

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Temptation"

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NUMBERED HOUSE DRAFT

December 11, 1987

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"Temptation"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CATHERINE'S BUILDING - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - DAY 1

It's early morning; the streets are still quiet.

CUT TO:

2 INT. CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - DAY 2

Catherine's at her vanity, putting the final touches on her makeup. She turns her face, touches the scar on her cheek gently... It's no longer an ugly reminder of a tragedy, but rather a wound healed by love... the love of her life. Now she lowers her eyes to a date book on the table... a dried ROSE marks a special date a few days distant. She turns the pages to the marked place... the date is circled. Catherine lifts the perfect dried rose and touches it to her lips wistfully...

CATHERINE

(softly)

Vincent... My life began a year ago....

Off an incredibly beautiful CLOSE UP of CATHERINE,

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. D.A.'S OFFICE - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - DAY 3

The morning hustle bustle of Manhattan...

CUT TO:

4 INT. D.A. MORENO'S OFFICE - DAY 4

Catherine and Joe Maxwell are briefing Moreno on the progress of the Glassman investigation. Joe's pacing the office like a caged cat, working his rubberbands, as Moreno peruses the thick file. Catherine sits quietly, awaiting his reaction.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

MORENO  
(closes the file, takes  
off his glasses)  
Good, solid work.

JOE  
When do we go to the grand jury?

MORENO  
Too much of it circumstantial.  
Get me more witnesses willing to  
talk on the record, and we'll take  
Glassman to the dance. Any  
prospects, Chandler?

CATHERINE  
If that's what you need, I'll find  
them.

JOE  
Glassman's counterfeiting designs  
from the best fashion houses in  
Europe and flooding the country  
with knock-offs, with the mob's  
arms around him and their hands  
in his pockets. The longer we  
wait, the more time he's got to  
cover his tracks.

MORENO  
(looks at Joe)  
I'd like to see you put this  
"honest businessman" in stir for  
a long jolt, but we'll only get  
one shot. I want it nailed down  
tighter.

JOE  
(he's not going to budge  
Moreno)  
So we keep hammering.

Moreno's phone BUZZES; he leans to take it as Joe gathers  
up the files and starts out. Catherine rises to follow  
him when Moreno covers the receiver and calls to them.

MORENO  
I expect to see you both at the  
Mayor's reception tonight.

They give him pained little smiles of consent, go OUT.

CUT TO:

5 WITH JOE AND CATHERINE

5

as they cross the office toward her desk...

JOE

I suppose you've got a date.

CATHERINE

How about you?

JOE

Certainly. We did good in there, kiddo. Didn't knock his socks off, but we definitely have both shoes untied.

6 AT CATHERINE'S DESK

6

There's a wrapped package on her desk, and she's excited to see it. She sits and hurriedly unwraps it. Her face lights as she studies the rare book inside, a limited edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets. EDIE materializes behind Joe, curious about the package.

EDIE

That's what you've been chewing your nails over for two weeks?

CATHERINE

(turning the pages  
gently)

Shakespeare's Sonnets. A very rare limited edition. I found it through a collector in London.

JOE

Shoulda waited for it to come out in paperback.

He goes off toward his office.

EDIE

(she suspects romance  
is in the air)  
I didn't know you collect rare books.

Catherine knows Edie's fishing... and she's not biting.

CATHERINE

(a sly smile)  
I don't.

CUT TO:

7 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

7

Father's poring over some drawings at his work table when Vincent enters.

FATHER

Ah, Vincent. Have a look at these.

(as Vincent comes over to study the drawings)  
Mouse's diagrams for his project. A ventilation system for the deepest chambers.

VINCENT

Conceptually brilliant...

FATHER

(a smile)  
And quite impossible to execute. But even DiVinci failed on occasion.

(beat)

I'm on my way to meet Winslow to check on the progress with the reconstruction in the third quadrant. Will you join us?

VINCENT

Not today, Father. Narcissa's told me of a wondrous place she calls the crystal cavern. Finding my way there won't be easy. I don't expect to return until late tomorrow.

FATHER

Narcissa and her wild tales...

VINCENT

(a slight smile)  
You used to tell me when I was a boy that to disbelieve is to deny possibility.

FATHER

Why this sudden interest in mythical caverns?

VINCENT

I'm searching for a gift. A very special gift.

FATHER

For Catherine.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

VINCENT

Yes. It's been a year since she first came into my life.

Father's not thrilled to talk about Vincent's relationship with Catherine, but he's given up trying to talk sense to his son. And in the past year, Catherine has touched not only Vincent's heart, but his as well, though he won't admit it.

FATHER

I used to rue that day, Vincent.

VINCENT

I know...

FATHER

Don't misconstrue acceptance for approval. But you two share something... something I can't hope to understand.

VINCENT

(squeezing his shoulder affectionately)  
Perhaps one day you will.

STAY with Father as Vincent turns and goes OUT of SHOT, Father watching after him, then

CUT TO:

8 EXT. A MANHATTAN HOTEL - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - NIGHT 8

Maybe the Sherry Netherlands, or the Plaza... Limos glide in and out, depositing the rich and famous...

CUT TO:

9 INT. HOTEL RECEPTION ROOM - ANGLES TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT 9

The beautiful room is filled with beautiful people in evening dress. A trio is playing dance music, and the well-heeled crowd visit around banquet tables and portable bars. CAMERA plays around the room, finally FINDS

10 CATHERINE

10

Absolutely stunning in a shimmering evening gown... and alone. She's offered champagne by a waiter, sips it, her eyes scanning the room for familiar faces.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

JOE (O.S.)  
Your date parking the car,  
Radcliffe?

11 ANOTHER ANGLE

11

Joe materializes through the crowd. He's obviously uncomfortable in this crowd, but looks terrific in his tux. He's alone.

CATHERINE

(a smile)

And yours must be in the powder room.

JOE

They don't know what they're missing, huh?

CATHERINE

You look great in a tuxedo.

JOE

Fred Astaire with a build, am I right?

(pulling at his collar)

I feel like a head waiter. I hate parties like this. Everybody all dressed up to impress people they don't know.

CATHY

Loosen up, you might have a good time.

JOE

In this crowd? Give me a break.

(beat)

Moreno's over there with the mayor. Better pay your respects.

(she starts away)

Did I tell you how gorgeous you look?

CATHERINE

No.

JOE

Consider it done.

They trade smiles, and Catherine moves off through the crowd to find Moreno.

