She walks on, leading him
somewhere. He looks about, beginning to show some
agitation, but covering it.

CATCH

You going to tell me where we're
going?

(as she doesn't
answer)

That's okay. I mean... I'll go
anywhere with you, Shar. Jaws of
death. The mall on a Saturday.
Just about any...

He slows his steps, looking across the street and down
half a block...

HIS POV

We see an ivy-covered brick building there, with a sign
that is too far away for us to read.

ON CATCH AND SHARON

He looks quickly away from that building. She sees his
growing agitation.

SHARON

You can trust me, you know.

She takes his hand.

SHARON

I've got you now. I'm holding on
-- like before.

CATCH

What d'you mean?

SHARON

Like I held you before. Like I
did -- at the accident.

He suddenly pulls his hand out of hers, shocked, and it
shakes her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

What makes it so... unspeakable,
Catch? What makes it like that?

He begins to shut down, to grow cold and numb and not
hear this.

SHARON

Is it because you were driving?

He turns away, closing his eyes.

SHARON

I read the reports, and it wasn't
your fault. It wasn't. Is it
because you survived and they
didn't?

She puts her hand out for him again.

SHARON

Catch. Please. Hold on, and
we'll go in there together...

He does not take her hand, so she takes his and walks a
few steps toward that building.

SHARON

You can talk to them. You can say
goodbye or I love you or
whatever...

He pulls his hand away again, more violently, a layer of
rage over his pain.

CATCH

This is wrong! It's wrong! Why
are you doing this?!

SHARON

To help you.

CATCH

I don't need your help! I don't
need this. We don't need this --
we're fine...

SHARON

We're not. We're not fine, Catch.
Nothing is fine -- no matter how
much you pretend.

It is as if she's fighting for his life again -- and her
own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

You pretend that nothing happened.
You walk all over the city helping
people, but you're dying inside.

CATCH

I'm not dying! I'm not
pretending! I don't remember! I
don't remember any of it. So
leave me alone! What good does it
do? It's gone! And I'm all right
this way! Why do you have to
change it? I'm all right.

She points at the building across the street.

SHARON

Then walk in there.

He can't even look at the place.

SHARON

Walk in there, and I'll walk in
with you. Walk in there and say
it's real -- what happened is
real. Your family died.

CATCH

Don't talk about that! Don't!

SHARON

(breaking down)

All right -- you talk about it!
You tell me your family died and I
say yes, I know, I'm sorry, and
you say, I loved them... and I
say, what an awful thing to lose a
family...

CATCH

(unravelling)

Damn you, Shar. Damn you -- why
won't you stop?!

SHARON

So you can have a life!

CATCH

I have a life! We could have a
life. We could get up and go to
work and come home to each other
and never, never talk about
before. We don't need to do that!
Why do we need to do that?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Because it happened! Because it's the truth! I'm sorry. I'm so sorry it happened, but...

CATCH

Nothing happened! If we say it, then that's the truth, that can be the truth. Say it. Nothing happened. Say it, Shar.

SHARON

Catch -- take my hand. Please.

CATCH

Say it! I'm asking you to say it.

Her tears come, and she shakes her head.

SHARON

I can't.

CATCH

Why not?

SHARON

Because I want it too much. I want everything with you. I want all of you -- not just the part that isn't hiding and running away...

CATCH

Why are you pushing so hard? Why does it have to be your way? Why does it have to be your truth? This is who I am! This is the way I am!

SHARON

Not anymore. It doesn't have to be this way anymore because you're not alone -- because we're the family now. We can be the family...

CATCH

You like to push people, don't you? You just have to push and shove and make it right for you -- for you. You push everybody, Shar. You even pushed your family away, didn't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He has stung her. The tears are in her throat. She has to take a moment, but she pushes through to say quietly...

SHARON

I just... want to say...

CATCH

You already said it. You said it all.

SHARON

When you're ready, I'll be there for you. I just want to say that.

And she turns and walks away. He watches her go, angry, scared and sorry for what he said. He takes a few steps after her, wanting to call out and to stop her. We see him almost call to her. He is coming apart, watching her, needing her so much, but unable to call out.

