

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Masques"

Written by

George R.R. Martin

Directed by

Alan Cooke

WITT/THOMAS PRODUCTIONS
956 North Seward Street
Hollywood, CA 90038
(213) 856-0589
(213) 856-4994

FIRST DRAFT

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Masques"

FADE IN:

1 INT. - CATHY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

1

The room is filled with steam. Through the frosted glass of the shower stall, we glimpse Cathy rinsing her hair. She turns off the spray, reaches out and takes a bath towel off the rack. She emerges, the towel wrapped discreetly around her as the doorbell RINGS.

CATHY

Coming...

The camera FOLLOWS as she pads barefoot through her apartment to the front door. As the bell RINGS AGAIN, she opens the door a crack.

2 CATHY'S POV

2

Three young children in Halloween costumes stand there with trick-or-treat bags open hungrily.

CHILDREN

(shout in unison)

Trick or treat!

3 CATHY

3

takes a couple of miniature candy bars from a bowl near the door, and drops them into the bags.

CATHY

Happy Halloween.

The two older kids run down the hall, but the smallest little girl lingers a moment.

LITTLE GIRL

Thank you.

As she scoots after the others, Cathy's father CHARLES CHANDLER arrives, dressed like Robert E. Lee in Confederate uniform, white beard, and sword. Cathy admits him.

CHARLES

Am I early, are you late, or is that your costume?

Cathy gives him a quick KISS, shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

CATHY
I'm late. I'm sorry, Dad. I lost track of time at the office.

CHARLES
(teasing)
You never lost track of time when you worked for me.

CATHY
(teasing back)
Course I did -- every morning.
(beat)
If you can hold the trick-or-treaters at bay while I get dressed, I think we'll be just in time to be fashionably late.

Cathy retreats towards her bedroom as Charles seats himself on her sofa to wait, the scabbard of his mock sword making the motion awkward.

CHARLES
A likely story. I figure an hour and a half.

CATHY
That was the old Cathy. I'll be ready in fifteen minutes.

Charles doesn't believe a word of it.

CUT TO:

4 INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

4

We PAN slowly across the floor, where a dozen children from the underground sit listening as Father tells them a story. They're of various ages, from three to sixteen, and a few are dressed in lovely, home-made costumes, but all of them are engrossed. It's a ghost story, so their eyes are wide, and sometimes one of them shivers.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

FATHER

... and from that day forward, John always kept a light burning in his window by night, so that Deirdre might find her way back to him. And in the deepest part of winter, when the snows lay thick against the walls of his cottage and the cold wind came shrieking from the north, he would take down his bow and walk through the forests, calling her name until his voice grew hoarse and his tears froze hard on his face. But she never answered, and till the end of his days, John never saw her again.

We MOVE IN on Father as he concludes the tale, and FIND Vincent standing behind him, listening as raptly as the children. Vincent is dressed more formally than usual (perhaps in something reminiscent of the Beast's costume in the Cocteau film). Four BOOKS are piled on the table beside him (contemporary hardcovers, not leather-bound). When the story ends, the children REACT with enthusiasm.

ELLIE

That was a good one.

KIPPER

Tell us another one, Father...
The one about the Headless
Horseman.

*
*

DAVID

Yeah, tell us that one.

FATHER

You've had enough ghosts for one night. Go on, now. Mary told me she needs help to carve up some jack-o-lanterns...

That does it. The kids STAMPEDE out of the room, each of them eager to get there first.

VINCENT

Every year, they ask for the same stories. By now they must know them better than you do.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

FATHER

(chuckles)

Old stories are like old
friends... every so often, we need
to drop in on them again, just
to see how they're doing.

(beat, fond smile)

And one little boy I remember
would never have let a mere
jack-o-lantern deny him a visit
to Ichabod Crane.

They exchange a smile of shared memory, and then Vincent
rises. Father's mood turns serious.

FATHER

You're determined to go, then?

(off Vincent's nod)

I wish you'd reconsider.

VINCENT

Father, surely on this night of
all nights, I can walk among them
in safety.

*

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

FATHER

Vincent, Vincent... there is no
safety up there. For you or
anyone else.

Vincent NODS gravely, acknowledging the sad truth of
Father's statement. His fingers absently brush against the
books on the table beside him.

VINCENT

Sometimes we must leave our safe
places, Father, and walk
empty-handed among our enemies.

FATHER

Those are her words.

VINCENT

(nods)

Our lives have been so
different... and yet, somehow,
I feel as though we understand
each other. I will not lose this
opportunity. I must see her, talk
to her...

Father frowns, shakes his head in helpless surrender.

FATHER

Go, then. If you're set on it,
I can't very well stop you.

(Vincent starts for
door)

Vincent...

(Vincent pauses)

Be careful.

Vincent nods and EXITS. Wearily, Father slumps back in his
chair, and lays his hand upon the stack of books. We CLOSE
IN and PAN SLOWLY down the stack, reading the titles on the
spines. There are FOUR books, titled Too Many Heroes, Three
Hundred Days, A Terrible Strength, and Fables and Fantasies,
all written by BRIGIT O'DONNELL.

CUT TO:

5 INT. - CATHY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

5 *

Charles is waiting when Cathy comes out, beautiful in a Marie Antoinette/French Courtesan Costume.

*

*

CHARLES

Fifteen minutes... I don't believe it. My little girl has changed, hasn't she?

CATHY

I'm trying... very hard.

CHARLES

You don't know how pleased I am that you let me talk you into this. Since you quit the firm, I hardly ever get to see you.

CATHY

They keep me pretty busy... but I've missed you too, Dad.

CHARLES

Now, don't be shy about leaving me to fend for myself. I'm not so old that I don't remember how romantic these affairs can be. A lot of your old friends will be there tonight.

CATHY

I'm going to this party to be with you.

CHARLES

(playful)

You're going to this party to meet Brigit O'Donnell, just like everyone else.

CATHY

(smiles)

Well... that too.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

He reaches out and takes her hand, squeezes it.

CHARLES

(soft, sincere)

Have I told you how beautiful you look?

(beat)

Sometimes you remind me so much of your mother...

Deeply touched, Cathy leans over, kisses him.

CATHY

Happy Halloween.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. - COSTUME SHOP - NIGHT

7

A modest storefront, its window lettered to read MOE'S MASQUERADE CITY - COSTUME RENTALS. The sign in the door says OPEN, but as we watch a hand flips the sign to CLOSED just as MICHAEL -- a big, heavy-set man in his late fifties -- appears at the door. A folded NEWSPAPER sticks from a pocket of his rumbled raincoat.

MICHAEL pushes the door open and finds MOE, the short, balding proprietor, standing in his way.

MOE

Sorry, I'm closed.

MICHAEL

(Irish accent)

I must have a costume. If it's money you're wanting, I've got it.

He pulls a handful of crumpled fifties from the pocket of his coat. Moe looks at them, hesitates, and then admits him to the shop and locks the door behind him.

8 INT. - COSTUME SHOP - NIGHT

8

Very little but bare hangers remains on the racks up front; the shop has been picked clean. Moe gestures around at his depleted merchandise.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

MOE

Tomorrow, you come back, you could have your pick -- Jesse James, Darth Vader, King Arthur, whatever you want. Closing time on Halloween night... well, maybe I can find something in back. You can't mind a little frayed, maybe a missing button?

MICHAEL

That doesn't matter.

Moe shuffles through a curtain into the back in the shop. Michael takes the newspaper out of his pocket and is glancing down at it as Moe re-emerges carrying a rather tattered 19th century British army "red coat" uniform.

MOE

Here, this will maybe fit...

A look of absolute fury crosses Michael's face. He drops the paper on the counter, reaches across with a meaty fist, and seizes Moe by his shirtfront.

