

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Promises of Someday"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. - AIRPLANE - DAY (STOCK) 1

Establishing. A British Airways 747 overflies the familiar skyline on lower Manhattan, holding for a landing at John F. Kennedy International Airport.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. - AIRPORT - LATER 2

A black man, African by his dress, is waved through customs, and the inspector beckons to the next man in line. We'll call him DEVIN; he's tall, fit, dressed in a weathered safari jacket and sporting a five-day growth of beard, his hair windblown and a little unkempt. An expensive camera is slung around his neck. He hands his passport to the customs inspector, who flips it open.

3 INSERT - PASSPORT 3

An Australian passport, it identifies Devin as DEREK SANDERS. The picture matches.

4 RESUME 4

The inspector looks from the passport to Devin.

INSPECTOR

What's an Aussie do in Kenya?

DEVIN

(Aussie accent)

He runs photo safaris...

(smiles)

... and hunts for a decent mug of beer in his spare time.

The customs inspector smiles, charmed despite himself.

INSPECTOR

Purpose of visit, Mister Sanders?

DEVIN

(Aussie accent)

Tourism... still looking for that beer, mate.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

INSPECTOR

Good luck.

The inspector stamps the passport, hands it back to Devin, beckons to the next passenger in line.

CUT TO:

5 INT. - AIRPORT MEN'S ROOM - DAY

5

Devin enters, carrying a suitcase and garment bag. He hangs the garment bag carefully on the wall and checks his watch, a high-tech chronograph on a thick leather band... then slides it off and puts it in the pocket of his safari jacket. His charming smile is suddenly gone; he looks intent, businesslike.

In a series of QUICK DISSOLVES, we see:

- 6 a) Devin lathered up at the sink, shaving off his beard with an old-fashioned straight-razor, 6
- 7 b) a clean-shaven Devin, in profile on his left side only, as he unzips the garment bag to reveal a fashionable three-piece suit, 7
- 8 c) Devin, now wearing the suit, combing his hair, deftly changing his windblown look into something much more urbane and hip. Again, we see only his left side. 8
- 9 d) Devin checking his reflection in the mirror. He looks like he was born in that suit, his hair and tie are exactly right. The camera CIRCLES BEHIND Devin to reveal his full-face reflection; for the first time we see the right side of his face, and the SCARS on his right cheek. The beard covered it earlier, but now it's quite noticeable; three jagged parallel slashes running from ear-to-jaw. They're old scars, faded by time, but still quite distinct. 9

Devin reaches into his pocket, takes out a watch -- something gold and fashionable, quite different from the earlier chronograph -- and checks the time as he slips it onto his wrist. He's doing fine, and he allows himself a brief smile as he takes his luggage and exits.

CUT TO:

10 INT. - AIRPORT COUNTER - DAY

10

Cathy waits by a white courtesy telephone impatiently, checking her watch as crowds bustle around her. OVER, we hear a page over the airport P.A. system:

ANNOUNCEMENT

Jeff Radford, please meet your party at the white courtesy telephone.

(beat)

San Francisco passenger Jeff Radford, meet your party at the white courtesy telephone.

Cathy is looking in the wrong direction as Devin comes up behind her, carrying his luggage. When Devin speaks, all trace of the Aussie accent is gone; he sounds as American as baseball, harrassed but friendly.

DEVIN

Uh, hi. I'm Jeff Radford. And you're ...?

CATHY

Catherine Chandler.

(they shake)

Moreno sends his apologies. He wanted to be here to welcome you aboard personally, but he was tied up in court.

DEVIN

Just as well... getting lost on the way to the luggage carousel doesn't make for great first impressions... but don't worry, I'm great in the courtroom...

(grins)

... once I find it, that is.

Cathy smiles and gives him a hand with his garment bag and they head off together for her car.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 INT. - D.A.'S OFFICE - THAT AFTERNOON

11

TRACKING with Cathy as she enters Joe Maxwell's office. Joe is behind his desk, feet up, a broad amused smile on his face. Devin is telling an anecdote.

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN

...so the P.D. moves for dismissal and we hear this loud voice from the bench, "Motion granted." No one is more startled than the judge, who hasn't said a word...

He breaks off as Cathy enters.

CATHY

I didn't mean to step on your punchline. What happened?

DEVIN

Turned out the defendant was a ventriloquist.

(beat)

Joe tells me you have this enormous crush on him that you're desperately trying to keep secret.

JOE

Hey, wait a minute--

CATHY

(amused)

I finally managed to get it under control.

JOE

I think I'm being framed.

DEVIN

(smiles at Cathy)

Just trying to establish the appropriate professional rapport. I'm told we're going to be working together.

Cathy gives Maxwell an inquiring look.

JOE

Jeff's going to be taking over the Ehringer appeal.

CATHY

(upset)

Ehringer? Joe, that's crazy... the Ehringer brief is due Friday, and he's not even familiar with the case.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

JOE

Which is why I want you to work
with him, go over the files.

CATHY

(unconvinced)

Moreno can't possibly --

JOE

(sharply)

Well, he did. The subject's not
open for debate. Just do it,
Cathy.

Devin, watching them argue, looks clearly uneasy by now.

DEVIN

If this is going to be a problem,
maybe we could ask for a
continuance...

Cathy looks at him, as if he's just proven his point --
which in a sense, he has, since this case has been
continued a half-dozen times already, until the judge ran
out of patience. She shakes her head in dismay, throws up
her hands helplessly, and stalks out of the office. Devin
turns to Joe.

DEVIN

Was it something I said?

CUT TO:

12 INT. - DEVIN'S OFFICE - LATER

12

Devin has been assigned a private office slightly larger
than Maxwell's; the desk, chair, and files are all in
place, but the walls and desktop are bare, devoid of all
personal touches. Devin sits in the chair, trying it out,
swivels and peeps through the blinds at his view. He
looks up as Cathy enters, carrying a stack of files.

CATHY

I brought the transcripts on
Ehringer case...

(puts them on the desk)

Sorry if I got a little upset.
This one means a lot to me.

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN

(sympathetic)

Joe told me. You interviewed the
all of the victims...

(off her nod)

Sit down, tell me about it. I
need to know...

Cathy sits. Her expression is somber, serious.

CATHY

(heartfelt)

It broke my heart. All those
little girls... the youngest was
only four. It's hard to believe
that anyone could be so vile...
until you have to sit with the
children, and listen to them tell
their stories... those who can
even bear to speak of it...

(beat, harder)

When we put Ehringer away, and
I knew that I'd helped... that
was the moment I was sure that
this was where I belonged. If that
conviction is overturned, I don't
know what I'll do.

DEVIN

It won't be. We'll make sure of
it... you and me, together. But
I can't do it without your help.

CATHY

You've got it. Anything you need.

Devin puts a hand on the files, looks at Cathy.

DEVIN

I'll take these back to the hotel
and look them over tonight.
Meanwhile, it'd be very helpful
if you could give me a brief
summary of the issues involved...

(wry smile)

Have pity on my jetlag and keep
it simple.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Holloway handled the trial, before his heart attack. He moved that four of our key witnesses be allowed to give their testimony on videotape. Those kids were terrified of Ehringer... if they'd been forced to take the stand while he sat there staring at them...

DEVIN

Understood. Go on.

CATHY

The judge granted our motion. Now Ehringer's lawyers are arguing that by doing so he denied their client his constitutional right to face his accusers.

13 ANGLE PAST CATHY ON DEVIN

13

as she continues the briefing. He looks intent, alert, very sympathetic. Afternoon light filters through the blinds behind him.

CATHY

(continuous)

So the first issue is the admissability of videotaped testimony. They're also claiming the judge erred in his instructions to the jury.

We MOVE IN CLOSE on Devin, until his face fills the frame, then

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

14 INT. - DEVIN'S HOTEL - THAT NIGHT

14

We HOLD CLOSE on Devin as he stares out his hotel window. He's taken off his jacket, loosened his tie. Night has fallen, and Devin's mood has darkened as well. There's something mysterious, brooding, and ineffably sad in his face as he looks out into the darkness. The ANGLE WIDENS, and we see that we're in a hotel room; a large, expensively-furnished single in one of the chic, high-priced hotels that border Central Park, very nice but with the same sterility that all hotel rooms have.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

At the sound of a KNOCK on the door, Devin lets the curtain fall and turns away.

DEVIN

Who is it?

SAM

(through door)

Room service.

DEVIN

Just a moment.

Devin's briefcase is on the bed. Devin clicks open the locks, takes out the pile of files on the Ehringer case, then pushes a secret catch and lifts a false bottom.

15 INSERT - BRIEFCASE

15

We PAN across the contents of the briefcase: passports, drivers' licenses, stationary, diplomas, business cards. They bear a bewildering variety of names, but many display photographs of Devin -- with and without glasses, hats, beards, but all still recognizably the same man. The business cards and letterheads are from doctors, police departments, professors, prelates, the military. Stacks of various foreign currencies, neatly rubber-banded together, are among the papers. Devin takes out a thin stack of U.S. dollars.