He is shaky. He takes a glance at that building, then away. He stares after Sharon -- but she's out of sight now. He steels himself, then looks across the street again at that building.

He is desperately afraid. He stares at the building a long while. He begins to cross the street. He makes fists to keep from shaking. He walks to the entrance.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

This is the "Wellston Memorial Chapel and Mausoleum." The sign is on one of the brick pillars. The iron gate is open. He can't walk in there. He just can't. He walks away quickly, as if escaping.

EXT. POLICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - NEXT DAY

The new shift of cops is heading for its cars -- Sharon and Robby, Ray and Sanchez, others. The mood is relaxed, teasing talk, but Sharon is way down. She tries to push her mood away and tough through it.

RAY

Rib House after shift today?
4:30?

ROBBY

I think I'll head home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

Pogo? Bring your friend.

SHARON

No, I think I'll turn vegetarian.

RAY

Gotta have that meat to keep your strength up.

SHARON

How come it's not working for you?

There is a scattering of laughter -- almost by rote -- as Sharon enters her car without even the hint of a smile. Robby notices. She just punches up the CAD monitor, all business. Our TRUMPET MUSIC comes in, aching now, and takes us into...

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She is exercising on the machine, sliding into her crunches, fast and furious, but all the pain and sorrow is in her eyes, and in a moment she just stops. The TRUMPET MUSIC KEEPS GOING ON through this. She looks over at the phone.

INT. CATCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We PAN OVER Bob-the-Dog, watching something. We see a few scattered sheets of music lying about, hearing RUSTLING, and we ARRIVE AT Catch, seated on the floor, shuffling through a stack of sheet music, driven, looking for something. The PHONE RINGS. He ignores it. He is opening up each chart of music, shaking it out, searching.

Sharon's voice comes on his machine, almost hollow with sorrow.

SHARON (V.O.)

Catch. Can you... pick up?

(pause)

Will you call me?

He keeps searching, seeming to not even listen. The MACHINE CLICKS OFF. He shakes the next music chart and something falls out. He stares at this piece of paper, picks it up, slowly turns it over. It is a picture of himself, a man blowing a horn, drawn in crayon by a four or five-year-old. Catch stares at this with a depth that goes on forever, as the MUSIC ENDS.

EXT. STREET - NEXT DAY

Sharon and Robby are rolling to a stop in a strip mall parking lot, exiting their car. No rush. She's still very downbeat. As they walk from the car, he keeps glancing at her, concerned for her.

ROBBY

Pogo...?

She puts up a hand to brush all the words away. She can't talk about it. She pushes through it by doing the work.

SHARON

Which store is it?

ROBBY

The little market there. They came through a back window last night. Mostly vandalism...

They walk on, but as Sharon reaches the sidewalk, a little child, three years old or so, toddles out the door of a shop. A SKATEBOARDER is rattling along, and Sharon makes a grab for the child, taking his arm gently...

SHARON

Whoa...

... and pulling him to safety as the Skateboarder passes by shouting...

SKATER

Sorry!

And now the WORRIED MOTHER is emerging from the shop...

WORRIED MOTHER

Oh, God, thank you. Billy!

She picks up her boy, walks back into the shop. Sharon stands there -- as it all blooms inside of her, rocks her, really, this little act, evoking Catch, who he is, what he said and what he means to her. Robby is a few steps ahead, waiting for her, but she can't move yet, looking around her now at the people walking among the shops and cafes. She picks one. She catches the eyes. She gives a brief smile. The smile is answered, shyly, kindly, the person moves on.

ROBBY

Pogo?

She doesn't move for a moment. Then she turns to Robby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

There's something I have to do. I need an address and phone.

ROBBY

What's the name?

SHARON

Elanora Chu.

Robby looks at her, then nods, giving her this.

ROBBY

Let's do it.

They walk back to the car.

EXT. UPSCALE RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

We see Sharon walking quickly from her police car to the front of Mrs. Chu's home. Robby waits in the unit.

