

# BASIC INSTINCT: POEMS

by Descriptive Video Service®  
& Live® Entertainment Inc.  
and Dan Hoy

(based on source material  
by Joe Eszterhas, Paul Verhoeven, &  
Canal+/Carolco/TriStar)

## POEMS

1. Opening Credits
2. Johnny Boz and the Ice Pick
3. A Retired Rock 'n' Roll Star
4. His and Her Picassos
5. Roxy
6. Catherine Tramell
8. Therapy Session
9. The Facts
10. Love Hurts
11. A Devious Diabolical Mind
12. The Prime Suspect
14. Interrogation
15. Beating the Machine
16. Black Jack Shooter
17. Her Favorite Patient
19. Shrunk in the Head
20. Following Her Lead
23. Hazel Dobkins
24. Rough Edges
26. Confidential File
27. Friendly Little Therapist
28. Shot at Close Range
29. Curran Suspended
30. A Possible Wacko
31. A Shooter Without a Gun
32. What Do You Want . . . Catherine?
33. Catherine at Play
35. Basic Instinct
38. "You Like Watching, Don't You?"
40. The Beach
42. An Old City Cowboy
43. The Black Lotus
44. Psychiatric Evaluation
45. Consoling Catherine
46. No Luck with Women
47. Fixing Her Family
48. School Records
49. Hanging Out with Murderers
50. Who is Lisa Hoberman?
51. College Experiments
52. What Happened at Berkeley
53. A Second Chance
54. A New Twist
55. Some Kind of Joke
56. Long Lost Roommate
57. Gus Gets It
59. Somebody Has to Die
60. The Pieces Fit
61. Minks and Rug Rats
63. End Credits
  
64. Note on the Text

## OPENING CREDITS

Now a white horse gallops through a dawning blue sky,

its mane fluttering in the wind.

It sprouts wings and soars up and over a golden triangle  
enclosing the words TRI STAR PICTURES.

A point of blue neon light arcs back and forth  
forming a letter C with five layers.

White light flares from the C  
as the color fades to black-and-white: CAROLCO.

Against a black screen, sharply angled prisms appear  
reflecting a moving image. Flashes  
of a woman's bare body rock and sway in the shards of glass.

Titles appear.

MARIO KASSAR PRESENTS.

A CAROLCO/LE STUDIO CANAL+ PRODUCTION.

A PAUL VERHOEVEN FILM.

Starring MICHAEL DOUGLAS as Nick Curran

in BASIC INSTINCT.

Also starring SHARON STONE as Catherine Tramell,

GEORGE DZUNDZA, JEAN TRIPPLEHORN, DENNIS ARNDT,  
LEILANI SARELLE, BRUCE A. YOUNG, CHELCIE ROSS,  
WAYNE KNIGHT, DANIEL VON BARGEN,  
STEPHEN TOBOLOWSKY, and BENJAMIN MOUTON.

More titles.

CASTING BY HOWARD FEUER. ASSOCIATE PRODUCERS WILLIAM S. BEASLEY and LOUIS D'ESPOSITO.  
COSTUMES DESIGNED BY ELLEN MIROJNICK. MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY JERRY  
GOLDSMITH. SPECIAL MAKEUP EFFECTS DESIGNED AND CREATED BY ROB BOTTIN. EDITOR FRANK  
J. URIOSTE, A.C.E. PRODUCTION DESIGNER TERENCE MARSH. DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JAN  
DeBONT, A.S.C.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MARIO KASSAR.

WRITTEN BY JOE ESZTERHAS. PRODUCED BY ALAN MARSHALL.

DIRECTED BY PAUL VERHOEVEN.

Nighttime.

## JOHNNY BOZ AND THE ICE PICK

A mirror looks down from a ceiling  
onto an ornately decorated room.  
Its reflection shows a naked couple making love in bed.  
Limbs entwined, they lie amid crumpled, cream-colored sheets.

Our view tilts down to the bed  
as the woman rolls on top of the man and straddles him.

Her medium-length blonde hair is down,  
obscuring her face.

She slides her fingers into his mouth.  
He sucks them eagerly.  
Forty-ish, he is handsome with a curly head of salt-and-pepper hair.

The woman is slender with small breasts,  
smooth skin, and a toned body.

She rides on top of him.  
He grabs her hips and gently squeezes.  
She lifts his hands and places them against the wrought-iron headboard.  
Then she tugs a white silk scarf out from the pillow beneath his head.

Taking one end, she ties his right wrist  
to the headboard, then his left.

As she leans over him, he kisses her nipple.  
She sits back, thrusting her hips.  
He winces in ecstasy and grits his teeth.

Rocking on top of him, she leans back  
jutting her breasts, and slides her fingers across the mattress.

She slips a sharp, gleaming ice pick out from under the sheets  
and jams it into his neck.

As she stabs him repeatedly  
blood splatters everywhere, coating her arms and breasts.

## A RETIRED ROCK 'N' ROLL STAR

Daytime.

A brown sedan pulls up to a crowded sidewalk.  
Two forty-ish men hop out.  
One is jowly and beer-bellied,  
the other slim and handsome.

Heading to a brownstone, they stride past a policeman.

The two detectives step inside, climb a carpeted staircase  
into a hallway, and stop to glance at a Picasso painting on the wall.  
Several officers stroll past.

They enter the ornate bedroom.

A medical examiner grips a thermometer.

The handsome detective turns on a stereo.

A detective shines a laser scanner onto the bloodstained bed  
as the handsome detective looks through a pair of red glasses.

A mirror lined with white powder.

The captain steps up to him.

Detective Nick Curran eyeballs him for a moment.  
The captain turns away.

Nick and the heavy-set Gus start down the stairs  
passing the tall, fifty-ish captain.

The detectives walk away.  
The gray-haired Lieutenant Walker  
exchanges a glance with Captain Talcott—

## HIS AND HER PICASSOS

—Then heads back toward the bedroom.

Now our view glides over rooftops  
along a posh San Francisco street.  
The bay lies in the horizon  
as the sun shines.  
We pause  
above a white-columned town house.

Gus and the brown-haired, broad-shouldered Nick  
step up to the entrance.  
Sunglasses shade Curran's eyes.

A plump Latina maid in a pale gray uniform  
answers the door.

She eyes his badge, then steps aside.  
The two men enter.

They walk into a sitting room  
and find a large, brightly colored painting  
of angular bodies.

Nick turns as a pretty blonde-haired woman  
saunters down the stairs.