16 RESUME

16

as Devin slides a few bills out of the stack, pockets the rest, and answers the door. SAM, a uniformed bellman in his fifties, wheels in a room-service cart.

SAM

Mr. Radford?

Off Devin's nod, he pushes the cart up to the bed, lifts the serving platter.

SAM

Steak medium rare, sir, with baked potato.

DEVIN

Looks good.

(hands him a tip)

Keep the change.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

(very pleased)

Why, thank you, Mr. Radford, sir!
If you need anything else, my name
is Sam.

Devin seats himself, pours a cup of coffee.

DEVIN

Thanks, Sam. I'll probably be
needing a refill on the coffee
in an hour or so. I have a lot
of work to do.

SAM

I'll see that you get a fresh pot,
Mr. Radford.

The bellman leaves. Devin cuts up his steak, takes a sip
of coffee, then picks up the top file folder, opens it,
and begins to read as he eats. From the methodical way
his eyes move down the page, and the pace at which he
turns the papers, we can see that he's speed reading.

CUT TO:

17 INT. - DA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

17

Cathy has been working late, but she's finally done for
the day. She scrawls a final notation, closes the file
with satisfaction, stretches, then gets up and turns off
her light. The DA's office is mostly deserted, but as
Cathy gathers her stuff to leave, Joe Maxwell comes out
of his office, carrying a file.

JOE

Hey, Radcliffe, wait up. Do me
a favor, will you?

(gives her the file
without waiting)

Holloway's notes on Ehringer.
Can you drop these off on your
way home? Radford's hotel is just
a couple blocks from you.

CATHY

Just when I thought I'd made a
clean getaway...

She takes the file with a bemused, put-upon smile. Then
she's out the door.

CUT TO:

18 INT. - DEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

18

Devin is still reading files. The dirty dishes from his room service dinner have been shoved aside. Without taking his eyes off the files, he reaches out and pours himself some more more coffee. There's only a half cup left in the pot. He tastes it, makes a face. It's cold. He drinks it anyway, closes the file, puts it aside.

He gets up, stretches, looks toward the window. There's something restless about him; his mind isn't entirely on the case at hand. He goes to his window again, pushes aside the curtain, looks out across the street at Central Park. We MOVE IN TIGHT on Devin's eyes, and very faintly we HEAR a faint snatch of calliope music echoing down the corridors of his memory. Finally he turns away from the window.

CUT TO:

19 INT. - HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

19

Sam the bellman has just arrived with a fresh pot of coffee, but before he can even knock, the door opens and Devin emerges. He's changed into bluejeans, boots, and a beat-up leather aviator's jacket.

SAM

I brought you your fresh coffee,
Mr. Radford.

DEVIN

(wan smile)

Thanks, Sam. Just set it on the
table... I have to go out for a
little while.

He hurries past the bellman, toward the elevators. Sam looks after him, shrugs, opens the door.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. - HOTEL - NIGHT

20

Devin emerges, nods absently to the doorman, and starts across the street to Central Park ... just as a cab pulls up at the front entrance. The doorman opens the door and Cathy gets out. Devin is across the street by now, entering the park, but Cathy SEES him, calls out.

CATHY

(shouts, waves)

Jeff! Jeff, wait!

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

CLOSE ON DEVIN

Either he doesn't hear or the name doesn't strike a chord -- in either case, he's far too intent to respond. He strides off into the darkness of the park.

CATHY

is a little puzzled, and a little curious. She pays the cabbie, tucks the file under her arm, and then crosses the street, following Devin into Central Park.

21 EXT. - CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

21

INTERCUT between Devin and Cathy. He walks swiftly, purposefully, not always staying on the paths. He knows where he's going, and from the look on his face, he's intent on getting there. Cathy can't match his stride, and falls further behind. Once or twice she thinks she's lost him, and has to stop and look around to spy the figure in the distance, fast-receding.

22 EXT. - CAROUSEL - NIGHT

22

Devin emerges from the trees, across a narrow road from the carousel. He stops, hands in his pockets, and just stands there ... staring, remembering, transfixed.

DEVIN'S POV

Pale moonlight shines down on the striped roof of the carousel. Its steel shutters are lowered, its lights darkened. Everything is still, silent, motionless.

SMASH CUT TO:

23 EXT. - CAROUSEL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

23

Another night, the same angle -- but now the carousel is brightly lit, turning. We HEAR the burst of calliope music filling the night, see the bright colored lights, the painted horses going up and down as the carousel turns. This flashback should be VERY QUICK, almost subliminal, an image and burst of music thrown at the viewer almost too fast to register.

SMASH CUT TO:

24 EXT. - CAROUSEL - NIGHT

24

Real-time again, the same shot. The carousel is locked up, darkened, silent once more.

ANGLE PAST DEVIN

All his attention is riveted on that carousel. He stares at it like a man obsessed . . . while behind him, in b.g., we SEE Cathy emerge from the trees.

CATHY

walks toward Devin, but he's oblivious to her, lost in some world of his own.

CATHY

Jeff...

DEVIN

still doesn't hear or respond. He crosses the road, grabs the top of the iron gate that surrounds the carousel, vaults over. He walks up to the merry-go-round itself, touches the steel shutters, rattles them.

SMASH CUT TO:

25 EXT. - CAROUSEL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

25

The same shot as before -- the carousel turning, the horses rising and falling, the lights -- this time held slightly longer. Mingled with the sound of the calliope music, we CHILDISH LAUGHTER and SHOUTS, though we cannot make out the words.

26 CATHY

26

stops beneath the trees and watches, curious and concerned by Devin's strange behavior.

DEVIN

pulls a clasp knife out of the back pocket of his jeans. It's an old knife, its handle scarred and distinctive; folded up into its handle are a bewildering variety of blades and implements, much like a Swiss Army knife but twice the size. Devin unfolds the "toothpick", kneels, uses it as a lockpick. He opens the steel shutters, glances around quickly and furtively, sees nothing, and rolls up the shutters to reveal the carousel itself. He folds and pockets the knife again, steps inside.

- 27 CLOSE ON WOODEN HORSE 27
- A painted merry-go-round horse, somehow ominous in the dark room.
- SMASH CUT TO:
- 28 CLOSE ON HORSE (FLASHBACK) 28
- A real, living horse. ANGLE FROM BENEATH as the animal snorts, rears. It fills the frame, huge, terrifying. Again, this flashback should be very quick, a shock cut, seen and then gone again.
- 29 ANGLE PAST WOODEN HORSE ON DEVIN 29
- as he stands framed in the square of moonlight made by the open shutter. His expression is closed, unreadable. We HEAR the faint sound of calliope music, childish shouts, all very distant and far away. Then suddenly the laughter dies, the shouts -- though still unintelligible -- take on a frightened, discordant air.
- We MOVE IN CLOSER on Devin as the sounds grow louder and louder. Behind him, in b.g., we SEE Cathy coming cautiously closer. Devin looks almost as if he's in pain now. Suddenly he WHIRLS and RUNS off into the night, VAULTING over the fence around the carousel and dashing off away from Cathy -- he still hasn't seen her, noticed her -- into the darkness between the trees.
- EXT. - CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT -
- As Devin runs we INTERCUT between past and present, between objective coverage and HANDHELD POV shots. The FLASHBACKS should all be fast, impressionistic, fragmented like old memories. The SERIES OF SHOTS:
- 30 a) Devin runs down the footpath away from the carousel, 30
- 31 b) HANDHELD FLASHBACK. Fleeing down the same footpath, 31
but with the carousel lit, a long shadow stretches out before the runner. Angled low to the ground as if from a child's POV. We HEAR calliope music, frightened shouts.
- 32 c) Devin runs across a broad, grassy meadow. The night is 32
silent still.
- 33 d) HANDHELD FLASHBACK. Crossing the same meadow, but now 33
the dark shapes of other children (none seen clearly) flee before the runner. We HEAR the runner breathing hard, and under that, the sound of HOOFBEATS.

34 e) Devin runs alongside a stream, across a footbridge. 34

35 f) HANDHELD FLASHBACK. A POV shot, angling down, as thee 35
runner crosses the same bridge. Behind, louder and
louder, we HEAR hooves clattering across the bridge,
terrible and threatening, coming closer and closer.

36 EXT. - DRAINAGE TUNNEL - NIGHT 36

as Devin comes down the hill, breathing hard from his flight across the park, and stops dead in front of the mouth of the drainage tunnel where Cathy and Vincent have rendezvoused so often. Breathless, he looks at it for a long beat, then slowly approaches. He stands by the entrance as if debating whether or not to go inside, very obviously torn ... and then, finally, he enters.

ANGLE PAST CATHY ON TUNNEL

She emerges from the trees, some distance behind, just in time to see Devin enter the tunnel. She's clearly shocked, upset, uncertain what this could mean.

CATHY

approaches the tunnel mouth tentatively, uncertain how to proceed. Finally, very cautiously, she goes inside. She knows something strange is going on, and she's no longer quite so eager to get Devin's attention. She moves as quietly as she can. We TRACK with her, down the tunnel. As she approaches the junction and the secret entrance to the underworld, Cathy flattens herself against the wall and steals close enough to see.

