

"Song Of Orpheus"

Written By

Alex Gansa

and

Howard Gordon

26 June, 1986

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Song of Orpheus"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

A WOMAN'S BOSOM

pressed close against an unseen gentle man's sharkskin suit. swaying to Glen Miller's "Moonlight Serenade: " CAMERA SLOWLY PANS:

INT HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON - 23 ROOM - (DREAM SEQUENCE) NIGHT

It's 1949, and we're on the dance floor, as if watching through a soft, floating veil...and we STAY ON a couple. The woman is in her late fifties, and has that Quality of beauty that radiates. The MAN with whom she dances wears a tuxedo, although his face remains hidden from us, for a few blissful moments, we turn and dance with them. AS CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN ON HER FACE which reflects not only beauty, but love -- and suddenly horror, as we:

WIDEN TO REVEAL

that she is alone. Her partner has vanished. She scans the place.

HER POV - VARIOUS SHOTS

The Man in the Tuxedo is nowhere.

RESUME

WOMAN

now approaching panic, as the MUSIC diminishes and slurs, giving way to the more jarring, intrusive, and almost mocking SOUNDS of the club: glasses clinking, laughter, coughing, she plows through the crowd, passes through a billow *of* smoke, and spots:

A MAN IN A TUXEDO

seated at the bar. She moves quickly to him, touches his shoulder. He wheels around -- it's the wrong man - and he looks at her like she's crazy. She takes off in the other direction, pushing through the crowd, and we are:

OUTSIDE THE CLUB - NIGHT

The Woman comes through the entrance of the club, continuing her frantic search. The streets are slick with rain, reflecting color and light and the cars make an adhesive sound. The sidewalk courses with pedestrians, from Park Avenue swells to Bowery drunks -- who seemingly conspire to block her progress. But the Man in the tuxedo is nowhere.

AT AN INTERSECTION

she stops and looks around, breathing heavily. Then something O.S. catches her attention.

HER POV

a crumpled black mass by a concrete drainage grate in the curb across the street.

RESUME WOMAN

as she crosses the street, oblivious to a passing CHECKER CAB that blares its horn at her. She kneels before the drainage grate, and reaches out tentatively to the crumpled black mass, half of it sucked down between the grate. She picks up the tuxedo by the shoulders. It is strangely intact -- pants too -- but no one is inside. And as she looks in horror at the bedraggled tuxedo...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - I.C. UNIT - ON MARGARET SINCLAIR - DAY

as she wakes up from her dream in this still sterile place, hooked up to an I.V.

ALAN (O.S.)

Margaret

She has difficulty speaking, her words slurred by gravity, medication, and pain.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE ALAN LODGE

who sits beside her, a lawyer in his late sixties, with an easy, comforting smile. Over their conversation, a heartline monitor BLIPS...

MARGARET

I feel as though I've been asleep for
(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

half a century.
(then) .
Tell me... how do I look?

LODGE

The truth?

MARGARET

Yes.

Beat. Lodge smiles.

LODGE

You look beautiful as ever.

MARGARET

I look like hell.
(beat)
But that's what I get for asking an
attorney.

LODGE

I'm also a friend, Margaret. An old friend.

Margaret regards Lodge affectionately.

MARGARET

I know.

A new concern spreads over Lodge's face. He's tentative about bringing it up.

LODGE

Margaret, I'm worried about this
business with Starr --

MARGARET

(overriding)
Please... Alan. Not now.

Beat. Lodge nods, acquiescing to her weakening state, Margaret studies his face.

MARGARET

Will you come closer?

CLOSER ANGLE - MARGARET AND LODGE

Lodge cranes closer. Margaret's face reveals only part of the pain that has seized her. She takes Lodge's hand - clutches it

MARGARET

(whispers urgently)

You must do something for me.

(then)

My dreams. I've been dreaming a lot lately,... vivid dreams... Alan?

(without waiting for his response)

I know he's still alive. I can feel him.

LODGE

Don't do this to yourself...

MARGARET

(overlapping)

A classified advertisement In The Times.

I want you to place one for me.

LODGE

Margaret...

MARGARET

(overriding)

Alan: promise me you'll do this.

After a beat, Lodge nods. He means it. Then:

MARGARET

I want it to say: "The wreck of my memories."

(then)

Repeat it to me.

LODGE

The wreck of my memories.

STARR (O.S.)

Time's up, Alan.

Lodge wheels around quickly.

LODGE'S POV - HENRY STARR

stands in the doorway. About ten years younger than Lodge, he is handsome and charming and expensively dressed. He stands, holding the door open-presumably for Lodge.

STARR
Doctor's orders.

RESUME LODGE

who doesn't try to conceal his disdain for the man,

LODGE
Goodbye, Margaret.

MARGARET
Remember, Alan.

Lodge nods and brushes past Starr, who steps into the room and moves to Margaret. He regards her tenderly, sweeps some stray hair from her forehead. Gently. Smiles,

STARR
(to Margaret)
How are you feeling?

Margaret manages a weak smile.

MARGARET
Fine, fine.

STARR
Good. Because we 're taking you home.
first thing tomorrow morning.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD BARBER SHOP - DAY

LOU, the bald barber, is finishing up with a CUSTOMER. Ceremonially, he whisks the tiny hairs off the customer's neck, undoes the collar band, and, like a matador, lifts off the apron. The man's a master haircutter.

LOU
Voila',

CUSTOMER
(admiring himself)
You do nice work, Lou.

.....

The customer stands, reaches for his wallet, and pays Lou. Lou rings up the sale on his antique cash register. Over this:

LOU

Do something forty years, you get good at it. That's the problem with people today: always changing occupations... no perseverance.

CUSTOMER

(leaving)

See you next week.

Lou gives a small wave and then settles into a waiting chair with the morning Times. He expertly cracks and folds the paper down to manageable size. As if by ritual, he turns to the Classifieds. His eyes scan the Personals. Something there hooks his attention. Suddenly, his movements become urgent and invested. He crosses the shop and lays the paper down on the counter beneath a mirrored wall. Using a pen, he circles an entry, writes three letters above it.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

An ad in the Personals circled, which reads: "The wreck of my memories -- 500 East 77th Street." Over this, in Lou's handwriting, the letters FTR.

BACK TO SCENE

Lou, with his able scissors, clips the ad. He opens a bottom drawer filled with empty hair-
tonic bottles and chooses one. Folding the ad, he inserts it into the bottle.

EXT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Turning the sign in the door so that it reads "CLOSED," Lou hurries off down the street.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Lou approaches a row of waiting cabs. He peers into a couple of windows before finding MAXIE, a woman cabbie. He passes her the message in the bottle.

LOU

(leaning toward her)

It's a special.

The cab jumps away from the curb, and Lou watches it disappear into traffic.

EXT. STREETS - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

Maxie's a pinball wizard behind the wheel, working her way through mid-town congestion... Finally, she pulls the cab over beside an immigrant PRETZEL VENDOR, hands him the bottle, and jockeys back into traffic. The vendor bends down behind his shiny metal cart and opens a small sewer grate in the sidewalk. The bottle drops into the darkness...

INT. TUNNELS - MAIL ROOM

A large, cluttered chamber. Notes pinned all over cork board on the walls, paper everywhere -- like the floor of the Stock Exchange after the close. A WORKER is stationed at a desk in the corner. Beside him, a large plastic laundry hamper is filled with bottles of every variety. Five or six chutes reach down from the ceiling and merge into a single guideway, like miniature toboggan run, which levels out and ends in a receptacle on the desktop. A gentle CLANKING can be heard way above. It grows nearer. NEARER. And then, the bottle slides into the guideway and presents itself at the worker's fingertips. He opens it and retrieves the message. With practiced efficiency, he deposits the bottle in the laundry hamper and then attends to the message. He places the ad in a worn envelope, writes the letters FTR on the front, and turns to find MICHAEL, one of the young runners, at his side. He hands the envelope to the boy... who's off to the races.