Black jeans—

## ROXY

—And a tight vest  
show off her trim figure.

Pulling back her blonde hair  
she trains her steely blue eyes on Nick.

Nick and Gus start for the door.

With a smirking glance at Roxy  
Nick opens the door and they walk out.

She stares after them intently.

## CATHERINE TRAMELL

Later the brown sedan drives along a narrow highway  
curving through cliffs alongside the ocean.  
Hundreds of feet below  
the surf washes onto the shore.

As Gus drives, Nick studies the area.

Thin tree branches stretch out above the winding road  
forming a leafy canopy.

Moments later, the sedan skids onto a driveway  
and parks beside identical sport cars, one white, one black.  
Gus and Nick climb out, and approach a beach house  
with frosted-glass double doors.

Gus knocks while Nick paces.

Nick points to a stone stairway beside the house.  
They walk down to a path, which leads to a wooden deck  
overlooking the ocean.

An alluring blonde woman  
sits curled up in a chair, her back to them.

As the men approach, she takes a drag from a cigarette  
and gazes out at the bluffs  
and breaking waves below.

With a cool smile over her shoulder  
she takes a deep puff, then flicks the cigarette away.

As she turns back to stare at the ocean  
Nick pulls off his sunglasses.

He nods knowingly,  
the crow's feet around his hazel eyes crinkling wearily.  
They sidle up to her.

Catherine flashes a sly half smile.

She looks up at him with eyes  
as clear blue as the sea.

Gus watches Nick, who steps closer to her.

He studies her carefully.

She returns his gaze, then glances away.

She smiles.

Nick shoots an uneasy look at his partner.

Gus studies her, his gaze hard and flinty.

She turns to Nick with a coy expression.

Nick Curran looks at Gus for a moment  
then glances back at her.

As he eyes Catherine stoically, he and Gus saunter off.

She stares after them, then settles back into her chair and faces the ocean.

Later, the detectives sit in their car,  
heading back down the cliffs. Passing the Golden Gate Bridge,  
they both grin.

At police headquarters, Nick strides down a hallway  
toward a door marked DR. ELIZABETH GARNER, COUNSELING.

## THERAPY SESSION

He marches into a cozy office  
and finds a beautiful brunette, with bee-stung lips.

She has a toned figure and wears a stylish suit  
and tortoiseshell glasses.

She sits behind her desk.  
He takes a seat across from her and loosens his tie.  
Beth removes her glasses.

He holds up his left palm.

Her brown eyes regard him coldly.  
Nick lowers his hand.

He leans back.

They share a chuckle.

Leaning across the desk, she brings her face close to his.

He looks deeply into her eyes for a moment,  
then rises and starts toward the door.  
Her expression clouds.

He pauses for a moment in the doorway  
then heads for the stairwell.  
Beth lowers her gaze.

Downstairs in the squad room  
Gus sips a soda at his desk—

## THE FACTS

—As Nick approaches.

They enter Walker's office.

Detective Harrigan.

Detective Andrews.

Talcott glares at him.

Nick takes a sip from a coffee mug.

## LOVE HURTS

Nighttime.

Nick sits in his apartment leafing through a paperback novel.  
Resting the open book on his chest,  
he picks up a telephone and dials a number.

The book cover reads LOVE HURTS  
by CATHERINE WOOLF.

## A DEVIOUS DIABOLICAL MIND

Daytime in a conference room.

He sits at the head of the table.

Gus holds out the book.

Now a heavy-set man storms into a corridor followed by Gus, Walker, Talcott, and Nick.

## THE PRIME SUSPECT

They step into an elevator.

The doors open, they get off.

Talcott enters a courtroom with the heavy-set prosecutor.

Walker and Gus eye Nick,  
then they walk off.

Later the brown sedan pulls up to Catherine's beach house.  
The two detectives climb out and approach the front door.

Through the frosted glass  
we watch Catherine approach.

She wears a loose off-the-shoulder brown sweater  
and shorts.

With a tiny smirk, she opens the door.

Pulling back her hair, she saunters off.  
Nick wanders over to a table in the living room  
and picks up a folded newspaper.

A headline reads:

COP CLEARED  
IN TOURIST SHOOTING.  
GRAND JURY  
SAYS SHOOTING  
ACCIDENTAL.

He unfolds the paper  
to reveal a photo of himself.

Through the open bedroom door  
he spies Catherine's naked reflection in a mirror.

He steps closer and watches  
as she puts on a short sleeveless white dress.  
Slender, she has small breasts  
and a toned body, with smooth, creamy skin.

Walking back into the living room  
she throws on a chic white jacket.

The detectives share a look as she struts to the door.

Later Catherine sits in the back of the sedan.  
Nick sits up front, beside Gus.

His brow creases in surprise.

Gus's eyes flit in Nick's direction.  
His partner looks away in discomfort.  
Behind them Catherine whips out a cigarette and lights it.  
Nick shakes his head.

She holds out her open cigarette case.

She pockets the case.  
Gus shifts the rearview mirror to study her.

She takes a thoughtful puff.

Sunlight shines through the window  
onto her bold gaze.  
Nick turns to face her.

Their eyes lock together  
as she takes a cool, almost cunning drag.

Now in an interrogation room—

## INTERROGATION

—The heavy-set prosecutor approaches.

Everyone stops and stares at Nick.

With a half smile she glances at Nick  
then takes a seat in the front of the dimly lit room.  
The men sit at tables facing her.  
Catherine takes out a cigarette  
and taps it on the top of her case.

The heavy-set Correli looks away.

Catherine lights the cigarette  
then blows out a puff of smoke.  
With her bare legs crossed, her short dress  
is hiked up to the middle of her thighs.

Correli unconsciously licks his lips.

She leans forward with an eager smile.

Nick Curran glances up from his notepad.  
Correli eyes him curiously.  
With a saucy gaze, Catherine uncrosses her thighs.  
She briefly exposes her pubic hair

then recrosses her legs.

Nick's gaze shifts from hers to Correli's.  
Sweating, the assistant DA purses his lips  
and leans back into his chair.  
Nick rises and heads to a coffeemaker.

She opens her cigarette case and slides out a fresh one.

She sticks it into her mouth and grins slyly at him.  
He chuckles contemptuously.

Gus studies her, his arms crossed over his chest.

Later, the officers watch a television—

## BEATING THE MACHINE

—Monitor.

On the screen, Catherine sits strapped to a polygraph machine.  
An interrogator stands nearby.

Pressing a button on the monitor,  
Nick zooms in for a close-up of her face  
as the interrogator comes into the room.