EXT. CHU HOME - DAY

Sharon walks under that covered portico to the front door, but before she rings the bell, a voice startles her a bit.

ELANORA (O.S.)

Pogo?

Mrs. Chu emerges from the shadows of the portico, rolling her wheelchair toward Sharon. She has a smile for her -- but with some reserve.

SHARON

I'm Sharon Pogue. I know all about the...

ELANORA

Elanora.

Sharon nods, very held back. She gestures toward the wheelchair self-consciously.

SHARON

I'm sorry for... what happened. I know about the accident.

ELANORA

(hopeful)

He told you?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

No. I found out, and... I remembered. I was there.

ELANORA

Oh. Yes.

Sharon stares a moment, begins with some of her tough cover in place, over her emotions.

SHARON

I guess he comes here a lot -- to talk to you.

ELANORA

He shops for me. Twice a week.

SHARON

Oh. And when he comes here -- he never mentions the past, never talks about the accident?

ELANORA

No.

SHARON

And you... let him do that? All this time? Why?

ELANORA

It's what he needs.

SHARON

Walking all over the city like...

ELANORA

Like an angel. Yes. Sweet man.

SHARON

But... you let him get so lost.

Elanora is a bit defensive now.

ELANORA

I let him find his own way through it. Why did you come here, Sharon?

SHARON

Because... I want to know how to help him.

ELANORA

You are helping him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

I don't think so.

ELANORA

Why not?

SHARON

He... he was paying me back, I guess, for the accident, for helping him. That's why he felt... so close to me. But...

ELANORA

Is that what you think?

SHARON

But now he probably hates me. I...

ELANORA

What happened?

SHARON

I took him to the cemetery, and...

ELANORA

The cemetery!

Elanora's look darkens and she begins to shake her head in worry.

SHARON

I thought it might help him... come back, you know? But he wouldn't even go in. He screamed at me.

ELANORA

(upset)

What made you take him there?

SHARON

For the truth...

ELANORA

He knows the truth.

SHARON

But he won't even say it, or...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELANORA

That's his way. That's his way through all this. He made a wall -- around that whole day, that night -- other things, too. He keeps them behind the wall -- his little boy, my daughter. He can't help it. The cemetery?! Do you know how hard it is for me to go to the cemetery? Can you imagine?

Sharon is shaken by this, realizing, crumbling a bit as Mrs. Chu goes on.

ELANORA

That's where it stares you in the face -- the loss. And it's too much sometimes.

Elanora takes a breath, acknowledging how upset she is.

ELANORA

See? I'm still finding my way through it. And Catch -- it almost kills him to think about it or say it or drive a car or see the place where it happened or... go by the cemetery.

SHARON

I was trying to help him... come back to some kind of life. I...

ELANORA

But he was coming back. Do you realize how much he changed in the past weeks? His apartment, his life, his music is coming back. He fell in love! He even got a job, Sharon -- for you. For the two of you. Isn't that coming back? Why do you have to rush? Everybody has to rush these days.

Sharon, battered by the truth of this, is totally exposed now, realizing, admitting.

SHARON

I was scared. I push so hard... when I'm scared.

ELANORA

Scared of what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Losing him. So I did. I lost him. He won't talk to me. I... I didn't know what I was doing.

Elanora sighs, looking at her, and her anger drains away, studying Sharon's misery.

ELANORA

You were finding your way. What else can we do? You think I'm always sure what to say to him, what not to say? I do what I think is right and hope he sees the love in it.

She shakes her head at Sharon's tears, her warmth showing now, liking this girl.

ELANORA

Look at you -- so worried now, so miserable. That's the love in it.

SHARON

Did I... make it worse for him?

ELANORA

I don't know. I really don't. But I think he'll see the love in what you did.

Sharon stares, without much hope. She puts out her hand to touch Elanora's, to say goodbye. Elanora takes her hand and holds on a moment, staring into the girl, with strength. Sharon nods and walks off, dark and sad. Elanora watches her go.

INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's the next day, and Sharon is preparing to go to her parents' renewal of vows. She is at the bottom -- with Catch gone from her life -- but she is doing her best to go through with this.

We START ON a table, looking at the invitation and next to that is a wrapped gift. We hear Sharon moving about, see her nervous, half-dressed, speaking to herself. In the b.g. we hear our TRUMPET-BASED MUSIC. Very soulful.

SHARON

I just came by to... wish you well. To... congratulate you and wish you well. Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She checks the mirror again, doesn't like the look, starts undressing, comes back to the table with the gift on it, wonders if she should add more decoration to the box. She does, and as the trumpet plays on we --

CUT TO:

SHARON

dressed differently, re-wrapping the gift and then --

CUT TO:

SHARON

dressed differently, rewrapping it again and then --

CUT TO:

SHARON

sitting still in a chair, holding the gift on her lap, looking at the clock, nervous, scared, sad.

EXT. STREET - DAY (SAME DAY)

Catch is walking down a commercial street -- no Bob-the-dog, no strolling gait. He is focused, deep-eyed, on a mission of some kind. Our MUSIC CONTINUES over this and on into...

EXT. STREET - DAY

The MUSIC CONTINUES over Sharon driving to the church, parking, taking a deep breath, exiting the car. There is no one else outside the church. The ceremony has already begun. She's planned it that way. She enters the church as the MUSIC FADES OUT.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

As Sharon comes in quietly. The church is not full, but perhaps 50 people sit in the front pews, watching the ceremony at the altar: The priest, Mr. and Mrs. Pogue, altar boys. Sharon moves forward and slips into a pew a few back from the altar. The slight disturbance of people sliding over to let her in causes a few people to glance over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of them is Kathy. They trade a brief, nervous nod. Then Kathy whispers to her husband...

KATHY

She came.

We see Larry grow tense and angry.

KATHY

Don't say anything. Think of your parents.

Larry doesn't look at Sharon. The little boy, looking fine in a tiny suit and tie, and being bored, leans to look at his aunt.

Sharon and Larry, Jr. trade a look. She winks, then settles back in her pew, watches.

ON ALTAR

We get our first look at Sharon's FATHER, Carl Pogue, 62. Standing beside his wife, a rather big, stolid guy, taken with the moment, both he and his wife emotional over this. He wears a hearing aid. The priest is speaking.

ON SHARON

watching with a mix of feelings as the mass continues and the vows are renewed, the priest reciting the rituals.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The PRIEST'S VOICE from the church plays over this scene, invoking the blessings, saying the prayers of the mass as we watch Catch continuing his mission, slowing his steps now and pausing at the entrance to the Welston Memorial Chapel. He hesitates. We see the price he's paying and the determination. He walks through the gate.

EXT. CHAPEL GROUNDS - DAY

He walks into a courtyard of several small buildings in a garden setting -- all red brick and ivy, fountains and flowers. He is fighting his way through this, moving closer to one of the buildings. He is nearly alone on the chapel grounds, and, as he reaches the sheltered wall of this building, he is alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This is a wall of bronze vaults within the bricks, and on each vault is a plaque -- a name. His breath shivers in his body as he struggles to lift his eyes. Slowly, his gaze comes to rest on a name: "LAMBERT."

As he stares, the PRIEST'S VOICE from Sharon's church FADES OUT, and we are left with silence. Catch is shaky,. He takes a step closer to the wall, to the name, to them -- and he tries to speak, but can't. He tries again -- his voice intimate, just above a whisper at first.

CATCH

Annie. Chet. I don't... want you to think I forgot about you. It's just that I... I couldn't find you.

(pause)

I woke up, and you were gone. Everything was gone. It all just... disappeared. In one minute. I couldn't remember that minute. I lost it. It took me so long to find it. I think I found it all now. I used a calculator. I did. I figured it out. You know... we get about 1400 minutes a day and so I figured it out. I was 33 years old and three months and eight days, so it was... I've got it here...

He fishes a piece of paper out of his pocket. His hand is shaking as he reads a number off the paper.