MICHAEL

Are you having a bit of fun with me, is that it?
 (shakes him, furious)
 Get that damnable rag out my sight and get me something decent.

He shoves him back contemptuously. Moe stumbles against the wall, and the costume falls to the floor. Scared, Moe hurries through the curtain again. We HEAR him fumbling around and he returns with a cheap clown costume -- oversized, covered with polka dots, the mask a plastic clown-face secured around the head by an elastic band.

MOE

Here... so, it's too big, there's nothing else... if this doesn't suit you, take your business elsewhere.

Michael takes the costume from him with a frown.

MICHAEL

It will do.

MOE

Changing booths over there --
 (gestures)

9 INT. CHANGING ROOM 9

Michael nods; we FOLLOW him into one of the changing room. He hangs up the costume, strips off the raincoat and his suit jacket; we SEE the butt of a REVOLVER jammed into his belt as he begins to change.

10 ANGLE ON MOE 10

as Michael reemerges, dressed in the clown outfit.

MOE

That'll be twenty for the rental,
and fifty for the deposit. You
bring it back by six tomorrow or
I got to charge you another day.

Michael tosses two crumpled fifties onto the counter.

MICHAEL

Keep the money. I'll be keeping
the costume.

He EXITS the shop, the bell RINGING as he opens the door. Moe shakes his head in disgust, rings up the sale, and grabs the bills. The folded newspaper, forgotten, lies beside them on the counter. Moe picks it up.

11 INSERT - THE NEWSPAPER 11

The paper is open to a small item on the society page. The headline reads MASKED BALL TO FETE IRISH PEACE ACTIVIST.

12 BACK TO THE SCENE 12

Moe shrugs, drops the paper in the trash, and begins to count out his cash drawer for the night.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. - FASHIONABLE APARTMENT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 13

A high-rise on Central Park West, obviously lavish and expensive, with a penthouse and roof garden atop it.

14 INT. - BRENNAN PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

14

A pair of elevator doors OPEN, and we FOLLOW Cathy and her father out into a cloakroom/ ANTECHAMBER (note -- it should be established here that TWO elevators travel to the penthouse level). A BUTLER (whose extremely proper face has been done up with green make-up and false antennae to transform him into an alien) bows to them, accepts the crisp white invitation offered by Charles and admits them through a set of ornate wooden doors. They enter a huge, high-ceilinged BALLROOM where the party is in progress.

This ball is a major function of a very high social set -- everything should be extremely upscale. The room is quite large and filled with people, the dance floor crowded with costumed socialites while others chat, flirt, eat, and drink on the peripheries. Ornate chandeliers hang from the high ceiling, but the lighting is dim, hazy, romantic. Across the width of the room, a series of French doors open onto a ROOF GARDEN.

A band is playing from a stage at one end of the room, while servants (wearing their customary uniforms, but with their faces MADE UP in various exotic ways) circulate with trays of champagne, hors d'oeuvres. The costumes tend toward the elaborate and fanciful. Everyone wears masks or make-up, ranging from simple dominoes to elaborate headpieces that completely hide the face.

We FOLLOW Cathy and Charles as they enter and make their way through the throng of partygoers. Charles snatches two glasses of champagne from a passing tray, hands one to Cathy. They CLINK their glasses together.

BRENNAN (O.S.)

Charles. Is that you... and...
surely not Cathy!

Their host, BRENNAN, a man of Charles' age costumed as a KNIGHT, comes up and pumps Charles' hand, smiling. He's trailed by a group of Cathy's OLD FRIENDS, in various costumes, holding drinks. Cathy recognizes one woman, LAUGHS with delight. They HUG, begin to talk.

CUT TO:

15 INT. - ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

15

Vincent climbs on top of an elevator, gazes up the shaft, and braces himself as the car begins to ascend.

CUT TO:

16 INT. - BALLROOM - NIGHT

16

The party rages on. The camera TRACKS PAST Cathy and her friends as they discuss the guest of honor.

JEFF

Have you met Brigit yet? She's astonishing...

MARIE

Ravishing is what he really means.

CATHY

Last time I heard, it was still legal to be both.

GREG

You know she sold Three Hundred Days to Hollywood?

MARIE

Romeo and Juliet with Irish accents... I don't see what all the fuss is about.

JEFF

Oh, I thought it was a wonderful story. *

GREG

She's got guts, you have to give her that. This peace thing has gotten her death threats from both sides. Her mother and her husband were both murdered, you know.

JEFF

Her father's IRA. Wanted for one of those bombings in London.

John Brennan, with Charles beside him, interrupts the animated conversation.

BRENNAN

Cathy, I was going to introduce your father to Brigit. Care to come along?

CATHY

I'd love to.

Brennan leads them across the crowded room. Ahead of them, the throng of costumed admirers surrounding the guest of honor suddenly LAUGH at some witticism. Muttering apologies, Brennan pushes through until CAVANAUGH, a big man costumed as a Viking, stops Charles.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

CAVANAUGH
 (Irish accent, brusque)
 Hold up there.
 (when Charles stops)
 Let's have a look here...

He reaches down, PULLS Charles' sword partly out of its scabbard, tries the edge with his thumb, nods.

BRENNAN
 (apologetic)
 I'm dreadfully sorry, Charles.
 Mister Cavanaugh here is one of
 Brigit's bodyguards.

CAVANAUGH
 No edge to it. Very good.
 (slides the sword back)
 No offense, sir, but there's been
 threats... Orangemen, Croppies,
 what have you...

CHARLES
 (confused)
 Croppies, did you say? I'm afraid
 I don't understand.

BRIGIT (O.S.)
 (Irish accent)
 No reason you should...

17 ANGLE ON BRIGIT

17

as the crowd parts for her. Brigit O'Donnell is around thirty, beautiful, sophisticated, with a playfulness to her eyes and her mouth, a hint of the tomboy and the rebel. This is a stubborn, free-spirited, passionate woman who has gone her own way all her life. Her costume, while different from Cathy's, is enough alike so that the same vague description might be applied to both, and the OWL MASK she wears is identical to Cathy's.

BRIGIT
 It's from an old war... an Irish
 Catholic rising against the
 British and their Protestant
 allies. The rebels had short-
 cropped hair, you see.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CATHY

That was... what, two hundred
years ago?

(off her nod)

A long time to remember a
haircut...

BRIGIT

(impressed)

We Irish have long memories. My
father taught me all the songs
about the brave Croppy boys when
I was still in the cradle, and
every year we'd hear the Orangemen
march past, banging their Lambeg
drum and singing how they put the
Croppies down.

CHARLES

(gallantly)

I stand instructed... I'm afraid
history was never my subject, and
most of what I did learn I've
managed to forget.

BRIGIT

Forgetting is a trick that Ulster
could stand to learn.

(smiling, to Cathy)

I like your mask. I wrote a story
about an owl-woman once... just
a little fable, for children...

CATHY

... children of all ages. I found
it just last year, and loved it.

BRIGIT

Did you now? It's not easy to
find, that one...

CATHY

You have a real gift. I wish you
wrote more children's stories.

BRIGIT

I wish I could... but there are
darker things than ghosts in
Ireland now, and you can't hear
the fairy music for the gunfire.
Which is another way of saying,
I'm not the innocent I was then.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. - ROOF GARDEN - NIGHT

18

A chill October wind is blowing, and the roof garden is deserted, forlorn. Past the stone parapet overgrown with ivy, we SEE the city lights and the roof of a second building. Vincent APPEARS on the roof of the second building, and LEAPS, landing with cat-like grace atop the parapet. He steps down onto the roof garden. We FAINTLY HEAR the music from the party drifting across the roof. Vincent stands with the wind snapping at his cloak, tentative, knowing that he is about to cross over into another world. Then he strides through the garden to the penthouse and its French doors. He touches the doorknob, hesitates just a moment, then OPENS THE DOORS. The SOUNDS of music and conversation grow MUCH LOUDER.