Talcott turns to Walker.

Walker snatches the report as they head out.

Moments later, Talcott helps Catherine put on her jacket.

She turns to Nick.

As they head out, Gus turns to Walker.

Nighttime.

In a heavy downpour, Nick drives through a puddle.  
Water washes onto the car  
as the wipers slash across the windshield.  
Inside, he turns to Catherine.

He stares at her soberly  
then turns back to the road.

Nick's Mustang pulls up to her town house.  
Streetlamps gleaming through the rain-splattered windshield  
throw splotched shadows onto their faces.

Placing a hand on the back of her seat, he inches closer.

He regards her carefully, taking in her cool gaze.  
She slips off her high heels and smiles.

Opening the door, she dashes out into the rain  
and sprints across the soaked sidewalk in her bare feet.  
He watches her enter the house.

A little later he strolls into a crowded bar—

## BLACK JACK SHOOTER

—Slicking back his wet hair.

He joins Gus and Walker.

Nick takes a gulp, sets down the glass, then looks up at their stares.

A detective sits nearby.

Beth approaches  
as the detective hands Nick his drink.

The balding Nilsen cracks a smile.

Nick shakes his head  
then jumps up.

Beth goes over to Nick at the bar.

He catches her gaze.

He wraps his arm around her waist  
and they walk out.

Later the couple enters Beth's—

## HER FAVORITE PATIENT

—Dim apartment. She flicks on the lights.

He shakes the rain off his jacket,  
then pulls it off.

She hangs up her trench coat and sidles up to him.  
He turns to face her.  
They regard each other for a moment.

Nick slams Beth up against a wall.  
Holding her arms above her head, he kisses her.

She slides her tongue into his mouth.  
He runs his hand down the side of her body  
then yanks her leg around his hip.

As she leans her head back  
he kisses her neck and fondles her breasts.  
Slipping his mouth onto hers, he devours her lips.  
Shining with sweat, she draws away from him  
and looks deeply into his eyes.

He caresses her throat  
then suddenly tears open her blouse.

Her buttons fly. He lifts her bra up and rips it open,  
exposing her breasts.  
She kisses him passionately as he squeezes them.

Then he pulls her from the wall and presses up against  
the opposite one, seizing her from behind.

He grabs her face, kisses it.

Then her hands follow his over her lean, bare stomach.

She arches her hands over her head.  
He draws up her skirt, revealing her panties.  
Then pushes her to a chair and shoves her over the back of it.

Struggling in his grasp, she tries to rise up.

He shoves her back down.  
Nick rips away her panties, then sucks her shoulder  
and straddles her from behind.

He slides his hand over her face.

She suckles one of his fingers.  
His touch grows more tender as he relaxes.  
Later they lie spooned  
together on the floor, their clothes in disarray.

He props himself up.

Sitting up, she tries to close her buttonless blouse.

She slaps her thigh in exasperation.

He runs his hand through his hair.

She rises in a huff, starts for the bedroom  
then turns back.

Pulling on his pants, he hops up.

Daytime.

## SHRUNK IN THE HEAD

Nick strolls into headquarters and nods to Andrews, who follows him into Walker's office.

Nick starts out.

He turns back, clutching a cigarette between his fingers. Walker steps up to him.

Nick flashes a tiny smile, nods, then saunters off.

## FOLLOWING HER LEAD

Now outside the beach house.

Wearing a beige jacket and pantsuit, Catherine walks through a patio door onto the driveway. She climbs into her black Lotus, a sleek two-seated sports car. Pulling out of the front gate, she makes a left turn and speeds off. Nick, parked at the curb, quickly follows.

Moments later, they drive down a twisting two-lane highway, which curves through grassy hills.

Catherine shoots into the oncoming lane, crossing the solid yellow line, then speeds past a slow car and ducks back into the right lane. In his brown unmarked sedan, Nick does the same, trying to keep up. Rounding a bend,

Catherine passes another car. Nick follows in hot pursuit. Behind his sunglasses, his eyes are glued to the road as the highway curls tightly back and forth. Catherine zooms one car ahead of him. Nick zips into the opposite lane and passes it, staying on her tail.

Veering around a curve, she speeds past a van.

Nick tries the same move but another car approaches, forcing him to duck back into the proper lane.

On the second try he pulls in front of the van and spots Catherine several yards ahead. She continues to charge recklessly into the opposite lane, just missing oncoming cars as she passes others. Nick stays right behind. Nearing a bend, Catherine overtakes two trucks and ducks out of sight. Unable to see any approaching vehicles behind the curve, Nick pulls out into the opposite lane

and finds a bus heading straight for him.  
He slams on the brakes.

He manages to drop back behind the trucks.  
The bus streaks by in the other lane.

Sweat glistens on his forehead as he catches his breath.

A little later he drives into the edge of a small town, pulling ahead of the two trucks. Turning down a residential street, Nick scans the area looking for Catherine.

He can't find her, and presses his lips together in exasperation.

Trees line the town's sleepy streets.  
A wooden bench with wrought-iron legs sits on a sidewalk.

At an intersection, he spots a white house.  
Catherine's black Lotus is parked in front.  
He quickly turns down that street  
and stops several yards away, out of sight from the house.

It has a simple one-story layout, with bushes and flowers planted in the small yard.

His hard-featured face set stonily, Nick steps out and saunters toward the house, keeping his eyes peeled on the surrounding area.

He opens the mailbox, reaches inside and draws out a letter-sized manila envelope. Through the clear plastic window, an address reads HAZEL DOBKINS, 26 ALBION ROAD, MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

Eyeing the house, he slips the letter back inside, shuts the mailbox, and heads back to his car. At dusk, Nick, his sunglasses now removed, sits slumped behind the wheel of his parked car.

Catherine steps out of the house with a middle-aged woman.

They amble up to the Lotus. Keeping his eyes trained on them, Nick sits straight up.

He watches Catherine kiss the woman on the cheek, then jog to her car.

Catherine drives off.

Nick quickly follows, passing the older woman who stands on the sidewalk watching Catherine go.

He studies her carefully.

She has a bushy head of blonde hair and a lined face. The woman wraps her jacket around her, warding off a chill, then turns back to the house. Nick drives on.

Moments later, as they pull into traffic, Catherine veers around a car ahead of her at an intersection. She tears through a light as it changes to red. Nick's trapped behind two cars, which slow to a stop. He throws up his hands in frustration, then wipes his brow, running his fingers through his hair.

