

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Fever"

Written by

Michael Cassutt & Mark Cassutt

Directed by

Thomas J. Wright

FIRST DRAFT

January 26, 1988 (Grey)
January 25, 1988 (Goldenrod)
January 24, 1988 (Green)
January 21, 1988 (Yellow)
January 20, 1988 (Pink)
January 15, 1988 (Blue)
January 14, 1988

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Fever"

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 INT. TREASURE TUNNEL - DAY

1

An earthen tunnel in the process of being dug out, the darkness broken only by the scraping of a digging tool. PUSHING IN we see a bobbing shaft of light and a semi-prone human form stabbing at an earthen wall. It's MOUSE... tired, dirty, sweaty, wearing a football helmet with two mismatched flashlights taped over the ears, and clawing away with an army trench shovel.

He stops for a moment, out of breath, and regards his handiwork dubiously, then resumes digging with a mighty thrust. We hear a muffled THUD as the tool makes contact with an object buried beneath the dirt.

MOUSE
(exasperated)
Now what? More rocks!

He jams the shovel into the dirt to get a gauge on the size of the object impeding his progress. Each time he thrusts we hear that same thud. It sounds hollow.

MOUSE
(listening to each sound
as his shovel strikes)
Not rock...

Mouse puts down his shovel and uses his hands to brush away the dirt directly in front of him, uncovering a two-foot by two-foot section of planked wooden wall.

MOUSE
(puzzled)
Wood?... Down here?

Mouse picks up the shovel and whacks away at the wall. A rotting wooden plank gives way, caving inward, away from Mouse, who recoils from the rush of stale, foetid air. Then he puts his head up to the hole and peeks inside.

2 REVERSE ANGLE

2

Looking from inside the chamber as Mouse hammers on the wood. He pushes the whole section of wood into the chamber. It crashes onto the floor and raises a huge dust cloud. Mouse squeezes his head and shoulders into the chamber. The beam of light from his miner's helmet slices through the dusty darkness. As the light dances around we catch a glimpse of a broken chair, a table, a barrel or two. Mouse finally breaks through.

3 ON MOUSE

3

He settles the miner's helmet, steadying the light. PUSH IN on his face as he sees what he has found. A look of puzzlement gives way to a smile of innocent delight.

MOUSE

Okay good... okay fine.

CUT TO:

4 INT. - CULLEN'S CHAMBER - DAY

4

CULLEN sits at a worktable, a knife in hand, whittling on a small piece of wood. He's a slight, wiry man in his fifties with quick, deft hands and a certain elfin quality about him. His chamber reflects his passion for woodworking; there's sawdust on the floor, carpenter's tools scattered about, a huge wicker basket jammed with blocks of unfinished wood. Evidence of his handiwork abounds, ranging from large, unfinished sculptures to a myriad of delicate wooden figurines on the shelves above his bed. Even the bedposts have been worked into totem poles, decorated with faces, animals shapes, etc.

Cullen looks up from his carving when JAMIE enters, her miner's helmet cocked at a jaunty angle.

JAMIE

Cullen, Father needs to talk to you. He said that --

(sees the carving)

That's Vincent!

5 INSERT - THE CARVING

5

It's half-complete, the bottom portion just a block of some pale, soft wood, but the top has been shaped into a recognizable likeness of Vincent's head and shoulders.

6 RESUME

6

With a proud smile, Cullen hands Jamie the carving.

CULLEN

It's a chessman. The queen's knight... for the set I'm going to give Father at the midwinter feast. Do you like it?

JAMIE

It looks just like him... it's lovely, Cullen.

She marvels at the detail of the figurine, then hands it back to Cullen, who holds it up and squints at it critically, then finally allows himself a smile.

CULLEN

I like it pretty well myself.

JAMIE

You're doing a whole set?

CULLEN

(nods)

I've already done Winslow and Pascal... they'll be bishops, and Mouse will be a rook...

JAMIE

Sitting on one of his machines?

CULLEN

Of course. Once I finish the white pieces, I'll get some ebony and do some topsiders for the black... bankers, cops, lawyers... Father's to be the white king, leaning on his stick, with books under his arms... he'll fuss and fume but secretly he'll love it.

(rises to go)

This is going to be my surprise, so not a word to anyone, you understand?

JAMIE

My lips are sealed...

(beat, smile)

if I can be a pawn.

Cullen grins and pulls her miner's hat down over her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

CULLEN
Done, you blackmailer.
(she's delighted)
Now, let's go see what Father
wants.

CUT TO:

7 CLOSE - A LARGE BOX

7

filled with brightly-colored clothing, some small packages
wrapped in plain paper, etc. One of the lovelier pieces
of clothing is taken out as we watch.

WINSLOW'S VOICE
Will you look at that...

*

Going wider, we see that we are in

8 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

8

CATHERINE and VINCENT are here with this box of clothing,
distributing items to WINSLOW, a few children, and one or
two other members of the underground community.

*

WINSLOW
Thank you, Catherine.

*

CATHERINE
... Just some odds and ends.
Mostly things from around the
house...

A little girl rushes away, clutching her gift, delighted.
Most of the others also depart, with clothing, until only
Winslow remains with Vincent and Father. Vincent spots
something in the box. He reaches inside and produces a
small piece of paper with a string attached.

*

VINCENT
(gently)
You should learn to remove the
price tags from your "odds and
ends."

Catherine, caught, gives him a guilty smile as she takes a
hand-knit sweater out of the box.

*

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

CATHERINE

My father bought this when he took
up skiing... and put it in a
drawer after one trip down the
slope. What do you think?

Smiling, Cathy holds the sweater against Father, who looks
discomfitted but is too polite to say so.

CULLEN

(OS, droll)

It's you... oh, definitely, you.

9 ANGLE ON CULLEN

9

as he stands in the doorway to Father's chamber, beaming
down at them. Jamie is beside him.

10 RESUME

10

Grateful for the interruption, Father escapes the sweater
and waves Cullen in.

FATHER

(awkward, to Cathy)

Ah, yes, the sweater is... ah,
extraordinary... and we do
appreciate your generosity,
believe me... but now, if you'll
excuse us, we have a rather
pressing problem to discuss...

Catherine peers into the box, pulls out a small tool kit.

CATHERINE

Just one more thing... I brought
a little something for Mouse.

WINSLOW

(snorts)

He's supposed to be here, but
Mouse ain't exactly the most
dependable...

On cue, Mouse runs into the chamber, breathless. Father
clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

FATHER

As Winslow was saying, I'm not sure Mouse entirely grasps the concept of time...

