

BASIC INSTINCT - CATHERINE CALLS NICK "SHOOTER"

EXT. THE STINSON BEACH HOUSE - NEXT DAY

He pulls up to the house, gets out of his unmarked police car. He stands there a beat, thinking. He walks down to the beach entrance of the house. He hears a Rolling Stones SONG playing inside. He stands there. The door suddenly opens. Catherine stands there, smiles. She wears very tight-fitting spandex leotards.

CATHERINE

Hi.

He looks at her a beat, then --

NICK

Am I... disturbing you?

CATHERINE

No. Come in.

They have their eyes on each other. A beat, and she turns to go in.

INT. THE STINSON BEACH HOUSE

She goes in ahead of him -- he follows her inside. He watches her body. His movements are tentative, off-balance. She turns the Stones DOWN.

On a table by the window, he sees a word processor. Spread around it are newspaper clippings. They are all about him.

We see the headline on one KILLER COP TO FACE POLICE REVIEW. She sees him glancing at the clips.

CATHERINE

I'm using you for my detective. In my book. You don't mind, do you?

She smiles. He looks at her, expressionless.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Would you like a drink? I was just going to have one.

NICK
No, thanks.

She goes to the bar.

CATHERINE
(smiles)
That's right. You're off the Jack Daniels too, aren't you?

She is making herself a drink. She takes the ice out and then opens a drawer and gets an icepick. It has a fat wooden end. She uses the icepick on the ice, her back to him. He watches her.

NICK
I'd like to ask you a few more questions.

CATHERINE
I'd like to ask you some, too.

She turns to him, icepick in hand, smiles.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
For my book.

She turns back to the ice, works on it with the pick. She raises her arm, plunges it. Raises it, plunges it. He watches her.

NICK
(wary)
What kind of questions?

She puts the icepick down, pours herself a drink, turns to him.

CATHERINE
How does it feel to kill someone?

He looks at her a long beat.

NICK
(finally)
You tell me.

CATHERINE
I don't know. But you do.

Their eyes are on each other.

NICK
(finally)
It was an accident. They got in
the line of fire.

CATHERINE
Four shootings in five years. All
accidents.

NICK
(after a long beat)
They were drug buys. I was a vice
cop.

A long beat, as they look at each other.

NICK (CONT'D)
Tell me about Professor Goldstein.

BEAT.

CATHERINE
There's a name from the past.

NICK
You want a name from the present?
How about Hazel Dobkins?

She looks at him a long beat, sips her drink, never takes her
eyes off him.

CATHERINE
Noah was my counselor in my
freshman year.
(she smiles)
That's probably where I got the
idea for the icepick. For my book.
Funny how the subconscious works.
(a beat)
Hazel is my friend.

NICK
She wiped out her whole family.

CATHERINE
Yes. She's helped me understand
homicidal impulse.

NICK
Didn't you study it in school?

CATHERINE

Only in theory.

(she smiles)

You know all about homicidal impulse, don't you, shooter? Not in theory -- in practice.

He stares at her a long beat.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

What happened, Nick? Did you get sucked into it? Did you like it too much?

NICK

(after a beat)

No.

He stares at her, almost horrified.

CATHERINE

(quietly)

Tell me about the coke, Nick. The day you shot those two tourists -- how much coke did you do?

She steps closer to him.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Tell me, Nick.

She puts her hand softly on his cheek, He grabs her hand roughly, holds it.

NICK

I didn't.

CATHERINE

Yes, you did. They never tested you, did they? But Internal Affairs knew.

They are face to face. He is still holding her roughly by the hand.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Your wife knew, didn't she? She knew what was going on. Nicky got too close to the flame. Nicky liked it.

He twists her arm back behind her -- their bodies are pressed against each other -- their eyes digging into each other.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(in a whisper)
That's why she killed herself?

He is twisting her arm, staring at her, pulling her against him. We hear the DOOR behind them. A beat, and he lets her go, turns away from her.

Roxy stands there, staring at them. Her hair is up. She wears a black motorcycle jacket, a black T-shirt, and black jeans and cowboy boots.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(brightly)
Hiya, hon. You two have met,
haven't you?

Roxy looks at Nick. Catherine goes to her, kisses her briefly on the lips, stands there with her arm around her -- both of them looking at Nick.

He walks by them, opens the door to go, his face a mask.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You're going to make a terrific
character, Nick.

He doesn't look at her; he's gone.

END SCENE