Back at the beach house, the black Lotus sits in the driveway.

Nick pulls up behind it and climbs out. He walks through a wooden door onto a patio facing an outdoor pool.

He spies Catherine through a window in the nearby house.

She stands in a second-floor room lit by two orange-shaded lamps.

She slips off her pants.

Outside, wavering lights from the pool

shimmer across Nick's face  
as he steps closer to study her.

Catherine removes her jacket, revealing a scarf  
draped over her nude body. Sliding off the long silken drape  
she exposes her small, pert breasts.

Her naked skin gleams in the muted, orange light.

As she steps into the next room, she clicks off the lamps with a wall switch  
plunging the house into darkness.

Nick self-consciously backs away, closing the patio door behind him.

Later at headquarters, words appear on a computer screen.

## HAZEL DOBKINS

HAZEL DOBKINS, MILL VALLEY.

In the empty office, Nick sits at his desk, typing on the keyboard.

A note appears on the computer screen.

NOTHING CURRENT.

The computer begins to search.

A second note appears.

RELEASED, SAN QUENTIN, JULY 7, 1965.

With a quiet snicker, he types in PRIOR ARREST RECORD,  
then takes a sip from a coffee mug as he waits.

The computer responds.

HOMICIDE, JANUARY 10, 1956.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Smoke swirls up from an ashtray

as Gus enters and pats Nick's shoulder.

Glancing away, Nick takes a thoughtful drag on a cigarette.

## ROUGH EDGES

Daytime.

Nick walks up to the beach house.  
As he peers through a window, Catherine opens up a side door.

She drops a pile of clippings onto a desk.

As he eyes them, her mouth curls into a smirk.  
They show photos of Nick with the headlines  
KILLER COP TO FACE POLICE REVIEW,  
TOURISTS KILLED BY COP,  
COP CLEARED IN TOURIST SHOOTING.

She slings him a sly smile, then heads upstairs.

In an upstairs living room, she approaches a bar.

She takes a block of ice out of a refrigerator.  
Using a silver-handled ice pick, she expertly separates the block  
into jagged chunks.

Her eyes lock on to his.

She saunters over to him  
with two drinks.

He takes a glass.

Her gaze turns icy.

His eyes grow wide.

She edges closer.

She brings her face up to his.  
Their noses brush, her lips part.

She presses her hand to his chest.  
He grips it hard.  
She leans closer.

He twists her hand behind her back,  
then licks his lips as their mouths almost meet.

She closes her eyes, on the verge of a kiss.

He pushes her away.  
Staring at him, her eyes shine triumphantly.  
His fill with a look of contempt.

Roxy sashays in.  
Catherine turns to her with a broad smile.

She goes over to her, pulls her close  
and pecks her on the lips.

As the women embrace, Catherine fondles Roxy's breast.  
Nick glares at them for a moment  
then starts for the door.

She passionately kisses Roxy on the mouth.

Back at headquarters Nick bursts into Beth's office—

## CONFIDENTIAL FILE

—Past a secretary in the outer area.

Moments later, Nick strides through a bustling department and marches into an office confronting Nilsen, the detective from the bar.

Officers charge in and pull Nick off Nilsen. He struggles in their grasp until one whips out a gun.

They lead him to the door then shove him out.

The men restrain Nilsen.

Later in the parking lot Gus runs up to Nick.

Nick sits in the driver's seat of his car.

He pulls the car door shut.

Nighttime.

## FRIENDLY LITTLE THERAPIST

Nick watches TV in his apartment.

He pours himself a drink.

Beth unlocks the door and steps inside.

She holds up a Bart Simpson key ring.

She stands firm.

He picks up her key ring.

He rips his key off the ring.

She lunges at Nick, slamming him against the wall.

He throws her off.

She scrambles to a chair.

Nick starts to pace.

Beth takes an anxious swallow  
and stares up at him, her tousled hair hanging in her face.

His shoulders sag.

Nick gazes out a window, his arms crossed over his chest.  
She bows her head for a moment, then rises.

Later that night, Nick lies asleep on the couch.  
A grisly horror movie plays on TV.

Nick groggily holds up his head.  
His eyes clear gravely.

## SHOT AT CLOSE RANGE

Later Nick drives down a city street.  
Turning a corner, he pulls up to a crowded crime scene.

Blue and red lights flash on top of parked police cruisers.  
Curiosity-seekers fill the sidewalk.  
Firemen stand near a bright red engine  
as Nick hops out of his car.  
He marches past detectives  
and uniformed officers to the heart of the scene.

Walker, his hands stuffed into his jacket pockets,  
eyes Nick's approach with a weary gaze.  
He stands near a sedan with Gus, who nods near the open driver's seat.

Nick steps closer to find Nilsen slumped over the wheel.

Blood trickles from a blackened bullet wound in his temple.  
His sidelong stare is frozen and still.  
A photographer's flash pops as Nick studies the corpse.

Lieutenant Walker zips up the neck of his jacket.  
Gus inches closer.

Nick Curran shoots him a perplexed look.  
He pulls out his pistol and hands it to Walker.  
The lieutenant sniffs it.

Nick looks to his partner.  
Gus shakes his head.

He leads Nick away.

Later in the interrogation room.

## CURRAN SUSPENDED

Beth enters.

Nick shrugs to Talcott and shakes his head.  
Beth takes a seat.

Nick's eyes flit to Beth, sitting in the back of the room.

Nick puts a cigarette in his mouth.

Nick takes a puff.

Nick regards Beth, who looks away.

Later the detective strolls down a hallway  
with Walker and Gus.  
As they approach an elevator bank, Nick continues down the hall.

He runs after her.

She breaks into a shy smile.  
He follows her down a staircase.

As they step outside, she turns to face him.

She turns away.  
He tugs her hand, pulling her back to his side.

With a sweet grin, she heads to her nearby car.  
He watches her go with a smile, then steps back inside.  
Beth's grin quickly drops.  
She climbs into her car, her chest heaving a sigh.

Inside the squad room, Nick—

## A POSSIBLE WACKO

—Zips up a duffle bag at his desk.  
Gripping the bag, he takes a file folder over to Andrews.

He shuts his office door in Curran's face.

## A SHOOTER WITHOUT A GUN

Now the city skyline looms in the distance,  
its skyscrapers stretching up to the clear blue sky.

Nick motors down an avenue behind the wheel of his car.

His sunglasses cover his eyes  
as he sits with a clenched jaw.

Pulling up to an apartment building, he spots the black Lotus  
parked at the curb.