MOUSE

(grins)

Time? Easy. Early -- you come before Mouse, late -- you come after.

*

*

Cullen brushes some dirt off Mouse's shoulder.

FATHER

Mouse... where have you been?

MOUSE

(shrugs)

Working.

FATHER

On something useful, I hope.

VINCENT

Mouse, Catherine has brought you a gift.

Mouse reacts with surprise and a bit of awe. Vincent must turn him toward Catherine. Perhaps he even nudges him her way.

CATHERINE

(proffers the box)

I thought you might be able to use these.

Mouse slowly takes the box and opens it. His eyes light up at the contents -- a small socket wrench kit, a screwdriver, etc.

MOUSE

(overwhelmed)

Tools! For me?

(off her nod)

Look! New...

(at a loss)

*

CULLEN

Expensive...

WINSLOW

Just say thanks and get it over with, Mouse.

Mouse almost flinches from Winslow's words.

*

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

MOUSE
(sincerely)
Thank you.

CATHERINE
You're welcome.

Mouse gently closes the box -- then opens it and repeats the process -- before scurrying off to examine it.

11 ON CATHERINE AND VINCENT

11

Catherine grabs her jacket. Vincent picks up the empty box on the table. For an instant their eyes meet.

CATHERINE
I suppose I should get back...

VINCENT
I'll guide you up. I won't
be long, Father.

12 ON FATHER

12

as he watches them exit. Father seats himself at the conference table, along with Winslow and Cullen. And a distracted Mouse who holds in one hand Catherine's gift. As Father talks, Mouse places Catherine's gift in his pocket and takes out an object wrapped in a rag.

FATHER
We've been having reports of
erosion on the upper levels under
SoHo, and we've finally put our
finger on the problem. It's a
leak in one of the city's storm
drains.

(to Cullen)
Winslow thought perhaps we could
divert the flow...

(a beat; annoyed)
Mouse!

Mouse shoves the rag-wrapped object back in his pocket.

FATHER
It's vital that we deal with this
soon.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

WINSLOW

Before the city crews wake up,
and come down here looking for
the problem.

CULLEN

Well, maybe we should go out and
take a look...

He stops as Mouse, who's been barely paying attention,
gets up abruptly and dashes for the exit. The others look
at him, astonished.

WINSLOW

Where the hell you going?

MOUSE

(on the run)

Out...

FATHER

(dismayed)

But this is important! When will
you...

MOUSE

(leaving)

Later...

And he's gone. The others look at each other helplessly.
Father sighs, Winslow shakes his head, and they resume.

CUT TO:

13 INT. - SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

13 *

Silently sharing a moment, Vincent and Catherine approach
her sub-basement.

VINCENT

Catherine, your gifts brought much
joy today.

CATHERINE

I wish I could do more. There're
so many things I wish I could give
you.

VINCENT

You give of yourself -- your
generosity, your friendship, to
all of us. There is no more than
that.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

CATHERINE
You know what I mean...

*

VINCENT
With what our friends bring to
us, and what the world of above
casts aside -- we have everything
we need...

*

Vincent turns as we HEAR the sound of running footsteps.
Then:

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

MOUSE'S VOICE
Catherine! Vincent!

14 ANGLE

14

Mouse appears out of the darkness. He's clearly been running. He doubles over to catch his breath.

MOUSE
(panting)
Glad... I... caught... you.

VINCENT
Mouse, is something wrong?

Mouse shakes his head no and reaches into his jacket, taking out the rag-wrapped object. He holds it out for Catherine.

MOUSE
(shyly)
For you...

Catherine looks at Vincent. He shakes his head, knowing nothing of this.

MOUSE
(more firmly)
A gift... from me.
(pushes it into her
hand)
You give, I give...

Catherine looks at Vincent again. This time he nods, gesturing, why not? Catherine accepts the object.

CATHERINE
Thank you, Mouse...

She starts to unwrap it. Mouse quickly stops her.

MOUSE
Not here!
(looking over his
shoulder)
Better at home!

CATHERINE
(willing to play along)
Okay.

She puts the object in her coat pocket. Smiling now, Mouse backs away from them.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MOUSE

Have to go help Father now.
(conspiratorily)
He's lost without Mouse.

And he runs off. She turns to Vincent and pats her pocket, where the object is safely stowed away.

CATHERINE

(concerned)
Vincent, you don't think he...
(hesitates)

VINCENT

... stole it?
(gentle smile)
Mouse hasn't "taken" anything
for... weeks.
(more seriously)
But rest assured, wherever he
found it, it came from his heart.

Catherine reacts, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

15

as Cathy enters, in a hurry. We TRACK with her as she moves through the living room and bedroom. She takes Mouse's gift, still wrapped in an old rag, and sets it on her end table as she sits on the bed, picks up the phone, and dials. She kicks off her shoes. Someone answers.

CATHERINE

Hello, Jenny? Cathy. I'm running a little late.

(beat)

Of course I'll be there. It's not everyday you get to meet Alain Viso. Just give me time to shower and change and I'll meet you at the bookstore.

(beat, smile)

Fine... make sure you save a copy for me. A hardcover! See you there.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

She hangs up, dashes into the bathroom and starts the shower, then reemerges and goes to a closet for her robe. As she heads back toward the bathroom, Cathy notices Mouse's gift. She pauses, picks it up, and unfolds the rag to reveal the necklace within. Bits of dirt still clog its delicate filagree, and there are spots of mold clinging here and there, but enough has been rubbed away to show the gleam of gold underneath. It's very old, something of extraordinary beauty, gold encrusted with emeralds. As we hear, Cathy's GASP of appreciation, we PUSH IN TIGHT on the necklace and

MATCH CUT TO:

16 THE NECKLACE

16

now cleaned and polished, the gold winking in the sunlight, the emeralds glittering dark green, reflected in her dressing mirror as it hangs around Cathy's neck. We PULL BACK as Cathy fastens an earring and rises, dressed for a champagne reception and book signing. She picks up a silk jacket and hurries out.

CUT TO:

17 INT. MOUSEHOUSE - DAY

17

18 CLOSE ON ARTHUR

18

the raccoon. He's happily lapping water from a silver goblet on Mouse's workbench, surrounded by makeshift tools, unfinished projects, and various dirt-encrusted bits found in the treasure tunnel. Among the junk is a retort suspended over a Bunsen burner. When he hears the sound of approaching VOICES, Arthur SCRAMBLES AWAY.

Our ANGLE WIDENS as Mouse, Winslow, and Cullen enter the chamber, talking.