37 INT. - JUNCTION - NIGHT 37

Devin stands alone in the center of the junction, facing the iron grate and the blank concrete wall that we know is actually a secret door to below. He steps forward, wraps his hands around the bars and stands there for a moment, head bowed, pressed against the gate.

CATHY

watching him, is concerned, mystified. She shrinks back when Devin suddenly straightens, lights a match.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

DEVIN

With the match in hand, Devin turns away from the door, and begins to examine the old, dirt-encrusted concrete wall to one side. He moves the match up and down, searching for something, bending a little -- whatever he wants is low on the wall. He finds something, and uses his hand to brush the dirt away from one particular section of the wall. He stares at it for a long time, until the match burns down to his fingers. When the match burns him, it wakens him from his reverie. He lets the match fall to the dirt, turns abruptly, and walks away... right toward Cathy.

CATHY

shrinks back into the shadows along the wall of the tunnel as Devin passes. She needn't have worried; he has other things on his mind. He walks past with a glance in her direction, his face strained, hard.

When his footsteps have died away, Cathy gives one last glance in his direction, then enters the junction. She lights a match of her own, searches for whatever it was that Devin uncovered on the wall... and finds it.

38 INSERT - THE WALL

38

Twenty years' worth of dirt has been brushed away from a small patch of concrete at about chest level, where someone had written something a long time ago, incising letters into the concrete with a knife. The writing is faint with age, but the name VINCENT is still legible, carved deeply in a child's crude block letters, and just above it, a shorter word has been scratched out savagely, the letters gouged over again and again until no trace of them remain readable, only the hint that they once existed.

39 CLOSE ON CATHY

39

Off her shocked REACTION, we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

40 INT. - THE THRESHOLD - NIGHT

40

Cathy waits restlessly. We HEAR footsteps, and Vincent emerges from the tunnels.

VINCENT

Catherine... what's wrong? I could sense your unease, even before your message came down on the pipes.

CATHY

I'm not sure... something very strange is going on...

VINCENT

Tell me ... perhaps we can make sense of it together.

CATHY

There's a new man in my office, a trial attorney ... Jeff Radford. Does that name mean anything to you?

VINCENT

(puzzled)
No. Should it?

CATHY

Vincent, I think he knows about your world... in fact, I'm almost sure of it. I followed him through the park tonight...

VINCENT

(curious)
Why?

CATHY

I... I'm not sure... he was behaving so oddly... he went into the drainage tunnel, to the secret door, and...

(beat)

He uncovered a name... your name... someone had scratched it there, on the tunnel all.

(CONTINUED)

It takes Vincent a moment to remember. When he does, he smiles faintly, fondly.

VINCENT

I'd almost forgotten...

(reassuring)

I was the one who wrote it there, Catherine... I was only a boy, and it was the sort of thing boys do. Perhaps this man just came on it by happenstance.

CATHY

No. He was looking for it. He ran to the tunnel, all the way across the park, from the carousel...

At the mention of the carousel, Vincent REACTS strongly.

VINCENT

The carousel?

CATHY

Yes. He seemed obsessed by it, he looked at it for --

VINCENT

(interrupts)

Can you describe him?

CATHY

He's in his late thirties, I'd say... tall, slender, dark hair, dark eyes, keeps himself in shape...

(touches her cheek, remembering)

oh, and he has an old scar on his right cheek...

VINCENT

(softly, disturbed)

...a scar...

Agitated, upset, Vincent turns away from her. Cathy moves closer, puzzled.

CATHY

What's wrong? Do you know this man?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

VINCENT

I thought I knew him, once... a long time ago.

CATHY

Who is he?

VINCENT

Catherine, I can't tell you any more ... not now... not until I'm certain...

Cathy can see the concern and confusion on his face. She's a bit baffled, but willing to go along.

CATHY

All right... but when --?

Vincent's already moving away. He turns back.

VINCENT

I'll come to you tonight,
Catherine... once I'm sure...

He moves off and vanishes down into the tunnels, leaving Cathy alone in the sub-basement, more puzzled than ever.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. - DEVIN'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

41

Devin's desk is covered with law books. A rolling library book cart, beside his chair, is piled high with still more books. He's bent over one volume, speed-reading it, his face taut with concentration. He slams the book shut, moves it atop a pile, grabs another, and has just opened it when Cathy enters, the file in hand. Devin puts on his most charming, disarming smile.

CATHY

Holloway's notes... they're incomplete, but they still might be useful.

(looks at the confusion
of law books)

What's all this? Looks like you made off with half the law library...

DEVIN

Just, ah, going over a few possible precedents on the videotape issue...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

He flips open the file folder, and lets his eyes skim down the pages, flipping through them quickly, nods. Cathy give a dubious glance at some of the nearest books. She's clearly suspicious.

CATHY

There was an appellate case in the 19th circuit that was right on point, you'll want to take a look at that.

Devin glances up at Cathy, and for a second the ghost of a smile plays across his face.

DEVIN

You must be mistaken. There is no 19th circuit.

(smiles, closes file)

But this will be very useful. Thanks.

CATHY

(uncertain)

You're welcome.

Cathy exits. The moment the door closes, Devin's smile turns into a frown of concern. He's just dodged his first bullet and he knows it.

42 INT. - COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

42

SOL, an overweight but cherubic data processor in his late forties, is at his terminal as Cathy enters. Edie's usual station is unoccupied.

CATHY

Hi, Sol. Where's Edie?

SOL

She's off this week. Some kind of family thing -- I think her aunt was having an operation. Something with her ears...

CATHY

Damn. I needed a favor.

SOL

So what am I, chopped liver? I taught the girl everything she knows. Whattaya need?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

CATHY

I just wanted a little background information on Jeff Radford...

SOL

Oh-ho. So that's how it is.

CATHY

(amused)

That's nohow it is.

SOL

(winks broadly)

Whatever you say, sweetie.

CUT TO:

43 INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

43

Vincent is alone. He sits in a chair, reading, but his mind is not on the words... finally he sets the book aside and stares out into nothingness for a moment.

He rises and crosses to the back of the room, to a dark corner that he uses for storage. He moves several boxes out of the way, uncovering an old, leather-bound steamer trunk, still covered with faded decals from the far corners of the world. Vincent opens the trunk.

44 CLOSE ON THE TRUNK

44

as Vincent opens it and begins to sift through the contents. It's full of toys of all sorts, many antiques or hand-made, of children's books -- The Hobbit, Wind in the Willows, Treasure Island, Puss in Boots and others -- of old lessons written in schoolboy tablets. Vincent moves them aside carefully, tenderly, lingering over one or two, flipping a few pages, still cherishing the memories they evoke, burrowing down to the bottom of the trunk, until he finds what he's after.

ANGLE ON VINCENT

as he lifts out an old toy, and very carefully blows away the dust of years that still clings to it. It's an antique wind-up merry-go-round, Victorian probably, large enough so his fingers do not meet when he lifts it in two hands. It's ornate, hard-carved, every detail exquisitely wrought and painted with care. Vincent carries it across the room, sets it on a table. Beautiful as it is, the toy is still old, its bright paint faded, a patina of dust still clinging to it.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

ANGLE PAST TOY ON VINCENT

as he turns the key, again and again and again. Finally he releases it. For a moment nothing happens ... and then the old springs begin to unwind, and the toy begins to turn. It plays a spritely little tune as it turns around, the miniature horses moving up and down.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

45 ANGLE PAST TOY ON YOUNG VINCENT (FLASHBACK)

45

The merry-go-round is bright and shiny now, without a hint of dust, its colors as fresh as the day they were painted. It turns a little faster, and the music has a slightly quicker tempo, somehow younger. And behind the toy, looking at it in solemn wonderment, the face of YOUNG VINCENT fills the frame. He's about ten. He says nothing, but his eyes are eloquent enough, fascinated, rapt with pleasure, but full of longing as well. We can see only the toy and Young Vincent's face; the background details are a blur, out-of-focus.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

46 VINCENT (PRESENT)

46

as the merry-go-round jerks to a sudden halt. The music stops with a tinny ping, the toy's internal mechanisms obviously broken by long disuse. Vincent touches it lightly, with a look of vast sadness on his face.

CUT TO:

47 INT. - DA'S OFFICE - DAY

47

Cathy is working at her desk as Sol approaches.

SOL

Well, all the precincts are in
on Jeff Radford...

CATHY

And?

SOL

If I ask nicely, maybe he'll marry
me and have my children.

CATHY

That good?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Sol hands her a sheaf of computer print-out.

SOL
Resume of the year.

Cathy looks over the papers, then glances meaningfully toward Devin's door.

CATHY
Almost too good to be true...

CUT TO:

48 INT. - DEVIN'S OFFICE - DUSK

48

Outside the window, darkness is beginning to settle over the city. Devin is still at his desk, in shirtsleeves, his jacket slung over the back of his chair. The piles of books loom all around him. He has pen in hand, bent over a yellow legal pad, writing. He jots a few lines, flips open a book, consults it briefly, thinks, writes some more, then leans back to reread what he's written. He hates it. With a scowl, Devin rips off the sheet, crumples it up, tosses it toward his wastebasket. The basket is already full of balled-up wads of paper. This latest addition bounces off the top, and ROLLS halfway across the floor, toward the door.