CUT TO:

19 INT. - BALLROOM - NIGHT

19

Cathy and Brigit are still talking when both of them SHIVER in the the blast of cold air from outside. Cathy looks up.

20 CATHY'S POV

20

The width of the ballroom is between them, but for an instant she SEES Vincent clearly, standing framed in the doorway. Two costumed dancers move past her in f.g. blocking her view, and they're gone, the doors are closed again and Vincent is gone.

21 CATHY

21

can't believe what she's seen.

BRIGIT

Catherine? What's wrong?

CATHY

Nothing, I... I thought I saw
someone I know. Please, excuse
me...

Brigit smiles politely as Cathy starts across the dance floor. The party is dimly-lit and crowded, costumed dancers swirling all around her, waiters crisscrossing with trays. She fights her way through with increasing urgency as she's jostled and blocked, and strange costumed faces loom up at her out of the crowd, offering her drinks, canapes, dances. As she struggles across the floor, she glimpses here a SWIRL

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

OF CLOAK, there a FLASH OF LONG HAIR, and but each time the apparition is gone as swiftly as it appeared. A man in a HOODED CLOAK stands by one of the tables, and Cathy rushes up behind him, thinking he's Vincent... but when he turns, it's a stranger's face made up as DRACULA.

Finally she reaches the doors, looks around in confusion. There's no sign of Vincent. Cathy flings open the doors and steps out onto the roof garden.

22 EXT. - ROOF GARDEN - NIGHT

22

Cathy moves through the garden, calls out.

CATHY
(softly)
Vincent!
(more loudly)
Vincent!

She waits for a long beat, listening, looking around, but there's no answer but the wind.

23 INT. - BALLROOM - NIGHT

23

Vincent moves slowly around the periphery of the party. He's clearly ill-at-ease and discomfitted; he's never experienced anything remotely like this in his world below. Yet there's a certain fascination in his eyes as well. He's taking it all in with a wonder that's almost childlike in its innocence, and a wariness that's all too adult. A WAITER appears beside him with a tray, covered with a mound of caviar and an array of tiny pancakes.

WAITER
Caviar, sir?

VINCENT
Caviar...
(smiles)

WAITER
It's Beluga, sir.

VINCENT
(with awe)
... from Russia...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

He makes no move to take any of the caviar, but looks at the silver tray with fascination, until Brigit dances past, waltzing in the arms of her bodyguard, Cavanaugh. Vincent NOTICES HER, and follows her with his eyes. We INTERCUT between his face and Brigit's, as she whirls around the floor. Near the end of the dance, her eyes meet Vincent's; he LOOKS AWAY at once. When the music stops, Brigit LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM as Cavanaugh leads her off the dance floor.

CAVANAUGH

What is it? Trouble?

(looking around)

Brigit spies Vincent again, and clearly she senses something extraordinary about him.

BRIGIT

No, Edward... it's all right.

(exasperated by his
suspicion)

Oh, go on with you now. This is a party... not every man who looks at me is wanting to lay me in my grave.

She walks away from him, straight to where Vincent stands, half in shadows.

VINCENT

Brigit O'Donnell...

BRIGIT

Herself.

She SMILES and offers Vincent her hand. He hesitates for a LONG SOLID beat, very tentative, and then finally reaches out and takes it lightly.

CUT TO:

24 CATHY

24

as she re-enters the ballroom. For an instant she's certain that she chased an illusion. Then she SEES Vincent and Brigit at that precise instant when their hands meet. Off her REACTION, we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

25 INT. - BALLROOM - NIGHT

25

ANGLE ON VINCENT AND BRIGIT

VINCENT

I did not mean to intrude... if
I disturbed you, I'm sorry.

BRIGIT

No need. A little disturbance
is good for the soul.

(studies his face)

What extraordinary make-up...
you look as though you might have
ridden with Cuchulainn, sailed
with Theseus...

Self-conscious, Vincent turns slightly away, shadowing his
features, and adjusts his hood.

VINCENT

Only in my dreams... and sometimes
in books like yours.

(beat, awkward)

Your writing has... helped me
through dark times... you've
touched me, made me think...

(beat, awkward)

I just wanted... to tell you...
to thank you.

Brigit is obviously moved by his sincerity.

BRIGIT

Come. Thank me outside, before
I die from the smoke and noise
in here.

She LINKS ARMS with Vincent, who is clearly discomfitted and
unsettled by this easy acceptance. He begins to SHY AWAY,
then catches himself, and lets Brigit draw him toward the
doors. We PULL BACK from them, across the room, to reveal
CATHY watching them exit together.

26 CLOSE ON CATHY

26

She's uncertain, worried, perhaps a little jealous. A
man's gloved HAND enters frame and taps her on the shoulder.
A tall, dark-haired stranger stands behind her. He's
wearing a PIRATE's costume.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

A knotted bandanna serves as his mask, a ragged short cape hangs to his waist, and on his belt is a large curved KNIFE SHEATH, very piratical, studded with phoney costume gems.

DONALD

Masks make life so interesting.
Under those feathers, you might
be anyone -- a childhood friend,
an old lover... help me now, am
I getting warm?

CATHY

(smiles)
I'm afraid not...

DONALD

A famous writer, then?

CATHY

(laughs)
You're getting colder.

DONALD

Oh-oh. Have I just tripped over
my sword again? The butler's the
real pirate -- I slipped him a
ten-spot to tell me what the guest
of honor was wearing.

CATHY

(amused)
I don't think you'll get a refund.
Brigit's wearing an owl mask too.

DONALD

I'll consider it money well spent.
I'm Donald Phillips.

CATHY

Cathy Chandler.

DONALD

Well, Cathy Chandler, can I run
up a jolly roger and steal you
away for this dance?

Cathy HESITATES, and glances back over her shoulder, but Vincent and Brigit are out of sight now. She turns back to Donald, confused, and forces an uncertain smile.

CATHY

Why not?

He sweeps her out onto the dance floor.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. - ROOF GARDEN - NIGHT

27

Brigit leans against the parapet as they talk, the wind in her hair, looking out over the city. Vincent has moved a few steps away from her. We can still HEAR the music from inside, but now it's mingled with city sounds from the streets below. Brigit takes a deep breath of the night air.

BRIGIT

The night has a special magic to it, don't you think? This night especially.

VINCENT

Halloween?

BRIGIT

In the old religion, they called it Samhain (SAOWEN) -- the night when the walls between the worlds grew thin, and spirits of the underworld walked the earth... a night of masks and bonfires, when anything is possible and nothing is quite as it seems.

(beat)

Your city has its own magic as well... the lights, the towers ... listen to it...

They share a moment of silence, as we HEAR traffic, horns, a police siren in the distance, etc.

BRIGIT

In Derry, the night has a darker music... bombs, gunfire, the screams of dying men...

VINCENT

Yet you always return. The whole world is open to you... you could choose to live anywhere.

BRIGIT

Oh, I've thought of leaving... but Derry's my home. Whatever else I might be, I'm still a Bogside girl, my father's daughter, my husband's widow.

VINCENT

When you wrote of Ian in Three Hundred Days, I felt as though I knew him... you made him live again with your words.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

When Brigit looks at Vincent, he instinctively TURNS HIS HEAD away so his features are hidden. She has tears in her eyes, but a fierce, stubborn smile on her lips.

BRIGIT

(proudly)

I know. Aye, he's dead, but I will not forget him, or let him be forgotten. It's been two years since he got into that car, and an hour hasn't passed that I haven't spoken of him, written of him, thought of him.

VINCENT

I don't want to waken painful memories...

BRIGIT

Oh, it hurts, it hurts... but such a sweet pain.