Catherine sits in the building stoop.  
Glancing up, she approaches Nick's car.

He parks and climbs out, carrying his sports bag.

She flashes a coy smile.

They pause in front of the stoop.  
Their eyes lock.

They enter his apartment.

## WHAT DO YOU WANT . . . CATHERINE?

She studies the simple furnishings.

He takes out a block of ice, sets it on the kitchen counter,  
then pulls out a cheap-looking  
ice pick from a drawer.

She grins.  
He slices off tiny chips of ice.

Stepping behind him, she wraps her hand around his.

He turns away, releasing the pick.  
She gets a better grip on it, then deftly breaks the ice into pieces.

Nick takes out a cigarette and lights it.

He takes his own cigarette out of his mouth and places it in hers.  
She takes a drag.

She puts the ice in two glasses and hands one to him.

She inches closer.

As they look deeply into each other's eyes,  
a cunning smile plays across her face.  
She steps past him.

She hands him a paperback novel.  
The title reads THE FIRST TIME by CATHERINE WOOLF.

He studies her carefully for a moment.

They walk to the door.

She starts down the steps.

She passes Gus on his way up.

A stunned look washes over his face.  
He watches her sashay off, then stares up at Nick,  
who waves.

Moments later from his apartment window,  
Nick watches Catherine climb into her Lotus and drive off.  
Gus enters with a box of pizza.

## CATHERINE AT PLAY

Now a packed nightclub inside a renovated church.

Neon-lit arches line the dim smoky room.  
Muted saints and stained-glass windows adorn the walls.  
Yellow lights throb over the crowded dancefloor  
as multiethnic clubgoers sway to the music.

One woman sports a bright pink Mohawk.  
A muscle-bound bartender dressed as a priest  
serves up a drink.

We scan over the cosmopolitan crowd  
then drop down toward the dancefloor as Nick enters.

He wears jeans and a V-neck sweater without a shirt.

Searching the crowd, he spots Roxy  
dancing provocatively with another woman.  
She wears a low-cut top and tiny black shorts.

Nick stops to watch her.  
Roxy strokes the woman on the cheek then walks away.

Nick follows her into the men's room.  
Inside, a gender-bending couple lick tongues  
while others, male and female, smoke and mill about.  
Roxy approaches one of the stalls.

Inside, Catherine sits on the toilet, wiping her nose  
while a drug dealer grins beside her. Roxy settles onto her lap.

The dealer spoons out cocaine from a vial  
and holds it out to Roxy.  
Looking up, Catherine spies Nick watching them.

She smiles, slyly.  
He takes a step closer.  
She kicks the stall door closed.

Later, on the dance floor, Roxy and Catherine  
work up a sweat with the mustached drug dealer.

Roxy spins around as the man takes Catherine into his arms.

Behind them, Roxy throws her arms into the air,  
thrusting from side to side.

Catherine turns to face her.

Nick makes his way through the crowd, sipping a drink.

Catherine and Roxy dance closely together.  
Placing her hands on Roxy's cheeks,  
Catherine draws her partner into a kiss.

Nick approaches them with a determined gaze.

Catherine, wearing a sparkling gold dress  
with an open back, spots him, and turns her back to Roxy.

As they grind back to front, Roxy fondles Catherine's breasts.

Catherine steps away and dances with Nick.  
Roxy throws up her hand with a jealous sneer.  
Nick tries to kiss Catherine.  
She spins away from him.  
Nick nods, stoically standing in place.

Catherine steps closer,  
then grinds her tight round ass into his groin.

She watches Roxy, who throws her a stern look  
while dancing with the drug dealer.  
Catherine turns to face Nick  
with a satisfied smile. His eyes flick  
from Roxy back to Catherine, whose expression glimmers in delight.

Nick grips her ass.

He pulls her in and they begin to sway together.

Spotlights pulse as their noses slide against each other.

Roxy, pumping from side to side to the beat,  
watches.

Nick's mouth trails down Catherine's cheek  
to her neck, then back up to her chin.  
He tenderly kisses her lips, then pulls back.

They eye each other for a moment, then melt  
into a soft, brushing kiss.

Roxy continues to gyrate, holding her hands in the air.

She watches Catherine  
kiss Nick passionately, while pulling and rubbing his sweater and neck.  
Their lips devour each other amid the throbbing crowd.

## BASIC INSTINCT

Later, Nick lays Catherine onto a bed  
and plunges his mouth onto hers.

Kicking off his jeans, his naked ass straddles her.

Then he sits up and pulls his sweater off his muscular chest.

She lies beneath him, naked, her nipples erect.  
Her chest heaves a sigh as he bends over  
and licks her breast. She writhes under him. He wraps his hands  
around her breasts and hungrily sucks on them.

She caresses his head and squirms with pleasure.

His mouth moves down her body, from her breast to her belly,  
then toward her groin.  
She arches her back.  
Nick, kneeling on the floor, glances up at her.

Catherine tightly grips her discarded dress behind her neck  
with both hands.

He stares down at her.  
Placing her leg on his shoulder, he kisses the inside of her thigh,  
then takes a peek at her face.  
She starts to rock on the bed, jutting her breasts.

Her eyes cloud in ecstasy.

Later, she lies on top of him.

Resting on a pillow, he grips the brass bars of the headboard.  
Catherine ravishes his mouth with her tongue.

She moves down his chest to suck and lick his nipple.  
He grips the sides of her head as she moves further down.

He gazes up at a full-length ceiling mirror.

In their reflection Catherine's head covers Nick's groin.

On the bed, he twists from side to side,  
then raises his head to gaze down at her.

She brings her mouth up to his.

Kissing her, Nick rolls on top.  
He grips her hands, pins them to the pillow above her head,  
then thrusts deeply.

Writhing beneath him, she slaps the headboard.

He kisses her again,  
then slips his right hand fingers into his mouth.

He licks them for a moment, then slides them into her mouth.  
She sucks hard.  
He greedily envelops her mouth and thrusts forward.  
She squirms and arches her body.  
She grabs the headboard, shaking it.

Releasing the bars, her fingers claw his back, drawing blood.  
He rears up in pain.  
She raises her head, breathing against him  
mouth to mouth. They roll over again.

She sits up, straddling him.

He tries to suck on her breasts. She pushes him down, grabs his wrists, and places his hands on the pillow above his head. He trembles beneath her as she keeps his arms pinned. She slides her hand under the pillow and slowly pulls out a long, white silk scarf.