WINSLOW

I still don't understand what
it is you think we need...

*

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

He goes to a large steamer trunk in the corner of his chamber, its lid open, loaded with parts and unfinished projects. Winslow stands over him impatiently as he begins to rummage around.

MOUSE

Gizmo... Know it's here
someplace...

WINSLOW

Well, find it... we got work to
do.

MOUSE

Okay good, okay fine...

Cullen, lingering back by the workbench, idly looks over Mouse's projects. His bored look suddenly changes as something piques his interest. He peers into the retort over the burner, then finds a filthy metal plate. He cleans a portion of it on his sleeve to reveal the sheen of gold, and looks up startled. When he speaks, there's urgency in his voice.

CULLEN

Mouse, where did you get this?

Mouse and Winslow look over.

MOUSE

Found it...
(shrugs, resumes
rummaging)

CULLEN

(excited)
This looks like gold.

MOUSE

Is gold. Makes good wire, once
you melt it down.

The impact of what's being said hits Winslow.

WINSLOW

Gold? What are you talking
about?

*

He strides over to the workbench. Cullen hands him the plate. As Winslow examines it, Cullen picks up the silver goblet.

CULLEN

Winslow, check this out.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

There's excitement in his tone. Winslow takes the goblet, frowns.

WINSLOW

Silver?

Cullen nods. Winslow turns it over, spilling out a small amount of water. Mouse finally gives up his search and comes over to see what has his friends so excited.

WINSLOW

Mouse, where did this come from?

Mouse quickly snatches the goblet away from Winslow.

MOUSE

That's Arthur's. You spilled his water.

(defensive)

Found it. Didn't take it, didn't steal it, found it.

CULLEN

Where? Up top or down here?

MOUSE

(smug)

Below. Secret place.

WINSLOW

Is there any more of this stuff?

MOUSE

(indifferent)

Don't remember.

WINSLOW

(a beat)

You're sure you didn't steal it?

CULLEN

(holding plate)

Winslow, he couldn't have... look at the condition it's in... grime, mold... man owns a solid gold plate, he washes it once in a while...

WINSLOW

Show us where you found this stuff...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

MOUSE
It's only gold.

CULLEN
Mouse, show us!

Mouse finally shrugs and gives up.

MOUSE
Okay good, okay fine... but you
have to keep it secret.

Winslow and Cullen exchange looks, and both NOD solemnly.

CUT TO:

19 INT. - SHIP CABIN - NIGHT

19

Looking out through the hole Mouse made breaking through. Mouse appears, crawling toward us. Winslow passes him a torch, then crawls in. Cullen follows, carrying his own light. They climb to their feet, unsteadily -- the floor in here is CANTED, so the whole room TILTS slightly.

WINSLOW
(amazed)
Mouse... what is this?

Mouse moves away with the torch, and for the first time we get a good look around.

20 WIDER - THE CABIN

20

We see that the room has a small table, some chairs, barrels, coils of rotting rope, maybe a cannon ball or two. An old rug, eaten away by mold and rotten with age, covers part of the floor. Everything is covered with dust and cobwebs. The wooden ceiling leaks dirt. Cullen wanders about poking at things with his light.

CULLEN
Some kind of room...

He sweeps the light across the floor and catches a glint of metal. He reaches down and picks up an ancient, rusty, dust-covered sword.

CULLEN
A sword...

He takes a couple of swashbuckling cuts through the air.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

CULLEN
(pirate accent)
Avast, me hearties!

21 ANGLE ON WINSLOW

21

With his torch he is inspecting a wall.

WINSLOW
You've got a point there. Look
at this.

He holds the torch close to the wall so Mouse and Cullen
can see.

22 THEIR POV

22

The wooden wall.

WINSLOW
This is a sunken ship!

CULLEN
How'd it get down here?

MOUSE
Like Father says -- Old New
York. Might have been water
here, long time ago.

23 ANOTHER ANGLE

23

Cullen has kicked back the ancient, moldy rug. Beneath
is a hatchway.

CULLEN
(excited)
Look at this!

Winslow and Mouse join him.

WINSLOW
Open it up...

Cullen needs no encouragement. His fingers pry at the
hatch. Winslow helps. They pull at it, pound at it, but
the hatch won't budge. It's been sealed a long, long
time. Mouse stands back, watching.

MOUSE
No good. Stuck shut. I can
open it.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

WINSLOW

How you going to do that? *

MOUSE

Back away... *

Cullen and Winslow exchange puzzled looks, but they step away from the hatch. Mouse GRINS wickedly, runs forward, and JUMPS. He lands right in the center of the hatch, hard, the wood shatters, the hatch gives way, and Mouse VANISHES FROM SIGHT, plunging down into darkness. Startled and concerned, Winslow and Cullen rush forward with their lights, kneeling over the shattered hatch.

CULLEN

Mouse! Are you all right?

MOUSE

(O.S., shaken)

Dark down here... *

WINSLOW

One of these days you're going
to get yourself killed, you know!
You can't just --

As they shine their lights down into the darkness where Mouse has fallen, Winslow stops suddenly, stunned, and we hear Cullen GASP.

24 ANGLE DOWN THROUGH HATCH

24

Mouse sprawls in a circle of light in pitch blackness. He's looking up at the light above him, but all around him is the gleam of gold, silver, jewels... leather sacks burst open and spilling coins, heavy chains and pendants, goblets, gold plate, jeweled tiaras, knives and swords, what have you. Mouse finally notices the expression on Winslow's face, and Cullen's, looks around, realizes what it is he's sitting on. He runs a gold chain through his fingers, and GRINS.

MOUSE

Found it. Told you!

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

25 INT. - SHIP CABIN - NIGHT

25

Winslow leans down through the hatch, grasps hold of something, and pulls. Mouse is lifted bodily back to the cabin. He has loot under his arm, pendants and chains draped round his neck, and a goblet jammed through his belt. As Winslow pulls him up, the ANGLE WIDENS and we see that a considerable pile of treasure has already accumulated in the cabin, passed up hand-to-hand.

CULLEN

Look at this! Just look at this!

WINSLOW

I see it. Not sure I believe it, but I sure see it.

MOUSE

More down there.

CULLEN

(quickly)

More? How much more?

MOUSE

(shrugs)

Lots more.

CULLEN

We should bring it up, we should bring it all up...

MOUSE

I'll bring my trunk! Carry lots!

(looks at treasure)

We found good stuff, right?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

WINSLOW
(wide smile)
Better than good, Mouse. Better
than good.

