

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Down to a Sunless Sea"
formerly called "The Enchanted Cottage"

Written by

Don Balluck

Directed by

Christopher Leitch

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

FIRST DRAFT

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
"Down to a Sunless Sea"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

- 1 OMITTED 1
- 2 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (A DREAM) 2

(NOTE: following should be shot in negative.) The MOVING CAMERA crashes desperately through leaves and branches, gaining speed and urgency... faster and faster, until...

CUT TO:

- 2A INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 2A

Vincent awakes from the dream, and bolts upright in bed -- his mind still whipping from the image. Some deep breaths calm him, as he begins to try and make sense of what his unconscious is telling him. ON his troubled face, we:

CUT TO:

CATHERINE'S VOICE

Dammit...

CUT TO:

- 3 thru 5 OMITTED 3 thru 5

- 6 BURNT TOAST 6

just-popped, smoldering in the toaster, and we are:

- 7 INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - ON CATHY - DAY 7

in her bathrobe, half awake, as she burns her fingers on the irrevocably burnt toast, and quickly puts them to her lips for succor. She decides to leave the toast alone, and moves to the counter. Pours herself a cup of coffee. Sits down and opens the newspaper. Sips the coffee, and makes a face: it tastes like lukewarm tar. She forces down a second gulp anyway, and turns the page, as we:

CUT TO:

- 8 EXT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - ON CATHY - DAY 8
 now dressed for work, balancing a thick pile of manila folders in one arm, and locking the door with her free hand. She's scarcely walked two steps when she stumbles and spills the folders all over the floor of her corridor.
- 9 ANOTHER ANGLE 9
 the two-inch heel from her rights shoe lies sideways among the strewn papers, broken clean off the sole.
- 10 RESUME CATHY 10
 glancing heaven ward, as if appealing with her hapless logic to some greater power.
- CATHY
 (quiet frustration)
 I just bought these shoes
 yesterday... a hundred and twenty
 dollars.
- She shakes her head and as she starts gathering up the papers, we:
- CUT TO:
- 11 EXT. UPSCALE HOTEL - TO ESTABLISH - DAY 11
 Could be the Plaza, the Pierre...
- 12 OMITTED 12
- 13 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY 13
 as STEVEN PARKER enters the sumptuously furnished suite, followed be a CONCIERGE and a BELLMAN, who pushed a luggage dolly into the room. Parker's in his early thirties, impeccably attired, and quite handsome. He has a winning manner and is easy to like. He carries a finely tooled briefcase. And as he takes in the room, the view...
- CONCIERGE
 I hope you find the accomodations
 satisfactory.
- STEVEN
 Seems fine.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

CONCIERGE

How long will you be staying with us?

STEVEN

As long as it takes to wind up my business here. At least a week, I'd say.

CONCIERGE

Very good.

STEVEN

I'll give you plenty of notice.

Steven smilingly accepts the key from the Concierge, discreetly slipping him a bill of some hidden denomination which the Concierge knows better than to glance at.

CONCIERGE

Thank you, sir.

With that, the Concierge and Bellman leave. Only then does Parker set down the briefcase on the bed. He takes off his jacket, sets it beside the briefcase. He's strangely distracted; his mind is elsewhere, wandering into the past...

CUT TO:

14 EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

14

Five and a half years earlier. A romantic picnic complete with a wicker lunch basket, a bottle of wine, etc. Cathy and Steven lie side by side on a quilt, looking up at the blue sky through the trees. After a silent moment:

CATHY

I feel so light... I could just lift off... and float right up there to the tops of the trees.

She turns her head to look at him.

CATHY

I'm so happy. Thank you.

Steven smiles, and then rolls over on his side to face her directly.

STEVEN

Do you know how much I love you?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

CATHY
No. How much?

STEVEN
You want me to show you or tell you?

Cathy pretends to consider this seriously. Then, playfully:

CATHY
Show me.

Steven jumps her, wrapping her in his arms. She resists, and they wrestle, laughing. They roll in the grass; then the laughter subsides and they're holding each other close; Cathy on top of Steven.

CATHY
Oh, Steven... we've got so much to look forward to...

CUT TO:

15 INT. PARKER'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

15

Parker comes out of the memory, smiling to himself.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. D.A.'S BUILDING - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

16

A beautiful morning.

CUT TO:

17 A HAND-HELD MIRROR

17

reflects the pretty, but badly bruised face of a young woman, MARCY O'NEIL.

CATHY (O.S.)
You have to keep reminding yourself of what he did to you. Even after the bruises fade.

As the mirror sinks, we are:

18 INT. MAXWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

18

where MAXWELL and Cathy are interviewing Marcy. They're trying to be gentle, but it's difficult.

(CONTINUED)

MARCY
(resolute)
He's still my husband.

CATHY
Marcy, he's dangerous.

MAXWELL
If you don't post bail, we can
at least keep him locked up until
the trial. Keep you safe.

MARCY
(torn)
I couldn't stand to see him in
there. You don't know what it
was like for me. He was crying
like a baby.

CATHY
He's done that before.

MARCY
I know, but... this is different.
He swears he'll never lay a hand
on me again. He swears it.

CATHY
And you believe him -- like all
the other times.

Marcy knows the truth of Cathy's words, but is too weak to
take her advice. She's fighting tears as:

MARCY
If there's nothing else, I'd like
to go now.

CATHY
Marcy --

But Marcy gets up and leaves without looking back, without
another word. Cathy is unbearably frustrated, while
Maxwell seems to accept it.

CATHY
Damnit, Joe...

• (CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

MAXWELL

What'd you expect? That she was gonna come around because you gave her a good talking-to? Come on. At least with the new laws, we can get a conviction without her testimony.

CATHY

It's what happens before the trial that I'm worried about.

Maxwell concedes the worrisome expectation with a raised brow, when the phone/intercom BUZZES.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(filtered)

Call for Miss Chandler on seven.

MAXWELL

You can take it in here. I need some coffee.

CATHY

Thanks.

Maxwell exits, as Cathy picks up the receiver and punches the line.

CATHY

(into phone)

Catherine Chandler.

19 INT. WINDWARD PUBLISHERS - JENNY ARONSON'S OFFICE - DAY

19

Jenny Aronson talks on the phone. She's an up-and-coming editor who's bright, attractive, thirtysomething, NYC-born, Radcliffe-educated.

JENNY

It's good to hear your voice, stranger.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Cathy manages a smile: at once surprised and glad to hear the voice of an old and good friend...