INT. TUNNELS - VARIOUS SHOTS - MICHAEL

running down the long narrow passageways, bursting through clouds of steam, ducking into short-cuts, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Vincent sits playing chess with Father. His chessmen are in superior position. Vincent's bishop takes Father's castle without reprisal. Father marvels at the move. Then it dawns on him:

FATHER
Fisher-Spassky. Fourth game.

VINCENT
Seventh game.

Father laughs.

FATHER

I don't know what masochistic
impulse ever prompted me to teach
you chess.

Vincent smiles -- tentatively about the mouth, but fully in the eyes. Father sees this and regards Vincent tenderly. A staccato knock at the door interrupts the moment.

FATHER

(calling)
Come in.

Michael enters. Hands Father the envelope containing the clipping.

FATHER

(to Michael)
Thank you. Are those herbs helping your
mother?

MICHAEL

(shrugs)
I guess...

VINCENT

Are you hoping for a brother or a
sister?

MICHAEL

Definitely not a sister.

Father smiles as Michael exits. Father returns to the game. studies the chessboard for a long moment...

FATHER

Let's see... if I recall the seventh game
correctly... Fisher was saved by a pawn...

Father pushes one his pawns forward a square... then absently opens the envelope... slides out the clipping... reads it... as some deep and distant anguish spreads over his face. Vincent is immersed in the game, until he notices Father, still staring at the clipping...

VINCENT

Father...?

Father raises his eyes to Vincent. He replaces the clipping into the envelope -- carefully -- and tucks it into an inner pocket of his garment

VINCENT

What is it?

FATHER

(beat)

I wondered when the day would come... now it has.

Then:

FATHER

I've never lied to you, Vincent. The things I've taught you about the world above... so much of it was to protect you.

VINCENT

I've seen that world...

FATHER

... And I have lived in it.

Vincent is reminded of his own necessary exile. Father is sensitive to this.

FATHER

Vincent... you see things as they are. Whatever I might have kept from you ... you're discovering for yourself.

VINCENT

Why are you telling me this?

Beat. This is difficult for Father.

FATHER

Because I must return. I must go above.

VINCENT

(stunned)

Why?

Father says nothing.

VINCENT

Father...

FATHER

Vincent, please don't ask me anything more.

Pause... then Vincent nods.

VINCENT

When will you go?

FATHER

As soon as I prepare myself.

VINCENT

The Common Meeting is tomorrow.
Your counsel is needed...

FATHER

(evenly)
I'll be back by then. And when I
return, we'll talk.

On Vincent's face, trying to hide his concern:

CUT TO:

EXT. LODGE'S OFFICE BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

STARR (V.O.)

People enjoy having their beliefs
reinforced.

INT. LODGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Alan Lodge is seated behind his desk, distrustfully listening to Henry Starr.

STARR

They like hearing what they already know.
That's my only secret. There's nothing
devious or illegal in the way
I raise money.

LODGE

I never said there was.

STARR

Yet here I am defending myself.

LODGE

You made the appointment...

STARR

... and you agreed to see me. What was it? Curiosity?

LODGE

Something like that.

Starr needs to know if Lodge has anything on him and so now tries another tack..

STARR

You're a hard man to draw out, Alan.

(beat)

But let me help you... You're worried. Six months ago, Margaret is diagnosed with malignant pancreatic cancer...

She has an enormous estate and not one living relation. Simply put, you question the coincidence of my arrival on the scene.

Lodge isn't denying that one.

STARR

Well. I won't lie to you. It was Margaret's wealth and unfortunate situation that attracted us. We're a charity, Alan. We need money to survive. And as callous as it may sound, dying rich people like to be remembered for their good works. I'm sure Margaret was approached by others. She happens to have chosen us.

LODGE

She chose you Starr, and that's what I'm worried about.

STARR

(laughs)

So you can be direct.

LODGE

Very.

STARR

Well so can I.

(MORE)

STARR (CONT'D)

(then, with menace) .

You ever slander my name in public, and I'll hit you with a libel suit that'll land you right in the street.

LODGE

By the time you even think of filing, I'll have enough evidence -

Lodge stops himself, realizes he's said too much.

MEDIUM CLOSE - STARR

a trace of a smile.

LODGE

I won't let you take advantage of her.

STARR

You're an old man, Alan. You don't want to lock horns with me.

ON Lodge's face -- the concern. Has he played his hand too soon?

CUT TO:

INT FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

CAMERA PANS the vast oil lamp lit room... the wall of books... one of Giacometti's attenuated figures... until it FINDS Father, sitting before an antique dresser. Looking small in the vast room. During this, he is pensive, almost meditative.

CLOSER ANGLE

as he opens the double doors of the dresser, and stares into it. The contents are barely discernible because of thick shadow. But we glimpse with Father: clothing on hangers, shoes. Father reaches in and pulls out an old tweed suit, circa 1950, immaculately preserved. He holds it suspended for a long moment... before rehangng it on a caddy. Then, from the dresser he removes a pair of wing-tipped shoes... places them carefully at the foot of the caddy... and a fedora, which he holds up to examine. Hold on his face, betraying a faint, elegiac smile... a trace of nostalgia.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNELS - DAY

In the tweed suit and the fedora, Father turns a corner and takes a moment before this final leg: a short tunnel with a bright light glowing at its end. Father takes a breath and walks the length of the tunnel, his silhouetted back to us, receding, as...

INT. TUNNELS - SPIRAL STAIRS - DAY

A column of sunlight... the light we have just seen. It's remarkably quiet here. Only the echoing sound of FOOTSTEPS, as:

FATHER

climbs into frame. He ascends slowly, step by step, following the light, until he exits frame... and only the footsteps remain.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

The sidewalk teems with people from every color and class, skimming shoulders, walking fast. Over this, the WHITE NOISE of traffic sounds and people and rap music blasting. Frenetic urban pulse. CAMERA FINDS Father as he emerges from the mass of people and MOVES WITH HIM, an anachronism, awkward in this changed world. He tries to stop and get his bearings, but the human stream jostles him forward, so forward he goes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING LOBBY - WASHINGTON D.C. (1953) DAY

(NOTE: Flashbacks should be shot in black-and-white or sepia-toned.)

Flashbulbs pop as the heavy oaken chamber doors open and a younger Father emerges, dressed in the same suit., holding the same hat, flanked by plain-clothes Federal Marshals. A crowd of Reporters pushes in toward him -- their voices become an amplified slur in his ears: "Can we have a question?" ... What do you make of the Committee's findings?" -- and remain unheeded by him, as he pushes through them.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROWNSTONE - EVENING

Father pauses before the black wrought-iron gate and checks the address on the clipping. It's the same. Tucking the clipping into his coat pocket, he enters the gate and climbs the three stone steps. He presses the buzzer. No answer, so he reaches for the brass knocker... strangely, the door pushes open.

INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

Father crosses the threshold. Immediately to his right, though he doesn't see it, a tiny red bulb FLASHES on a SECURITY PANEL.

CLOSE ON - SECURITY PANEL.

A light pulses. The letters read: "Silent Alarm."