CATCH

It was minute number 17 million eight hundred ten thousand, two hundred... or so.

He puts the paper away.

CATCH

That's the one I lost. And... when I lost that minute, I guess I tried to lose it all, all the memories -- because they hurt. I tried, but... I couldn't do it.

We --

FLASHBACK - INT. VAN

to that minute and, for once, we go in order and play out each piece of it. We see Catch driving the van, his wife ANNIE beside him. His son Chet is in back with his grandparents, Elanora and her husband. The boy is a bit whiny, pouty.

We INTERCUT the flashback WITH --

CATCH

at the grave, struggling through this.

CATCH

Chet... you weren't feeling so good, remember? It was your birthday, and you ate too much.

We see Annie and Catch both glance back toward Chet, and we get present sound in this FLASHBACK scene as Catch and Annie both say, "What's the matter? Hm? Aww." And then Annie looks out the window and turns to Catch and -- we CUT TO Catch at the grave, his eyes filling.

CATCH

And, Annie, you said... you said...

In the FLASHBACK we see Annie turn to him again, and this time we hear her say, softly...

ANNIE

Slow down in the rain, all right?

We GO TO Catch at the grave, fighting tears.

CATCH

And I don't know if I slowed down. I don't know. I hope I did, but... I didn't always listen. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

Back in the FLASHBACK, we see Annie reach around as Elanora hands Chet to her. Then we're BACK at the grave and INTERCUTTING so that we see Catch speaking through his tears and we also see this tender moment played out in the van.

CATCH

... You put him on your lap, and he looked at me, and I made a face. Remember? I made you smile, Chet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH (CONT'D)

And then we all smiled, and it was a great minute. It was. I'm really glad... I found that minute. No matter what.

Catch stares at the grave, in tears, as the rest of that minute now plays out, punishing him. It lasts only about three seconds: a bus out of control, headlights suddenly glaring through the windshield, Catch turning the wheel, BRAKES SCREAMING, PEOPLE SCREAMING -- and then it's over. And Catch has been battered by the memory, and is weeping, but has not looked away. He is still staring at the name of his family, and he is able to say, in a broken voice...

CATCH

I won't forget... anymore. I love you.

He steps forward and puts his hand on the plaque, rests it there. We STAY ON this, then in a moment, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The renewal of vows is over, and Sharon is standing in the aisle, nervous and not sure what to do. Guests are up and milling about, many leaving the church. "See you at the house." "See you at the party." Etc. A PHOTOGRAPHER is setting a group shot at the front of the church. Mr. and Mrs. Pogue, Larry and Kathy and the little boy...

PHOTOGRAPHER

All right. The whole family in this one. Just...

Out of the milling crowd comes Sharon, taking a breath and braving it, walking up there, speaking quietly.

SHARON

Where do you want me?

The Photographer turns to her, wondering.

SHARON

I'm the daughter.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Oh! Oh, well, how about...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see the family shift so that Larry and his family are on one side of the parents. Sharon follows the Photographer's gesture to stand at the other side, beside her Mother. Her Father has not looked at her. The photo is taken. Sharon now turns to her mom and dad. This is difficult, the strain is thick in the air.

SHARON

You both look so great.

MOTHER

(nervous)

You, too.

SHARON

I just wanted to...

The Father speaks to her, his voice not hard, but flat, not warm either. No smile.

FATHER

You coming to the party?

SHARON

Sure.

He nods, then turns to greet well-wishers. Sharon is left alone by the drifting away of the family, but one old couple greets her, the older woman (Mrs. Vander) wearing her new blue dress, her HUSBAND beaming beside her.

MRS. VANDER

Sherry! Look how nice you look.

HUSBAND

Big police officer now.

SHARON

Not so big.

(to Mrs. Vander)

Nice dress.

Sharon moves off toward a side exit, trying to catch up with Larry and his family.

EXT. SIDE OF CHURCH - DAY

As Larry and his family exit -- and Sharon comes out of the church, calling ahead.

SHARON

Larry...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He starts to just walk on, ignoring her, but Kathy takes the little boy and walks ahead, with a look at Larry, at Sharon.