He eyes it wearily.  
Gazing at him, she bunches it together, feeling the fabric  
with her fingers.

Catherine places it behind his head.

She ties his right hand to a brass bar, then his left.

He tries to nibble her arms  
while she tightly knots the scarf. His fettered hands stretch open,  
then ball into fists.

Sitting on top of him, she rocks savagely.  
Nick tenses, his arms straining against the scarf.  
Catherine slides her hand down his leg  
and slips it across the sheet.

Suddenly she flings herself forward onto his chest.

Her hands are empty.

She unties his left hand, then his right,  
her sweaty hair hanging in his face.

As she straddles him, he places his hands on her thighs  
and caresses her skin.

Sitting up, he holds her close.

They rock together gently.

As his head rests on her breasts, she gazes into the distance with a deep, sighing shiver.

"YOU LIKE WATCHING, DON'T YOU?"

Later, they lie beneath the sheets.  
Moonlight filters in through an open window.  
Nick takes a drag from a cigarette.

Smoke curls up from his hand.  
He places the cigarette in an ashtray on the night table.

As he rises, Catherine turns over.

Nick struts into the bathroom,  
exposing his square build and bare ass.  
He bends over the sink, rinses his mouth  
and splashes his face.

Standing up, he gazes into the mirror  
to find Roxy's leather-jacketed reflection behind him.

He towels off his face.

She eyes him coldly.

Her mouth falls open, restraining.

She steps closer.  
He leans into her face.

Her eyes lock onto his  
with a merciless stare.  
Returning her gaze, Nick nods.

Roxy turns away and struts into an adjoining room.

Nick heads back into the bedroom.

He slides beneath the sheets, beside Catherine.

Lamplight throws a soft glow onto their skin.  
As he places his hand on her waist  
she takes hold of it, brings it up to her lips and kisses his palm.

Nick's mouth dissolves into a contented smile.  
He rests his head on the pillow next to hers.

Morning.

Nick sleeps alone in Catherine's bed.

Claw marks cover his sweaty back.  
Suddenly he rears up.

Wiping his eyes, he looks around  
to find a note lying on Catherine's pillow.

It reads THE BEACH. C.

He crumples the note in his fist.

## THE BEACH

Later, Nick's Mustang pulls up to the entrance of the beach house and he climbs out.

On the stone stairway behind the house  
Catherine paces beside Roxy.  
Nick approaches.  
Catherine glances up at him, then starts down the steps.

Roxy climbs up to Nick.  
She glowers as he swaggers past.

Roxy saunters toward the house.  
Nick continues down the steps.  
He meets up with Catherine at a clearing overlooking the beach.

A fire burns in an open pit.

Staring into the flames,  
Catherine holds a shawl tightly around her.

Nick comes up behind her and draws her into a tender kiss.

He follows her down to the beach.

She breaks into a cryptic smile.

He gives her a kiss.

Pointing at her, he starts up the beach.  
She pulls the shawl tighter.

## AN OLD CITY COWBOY

Nighttime at a country-and-western bar.  
As a band plays onstage, couples dance and twirl on the crowded floor.  
Stepping up to the bar, Nick taps a cowboy on the shoulder.

It's Gus, wearing a suede jacket and ten-gallon hat.

Nick puts on Gus's hat and holds his former partner's gaze.

Moments later, they pass a group of middle-aged women  
in the parking lot.

They head toward a diner.  
A little later Nick watches Gus eat a bowl of chili.

Patrons in a nearby booth glare at them.

He sprinkles hot sauce into his bowl  
then stirs it around.

Seated across from Gus, Nick gazes out the window.

Gus jiggles his tongue at a glaring woman nearby.  
She rolls her eyes.

Nick stares pensively out the window.

Later the two men leave the diner.  
Through a windshield in a car parked across the street  
we watch Gus take out a piece of gum  
and stuff it into his mouth.

Gus drives off in his Cadillac.

With a toothpick clenched between his teeth—

## THE BLACK LOTUS

—Nick smiles after his friend.  
Heading away from the diner, he throws the pick onto the ground.

Behind him, Catherine's black Lotus slowly creeps  
out of a parking space.

Nick saunters down an alleyway  
unaware the car is following.  
The headlights are off, and it's too dark to see the driver.  
Picking up speed, the car heads straight for him.

Nick jumps and bounces off the hood.

He crashes onto the pavement, unhurt.

The Lotus breaks, then starts spinning in reverse.  
Nick tumbles out of its path just in time.  
As he gets to his feet, the car shifts into forward  
and speeds off.

Nick climbs into his red Mustang and tears after the Lotus.  
Gripping the wheel, he shakes his head to regain his senses.

The Lotus makes a sharp turn and veers into a narrow alley. The Mustang follows,  
bucking over large humps in the middle of the road. The Lotus races up a sloping street  
as the Mustang pulls out of the alley nearly colliding into a truck.

It slams onto a sidewalk staircase.

Regaining control, Nick smashes into a flowerbox  
then starts to drive up the stairs, lurching up landing after landing.  
Reaching the top he knocks a street sign over.

The Mustang swerves around the truck and speeds up a sloping street.  
Nick reaches the crest of the hill and soars over it. Sparks fly

as the cars skid down the other side. Nick makes a hard turn onto a flatter street  
and zooms after the Lotus.

Both cars head into a construction area with bright lights and blockades bordering either side. Nick  
turns a corner onto the long overpass and finds the Lotus waiting for him at the other end. Nick  
picks up speed and the two cars close head-on.

The Lotus swerves into another lane. Nick does the same.  
The Lotus veers back into its original lane. Nick does too

still on a collision course. Just as the cars are about to crash  
the Lotus swerves

out of Nick's path, smashes through blockades  
and nosedives into a construction pit.

Metal and glass fly through the air  
as the Lotus lands upside down.

Hopping out of his car, Nick runs to the edge.  
He knocks a blockade over and bolts downhill, sliding down  
the steep slope.  
Reaching the bottom, he steps up to the Lotus.

A blonde-haired woman  
lies facedown, halfway out of the car.

He crouches down beside her and turns her over.

Roxy's eyes gaze skyward.

Tightening his jaw, Nick stares into the distance.

Later, a winch hauls the Lotus out of the pit.  
Rescue workers place Roxy's limp body onto a stretcher.  
Walker heads toward Nick, who stands near other detectives.

Halfway up the slope, Andrews gazes down at his boss.

Nearby  
the rescue workers lift Roxy out of the pit.

Daytime.

## PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATION

Nick enters a conference room to meet Beth and two middle-aged men.