BACK TO SCENE

In the entrance hall Father calls out:

FATHER

Alan... ?

His words are greeted with silence. Father looks into the living room before starting upstairs. MOVING WITH HIM, as the steps sag and creak under his weight. He reaches the second floor landing and starts toward the study...

INT STUDY

The room is wrecked -- books torn from the shelves and spilled on the rug, an overturned filing cabinet, a ransacked desk. Father's eyes scan the damage and come to rest on the prostrate figure of a dark-suited man, legs sticking out from behind the desk. Father moves quickly toward him, bends down. He turns the man over and sees it's Alan Lodge.

FATHER

Alan ?

But the lawyer's neck is broken, twisted oddly to one side. Father feels for the non-existent pulse, then sags at the death of his old friend. A moment later he HEARS POUNDING FOOTSTEPS approaching. He pivots around.

HIS POV

FOUR uniformed POLICEMEN pour into the room, guns drawn and leveled. These are real cops -- big-wristed men wearing diver's watches, maybe one with glasses -- and the adrenalin is charging through their veins.

REVERSE ANGLE - FATHER

slowly rising to his feet, caught in this Kafkaesque nightmare.

COP # 1
(barking)
Move away from the desk, please.

Father is frozen.

COP # 1
Now!

Father shakily comes out into the open. COP #2 is on him in a second, pushing him against the bookcase, kicking Father's legs apart.

COP # 1
(noticing the body)
Larry, we got a man down. Radio an ambulance.

FATHER.
(over his shoulder)
I'm a doctor. He's already --

COP # 1
Shut up.
(to Cop#3)
Do it Larry.

Cop #3 exits. Father is shaken down, cuffed, and turned around to face Cop #1.

COP #1
You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent...

CAMERA MOVES IN ON Father's face. The Cop's practiced words grow unintelligible, swirling in the confusion and auditory terror that's gripping Father's mind.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS - NEXT DAY

Vincent is walking alone, his head bowed, pensive and troubled. He turns into:

INT. LARGE CHAMBER .

The Common Meeting is coming to order. Thirty or forty tunnels dwellers take their places on theater seats arranged in concentric circles around a small speaking platform. Vincent makes his way to the inner circle of benches and sits down beside an elderly white-haired black man named NICHOLAS.

NICHOLAS

Is he back yet?

Vincent looks into the man's eyes.

VINCENT

I'm afraid not, Nicholas.

NICHOLAS

(whispering)

Where could he have gone? He's never missed a Common Meeting. Not from the beginning.

Vincent has no answer for Nicholas and now stands to address the gathering. Voices hush all around.

VINCENT

My friends... I have difficult news to tell you... Many of you saw Father leaving yesterday, and were worried ... and came to ask me where he was going. I could only say that something important was calling him from above, and that he would return to preside, as he always does, over this Common Meeting... But he has not returned.

This elicits some REACTION from the assembly. A VOICE calls out.

VOICE (JONATHON)

Why did he leave, Vincent?

VINCENT

I don't know, Jonathan.

(beat)

But if Father's taught us one thing, he's taught us to depend on ourselves.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

To think our own thoughts, to have strong opinions... and not be afraid to express them. I know that he would want us to follow that teaching in his absence.

Now Nicholas stands.

NICHOLAS

I agree. I think we should hold the Meeting even though Father isn't here.

There is audible dissent from several members of the assembly.

VINCENT

No: Nicholas is right.

The tone of Vincent's voice quiets the people.

VINCENT

All we can do now is go on with our lives...

The crowd seems to accept the suggestion. Then:

WOMAN (O.S.)

Vincent?

ANOTHER ANGLE

A pregnant woman, MARY, stands. She keeps one hand on her son, Michael, the runner, who is seated beside her.

MARY

Father was going to help us --
(tentative shrug)
My family needs larger quarters...

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - TERRACE - NIGHT

Cathy, in her windblown nightgown stares out over the city lights. A bona fide vision. She senses something, glances over her shoulder.

HER POV - VINCENT

steps from the shadows and stands there. And Cathy is almost unsurprised. as:

CATHY

Vincent...

She moves to him, embraces him. He does the same.

CATHY

I could feel you were close.

But Vincent doesn't savor the moment, instead breaking away.

CATHY

Something's wrong, Vincent. What is it?

Vincent moves to the railing and scans the jeweled night. Cathy joins him.

VINCENT

Father is here... in the city...

CATHY

(stunned)

Where?

VINCENT

I don't know... somewhere... I should never have let him go.

(beat, then)

I need your help, Catherine... to find him.

CATHY

Of course I'll help

Vincent turns to face her.

VINCENT

I know Father has not always been fair to you... It was for my sake...

A moment of shared regret. Then:

CATHY

(tenderly)

We need a place to start. What else can you tell me?

VINCENT

It must have had to do with his life... before...

CATHY

What do you know about it?

VINCENT

Very little... almost nothing.

(beat)

He was a doctor.

CATHY

Okay. How about a name. He has a name.
doesn't he?

VINCENT

I've always called him Father.

Cathy regards Vincent: this is gonna be a tough one. but she's determined.

CATHY

He may not have a name in your world,
Vincent, but he's got one in mine.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - BOOKING AREA - ON FATHER - NIGHT

Getting his mug shot taken, holding a placard before his chest that reads: "John Doe -
GL2S-43." As the FLASH pops:

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT - BLACK AND WHITE MUG SHOT

The frozen image of Father's haggard face.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN: .

INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER

Vincent enters the vault-like room. Without Father's presence, it's more like a shrine, and Vincent has trouble overcoming the feeling that he's somehow trespassing. He pauses in the center of the chamber, his eyes scanning for a place to begin his search for Father's past. His gaze lingers on the:

VINCENT'S POV - ANTIQUE DRESSER

This is the logical place to begin, and Vincent knows it. But if the room is a shrine, this dresser is the altar.

BACK TO SCENE - VINCENT

can't bring himself to approach it, and instead moves to a rolltop desk. Hesitates, and then pulls open the first drawer...

TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE:

VINCENT

Hasn't turned anything up. Boxes are scattered on the floor, a filing cabinet stands open, etc. Father has clearly destroyed anything that might remind him of his former life. Frustration and sadness are part of what Vincent's feeling. He now moves reluctantly to the only place he hasn't searched: the antique dresser...

Vincent turns the big key in the lock, and pulls open both doors at once. It's not what he expected – only a couple of old suits, a shoe rack, some hats on an upper shelf. Vincent reaches inside and lifts out a faded blue letterman's sweater with a golden "C" sewn on the pocket. He hangs it back up, and in the process disturbs one of the suits, so that something plastic drops to the floor. Vincent picks it up and examines it.

INSERT -SECURITY CLEARANCE BADGE

The laminated letters read "Rockefeller Research Insititute -- Starr."

VINCENT

puts the badge into his pocket. Next, he runs his hand along the upper shelf behind the hats. He pulls out an old shoebox and opens it. Beneath a stack of folded handkerchiefs, he removes a framed, black and white wedding photograph of a younger Father and a Woman (Margaret), radiant, in her wedding gown. He holds it up to the light and studies it. The image of Father in love has a powerful effect on him...

Turning the photograph over he finds... an envelope, threadbare and shiny with age, tucked into the frame. He starts to open it but again, his sense of betrayal prevents him from doing so. He slides the envelope into the folds of his cloak.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

CAMERA SHOOTs THROUGH a window: Father, now dressed in jail garb, his arms crossed on the long table.

MARTINEZ (OS.)

Guy still won't give his name, huh?