CATHY

(mock-incredulity)

Jenny? Is that really Jenny Aronson? World record holder for unreturned phone calls?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

JENNY
Don't forget unrequited love.

CATHY
(smiles)
Not from what I hear.
(then)
What's up?

For the first time, Jenny's face reflects concern. She's silent for a moment.

CATHY
(sensing)
Are you okay?

JENNY
I'm fine. Great, actually. I just -- I got a call five minutes ago.
(then)
From Steven Parker.

Cathy is dazed by the name. She listens quietly, digesting the news.

JENNY
He's in town, trying to reach you. I gave him your home number, and it occurred to me a second afterward that maybe I shouldn't have. He's so... insistent, you know?
(beat; off Cathy's silence)
Cathy?

CATHY
(recovering)
I'm here.

JENNY
It's not like you have to call him. You don't owe him anything.

CATHY
(troubled)
Did he say where he's staying?

• (CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

JENNY
 (reluctant)
 At the Yorkshire.
 (then)
 If you want, we can talk about
 it over lunch...

CATHY
 No, Jenny, I don't. I can't.
 Not yet, anyway.

HOLD and...

CUT TO:

20 INT. FIFTH AVENUE STORE - DAY

20

Steven waits, his briefcase on the counter, packages on the floor next to him. MERCER, an elegantly dressed salesman, comes over on the other side of the counter, carrying a gold picture frame.

MERCER
 I think I might have what you're
 looking for.

Mercer lays it down on the counter before Steven, who picks it up and examines it closely.

MERCER
 Eighteen carat solid gold.

STEVEN
 (pleased)
 Yes...

MERCER
 Quite expensive, I'm afraid. Just
 over three thousand dollars.

But Parker is scarcely paying attention.

STEVEN
 What's that?

MERCER
 It's three thousand dollars, sir.

STEVEN
 (smiles amiably)
 It's perfect.

CUT TO:

21 INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

21

Cathy comes in, the entire re-awakening of Steven's nearness weighing heavily on her mind. She taps a button on her answering machine as she sets down her coat and her evening's work. After a BEEP, a woman's voice comes on the tape.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(filtered)

Hi, Cath. It's Eileen. We're having a dinner party this Saturday. No big deal, just a few people, and Jerry's attempting his famous Lasagna Florentine. So give a call. We'd love to see you.

Another BEEP sounds, and:

MAN'S VOICE

(filtered)

This is Glen Martinez. I have a scheduling conflict regarding tomorrow morning's deposition with my client. Call me at home, a.s.a.p. -- 455-3483.

Another BEEP sounds, and:

STEVEN'S VOICE

(filtered)

Hey, Cathy. I'm not in the habit of leaving long messages on answering machines, but I figured maybe it's the best way to reach you, all things considered. You know, without putting you on the spot, which believe me, is the last thing I want to do.

Cathy reacts to the voice from her past. CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY on Cathy's face as the message plays over...

STEVEN'S VOICE

In case you're wondering, I got your number from Jennie Aronson. But don't be too hard on her. I said it was important, and it is.

(beat)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

STEVEN'S VOICE (Cont'd)

It's been a long time, Cath. What happened between us...

(he breaks off)

This is absurd: I promised myself I wasn't going to get into that, so I won't.

(laughs) Anyway, I'm talking to a machine, and I can't press the rewind button from here.

(beat)

I guess I really just wanted to touch base with you. There's something we need to talk about. Something important. I don't think that's too unreasonable a request, do you? I'm staying at the Yorkshire...

As the tape runs out, leaving Cathy alone in the silence. She flicks off the machine, and settles heavily into an armchair. The voice on the machine, an intrusion from the past, has stirred her memory. For a long time, she just sits there, pensive. Then, she begins to HEAR the words...

CATHY'S VOICE

I don't know why. Maybe no one ever knows why. I'm sorry, Parker. But I --

STEVEN'S VOICE

Give me a reason. I need a reason.

And now the full force memory:

CUT TO:

22 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

22

Five years earlier. A law school apartment. Simple and small. Cathy is washing dishes at the sink, her hair youthfully pulled back. She twists off the faucets and pivots to face Steven who is sitting under a light at a small breakfast table. Cathy leans back against the basin.

CATHY

You know the reasons.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

STEVEN

I'm too possessive. I don't let you be you.

Frustrated, Steven stands, crossing to the door frame.

STEVEN

What did you... what's that supposed to mean? How did you want me to act? Like I didn't care? Like I didn't have an opinion?

CATHY

I don't want to argue with you again.

STEVEN

You fell in love with me because I was strong, because I had my own ideas and knew what I wanted. Now you hold that against me.

CATHY

(quietly)

I fell in love with you because you were kind, and because I thought you really knew and understood me.

STEVEN

Look, you can stay in law school. You can have your career. I'm willing to accept that now.

CATHY

Steven, don't...

STEVEN

(angry)

Don't what?

Cathy looks away -- Steven's response to her typical of his overbearing manner.

STEVEN

(beat)

Cathy... I, I didn't mean that. It's just that I see you making a huge mistake. I love you. No one will ever love you as much as I do.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

CATHY

You may be right. I'll never know.

(beat)

But it's too late. I'm sorry but it is. Why do we have to keep reliving this again and again?

Steven regards her.

STEVEN

I'm standing here. And you're burning me to the ground.

ON Cathy's face, as we,

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - ON CATHY - CONTINUOUS

23

as her mind returns to the present, and she is confronted with the decision of whether or not to invite this man back into her life.

CUT TO:

23A INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

23A

Vincent sits on his bed, a leatherbound book on his lap, surrounded by a half dozen excited tunnel kids, including KIPPER, ERIC (?), and ELLIE (?).

KIPPER

Read the one about Kubla Khan!

The kids respond with an enthusiastic chorus. Vincent smiles.

VINCENT

Okay, but after this it's bedtime.

As Vincent finds the page, takes a beat, and...

(CONTINUED)

23A CONTINUED:

23A

VINCENT
 In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round:
 And there were gardens bright with
 sinuous rills...

FLASHCUT

23B EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

23B

as before, an almost subliminal flash of Vincent's
 previous dream, then:

23C RESUME SCENE

23C

as Vincent loses, and almost immediately regains himself,
 and continues reading.

VINCENT
 Where blossomed many an incense-
 bearing tree;
 And here were forests ancient as
 the hills...

FLASHCUT

23D EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

23D

as before, only a half second longer, then:

23E RESUME SCENE

23E

Vincent stops reading, disoriented. Ellie is the first to
 notice.

ELLIE
 Vincent, are you alright?