CUT TO:

12 INT. VINCENT IN WHISPERING GALLERY - STOCK 12

13 AT A BANQUET TABLE 13

Joe catches his reflection in a silver coffee urn, preens a bit, patting his hair into place. Very debonair... Now a second REFLECTION appears behind his own... a startling beautiful WOMAN...

14 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ERIKA SALVEN 14

smiles as Joe jerks around, flustered and embarrassed.

ERIKA  
(a lovely smile)  
You're blushing.

JOE  
No kidding.

ERIKA  
(offering her hand)  
I'm Erika Salven.

ERIKA SALVEN is in her early 30's, tall and dark haired. She's very beautiful, and her evening gown fits like a second skin. Joe takes her hand; the touch is electric.

JOE  
Joe Maxwell.

Their eyes meet and hold... There's attraction between them, hot and mutual. It takes her a moment to pull her hand away. Both are a bit undone by the voltage...

JOE  
Erika... Yeah, well nice to meet you...

ERIKA  
The music's nice. Do you dance, Joe?

JOE  
(a grin as he offers  
his arm)  
You are a gambler...

She laughs as he leads her out toward the dance floor...



15 WITH CATHY

15

She's standing with D.A. Moreno and few other official looking types, trying to keep her attention on the dry political talk. But her eyes keep wandering to the dance floor, where Joe and Erika are dancing and amusing hell out of each other.

16 JOE AND ERIKA

16

dance, Joe holding her like she's made of china and might shatter if he squeezes too tight.

JOE

Are you with the mayor's office?

ERIKA

No, I'm an attorney. You?

JOE

I'm an assistant D.A. Joe Maxwell, crime fighter. I left my cape with my other suit.

ERIKA

(laughs)

Are you ever serious?

JOE

They don't pay me enough.

They dance a moment; Erika eases against him, making herself comfortable... and Joe uncomfortable...

ERIKA

Your date's very beautiful. Is dancing with me going to make her jealous?

JOE

Date? Oh, you mean Cathy. No, she works with me. She's one of our top investigators. More brass than the bells at Saint Mary's. Who am I stealing you away from?

ERIKA

Byron Arlington Dobson the third. Very rich, very eligible, and unfortunately, very boring. I left him talking to his broker. I doubt he knows I'm gone.

JOE

He sure as hell should.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

ERIKA

Thank you, Joe. I love a man with  
impeccable taste.

She smiles warmly... and he holds her a little closer...

17 WITH CATHERINE

17 .

She's drifting away from Moreno's group when another one  
of the assistant D.A.'s, TED HANSEN, spots her and  
approaches.

TED

The gang's all here, huh  
Catherine?

CATHERINE

Hi Ted. I heard you got a  
conviction today on the Allen  
case. Congratulations.

TED

Thanks. Feel like dancing?

CATHERINE

Sure.

18 ON THE DANCE FLOOR - WITH CATHERINE AND TED

18

as they dance. Joe and Erika are still on the floor, a  
short distance away.

TED

(nodding at them)  
Joe's playing the fast track  
tonight.

(on her look)

That's Erika Salven, one of the  
hot young comers with Proctor &  
Benjamin. Hasn't he heard about  
fraternizing with the enemy?

A look of concern plays across Catherine's face as she  
watches Joe and Erika...

CUT TO:

19 INT. VINCENT IN CHAMBER OF THE WINDS - STOCK

19

- 20 INT. DEEP TUNNELS - NIGHT 20
- Vincent has made camp for the night in a small chamber somewhere far distant from his familiar surroundings. He's been on the move all day, and sleep isn't far off. He warms his hands over the flame from a small oil can fire, his mind filled with images of CATHERINE...
- 21 We DISSOLVE into a SERIES OF SHOTS OF CATHERINE at her most beautiful, culled from our past episodes, each shot blending into the next in a visual symphony of memories... Now we slowly DISSOLVE back INTO 21
- 22 VINCENT 22
- His face is bathed orange in the flickering flames as her beauty fills him...
- VINCENT  
(softly)  
Catherine... my life...
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 23 INT. HOTEL RECEPTION ROOM - HOURS LATER 23
- It's late; the crowd has thinned out. There's only one couple left on the dance floor: Joe and Erika.
- CLOSER - JOE AND ERIKA
- dancing cheek to cheek, eyes closed. They hold each other like lovers.
- 24 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT 24
- Joe and Erika kiss, get in limo, drive off...
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 25 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - AT CATHERINE'S DESK - MORNING 25
- Catherine's going over some work when Moreno calls to her as he passes through the shot.
- MORENO  
Where's Maxwell?
- CATHERINE  
He's... not in yet, sir.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

MORENO  
It's eleven thirty!

CATHERINE  
(trying to cover for  
Joe)  
He said something about taking  
depositions...

MORENO  
(going out)  
Tell him to see me, ASAP.

26 ANOTHER ANGLE

26

Catherine checks her watch with a worried look, then glances up to SEE JOE hurrying toward his office. He's still wearing his rented tux, and looks like he just got out of bed.

CATHERINE  
Joe...

JOE  
(on the go)  
Later, Radcliffe...

He enters his office, slams the door behind him. Catherine heaves an exasperated sigh and rises, heading for his office.

CUT TO:

27 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

27

Joe is standing in front of a framed picture, trying to catch his reflection in the glass as he runs an electric razor over his face. Cathy knocks as she comes IN, closes the door behind her.

CATHERINE  
Moreno's looking for you.

JOE  
Tell me about it. I had an eleven  
o'clock meeting with him.  
(turning)  
I look okay?

CATHERINE  
You must be kidding. Big night?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Joe grins with a mixture of pride and sheepishness, then turns back to his shaving.

JOE

This morning wasn't bad, either.  
I met the most incredible woman...

CATHERINE

Erika Salven.

JOE

You know her?

CATHERINE

I know she's with Proctor & Benjamin. Did you?

JOE

(a reaction; he didn't)  
So?

CATHERINE

So? They represent Philip Glassman, remember him? The guy we're grooming for a grand jury indictment?

JOE

There are more than a hundred lawyers with that firm. She's probably never heard of Glassman.

CATHERINE

You better start asking questions -- serious questions. You could be looking at a conflict of interest.

He crosses to stow the razor in a desk drawer, thinking about this new information and trying not to let it bother him.

JOE

You worry about Cathy. I'll worry about Joe.

(digs the bow tie from his pocket and holds it to his throat)

Too much?