Devin glances outside. It's late, and he has places to go. He gets up, grabs his jacket, heads for the door, and almost runs into Cathy, entering.

DEVIN
Sorry... I'm running late, I have
to see a man about an apartment...

CATHY
How's it going?

DEVIN
(easy smile)
Everything's under control. See
you tomorrow.

He dashes off, leaving Cathy standing in the door to his office. She happens to notice the crumpled ball of paper by her feet. She picks it up, smoothes it out, frowns.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON JOE'S DESK as Cathy drops the smoothed-out paper in front of him. Joe glances at the paper, up at her.

JOE
What's this?

CATHY
You tell me.

Joe smooths out the paper a bit more, reads it.

JOE
The Ehringer case...
(beat, puzzled)
Does Jeff have one of the interns
roughing out the brief?

CATHY
No. That's his own work.

JOE
No way. This reads like it was
written by a first year law
student.

CATHY
There's worse in his wastebasket.
(beat, intense)
You've got to give Ehringer to
someone else, Joe.

JOE
Even if I wanted to, it's Moreno's
call. Radford will do fine, I
mean, hell, look at his track
record...

CATHY
What about that?
(taps paper)

JOE
So his first draft's a little
rough... he threw it into the
trash, didn't he? Maybe that's
where it should have stayed.

Joe crumples the paper, tosses it into his wastebasket, then rises and goes to Cathy.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

JOE

Hey, Jeff wants to keep Ehringer locked up as much as you do, Cath. Give him a chance. He's got to be feeling a lot of pressure... the new kid on the block and all that... five'll getcha ten he's just nervous.

Cathy's misgivings about Devin go well beyond the paper she read, and clearly she's not convinced, but she can't very well tell Joe about last night.

CATHY

He's nervous all right... but maybe not for the reasons you think...

CUT TO:

50 INT. - DEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

50

VARIOUS ANGLES as Devin dresses for the tunnels in boots, jeans, and leather jacket, and packs a backpack with a heavy-duty flashlight, extra batteries, ropes, a compass, a permanent glow-in-the-dark marker, and a long pair of boltcutters, checking over each item as he packs.

CUT TO:

51 INT. - TUNNELS - NIGHT

51

TRACKING WITH VINCENT as he moves down a dark, narrow tunnel, its walls rocky, its floor uneven. A doorway appears before him, low enough so that he must stoop to enter. He passes through and enters a much larger chamber on the far side.

52 INT. - CHAMBER OF THE WINDS (NEW MATTE) - NIGHT

52

A huge, ancient, multi-storied rotunda, its ceiling supported by massive stone pillars, while Escheresque stairways link the various levels. A perpetual WIND blows through this chamber, a cold black gust out of nowhere, and we HEAR its wild roar.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

(Production note: the scene ought to contain many elements from the previous matte of the Chamber of the Winds, and add new ones, reinforcing the reality of this setting by showing it from a new and different perspective. The stairway, merely an element of the matte in "Dark Spirit," must be practical, or at least a small portion of it must be.)

Vincent stands at the top of one of the twisting stone stairways, his coat flapping behind him, staring down into the depths. His face is troubled, melancholy.

MATCH CUT TO:

53 YOUNG VINCENT (FLASHBACK)

53

The ten-year-old boy stands on the stairs. His cloak flaps and twists behind him, and we cannot hear anything above the sighing of the winds, but when we MOVE CLOSE, there are tears on Young Vincent's face.

54 RESUME VINCENT (PRESENT)

54

He begins to descend the steps, then stops, looks, listens, remembering. Under the perpetual sounds of the winds, we HEAR something else, something frightening, the faint and far away sound of a child's scream. Vincent winces with remembered pain. He bows his head, and the sound of the screaming seems to grow louder and louder.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. - CAROUSEL - NIGHT

55

The hour is late and once again the carousel is closed and dark, the silence profound. We PULL BACK and find Devin in his jeans, boots, and leather jacket. The pack, crammed with the items Sam got him, is on the grass beside him. He's staring at the carousel.

CLOSE ON DEVIN

His expression is taut, obsessed. His hand goes to his face, and touches the scars along his cheek.

EXTREME CLOSE ON DEVIN'S EYES

Reflected in the pupils, we see the carousel lit again, turning in the night. We hear the faint echo of music.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

RESUME

as Devin turns sharply away, snatches up the pack, and walks away from the carousel. His strides are long, deliberate, purposeful. As Devin retraces his route across the park from the night before, we INTERCUT with a series of FLASHBACKS, mixing new angles and shots with those we saw during Act I. Again, the shots should be quick, impressionistic.

- 56 a) the head of a painted carousel horse, dark and unmoving. 56
- 57 b) HANDHELD POV of the same wooden horse as it might appear to its rider, moving up and down as the carousel turns and the music plays. Outside the carousel, the park is dark and deserted. We HEAR shouts and laughter. 57
- 58 c) CLOSE on a rearing horse. A frightening image. 58
- 59 d) HANDHELD POV of a boy running through the night, running in fear and panic. Other boys are in front of him, behind him, all running. 59
- 60 e) a mounted man gallops across the meadow after the fleeing children. The rider is a dark shape in the night, we cannot see him clearly. 60
- 61 f) objective shot. YOUNG DEVIN, a slender, dark-haired boy of fourteen or fifteen, dashes across the footbridge. In the center of the span, he trips, falls. His right cheek is covered by a large white bandage. His exertions have reopened the wound; we see BLOOD spotting the bandage material as the boy falls. 61
- 62 g) HANDHELD POV as the runner enters the safety of the drainage tunnel. Other running footsteps echo down the tunnel ahead of him. He reaches the junction. The hidden door is starting to slide shut. 62

INTERCUT each flashback with present-day footage of Devin crossing the park, matching locations wherever possible. Devin seems to walk a little faster as each memory comes back to him; his face grows more drawn and determined as he moves down the tunnel and remembers:

63 h) CLOSE ON THE HIDDEN DOOR as it SLAMS SHUT, the noise of 63
its closing echoing loud in Devin's memory.

SMASH CUT TO:

64 INT. - TUNNEL JUNCTION - NIGHT (PRESENT) 64

as Devin stands once again before the closed door. The iron gate is closed and chained as well. Devin lowers his pack, takes out the long boltcutters. Grimacing, he severs one of the links, rips loose the chain and lets it slither to the ground. His motions are deliberate, methodical; he's been thinking this out for a long time. He opens the iron gate, reaches into his back pocket, produces his old clasp knife, unfolds the longest blade.

He kneels, his hands searching for a release or catch. He starts to use the knife to pry back the bottom of the door... then we HEAR a GRINDING NOISE and the false concrete wall that hides the entrance to the underworld begins to slide back smoothly.

ANGLE DOWN ON DEVIN

from above as he looks up, still kneeling. The warm golden light of the underworld fills the junction. His clasp knife is still in his hand, the light shining off its blade. As the door opens, a familiar, distinctive SHADOW falls across Devin's upturned face.

DEVIN'S POV - LOW ANGLE

looking up at Vincent, haloed in the light from below.

SMASH CUT TO:

65 CLOSE ON YOUNG VINCENT (FLASHBACK) 65

as the boy gives a terrifying, angry ROAR, bearing his teeth and lunging forward.

CUT TO:

66 VINCENT'S POV - ANGLING DOWN 66

as Devin rises to his feet. The knife is still in his hand. The old scars are flushed and visible.

SMASH CUT TO:

67 CLOSE ON YOUNG DEVIN (POV FLASHBACK)

67

Devin is about fourteen, but here his face is still unscarred, though it's clear from his expression that he's furious, angry. He ADVANCES on the camera.

YOUNG DEVIN

(shouting)

I hate you! I hate you! I hate
you!

He raises his hands and SHOVES hard.

68 BACK TO THE SCENE (PRESENT)

68

Devin and Vincent confront each other. No one speaks. The tension is palpable; this is a charged, emotional moment for both of them. It has been a very long time, and both of them have changed a lot.

VINCENT

Devin...

There's wonder in his voice; even now he can hardly believe it. But Devin SMILES slowly. The knife slips from his hand to lie forgotten on the ground.

DEVIN

It's been twenty years since
anyone's called me that.

(suddenly overcome)

oh, god, Vincent...

Then he steps forward all in a rush and the two men embrace each other like the long-lost brothers they are, as we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT III

FADE IN:

69 INT. - JUNCTION - NIGHT

69

Devin and Vincent embrace. Finally they break apart; there's some unease beneath the smiles. They knew each other as boys, but as men they're still strangers

VINCENT

We thought you were --

DEVIN

(lightly)

Dead? You know what Mark Twain said -- 'the reports of my death are greatly exaggerated.'

He smiles, but Vincent remains solemn, reflective.

VINCENT

We searched for you for weeks, months. Father was afraid you were lost in the maze ... until we found this...