STRACHER (OS.)

Nada. But check out the stuff we got from his pockets.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

LIEUTENANT KYLE STRACHER, recently promoted from the field, and DETECTIVE RINALDO MARTINEZ, early thirtie, physically slight, top-of-the-Academy bright, but street-shrewd. Father is visible in b.g., framed by the large sound-proof window. Stracher removes a bagged and tagged article from an evidence bin.

STRACHER

Silver Certificates. They been outta circulation now for what... twenty, thirty years... ?

Martinez accepts the baggy from Stracher. It contains what looks like several dollar bills. He .inspects the baggy closely, while Stracher lifts out something else.

STRACHER

Pair of ticket stubs from a Dodgers Braves game...

He hands the bagged tickets to Martinez, who places the first baggy down to examine this one. Stracher waits for a reaction.

MARTINEZ

(reading)

Brooklyn and Milwaukee... Emmet's Field...
1952.

STRACHER

Twilight Zone, huh?

(beat)

So whatta you think?

MARTINEZ

What I always think: why me?

Martinez lays the tickets on the table and picks up a manila folder. He moves into the:

INTERROGATION ROOM

where he sits in the chair directly across from Father. Stracher follows him, closes the door. Martinez is silent as he opens the file on the table. Studies it for a long moment... before shifting his attention to Father, who does not lower his eyes to Martinez' laser-like scrutiny. Finally:

MARTINEZ

(point-blank)

Why'd you kill Alan Lodge?

FATHER

(evenly)

I didn't kill Alan Lodge. When I found him,
he was already dead.

MARTINEZ

So you know him.

FATHER

I knew him.

MARTINEZ

What were you doing in his house?

Silence. Martinez takes the top sheet from the open folder. It's a Xerox of the classified ad. He pushes it over the table to Father.

MARTINEZ

Maybe this'll help you remember. It's got
Lodge's address. We found it in your
pocket.

Father looks down at the paper, says nothing.

MARTINEZ

'The wreck of my memories.'" What's it mean?

Martinez waits for a reaction. There is none.

MARTINEZ

Maybe you wanna start by telling us your name? Whatta you say?

But Father remains impassive. Now Stracher leans forward, knuckles on the table. He doesn't have Martinez' patience. as:

STRACHER

Hey. mister: who the hell are you?

CLOSE UP - FATHER'S EYES

as they look into the past

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - WASHINGTON D.C. - HEARING HALL - (1953) DAY

A grim-faced INVESTIGATOR speaks into the microphone in a piercing monotone. On either side of him, a half dozen down-to-the-bone bureaucrats, all members of the inquisitional Un-American Activities Committee.

INVESTIGATOR

Will you answer the question. please: Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

ANGLE - FATHER

seated at a long table. A microphone before him. He answers evenly, with dignity -- although he is obviously keeping his patience tethered.

FATHER

No I am not -- nor have I ever been a member or the Communist Party.

INVESTIGATOR

Let me remind you, sir, that you are under oath.

FATHER

I don't need reminding.

INVESTIGATOR

What is your occupation?

FATHER

I'm a research physician.

INVESTIGATOR

. (leading)
Self-employed. or...

FATHER

I was employed at the Rockefeller Research Institute until several months ago.

INVESTIGATOR

Would you please tell the Committee under what circumstances your tenure there ended?

FATHER

That's a very good question.

INVESTIGATOR

It is this Committee's understanding that your security clearance was denied for subversive activities --

FATHER

(overriding)
Which to this date remain a complete mystery to me.

INVESTIGATOR

Please confine your answers to the questions asked.

FATHER

Perhaps if I knew the source of these allegations -

INVESTIGATOR

They were included in sworn testimony given before this Committee.

FATHER
 (right back)
 Sworn lies is what they were.

INVESTIGATOR
 We are not interested in extraneous
 matters. This Committee --

FATHER
 Extraneous?

INVESTIGATOR
 -- is interested only in any subversive
 .knowledge you have.

FATHER
 Oh. I have knowledge of subversive
 activities...

Father takes a moment. And as he scans the faces of the Committee, he speaks with
 crescendoing passion and intensity:

FATHER
 I know a group of fanatics who are trying to
 destroy the Constitution of the United States
 by depriving good people -- citizens -- of their
 very livelihood without due process of law. I
 can cite instances. I can name names. They are
 anti-semitic, anti-Negro, antiminority, all
 marching under the same crooked American
 Flag, hating everyone -- most likely
 themselves...

ANGLE - INVESTIGATOR

as he flicks a switch beneath the long table, shutting off Father's microphone, imposing
 silence, as:

INVESTIGATOR
 (coldly)
 You will limit your testimony, sir, to the
 Committee 's agenda. And speechmaking is
 not on that agenda.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - (PRESENT) DAY

Detective Martinez inhales, then exhales his frustration, as:

STRACHER
Waste of time, Renny. I'm telling you.

Martinez looks Father squarely in the eye, trying to size him up, wondering what kind of nut case he's got on his hands. as:

FATHER

maintains his serene silence... as though he has learned a lesson from history.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - ESTABLISHING - LATE NIGHT

INT. LIBRARY - SERIES OF SHOTS - LATE NIGHT

A) An immense and darkened reading room, empty, silent, the moonlight streaming in through huge, paned windows.

B) THROUGH A METAL GRATING into an ornate room which houses a private collection.

C) DOWN a long, shadowy corridor, stacks and stacks of books stretching to infinity.

D) TURNING INTO an aisle and coming suddenly upon the imposing and solemn figure of

VINCENT

in the half -light. He is taking a book down from the shelf. when:

CATHY (V.O.)
Here's something.

Vincent stiffens, listening intently.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CATHY

Sitting before a microfilm machine, looking through some back issues of the New York Times

CATHY

The Rockefeller Research Institute was given a grant by the Defense Department in June of 1951 to conduct studies on the effects of nuclear fallout...

She refers to some notes she's jotted on a yellow legal pad.

CATHY

Hold on, there's something else... in November of that year.

Cathy begins cranking the machine.

VINCENT

moves a couple of rows closer to Cathy. He can see her through the stacks of books, as she slows her cranking and arrives at the correct page. He leans against the metal shelving and waits...

CATHY (V.O.)

This might be it...
(reads; then)
There was a doctor, Vincent... a research doctor...

Vincent's eyes close.

CATHY (V.O.)

... who claimed that the Rockefeller Institute was misrepresenting his findings...

He can hear Cathy rolling the microfilm to another page.

CATHY(V.O.)

He was forced to resign when he called for the abolition of atomic weapons... the halt of research...

(beat)

His name was Jacob Wells... Dr. Jacob Wells.

VINCENT
 (sotto; to himself)
 Jacob...

CATHY (V.O.)
 Vincent?
 (waits}
 You there, Vincent?

VINCENT
 (beat)
 I'm here, Catherine.

CATHY (V.O.)
 Well, there's more... About a week later, I
 think... Give me a second.

CATHY

runs her finger along her notes, then reaches for the microfilm handle.

ON ILLUMINATED SCREEN

As the images fast-forward -- a blur of history. They slow, then stop, jarring into focus.
 CAMERA ISOLATES a two-columned article with a photograph of Father and a headline that
 cries: "ANTI - ATOMIC RESEARCHER NAMED A COMMUNIST: The sub-head:
 "Stripped Of Medical License."

CUT - CATHY

blown away by what she's reading. She turns to call Vincent.

CATHY
 Vincent -

WIDER SHOT

But Vincent's already at her side. He's seen the headline too. Long beat as their eyes hold each
 other's light.