ON SHARON AND LARRY

They nod to a few passing guests. Then they're alone. His nose is still bandaged, but less so, anger and betrayal in his eyes.

LARRY

How did you have the guts to walk into a church after breaking your word?

SHARON

I have to be here. It's a chance to make things right, and I'm taking it.

LARRY

Why even talk to me? You got what you wanted. You laugh about it? You tell your cop friends how you...

SHARON

You think I talk about it?! You think...

She stops herself, catching her rush toward the old anger. She goes calmer, deeper, even sad.

SHARON

Here, Lar.

She hands him something. It is the Polaroid photo. He looks at it, surprised. They lock eyes. She speaks softly.

SHARON

I was invited. I'm here. I'm going to the party. You do what you want.

And she walks off toward the parking lot.

INT. POGUE HOME - DAY

We're in the midst of the party. We see Sharon drifting a bit, a hello here and there. She feels out of place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Though the home and yard are thick with people, there is some tension, especially in the core group -- all who know about the estrangement of Sharon. Now and then a nervous glance from her mother is directed at Sharon, or a hostile glance from Larry.

Sharon passes the videographer, who is pointing light, camera and microphone at the Vanders -- having them put their good wishes on tape. She smiles, then looks over and sees her Father across the room. He is alone. She steels herself and heads his way. He makes eye contact, then averts his look. She is approaching him, about to speak, when he walks up to some friends and starts joking with them, leaving Sharon hurt, humiliated.

Her mother has seen this and comes to her, speaking quietly, nervously.

MOTHER

Don't make him talk about...
anything today.

SHARON

Mom, I was going to fix his tie.
His tie is crooked.

She sighs, pushing through her hurt to say...

SHARON

It was a nice ceremony.

MOTHER

(worried)

Yes. We're running out of
chicken, though. Nobody's eating
the ham.

SHARON

It's a great party, Mom. You look
happy.

Some joy is allowed to surface in her Mother's face.

SHARON

Thirty-five years and still in
love, huh?

Her Mother's look clouds a little, nervous again.

MOTHER

You think that's wrong, don't you?

SHARON

Of course not...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER

I always... I feel like apologizing to you. But I love him.

SHARON

I know.

MOTHER

And then I feel like apologizing to him for loving you. I'm the one in the middle. I'm the only one in this family who knows how to forgive anybody.

And she walks away. Sharon's eyes follow her, surprised and thoughtful. She watches her Mother approach her Father and straighten his crooked tie. Then Kathy is moving toward Sharon. Sharon turns to her and they both speak quietly -- at the same time.

BOTH

You look great.

Then they smile sad smiles. Kathy gestures to her face, the faded bruise.

KATHY

Tons of makeup. On Larry, too.

They smile wryly again.

SHARON

Sorry about that, but... I couldn't stand him doing that to you. I took it on...

KATHY

Don't worry. I'm not your mother. If he tries it again, I'm gone. I'm out of there, me and Larry Junior. He knows that.

They stare, and Sharon gives her a hug, Kathy returns it.

ON LARRY

We see Larry, across the room, notice this hug. He keeps his expression intact for the group he's in, but we see a flare of anger in his eyes.

ON SHARON

moving across the living room.

She sees Larry Jr. sitting alone and goes to him, sits beside the child -- who looks sad.

SHARON

What's up with you?

LARRY JR.

They won't let me watch T.V.

SHARON

Oh. Well... let's pretend this is T.V. It's a show about a party.

They look about the room.

SHARON

(as if it's a secret)

That man... is really a super hero.

LARRY JR.

Is not.

SHARON

Is too. And so is she. Look. See? Red tights under her dress... Oh-oh, that man gave her a drink with something in it.

LARRY JR.

With what?

SHARON

With stuff to make her sleep. He's a bad guy.

The woman sips her drink, and the boy smiles, getting into it.

LARRY

She drank it.

SHARON

Watch. She'll fall down any minute.

The boy is suddenly swooped up, lifted away by his father. Larry puts the boy down near the door.