(beat)

Ian and I were born six blocks apart... and yet, in different worlds. A stiff-necked Orangeman and a Croppy girl from Bogside, we were -- daft enough to fall in love, but not so big a pair of fools to think that he could live in my world, or me in his. So we tried to create a new world that we could share together... well, you know how that ended.

VINCENT

(compassionately)

Yes. And I know you built a bridge together, you and he. Your work, and his, will help to heal your people. The Ian you wrote of would think that as good a memorial as any man could want.

BRIGIT

(bitter smile)

Sure, and he'd better, for it's the only sort he's likely to get. Every time I raise a stone over his poor sweet head, some bastard knocks it to pieces... even the dead are spared none of the hate...

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

Brigit turns, rests her arms on the parapet, and gazes out over the city in silence for a moment.

BRIGIT

It could have been me, you know...
and there are times I wish it had
been.

(very softly, begins
to recite)

She is far from the land where
her young hero sleeps...

OVERCOME WITH MEMORY AND EMOTION, Brigit cannot continue. But Vincent remembers the poem, and picks up the recitation where she left off.

VINCENT

(reciting)

...and lovers are round her, sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.
She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking;
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

Brigit TURNS to face him as he recites, and silently MOUTHS the last few words along with Vincent. She's deeply touched, and when he's done she smiles sadly.

BRIGIT

(very softly)

Thank you.

CUT TO:

28 INT. - ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT

28

ANGLE ON ELEVATORS

as the doors open and Michael steps out in his cheap clown costume. The butler accosts him.

BUTLER

Your invitation, sir.

MICHAEL

My... aye, I've got it here
somewhere...

(pats his pockets)

Damn... I'm thinking I lost it
somewhere. I had one, I swear.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

BUTLER
I'm afraid I can't admit you
without an invitation.

MICHAEL
(angrily)
I'm telling you I was invited!
Are you calling me a liar now?

29 ANGLE ON CAVANAUGH

29

standing by the bar, not far from the doors to the
antechamber. He HEARS Michael's raised voice, and
RECOGNIZES the sound of the Irish accent. At once he slams
down his mug of beer, and moves toward the door.

30 BACK TO THE SCENE

30

BUTLER
Mister Brennan's instructions were
quite firm. Perhaps I should
summon him.

Michael REACTS with obvious alarm.

MICHAEL
No... no, you needn't bother
yourself... I'm thinking I just
remembered where I left it, the
very place... I'll just get it
and come back.

BUTLER
Very good, sir.

Michael moves away toward the elevators. The doors open to
disgorge a group of partiers dressed like Henry VIII and
his six wives. Michael watches them as they move toward
the entrance... he sidles in behind them... The Butler is
caught up in the swirl of feminine pulchritude... trying
to check all the invitations... Michael SLIPS INTO THE
ROOM, unnoticed... *

He nearly collides with CAVANAUGH as the bodyguard bursts
into the anteroom, shoves past Michael to GRAB Henry VIII by
his ermine collar... *

CAVANAUGH
Hold it!

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

HENRY VIII
(nasal NY voice)
What's the meaning of this?

The bodyguard releases him with a look of disgust.

31 CATHY AND DONALD

31

The camera FOLLOWS them as they dance. Donald is smiling, but Cathy is distracted, pensive, her mind on Vincent.

DONALD

A penny for your thoughts...

(off her silence)

or maybe you'd prefer a tax-free
municipal bond?

(beat)

Hey, I can't be that bad a dancer.

CATHY

(wan smile)

You're not. I'm sorry. I'm not
very good company at the moment,
I realize.

DONALD

I'll be the judge of that.

Donald LEADS her off the dance floor, snares two champagne glasses from a passing waiter, hands one to her. Cathy accepts it, but she GLANCES back over her shoulder. Donald picks up on it at once.

DONALD

He's a lucky rogue, whoever the
hell you're looking for...

CATHY

I'm sorry. I'll try to be a bit
more sociable.

Charles Chandler ENTERS, smiling, pleased to see Cathy in the company of a gentleman.

CHARLES

(playfully, to Cathy)

Don't I know you from somewhere?

(off her smile)

Having a good time? Who might
this be?

CATHY

Donald Phillips, my father,
Charles Chandler.

(they shake)

CHARLES

Donald Phillips? Not the Donald
Phillips of Gernsback, Campbell,
and Phillips, surely.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

DONALD
(brief hesitation)
Ah... actually, yes.

CHARLES
(with enthusiasm)
I never dreamed you'd be so young.
Bert Prasker is one of my
partners. He's still nursing his
wounds from that licking you gave
him in the Scott case.
(to Cathy)
Be careful, Catherine, this one
isn't as harmless as he seems.
How do you two happen to know
each other?

DONALD
We don't, actually...
(beat, smile)
...but I'm trying to rectify that.

We PAN OFF Cathy and Donald to FIND MICHAEL across the
room, watching... Now he moves through the crowd, eyes
searching, probing... WE should sense tension and danger in
his presence... *

CUT TO:

32 EXT. - ROOF GARDEN - NIGHT

32

Brigit and Vincent walk together through the garden. They
do not touch, but there is a closeness between them.

BRIGIT
My father used to tell me of New
York, when I was just a little
girl. He came here a dozen
times... never quite legally, of
course... raising money for the
cause, collecting for the widows
and the orphans... and for the
weapons to make more of them.
He always promised that one day
he'd take me with him, across the
ocean...

(sadly)
... one day...

VINCENT
He never did?
(beat)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

BRIGIT

(painfully)

My father cast me out. Three years ago, it was. My wedding day. He came to the church, called me a traitor and an Orangeman's whore. I've not seen him since.

(beat)

By rights, I ought to hate him.

VINCENT

There's no hate in you... only grief...

BRIGIT

Aye... How can you hate the man who taught you what love meant?

Brigit SHIVERS visibly in the wind.

VINCENT

Are you cold? Perhaps we should go back inside...

BRIGIT

Cold? No... why, it's naught but a brisk fall day...

(beat, mischievous)

... but I'd borrow your cloak, if you're willing to lend it.

VINCENT

My cloak?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

BRIGIT

Edward and the others, they'd give their lives for me, and I love them for it. But sometimes, I want nothing so much as to get away from them for a few hours.

VINCENT

They only want to keep you safe.

BRIGIT

I'm sick unto death of safety. I look at that city out there, and I want to touch it... to walk its streets and meet its people and listen to its music. I want to see all the things my father told me of... and I can't. Can you imagine how that feels?

Vincent knows how it feels very well.

VINCENT

(softly)

Yes...

*
*

BRIGIT

To hell with the risks!

(grin)

Sometimes we must leave our safe places, Vincent, and walk empty-handed among our enemies.

33 CLOSE ON VINCENT

33

Responding to the echo of his own words to Father, he SMILES slowly, then unfastens his cloak and whips it about Brigit's bare shoulders.

CUT TO:

34 INT. - BALLROOM - NIGHT

34

A cloaked, hooded figure RE-ENTERS the party through the French doors, alone. It's Brigit, hidden in the voluminous folds of Vincent's cape. She moves quickly through the costumed crowds toward the door.

35 EXT. - ROOF GARDEN - NIGHT 35

as Vincent LEAPS from the parapet across to the next roof, then clambers down over a ladder and begins to swiftly descend a series of fire escapes.

36 INT. - BALLROOM - ANGLE ON CAVANAUGH 36

He scowls, drains the mug of beer in his hand, and stalks toward the French doors, worried about Brigit. The cloaked figure PASSES within a foot of him as they hurry in opposite directions, but Cavanaugh fails to make the connection and storms by without a second glance.

37 ANGLE PAST DONALD ON CATHY 37

as she SEES Brigit heading toward the elevators, and recognizes Vincent's cloak.

CATHY
(to Donald)
Excuse me.