CATHERINE

Too much. And wash your face. That perfume doesn't work for you.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

Joe hurriedly gathers up some files from his desk, hustles OUT as we

CUT TO:

28 INT. AN INTIMATE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

28

CAMERA FINDS Joe and Erika at a table in the small restaurant, MOVES IN... The atmosphere is a bit awkward; we've joined them in the middle of something.

ERIKA

Okay, I should have told you.  
And you're right. My interest  
in you isn't purely personal.

JOE

(an edge)  
The Glassman investigation, right?

ERIKA

(blankly)  
Glassman?

JOE

He's one of your firm's biggest  
clients. My office is  
investigating him.

ERIKA

(smiles)  
I don't know anything about that,  
I'm in the corporate area. But  
I guess you could say I'm mixing  
business with pleasure. Smile,  
Joe -- you're being scouted.  
Proctor & Benjamin is looking for  
a few good men -- trial attorneys  
with track records like yours.

Joe's caught off balance; a smile slowly pushes suspicion  
aside.

JOE

Then I'll let you pick up the  
check.

(beat)

So what about last night? Was  
that part of the job profile?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

ERIKA  
 (reaches to take his  
 hand)  
 That was for me.

A long, smoldering look between them...

DISSOLVE TO:

29 EXT. PROCTOR &amp; BENJAMIN BUILDING - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - 29

An impressive high rise on Fifth Avenue...

CUT TO:

30 INT. ERIKA SALVIN'S OFFICE - DAY 30

A beautiful office, exquisitely appointed. Erika is working at her desk. There's a beautiful arrangement of roses on the desk before her... a gift from a new admirer.

EVAN BENJAMIN slips into the office. Benjamin is a trim, dapper man in his sixties, one of the senior partners of the firm. Everything about him says power, and there's a razor's edge beneath the polish.

BENJAMIN  
 Good morning, Erika.

ERIKA  
 (starting to rise)  
 Mr. Benjamin...

BENJAMIN  
 Sit, sit. My, what have we here?  
 (crosses to read the  
 card)  
 Quite an extravagance for an  
 assistant district attorney.  
 (he sits in a wing chair  
 at her desk)  
 So, tell me about our Mr. Joe  
 Maxwell.

Erika hesitates, and in the hesitation, we sense her discomfort at her role in this charade.

ERIKA  
 He's... very nice. Bright,  
 charming, aggressive...

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

BENJAMIN

I know about the 'aggressive' part. How hard is he pushing the Glassman indictment?

ERIKA

I didn't feel comfortable pushing. I knew he'd sense something wrong and withdraw. This... assignment is rather delicate.

BENJAMIN

Of course. But bear in mind we haven't a great deal of time.

ERIKA

I'm aware of that. You're going to have to trust my instincts.

BENJAMIN

I'm sure you'll do whatever it takes to win Mr. Maxwell's confidence. When he realizes the options open to him, I'm certain he'll recognize what he has to gain by backing off this investigation. And what he has to lose if he doesn't.

(rises, starts for the door)

When are you seeing him again?

ERIKA

(hesitates)

I'm not sure...

BENJAMIN

The trick to landing a game fish is in setting the hook. Then the sport really begins.

(beat)

I know you won't disappoint me, Erika. We both have too much at stake.

He goes OUT, leaving Erika with her thoughts...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE



## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

31 INT. A NARROW, TWISTING TUNNEL - DAY 31

CAMERA MOVES with Vincent as he picks his way along a low, narrow tunnel, his lantern throwing eerie shadows against the walls. He has to stoop low to pass under an archway and into

32 INT. CRYSTAL CAVERN - DAY 32

Vincent holds the lantern high as he takes in the small chamber. The cavern seems to sparkle as the lamplight is reflected off hundreds of perfectly-formed crystals embedded in the walls and ceiling. Truly a place of myth and magic...

33 VINCENT 33

stands a long moment, his eyes filled with child-like delight as he plays the light around the crystal cavern...

VINCENT

Narcissa and her wild tales...

CUT TO:

34 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY 34

Joe's rushing to finish some paperwork when Catherine knocks, comes IN.

CATHERINE

Joe, I might be onto something. I just got off the phone with a wholesale jobber that's got a history with Glassman and some bruises to show for it. He sounds like a man looking to get even.

JOE

(distracted)  
So follow it up.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE

That's it? This could be a real  
break for us --

JOE

What do you want, hats and horns?  
You've got 'mights' and could  
be's".

(he notices her pained  
reaction, softens)

Sorry, Cath. My mind's going a  
hundred miles an hour. Talk to  
this guy, maybe you'll get lucky.

(glances at his watch)  
We'll touch base later. I'm  
running late for a meeting.

CATHERINE

With Erika Salven?

JOE

Yeah. Hey, why the worried look?  
You still thinking I might bump  
my head? Relax, kiddo.

(conspiratorially)

I wouldn't want this to leak out,  
but there might be a slot open  
for me at Proctor & Benjamin.

Catherine senses his excitement, and wants to share in  
it, but she cares too much about him to fake it.

CATHERINE

I... don't know what to say.

JOE

How about 'That's terrific!' or  
'congratulations'? We're talking  
a major career move here.

CATHERINE

From prosecuting mobsters to  
defending them.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

JOE  
 (she's hit a sore spot)  
 Don't go hysterical on me.  
 Granted, Evan Benjamin's nobody's  
 idea of a straight shooter, but  
 he's one man in a very large firm,  
 and he's the one with the wise  
 guy connections.  
 (beat)  
 I didn't sign on here to stay  
 forever. Nobody does. This could  
 be my shot.

He really wants her approval, but she can't give it to  
 him. He rises, shrugs into his coat and starts for the  
 door.

JOE  
 (an edge)  
 Follow up on that wholesale jobber  
 and brief me when you've got  
 something. I've gotta run.

And he's OUT the door, leaving her staring after him...

CUT TO:

35 INT. ERIKA SALVEN'S OFFICE - DAY

35

Erika's just wrapped a meeting with a couple of corporate  
 types and is seeing them to the door.

ERIKA  
 I'll be in touch as soon as we  
 review the material. I think we  
 can settle this without  
 litigation...

As the clients go OUT, we SEE JOE in the outer office.  
 She smiles, waves him in. Her Assistant follows him in,  
 so Erika and Joe keep it strictly business... a nice  
 handshake...

JOE  
 I guess I'm early.

ERIKA  
 I think I'm late.

Her Assistant is cleaning up after the meeting: bone  
 china cups and saucers, a silver coffee service. A touch  
 of class that Joe notices.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

ERIKA  
 (as her Assistant takes  
 the tray out)  
 See if you can move my two o'clock  
 to three thirty. Mr. Maxwell and  
 I will be taking a long lunch.