Curran takes a seat at the table and crosses his legs.

Nick walks to the door.  
Beth jumps up.

As he marches out of the room, she follows him into the corridor.

Her lips purse in a scowl.  
As he walks away, Beth strides back down the corridor.

## CONSOLING CATHERINE

Later, Nick drives along a coastal highway.

The road twists and turns, skirting along the edge of a sheer rock face.  
Below, the sea pounds against rocks and crags.

A little later, Nick pulls up to Catherine's beach house.

Through the frosted glass front door,  
we watch him climb out of his Mustang and approach.

He opens the door and steps inside.

Nick glances around the empty foyer.  
Moments later he enters a living room  
dappled with sunlight.

Facing a large window, Catherine sits in a rocking chair,  
wrapped protectively in a blanket.  
Tears stain her cheeks.  
Nick walks over and sits beside her.

She shuts her eyes for a moment  
then turns to face him.

Dropping to his knees, he inches closer  
and takes her into his arms.  
As he kisses her forehead, she lays her head on his chest.

He strokes her face  
and whispers to her.  
Catherine raises her head to gaze into his eyes.

Later, they lie on the floor, naked beneath her blanket.

## NO LUCK WITH WOMEN

Flames flicker in the nearby fireplace,  
flinging shadows onto the walls and throwing an orange glow.  
Catherine kisses Nick,  
then settles beside him with a contented smile.  
She rests her head on his shoulder.

She looks into his eyes.

He searches her face.

Later, at a police station, Gus and a female officer—

## FIXING HER FAMILY

—Show Nick mug shots of a teenaged Roxy.  
They're labeled CLOVERDALE POLICE DEPARTMENT

Nick throws a glance at Gus,  
who leans against a shelf behind him.  
The officer hands Nick photographs of two young boys.

Each photo shows a closer angle.

The boys lie in a pile of hay,  
face up. Their throats  
have been cut and drip with blood.  
The dead boys stare at the sky, wide-eyed.

A little later, the three enter the main office.

He takes a sip of coffee, then frowns.

He throws the paper cup away and they step out into the parking lot.

Gus turns away, heading for his car.  
Leaning against his Mustang, Nick takes out a small black notepad.

He flips to a page reading LISA OBERMAN, BERKELEY, 1983.

At a university office, Nick leans against a counter  
while a registrar searches computer files.

## SCHOOL RECORDS

## HANGING OUT WITH MURDERERS

Later Nick drives through the city, to Catherine's town house.  
As he pulls up to her street, he finds her strolling down the sidewalk  
with a middle-aged Hazel.  
He gets out.

Nick lights a cigarette.

Later, Nick talks into a payphone.

## WHO IS LISA HOBERMAN?

At headquarters, Nick and Andrews search through motor vehicle computer files.

Andrews types in LISA HOBERMAN.  
The computer replies 1987 RENEWAL  
under the name ELIZABETH GARNER.

The screen displays Beth's driver's license.

The computer screen shows an earlier license  
under the name LISA HOBERMAN,  
with a photo of a blonde-haired Beth.  
Andrews flicks back and forth between the two pictures.

Later, Beth enters her apartment.

## COLLEGE EXPERIMENTS

Nick stands near a window.

She stops short.

He looks away, shaking his head slightly.

He heads out.

## WHAT HAPPENED AT BERKELEY

Nighttime.

Nick drives down a darkened street  
to his apartment building.  
He parks at the curb and climbs out.

Stepping into the vestibule, he takes out a set of keys  
and unlocks the mailbox.  
He peeks inside.

There's nothing there.

An unseen woman comes up behind him  
and lays a hand on his shoulder.  
He spins around.

It's Catherine.

He starts up the steps.

Daytime.  
In a storage room, Nick walks past shelves of boxes  
with a campus cop.

They stop in front of a shelf.

Later.

Nick marches off.

Later—

## A SECOND CHANCE

—He walks up the staircase to his apartment.  
Reaching for his keys, he discovers the door is unlocked.

He finds Catherine with a large palm tree.

Catherine steps up behind him.

She fondles his ass.

Backing away, she slips off her blouse, revealing her breasts.

Squeezing her breasts, he kisses her passionately.

Later, they sit nude in a window seat.  
His legs are wrapped around her.

## A NEW TWIST

Daytime.

The Mustang pulls up to a one-story building.

A sign above the entrance reads SALINA MEDICAL CENTER.

Nick parks and climbs out.

Inside, he approaches a nurses' station in the reception area.

Nick looks keenly away.

Later, he watches a sheriff hose down his car.

Nick stamps out his cigarette.

At the beach house.

## SOME KIND OF JOKE

Entering her empty office, Nick finds two layouts for a book cover.  
One is blue, the other red.  
Both read SHOOTER by CATHERINE WOOLF.

He sets them down on the desk,  
then turns to a printer, which spits out pages.

A fragment of the printout reads SHOOTER RACED INTO  
THE STAIRCASE. PARTNER'S DEAD BODY. LEGS STICKING OUT.  
Catherine enters, eyeing him wearily.

He tries to hold her but she pulls away.

She rips the pages out of the printer.

She stares impassively, then sorts through the sheets of paper.

She holds his gaze boldly.

Hazel enters, pausing in the doorway.  
Nick turns toward her.  
The older woman flashes a patient smile.

Catherine walks up to her, places a hand on Hazel's shoulder,  
then starts up a nearby staircase.  
With a nod to Nick, Hazel follows her.  
He stares after them, his jaw clenching.

At dusk, Nick leans against his car, parked in a lot.

## LONG LOST ROOMMATE

Gripping a cigarette in his hand, he takes a drag, then stamps it out as Gus pulls up in his Cadillac.

Nick jumps in.

Nick stares straight ahead.

Nick continues to stare blankly.

Nick eyes Gus for a moment, then gazes out his window.

Later, the car drives up to a tall building on an Oakland street. Gus parks and opens his door.

Nick steps out too.

Gus trots toward the building.  
Watching him, Nick climbs back into the front seat.

As Gus crosses the street and approaches the entrance, a traffic light changes from green to yellow.  
He steps through the front door.  
A sign above the entryway reads 2201 BROADWAY.

## GUS GETS IT

Inside, Gus walks past a deserted reception area to an elevator bank.  
He steps into an open elevator and presses a button marked 4.

The doors close.

The elevator climbs to the second floor.  
It stops and the doors open.  
Gus peeks out into the hallway.

There's no one there.