LARRY

Hey, sport, you should go play outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns to Sharon.

LARRY

Stay away from my family.

Then he turns to the crowd, smiling a smile without humor, speaking loudly.

LARRY

Hey, everybody, keep it down.
Somebody might call the police.

There is some nervous laughter, people watching them now. Sharon is angry and embarrassed, keeping her voice low.

SHARON

What're you doing?

LARRY

(to crowd)

Once the cops leave, we can really
party.

The crowd around them is all staring now -- as he turns back to Sharon.

LARRY

Why don't you give everybody a
break -- and go home?

In the hushed tension that follows, a GLASS falls and SHATTERS, and more people quiet down and stare. Sharon looks at her glaring brother, looks at her Mother nervously picking up the broken glass -- no support there. Angry and shaken, she turns to the door.

She walks to the door, opens it, starts to leave, starts to close the door behind her, and she stops, take takes a breath, battling hard against the old patterns of hurt and anger. She looks at that nearly-closed door. She pushes it open and walks back in.

We see a surprised and angry look from Larry, a worried look from her Mother -- but Sharon is moving through the crowd, searching until she sees her Father. She heads toward him. He sees her and walks into the kitchen, avoiding her. She follows him. We see Larry and his Mother exchange an anxious look -- and then move toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sharon enters, waits, others are leaving the kitchen, leaving her alone with her dad, but he starts to follow them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Don't walk away. Okay?

He acts as if he just noticed her.

FATHER

What?

She gestures toward his hearing aid.

SHARON

Is it working? Do you need to check it?

He absently touches the device.

FATHER

It's fine.

SHARON

Dad...

But the kitchen door opens. We hear the party going on out there. Larry and Sharon's Mother enter, her Mother looking at her husband and back to her daughter, very frightened. Larry is raging in a near whisper.

LARRY

What the hell are you doing?!

MOTHER

Sharon, please.

SHARON

Please? Please what?! Will you stop protecting him? You were always protecting him! Don't talk to your father. Don't bother your father!

She turns to her dad.

SHARON

I'm going to bother you for one minute, Dad. Okay? Can you handle that?

Larry advances on her.

LARRY

Just get the hell out...

And she turns on him in a fury that halts him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

This isn't about you, Larry -- or you, either, Mom. This is between me and my father, so leave us alone for one goddam minute!

She turns back to her father.

SHARON

How about you, Dad. Do you want me to leave?

FATHER

Up to you.

SHARON

Dad... I'm asking. Am I welcome here?

FATHER

Jesus -- you're here, aren't you? What d'you want?

SHARON

I want to know!
(then, quieting)
Do you want me here? Do you love me, Dad? I want to know.

The question's out, and she's totally exposed now -- and the silence that follows breaks her heart. She nods toward his hearing aid. Her voice is close to a whisper, thick with tears.

SHARON

Do you... need to... check that again?

FATHER

I feel like...

He can't finish it.

SHARON

What, Dad? You feel like what?

FATHER

I feel like I don't have a daughter anymore.

She takes the blow and doesn't crumble, only her eyes show the depth of the pain. She speaks quietly, softly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

Well... you do. It's a shame
you're going to miss knowing her.
You're going to miss all that.

And she leaves, brushing past Larry and her Mother.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sharon comes out of the kitchen, blinking back tears. The party goes on around her, oblivious. She stops on her way to the door because she sees the video crew moving, hunting the next guest -- and she makes a decision and walks toward them, stops in the light, faces the camera.

SHARON

I'm next.

As they roll tape, people turn, gather, watch. Sharon speaks over a torrent of emotions.

SHARON

(to camera)

Hi, Mom and Dad. Congratulations.

We see her family coming out of the kitchen and walking into this, surprised, stopping still.

SHARON

Y'know... being in this house
reminds me of something. I was
about ten, I guess, and Larry and
I were playing aliens -- remember,
Lar? We're making a lot of noise,
and Dad comes home from work tired
and pissed off...