He touches the wall, the place above his name where a second name has been defaced.

CUT TO:

70 INT. - JUNCTION - FLASHBACK

70

Twenty-odd years ago. Young Vincent, age ten, watches as Young Devin, age fourteen, finishes writing DEVIN into the cement. Young Devin, his face unscarred, smiles as he hands Young Vincent his clasp knife. Vincent makes a deep V just below Devin's name.

CUT TO:

71 BACK TO THE PRESENT

71

Devin looks a little uneasy as Vincent turns back.

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN
 (troubled)
 I never wanted to hurt anyone.
 I just had to get out. I'm sorry
 for whatever... pain...
 (sharply)
 Hell, it wasn't easy for me
 either.

He walks to the tunnel mouth, composes himself, turns back
 with a lighter tone in his voice.

DEVIN
 Twenty years is a long time. I
 wasn't even sure there'd be
 anyone... home...
 (lightly)
 I tell you, there's been a few
 dark nights when I thought I'd
 imagined it all... the tunnels,
 the old man, you...
 (laughs)
 ... you especially...
 (thoughtful)
 What are you doing here, anyway?
 It's like you knew I was coming.

VINCENT
 Catherine saw you at the carousel
 last night, followed you here.

DEVIN
 Catherine?
 (it hits him)
 You mean Chandler? From the DA's
 office?
 (off Vincent's nod)
 Small world. So now you've got
 a helper in the DA's office...

VINCENT
 Catherine is more than a helper.

Devin gives Vincent a long look, raises an eyebrow.

DEVIN
 Things change, I guess. You're
 not ten anymore.

VINCENT
 (smiles)
 No.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

DEVIN
(tentative)
The old man... is he...?

VINCENT
Father is well.

Devin NODS. He's relieved, but he won't admit it.

VINCENT
I'll take you to him...

DEVIN
I don't know if that's such a good
idea. The old man and I never
got along real well.

(beat)
After I...left...I never set foot
in New York again. I think I was
scared that he'd know if I did,
and come drag me back down again.

VINCENT
(meaningfully)
You're here now.

Devin looks at him, smiles.

DEVIN
So I am. Think that means
something?
(off Vincent's nod)
I've been having these dreams
lately... about the
tunnels...weird, isn't it? I've
been to Casablanca, the Himalayas,
Paris...all over the world...
everything south of Oz and north
of Shangri-La... and I dream about
some hole in the ground...

VINCENT
(smiles)
Not so strange... when the hole
in the ground is home.

He steps through the entrance, stops, looks back. Devin
hesitates, smiles and follows. The door slides shut.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - THE TUNNELS

A series of shots as Vincent leads Devin through the
tunnel system, further and further down, INTERCUT with a
series of FLASHBACKS to their boyhood together:

- 72 a) they walk slowly down a tunnel, talking. Devin stopps 72
and laughs at some shared memory.
- 73 b) FLASHBACK. Young Vincent and Young Devin racing downn 73
the same tunnel. Devin, with his longer legs, is ahead.
- 74 c) Devin stops at some pipes, we HEAR the banging. He 74
touches a huge overhead steam pipe, and smiles as it all
comes back to him.
- 75 d) FLASHBACK. A short subterranean man is walking 75
beneath the same pipe when two water balloons suddenly
bombard him. He looks up, and we see Young Devin and
Young Vincent giggling at each other amidst the pipes.

It's a long journey, through years as well as passageways,
and as they walk, the two men seem to grow more
comfortable with one another.

CUT TO:

- 76 INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 76

The chamber is empty as Vincent and Devin enter. For
Devin, it's a return to the things of his childhood. He
smiles, moves slowly into the room, pauses to look down
at an old, much-worn armchair.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 77 CLOSE ON FATHER (FLASHBACK) 77

Father, looking thirty years younger, is seated in the
same, distinctive chair, a book open on his lap, reading
aloud. The ANGLE WIDENS to show Very Young Devin, about
four, dark-haired, sitting cross-legged on the floor at
Father's feet, gazing up. ANGLE PAST THE BOY on Father,
showing only the back of the child's head.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

78 INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER (FLASHBACK)

78

The shot is almost the same, but now it's Younger Devin (about eight) seated in the chair, reading aloud from a different book, and the child on the floor, looking up, is Very Young Vincent, at four. Again, ANGLE PAST VERY YOUNG VINCENT on Younger Devin, showing only the back of the head and the wild mane of hair halfway down the back that establishes the identity of the character.

CUT TO:

79 CLOSE ON DEVIN (PRESENT)

79

He comes out of his reverie as we HEAR footsteps and Father re-enters the chamber. He turns toward the sound of the voice.

FATHER (O.S.)

Ah, Vincent, there you are...
Pascal said you'd gone above, I
didn't expect --

80 BACK TO THE SCENE

80

Father STOPS suddenly as Devin turns. He's surprised to find a topsider here, concerned at what it might mean. Then recognition dawns. He can't believe his eyes, and all his words desert him.

FATHER

(whisper)

Devin...

Devin gives the smallest, most tentative of NODS. Father struggles with his emotions; disbelief, joy, love, but also betrayal and anger. He comes slowly forward into the chamber, leaning heavily on his cane, his face a storm of emotion. Devin takes a single step forward to meet him. But when Father stops, so does Devin. They remain a distance apart from one another.

FATHER

(struggling)

You... you've changed... it's been
so long... we thought... all
those years, and never a word from
you, never a hint whether you were
alive or dead.

Devin tries to make light of it.

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN

You're not exactly listed in the phone book.

The joke doesn't go over well; it pushes Father more toward anger.

FATHER

You knew the names of our helpers, they would have gotten a letter to me... a card even, anything... what would it have cost you? Do you have any idea of the pain, the grief...

Father, his hands trembling, turns away from Devin, sinks into a chair, struggles for composure. Vincent kneels beside him.

VINCENT

Father, are you all right?

Father NODS weakly, looks up and forces a smile, pats Vincent's arm.

FATHER

It's just so... so sudden... such a shock...

CLOSE ON DEVIN

His mouth grows tense as he sees the closeness between Vincent and Father. Old wounds are reopening.

DEVIN

(sarcastic)

I'm sorry if I've upset you by not being dead.

RESUME

Father tries to regroup, to be warm and conciliatory.

FATHER

Devin, please... sit down... there's so much to say, so many questions, I don't know how to begin...

DEVIN

How about good to see you, Devin or we missed you or so glad to see that you're alive, those would have been good ways to begin...

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

Vincent rises and comes toward him.

VINCENT
(warm, gentle)
We did miss you. You know that.

Devin softens, mollified by Vincent's obvious sincerity.

DEVIN
(abashed)
Yeah, I... hell, I'm sorry...
this isn't easy...
(to Father)
Maybe we can start all over again.

FATHER
Yes... yes, I'd like that,
Devin... why don't you... make
yourself comfortable, tell us
where you've been, what you've
done...

Devin sits on the arm of the chair. He's on safer, more familiar ground now, telling stories. He's very good at telling stories when he wants to be.

DEVIN
Right now I'm an attorney with
the D.A.'s office. Jeff Radford.
(sideways grin at
Vincent)
Rubbing elbows with Vincent's
friend, as it turns out.

FATHER
(impressed)
An attorney. That's a
considerable accomplishment.
(smiles)
Even when you were a boy, I knew
that... once you made up your mind
to apply yourself... you would
do great things. You must have
studied very hard.

DEVIN
Yeah, well... I'm working on that
part.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly he can't look at Father; he's not at all sure how the rest of his story will be received. He gets up, paces restlessly. INTERCUT his recitation with REACTION SHOTS from Father and Vincent. Father is intrigued at first, then puzzled, and ultimately more and more upset as he finally comprehends.

DEVIN

Last month I was in Kenya...

(Aussie accent)

Derek Sanders, mate, pleased to meet you. Ran photo safaris.

(end accent)

It was fun. The land is gorgeous, and you meet some interesting women. Before that I was a monk in Tibet. Shaved my head and got in touch with my spiritual side. Tranquil. I needed tranquility after Kabul. I had impeccable press credentials, supposed to be a photojournalist, but it didn't stop people shooting at me. I've been ... hell, I've been everything by now. A respected professor, a knife-thrower in a carny, a decorated soldier, a famous chef ...

(stops, looks at Father)

... a doctor...

(beat, eager)

I delivered a baby, Father. It wasn't easy, I had to do a caesarian, I was terrified but I didn't let it show, I just --

ANGLE ON FATHER

as he rises and interrupts. He's very distressed.

FATHER

(aghast)

The procedure you're talking about is major surgery! Have you had any medical training?

RESUME

Devin's smile fades.

DEVIN

I had some medical texts...

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (4)

80

FATHER

Oh, fine! Do you realize the risks you exposed this poor woman to? Infection, internal hemorrhage, you ...

MATCH CUT TO:

81 INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER (FLASHBACK)

81

Father, younger and dark-haired, stands over Young Devin, chastizing him. Devin's clothes are dirty, grass-stained, and the bandage on his face is spotted with blood (this is the aftermath to the carousel scenes). Father's dialog OVERLAPS as we cut.