Mouse grins, and then he's off, crawling out of the hole. Cullen is examining one of the artifacts when something occurs to him. He shouts after the departing Mouse.

CULLEN
(urgently)
Mouse! Don't tell anyone! You
hear! This is our secret!

But Mouse is already gone. Cullen looks worried as he turns back to Winslow.

CULLEN
I don't think he heard me.

WINSLOW
Don't worry about it. The only
one he's likely to tell is his
damned raccoon.

CULLEN
(worried)
He doesn't understand what we
found, does he? It's just so much
shiny metal to him.

Winslow is looking around at the gold. The significance is finally settling in, and with it some misgivings.

WINSLOW
Yeah... and maybe he's the smart
one at that.

But Cullen, who has picked up a ruby the size of a pigeon's egg, scarcely hears. He lifts the ruby to the light and stares through it, intoxicated.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. ADDERLY'S BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

26

Curtains on the windows, comfy chairs throughout, out-of-print books on the dark wooden shelves. This the opposite of a B. Dalton.

27 INT. ADDERLY'S BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

27

We open tight on a standing poster announcing the book signing party of ALAIN VISO, an elderly French adventurer-archaeologist appearing tonight from 8-11 to sign copies of his new tome, Re-Discovering the Lost City of Petra.

The ANGLE WIDENS to reveal a happy crowd of partygoers milling about in and around the aisles of the bookstore. There is a table with refreshments and hors d'oeuvres.

Off to one side, Alain Viso, a charming, white-haired man in his late sixties, sits behind a table stacked with copies of his book telling anecdotes in his I'm-French-and-you're-not accent. A line of about six or seven people are waiting for his autograph. Catherine is here, too, sipping champagne.

28 ON CATHERINE

28

Looking restive as she examines her copy of Viso's book, standing beside a chic young woman her own age whose name tag identifies her as JENNY ARONSON, of Harwick Press.

JENNY

(softly; worried)

So... how do you think it's going?

CATHERINE

Seems to be going great.

JENNY

Really? I was so nervous...

CATHERINE

(reassuring)

Alain Viso's a fascinating character. You're going to sell a lot of books.

(teasing)

And even if the party and the book were disasters, I'd still be your best friend.

JENNY

Thanks, pal. I want you to meet him...

(checking her watch)

... He should be finishing up.

29 ANOTHER ANGLE

29

Jenny hustles over to the signing desk to disengage Viso

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

from a cluster of fans... Cathy now turns to find JONATHON THORPE standing beside her, smiling. He's a rugged handsome man in his late thirties, with a cynical smile and a rakish air about him.

THORPE

... You with the publishing house?

CATHERINE

No...

THORPE

Are you a collector?

CATHERINE

(smile)

Not really...

THORPE

(playfully chiding)

Oh. Just another archeology groupie.

CATHERINE

(chiding back)

Do you always try to pigeonhole everyone you meet?

THORPE

No -- but they usually end up falling into one.

CATHERINE

That's a very cynical attitude.

THORPE

I specialize in cynical attitudes.

(extends his hand)

Jonathon Thorpe.

(taps the book in

Catherine's hands)

I'm the "without whom this book could never have been written."

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

CATHERINE
(shifting the book to
shake hands)
Catherine Chandler.

Thorpe takes her hand and kisses it.

THORPE
(a self-deprecating
smile)
Something I picked up from the
Good Doctor.

While still bent over her hand, he notices her necklace
and stares perhaps a second too long at her chest.

CATHERINE
(curious)
Is there something wrong?

Thorpe straightens up.

THORPE
I was merely examining your...
(beat, smile)
... necklace. Very... unusual.

CATHERINE
It was a gift. It seemed
appropriate to the occasion.

Viso rises from the table and approaches them in b.g.
Thorpe notices. Realizing that Viso will immediately
recognize Catherine's necklace for what it is, Thorpe
neatly intercepts the old man before he reaches them.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

THORPE

(to Cathy)

Excuse me.

(to Viso)

Alain, have you seen this?

Gerstner's new book on Egypt.

I'm told it's extraordinary...

Viso, outraged by this mention of a rival, immediately forgets everything else.

VISO

Gerstner! A tomb robber, a vandal, as bad as Miller, I tell you Jonathan...

Thorpe draws him away, still protesting. Jenny looks at Cathy apologetically, shrugs. Cathy, realizing what just happened, fingers the necklace thoughtfully.

CUT TO:

30 INT. TREASURE TUNNEL - NIGHT

30

as Mouse comes rushing back, carrying one end of the steamer trunk from his chamber, now loaded up with shovels, picks, and bundles of unlit torches. Another husky subterranean, Nicholas, helps carry the load, while Jamie and Kipper hurry along after them. Jamie and the kids carry burning torches. The word of a sunken ship and possible treasure has obviously gotten around. As Mouse and Nicholas drop the trunk, Cullen CRAWLS out of the ship and stares around in astonishment.

CULLEN

Jamie, Nicholas...

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Kipper tries to rush past him, excited.

KIPPER

Is this where the treasure is?

Cullen grabs the boy before he can crawl into the ship.

CULLEN

Stay out of there! It's dangerous inside, the walls are rotted, busted up...

(to Mouse, disgusted)

You sure can keep a secret.

MOUSE

(sheepish grin)

Only told Jamie. Then we needed help with trunk, got Nicholas. Kids saw us, followed.

Winslow crawls out of the hole. Cullen turns to him.

CULLEN

(sarcastic)

Don't worry, he won't talk to anyone but his raccoon.

Winslow rises, dusts himself off.

WINSLOW

What's it matter? The gold belongs to all of us...

(beat, to others)

Give me a pick. We'll enlarge the hole, load up the treasure. Nicholas, Cullen, grab some shovels. Jamie, you light the torches. I want you kids to stay back where it's safe, you hear?

But as Winslow takes charge and begins to direct the operation, we MOVE IN CLOSE on Cullen, who seems far from thrilled by the way things are going. He hesitates briefly, then decides against arguing, and takes a spade out of the trunk.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 INT. DA'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

31

Catherine is working at her desk when the phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

CATHERINE
Catherine Chandler.
(listens, then:)
yes, I'll talk to Jonathan Thorpe.
(another beat)
Hi... yes, of course I remember...
(beat, smile)
Sure... Where?

*

CUT TO:

32 EXT. FUNKY DINER - DAY (STOCK)

32

A real fifties-style diner, not a chic eighties replica.

33 INT. FUNKY DINER - DAY

33

Cathy sits opposite Jonathan Thorpe in a tattered vinyl booth as a gaunt, fiftyish waitress puts two cheeseburger platters down on the formica table between them.