Erika closes the door after her... and comes into Joe's  
 arms for a passionate kiss.

ERIKA  
 That's more like it, Maxwell.

JOE  
 (looking around)  
 This is quite a layout.

ERIKA  
 Think you can get used to it?

JOE  
 (he's looking at his  
 future)  
 Yeah, I think I can.  
 (beat)  
 We better hustle or we'll miss  
 our reservation...

ERIKA  
 You think I rearranged my schedule  
 for food?

She kisses him again, urgently, hungrily, as we

CUT TO:

36 INT. ERIKA'S BEDROOM - DAY

36

A lush room, done with a feminine touch. Joe's propped  
 up in bed, watching Erika, who stands gazing out the  
 window across the room. She's wearing only Joe's shirt,  
 and looks languid and sensual.

JOE  
 Are we going to talk about what's  
 bothering you?

She turns to give him a soft smile, then drifts back to  
 sit on the bed beside him, trails her hand lovingly  
 through his hair.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

ERIKA

We're special together, aren't we?

JOE

(kisses her fingers)  
That's something to worry about?

She slowly withdraws her hand, looks for the words to bridge a painful subject.

ERIKA

Joe... this isn't easy to talk about, but we've got to. Because it concerns us both... our future together. You mentioned something the other night about a man you're investigating...

JOE

Philip Glassman.

ERIKA

(nods)  
You know Evan Benjamin represents him. The talk around the office is that you've got a good case against him.

JOE

(stiffens; the alarm bells are ringing)  
I'm not going to talk about it, Erika.

ERIKA

We've got to talk about it! Benjamin's old, losing his grip. What happens when you cut him to pieces in court, humiliate him? You think he's going to want you around to remind him he's a mere mortal like the rest of us? He can be very vindictive, and he's got terrific influence in the legal community. You could find yourself blackballed with every major firm.

JOE

There's no guarantee I'll win.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

ERIKA

If you lose, your luster as a hot young trial lawyer will fade. We both know that.

(with heartfelt concern)

You've got everything to lose and nothing to gain by pressing this indictment. It hurts, but there it is. Be mad... but be honest with yourself.

Joe's pissed, ready to fight, but her air of caring and vulnerability diffuses his anger; she's talking from the heart.

JOE

I can't just walk away, you know that.

ERIKA

I'm not asking you to. But cases move through the system because someone's behind them pushing. Remove that pressure, and things fall through the cracks. It's up to you how hard you push.

JOE

This isn't some damn game...

ERIKA

I don't think you're naive enough to believe that. And a game not played has no losers.

(beat, snuggles into his arms)

God, I hate talking about this. I just don't want to lose... us.

She draws circles on his chest while he holds her, a pensive, troubled look on his face as he mulls her words...

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - WITH CATHERINE -DAY

37

Catherine's at her desk, drumming a pencil impatiently, obviously waiting for something. EDIE approaches the desk with a sheaf of computer readouts, gives them to Catherine.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

EDIE  
 (a look toward Joe's  
 office)  
 What's the verdict?

CATHERINE  
 (looks at her watch)  
 What's taking him so long? I  
 thought he'd be pounding on  
 Moreno's door by now for a grand  
 jury date.

EDIE  
 A case of the hots makes it hard  
 to concentrate on business. This  
 Erika Salven must be some piece  
 of work.

CATHERINE  
 (surprised)  
 You know about that?

EDIE  
 Think I get all my information off  
 that video screen? The  
 grapevine's alive and healthy,  
 and the word is out, girlfriend.  
 Joe Maxwell's in luvvvvv...

38 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING JOE

38

as he pokes his head out of his office.

JOE  
 Let's talk, Cath...

Catherine flashes a "here we go" smile at Edie, hurries  
 toward his office...

CUT TO:

39 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

39

Joe's pacing the office, rubber bands in play, when  
 Catherine comes in, closes the door behind her.

CATHERINE  
 That deposition's a real page-  
 turner, isn't it? It puts  
 Glassman in a box and slams the  
 lid.

(CONTINUED)

JOE  
If they buy his story.

CATHERINE  
You don't?

JOE  
The guy's out to settle an old score. Revenge isn't a bad motive for perjury.

CATHERINE  
(rising anger)  
Come on, Joe! He can corroborate all of it! Don't tell me...  
(with the realization)  
You're playing devil's advocate.

JOE  
Maybe. But it's a long way from air-tight.

CATHERINE  
Moreno said he needed more, here it is! We're certain to get an indictment on the strength of this evidence --

JOE  
(snapping)  
You running this show now? We're not ready! Keep digging, find more witnesses...

Catherine glares at him, suspicion burning, pushing protocol aside...

CATHERINE  
I don't think a signed confession would be enough for you.

JOE  
What the hell's that supposed to mean?

CATHERINE  
You're backing away from this, Joe.  
(beat; seething)  
And we both know why.

She whirls and heads for the door...

(CONTINUED)



39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

JOE

Cathy!

But she's OUT the door, slamming it behind her...

CUT TO:

40 EXT. CATHERINE'S BALCONY - NIGHT

40

Catherine stands alone at the balcony railing, looking down at the city lights, unsettled by the storm of emotions raging within her.

CATHERINE

I don't know how to help him...

VINCENT'S VOICE drifts on the gentle night breeze.

VINCENT (O.S.)

You must try, Catherine...

41 ANOTHER ANGLE

41

Vincent stands in the shadows behind her, helping her through this painful time.

VINCENT

Not only for him, but for yourself. He may not listen to your words... but he can't deny your feelings.

CATHERINE

I don't have the right to judge him.

VINCENT

Only the duty to speak the truth.

(beat)

He'll have to find his own way, Catherine.

Off the look that passes between them,

CUT TO:

42 INT. D.A.'S OUTER OFFICE

42

(CONTINUED)

- 42 CONTINUED: 42  
(TO BE RE-WRITTEN)
- 43 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY 43  
Joe is at his desk, tie loosened and sleeves rolled up, going over some briefs. The phone BUZZES; he answers it.
- JOE  
Yeah? Sure, put her on... Hi, Erika...
- 44 We INTERCUT ERIKA in her office... 44
- ERIKA  
How's the man in my life?
- 45 JOE 45  
Never better.
- 46 ERIKA 46  
(his tone troubles her)  
Are we still on for tonight?
- 47 JOE 47  
Nine o'clock.... Yeah, me too.
- CUT TO:
- 48 INT. A MANHATTAN BISTRO - NIGHT 48  
This is an informal gathering place, catering to young professionals.
- 49 JOE AND ERIKA 49  
sit at a table in the back, and the tension between them is almost tangible. Erika stares down at her plate, unable to meet his eyes.
- ERIKA  
You're throwing away your future to win one damn case.
- JOE  
If I back away now, I've got no future. I have to live inside this skin the rest of my life.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

ERIKA

What about us, Joe? This could...  
change things.