FATHER

(continuous)

... were completely irresponsible! You're the oldest of the boys, the others all listen to you, look up to you. Vincent looks up to you! You ought to be setting him an example, instead of involving him in these irresponsible schemes of yours! Maybe you don't care about yourself, but what about him? What if he'd been hurt, or caught above? You risked his life and for what? So you could have a ride on a merry-go-round...

Young Devin stares at Father sullenly and resentfully, his mask a mask. He does not cry or talk back, but his face is more angry than contrite.

CUT TO:

82 RESUME FATHER'S CHAMBER (PRESENT)

82

Father's dialogue OVERLAPS the flashback.

FATHER

(continuous)

... you could have lost the woman or the baby or both --

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN
 (sharply, interrupts)
 But I didn't. Which is more than
 you can say, isn't it? You and
 all your medical training didn't
 stop my mother from dying in
 childbirth ...

Father REACTS as strongly as if Devin had slapped him
 across the face. Vincent, conciliatory, tries to
 intervene.

VINCENT
 Devin, don't...

DEVIN
 (flaring)
 You too? Fine. I don't care.
 I told you this was a mistake.
 No, don't get up, I'll find my
 own way out.

RESUME

Angry and hurt, Devin strides toward the door. Father,
 suddenly remorseful, calls after him.

FATHER
 Devin, no... don't go... come back
here!

Devin ignores him, and exits without looking back.

FATHER
 (weakly)
 Devin... please...

There's no answer. When Father turns back again, there
 are tears in his eyes. He takes one step, and almost
 collapses. But Vincent there to catch him, and help him
 into a chair.

VINCENT
 It was just his pain talking...
 not his heart.

Father nods weakly, looks up at Vincent.

FATHER
 Go after him. Please.

Vincent NODS.

CUT TO:

83 INT. - CHAMBER OF THE WINDS - NIGHT

83

The sound of the wind is forlorn, melancholy. Devin suddenly appears at the top of the stair. He stands there for a moment, takes a few steps down.

84 DEVIN'S POV - ANGLE DOWN STAIRS

84

The stairs curve away beneath him, down and down into darkness. No one's there, only the wind. The wind swirls and eddies... and suddenly Young Vincent steps out of the shadows of Devin's memories. He's looking up at someone standing higher on the steps.

YOUNG VINCENT

I did not!

ANGLE PAST YOUNG VINCENT

on Young Devin, who stands about six steps higher. His face is angry but unscarred. He takes two steps down.

YOUNG DEVIN

You did!

YOUNG VINCENT

I did not! It wasn't me.

Clearly Devin doesn't believe him. He comes down several more steps, so he looms right over Vincent. He **SHOVES** him, and Young Vincent staggers back two stairs. Devin follows him down.

YOUNG DEVIN

Liar. It was so you. It's always you. I hate you.

(screaming)

I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!

We recognize this scene from the flashback at the end of Act II, but now we see its aftermath. Devin **SHOVES** Young Vincent again, but this time Vincent doesn't move. He **SHOVES BACK**, and Young Devin sits down hard on a step. It's funny. We **HEAR** Young Vincent **LAUGH**. Young Devin's face contorts in fury, and he leaps up and **FLINGS** himself at Young Vincent, pummeling him with his fists.

They **ROLL DOWN THE STAIRS**, grappling, grunting. Vincent doesn't fight back at first, just tries to restrain him, but finally Devin goes too far, and lands a punch that bloodies Young Vincent's nose.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

CLOSE ON YOUNG VINCENT

The pain hits, he ROARS and shatters Devin's hold on his arm, and his clawed hand SLASHES at the camera.

CLOSE ON YOUNG DEVIN

He's in shock for a moment as blood begins to well from three long parallel slashes down his right cheek. Then the pain and fear hit and he staggers back, his eyes wide with horror.

MATCH CUT TO:

85 CLOSE ON DEVIN (PRESENT)

85

He looks down at where it all happened, and REACTS when Vincent's hand suddenly clamps down on his shoulder.

DEVIN

You startled me.

The ANGLE WIDENS to include Vincent.

VINCENT

I thought you might come here.

DEVIN

(rueful smile)

I guess you would.

Vincent reaches up a hand, very gently, and touches the old scars on Devin's cheek. Devin stiffens visibly but does not draw away or resist.

VINCENT

In the world above, there are surgeons...

DEVIN

Who repairs faces like mine?

(beat)

I used to think about it... but not for a long time. Maybe they're not pretty, but they're mine. The scars and my old clasp knife, that's all I took with me when I left this place.

(smile)

You got to have something you can count on.

(beat)

Is the old man okay?

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

(nods)

You and Father were always so hard
on each other.

DEVIN

I thought it might be different
this time. Stupid. I'm on the
downhill side of thirty-five,
Vincent, but when I walked into
that chamber I was fourteen
again...

(beat)

Maybe it's because of my mother,
because he couldn't save her...
maybe that's why he always had
it in for me. He looks at me,
and he remembers that failure.

Devin starts to walk slowly up the stairs.

VINCENT

You won't come back?

Devin doesn't even look back.

DEVIN

Maybe in another twenty years.

But at the top of the stairs, he pauses, turns and looks
down on Vincent.

DEVIN

That baby I delivered... he's
doing fine, him and his mother
both... they named him after me,
Vincent...

(rueful smile)

Harvey... that was the name I was
going by... so they named the baby
Harvey...

CUT TO:

The rising sun finds Cathy and Vincent on the terrace.
She's in her robe and nightgown. Vincent looks out over
the city as he talks. He's been talking a long time.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

... and then he walked away.

(beat)

Father will not speak of it, but I can sense how troubled he is. And Devin... there is such sadness beneath his smile. With all the places he has been and all the lives he's led, he still seems... lost.

He turns to Catherine, but finds a different sort of concern than he'd expected. She's upset, angry.

CATHY

Father is right, you know. Your friend is irresponsible.

VINCENT

You don't know him, Catherine. Even as a boy, he was sometimes rash... but always responsible.

CATHY

He's not a boy any more, Vincent, but he's still playing games. This charade of his may end up putting a monster back on the streets to molest little girls.

VINCENT

Devin would never allow that to happen. I know him ...

CATHY

No... you knew the boy he was, a long time ago... you don't know the man he's grown into.

VINCENT

I know his heart.

CATHY

His heart won't help him with the Ehringer brief... I can't let it go on, there's too much at stake. I have to tell Joe.

Vincent looks at her for a long beat, then turns away and gazes over the city as he speaks in a slow, sad voice.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

We were going to build a raft together... Huck and Jim on the Mississippi... I had other friends, others who grew up with me in the tunnels, but Devin ... Devin was the only one who was... irresponsible enough...to dream dreams that included me...

(beat)

... years after he had run away, I would hear his voice in the whispering gallery, or see his face reflected in the mirror pool... then I'd turn, and he'd be gone...

He turns to look at Catherine, his face sorrowful.

VINCENT

If you expose him, he'll be gone again.

CLOSE ON CATHY

She sympathizes with all that Vincent has said, feels for him deeply, but on this one she can't back down.

CATHY

Vincent, I'm sorry... but I've got no choice.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT IV

FADE IN:

87 INT. - DA'S OFFICE - MORNING

87

Devin sits at his desk, still surrounded by law books. His tie is askew and his eyes are bleary from his long night. He has a yellow legal pad in front of him, several sheets already covered with writing and folded back, and he's scribbling away like a demon. He finishes another page, moves on to the next... and then LOOKS UP at the sound of the door opening.

88 ANGLE ON CATHY

88

as she enters, closes and LOCKS the door behind her, leans back against it. Her expression is serious.

CATHY

Good morning, Jeff...

(beat)

or should I say Devin?

RESUME

Devin shoves away the pad, leans back in his chair, SIGHS.

DEVIN

Doesn't matter, I answer to just about anything.

(beat)

Vincent tell you?

CATHY

(nods)

You don't seem very upset.

DEVIN

I'm an old hand at this imposter game, Miss Chandler.

CATHY

It's not a game. What we do here affects peoples' lives.

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN

Yeah. I know.

(stands up)

Well, look, if you're going to whistle for the cops I can't stop you. I may not be an attorney, but I've got enough law to know which ones I'm breaking. Messy, though...

CATHY

I don't want to put you in jail. I know what that would do to Vincent and Father. But I want you off the Ehringer case and out of this office.

Devin gives her a small, resigned smile, and nods.

DEVIN

I appreciate that.

(beat)

Give me the rest of the day to wrap things up, figure out what I'm going to tell Moreno. I'll be out of your life by dark.

CATHY

(nods)

I can live with that.

She turns and walks to the door, but can't quite bring herself to open it.

CATHY

Answer me one thing.

DEVIN

(knows the question)

I'm charming, intelligent, hard-working. So why? Is that the question?

She NODS. Devin spreads his hands helplessly.

DEVIN

(flip)

I never decided what I wanted to be when I grew up.

Cathy looks at him with pity, and exits.