CATHY
 He was blacklisted...
 (then)
 The Un-American Activities Committee.

VINCENT
I've read about that time...

CATHY
(beat)
I'm sorry, Vincent.

VINCENT
(quietly)
I know. .. And it's happening again... I can feel
it happening again. Catherine. He's in danger.
The helplessness, the outrage...

Vincent reaches into his cloak and removes the envelope.

VINCENT
(handing it to her)
I should have given you this sooner...

Cathy turns it over in her hands.

CATHY
Who's it from?

VINCENT
He had a wife...

CATHY
(opening the letter)
What does it say?

VINCENT
I don't know.

Cathy unfolds the letter and after a look at Vincent, begins reading:

CATHY
(reading)
Dear Jacob, I am writing you from Paris,
where my father has sent me. Spring has
arrived early here, the time for lovers, and it's
as if the season mocks my sadness...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL - ON FATHER - NIGHT .

lying awake on his cot, eyes open and unblinking. It's now Margaret's voice reading the letter:

MARGARET'S VOICE

But I am beginning to understand that loss is sometimes necessary. I know of no gentle way to tell you that my father has annulled our marriage. And I would be lying to you if I said that I fought him. I can't even blame him. Forgive me, Jacob, because I know you're innocent and still don't have the strength to stand by you. But you are strong and will rebound. Of that, I'm positive. Please don't hate me... We knew each other so short a time.

(beat)

All I can say seems useless... yet still I cling to the wreck of my memories, before they sink forever. Goodbye, Jacob. I'll love you always.

(beat)

Margaret.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARGARET SINCLAIR'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

STARR'S VOICE

Classic robber baron. Helped finance both sides in the Spanish- American War, went through the depression untouched -

INT. SINCLAIR APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The place is decorated right out of Sotheby's. Cathy is sitting in an elegant love seat she sips from a cup of coffee. Starr stands, indicating a huge oil portrait above the mantle of grim-faced older man. He speaks with a strange kind of fascination...

STARR

In fact, he tripled his fortune.

CATHY

Margaret's father?

STARR

Biologically, yes. Emotionally, the man did more to damage her...

Starr shakes his head. He seems genuinely disturbed by this. Then, as he turns his attention back to Cathy, shrugging it off...

STARR

Anyway, it's past history, right?

CATHY

Possibly.

STARR

Possibly?

Cathy shrugs, lets that one hang. This stops Starr, but only for a moment.

STARR

Well, I'm sorry Margaret wasn't up to it. Perhaps tomorrow.

CATHY

Tomorrow's fine. Just tell me when.

STARR

I wish I could, but Margaret's condition doesn't allow me to be that specific.

(then)

Maybe I can help you with whatever it is... ?

Cathy sips her coffee, and:

CATHY

I'm sorry. It's private.

STARR

I thought you said you were with the District Attorney's office...

CATHY

I am.

(smiles politely)

It's still private.

Cathy puts down her coffee cup and fishes a card out of her purse. She places it beside the saucer.

CATHY

My service number's on the card. So
you can reach me tomorrow...

(rises)

.whenever Ms. Sinclair is well enough
to see me.

STARR

(nods)

or course.

As Cathy crosses, the room to leave:

STARR

Miss Chandler...

At the door, she turns to face him.

STARR

Are you always this mysterious?

CATHY

(shrugs)

Occupational hazard. I guess.

(then)

Thanks for the coffee.

She lets herself out. Starr stand, for a moment in apprehensive silence. From another door, CONNOR enters and approaches Starr. He's clean cut, late-twenties, a muscular six feet, and dressed like an investment banker. But he's no investment banker.

CONNOR

Miss Sinclair's awake. She's asking for
you again.

STARR

I'll see her in a moment.

(then)

Connor. The woman who was just
here...

CONNOR

Sir?

STARR

Satisfy my curiosity. Find out what she
wants.

CUT TO:

INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - DAY

Margaret is sitting up in her bed, gazing out the window and hugging herself, when Starr enters.

STARR
(full of concern)
Margaret...

She turns to him.

MARGARET
Henry, I'd like to take a walk.

STARR
I don't think that's such a good idea. You should be resting.

Starr goes to the window and closes the blinds, shutting out daylight.

MARGARET
What time is it?

He sits in the chair beside the bed, and takes several pills from an adjacent medication tray. As he proffers them to Margaret:

STARR
Time for your medication.

MARGARET
Damn those things.

STARR
You should be grateful for 'those things'

MARGARET
I hate the pain killers. A little pain is good for the soul...

STARR
Now come on. I have a meeting with the Planning Commission that started five minutes ago.

She looks at Starr before taking the pills. Starr hands her the glass of water on the night table. She leans back heavily against the pillows.

MARGARET
I wonder why Alan hasn't called.

STARR
You know Alan...

Margaret smiles wearily. Then:

MARGARET
That's just it: I do know Alan.

Margaret's face reflects confusion and chemical fatigue. Long beat, as she inhales, then exhales.
Then:

MARGARET
I'm cold....

Starr pulls the covers up higher over Margaret. His expression is neutral. We can't tell what he's thinking.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

CAMERA PANS the bustling squad room. Over the cacophony, we hear:

EDIE (O.S.)

If Starr's a player, he's playin' by the rules.

As we pick up Cathy and EDIE moving through the crowded squad room. Cathy is glancing down at a computer printout, as:

CATHY

How far back did you go?

EDIE

All the way. From his cushy childhood in Shaker Heights, to four years in Cambodia with the Peace Corps, to his latest project...

CATHY

Which is...?

EDIE

A ten million dollar shelter for the homeless.

CATHY

(flat)

Impressive.

Eddie looks at Cathy: senses her disappointment.

EDIE

But you're not impressed.

CATHY

I don't know...

(then)

I just didn't think he'd come out so damn... spotless.

EDIE .

I'm telling you: the man's Nobel

(MORE)

EDIE (CONT'D)
 prize material. As in, look out Mother
 Theresa. And if you have any doubt...
 just ask his publicist.

Just then, a couple of good-looking Police Officers pass. Smile at the women. Edie returns the smile, and as soon as they pass, she stops and turns. Cathy watches her watch them, amused. Edie turns back with a longing, seductive look on her face.

EDIE
 Mm-mmn...

CATHY
 Which one?

EDIE
 Both.

Cathy smiles.

EDIE
 Remind me to modem a thank you
 note down to recruiting.
 (indicating printout)
 Anyway, it's all there. The guy may
 be a creep, but he's a clean creep.

Cathy shakes her head and closes the printout, and as she looks up, something o.s. catches her attention:

CATHY'S POV - FATHER

moving toward her, in handcuffs, escorted by a pair of uniforms. He is looking right at her, as:

BACK ON CATHY

who is watching this, trying hard to contain her surprise, and:

EDIE
 What is it?

CATHY
 Nothing...

As Father passes, he averts his gaze. Cathy does the same.

EDIE

You wanna go grab some lunch?

(then)

There's a new Cajun place on Hudson.

Supposed to be great.

CATHY

I don't think so. But thanks.

(re: printout)

And I appreciate this.

Cathy moves off, leaving Edie a little confused...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE JAIL - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

A BALIFF ushers Cathy into the long, antiseptic room. The walls looked scrubbed. There are two rows of chairs -- a visitor's side and a prisoner's side -- separated by a wire-mesh partition. Both sides are now empty, and Cathy takes a seat against the far wall. She places her briefcase on the counter, snaps the latch. She looks at the bailiff. He exits. Cathy waits...