Vincent seems disoriented for another moment, before
 nodding that he is okay, and we:

• CUT TO:

24 EXT. MID-TOWN SHOPPING AREA - NIGHT 24

The rain has just stopped and the streets glisten. Steven comes out of the store, clutching his briefcase and purchases, fairly glowing in happy anticipation. He attempts to hail a cab, then another, but they whiz by, all occupied.

25 ANOTHER ANGLE 25

as Steven shrugs good-naturedly and heads for a side street, apparently choosing to walk back to the hotel.

26 FOLLOWING STEVEN 26

as he strides along. The street is semi-deserted.

27 ANGLE FROM ALLEY 27

as Steven passed, two forms lunge out and grab him.

STEVEN

Hey!

The packages scatter as they drag him into...

28 THE ALLEY 28

and slam him against the wall. These are two punks, HAL and TONY, strung out, jittery as hell, managing to be giggly and vicious simultaneously. Steven has managed to retain his grip on the briefcase, as Hal pins him against the brick wall of the alley, his forearm pressed hard against the base of Parker's neck.

TONY

Hey, looks like we got a good one.

Steven's previous high spirits keep him fairly calm.

STEVEN

Take it easy. I'm not putting up a fight.

TONY

That's good.

STEVEN

You want money?

HAL

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

STEVEN

I've got it.

He pats his breast pocket.

STEVEN

Right in here.

Hal reaches inside the jacket, removes Steven's wallet.
He hands it to Tony.

HAL

Check it out.

Tony pulls out a wad of hundreds. He lets out a little
whoop.

TONY

Jeez... Look at this!

STEVEN

I'd like my i.d., if you don't
mind.

TONY

You hear that? He'd like his i.d.

HAL

Yeah, well, I'd like that watch.

STEVEN

Sure.

Steven fumbles with the briefcase to get at the watch.
Tony grabs the briefcase from him.

TONY

Here. Let me hold that.

Parker gets the watch off. Hal grabs it and stuffs it
in his pocket. Tony looks down at the briefcase.

TONY

What's in here?

STEVEN

Nothing that would interest you.

TONY

No?

HAL

Take a look. Probably stuffed
with money.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

For the first time, Steven starts to really get disturbed.

STEVEN

Listen...

HAL

Shut your mouth.

STEVEN

Come on, there's nothing...

But Hal jams his forearm even harder into Parker's neck.

HAL

I said, shut up.

Tony is about to snap open the briefcase, when Steven explodes with a howl.

STEVEN

NO-O-O...

In a rage that seems to give him super-human strength, Steven wheels the bigger Hal around, slamming his head into the brick, again and again, until he collapses in a bloody heap. Tony swings the briefcase at Steven, who parries the blow and follows through with an incredibly powerful, almost maniacal, backhand, which sends Tony backward. The briefcase flies open, spilling the as yet unseen contents over the wet pavement. Steven is all over Tony, kicking him on the ground until he lies motionless.

It takes a moment for Steven's rage to subside.

Again under control, Steven quickly gathers what we now see to be rubber-banded bunches of letters, and a collection of snapshots of a younger Cathy Chandler -- including a beautiful photograph which sits perfectly in the recently purchased gold frame. Steven snaps shut the briefcase, then recovers his wallet and cash from Tony's pocket, momentarily revulsed by a smear of blood on his sleeve. He pockets them, then gets his watch from Hal's pocket. And as he crosses to the mouth of the alley, stepping out unhurriedly into the street...

CAMERA PANS BACK to the scene... past the twisted bodies of Hal and Tony... and MOVES IN CLOSE on a muddied, bedraggled photo of Cathy, half-submerged in a dirty puddle, forgotten by Steven.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

29

Cathy cradles the telephone in her lap. Trembling she reaches for the receiver, lifts it to her ear, and begins to dial. She steels herself. Then, the call is answered.

CATHY

Steven?

As we,

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

30 INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

30

as Cathy opens the door on Steven, who's changed into another impeccable outfit. They stand, regarding one another in the uneasy silence of former lovers who haven't seen each other in a long time. Then:

CATHY

Come in...

Steven steps inside, closing the door behind him.

STEVEN

Thanks for seeing me.

Cathy nods, slightly abashed. Steven's presence has a powerful effect on her.

CATHY

Five years is a long time.

STEVEN

(smiles)

It's not that long.

Cathy isn't quite sure how to respond. She deflects the emotions she's starting to feel.

CATHY

Here. Let me take your coat.

STEVEN

Thanks.

As Steven shrugs off his coat, hands it to her. She hangs it in an adjacent closet. Steven steps further into the room. Glances around appreciatively.

STEVEN

Place sure beats the old walkup in Soho.

As Cathy rejoins him.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

CATHY

I don't know. It had something
you don't get eighteen stories
above street level.

STEVEN

Yeah. A lot of noise.

An awkward silence follows. There's a lot of unspoken
stuff going on in both their minds. Finally:

CATHY

Can I get you something to drink?

Steven laughs.

STEVEN

This is crazy... I feel stiff and
polite, and you know I'm neither
of those things. Do you think
maybe we can avoid dancing around
each other like we're strangers?

CATHY

Well we are.

STEVEN

(hurt)
Come on --

CATHY

Steven: the fact is, I don't know
you.

STEVEN

Sure you do.

CATHY

No. Not really. Not anymore.

After a beat, Steven surrenders the point with a
frustrated shrug. He spots the terrace, crosses to it,
then pauses.

STEVEN

Do you mind?

Cathy shakes her head: no she doesn't. Steven opens the
door, allowing Cathy to lead, and follows her outside.

31 EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

31

Steven and Cathy look out over the city for a long moment.
Then:

STEVEN

Well if we're such strangers, how
about filling me in?

CATHY

In a hundred words or less?

STEVEN

I have time.

Cathy and Steven look out over the city for a long, silent
moment. Then:

STEVEN

So tell me: is there someone...?

CATHY

(beat)

Yes.

STEVEN

Do you love him?

Steven glances at Cathy for an answer, but she's a little
rattled by the question, and decides to answer him with
a nod, her gaze still outward. Parker's face betrays only
a pang of remorse, followed by a wistful smile.

STEVEN

I'm glad for you. Really.

CATHY

What about you?

STEVEN

(shakes head)

Modern love's too tough a nut for
me to crack. And the past five
years haven't exactly been the
best years of my life...

CATHY

I heard about your parents. I'm
sorry.

STEVEN

How'd you find out?

CATHY

Jenny Aronson.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

STEVEN

(beat)

Did she tell you that I killed them?