He steps back inside as the door close.  
Gus rocks impatiently as the elevator climbs to the next floor.  
The indicator light flashes 3.  
The light bounces off the wood-paneled walls and glows amber on his face.  
The doors open.

No one is waiting.

The doors shut.

Outside, Nick sits in the car.  
Gazing through the windshield he looks up at the building.

The fourth-floor windows show a row of empty offices.  
Nick's eyes widen in realization.

Nick leaps out of the car.  
Inside, Gus's elevator climbs to the fourth floor.  
In the lobby, Nick enters in time to see the elevator light shift to 4.  
He makes a beeline for the stairs.  
Gus steps out of the elevator.  
A woman shrouded in a black raincoat suddenly appears  
and stabs him with an ice pick.

Nick races up the steps.

Blood drips from the unknown woman's hand  
as she repeatedly jams the ice pick into Gus's neck.  
Nick bursts through the stairwell door.

Gus's legs stick out of the open elevator.

Rushing over, Nick kneels down beside him.  
Gus struggles to speak, his neck and chest drenched in blood.

Nick tries to plug a gushing artery with his finger.

Gus grows still.

His face turns ashen.

Nick stares woefully at his friend.

At the sudden noise, Nick turns.

He pulls Gus's weapon out of its holster  
then runs into the hallway.

He steps into an adjacent corridor—

## SOMEBODY HAS TO DIE

—And finds Beth, who wears a trench coat.

She reaches into her pocket.

He shoots her.

She collapses onto the floor.

Lowering the gun, Nick carefully approaches.  
His forehead is sweaty and creased.  
Beth lies face up at his feet.  
Blood stains her trench coat, as she gazes up at him.

Looking away, she falls still.

Nick bends down and searches through her trench coat pocket.

He pulls out her Bart Simpson key ring.

Bowing his head, he clenches the ring in a tight fist.

Later, detectives and uniformed cops mill about the corridor.  
Walker steps out of the elevator.

In the hallway, paramedics prepare a gurney  
as examiners kneel beside Beth's body.  
Walker approaches Nick, who sits on the floor,  
his back against the wall.

Andrews enters from the stairwell.  
He beckons toward the steps.

Rising, Walker leaves Nick's side to follow him.

## THE PIECES FIT

On the stairs, detective Harrigan, wearing plastic gloves,  
picks up a blonde wig, a black raincoat, and an ice pick.

He shows them to Walker.  
The lieutenant's eyes widen in disbelief.  
Andrews opens a plastic bag.  
Harrigan places the bloody ice pick inside  
then holds out the raincoat, showing its yellow initials: SFPD.

Walker shakes his head.

At Beth's, Andrews holds up a pistol.

Walker shoots a glance at Nick.

Walker follows Harrigan into the kitchen.

Inside, a detective opens a drawer  
and shows him paperback copies of two of Catherine's novels,  
THE FIRST TIME and LOVE HURTS.

The lieutenant also takes out magazine clippings  
of Catherine with Johnny Boz at parties,  
and posing with the boxer Manny Vasquez inside the ring.

Nick comes up behind him.  
Walker shows him the articles.

Among the clippings, Nick finds a graduation photo of the entire class.  
In a close-up, a brown-haired Beth stands behind Catherine, eyeing her.

Back at headquarters, Talcott gives a press conference  
in Walker's office.  
The lieutenant steps out into the squad room  
as a detective holds out the raincoat.

Andrews grips a phone.

Walker shakes his head.

He eyes Nick.  
Talcott enters and breaks into a half smile.

Nick stares at him, his brow creased in bewilderment.  
After a moment, he bows his head.

## MINKS AND RUG RATS

Later, Nick drives to his apartment building and parks.  
With slumped shoulders, he wearily steps out of his car  
and trudges toward the entrance.

Skyscrapers loom in the distance, stretching up to the indigo sky.

Inside, he climbs the stairs to his apartment.

He unlocks the front door and enters.

Light filters through partially open Venetian blinds,  
throwing stripes onto the walls.  
Brushing past Catherine's palm tree, he dumps his keys on a table.

He turns to find Catherine standing beside a window.  
She takes a step closer.

He draws her into an embrace.  
She wraps her arm around his back.

She sobs in his arms, her body trembling.  
He pulls her closer  
and squeezes tightly.

Later, they lie naked in bed.

Nick tenderly kisses Catherine's jaw,  
working his way up to her chin.  
His lips find her mouth in a gentle caress.  
Resting his head on the pillow, he stares into her eyes.  
Tears cling to her lashes  
as she warmly studies his face.

She strokes his cheek, then rolls on top of him.

He brushes her hair with his fingers  
as she slowly sits up.

Straddling him, she begins to rock.  
He stretches his arms behind him  
to grab the headboard, then arches his neck.

Catherine begins to thrust her hips more frenetically.  
As she arches her back,  
her breasts jut toward the ceiling.

Her hands slip under the covers.

Suddenly she flings herself forward onto his chest.

Catherine lies on top of Nick, her head buried in the pillow. Unharmred, he wraps his arms around her.

Catherine sweeps her hair out of her face and kisses his mouth and forehead.

Later still, they lie under the covers.

With his hand on Catherine's waist, Nick smokes a cigarette.

She turns away from him and his hand slides off her body onto the mattress.

Catherine surreptitiously slides her hand toward the floor.

As she reaches for something, her brow furrows.

Nick chuckles.

Nick turns his back to her and stubs out his cigarette. She looks over her shoulder at him, her arms still dangling over the side of the bed.

He eyes her with a curious frown, then lies back down beside her. She slowly raises her arm, reaching toward him.

Catherine grabs his neck with her empty hand and pulls him into a passionate kiss.

He lies on top of her, hungrily sucking on her neck. The scene fades to black for a moment,

then comes back up.

Nick and Catherine continue to kiss.

He rolls on top of her.

We glide away from them down Catherine's side of the bed.

A silver-handled ice pick gleams on the floor.

Cut to black.

END CREDITS

## NOTE ON THE TEXT

The text is a verbatim transcription of the Descriptive Video Service® (DVS) audio track of the original 1997 DVD release for *Basic Instinct*, in its entirety. Subsequent releases of *Basic Instinct* on DVD (in 2001, 2003, 2006, and 2007) omit the DVS functionality, which “makes this title accessible to blind and visually impaired audiences.” The poems’ titles correspond to those of the chapters listed on the inside flap of the DVD case (package and design © 1997 LIVE® Entertainment Inc.), and their start and end points and sequence correspond to the digital markers on the DVD.