THORPE
I know the decor's not much, but
you have my word, these are the
best cheeseburgers east of St.
Louis...

Cathy looks around the diner, full of working tiffs,
ethnic types, and strange and motley looking characters.

CATHERINE
(smiling)
... They'd have to be.

THORPE
Put me in a jacket and tie and
I can eat cog au vin at Lutece
with the best of them, but you
can't imagine how good a
cheeseburger can taste until you
spend six months in Greenland
living on Eskimo...
(shudders)
... delicacies.

Cathy LAUGHS. Thorpe has an undeniable roguish charm.

CATHERINE
Fortunately, I can only
imagine.
(beat)
Have you worked with Viso a long
time?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

THORPE

Officially? Why, I've never
worked with him at all...

(smiles)

... but the truth is, a man like
Viso needs a man like me.

A beat. She now cuts through his facade...

CATHERINE

(ironic)

You mean, the sort of man who
has an ulterior motive when he
asks a woman out to lunch.

Thorpe doesn't quite know how to respond.

THORPE

(off balance)

... Alright, I'm interested in
that necklace you were wearing
last night.

CATHERINE

(beat, amused)

That's blunt enough. I'm not sure
if I should be relieved or
disappointed.

THORPE

The necklace... would you
consider selling it?

CATHERINE

It never occurred to me.

(beat)

It was a gift. I don't think I'd
want to part with it.

THORPE

There are gifts, and there are
gifts. That necklace is quite
old... and quite valuable.

CATHERINE

(concerned)

I didn't know...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

THORPE

There's something else you don't know. Whoever gave it to you probably obtained it by... shall we say, less than legal means?

CATHERINE

I don't think so.

THORPE

(smile)

If there's one thing I'm expert on, it's the laws regarding private ownership of antiquities... If you won't sell me the necklace, at least tell me where you got it.

Cathy shakes her head and rises from the booth.

CATHERINE

(veiled)

From a secret admirer... I have to get back, Jonathon.

THORPE

Fine... and if you think it over, and decide to sell... discretion is my middle name.

CATHERINE

I'll keep that in mind...

Cathy exits the diner. Thorpe watches her leave, his wry smile turning into something cool, hard, and dangerous as soon as Cathy is out of sight.

CUT TO:

34 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

34

Father pores over his maps as Vincent enters.

FATHER

Ah, Vincent... how is the work progressing?

VINCENT

It's not. I just visited the site. No one is there.

FATHER

(concerned)

No one? Not even Winslow?

(beat)

Perhaps they've taken a break...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

VINCENT

Then their tools are taking a
break as well.

FATHER

They're all aware of the
urgency...

VINCENT

Mouse has vanished too... and
none of the children seem to be
around...

FATHER

(upset)

Everyone couldn't have just
disappeared!

As Father speaks, we HEAR banging on the pipes. Vincent
REACTS.

VINCENT

It's Catherine...
(starts to move off)

FATHER

... If you should see anyone
along the way, remind them that
there's work to be done.

Vincent exits.

CUT TO:

34A EXT. CATHERINE'S SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

34A

Catherine and Vincent meet at the threshold.

CATHERINE

Vincent, the gift that Mouse gave
me...

VINCENT

What was it?

CATHERINE

A necklace -- it seemed like an
old piece of costume jewelry...
I've just been to a jeweler.
It's solid gold. He wouldn't
even begin to appraise it -- it
dates back to the seventeenth
century...

(CONTINUED)

34A CONTINUED:

34A

VINCENT

(surprised,
concerned)

Mouse sometimes takes things
from the world above -- but
only the things he needs...
practical things... tools,
machine parts. But a golden
necklace... that does not sound
like Mouse...

CATHERINE

I don't think he stole it...
not with the condition it was
in. It looked like something
he'd found somewhere, maybe dug
up...

VINCENT

(thoughtful)

Yes... something he found...

CUT TO:

35 INT. TREASURE TUNNEL - DAY

35

A dozen flickering torches lean out of the damp earthen
walls illuminating the scene, and the hole in the side
of the buried ship has been enlarged to a wide doorway.
The word of the ship and its treasure has obviously gotten
around; the site is crowded with newcomers, running
children, etc. Mouse's old chest has been filled with
treasure, and more items are being passed out hand to
hand. Jamie shows Mary a lovely gold-framed mirror.

MARY

Just think of how old it is...
and so lovely...

JAMIE

Cullen says the frame is solid
gold. I'm going to hang it in
my chamber.

MARY

I know a woman who would love
this... one of our helpers, she's
given us so much over the years...

JAMIE

(upset)
But I wanted it.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Mary looks concerned, but before she can reply, Mouse emerges from the ship, shouting for people to move.

MOUSE

Coming out, everyone stand back.

Winslow staggers through the door, his arms full of bulging leather sacs, old and hand-sewn. Cullen is close behind him, carrying sacs of his own.

WINSLOW

This is heavy.

CULLEN

Gold gets that way.

Winslow drops his load into Mouse's trunk. One of the old leather bags BURSTS. Rings, bracelets, and golden coins scatter all over the floor of the tunnel, glittering in the torchlight. Everyone presses forward for a better look.

36 WIDER

36

We PAN across the faces as they feast their eyes on the treasure. Cullen and Winslow grab each other by the shoulders and whoop and holler. Everybody reaches down, one after another, some at the same time, to touch the treasure.

JAMIE

Can I have that ring?

MARY

Look at all the gold coins!

NICHOLAS

Dubloons! Don't you remember, they called them dubloons!

People are picking up coins and running them through their fingers, slipping on torques and bracelets to see how they look, grabbing, grabbing, grabbing. ERIC ducks under the adults and picks up a FROG made of gold; Kipper snatches it away from him. Winslow looks at them in dismay.

WINSLOW

Hey, cut that out! Now!

Chastised, Kipper hands the frog back to Eric. Everyone stops for a moment, and Cullen pushes through and begins to grab pieces out of their hands and put them in the trunk.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

CULLEN

Get out of there, all of you.
This belongs to us. Winslow,
Mouse and me.

MARY

Cullen, surely you don't mean...
it belongs to us all the whole
community.

CULLEN

Oh, yeah, sure... we do all the
work, take all the risks, and now
you're going to tell us who the
stuff belongs to.

WINSLOW

That ain't how it goes, Cullen.
We help each other down here,
share, that's the way it is.

CULLEN

Fine, you can share your third,
but don't tell me what to do.