Finally, on the prisoner's side, a heavy metal door pushes open, and Father, in grey prison garb, steps into the room. He approaches Cathy. She now stands to greet him.

CATHY

Are you okay?

Father, stares at her guardedly, with sleepless eyes, and then sits down.

CATHY

I'm here to help.

No response. Cathy leans close to the wire, whispering:

CATHY

If they ask why I came... tell them you read my name in the newspaper and wanted me as your lawyer.

This doesn't earn Father's trust either.

CATHY

Dammit! You've got to help me, help you. Don't you know? your secret is safe with me. I'd never betray your

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

world...
 (then)
Jacob.

The impact of the name -- uttered for the first time in thirty years -- hits Father like a fist in the gut.

CATHY
 (compassionately) .
 Yes, I know who you were...
 what happened...

Father regards her with immeasurable sadness.

FATHER
 And Vincent?

CATHY
 He knows too.

FATHER
 I never meant to keep it hidden... I only
 wanted to forget... Does he understand
 that?

CATHY
 I think so.
 (then)
 You have nothing to be ashamed of.

FATHER
 (matter-of-fact)
 I'm not ashamed.

Long silence as Father tries to reconcile past and present.

CATHY
 (gently)
 This morning, I tried to see Margaret.

FATHER
 (bursting)
 Margaret? How is she? Is she all right?

CATHY
 (shaking her head)
 They wouldn't let me see her.
 (beat)
 She's very sick.

FATHER

What, she's in the hospital?

CATHY

No. She's at home. Too weak to have visitors.

FATHER

Who wouldn't let you see her?

CATHY

Does the name Henry Starr ring a bell?

Father shakes his head.

CATHY

But you came for her, didn't you?

FATHER

(hesitates; then)

She sent me a message. There was a line we shared. From Byron: "the wreck of my memories --"

Cathy recognizes the quotation.

FATHER

You saw the letter?

Cathy nods.

FATHER

Then, you know everything.

(beat)

There was a time I couldn't even think those lines without weeping.

Only now does Cathy truly comprehend the tragic finality of their separation:

CATHY

(a statement)

You never saw her again.

Father shakes his head.

CATHY

Tell me a little about her.

FATHER .

... I can't really. It's the oddest thing. Distill everything I remember... and it comes down to... a couple of sentences -- sometimes a face, vanishing as quickly as it appears... And yet. I can still love her...

Another pause.

CATHY

Did her message to you mean she was in trouble?

FATHER

I didn't know. I took it to mean she wanted to see me again.

CATHY

And who was Alan Lodge?

FATHER

A friend. He defended me during the witch hunts, put his own reputation on the line.

CATHY

Was he Margaret's lawyer, too?

FATHER

Yes. He was the family lawyer. But Margaret's father never realized he was helping me.

CATHY

(doing the arithmetic)

So, if Margaret were sick... and wanted to make, or to change her will, she would've gone to him.

FATHER

I suppose so.

Cathy clicks her briefcase shut, and stands up quickly.

FATHER

What is it?

CATHY

I'm not sure... but if I'm ever going to get you out of here, I have to know why Alan Lodge was killed.

FATHER

Be careful. Contact Vincent.

CATHY

I will.
(leaving)
You sit tight... Jacob

A faint smile from Father.

FATHER

I'm not going anywhere.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS - DAY

PANNING a file of men and women in loose, practical work clothes, as they hammer the frame of this structure in a syncopated symphony of effort. WIDER and we have a better picture of its eclectic design. (NOTE: our notion is that this might be like the adobe structures of the Grand Canyon Indians, built into the rock wall -- say, with a geodesic dome for a roof -- but its only limitations should be production constraints and the imagination of the Production Designer and/or Art Director.) The general feeling is like that of an old-fashioned barn raising. And many of the same people from the Common Meeting are assembled, including:

MARY

who's stirring a batch of lemonade, and:

VINCENT

perched high on the frame. He lifts and at the same time coordinates two other MEN as they help him raise the last of four heavy wooden beams.

VINCENT

A little higher... good.

The men strain along with Vincent, lifting the beam until it's horizontal to a post hole that has been dug into the rock wall... into which the beam fits perfectly.
 .The Men smile and give Vincent the thumbs-up sign.

TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE - SERIES OF SHOTS

tracing the progress of construction over time, as the THEME plays over:

- A) The older people sew burlap triangles onto the geodesic dome that will become the roof...
- B) Mary dispatches a Young girl with a trayful of glasses filled with lemonade....
- C) Vincent shoulders a huge bag of dry cement, and empties the contents into a mixing urn, where a couple of Young Boys are stirring...
- D) A Surveyer takes a glass from the Young Girl and guzzles it thirstily...
- E) The music SWELLS as Vincent coordinates the dome being hoisted by a system of pulleys onto the finished structure. and:

THE DWELLING

is completed. It's magnificent. The tunnel denizens congratulate one another (AD, LIB.) -- although Vincent' is the most notable object of their appreciation -- as they begin collecting their tools and equipment and leaving. Now Mary approaches Vincent, and...

MARY

Thank you, Vincent. It wouldn't have happened without you.

Vincent accepts the compliment in humble silence. Mary turns to her new home,

MARY

It's beautiful.

VINCENT

(appraisingly)
 It is...

CUT TO:

INT, TUNNELS - LATER

MOVING WITH Vincent as he walks back to his chamber, his tools slung over his shoulder. The TAPPING SOUNDS continue, but one particular rhythm stops Vincent... and as he moves closer to the pipes to listen...

CUT TO:

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Cathy, hunkered in the bowels of the basement, is tapping out the code on the boiler pipe with the head of a screwdriver, and:

CUT TO:

INT TUNNELS - VINCENT

apprised of the situation above, leans thoughtfully against the tunnel wall, and:

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - CATHY

as she straightens with a look of satisfaction... and determination, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. LODGE'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Cathy climbs out of a cab that has pulled up to the curb. And as she enters the building:

REVERSE ANGLE - CONNOR

watching her from the passenger window of a black Thunderbird parked across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE LODGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A yellow police line has been established before a door on which a bronze plaque reads: "Alan P. Lodge -- Civil Attorney." Cathy approaches and flashes her identification for the OFFICER on guard duty. Gives the impression that she doesn't have time to break stride...

CATHY
I'm with the D.A.'s Office...

... which she doesn't. As the Officer allows her to pass, she lifts an eyebrow-- lucky to get by with the half -lie.

CUT TO:

INT. LODGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cathy flips through the files of an open cabinet... lifting a few for closer checks... and finally yanks one.

INSERT COVER PAGE - "STARR FOUNDATION AUDIT - CONFIDENTIAL
REVISED SEPTEMBER 12"

BACK TO SCENE

as Cathy quickly peruses its contents. She closes the file and the cabinet with a satisfied assurance. She's got 'em.

CONNOR (O.S.)
You don't belong here.

Cathy looks up, surprised at:

CONNOR

standing squarely in the doorway.

CATHY
Who are you?

CONNOR
Gim me that.

As Connor inches forward, Cathy backs away, and:

HER POV

angled past Connor, she can see through the lobby, into the hallway: the tip of the Officer's cap on the floor.