She hands him her drink, rushes after the cloaked figure.

DONALD
Hey! What the...

37A ANGLE - MICHAEL (THE CLOWN) 37A *

watches the hurried departures, knows something's up. He hurries out after them, roughly elbowing a couple of people aside in his haste...

38 ANGLE ON ELEVATORS 38

as Brigit enters, Cathy rushes to the doors.

CATHY
Vincent! Wait!

Brigit turns, PUSHES BACK THE HOOD, smiles, and puts a finger to her lips. Donald RUSHES UP behind Cathy as the doors shut.

DONALD
Brigit O'Donnell, right?

CATHY
Something very strange is going
on...

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

The second elevator arrives, its door CHIMING as it opens. Cathy enters quickly.

CATHY

... and I'm going to find out what. I don't mean to be rude, but --

Before the doors can shut, Donald enters as well, and hits the button for the ground floor.

DONALD

Hey, no problem. It's been years since I've gone elevator racing...

MICHAEL watches the elevator doors close; both elevators are in use. He frantically looks around, takes off to find the stairs...

*
*
*

CUT TO:

39 EXT. - FASHIONABLE APARTMENT/PARK - NIGHT

39

Central Park is across the street. The DOORMAN opens the door for some newly-arrived guests, and holds it open as Brigit makes her exit, the cloak folded neatly over her arm. She pauses on the sidewalk, looks around. Vincent STEPS OUT of the shadows. Brigit smiles and returns his cloak, which he accepts with a grave, courtly bow. They CROSS THE STREET and ENTER THE PARK.

*

EXT. - APARTMENT - ANGLE ON DONALD AND CATHY

as they emerge from the doorway.

CATHY

(to doorman)

Did you notice a woman wearing a black cloak? Red hair, wearing a mask like mine...

DOORMAN

Yeah. Sure. A looker like that, I'd have to be dead not to notice. She met this guy in a cat mask, gave him the cape.

CATHY

Which way did they go?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

DOORMAN

They come, they go... I'm supposed to remember?

Donald pulls out his wallet, peels off a couple of bills, slaps them into the doorman's hand.

DOORMAN

Now that I recall, they walked off into the park... north, I think...

CATHY

(to Donald)

I have to go after them. I can't explain, it's a... a personal thing. Look, I appreciate your help, but there's no need for you to leave the party.

DONALD

Do you hear me complaining? Besides, what would your father think if I let you go walking in the park alone?

CATHY

I'll be fine. Really.

DONALD

My car's close by. You'll stand a lot better chance of finding them...

Cathy hesitates, then NODS. Donald grins, and they hurry off to his car.

PAN OFF Donald and Cathy to FIND MICHAEL hanging back, close enough to have overheard the conversation with the Doorman. He slips away...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

40 EXT. - CENTRAL PARK RESERVOIR - NIGHT

40

Vincent and Brigit walk slowly along the shore. Moonlight reflects off the water beside them, and an air of melancholy hangs over Vincent. Brigit REMOVES HER MASK, smiles.

BRIGIT

I'm beholden to you, Vincent.
You cannot know what this means
to me...

(off his smile)

... or perhaps you can at that.

(beat, very gently)

Will you be telling me about her,
then?

VINCENT

(sharp, surprised)

... about who?

BRIGIT

Your lady. The one who's breaking
your heart. Do you think I'm
blind?

(beat)

You didn't come to me just to say
you liked my books. Something
about Ian and me struck close to
home.

Vincent TURNS sharply away from her. He struggles visibly as he tries to decide what to tell her. Finally, with great difficulty, he begins to speak.

VINCENT

She brings me... such joy... and
such pain... as I have never
known. I have no place in her
world, and she has none in mine...
our bond endangers...
everything... people I love,
secrets I am sworn to keep, the
beliefs I've lived by...

BRIGIT

Aye, that sounds like Ian and
myself, sure enough. They do not
understand, do they? The way my
father raged...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

VINCENT

Yet you went on... despite everything...

BRIGIT

Oh, yes... we went on... till he died for it.

(beat)

Are you asking me for counsel, then? Forget you ever knew her, and both of you will be happier. If you want what's best for her, take care you never see her again. If Ian and I had never met, he might still be alive.

VINCENT

You wrote... that the price of your love had been high, but you would pay it willingly until the end of your days... that you would change nothing, regret nothing...

BRIGIT

That's damned unfair, you know, quoting my own words back at me, after I gave you all that good advice!

(smiles, softer)

Your brain tells you all the sensible things to do... but the heart knows nothing about sense, and the heart is as stubborn as the Irish.

Vincent is about to reply when he suddenly HEARS a nearby footfall and looks up sharply.

BRIGIT

(alarmed)

What is it?

CUT TO:

41 EXT. - CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

41

We FOLLOW Michael as he leaves the roadway and moves stealthily through the undergrowth toward the lagoon. His pistol is drawn, and he moves from shadow to shadow, crouching, concealing himself behind trees and rocks, listening to Brigit and Vincent talk. The sound of their VOICES grows steadily louder.

42 CLOSE ON MICHAEL

42

as he presses against the side of a large tree. Listens. Hears only silence. Spinning, he WHIRLS around the trunk of the tree, gun in hand, and runs smack into Vincent as he STEPS OUT from behind the other side of the tree.

43 CLOSE ON VINCENT

43

His face contorts in a ferocious SNARL. Michael brings up the gun to fire. Vincent ROARS and attacks. The gun FIRES and is sent spinning from Michael's grasp as Vincent SEIZES hold of him.

CUT TO:

44 DONALD'S CAR - PARK

44

as it turns a corner, its headlights piercing the darkness. He and Cathy REACT to the sound of the gunshot and Vincent's ROARS. Donald BRAKES as Michael comes flying across the roadway, and SMASHES HARD against the wrought iron post of a streetlamp.

DONALD

What the hell...

They leap out of the car. Donald kneels over the clown.

CATHY

Is he...?

DONALD

(opening Michael's eye,
checking pulse)

Out cold, but he'll live. Maybe
a concussion.

But Cathy isn't listening -- she's SEEN Vincent.

45 CATHY'S POV

45

of Vincent, standing beneath the great tree several feet away, his form draped by the shadows. As we watch, Brigit STEPS OUT of the foliage to stand beside him. She looks shaken, stares at the scene and crosses herself.

46 VINCENT

46

tears his eyes away from Cathy with difficulty, and REALIZES he must leave, much as he might wish otherwise. There will be police and doctors to deal with, questions to answer. He cannot stay. He gives Cathy one last, heartfelt look, turns, and MELTS AWAY into the shadows.

47 CATHY

47

reacts with dismay as Vincent vanishes, calling after him.

CATHY

Vincent!

But he's gone. Cathy turns away, confused and heartsick. Brigit looks from Cathy to the spot where Vincent fled, back again. Clearly, she grasps the situation. She moves toward the others as Donald RISES.

DONALD

Brigit O'Donnell, I presume...
where'd the other guy go?

BRIGIT

He had... promises to keep.
(touches Cathy's arm,
lightly)
... though I'm thinking he'd
rather have stayed...

Cathy looks up, gives Brigit a grateful smile, regains control of the situation.

CATHY

Brigit, are you all right? What
happened here?

BRIGIT

I'm fine... but it's not for want
of him trying.

She LEANS OVER Michael's unconscious form, reaches down, and PULLS OFF his plastic clown mask. We MOVE IN CLOSE on Brigit when she sees his features. She REACTS STRONGLY, surprised and dismayed.

CATHY

Brigit... what's wrong? Do you
know him?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

BRIGIT
 (angry, thoughtless)
 Oh, him and his sort, I've known
 them all my life. Michael
 MacBride, his name is. He's a
 good...
 (hesitation)
 ... a good IRA man.