Suddenly everyone begins talking at once, arguing with Cullen, Winslow, or each other. Kipper snatches back the frog from Eric as the adults squabble. A little shoving begins in b.g. Tempers escalate, and so do voices. Winslow scowls down at Cullen as the smaller man argues and jabs his finger repeatedly against his chest. Then, at the sound of Vincent's ANGRY ROAR, everything STOPS. There is a moment of sudden shocked silence.

37 ANGLE - VINCENT

37

He appears out of the darkness and slowly walks over to the treasure chest and looks in.

VINCENT

So this is why no work is being
done. Who found this?

Mouse pushes forward from the back.

MOUSE

Me. Found it, dug it up --

CULLEN

We dug it up, Mouse and Winslow
and me. It's ours...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

NICHOLAS

Wait a minute, I helped.

JAMIE

So did I!

KIPPER

I got the torches...

And suddenly everyone is talking at once again, staking their claims, arguing. Vincent listens to the clamor for a moment, then raises his hand for silence.

VINCENT

Enough. We'll go to Father, and discuss it with him...

(beat)

... calmly... quietly... like friends.

The people look sheepish and ashamed. Winslow and Nicholas pick up the chest; others move to help. They start down the tunnel together... except for Cullen, who hangs back a moment, takes a quick look at two items he snatched from other's hands, and shoves them into his pocket. *

38 ANGLE PAST JAMIE ON CULLEN

38

Jamie, following the others, happens to glance back just in time to SEE Cullen pocket the gold. Cullen is unaware that she's observed him.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

Act THREE

FADE IN

39 INT. - DA'S OFFICE - COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

39

SOL, an overweight, balding data processor in his early fifties, is at his terminal as Cathy enters. Edie's usual station is unoccupied.

CATHERINE

Hi, Sol. Where's Edie?

SOL

She's off this week. Her aunt's having an operation. Something with her ears, I think...

CATHERINE

I needed a favor.

SOL

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

CATHERINE

I wanted a background check on a man named Jonathon Thorpe.

SOL

Got a residence on him?

CATHERINE

I get the impression he moves around a lot.

SOL

(sigh)

I had to ask. Okay, we'll see what we can dig up.

CATHERINE

You're a sweetheart.

CUT TO:

40 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

40

A few choice items of treasure are scattered across Father's round table. His chamber is packed full; all of the people we saw in the ship tunnel are here, and a lot more besides, the whole community gathered together.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

We PAN AROUND the faces; some are abashed, some anxious, some curious, a few angry.

The camera finally rests on Father, as he studies some of the items on the table with expression of mingled reverence and concern.

FATHER

Astonishing... these are centuries old... Dutch, Spanish... this is Mayan, I think... and you say there's more?

WINSLOW

A trunk full... gold, silver, jewels, you name it. We left it down in Mouse's chamber. Damn thing was heavy.

VINCENT

It seems impossible. A ship buried beneath the city..?

FATHER

(thoughtful)

The island's shoreline has changed over the centuries... it's possible... a sunken ship, lost and forgotten beneath the river, covered over by landfill... until now.

WINSLOW

It's like a miracle...

FATHER

Now, we as a community will decide what to do with this extraordinary treasure. Our decision will be a great test of our good sense and loyalty to each other...

MARY

Think of the good this can accomplish. For all of us, the whole community.

Cullen can hardly believe what he's hearing. As the discussion grows more animated, he gets even more upset.

WINSLOW

We can buy food, medicine... new toys for the kids.

MOUSE

Machines! Parts and stuff...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

MARY

Our helpers deserve part of this wealth. Some of them have so little, but they've always been there when we needed them.

Not everyone agrees. O.S. a woman SHOUTS "Wait a minute," and a man says "Yeah, this is ours." Then everyone begins TALKING at once -- arguing whether the helpers should get a share, discussing what the money will buy, etc... until Vincent raises a hand for quiet.

VINCENT

There are dangers here you're all ignoring. A man purchasing goods with antique gold will not go unnoticed... the world above will want to know where he found this treasure. To use it in any way poses a threat to our security. The treasure has the potential to endanger all of us.

*
*
*
*
*

WINSLOW

Mouse can melt it all down into bars...

"Yeah," echoes a b.g. voice. Others MUTTER agreement.

FATHER

(aghast)

This is not just gold... this is history, art... the archeological significance of this find could be staggering... these things need to be catalogued, studied...

*

WINSLOW

You tell me about archeology the next time we run out of penicillin. We can't just--

*

But Cullen has finally had enough. He explodes.

CULLEN

Hold it!

*

The argument stops as everyone looks at Cullen.

CULLEN

Winslow and Mouse can do what they want with their shares, but a third of this is mine.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

40

FATHER

Are you saying the community has
no stake in this?

CULLEN

What's mine is mine, that's what
I'm saying.

*

MARY

(indignant)

Everyone helped...

CULLEN

Everyone came round to watch,
that's what you mean...

*

JAMIE

I did more than watch!

*

WINSLOW

I don't care who did what.

CULLEN

You're talking about my gold!

VINCENT

Cullen, you've always had a
generous soul...

CULLEN

Just because I carve things
and give them away is no call
for stealing what's mine.

*

(off their shock)

Don't look at me that way! All
I'm saying is that fair is fair.
This is a dream come true...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (4)

40

VINCENT

Sometimes dreams can turn to nightmares, Cullen.

CULLEN

I know the difference between dreams and nightmares.

Cullen hands play over a piece of the treasure as he continues, and his eyes never leave the gold.

CULLEN

When I was selling door-to-door, I'd see all these houses... beautiful houses, with swimming pools... trees all around... the furniture would always be so nice... my whole life, I had one piece of nice furniture, one, and Betty was so scared of getting it dirty, she wouldn't take the plastic off it.

FATHER

(gently)

Cullen, many of us down here have known poverty...

CULLEN

I used to tell her... Betty, I'd say, someday our ship will come in... We'll have nice things, too. I'll be able to spend time on my carvings. Maybe sculpt in marble. We'll even go on a trip around the world. Thirty years I told her that... the day she died, I looked around, and you know what I had to show? A ten-year-old car with a bad transmission.

(beat)

I couldn't even pay the hospital.

FATHER

(sharply)

That was above. You've never wanted for anything down here...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (5)

40

VINCENT

(gently)

... Cullen, we know the
hardships you've suffered...

*

CULLEN

You don't know anything! All I
want is what I found!

*

*

WINSLOW

(hard)

Mouse found it!

It's true; Cullen stops, suddenly abashed, and looks
guiltily at Mouse. Other eyes turn to him as well.
Mouse, who has been slumped against a wall in b.g, comes
forward uncertainly at the mention of his name.