JOE

(beat)

I don't want to lose you, Erika.  
But I can't lose myself to keep  
you.

She meets his eyes... a long, hurting moment... The Waiter  
appears with their dinners, starts to put them down.  
Erika rises, wipes the tears that sting her eyes, starts  
away...

Joe digs bills from his pocket and throws them on the  
table, follows her out....

CUT TO:

50 EXT. ERIKA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

50

Joe's car pulls up in front...

CUT TO:

51 INT. JOE'S CAR - NIGHT

51

They sit a moment in awkward silence. Erika opens her  
purse, digs around and comes out with a tissue, wipes her  
eyes.

JOE

It was all just business, wasn't  
it?

ERIKA

(hushed)

I'm sorry, Joe. Please believe  
that.

She opens the door; Joe starts to get out.

ERIKA

No...

52 LOW ANGLE

52

As she climbs out, she drops something from the palm of  
her hand...

53 JOE'S POV - ERIKA 53

closes the car door and walks past her Doorman into the building without looking back...

54 JOE 54

watches her go, hurt rising in his throat, then starts the car, pulls out into traffic...

CUT TO:

55 EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - WITH JOE'S CAR - NIGHT 55

as it moves through traffic. An NYPD cruiser suddenly roars up behind it, turret lights coming on and SIREN bawling. Joe pulls over, the cruiser behind him. Two Cops jump out, guns drawn, and move up either side of the car.

COP #1

Keep your hands in plain sight  
and step out of the vehicle!

Joe climbs out, his smile fading when he sees the drawn guns.

JOE

Whoa, take it easy. I'm with the  
D.A.'s office.

COP #1

Turn around and put your hands  
against the car.

JOE

(doing it)  
This is ridiculous...

The first Cop pats Joe down, finds his wallet, checks the I.D. The second Cop is shining his flashlight into the car, visually searching it.

COP #1

Sorry, Mr. Maxwell, but your car  
matches the description we just  
got on a two-eleven suspect  
vehicle.

JOE

(relieved)  
Hey, no problem. Honest  
mistake...

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

The second Cop is leaning in the passenger's side of Joe's car; he comes out, walks over to join his partner, shows him a small GLASSINE ENVELOPE filled with white powder.

COP #2

Found it on the floorboard.

JOE

Come on, you gotta be kidding...

COP #1

Mr. Maxwell, you're under arrest  
for possession of narcotics.

Joe can't believe this is happening; it's a nightmare. The first cop gets out his handcuffs while the second cop reads Joe his rights...

COP #2

You have the right to remain  
silent. Anything you say may be  
taken down and used against you  
in a court of law...

TIGHT - JOE'S WRISTS

are cuffed behind his back...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

56 EXT. MANHATTAN - (STOCK) - MORNING 56

Morning craziness as the city gears up for another day...

CUT TO:

57 INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - MORNING 57

Catherine, in her nightgown and robe, pads across to the front door, unchains and opens it, leans out to grab the morning paper.

58 IN THE DINING NOOK 58

Catherine's sitting at the table with juice and coffee, scanning the newspaper headlines. She reacts to a story on the bottom of the front page.

CATHERINE  
 (shocked disbelief)  
 No...

59 INSERT - NEWSPAPER 59

The headline: "D.A. NABBED IN DRUG BUST." Beside the story, a file shot of JOE MAXWELL.

60 RESUME SHOT 60

Her face darkens as she reads the story, then rises and hurries toward the bedroom as we

CUT TO:

61 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - WITH CATHERINE - MORNING 61

as she moves purposefully through the busy office toward Joe's door, opens it without knocking. The office is empty. Edie appears behind her, looking grim.

EDIE  
 He's been suspended, Cathy.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

CATHERINE  
 (storming away)  
 I'll be in Moreno's office.

CUT TO:

62 INT. D.A. MORENO'S OFFICE - MORNING

62

Catherine's reading Moreno the riot act, and she's been at it awhile.

CATHERINE  
 This whole thing is a set-up!  
 You know that!

MORENO  
 Of course I do! But he has to stay on the sidelines until we can clear it up. Procedure dictates --

CATHERINE  
 -- Joe deserves better than procedure!

MORENO  
 Agreed. So get on it, Chandler. Everything else goes on the back burner until he's cleared.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT - WITH CATHERINE - DAY

63

She comes down the hall, checking door numbers, finds Joe's and knocks.

JOE (O.S.)  
 I don't want any.

CATHERINE  
 Joe, it's Cathy...

After a moment, Joe opens the door.

JOE  
 A real red letter day, huh? I finally got my picture in the papers.

She brushes past him into

64 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

64

A small bachelor's pad, homey and comfortable. Lots of bookcases, stereo equipment, framed prints on the walls, etc.

CATHERINE

(sits on the couch,  
pulls a file from her  
purse)

I got a copy of the police report and talked to the arresting officers. There's no way this will ever stick. The phone tip was bogus, there was no robbery, no getaway car, so the search was illegal from the get-go. The evidence will be suppressed. I'll have the charges dropped before the end of the day.

Joe crosses to pick up the newspaper from the coffee table, flashes it at her.

JOE

The damage is done, kiddo. The headline is what people remember. I'm just another rat who beat the system on a technicality.  
(balls the paper and  
hurls it)

Damn her!

He crosses to look out the windows for a long beat.

CATHERINE

You'll come through this, Joe. Moreno's not about to desert you, you're too valuable...

JOE

Yeah, but I'll be shuffling papers, not trying cases. Lawyers in mud-splattered suits don't fare too well with juries.

CATHERINE

(a little heat)  
Are you just going to crawl off and lick your wounds? The fight's not over yet!

JOE

Save the pep talk, Radcliffe. I'm out to sea in a cardboard boat, and we both know it.

(CONTINUED)



64 CONTINUED:

64

A strained moment; the facts are on Joe's side, and Catherine can't cheerlead in an empty stadium. He smiles tightly, shakes his head...

JOE

(continuing)

Be careful of what you wish for, huh? She played me like a bass fiddle, knew every chord to stroke... The kicker is that I really cared about her. And I let myself believe...