CUT TO:

Vincent sits in darkness, alone and brooding, hands locked beneath his chin. The toy carousel is in front of him. He looks up as Father enters.

FATHER

I hope I'm not intruding. I thought perhaps a game of chess would take our minds off --

Father's voice trails off as he notices the toy carousel, and realizes what it means. He looks to Vincent.

FATHER

Has there ... been any word?

VINCENT

A note from Catherine. Benny brought it down an hour ago. She will not expose him, but he has agreed to resign.

FATHER

Yes... I suppose that's for the best...

VINCENT

(incredulous)

Best? How can you say that?

FATHER

Not easily, I assure you... but some... relationships... can only bring us pain... no matter how much we might wish otherwise... you loved Devin like a brother, I know that. I loved him too... and he left us both, for twenty years, without so much as a goodbye.

VINCENT

And last night you made certain that he would leave again.

FATHER

Surely you don't blame me.

VINCENT

I blame both of you. Why must you always be so hard on him?

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

If I was hard on him, it was for his own good. His little escapades endangered not only himself but all the other children... you especially... I know what happened that night on the carousel, and I know why it happened.

Father's last statement is too much for Vincent. He raises his fists in danger and frustration, and SMASHES them down on the toy, reducing it to splinters.

VINCENT

(furious)

You don't know anything about what happened!

Father is shocked and dismayed by Vincent's outburst. Vincent calms himself for a moment, then turns to Father in a softer but no less impassioned voice.

VINCENT

As far back as I can remember, you were always harder on Devin than on any of the rest of us.

Father SHAKES HIS HEAD in denial, begins to reply, but he cannot seem to find the words. The certainty in Vincent's tone has shaken him badly. Suddenly he seems weak and unsure. He gropes for a chair, sits.

FATHER

Vincent, I... I swear to you, I always tried to... to...

Father's obvious distress reaches Vincent.

VINCENT

(with great compassion)

No one knows better than me how hard you've tried... and how well you've succeeded. You were a father not just to me, but to all those who needed one... you've always been there... for more children than I can name...

(beat, softly)

... but not for Devin. Why, Father? Why did you shut him out when he needed you so?

(CONTINUED)

Father stares at Vincent with horror. His expression is inconsolable. He tries to take off his glasses, but his hand trembles and he drops them. This is a man in pain.

FATHER

(guiltily)

Dear god... have I really...

He looks up at Vincent helplessly, grief-stricken.

FATHER

(struggling)

I just thought... there were other children, you see, and later there was you... I tried so hard to... love them all, equally...

VINCENT

I don't understand...

FATHER

No... that time was... very bad for me... it was year after I lost everything... my work, my good name, the woman I loved, my home... the money went so quickly, I drank it all away... I think I might have frozen to death that winter if Grace had not found me... she told me about the tunnels, showed me the way down, and I... began to live again...

VINCENT

Grace ... was Devin's mother.

FATHER

She was a good woman... older than myself... not an... educated woman, but with her own wisdom, and a kind heart.

(looks at Vincent)

I was still in love with Margaret... but Margaret was gone, and Grace was... there... and one night... it was so cold that night...

(beat, ashamed) But she died giving birth to him... and somehow, afterward, it seemed best not to... set him apart from the other children... I always thought to tell him later, but then there was you to consider...

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

89

VINCENT
(understands at last)
Devin is your son.

With TEARS rolling down his face, Father NODS slowly.

CUT TO:

90 INT. - DA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

90

The office has closed for the day. A JANITOR is sweeping up. The staff is gone, but there's still a light burning in Devin's private office.

91 DEVIN'S OFFICE

91

Devin has torn a dozen sheets off his legal pad and folded them. He stuffs them into an envelope, seals it. It makes quite a thick envelope. After one last look round the office -- no trace of his personal stuff remains -- Devin closes his briefcase and exits.

We TRACK with him through the outer office. He stops at Cathy's desk and drops the envelope, starts to walk off... then pauses, takes out a pen, and WRITES something on the outside of the envelope (both sides). We do not see what he's written. He swipes the pen and walks briskly out of the office without so much as a glance behind him.

CUT TO:

92 INT. - DEVIN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

92

Devin is packing his suitcase. He moves briskly, calmly, efficiently, a man doing something he's done a hundred times before, but his face is grim.

INTERCUT each stage of the packing with FLASHBACKS of Young Devin packing to run away twenty years ago. The scenes echo each other, with contrasts. Devin folds his shirts, suits with a butler's crisp precision, goes about the packing methodically; Young Devin just shoves items into his bag. Devin is calm, Young Devin angry almost to the point of tears.

Devin's luggage is new and expensive, and when he's done he snaps closed the locks on the suitcase; Young Devin's bag is canvas, and closes with a drawstring. In each case, the last item he picks up is the clasp knife (newer and shinier in Young Devin's time). Both hold it for a moment, flip it lightly end over end, and thrust it into a back pocket.

(CONTINUED)

As Devin finishes packing, there's a KNOCK on the door. He grabs his leather jacket and calls out as he walks over to answer it.

DEVIN

Right with you, Sam.
(opening door)
Just take it all down to --

He stops, surprised to see that it's Cathy, not Sam.

CATHY

Can I come in?

Devin shrugs, admits her, closes the door behind her. Cathy takes in the suitcases, and turns to Devin.

CATHY

Running away again?

DEVIN

I prefer to think of it as a strategic retreat one step ahead of the law. Isn't that what you wanted?

CATHY

No. I wanted you to stop playing lawyer and endangering innocent lives. No one's making you leave New York.

DEVIN

Of course. I can stay and get honest work, is that it? Sell hotdogs out of a cart, deliver messages on a bike... maybe in ten years I'll save up enough to buy a medallion and drive a cab. No thanks.

(beat)

Why the sudden concern? This morning you didn't seem all that worried about my future.

CATHY

I know what you mean to Vincent, how much it would hurt him to lose you again...

DEVIN

Vincent. It always come back to Vincent and how much I'm going to hurt him...

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

He turns to the window, pushes back the curtain, stares out.

CATHY

(goads)

... like that night at the carousel when you almost got him killed?

Devin whirls, wounded and furious, and crosses the room.

DEVIN

What the hell do you know about the carousel?

(grabs her arm)

Come with me. Maybe it's time you heard what really happened.

DISSOLVE TO:

93 EXT. - CAROUSEL - NIGHT

93

The ride is dark and shuttered as Devin and Cathy stand outside the fence. Devin takes the knife out of his back pocket, holds it up before her.

DEVIN

It started when I wanted a knife. Father said no. Knives weren't toys, they were dangerous, someone might get hurt... I scrounged for bottles, saved my nickles, and bought the knife anyway. Someone told Father.

Devin unfolds the toothpick, and uses it to pick the lock on the gate. He opens it for Cathy, follows her in.

DEVIN

I thought Vincent had squealed. I found out later that it had been someone else, a boy named Mitch, but by then it was too late. Father had taken away my knife and I tried to take it out on Vincent. We fought...

Devin stops beside the darkened carousel, looks at Cathy meaningfully, gestures at his scarred face.

DEVIN

...I lost.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

Devin goes to one knee and begins to work on the shutter with his lockpick.

CATHY

What are you doing?

DEVIN

Nothing I haven't done before.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. - CAROUSEL - (FLASHBACK)

94

as Young Devin kneels in the same place, working on the lock with his knife. FIVE younger kids watch him nervously, glancing around to see if anyone's coming, whispering stuff like "Hurry up" and "Let me try it" and "Shut up, stupid." The group includes younger versions of Pascal (with prominent ears) and of Mitch, plus a black boy and a tomboyish girl; Young Vincent is the youngest. The lock CLICKS and Devin slides up the shutter as we

MATCH CUT TO:

95 RESUME CAROUSEL (PRESENT)

95

as the shutter rolls up to reveal the interior. Devin stands, folds up his knife, pockets it.

DEVIN

I got blamed for starting the fight. One night a couple days later, we came here... me and Vincent, a few others... but it was my idea, I pushed them into it.

CUT TO:

96 INT. - THE TUNNELS - (FLASHBACK)

96

The carousel conspiracy seen in the previous flashback, minus Young Vincent, huddle around Young Devin. His face is bandaged but his manner animated.

YOUNG DEVIN

After Father's asleep... c'mon, they won't even know we're gone.

TOMBOY

We'll get in trouble.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

YOUNG MITCH
Anyhow it's all locked up.

YOUNG DEVIN
I'll fix it... once we're in, I
can figure how to turn it on.

YOUNG MITCH
Well I'm not going. It's stupid.

YOUNG DEVIN
Okay, so we'll do it without you,
Mitch. Us and Vincent.

CUT TO:

97 INT. - CAROUSEL - PRESENT

97

Devin moves inside, hops on the carousel, begins to thread his way through the horses. Cathy follows.

DEVIN
It worked like a charm. I swiped
my knife back, we came up, broke
in, and I hot-wired the
merry-go-round.