CATHY

What?

STEVEN

I was behind the wheel when the car crashed -- and drunk, as usual. The court sentenced me to six months in jail.

He shakes his head, then regards Cathy, almost afraid to see what judgement her face might be reflecting. But all she sees is her sympathy and shared pain.

STEVEN

So many awful things happening, one after the other. It's taken me this many years to put myself back together, and now...

He trails off, and for a long moment says nothing.

CATHY

What is it, Steven?

(suspecting)

Your message said there was something important you wanted to tell me.

He turns to her now, deeply disturbed.

STEVEN

Yeah...

(then)

Seems I have this thing in my head called an astrocytoma.

(off Cathy's questioning look)

A kind of brain tumor. Degenerative, and about as terminal as they come.

This crashes over Cathy with incredible force, stuns her into silence. Steven's eyes are welling as he tries to lighten the bitterness with an ironic laugh.

STEVEN

Can you believe it? Me and Job, right?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

CATHY

Steven...

He proceeds with a matter-of-factness.

STEVEN

They give me six months, more or less. I'll be fairly normal for most of that time -- in their opinion.

(then)

It's why I'm here. When the anger and denial and all that passed, I did a lot of thinking. Took an inventory of my life, and realized that I haven't picked up many friends along the way. In fact, there's no one. You're the only really important person I've ever had. Cathy: I'm only asking that you see me from time to time. No demands. Nothing but friendship.

HOLD and...

CUT TO:

32 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

32

MOVING with Vincent and Cathy as they walk together to the syncopated sound of the pipes...

CATHY

I don't know what to think. We have so much... history together.

(beat)

It's hard to know what I'm really feeling.

VINCENT

Do you love this man?

After a thoughtful beat:

CATHY

No. I'm not in love with him. But I feel I have an obligation to him. I'm not sure why. Because of his illness, maybe... because of the intimacy we once had.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

VINCENT
I understand...

CATHY
There's a crazy part of me that
wants to go back to that time when
we were happy, when we shared
everything. But it's absurd.

FLASHCUT

33 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

33

as before, the CAMERA slices urgently through the thick
woods for a half second.

34 BACK TO SCENE

34

Cathy regards Vincent, concerned.

CATHY
What is it?

VINCENT
(shaken)
I don't know.

CATHY
There was such... fear in your
face -- I've never seen before.

Vincent regards her.

VINCENT
Are you afraid, Catherine?

CATHY
Me? Of what?

VINCENT
(slowly)
This man coming back into your
life.

CATHY
Is that what you're sensing?

VINCENT
Maybe...

Cathy considers this.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

CATHY

I don't think "afraid" is the right word.

(beat)

I'm curious. What my life would've held if I had married him... And guilty. Because I know I hurt him.

VINCENT

When was the last time you saw him?

CATHY

Five years ago. It was after I'd broken off the engagement. He wouldn't accept it at first, and we were arguing as usual. It was no different from other arguments. But for some reason, that day, he believed it -- that I'd never change my mind -- and I never saw him again.

Beat. She looks up at Vincent.

CATHY

Until now.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. NEW ROCHELLE - WOODED RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

35

A station wagon wends down a private drive and pulls to a stop before a secluded wood and glass cottage nestled in the trees. HELEN THOMPSON exits the driver's side while Steven steps out from the passenger side, responding to the property. Helen wears a cheerful green blazer with a "THOMPSON REALTY" tag pinned to her lapel. She has a warm, professional manner, as:

HELEN

I think you'll appreciate my urgent telephone call, Mr. Parker. This just came on the market today, and it won't last long.

Steven drinks in the scenery.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

STEVEN

I'm going to say something very strange, Mrs. Thompson. I've never been here in my life and yet I recognize it.

She laughs.

HELEN

That's not strange at all. I've heard it from buyers for twenty years. Come inside.

She selects a key from a large ring as she heads for the front door.

CUT TO:

36 INT. RUSTIC COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

36

The place is completely bare but immaculate. Wood floors, large picture windows bringing the outside in, a huge stone fireplace. The hollow sound of Steven's voice resonates through the interior of the house.

STEVEN (O.S.)

It's beautiful.

Steven enters from the dining area, followed by Helen. He looks around the room.

STEVEN

It really is.

Helen allows him to enjoy the space for a moment, before suggesting...

HELEN

Come on, I'll show you the grounds.

Steven follows her out.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. COTTAGE - REAR LAWN AREA - DAY

37

The landscaping slopes down to a stand of virgin woods. Steven is no less enthralled as he walks with Helen.

HELEN

Well?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

STEVEN

I want it. How soon can you draw up the papers?

HELEN

How soon do you need them?

STEVEN

I can have a bank draft for the full amount in the morning.

HELEN

Sure you don't want a day or two to think about it. I don't want to rush you into anything.

STEVEN

I've thought about it. I'm serious.

She sees that he is.

HELEN

I'll do my level best. Probably you'll have to sign some waivers in lieu of the usual inspections, but I can assure you there's not a thing wrong with this property.

STEVEN

I can see that. It's perfect.

He turns to take it all in once more.

CUT TO:

38 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

38

Father sits, while Vincent roams the chamber.

VINCENT

It's irrational, Father. I can't explain it.

FATHER

Try.

VINCENT

(beat)

A powerful image of some kind.
A foreboding -- whenever I think of her.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

FATHER

Some manifestation of your
empathic connection?

VINCENT

This is different.

Father bows his head, choosing his words carefully...

FATHER

Vincent... the last time a man
came into her life --

VINCENT

(overriding)

Please, Father. I know what
you're thinking. But I'm not
inventing these feelings.

FATHER

Not the feelings themselves. Only
the source of the feelings.

VINCENT

You think, I'm the source?

FATHER

I can understand how you might
be.

(beat)

This man is someone with whom
Catherine shared the dreams of
a life together. A life that you
and she could never know.

VINCENT

That doesn't explain the vision...
the threat.

FATHER

(gently)

The threat to her, Vincent? * Or
the threat to you?

VINCENT

Dammit, Father. Catherine and
I are beyond that. It's not
jealousy.

* CUT TO:

39 A FIRE

39

flares and crackles in a fireplace, over which Cathy's musical LAUGHTER is heard.

CATHY (O.S.)

I haven't thought of Professor Rabin in years.

CAMERA PANS and we are...

40 INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

40

as a smiling Steven replaces the poker with which he's just stoked the fire, and rejoins Cathy before the fireplace.

STEVEN

I mean the old guy was certifiably nuts. Remember the time he repeated the same lecture word for word?