(shakes it off)

It's the weirdest thing... in spite of all this, I feel good, like I'm back in control. I can look in the mirror and like the guy I see in there.

(turns to her)

You pulled me off the razor's edge. And I won't forget it.

CATHERINE

You're sure it was Erika?  
Benjamin could have paid somebody  
--

JOE

-- It was Erika.

Catherine shoves the file back in her case, rises and starts for the door.

JOE

(continuing)

Forget about it, Cath. You'll never be able to prove anything...

CATHERINE

(a tight smile)

Like you always say, Joe: Trust me on this one.

She goes OUT. Joe makes a wry smile after her as we

CUT TO:

65 INT. ERIKA SALVEN'S OFFICE - DAY

65

Erika's at her desk going over some files when the phone BUZZES. She answers.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

ERIKA

Yes?

(a worried look; she's  
been expecting this)  
Of course. Show her in.

She hangs up, takes a deep breath to steady herself, then rises to come around the desk as her Assistant shows Catherine in.

ERIKA

(extending her hand)  
Miss Chandler...

Catherine ignores the offered hand, staring coldly. Erika turns to her Assistant.

ERIKA

(continuing)  
Hold my calls, please.

66 ANOTHER ANGLE

66

Her Assistant goes OUT, the door whispering shut behind her. Erika tries for an attitude of concern, and it's not hard to find.

ERIKA

(moving to sit behind  
her desk)

I want you to know I don't believe a word of these charges against Joe. If there's anything I can do to help...

CATHERINE

Let's not waste each other's time. You had one purpose for getting involved with Joe, and that was to kill the Glassman investigation. You seduced him, bribed him with the offer of a job here, and when that failed, you set him up for a drug bust to discredit him.

ERIKA

That is the most outrageous --

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

CATHERINE

-- You won't come out of this clean, I promise you. You're the one loose end in this. And Philip Glassman and his people don't like loose ends. If you're lucky, we'll get to you first.

ERIKA

I won't sit here and listen to this --

CATHERINE

-- Yes you will. Because there must be a shred of decency in you, or Joe couldn't have fallen in love with you.

ERIKA

(beat; her armor's slipping)

I'd like you to leave now.

CATHERINE

Is it so easy for you to throw him away?

Erika looks away, weakening... it's not easy for her at all...

CATHERINE

(softer)

I know this wasn't your idea. Come forward and name names in exchange for immunity.

Erika can't look at her; she's afraid her guts will spill out. Catherine waits a long beat, senses now's not the time to push. She rises, takes a card from her purse and slides it across the desk.

CATHERINE

I don't know what you're getting out of this... but it will never be enough.

(moves to the door,  
turns back)

Search your heart, Erika. If you care about him, call me.

She goes OUT, leaving Erika to deal with the emotional turmoil eating at her.

CUT TO:

67 INT. MOUSE'S CHAMBER - DAY

67

Mouse and his raccoon Arthur are busy at the work bench when Vincent comes IN. Mouse is delighted to see him.

MOUSE

(rising)

Vincent! Where've you been? Gone yesterday, gone the day before...

VINCENT

To a magical place, Mouse. A crystal cavern.

MOUSE

(grins)

Was it neat?

VINCENT

(a smile)

Very neat.

He takes a pouch from his belt and comes to the work bench to open it, spilling small, perfectly-formed crystals into his palm. Mouse's eyes light as he stares. Vincent selects one and gives it to him.

VINCENT

(continuing)

For you.

MOUSE

(turning it, studying it)

It's perfect! Look what it does to the light...

VINCENT

(holding up another)

Formed millions of years ago with artistry no man could ever match. Timeless beauty frozen for eternity.

MOUSE

It's the most beautiful of all.

VINCENT

Yes... for Catherine. It would make a beautiful necklace, if perhaps you could help...

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

MOUSE  
 (flattered)  
 Me? Help?  
 (Vincent smiles, nods)  
 Okay good, okay fine!

Mouse turns, rummages through some trinket boxes on his work table...

MOUSE  
 Drill a hole, stick on a thingy to put a chain through, no problem... Catherine... What's it like to be in love, Vincent?

VINCENT  
 Poets have been trying to put it into words for centuries.

MOUSE  
 What's it like for you, Vincent?

VINCENT  
 (a long moment;  
 heartfelt)  
 For me, it was the beginning of a new life... and the end of my aloneness.

Mouse digs in one of the boxes, smiles as he draws out an old cameo on a beautiful gold chain.

MOUSE  
 Think she'll like it?

VINCENT  
 Yes, I think she will.

As Mouse sets happily to work on making the necklace, we

DISSOLVE TO:

68 INT. ERIKA'S OFFICE - DAY

68

Erika's at her desk, lost in thought, her face troubled and pensive. She reacts with a start when EVAN BENJAMIN comes IN.

BENJAMIN  
 I understand you had a visitor, Erika. From the district attorney's office.

(CONTINUED)

ERIKA

Yes... Catherine Chandler. She's one of Joe Maxwell's investigators.

BENJAMIN

Of course she knows of your... connection to Maxwell. And she suspects your involvement?

Erika's a bit flustered, but tries to mask it.

ERIKA

She has no proof...

BENJAMIN

No.

(beat)

What did you tell her?

ERIKA

Nothing. I denied any involvement.

BENJAMIN

But she didn't believe you. She knows Maxwell too well.

(beat)

It's important you remain strong, Erika. I think you realize that.

Benjamin crosses to look down at traffic for a long moment.

BENJAMIN

(continuing)

You're fond of Maxwell, aren't you? That concerns me.

ERIKA

It shouldn't...

BENJAMIN

Perhaps not.

(turns)

You've done well, Erika. Mr. Glassman will be pleased. Without Maxwell's dogged pursuit of this indictment, the odds are long it will ever get to the grand jury.

She doesn't answer. She feels guilty as hell for what she's done... and he senses it.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

BENJAMIN

I hope you haven't personalized  
a business relationship, Erika.  
That can be dangerous. Very  
dangerous.

ERIKA

(the threat is very  
real)

Mr. Benjamin, I swear to you...

BENJAMIN

There's no room in this for second  
thoughts. Remember that.

He gazes with ice-cold eyes a long moment, then turns and  
leaves the office... leaving a very shaken Erika Salven  
behind. HOLD on her for a long moment, then

CUT TO:

69 EXT. CATHERINE'S APT. BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - EVENING 69

Darkness is coming on...