48 ANGLE ON DONALD

48

as he REACTS with a tight, quirky smile, BRIEFLY seen and
 then gone again.

49 THE SCENE

49

CATHY
 It's all right now. We'll call
 the police.

DONALD
 No need. Actually, I can handle
 it from here, thank you.

CATHY
 (surprised)
 You?

DONALD
 (sheepish smile)
 I'm afraid I wasn't quite, ah,
 honest with you, Cathy.

He reaches under his pirate costume, pulls out a wallet,
 flips it open for Cathy's inspection.

50 INSERT - THE WALLET

50

One side displays a BADGE, the facing half a photo ID with
 "Donald's" face and the INTERPOL name and insignia.

51 THE SCENE

51

Donald closes the wallet again, shrugs apologetically.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

DONALD

(to Cathy)

I thought your father was about to blow my cover for a moment there back at the party, all that lawyer talk.

(to Brigit)

My apologies, Mrs. O'Donnell. We'd received a tip that an attempt would be made on your life, and I was supposed to stay close to you. Unfortunately, I, ah, hooked up with the wrong owl...

BRIGIT

It's perfectly all right. All owls look alike by night.

52 DONALD

52

searches around, finds Michael's pistol, unties his bandanna, and uses it to pick up the gun.

DONALD

Evidence. Got to be thorough.

He deposits the bandanna-wrapped gun in the trunk of his car, slams it shut, continues.

DONALD

We'll drop you back at the party. No reason everyone's Halloween needs to be ruined.

CATHY

No. I'll see it through.

(beat)

As long as the masks are coming off...

(removes her mask)

I'm with the District Attorney's office, Donald.

DONALD

(taken aback)

Are you? This is a night for surprises.

(beat)

Well, if someone will help me load sleeping beauty into the car...

CUT TO:

53 EXT. - CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

53

We FOLLOW as Vincent walks alone through the darkness, his face grave, melancholy. There are a lot of people in the park tonight, far more than usual. Vincent HEARS voices ahead of him -- laughter, footsteps -- and for a moment, old habits take hold. He stops, steps back warily into the shadows. Then he REALIZES what night it is. After a brief hesitation, he STEPS OUT, walks forward.

He strides down a footpath into a large grassy CLEARING in the park. A huge, roaring BALEFIRE burns in its center, surrounded by costumed people talking, laughing, drinking, dancing as an old man dressed as a GRASSHOPPER fiddles from atop a large rock.

54 VINCENT

54

stares at the fire and the people, the flames throwing flickering light across his features. A couple of the dancers notice him, approach LAUGHING, dance around him. We INTERCUT between Vincent's face and their masks. One of them, a sexy young woman done up as an ELF, tries to draw him into the circle, to join in the good times, but he resists. He has no place here, no part in this fellowship -- without Catherine, this easy acceptance is hollow, meaningless. Finally the elf-woman shrugs, lets go, runs off back to the others. Vincent walks away from the fire. People are coming and going all around him, all of them in costume. A man dressed as a HAMBURGER pedals past on a bicycle, and nods to him gravely.

When he approaches the DRAINAGE PIPE that opens onto the underground, he finds a MIME is performing in front of a small group of costumed people. Vincent begins to edge around them. The mime BARS his way, begins to pantomime around him, making Vincent part of his performance. For a brief moment Vincent allows it, then...

55 CLOSE ON VINCENT

55

as he bares his fangs and gives the mime a terrifying, ferocious SNARL.

56 BACK TO THE SCENE

56

as the startled mime scrambles back out of the way, and trips over his own feet. Vincent sweeps past him, into the darkness of the drainage pipe, as the people APPLAUD.

57 INT. - DRAINAGE PIPE - ANGLE ON VINCENT

57

as he opens the secret door to the underworld. Briefly, he pauses, listening, and faint and far off we HEAR the sound of music -- the fiddler at the balefire, echoing over the hills. Vincent SMILES a swift, sad smile, steps through the door, closes it behind him. When the secret door slides shut, the distant music CUTS OFF SHARPLY. Vincent lowers his head and begins his descent.

CUT TO:

58 INT. - DONALD'S CAR - NIGHT

58

Donald drives, Brigit beside him in the front, while Cathy shares the back seat with the unconscious Michael. They're moving down a major avenue, weaving in and out of cabs. Michael begins to MOAN. Brigit looks back.

CATHY

He's coming to.

Donald's eyes flick quickly to the rear-view mirror, as he turns the wheel hand-over-hand. They drive down a series of dark side streets, turning several times.

MICHAEL

Oh, god... where...

(winces, touches head)

... my head hurts something fierce.

BRIGIT

You ought to be grateful it's still attached to your shoulders, Michael MacBride.

MICHAEL

Ah, don't be taking that tone with me, woman. You know I'd never harm you. Damn it, it was Sean sent me.

BRIGIT

(cold, angry)

And am I supposed to care? He made it quite clear to me, he does not have a daughter.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MICHAEL
He's dying, girl...
(off her shock and
dismay)
There's not much time left to
him... he wants to see you again,
he sent me to you --

BRIGIT
(tearful)
Aye, that he did... with a gun
in your hand! My own flesh and
blood... what did I ever do to
make him hate me so?

59 ANGLE PAST DONALD

59

Donald's face is grim and dangerous as he listens. We MOVE
IN closer on him as the conversation continues.

MICHAEL
You got it all wrong. It wasn't
you I was after, girl, it was him
that was with you... him with the
cat mask.

CATHY
(shocked, alarmed)
Vincent?

BRIGIT
He was a friend...

MICHAEL
A murdering Orangeman was what
he was! We had the word, girl
... it's Sean they're after, but
they have no love for you... I was
to keep you safe, to bring you
secretly to your father...

60 CATHY

60

REACTS STRONGLY, everything falling into place for her.
All at once, she knows the terrible truth.

CATHY
(alarmed)
Where are we? This isn't --

61 EXT. - UNDER THE EL - NIGHT

61

The car stops suddenly with the SQUEAL OF BRAKES. They are on some dark, utterly deserted side street near the waterfront, beneath the iron pillars of an elevated train, surrounded by warehouses, factories.

CATHY'S POV

as Donald turns around, his gun in his hand. When he speaks, his carefully cultivated Americanisms have been replaced by a distinct IRISH ACCENT.

DONALD

The best thing about Croppies,
they're as stupid as they are
ugly...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

62 INT. - UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

Donald has forced everyone out of the car, and backed them up against the wall. Michael is groggy and unsteady, and Brigit helps to support him. 62 *

CATHY

Don't do this, Donald. Put down the gun... don't let this get out of hand. *

DONALD

It got out of hand a long time ago.

(to Michael)

Do you remember William Craig?

MICHAEL

Sure... a lying, murdering Orange bastard, he was.

DONALD

You and your lads didn't even have the courage to face him when you gunned him down. You waited till he was good and drunk, and caught him leaving the pub.

MICHAEL

It was no more than he'd done for better men than him.

CATHY

Stop it! Both of you! Donald, you don't need to do this. Turn him over to the police, let him pay for his crime.

DONALD

Oh, he'll pay for it, sure enough.

BRIGIT

(to Cathy)

It's no use, Catherine. You cannot talk sense to them.

(glances at Michael)

... to any of them.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

BRIGIT (Cont'd)
It's like a sickness with them
now, and there's not a drop of
human decency left in the lot of
them.

DONALD
Shut up. I've heard enough of
your damned pious speeches.
(to Michael)
Empty your pockets.

Defiant, Michael makes no move to comply. Donald cocks the
hammer on the pistol with a sharp, distinct CLICK. Brigit
looks frightened.

BRIGIT
Michael, do as he says.

Slowly, Michael TURNS OUT the pocket of the clown costume,
and spills their contents on the street.