CATHY

And you slept through it both times.

STEVEN

Civil Procedure'll put anyone to sleep.

Cathy regards him appreciatively.

CATHY

Your memory is incredible.

STEVEN

Not incredible enough to get me through law school.

CATHY

Enough to make me realize how much I've forgotten.

STEVEN

"Better by far you should forget and smile/Than that you should remember and be sad."

This strikes a somber chord with Cathy.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

CATHY

Steven, I'm not bitter about our relationship. It was an important part of my life, and I've always thought of it that way. I did a lot of growing.

STEVEN

Until you outgrew me.
(catches himself)
I'm sorry.

Cathy stiffens momentarily, looks away. Steven touches her chin, gently lifting her face to his, which is open and contrite.

STEVEN

Hey, I'm not perfect.

Cathy nods, satisfied, as Steven glimpses the scar below her ear. He traces it with his finger.

STEVEN

Where'd you get that?

CATHY

Please, let's not talk about that now.

STEVEN

(sympathetic; soft)
Sure. But I think scars are beautiful. Kind of like a map to a person's past... proof that even the worst cuts heal.

Steven's voice assumes a soothing almost hypnotic quality, as he is reminded of the wounds in his own life.

CATHY

I have scars too. You just can't see them.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

Self-protective, he turns slightly away from her. And Cathy, her heart moved, reaches out a hand to him, touching his shoulder. Cathy almost shivers at the painful look in his eyes... and their lips meet for a long, melting moment... which Cathy ends abruptly, as she breaks away from the embrace. But she's definitely torn.

CATHY

Steven, I'm --

STEVEN

(overriding)

You're right. That wasn't such a good idea.

(then)

I should go.

CATHY

(beat; small nod)

I think so.

Steven pushes himself to his feet, collects his coat, then turns...

STEVEN

Listen, the Met is doing "Tosca" tomorrow night. I know it used to be your favorite opera.

CATHY

It still is.

STEVEN

Why don't we go?

(adding quickly)

I mean, if you're free then...

CATHY

(beat)

I am free... and I'd love to go.

Steven regards Cathy warmly, his eyes smiling.

STEVEN

Good.

Cathy watches him leave. She's confused, disarmed, disoriented. HOLD and...

• FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS

- 41 a) Steven watches as SALESPERSON ONE pulls back the corner of one living room rug after the next. 41
- 42 b) Steven gestures to a round dining room table. SALESPERSON TWO nods his approval. 42
- 43 c) Steven selects a set of gleaming copper-bottomed pots and pans from SALESPERSON THREE. 43

CUT TO:

- 44 EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP -- DAY 44
Smiling and carrying two shopping bags, Steven approaches the shop and enters.
- 45 INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY 45
A small bell on the door tinkles as Steven steps inside. He scans the small, furniture-crowded shop, and finally MORRISON, an elderly man, comes in from the back.

MORRISON

May I help you?

STEVEN

(putting down his bags)
Yes, I'm looking for Mr. Prescott.

MORRISON

Mr. Prescott's not in today. He's sick, I'm afraid. Can I help you?

STEVEN

I ordered an antique stove from him last week. It was supposed to have arrived yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

MORRISON
You must be Mr. Parker.

STEVEN
That's right.

MORRISON
It came in last night, actually
-- and in superb condition.
(beat)
It's in the back.
(re: shopping bags)
I'll take these for you.

Morrison bends down to pick up the bags.

MORRISON
This way...

as he leads Steven into the:

46 BACK OF THE STORE

46

where Morrison puts down the bags and gestures proudly
at a gleaming black potbellied stove...

MORRISON
There she is.

Steven is immobile.

MORRISON
Just a beautiful piece, don't you
think?

The blood rises in Steven's face. His voice moves into
the lower registers.

STEVEN
This is not the stove I ordered.

Morrison glances at him nervously and moves to check the
invoice, which lies on the top of the stove.

STEVEN
I ordered a red stove.

MORRISON
(helpless)
Did you?

Steven's rage surfaces.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

STEVEN

Yes I did! I specifically ordered
a red stove!

MORRISON

(stammering)
There's nothing here in the
invoice...

STEVEN

I don't give a damn about the
invoice!

MORRISON

Mr. Parker --

STEVEN

(overriding)
I paid for this in advance!

MORRISON

I know you --

STEVEN

Don't play games with me. I need
that stove, and I need it
tomorrow. Everything depends on
it. Do you understand?

MORRISON

I'll call Mr. Prescott, right
away.

STEVEN

You do that.

Steven retrieves his bags and storms out. The
irrationality of his outburst leaves Morrison trembling
and shocked.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY

47

to establish.

MAXWELL'S VOICE

Listen, we have to talk.

48 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - MOVING - DAY

48

as Joe falls in step with Cathy, who's walking quickly.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

CATHY
I'm late for a case status meeting
with Moreno.

MAXWELL
You may wanna put that on hold.
I got some bad news.

Cathy stops and regards Maxwell expectantly.

MAXWELL
Marcy O'Neill's in jail.

CATHY
What??

MAXWELL
She stabbed her husband last
night.
(as Cathy digests this)
She's been asking for you, so I
figured you'd wanna know.

CATHY
How's her husband?

MAXWELL
He's in intensive at Presbyterian.
Fifty-fifty, last I heard.

CATHY
Where's Marcy?

MAXWELL
Riverdale tombs.
(knowing)
Go ahead. I'll fill Moreno in.

Cathy nods her appreciation and heads off, as we:

CUT TO:

49 A WOMAN'S HANDS

49

one nervously wringing the other.

CATHY (O.S.)
Marcy, I'm sorry...

50 INT. RIVERDALE TOMBS - VISITOR'S BLOCK - DAY

50

The hands belong to Marcy, who's talking with Cathy over a counter separating suspects from visitors. One of Marcy's eyes is puffed out and closed, her other eye welling with tears. It seems as though she's almost quivering, her nerves shot.

CATHY

I'm sorry it got to this point.

MARCY

I don't know what to do, Miss Chandler. I'm so afraid.

CATHY

You'll get help. Someone from the Public Defender's office will be assigned to you.

MARCY

Will I go to prison?

CATHY

I don't know, Marcy.

MARCY

(echoing softly)
You don't know...

CATHY

It may depend on whether your husband lives.

This re-kindles the horrible memory for Marcy, who seems to replay the scene over in her head, as she continues haltingly.

MARCY

It wasn't like I was thinking when it happened. He was hitting me, because...