CUT TO:

70 INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - EVENING 70

We're in the bedroom; the SOUND of the SHOWER is heard  
from the bathroom. After a moment, the bedside PHONE  
begins ringing... The SHOWER goes OFF...

Catherine, wrapped in a towel, hurries IN from the  
bathroom to make a grab for the phone just as the  
ANSWERING MACHINE picks up the call. She turns it off,  
speaks into the receiver.

CATHERINE

Hello?

71 INTERCUT ERIKA SALVEN in her office. She's anxious,  
worried... 71

ERIKA

Miss Chandler? It's Erika Salven.  
I think... we should talk.





## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

77 EXT. PROCTOR &amp; BENJAMIN BUILDING - NIGHT 77

CUT TO:

78 INT. PROCTOR &amp; BENJAMIN LOBBY - NIGHT 78

Catherine comes into lobby and crosses toward the elevator, eyes sweeping, searching. No sign of life...

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)  
The building's closed, Miss.

79 ANOTHER ANGLE 79

Catherine turns to see a uniformed Security Guard approaching. She digs in her purse, comes out with her D.A.'s office ID.

CATHERINE  
(showing it to him)  
Catherine Chandler, District  
Attorney's office. I'm meeting  
Erika Salven. She's expecting  
me.

SECURITY GUARD  
Who's she with?

CATHERINE  
Proctor & Benjamin.

SECURITY GUARD  
Just a minute, please...

He crosses to his desk, consults the office directory and calls Erika's office.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

SECURITY GUARD

Ms. Salven? This is lobby security. There's a Ms. Chandler from the D.A.'s office here to see you... fine. Thank you.

(hangs up; to Catherine)  
You can go on up, Ms. Chandler.

CATHERINE

Thank you.

She moves toward the elevators...

CUT TO:

80 INT. ERIKA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

80

Erika's pacing the office nervously when a KNOCK SOUNDS at the door; she freezes, listening...

CATHERINE (O.S.)

(through the door)

Erika, it's Catherine Chandler.

Relief floods Erika as she hurries to unlock the door and lets Catherine in, closing and locking the door behind her.

ERIKA

Thanks for coming. I was so frightened... I thought someone was following me when I tried to leave...

CATHERINE

I didn't see anybody out there. You'd better sit down and catch your breath.

81 ANOTHER ANGLE

81

The two women cross the office to sit on a couch, and Erika gets a grip on her fear.

ERIKA

Benjamin came to see me after you left and made some veiled threats. He's afraid I'll talk...

(beat)

This whole thing has become... a nightmare. I never thought it would go this far.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

CATHERINE

What did you think? That you could obstruct justice and destroy a good man's life without any repercussions?

ERIKA

I was willing to believe that I could. Benjamin made it all sound so reasonable. No one would get hurt.

CATHERINE

Someone always does. Tell me what happened.

ERIKA

Benjamin was afraid his client Glassman would be indicted and convicted, unless Joe could be... convinced to stop pressing the investigation. He knew Joe could never be bought...

(looks down; quietly)

Not with money.

CATHERINE

How much did Benjamin pay you?

ERIKA

(a bitter laugh)

He wasn't quite that obvious. He knew how to hook me -- he offered me a partnership in this firm. It made it... easier. I could think of myself as a businesswoman with an opportunity... instead of a prostitute.

(beat)

Once I was in, there was no way out. Even after I fell in love with Joe.

(beat)

What will it take to clear his name?

CATHERINE

Are you willing to come to my office and give me a full statement of your part in this?

ERIKA

Yes. When?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

CATHERINE  
How about now?

ERIKA  
(rising)  
Let's go.

Erika gets her coat and purse as Catherine rises.

CATHERINE  
Thank you, Erika. I'm sure Joe  
will appreciate what you're doing.

ERIKA  
It's not just for Joe. I'm trying  
to get back a piece of myself.

As the women move toward the door,

CUT TO:

82 INT. OUTER OFFICE AREA - NIGHT

82

Catherine and Erika cross the quiet reception area toward the elevators, punch the button and wait for the car. Catherine glances down, catches the movement of a SHADOW. She looks back, sees

83 A MAN - CATHERINE'S POV

83

dart back into hiding across the room.

84 RESUME SHOT

84

Catherine doesn't say anything; she doesn't want to spook Erika. The elevator doors open, and they enter the car. As the doors close on CAMERA, PAN OFF TO CATCH

85 THE MAN

85

as he steps from hiding. He's well dressed, professional muscle named CASSUT. He raises a walkie-talkie to his mouth.

CASSUT  
They're coming down. Both of  
them. First car.

CUT TO:

86 INT. PROCTOR &amp; BENJAMIN LOBBY - NIGHT

86

The Security Guard is still on duty in the lobby. His name is HOPKINS, and he isn't really minimum wage material. He pulls an automatic pistol from his belt holster, expertly screws a silencer onto the barrel. Now he moves toward the elevators, glancing around to make sure there are no witnesses.

ANOTHER ANGLE - HOPKINS

watches the numbers above light as the elevator descends toward the lobby... He moves into position, gun coming up into firing position as the DOORS OPEN... but the car is EMPTY. Hopkins pockets the gun, reaches for his walkie-talkie with his other hand.

HOPKINS

Car's empty!

CASSUT'S VOICE

(radio filter)

They must be on the stairs.

Hopkins heads for the stairs...

CUT TO:

87 INT. STAIRWELL - WITH CATHERINE AND ERIKA - NIGHT

87

They move quickly down the stairs, their footsteps echoing as high heels strike steel. The lighting on the stairs is stark, slashes of white through blackness, giving the scene an almost strobe-light effect as the women make their way down...

They reach a landing, move to the heavy fire door. It's locked.

CATHERINE

Damn! One-way fire doors...

ERIKA

(starting to panic)

My god, we're trapped, we'll never

--

Catherine raises her hand for silence, listening... SOUNDS of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ECHO from above as Cassut makes his way down the stairs. Catherine slips off her shoes, motions for Erika to do the same.

CATHERINE

We've got to outrun him. Let's go!