63 ANGLE ON MICHAEL'S FEET

63

as a rain of crumpled bills, loose coins, matchbooks, and
other loose items CASCADES down around his clown shoes.
Among the items is a HOTEL ROOM KEY, attached to an
oversized, embossed plastic KEY RING.

64 DONALD

64

smiles. Faintly, we HEAR the distant RUMBLE of an on-coming
subway train.

DONALD
(to Michael)
My name is Jamie Craig. William
was my brother.

(Note: we will continue to refer to this character as
"Donald" in the script, for the sake of consistency).

CATHY
Your brother is dead. You won't
bring him back with murder.

The RUMBLE GROWS LOUDER.

DONALD
(louder)
I'm no murderer. This is an
execution...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

The sound of the subway is now MUCH LOUDER.

DONALD
(shouting)
For Ulster, and Billy!

The subway ROARS BY directly beneath, and the sound is DEAFENING. We SEE Michael snarling some curse, Cathy screaming "No!" to Donald, and Brigit pleading, but we do not hear the words. Michael goes for Donald, who squeezes off TWO SHOTS as Michael leaps forward, but even the sound of the gun is drowned out.

65 MICHAEL

65

Falls to the ground... The DEAFENING SOUND of the subway train recedes ...

66 BRIGIT AND CATHY

66

Silent tears run slowly down Brigit's cheeks, and she looks straight at Donald.

BRIGIT
(very quietly)
Damn you to hell.

Cathy wraps her arms around Brigit, who lays her head against Cathy's shoulder and begins to weep.

67 DONALD

67

edges forward, never taking his eyes off them, the gun trained. He KNEELS, picks up the hotel key with his free hand, rises and backs off a step with the key in the palm of his hand, glances down at it.

68 INSERT - THE KEY RING

68

in Donald's hand. CLAREMONT ARMS is stamped on the plastic in large letters, with a street address below. Donald's fingers CLOSE over the key.

69 BACK TO THE SCENE

69

adjusts the fold of his short cape, so it conceals the pistol from view.

DONALD
We're going for a ride.
(To Cathy)
You drive.
(beat)
Get going.

*
*
*

CATHY
Where are you taking us?

DONALD
There were three of them that killed William. I got the first a year ago, and Michael MacBride here was the second. You might say he was sort of a bonus. It was the other one I was hoping she'd lead me to...
(gestures with key)
... a gentleman name of Sean O'Neill, who I'm thinking might just be found in a certain hotel... ill too. But maybe a visit from his loving daughter will cheer him up...

OFF Brigit's look of FEAR and HORROR, we

CUT TO:

70 INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

70

Vincent slumps in his chair, brooding, as Father enters his chamber. Vincent looks up silently.

FATHER
Lana said that you'd returned.
Am I disturbing you?

Vincent shakes his head. Father sits beside him.

FATHER
Did you find Brigit?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

VINCENT

A man came after her with a gun tonight. She's given so much to her land and her people... beauty, courage, wisdom, all she had to give... and in return, she has gotten violence and grief and pain.

Father takes Vincent's hand, squeezes it. He remembers all too well the insane hatreds of the world above.

FATHER

Sometimes... during my first few years in the tunnels... I would lie awake at night, wondering if I'd done the right thing. Was I building a better, saner place down here, I asked myself, or just running from the evil above? I was full of such anger... I wanted to avenge all the wrongs I'd suffered.

VINCENT

Yet you never went back up...

FATHER

No. If I had, I think my anger would have consumed me... too long a sacrifice --

VINCENT

(finishes the quote)
Can make a stone of the heart.

Suddenly Vincent senses something, REACTS with alarm.

FATHER

What's wrong?

VINCENT

Catherine...

Father smiles with acceptance. The closeness of the moment has melted any resistance.

FATHER

Go to her, then.
(briskly, waving)
Go on. It's Halloween, isn't it?
And...
(smiles)
... you're not a child any more.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

They exchange a quick smile of shared understanding and Vincent exits, running.

CUT TO:

71 INT. - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

71

SEAN O'NEILL, Brigit's father, occupies one of two beds in this cluttered, seedy hotel room. He's in his sixties, a big man with a strong face, but he looks bloated, weak, in pain. His hair is plastered to his forehead by sweat, and periodically he's overcome by FITS OF COUGHING. Sean is a sick, dying man, hanging on stubbornly but fading. He's sitting up in bed, wearing an old sleeveless undershirt and a three day stubble, the tangled bedclothes around his waist. The window is OPEN, curtains blowing in the wind. Outside, the NEON LIGHT of a bar across the street flashes ON AND OFF, and the ironwork of a FIRE ESCAPE is visible.

A water tumbler and a bottle of IRISH WHISKEY are visible on the bedside table. Sean is pouring himself a glass when he HEARS the door being unlocked.

SEAN

Michael?

72 ANGLE ON DOOR

72

as it swings open, and Brigit comes through. She sees her father and HESITATES, overcome with emotion -- then is roughly SHOVED into the room from behind. She STUMBLES and falls to her knees by her father's bed. Donald steps through behind her, gun in hand, holding Cathy roughly by the arm and forcing her through. When they're all inside, he KICKS the door shut, and pushes Cathy away from him, over toward the bedside table.

Brigit looks up into Sean's face, and we INTERCUT between them. Trembling, Sean SETS DOWN the glass and the whiskey bottle, and they EMBRACE. It's an emotional reunion, but hardly the sort either dreamed of.

SEAN

(tearful)

Brigit...

DONALD

Very touching. Brings a tear to my eye, it does.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN
 (weak but defiant)
 And who the hell might you be?
 Where's Michael?

DONALD
 Burning in hell, old man, where
 you'll be joining him soon.

CATHY
 Jamie, he's an old, sick man.

SEAN
 I'm still strong enough to spit
 on the likes of him.
 (to Donald)
 Go on, do your worse. I'm dying
 anyway.

His defiant laugh disintegrates into a fit of COUGHING.
 Donald waits until he stops.

DONALD
 Oh, you'll die soon enough. But
 not until you've seen your
 daughter die before you.

Both Cathy and Sean react with HORROR.

SEAN
 (terrified, begging)
 No, please...
 (coughs)
 ... not Brigit...
 (coughing)
 ... she's... she never... it's me
 you want, not her... dear god,
 have mercy...

ANGLE ON DONALD

DONALD
 (cold-faced)
 I'll give her the same mercy you
 gave Billy.

Brigit faces him calmly as he slowly raises the gun, aims,
 PULLS BACK the hammer.

73 CATHY

73

reacts back behind her, grabs the tumbler full of whiskey off the bedside table, and FLINGS IT at Donald. Her aim is dead on -- she BOUNCES the glass off his nose, and gets the whiskey in his eyes. As Donald SCREAMS and claws at his face, Cathy grabs him, spins him around, SLAMS HIM back against a dresser.

74 CLOSE ON THE GUN

74

as it flies from Donald's grasp, lands on the bed.

75 THE FIGHT

75

Donald and Cathy are grappling when we HEAR a GUNSHOT. They FREEZE, startled.

76 ANGLE ON THE BED

76

Sean has recovered the gun, fired it into the ceiling. Now he aims it at Donald.

SEAN

Back off, now.

(they break apart)

I may be dying, but at least I'll be able to take one more murdering Orangeman with me before I go.

Brigit reacts with HORROR. She pulls away from him.

BRIGIT

Father, no...

SEAN

I don't like it any better than you, girl, but it's got to be done. He's no better than his brother... murdering scum... it was his sort killed your mum.

BRIGIT

(cold, deliberate)

Yes... and it was your sort who killed Ian.

She STANDS, and STEPS IN FRONT OF DONALD.

77 THE SCENE

77

Brigit blocks her father's aim. He grows frantic.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

SEAN
Get out of the way!

BRIGIT
No. It has to stop.