(thinks, realizes, as
for the first time)

There was no reason. He just kept beating me. I begged him, but he wouldn't stop, and the knife... it was right there, on the counter. And he kept on, and I felt like I was drowning, reaching for air...

(breaking down; tears
streaming)

He didn't even wait for the old bruises to go away. God, I'm so afraid....

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: 50

Cathy's face reflects the sad hopelessness of the young woman before her, and we:

CUT TO:

51 EXT. STREET - DAY 51

as Cathy walks down the sidewalk, her beeper sounds. She glances down at the flashing digital number, and bee-lines for a public phone. She fishes a quarter out of her purse, drops it in, and dials...

CATHY

Hello, Steven?

52 INT. STEVEN'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY 52

He's in bed, talking on the phone, in his robe.

STEVEN

Good morning.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

CATHY

For someone, somewhere, I'm sure it is.

STEVEN

Can it really be that bad at ten o'clock in the morning?

CATHY

Worse.

(then)

I'm just feeling a little stressed out.

STEVEN

I'm sorry to add to your bad day, but I have to back out of tonight.

CATHY

(concerned)

Why?

STEVEN

I'm not feeling well, and I need to take it easy when I get that way. But the tickets are paid for, so there's no point wasting them. You can take someone else.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

CATHY

The kind of day I'm having, I don't think I'd be a very good audience anyway.

(then)

Look, why don't I stop by your hotel after work?

STEVEN

You sure you want to keep company with a convalescent?

CATHY

I can't give you an exact time...

STEVEN

That's alright. I'm not going anywhere.

CATHY

Then I'll see you later.

STAY with Cathy, as she hangs up, and:

CUT TO:

53 INT. THRESHOLD TO TUNNEL WORLD

53

Cathy and Vincent stand at an awkward distance. The psychic wire that connects them is pulled taught, vibrating at the breaking point.

VINCENT

(defensive)

I have nothing more than a feeling. The flash of an image. And yet I had to tell you.

CATHY

How do you know this has anything to do with me?

VINCENT

You provoke the image. The thought of you -- even your name -- brings it to my eyes.

Cathy turns away from him, angry and frustrated. Then confronts him again:

CATHY

Why are you doing this to me, Vincent?

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Catherine --

CATHY

(overriding)

I've told you what I'm thinking. You feel everything I feel. The confusion in my heart. And now you tell me that I'm in danger. Only you can't tell me how you know this, or why.

(beat)

You know the place you hold in my life, how I value your words above all others. Is this fair of you to do?

VINCENT

(simply)

I fear for you, Catherine...

CATHY

And I'm supposed to take that fear up into the world and live with it? Tonight, when I see Steven. How can I act honestly with him?

VINCENT

Don't go.

CATHY

Vincent, he's my friend. I care deeply about him.

(beat)

He's dying, and I owe him at least my trust.

VINCENT

Please, Catherine --

CATHY

He's dying, Vincent.

And she leaves him alone at the threshold.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. STEVEN'S HOTEL - NIGHT

54

to ESTABLISH.

STEVEN'S VOICE
It's really my own fault.

CUT TO:

55 INT. STEVEN'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

55

Steven, dressed in fashionable sweats and thick socks,
listens to an exasperated Cathy over tea.

STEVEN
I forgot to take my medication.

CATHY
You seem fine now.

STEVEN
I'm much better...
(then)
But I'd really rather not talk
about that. Tell me about your
lousy day.

CATHY
I don't know. Some of the people
I deal with on a daily basis...
They're crying out for help, but
incapable of receiving it.

STEVEN
I guess it's hard for you to
understand that dynamic.

CATHY
Let alone accept it.

STEVEN
When I was in India last year,
I saw a level of squalor I
couldn't believe still existed
in the world. The only way I
could accept it was to realize
that humanity exists on distinctly
different levels. "Hunger" means
something very different in
Calcutta. Even twenty blocks
north of here.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

CATHY

True, but I'm still not sure that knowing makes it any easier to accept.

Cathy sips her tea and, replacing the cup, notices the time.

CATHY

Steven, I can't stay long.

STEVEN

That's okay.

CATHY

I have at least two hours of paperwork which needs to be finished tonight.

STEVEN

Maybe you work too hard.

CATHY

Sometimes maybe I do.

STEVEN

I think you could use a change of scenery.

CATHY

What do you have in mind?

STEVEN

Cathy: something really exciting is happening.

(then)

I'm thinking of buying a house.

CATHY

(surprised)

Where?

STEVEN

In New Rochelle. It's a beautiful area, and only a half hour to the City.

CATHY

That's great.

STEVEN

Would you look at it with me?

Cathy tries to mask her reluctance.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

CATHY

When were you thinking of?

STEVEN

Tomorrow?

CATHY

I can't. This week's impossible

--

STEVEN

(quickly overriding)

Saturday, then.

CATHY

I don't know.

STEVEN

It really wouldn't take long.
A couple of hours.

Cathy is reluctant, but she finally nods...

CATHY

Okay...

eliciting that infectious Steven smile.

STEVEN

Terrific.

Cathy doesn't quite know how to explain her uneasiness.

CATHY

I really do have to go.

(rises)

But I'll check with you later
about Saturday.And she is gone. Steven sits for a lingering moment.
Then he stands and crosses to the wet bar. Pours himself
a drink.

CATHY'S VOICE

I feel so light...

CUT TO:

56 OMITTED

56

57 EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

57

Five and a half years earlier. A romantic picnic complete with a wicker lunch basket, a bottle of wine, etc. Cathy and Steven lie side by side on a quilt, looking up at the blue sky through the trees. After a silent moment:

CATHY

(continuous)

I could just lift off... and float
right up there to the tops of the
trees.

She turns her head to look at him.

CATHY

I'm so happy. Thank you.

Steven smiles, and then rolls over on his side to face her directly.

STEVEN

Do you know how much I love you?

CATHY

No. How much?

STEVEN

You want me to show you or tell
you?

Steven jumps her, wrapping her in his arms. She resists, and they wrestle, laughing. They roll in the grass; then the laughter subsides and they're holding each other close; Cathy on top of Steven.

CATHY

Oh, Steven... we've got so much
to look forward to...

(beat)

I can see it so clearly. We'll
have a house -- in a setting just
like this.

STEVEN

Yeah, real simple. Tucked in
among the trees.

CATHY

And in the kitchen we'll have one
of those big red pot-bellied
stoves.

STEVEN

It'll be perfect.

DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT. STEVEN'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

58

Steven is still standing in front of the wet bar.

STEVEN
(softly)
Absolutely perfect.