MOUSE

Found it, yes...

(hesitant)

Winslow and Cullen said dig...

*

CULLEN

I want my fair share!

*

Chaos starts to erupt.

*

FATHER

(stern)

Listen to all of you! Listen
to what's happening!
If we're unable to deal with
this matter rationally,
humanely -- then perhaps the
best alternative, the only
alternative, is to bury this
treasure again in a place safe
from all of us.

*

Father's pronouncement is met by cries of outrage...

*

WINSLOW

(hard, angry)

That so? Who made you king?

Then it's as if someone tossed gasoline on the fire.
Suddenly a dozen people speak up at once, agreeing,
disagreeing, shouting, gesticulating.

CULLEN

You're just as bad as him.

JAMIE

Father's right!

*

WINSLOW

The treasure belongs to
everyone!

*

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (6)

40

FATHER
Order...! Please...!

WINSLOW
Who says? You? I say we
take a vote...

CULLEN
No one's touching my third!

MARY
Our helpers deserve...

CULLEN
Will you shut up about
the helpers?

As arguments rage, OTHER VOICES are shouting from all sides, agreeing with one person and then another. We PAN around the faces, and everywhere we see anger, greed, hostility. Father seems visibly SHAKEN by the emotions unleashed. As voices grow LOUDER and more heated, Vincent looks from face to face, pained by what he's seeing.

Finally Cullen has had enough. Furious, he TIPS OFF THE TABLE, scattering the gold.

CULLEN
You're thieves, all of you.
That's what you are. Thieves.

He storms toward the exit. Vincent blocks his way.

VINCENT
Cullen, we're your friends...
listen to Father...

CULLEN
What are you going to do if I
don't? Kill me?
(off Vincent's hurt)
Get out of my way!

Vincent steps aside. Cullen leaves... Vincent now looks to Father who appears deeply wounded...

CUT TO:

41 INT. - DA'S OFFICE - DAY

41

Cathy is working at her desk. She glances up as Sol approaches and doesn't like the look of his face.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

CATHERINE

That bad?

(off his nod)

I had a feeling... tell me.

SOL

Thorpe hasn't found a way to
smuggle the pyramids out of
Egypt yet, but I figure he's
working on it.

(off her shock)

Try bribery, theft of national
antiquities, smuggling. He's
wanted in Egypt, India and half
of South America...

*
*
*
*
*

He hands her a thick sheaf of computer printout. Cathy
begins to look it over, and frowns, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

42 INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

42

Everyone has left. Father sits alone in the chamber,
crushed, his face ashen. Vincent enters.

VINCENT

(gently)

Father..?

Father looks up at Vincent. A heartbreaking look passes
between them...

VINCENT

... Don't lose heart.

FATHER

(still reeling)

The selfishness -- the
insensitivity was -- shocking.

(beat)

And sad.

VINCENT

They'll come to their senses.
They're all good people...

FATHER

Cullen... Did you talk to him?

VINCENT

He's gone.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

FATHER

Gone? Gone where?

VINCENT

No one knows. He's not in his
chamber. No one has seen him
since he walked out.

(beat, grimly)

Jamie says Cullen pocketed some
of the gold, back by the ship...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

FATHER

Cullen is... a good man. He's lived among us, worked with us... Jamie must be mistaken, surely.

(beat)

The others... how are they..?

VINCENT

Several have gone back to the ship to search for more treasure. Others are meeting in Winslow's chamber, shouting at each other. Mary has gone above.

FATHER

(devastated)

Can't they see what this is doing to us..? To everything we've worked for, everything we've tried to build...

VINCENT

Right now, all they see is the spectre of wealth... perhaps it would be wiser to move the treasure here...

FATHER

(darkly)

Hundreds of years ago a ship sank -- and today it threatens everything we are...

Vincent does not reply. His head turns; he's listening to something.

VINCENT

Listen...

Father listens, but there's only silence. We DO NOT HEAR the familiar sound of banging on the pipes.

FATHER

I don't hear anything.

VINCENT

The pipes are silent... even Pascal has left his post.

OFF Father's shock and dismay, we

CUT TO:

43 EXT. EDMONTON'S ANTIQUITIES - DAY -(STOCK)

43

DISSOLVE TO:

44 INT. EDMONTON'S ANTIQUITIES - DAY

44

where DAMON EDMONTON, a man in his mid-forties, is engrossed in the examination of the pieces.

CULLEN
(impatiently)
How much?

EDMONTON
Seventeenth century Dutch...
fascinating... Mind if I ask
where you got these?

CULLEN
That's none of your business.
You want them or not?

Edmonton gives them the another quick once-over.

EDMONTON
(an opening offer)
I'll give you two thousand...

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

CULLEN

How stupid do you think I am? *

EDMONTON

(thin smile) *

You can't blame a man for trying
to make a profit, can you? How
does ten thousand strike you?
I'll write you a check here and
now.

CULLEN

Cash. I want cash.

EDMONTON

Cash. Of course. *

CULLEN

I got more. Lots more. You
interested? *

Edmonton's common sense wars with his greed. Greed wins.

EDMONTON

I couldn't move too much of
this... there are certain, ah,
cash flow problems... but
I have an acquaintance who
specializes in these kinds of
transactions. I can arrange a
meeting. *

Cullen mulls it over and nods yes.

CULLEN

Okay.

(impatiently, re the
money)

The money.

EDMONTON

Of course. Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

Edmonton vanishes into a back room. Cullen paces nervously. We HEAR a phone being dialed, a muffled conversation. Edmonton returns with an envelope in his hand, gives it to Cullen, who peers inside, riffles the bills. They're hundreds, and it's a fat envelope.

EDMONTON

I've arranged a meeting for you
here tonight. At eight.

(a little smile)

If that fits into your schedule.

Cullen pockets his dough and moves to the door.

CULLEN

That'll be just fine.

DISSOLVE TO:

45 OMITTED

45

46 INT. CULLEN'S CHAMBER - DAY

46

Cullen enters, obviously in a great hurry. He rummages through a pile of cloth in the back of the chamber, and comes up with two large burlap SACKS with drawstring tops. He shakes out the sawdust, folds them over his arm, starts to rush back out. But as he passes his workbench, he SEES his knife lying there amidst the wood shavings, next to the half-finished chessman. Cullen hesitates a moment, then scoops up the knife and takes it with him as he exits.

CUT TO:

46A INT. - SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

46A

Panning across old brick, CAMERA finds Vincent and Cathy talking at the threshold...