BACK TO CATHY

The red light in her head goes off as she looks around desperately for something to use as a weapon. Nothing but a Xerox machine. And Connor is getting closer... when Cathy flips a light switch, throwing the room into sudden darkness... when a FLASH from the xerox machine illuminates the room and blinds Connor as Cathy darts past him into:

THE HALLWAY

she runs past the fallen cop to the:

ELEVATORS

Cathy presses the buttons on both panels, hears FOOTSTEPS, and deposits the audit report in the mail chut -- but she doesn't wait around for:

CONNOR

who's rounding the corner. Cathy dashes for the door to the stairway, and pushes through. into:

THE STAIRWELL

Twelve stories above ground level. Cathy takes the concrete steps three at a time, using the hand rail to vault the last four of each landing. She doesn't look back but hears Connor's reverberating footsteps behind her...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - ALLEY - CLOSE ON STEEL DOOR

as it crashes open, and Cathy is out of there. She sprints ten yards to the front of the building. but is stopped by a blinding light:

THE THUNDERBIRD

has its brights on her, looming like a waiting predator. The engine kicks alive and Cathy doubles back down the alley past the heavy steel door, moments before:

CONNOR

emerges, and pursues:

CATHY

as she topples several garbage cans in her wake, but Connor has had backfield experience and plows through them, scattering trash. The alley is blocked by a twelve-foot chain link fence... and Cathy doesn't lose a step as she leaps for it but Connor grabs hold of her ankle. She glances over her shoulder, and kicks at Connor, misses... and again, missing... but the third swipe connects, and Connor drops to the ground. Cathy scrambles up and over, and is scarcely ten yards down the adjoining alley, when she is pinned by light and:

HER POV - THE THUNDERBIRD

has sharked silently down this wider alley, cutting off her escape. The driver door opens, and an ominous silhouette (SPANNO) emerges.

RESUME CATHY

as she starts back for the fence, but:

CONNOR

is pointing a .38 Colt Python at her through the fence. And he doesn't look too happy.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARGARET'S BUILDING - NIGHT

The Thunderbird parks at the curb. Connor gets out first, checks both ways for any activity. Except for a stooped Transient sitting on a low brick wall obscured by shadow, no one is around. Connor reaches in and pulls Cathy out while Spanno circles around to them. They enter the building.

CLOSER ANGLE - THE TRANSIENT

as he lifts his face and brushes the hood back: it's Vincent. And on his face -- illuminated by shadow and pale yellow lamplight...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Starr is sipping a scotch. Behind him, the nightlights of the city appear as constellations in the picture window. Cathy is flanked by Connor and Spano.

STARR

Well, you don't look any the worse for wear, Miss Chandler, I must say. .. now where's that audit report? . .

Cathy remains impassive.

STARR

Don't worry. I'll get it. I've spent a lifetime getting things out of people.

CATHY

Turn off the charm, Starr before you blow a fuse.

STARR

(angering).
You have a smart mouth --

CATHY

And my smart mouth tells me you're keeping Margaret Sinclair against her will, embezzling her estate.

Starr fortifies himself with a swallow of scotch.

STARR

Close, but not quite accurate.
(gesturing)
Margaret's in the very next room.
No rope is binding her hands or feet. She's free to leave anytime she pleases. As for her estate, you can read the newspaper. She's willed everything to New York's homeless.

CATHY .

Minus the forty percent that goes into your pocket.

STARR
 (smiling)
 My commission...

CATHY
 Even though you had to kill for it.

STARR
Especially because I had to kill for it.

Cathy stares at him, incredulous.

STARR
 (with bitter knowledge)
 You see, Ms. Chandler, I've learned that
 under the right circumstances, a man is
 capable of anything.
 (then)
 And now, I'm going to offer you the. same
 choice I did Mr. Lodge. I need that audit...

Cathy's face reflects the hopeless situation she's in, as we:

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - ON CATHY - NIGHT

as elevator doors whoosh close, locking Cathy inside with Connor and Spano.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Typical elevator atmosphere -- going down. Tense, Cathy searches for a way out, a weakness she can exploit. But she has no chance in these close quarters.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - HIGH SHOT

looking straight down at Vincent on top of the elevator, as it descends rapidly.

ANOTHER ANGLE - VINCENT

among the various moving cables and machinery. Big, white, floor-numerals "10", "9", "8", pass by on the shaft walls beside him, he's searching for a way to disable

the elevator, and finally, in a stupendous display of strength, grabs two of the moving cables and forces them together, bending one around the other. The elevator shudder and then jolts to a halt between floors.

INT. ELEVATOR

Confusion -- and Cathy takes advantage of it. Bringing the point of her heel down on Spano's foot and following through with a vicious elbow to the man's solar plexus. Groaning, Spano sinks to his knees. Connor is moving toward her, when:

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - VINCENT

yanks open the emergency egress on the roof.

INT. ELEVATOR

Connor's head cranes at the noise. In that instant, Cathy brings her knee up sharply between his legs. Connor opens his mouth to scream, but no syllable emerges, as he folds in two and drops to the floor.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT- VINCENT'S POV - DOWN INTO ELEVATOR

Cathy looking up at him, both thugs temporarily subdued...

VINCENT

a' la Errol Flynn, thrusts his hand into the elevator compartment and pulls her to safety, slams the emergency egress shut and bolts it. From inside, they hear commotion. and then a gun firing. A bullet whizzes up through the roof inches away from Cathy. More shots blast through all around them.

VINCENT

Hold on, Catherine.

Cathy wraps her arms around Vincent's neck, and with her on his back, he begins to climb up the cable.

NEW ANGLE

Vincent and Cathy - way up on the cable -- climbing as one into the gloom or the elevator shaft..

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CLOSE ON STARR - NIGHT

Scowling -- the cool and charming veneer stripped away. He's a rat in a trap.

REVERSE ANGLE - CATHY

Staring straight back, not giving anything away.

BACK TO STARR

as a big hand ENTERS FRAME and clamps down on the top of his head. WIDEN TO SHOW Starr being stuffed into one of the three police cruisers on the scene. The door is slammed shut, and Cathy watches the cruiser -- klaxon flashing -- pun away from the curb. She hears the SQUAWK of a POLICE RADIO, turns to see:

LT. STRACHER .

leaning into the car for the hand held microphone.

STRACHER
(into hand held)
Starr's on his way in, yeah. But we got a
problem. The lady's gone. Margaret
Sinclair. Possible kidnap;

CATHY

smiles knowingly, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

Vincent carries the blanketed figure of Margaret down the spiral stairway, as we:

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT MANHATTAN SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING

A beautiful day...

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - COMPUTER DATA CENTER - DAY

Cathy approaches Edie's terminal with an excited smile on her face...

CATHY

It worked. No questions asked.

EDIE

Why shouldn't it work? As far as
the IRS. DMV. and AT&T are concerned. ..
(as she punches something
up on the keyboard)
... Benjamin Darrow is a tax-paying, phone-using,
motor vehicle operator.

She punctuates this by hitting the "Enter" key with a flourish. and:

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN - MUG SHOT OF FATHER

with the name: Benjamin Darrow

RESUME SCENE

EDIE

He even has a social security number.

CATHY

(marvelling) .
Unbelievable... it's like playing God.

EDIE

Yeah. Or Dr. Frankenstein.
(then)
I could make a fortune doing this.

CATHY

(beat)
I appreciate it. Edie.

EDIE

Uh-huh.

Edie regards Cathy now, a bit more serious. Then:

EDIE

Maybe you wanna tell me what this is all about. I mean, I did put my butt on the line...

CATHY

I'd like to tell you...

EDIE

(finishing)
But you can't.

Beat Cathy shakes her head and shrugs, apologetic.

CATHY

No...

Eddie nods knowingly: it's what she expected. Then she reacts to something on her terminal:

EDIE

I don't believe it.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

as the cursor types out the message: "MET YOU THIS MORNING IN AIA. HOW ABOUT SOME LUNCH?" The question mark pulses inquiringly, as:

CATHY (O.S.)