As he takes a sip from his drink, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

59 FADE IN: 59
 thru OMITTED thru
 61 61
 62 EXT. RUSTIC HOUSE - DAY 62

The house Steven bought. As the Jaguar wends up the long driveway...

CATHY'S VOICE
 Steven, it's beautiful.

STEVEN
 It gets better. Lots better.

62A ANOTHER ANGLE 62A

as the Jag comes to a stop, and Cathy and Stephen emerge. Cathy is quite struck by the place, and Steven seems to derive a certain pleasure from this.

STEVEN
 I kind of knew you'd like it.

CATHY
 I love it.

STEPHEN
 Listen - before we go inside,
 I want to show you something.

He takes her arm and guides her around to the...

63 REAR LAWN AREA 63

and gestures to the stand of woods.

STEVEN
 This is what really sold me.

CATHY
 Sold you? I thought you were only
 thinking about buying.

STEVEN
 It's mine, Cathy. I wanted to
 surprise you.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

CATHY
(laughs)
Well I am surprised.

STEVEN
(a little hesitant)
Do you... recognize it?

CATHY
Recognize what?

STEVEN
The whole thing.

CATHY
Should I?

STEVEN
(smiles)
You'll see. Come on inside.

As he enthusiastically leads her back to the house...

STEVEN
I've been working day and night
getting the place ready.

CUT TO:

64 INT. LIVING ROOM - ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW - DAY

64

Steven and Cathy approach from outside. Faintly, we hear his voice, then more surely as they near.

STEVEN
... Complete sense of privacy.
Behind, it's all woods. It feels
like there's nobody around for
a hundred miles.

The door opens and they enter.

65 ANOTHER ANGLE

65

where we now see here and there random pieces of furniture, not arranged, and with the tags and wrappings still showing. At the far end is a large, rolled-up rug.

STEVEN
I haven't gotten started in here
yet, but otherwise the place is
pretty livable.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

CAMERA FOLLOWS as they move on through the dining room, into the...

66 KITCHEN

66

which is spacious. A wood chopping block is in the center, and off in the corner is a gleaming pot-bellied stove. Red. Steven gestures to it proudly.

STEVEN

Remember talking about the red stove?

She doesn't.

CATHY

Red stove?

STEVEN

Is it what you wanted?

CATHY

(startled)

What I wanted?

STEVEN

You know, what you had in mind when you were describing it?

Cathy is dumbfounded, half-paralyzed by a creeping unease. And Steven seems too caught up in his great enthusiasm to really notice. Like an anxious kid in Disneyland, he shrugs off her confusion, takes her hand, and:

STEVEN

Come on: I've saved the best for last.

As he leads her from the kitchen, into the front hall, and up the main spiral stairway, we:

67 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

67

The door opens and Steven enters, all but dragging Cathy behind. The room is flooded in bright light. Compared to the rest of the house, the bedroom is a shock of completeness. More than just furnished, it is decorated -- right up to gold-framed photograph of Cathy -- who now stares at her younger image, her flesh crawling.

STEVEN

Well..?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

CATHY

(calm)

Steven: I want you to take me
back.

But Steven is oblivious, his mind unglued. He continues,
relaxed and pleasant.

STEVEN

Remember how I used to like buying
things for you? Even clothes.
I got to be very good at that,
I thought. Always the right style
in the right size...

CATHY

What are you doing?

STEVEN

Take a look.

He crosses to some long, fold-out closet doors and pulls
them all the way open, revealing a complete woman's
wardrobe. He turns to her now with a manic cheerfulness.

STEVEN

You won't even have to go back
and pack anything.

Cathy stares at him for a long moment, incredulous, her
mind flooding with a host of fears and suspicions.

CATHY

Steven, I can't stay here with
you.

STEVEN

Why not? What else do you need?
I can send for it.

CATHY

Steven, you're making me very
uncomfortable. Please: take me
home.

Steven approaches her, smiling the lunatic twinkle in his
eye.

STEVEN

But you are home.

He reaches for her, and Cathy doesn't wait another second
before bolting out the door.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

STEVEN
 (softly; to himself;
 as if sorely
 disappointed)
 Ah, Cathy...

As he follows her out, not running, but walking
 confidently, and we:

CUT TO:

68 INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

68

as Cathy rushes up and tries to open it, but it's been
 locked by an inside key. The Jaguar is visible through a
 small cathedral window. Then there's the sound of Steven
 approaching...

STEVEN
 Come on, Cathy. Be reasonable.

But she cuts right, with Steven following, and:

69 CAMERA FOLLOWS CATHY

69

Through several rooms, as she tries several doors and
 windows, each one either locked or barred.

STEVEN (O.S)
 If you're feeling uptight now,
 I can understand. It'll pass.

And as we follow Cathy into...

70 THE KITCHEN

70

but the door has been locked there too, from the inside.
 Now Steven grabs her from behind and wheels her around.

STEVEN
 Cathy, I love you...

She shoves an elbow into his solar plexus, then throws him
 hard into a stack of pots and pans, just unpacked from the
 box, still in their plastic wrapping. Cathy turns and is
 grappling with the window over the sink, when a rolling
 pin comes crashing down against the back of her neck, and:

SMASH CUT TO:

71 INT. TUNNELS - SIMULTANEOUS 71

Vincent screams out in anguish, his voice echoing against the rock walls.

VINCENT

NO-O-O-O!

CUT TO:

72 INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 72

Steven steps over Cathy's fallen figure, rolling pin in hand, his voice low and trembling with need.

STEVEN

Come on. Just try to relax and everything'll be fine.

He hunkers down and swoops her into his arms, carrying her out the room.

CUT TO:

73 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL 73

Vincent clings to the top of a car as the train hurtles through the strobe-lit darkness, as we:

CUT TO:

74 EXT. RUSTIC HOUSE - NIGHT 74

A soft glow of light shows in the living room windows. The Jaguar is still parked as it was left.

CUT TO:

75 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 75

Tapered candles burn on the table between Cathy and Steven, who sit opposite one another. In b.g., framed by a huge picture window, is the stand of woods, illuminated in slashes by several floodlights. Before each of them are two exquisitely prepared plates of grilled swordfish and new potatoes. There's also an open bottle of wine, and two glasses poured. Steven eats across from Cathy, whose food and wine remain untouched. Her left wrist is tied tightly with electrical wire to the arm of the antique chair on which she sits. Steven looks at her the entire time. He sips his wine, then:

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

STEVE

Come on, sweetheart, eat something.

CATHY

Steven, you need help. Please let me help you.