(CONTINUED)

- 87 CONTINUED: 87  
They move, soundlessly now, down the stairs and OUT of SHOT...
- 88 STAIRWAY - WITH CASSUT 88  
as he comes down the stairs, shoes loud in the oppressive silence...
- 89 STAIRWAY - WITH CATHERINE AND ERIKA 89  
They're really moving... Erika suddenly stumbles and falls hard, a cry of pain breaking from her lips. Catherine helps her up, but she's hurt, can't put weight on her foot. Catherine loops Erika's arm around her shoulder, helps her down the stairs. It's slow and painful going now...
- 90 STAIRS BELOW THEM - TIGHT ON HOPKIN'S SHOES 90  
climbing up the stairs... flashing in and out of slashes of light...
- 91 STAIRS ABOVE THEM - TIGHT ON CASSUT'S SHOES 91  
walking down the stairs...
- 92 WOMEN'S FEET 92  
padding down the stairs, Erika limping badly...
- 93 CATHERINE AND ERIKA 93  
stop to catch their breath. The FOOTSTEPS ECHO down from above; Cassut's still coming. But now more FOOTSTEPS are HEARD... these from below... The women trade worried looks; they're trapped, and there's nowhere to run...
- CATHERINE  
(urging her forward)  
Come on...
- 94 WITH HOPKINS 94  
as he climbs up toward a landing, gun in hand... Catherine is coming down from above, sees him. Relief floods her face.

(CONTINUED)

- 94 CONTINUED: 94
- CATHERINE  
You've got to help us...
- HOPKINS  
No problem...
- Catherine glances at his gun, SEES the SILENCER... She shoves Erika sideways as Hopkins FIRES; the bullet ricochets crazily off the steel. Catherine pivots, throws a perfect kick to his belly, doubling him over. She strikes quickly with her high heel, catching him in the face. He's knocked backwards down the stairs, and he bounces awhile...
- 95 CLOSE - CATHERINE AND ERIKA 95
- Catherine scrambles for Hopkin's gun lying on the landing, but her fingers hit it a glancing blow, sending it clattering down the stairs.
- CASSUT (O.S.)  
Tough break...
- Catherine turns, looks up to see
- 96 CASSUT 96
- standing a few steps up from the landing, hidden in shadow. Now he steps slowly down into a shaft of light... and raises his silenced automatic...
- CASSUT  
(softly)  
Lights out...
- 97 FLASH CUT - VINCENT'S FANGS 97
- are bared; his ROAR shakes the stairwell above Cassut.
- 98 CASSUT 98
- whirls with a start, eyes going wide as he brings the gun up...
- 99 VINCENT 99
- is glimpsed in a slash of light, EYES GLITTERING and FANGS BARED, as he siezes Cassut...

100 CASSUT'S FEET 100

are jerked up and OUT of FRAME as Vincent exerts his terrific strength, snatching Cassut up as a child might a rag doll. The SILENCED PISTOL FIRES, barely audible over the SNARLING... The pistol clatters down the stairs INTO SHOT...

101 CASSUT 101

claws wildly for purchase, but Vincent heaves him over the railing... His wild shriek echoes up the stairwell as he plunges to his death...

102 CATHERINE 102

is kneeling on the landing with Erika, shielding her... and keeping her from getting a look at Vincent. Catherine looks up, gives VINCENT a look of deep gratitude... and he's gone... Erika is sobbing, terrified... Catherine holds her a long moment, comforting her, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

103 EXT. D.A.'S OFFICE - ESTABLISHING (STOCK) - DAY 103

CUT TO:

104 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - AT CATHERINE'S DESK - DAY 104

She's waiting anxiously when Joe comes out of Moreno's office and INTO SHOT, a grin spreading over his face as he crosses to her desk.

CATHERINE

Well...?

JOE

We've got a date with the grand jury two weeks from today. And when we take Glassman to trial, I'll carry the ball.

CATHERINE

(beaming)

It couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

(beat)

Have you talked to Erika?

(CONTINUED)



104 CONTINUED:

104

JOE

(shakes his head)  
She's in good hands with the  
witness protection people.

(beat)

It took guts for her to come  
forward. Maybe someday...

CATHERINE

You okay, Joe?

JOE

I am now.

(a long beat)

I owe you, Cath. Thank you just  
doesn't seem enough.

CATHERINE

You could give me a couple of  
weeks off...

JOE

Forget it! I need those Martin  
depositions by Monday morning!

CATHERINE

(a grin)

You're all heart.

He reaches to take her hands in his, squeezes them  
gratefully... the gesture says it all. A moment, then  
EDIE comes into shot with a stack of newspapers under her  
arm.

EDIE

I got the twenty copies you  
wanted.

JOE

(taking them)

Great... I'm sending one to all  
my relatives...

(holds it up)

This one I'm framing.

It's one of the New York tabloids, emblazoned with the  
headline: "D.A. CLEARED IN DOPE FRAME! MOB MOUTHPIECE  
BUSTED!" Photos of Joe and EVAN BENJAMIN.

OFF their smiles,

DISSOLVE TO:

105 INT. CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

105

Catherine's at her vanity, putting the final touches on her makeup. She looks radiant... this is a very special night. The lovely music of CHOPIN drifts from the living room. She looks down at the book she got for Vincent, trails her fingers across it with a wistful smile. A soft TAPPING on the balcony doors draws her attention.

ANOTHER ANGLE - VINCENT

is silhouetted against the glass. Catherine picks up the book of sonnets and rises to cross the room, opens the door...

CATHERINE

Vincent...

ON THE BALCONY

Vincent stands a long moment, drinking in her beauty.

VINCENT

How beautiful you are.

CATHERINE

For you...

(beat; heartfelt)

A year ago tonight...

VINCENT

My life began.

He takes a small leather pouch from his pocket, opens it, and shakes the crystal necklace into his palm.

VINCENT

(continuing; slipping  
it over her head)

A treasure from the world below...  
a remembrance of the beauty which  
lies beneath the surface.

CATHERINE

(touching the crystal  
gently, looking into  
his eyes)

I could never forget.

She gives him the beautiful volume of sonnets, a place marked by a rose. He admires it with gratitude for a long beat, deeply moved, then opens it to the 116th sonnet.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

VINCENT

(reading aloud)

"Let me not to the marriage of  
true minds Admit impediments. Love  
is not love which alters when it  
alteration finds or bends with  
the remover to remove...

CATHERINE

"O no, it is an ever-fixed mark  
that looks on tempests and is  
never shaken; it is the star to  
every wand'ring bark, Whose worth  
unknown, although his height be  
taken...

VINCENT

"Love's not time's fool, though  
rosy lips and cheeks Within his  
bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief  
hours and weeks, But bears it out  
even to the edge of doom.

If this be error upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

They share a long look of longing... sweet pain... and  
unspoken joy... She comes into his arms, resting her face  
against his chest as he holds her close, feeling her heart  
beating next to his...

HOLD for a long moment, then

FADE OUT

THE END