Who's that?

RESUME SCENE

EDIE

The guy from Records who helped me out with your John Doe.

As she types something in:

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

On the line below, Edie is typing: "I'M STARVED. WHERE AND WHEN?" Beat. Then, the cursor jumps to the line below, and dances across the screen: "HAVE YOU TRIED THAT CAJUN RESTAURANT ON HUDSON?"

RESUME SCENE

EDIE

This is what we computer jocks call
interface...

CATHY

(smiles)
I'll see you later.

She walks off, leaving Edie eagerly typing her response, and we:

CUT TO:

A SHEET OF NEWSPAPER

scraping down the sidewalk like urban tumbleweed. We follow it until:

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

where we find Father, once again in his tweed suit, and Cathy.

CATHY

Well, goodbye.

FATHER

You've been better than a good friend
to me, Catherine. I know what you've
risked. For that, I'm grateful...

(beat)

Goodbye.

He turns slowly and starts down the steps.

CATHY

(softly)
Jacob. ...

(then; louder)

-- Father.

Father is three steps below ground when he turns to face her.

CATHY

I don't know what to call you.

Father does not reply, but regards her expectantly, squinting against the sun. Cathy tries to find what she wants to say, how to say it... Finally:

CATHY

I... just wanted you to know: I would never hurt him.

FATHER

Vincent...

CATHY

I love him.

FATHER

I know.

(then)

But all you can bring him is unhappiness.

CATHY

Why do you say that?

Father stares at her with the sad knowledge:

FATHER

Because part of him... is a man.

As he descends into his world, leaving Cathy in hers

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER

Vincent is reading Shakespeare by the light of a six-branched candelabrum, when Father enters. Vincent greets him with a strong masculine embrace. They separate, holding each other by the arms.

VINCENT

I'm glad you're safe...

FATHER

It's good to be home.

Father doesn't take long to get to the heart of the matter:

FATHER

Where is she, Vincent?

MARGARET (O.S.)

Over here, Jacob...

Father looks around to see:

HIS POV - MARGARET

in the doorway -- the soft candlelight drawn to her, enveloping her in its healing glow. She's an angel in the doorway, a presence, a worshipful image for Father of both wild regret and ever-enduring beauty...

BACK TO SCENE

Father is nearly paralyzed with the vision of her. Slowly, he turns away from Vincent to face her... She doesn't wait for him but instead crosses to him and reaches out her hands.

MARGARET

Jacob...

Father takes her hands, looks deeply into her eyes, drinking in her radiance and life. He wants to include Vincent in his joy, but when he glances over, Vincent's... already gone. His gaze returns to Margaret.

FATHER

You're too beautiful...

MARGARET

No words... just hold me.

They embrace...

MARGARET

... just hold me...

... and keep embracing; as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUNNELS - MONTAGE

Of Father showing Margaret his world.

A) Holding her hand, he leads her into the large chamber where the Common Meetings are held...

B) They stand, admiring the adobe dwelling that Vincent built...

C) He guides her along a high, narrow ledge. Behind them, a multi-level dwelling has been carved out of the bedrock.

D) LONG FOCAL LENGTH. Father and Margaret steer down a tunnel towards a distant light, and:

INT. TUNNELS

They emerge into an enormous cavern and stand on the shore of a magnificent underground lake. As they make their way along the edge, she winces in pain and falters... leaning heavily against the wall.

FATHER

Margaret.

Father quickly goes to her... supports her, until her weight rests on a seat-like ledge.

MARGARET

I'm all right. Jacob. Really...

And she smiles quickly to prove it.

FATHER

We've done too much.

MARGARET

No. no... I just need to rest.

This relapse reminds them both of her mortality. Father nods, and sits beside her. She puts her head on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Margaret is sitting on Father's quilt-covered bed. Father is stoking a small fire in an ash can, which casts its dancing light across the walls and over their faces.

MARGARET

You've built a remarkable world,
Jacob. I've never felt more alive, or
been more at peace.

Father comes to sit beside her.

FATHER

All these years, this place has only wanted
for one thing...

MARGARET

If I weren't such a fool. .

FATHER

Please, Margaret. Don't...

MARGARET

No, I have to say this... I've been
wanting to all along...

She's silent for a moment.. Laughs.

MARGARET

... and now I don't know where to begin.
(beat) .

I'm dying, Jacob, and sometimes I think it's so
damned unfair... That there's something in my
own body turned against me... And then I
think of what happened to you, and what I did,
and I get that same feeling all over again. Like
I'm somehow being punished.

JACOB

Margaret ...

MARGARET

I know it's absurd. But I just can't stop
thinking it.

JACOB

Then we're a couple of fools, because I've
long since forgotten it.

They stare into the fire...

FATHER

I want to say something, too.

Margaret regards him.

MARGARET

I know.

Now Father looks at her, his eyes swimming with emotion. They share a lingering look of deep love. Then, with quiet intensity, his voice low and nearly choked:

FATHER
I will miss you, Margaret.

Margaret's eyes are swimming too, as she falls into his arms in a long, clinging embrace. They hold one another as if onto life itself. After a long pause:

MARGARET
Come on, Jacob. Let's dance.

Father breaks away, looks at her quizzically.

FATHER
What?

MARGARET
You know: dance.

FATHER
(laughing)
.. You and I are past out dancing days.

MARGARET
Nonsense. As I recall, you were a wonderful dancer.

FATHER
Two left feet next to those Park Avenue swells you called your friends.

MARGARET
Do you remember that night we had? We were at one of my father's ridiculous stuffed shirt affairs at the Waldorf, and we snuck out during cocktails...

FATHER
(smiles, remembering)
Yes... we walked down to University Place, and had oysters and beer at the Cedar Tavern.

MARGARET
And when we were good and loaded, we went to the 23 Club and danced until three in the morning.

FATHER

You know, I think I have some of those
seventy-eights somewhere...

He rises and moves to a Victrola across the room. Beneath it is a cabinet with a scattering of records. Father pulls one out, puts it on the turntable. He winds the spring, then releases it, and places the needle at the edge of the disk. From the scratchy noise emerges the soothing strains of Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Serenade". Now he moves to Margaret, and extends his hand to her. She accepts it. Rises. And they come together, dancing cheek-to-cheek to the romantic strains, and we:

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

A FULL MOON

shining through the trees of Central Park, and as we PAN DOWN to:

VINCENT (O.S.)

The last seven days, she said, were the
happiest days of her life.

EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

where Vincent and Cathy stand, illuminated by moonlight, at the gaping mouth of the huge concrete tunnel. A wind engenders there, like a hot breath, blowing from depths of the earth. It moves Cathy's hair and flattens her dress against her body.

VINCENT

I think they were Father's happiest too.

CATHY

How is he?

VINCENT

Healing. Alone. Grateful.

CATHY

They really loved each other.

VINCENT

Yes...

CATHY

It's so sad. To have had a beginning, and
an end... and all the time in the middle,
empty...

Beat as Vincent lowers his eyes. Then, wistfully:

VINCENT

They had seven days, Catherine.

She regards him now, with all the poignancy of their impossible love. Vincent takes a step
back before he raises his eyes to her again.

VINCENT

It's getting cold. You should go.

CATHY

Vincent...

But Vincent has already disappeared into the darkness -- as another earth-breath from the tunnel
blows across Cathy, leaving her alone and thoughtful, we:

FADE OUT.

THE END