Steven puts down his glass and regards Cathy with a wounded look.

STEVEN

Help me?

He pushes himself up out of his chair. And as he circles the table toward Cathy, his face etched with hurt pride and lack of understanding...

76 CLOSER ANGLE

76

on the loosening joints of the armrest on Cathy's chair.

77 RESUME SCENE

77

STEVEN

I really don't understand you. I've done everything possible to give you everything you ever wanted.

(beat)

I mean, this is what you wanted, isn't it?

CATHY

Once maybe... but not now. Things change. I've changed.

(then)

You don't know me anymore.

STEVEN

(exploding)

Don't say that!

Steven struggles to stave the violence he feels surfacing within him. He combs his hand hard through his hair, as if physically trying to hold on to himself. He's getting increasingly frustrated.

STEVEN

Look: I'm just asking you to trust me. I know we can be happy here. Together. I know it.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

He's reaching her, sits on the edge of the table, and strokes her hair away from her forehead.

STEVEN

No one could ever love you like I do.

Cathy tugs against her bond, indicating.

CATHY

Is this how you love?

STEVEN

You'll see. Just trust me...

As he bends to kiss her, Cathy twists sharply away. And Steven's violence comes closer to the surface...

STEVEN

I said trust me.

As Steven clutches the back of her head, more forcefully now, and pushes her face toward his, Cathy grabs the armrest and yanks hard, breaking free and swiping Steven across the head with the makeshift truncheon. Steven staggers back onto the table, knocking everything over. Cathy is already out of her chair and, still holding the armrest, she runs and:

78 THE PICTURE WINDOW (OVERCRANK)

78

as Cathy barrel-rolls through the picture window, escaping captivity in a cascade of shattered glass.

79 EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

79

as she rolls to the ground and, after a real moment of recover, gets up. Her face and clothing cut, she runs for the woods, and:

80 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

80

As Steven recovers himself, dabbing the bloodied side of his head. He breaths with loud emphasis, like a child who's not gotten his way. All traces of civility are gone as he screams:

STEVEN

CATHY!

(CONTINUED)

- 80 CONTINUED: 80
- He grabs a high-powered flashlight from a nearby mantle and takes off after Cathy.
- CUT TO:
- 81 EXT. SUBURBAN BACK YARD - NIGHT 81
- A MAN IN A BATHROBE (KOSLOW) out to get some night air, suddenly looks up to see the hulking figure of Vincent sprint across his manicured lawn and leap a wall at the far end of his yard. Panicked, the man hurries back inside and locks his sliding glass door.
- CUT TO:
- 82 EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT 82
- Cathy throws herself headlong through the woods. Panting and blood-charged, she veers sharply to the right and stops, pressing her back against a tree trunk. She listens, trying to control her breathing...
- 83 ANOTHER ANGLE - STEVEN 83
- angles through the woods, sweeping the flashlight beam over the terrain.
- STEVEN
(calling)
It's useless, Cathy. There's no place to run.
- 84 BACK TO CATHY 84
- Steven's voice is now considerably closer.
- STEVEN (O.S.)
Come on out. You have nothing to worry about.
- Cathy pushes away from the tree, rushing from his voice, deeper into the woods..
- 85 NEW ANGLE - STEVEN 85
- hearing her footsteps, adjusts his direction, pursuing her.
- CUT TO:

86 EXT. WOODS - ON VINCENT - NIGHT 86

crashing through the moonlit foliage. (NOTE: This is the full-bodied image of Vincent's precognition.)

CUT TO:

87 EXT. COTTAGE - ON CATHY - NIGHT 87

Running, running... Suddenly the ground goes out from underneath her, and she stumbles and falls down the bank of a small brook into the mud and water. Gasping for breath, she listens.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE - STEVEN 88

slowing, as he listens for her. All is quiet.

89 NEW ANGLE - VINCENT 89

pushing himself to the limit, crashing through branches and leaves.

90 RESUME CATHY 90

as she hears Vincent approaching, mistaking him for Steven. This confuses her -- she thought Steven was behind her. So, she claws her way up the bank, stands, and starts back toward the cottage. Coming around a row of trees into an area of low brush, her face is suddenly illuminated by a circle of light, as she runs smack into Steven.

STEVEN
(demonically)
Hello, Cathy.

He grabs her by the shoulder. She screams, spinning away. Steven holds on, until her shirt rips open. She raises the truncheon to ward him off, but she doesn't have a chance as he charges her, tackling her around the waist to the ground. She twists and squirms underneath him until, finally, he manages to pin her arms.

STEVEN
Why did you run?

He shakes her shoulders, his own hurt manifesting itself in violence toward Cathy.

STEVEN
Why?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

Now he grips her by the throat, and begins choking her. All the while rambling to himself.

STEVEN

I never wanted this to happen...
I tried to make everything nice
for you... I did... like it was
before... Why couldn't it be like
it was before?

Suddenly Vincent appears over them, ROARING. Steven glances up sharply.

91 HIS POV - VINCENT

91

right on top of him, about to strike.

92 RESUME SCENE

92

Steven shields his face, as Vincent's arm swipes him off Cathy -- hurtling him ten yards into the air. He's stunned, but as Vincent closes in, he scrambles along the ground. Vincent lifts him again and slams him into a tree -- this time knocking him unconscious...

Only now does Cathy have the strength to sit up. She turns to see Vincent at the height of his blood-rage, teeth bared, claws protracted, growling, as he moves in for the kill.

CATHY

(struggling to her feet)
Vincent!

He doesn't hear her, his ears pounding with fury. She staggers toward him.

CATHY

Vincent! No! Don't do it!

As she throws herself between Steven and Vincent. Instinctually, Vincent shrugs her away, sending her sprawling. Cathy clammers back to her feet, holding her wooden club in front of her. She intercedes again, threatening Vincent with the club.

CATHY

(powerful)
Look at me, Vincent! It's
Catherine. Don't kill him.
Vincent... It's over.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

Slowly, the rage comes down like heat from Vincent's head and shoulders...

CATHY
(sobbing)
It's over...

Vincent backs away from her, looking down at his hands. Cathy sags, and then moves toward him. But what he feels at this moment -- a disturbing amalgam of shame and anger -- prevent him from receiving her embrace. Instead, he bends down to Steven's fallen figure and takes him in his arms, and starts walking out of the woods. Cathy stands helplessly for a beat, then follows. And as the three of them emerge from the woods, moving like wraiths through the moonlit night, the CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY, including in its frame the house of fallen dreams.

FADE OUT:

THE END