CUT TO:

HER FATHER

watching this. Her Mother is near panic, Larry staring hard, Kathy wondering. INTERCUT their reactions during...

SHARON

SHARON

We're yelling like mad, and Dad
bursts into the room and says,
what the hell are you doing? And
I'm scared. I'm really scared.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON (CONT'D)

And I say, we're playing alien invasion, Dad, and he says, oh, yeah, I'll show you a damn invasion, and he picks me up, picks me up off the floor and throws me on the couch. I hit that couch and bounce off, and he grabs Larry and throws him on the couch, and then... then he starts making these monster sounds, and he says, we came to earth to kick ass, and I run at him and jump on him and he tosses me on the couch and then Larry, and we're laughing so hard I almost wet myself, and he keeps tossing us and growling and beeping, and it was... it was great. It was great, and I'm never going to forget that. Never. And I miss that. I miss it. So I just... I wanted to tell you tanks for that, Dad. Thanks. That's all.

(pause)

Bye.

She hands the microphone back and walks away as the surprised looks, the deep looks of her Father, Mother, Larry and Kathy follow her. She walks to the front door and leaves.

EXT. POGUE HOUSE - DAY

Sharon exits and starts to walk away. She sees Larry Jr. look up from his play. He smiles at her. She returns the smile -- it means a lot to her, and she walks on. As she reaches the gate, she notices something across the street that halts her. She stops still, surprised and so pleased.

HER POV

Catch is there, waiting near her car, watching her now.

BACK TO SCENE - FULL SHOT

as Sharon walks to him, so glad he's there, needing him -- but still not sure of what he's feeling about her, until she gets close and sees his eyes and the way he opens his arms -- and they embrace, and she holds on tight, eyes closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They break the embrace, still holding on, searching each other's eyes.

CATCH
Sorry, Shar. For what I said.

SHARON
Me, too.

In a moment, he gestures toward the Pogue house.

CATCH
Was it bad?

SHARON
They don't like me in there.

CATCH
Then they don't deserve you in there.

She stares a moment more, still together.

SHARON
That's a nice thing to say.

CATCH
It's not a thing to say. It's the truth.

She can only look away, not wanting to cry.

CATCH
Why do you try so hard not to cry?

She stares at him again. Her throat fills with tears, mouth is trembling a bit. She starts quietly, finally, with nothing held back -- but this is not anger as much as mourning.

SHARON
It's not fair.

The tears come, and she doesn't fight them, emptying the old, old wound, speaking through her weeping now. The first time we've seen her cry.

SHARON
It's not fair. Things got better for them because of what I did. Things got better, and I'd still do it. I'd do it all over again. And it's not fair they shut me out. It's not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATCH

No.

SHARON

It's not fair. I was 19, and I didn't know what else to do. I didn't know how else to stop it. It's not fair I don't have a family anymore.

CATCH

No. It's not, Shar. It's not.

He raises his hands to her face, places a palm gently on each cheek, and she covers his hands with her own and closes her eyes. They remain that way awhile. In a moment he lightly kisses her forehead. There is a depth to his words...

CATCH

We're the family, Pogo.

She opens her eyes, staring deep into his. He has said it all -- as it is and as it will be. She smiles a bit through her tears and nods. He puts an arm around her shoulder and holds her tight against him as they walk to her car. She puts an arm around his waist.

They reach the car, and she unlocks it, gets in behind the wheel as Catch gets into the passenger seat.

INT. CAR - DAY

Sharon just sits behind the wheel, still shaky from crying. She puts the key in the ignition, but doesn't move -- no longer sad, but drained now. He watches her. In a moment, he gets out of the car.

EXT. CAR - FULL SHOT

Catch comes around to Sharon's window. She rolls the window down, concerned, wondering what he's doing. Is he leaving? But he reaches for her door and opens it and says without a fuss...

CATCH

I'll drive.

She stares a long moment, realizing, but also making no fuss about it as she gets out of the car, walks around and enters the passenger side. They close the car doors. Catch STARTS the CAR and drives them away. Drives them home.

FADE OUT.

THE END