SEAN
Do as I tell you, girl. I'm your father!

BRIGIT
Are you now? That's news to me.
Go on, if you're so bound and determined to kill him. What's one more body? Think what a fine hero I'll be, once I'm dead.
(off his hesitation)
Well, go on! What are you waiting for? I'm nothing to you, a traitor, an Orangeman's whore...
Shoot!

78 CLOSE ON SEAN

78

He takes careful aim, his teeth clenched. But his hand begins to tremble... he can't do it.

SEAN
Brigit...
(lowers gun; breaks down weeping)

*

79 CLOSE ON DONALD'S HAND

79

Donald sees his chance, and quickly draws a dagger from his boot. Light SHINES off the razor-sharp blade as he pulls it, and we know it's not a fake.

*

*

80 ANGLE PAST BRIGIT ON DONALD

80

Donald GRABS Brigit from behind, twisting her arm back and holding the knife to her throat. He pulls her back, toward the open window.

DONALD
Come on, Brigit darling. We're leaving this party.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

We follow, focus TIGHT on them, as he throws one leg over the sill onto the fire escape. Outside the flashing neon light dimly illuminates a DARK FIGURE.

DONALD

I'll find you again, old man.

As he speaks we RACK FOCUS to REVEAL Vincent crouching on the fire escape outside; an instant later he REACHES THROUGH the window, grabs Donald around the neck and jerks him backwards through the window. Donald kicks and screams, but Vincent's strength is overpowering. The night air is filled with blood-curdling SNARLS...

DISSOLVE TO:

SEAN

(frightened)

Brigit!

Now Vincent hurls Donald back through the window like a rag doll. Donald rolls into some furniture, badly injured but alive. Brigit crosses to fall into her father's arms, holding him like she'll never get the chance again.

Cathy kneels beside Donald, checks him, then looks toward the window, where Vincent peers through the wind-tossed curtains. Cathy gives him a look of deep gratitude, nods that they'll be alright...

And Vincent is gone...

Cathy turns, looks toward the bed where

SEAN AND BRIGIT

still hold each other, years of hard feelings and pain melting away, leaving only the love of a father and daughter... warm, strong, unconditional...

CATHY

is moved by this reunion, looks out into the night... she knows who's responsible...

DISSOLVE TO:

81 EXT. - CLAREMONT ARMS - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE FROM THE ROOF 81

An ambulance has just PULLED AWAY from the curb. A couple of police cars stand by, their lights flashing. A few spectators have gathered, most of them in costume, although in this neighborhood it's hard to tell who is a hobo and who is only playing at one.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

CLOSER ANGLE - CATHY AND BRIGIT

They stand together on the front steps. As we watch, a couple of uniformed cops lead Donald out of the building in handcuffs. He's groggy, his costume torn and a bit bloodied, but very much alive. Cathy now looks up...

CATHY'S POV

Vincent stands high on the roof of the Claremont Arm, his cloaked figure silhouetted against the full moon...

BACK TO SCENE

Cathy turns to Brigit...

CATHY

They'll take your father to the hospital... I'll arrange for you to stay with him, if you like.

(off her nod)

Brigit, you know...

(hesitates)

BRIGIT

... that there are warrants out on the man, and he must be arrested too? Yes. I've lived with that since I was six.

(beat)

We won't have long together...

... not even three hundred days.

She TAKES Cathy's hand in one of hers, and holds it tight.

BRIGIT

But we have to take what we're given... three hundred days, a few months...

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

Cathy looks in her eyes, and a deep understanding seems to pass between the two women.

CATHY
(softly)
... or a single night.

Brigit smiles sadly, gives Cathy a quick hug, and climbs into the second police car. Both cars PULL AWAY, flashers going. The crowd begins to dissipate as spectators leave, return to the hotel. Finally Cathy stands alone on the sidewalk. She looks UP, again...

82 CATHY'S POV - THE ROOF OF THE CLAREMONT ARMS

82 *

Vincent is gone.

83 OMITTED

83

84 CATHY

84

is standing on the sidewalk, disappointed. Suddenly, Vincent emerges through the front door of the Claremont Arms. Their eyes meet, and we SEE all the longing and love and fear in their faces.

VINCENT
Will she...

CATHY
She'll be all right.

VINCENT
Good...

He starts to turn away, but Cathy takes his hand.

CATHY
(firmly)
No. Don't leave.

Vincent gives her an inquiring look. Cathy is nervous, insecure, and very vulnerable, but determined to say it.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

CATHY
She told me... that this is a
special night... Samhaim
(SAOWEN)... when...

VINCENT
(remembers, smiles)
... when the walls between the
worlds grow thin, and spirits of
the underworld walk the earth...

CATHY
Vincent, we can't waste it.

85 VINCENT

85

looks at her for a long, solid beat, his face closed. Then
he NODS, and his face breaks into the warmest, gentlest,
most radiant SMILE we've ever seen on him. Cathy SOBS with
joy and relief. Off their EMBRACE, we

DISSOLVE TO:

85A EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

85A *

A romantic, magical, gossamer night on the streets of New
York, streets turned strange and fabulous and enchanted by
the sorcery of Halloween. Use DOUBLE EXPOSURE and LAP
DISSOLVES as Cathy shows Vincent a side of this almost
mythic city that has always been barred to him before.

86 OMITTED

86

87 HOLD CLOSE on their faces, with various reactions.
OVERPRINT STOCK of assorted New York landmarks: the lights
of Broadway and Times Square, the Empire State Building,
Rockefeller Center, the Staten Island Ferry and the Statue
of Liberty, etc.

87 *

88
thru
91

OMITTED

88
thru
91

92

Vincent and Cathy, walking closely together down at a littered but deserted street very late in the morning. There's an ease between them, an acceptance -- on this night of masks and illusions, for a few short hours, they've been able to taste a life they'll never know.

92 *

DISSOLVE TO:

93

EXT. - EAST RIVER - DAWN (MATTE)

93

The huge stone arches of the BROOKLYN BRIDGE dominate the background as Cathy and Vincent sit together on a bench near the river. The sky is a dark pre-dawn blue, just starting to lighten, a magic hour. The great span of the bridge, stretching away over the river, is still festooned with lights, but Cathy and Vincent have eyes only for each other.

VINCENT

I've lived here all my life,
Catherine... yet somehow it's as
though I'd never seen the city
until tonight.

CATHY

You've seen so much of the
violence and hatred of my world
... I wanted you to know that
there's beauty as well.

VINCENT

(tenderly)

I've known that since the night
I found you, Catherine.

She smiles, LIFTS HER FACE to him. They seem enchanted, mythic lovers of the Samhain night. For a fleeting second, it seems that they will finally kiss, but just as Vincent begins to move, we HEAR pounding footsteps. The magic is shattered. They look up, BREAK APART slightly.

94

ANGLE ON JOGGER

94

A balding, pudgy man in jogging clothes, doing his dawn run, heaves into view, sees Vincent, and REACTS.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

JOGGER

What the...

(stops, laughs
nervously)Jeez, you gave me quite a fright.
(annoyed)Hey, man, Halloween was yesterday.

He jogs on, annoyed.

95 BACK TO THE SCENE

95

Vincent RISES from the bench. Cathy begins to reach after him, checks the motion -- somehow, with the rising of the sun, the distance between them is back.

VINCENT

I must go...

Cathy nods, wordless but accepting. She and Vincent exchange one last fond look before he turns and is gone.

96 CATHY

96

sits alone on the park bench. We MOVE IN SLOWLY on her as she looks out at the Brooklyn Bridge while dawn light fills the sky. She's weary but content after the long enchanted night. She sits for a moment, pensive, wistful, replaying every precious memory in her head. Then she hugs herself, and SMILES a slow, sweet smile.

FADE OUT

THE END