CUT TO:

98 INT. - CAROUSEL - (MOS FLASHBACK)

98

WEAVING through the horses with HANDHELD camera as the carousel turns and the painted ponies rise and fall. We SEE each of the kids whirl past astride their mounts; the last is Young Vincent, smiling, maybe even LAUGHING with delight. Only Young Devin isn't mounted. The camera finds him in the stationary center of the carousel, looking proud and satisfied. OVER we hear the voice of the adult Devin.

DEVIN (O.S.)
Only then something went wrong.

SMASH CUT TO:

99 EXT. - CAROUSEL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

99

ANGLING OUT from the carousel. Over the calliope music we HEAR, softly at first and then ominously louder, the sound of horse's hooves clicking against the footpath as a MOUNTED POLICEMAN rides slowly out of the darkness into the light of the carousel. The imagery should be stark, frightening. When he speaks, his voice BOOMS out, the sudden voice of adult authority, terrifying in the night.

MOUNTED POLICEMAN

(shouted)

Hey! What's going on here?

INTERCUT REACTION SHOTS from the kids. They's surprised, scared, none more so than Young Devin.

YOUNG DEVIN

(shouts)

Run for it!

One by one, the tunnel kids leap off the carousel and flee across the park. The cop gallops back and forth, ordering the kids to stop -- "Halt, stop right there, come back here!", etc. -- but the kids are too scared, no one pays any attention. We do NOT see Young Vincent leave. Young Devin is the last to leave, and the mounted cop, furious by now, comes after him.

100 MONTAGE

100

Young Devin runs. The cop gallops after him. Across the footpath, the grass, etc. INTERCUT the shots used in the Act I and Act II flashbacks with more explicit angles, shots of the policeman, pounding hooves, etc. until the pursuit finally reaches

101 THE BRIDGE

101

The sound of HOOVES is right behind him as Young Devin hits the bridge, STUMBLES, and falls. He rolls over.

102 YOUNG DEVIN'S POV

102

as the mounted cop looms over him. The cop swings off the horse and grabs for Devin.

103 RESUME

103

The cop has Young Devin by the arm, hauling him to his feet... when we HEAR a terrifying ROAR. The horse REARS and bolts in panic, galloping off into the night. The cop, shocked, releases Young Devin as he looks around for whatever wild beast is lurking out there.

MOUNTED POLICEMAN

What the hell...

Devin edges away. Somewhere in the night, Vincent ROARS again. The cop, a little scared now, unholsters his gun. Young Devin panics... and bolts for safety.

Use HANDHELD POV as Young Devin enters the drainage ditch, runs down the tunnel. When he hits the junction, the other kids are already on the far side of the secret door. Mitch waves him on.

YOUNG MITCH

C'mon. C'mon, hurry!

The door has begun to slide closed. Mitch is shouting for Devin to hurry. But he hesitates, looks back, and stops. The door slams closed. Young Devin bends runs back down the tunnel.

104 RESUME BRIDGE

104

The cop stands in the center of the bridge, gun in hand. We HEAR Young Vincent roar in frustration, trapped on the far side. The cop turns toward the sound, raises his gun... and suddenly a rock comes flying out of the darkness and catches him in the side of his head. The cop falls, and Young Devin steps from the bushes.

YOUNG DEVIN

Vincent! Come on!

Young Vincent appears on the far side of the bridge, dashes across, and the two boys run off together, toward the safety of the drainage tunnel.

CUT TO:

105 INT. - CAROUSEL - PRESENT

105

Devin and Cathy stand among the painted horses as he finishes his story.

CATHY

You saved him...

(CONTINUED)

DEVIN
... after he'd saved me.

CATHY
Did Father know what happened?

DEVIN
Some of it. I left out the worst parts... but Father still heard enough.

CUT TO:

106 INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER (FLASHBACK)

106

REPEAT the flashback scene from Act III, as Father chastises a dirty, grass-strained Young Devin... but this time Father's speech CONTINUES a few extra lines.

FATHER
... the others all listen to you, look up to you. Vincent looks up to you! You ought to be setting him an example, instead of involving him in these irresponsible schemes of yours! Maybe you don't care about yourself, but what about him? What if he'd been hurt, or caught above? You risked his life and for what? So you could have a ride on a merry-go-round...

(additional)

... or maybe you did this deliberately. You seem to take a perverse pleasure in defying me and exposing Vincent to danger. Did you want him to get caught, was that it? Was this your way of getting back at him because of your fight.

Young Devin's head JERKS UP in fury.

YOUNG DEVIN
Yes! I wanted them to catch him. I hate him! He's just a little freak and I hate him!

Off Father's shock and outrage we

CUT TO:

107 RESUME CAROUSEL (PRESENT)

107

Cathy and Devin stand on opposite sides of a horse. His hand rests on its mane as his head slumps.

DEVIN
(painfully)
I can't even say he was all
wrong... there were times...

CATHY
(sure of it)
... but not this time.

Devin looks at her, and nods, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

108 CLOSE ON YOUNG VINCENT (FLASHBACK)

108

The same flashback shot we saw in Act II, ANGLING THROUGH THE TOY CAROUSEL on Young Vincent as he watches it turn, his face rapt and fascinated. As in Act II, the b.g. is indistinct, a blur... but this time we HOLD the shot slightly longer and RACK FOCUS to reveal Young Devin standing in the door, unseen but watching.

CUT TO:

109 INT. - THE TUNNELS - (FLASHBACK)

109

The carousel conspiracy, as seen in flashback above, but this time we enter it later and continue it slightly longer. The other kids are gathered around Young Devin, and Mitch is objecting.

YOUNG MITCH
Well I'm not going. It's stupid.

YOUNG DEVIN
Okay, so we'll do it without you,
Mitch. Us and Vincent.

YOUNG MITCH
Merry-go-rounds are for babies.
And if we wanted to go ride, we
could just go up when it's open.

Young Devin turns on him furiously and SLAMS him back against the tunnel wall, holding him by his collar.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

YOUNG DEVIN

Vincent can't go during the day!
Vincent's never been on a
 merry-go-round... now are you
 going to help, or are you too
 chicken?

CUT TO:

110 RESUME CAROUSEL (PRESENT)

110

Cathy looks at Devin with vast sympathy as he finishes his story. She reaches out, and puts her hand atop his on the horse's head. Devin gives her a grateful smile.

CATHY

Did you ever tell Father the
 truth?

(Devin shakes his head
 in denial)

Why not?

DEVIN

I don't know... pride maybe...or
 --

FATHER (O.S.)

... or maybe because we never
 learned how to talk to each other.

Devin WHIRLS, stunned, as Father steps slowly out of the shadows inside the center of the carousel. He leans heavily on his cane, and his face shows that he has been profoundly moved. Vincent steps out behind him.

DEVIN

What the hell are you doing here?

FATHER

Listening... learning...

DEVIN

It's a little too late for that,
 old man.

VINCENT

It's only too late if you want
 it to be...

Vincent moves away from Father to stand by Cathy's side. They exchange glances, smiles. Devin notices.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

DEVIN
 I think I've been set up.
 (to Father)
 What's this going to accomplish?

FATHER
 Perhaps nothing... perhaps it will
 only make you hate me more... but
 whatever happens, you deserve to
 know the truth, Devin...
 (beat)
 ...son...

111 ANGLE ON VINCENT AND CATHY

111

Vincent touches her gently on the arm, nods toward the
 exit. They step quietly out into the night as Father and
 Devin begin in talk in b.g.

FATHER
 (softly, as Cathy &
 Vincent move away)
 My real name is Jacob Wells. I
 first met your mother...
 (fades away)

112 EXT. - CAROUSEL - NIGHT

112

as Cathy and Vincent emerge from within, and stand
 together in the shadows. Cathy takes a thick white
 envelope from inside her bag. Vincent is curious.

CATHY
 When I got your message, I tried
 the office first ... and found
 this on my desk...
 (shows him the yellow
 sheets)

VINCENT
 The brief... how is it?

CATHY
 Rough in spots... the language
 isn't quite turgid enough... but
 it will keep Ehringer in jail for
 a long time... look...

113 INSERT - THE ENVELOPE

113

Across the front Devin has written: YES, I'M A FRAUD... We HOLD that shot for a moment. Then Cathy flips the envelope to the back side, where it says, ... BUT I'M A GOOD FRAUD.

114 RESUME CATHY AND VINCENT

114

Vincent smiles as Cathy safely tucks away the brief.

CATHY

Do you think he'll stay?

VINCENT

No... not for long... even as a boy he dreamed of mountains... and raging seas... and palaces shining golden in the sun...

(smiles at Cathy)

... but now, wherever he may go... he has a place to come home to...

DISSOLVE TO:

115 INT. - AIRLINE TICKET COUNTER - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

115

A pretty young woman in an airline uniform is behind the counter, at a computer ticket console, as Devin steps up.

AIRLINE CLERK

And what will your destination be today, sir?

Devin looks over the board behind her, where all the days flights are displayed.

DEVIN

How about... Alaska...

AIRLINE CLERK

(punching keys)

We have a seat on the three-fifteen flight to Anchorage.

(off his nod)

Name?

DEVIN

(small hesitation, smile)

Wells... Devin Wells...

FADE OUT

THE END