CATHERINE

(concerned)

How is Father?

VINCENT

Devastated... He sees his dream
crumbling.

CATHERINE

(tenderly)

And you?

(CONTINUED)

46A CONTINUED:

46A

VINCENT

(dismayed)

Catherine, our world has never
seen such turmoil and dissension.
It's being torn apart...

CATHERINE

There's a more immediate threat,
Vincent, maybe just as dangerous.
A man was interested in the
necklace Mouse gave me. He was
quite persistent -- I ran a check
on him. His name's Thorpe. He
smuggles antiquities. If he comes
across any more of this treasure
he'll do his best to find out
where it came from.

VINCENT

Come... We'll speak to Mouse.

47 INT. - MOUSEHOUSE - DAY

47

Mouse's trunk, filled to overflow with the treasure, is
pushed up against the wall of the chamber. Arthur is on
top of it, rooting around through the gold and jewels.
Mouse, working on some experiment on the other side of
the room, ignores the gold entirely.

Cullen enters furtively, a little out of breath. Mouse
looks up, sees him, smiles.

MOUSE

Cullen. Everybody's looking for
you...

CULLEN

I'll just bet they are.

(beat)

I've come for what's mine.

He comes into the chamber, sees the treasure, goes to it.
Arthur is in the way. Cullen roughly pushes the raccoon
aside, and begins to fill his burlap sacks with treasure.

MOUSE

Not yours. Father said --

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

CULLEN

I don't care what Father said.
You do what you want with your
third, I'm taking mine.

MOUSE

Stealing...

CULLEN

Not stealing. Taking.

That confuses Mouse; he's used to mouthing that phrase,
not hearing it. Still, he knows this is different. He
comes up behind Cullen, puts a hand on his shoulder.

MOUSE

Not worth it, Cullen.

Cullen stops stuffing the bag for a moment.

CULLEN

I'll show you what it's worth...

Cullen pulls out the envelope stuffed with money, thrusts
at Mouse. Mouse takes it, peers inside dubiously.

CULLEN

Ten thousand dollars... for just
two pieces.

Mouse is not impressed.

MOUSE

Just paper. Not as pretty as the
stuff you took.

Cullen looks exasperated and disgusted, resumes filling
the sacks with treasure. Mouse gets angrier.

MOUSE

Stop it, Cullen.
(he doesn't)
My stuff. Leave it alone.

Cullen ignores him, fills the last sack, draws the string
tight, stands. The gold is heavy. He struggles a bit
as he heads for the door. Mouse blocks his way.

CULLEN

Get out of my way, Mouse.

MOUSE

No. My stuff. Can't take. Won't
let you.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

CULLEN
(draws knife)
I'm warning you...

MOUSE
A joke, right? Won't cut me.
Not you.

But Cullen is fiercely determined. He tries to go around, but Mouse grabs him, tries to wrest away the treasure. One of Cullen's bags falls to the floor and scatters treasure everywhere as they grapple. Then Cullen STABS Mouse in the stomach. Mouse staggers back, clutching the cut, staring at Cullen with unbelieving eyes. Cullen gapes down at his hand. The blade is covered with Mouse's blood. So is Cullen's hand.

Mouse FALLS to the floor. Horrified, Cullen DROPS THE KNIFE and runs, carrying the remaining bag of treasure.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

48 INT. MOUSE'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

48

We open TIGHT ON Arthur as he nuzzles against Mouse, who lies face down on the ground. Mouse does not move. The ANGLE WIDENS as Vincent and Cathy enter the chamber. Arthur scurries off in alarm.

CATHERINE

Mouse!

They rush to his side, roll him over.

VINCENT

(examining him)

We must get him to Father.

He cradles Mouse in his arms, lifts him. Mouse opens his eyes, smiles weakly.

MOUSE

Vincent....

VINCENT

Be quiet... Save your strength...

MOUSE

Cullen... took the stuff... up top... for paper, Vincent... just for paper...

CATHERINE

Where, Mouse? Where was he going?

Mouse shakes his head; he doesn't know. His eyes close again. Vincent carries him out the door.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. - TUNNEL JUNCTION - NIGHT

49

as Cullen crawls out an old coal chute He carries the sack, but he's looking haggard, afraid, ashamed. He stands, brushes himself off... but there's still blood on his hand.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

He shudders, wipes his hand against his pants leg with revulsion, then hurries down the street.

50 OMITTED

50 *

51 INT. EDMONTON'S ANTIQUITIES - NIGHT

51

After business hours. Shafts of light filtering from the streetlights outside cast eerie shadows as Cullen cautiously picks his way through the store.

CULLEN

Hello...

Cullen sets his heavy sack on the counter.

THORPE'S VOICE

Mister Cullen?

The ANGLE WIDENS, as a startled Cullen wheels to see Jonathan Thorpe emerging from the back room.

THORPE

(seeing the sack)

Are those the... pieces?

CULLEN

Yes... Where's Edmonton?

Thorpe moves to the counter facing Cullen.

THORPE

Occupied. We don't need him.

Thorpe grabs Cullen's treasure sack and extracts a bracelet. As he's bringing it up to take a close look, Cullen grabs his wrist.

CULLEN

He said he'd be here. I don't know you.

THORPE

Take it easy, Mister Cullen.

(easy smile)

I'm the man with the money. What else do you need to know?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Thorpe examines two or three more pieces (a tiara, necklace, ring). His enthusiasm builds.

THORPE

Yes... yes, this is amazing...

CULLEN

A couple hundred thousand, that's all I want... it's worth more, a lot more...

THORPE

Is this all of it?

CULLEN

(hesitates)

Yes...

Thorpe picks up on his hesitation.

THORPE

... then there is more?

CULLEN

This is my share. That's all I wanted, my fair share.

(wipes his hand)

My ship came in... I only wanted what was fair... they tried to rob me, to take my goods...

*

Cullen is wiping his hand on his pants compulsively now, being eaten up by guilt.

THORPE

The world's reached a sorry state, hasn't it? You just can't trust anyone.

Thorpe pulls a gun out of a shoulder holster. It's a high-tech automatic, silenced, with a laser sighting device on top. Cullen reacts with horror.

CULLEN

Please... we don't have to do it this way. Just give me the money and you'll never hear from me again.

Thorpe smiles, activates the sighting device. The laser puts a red LIGHT in the center of Cullen's forehead.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

THORPE

(cold)

I never pay for anything.

Thorpe replaces the pieces into the sack, closes the top and hands it to Cullen.

THORPE

Here... carry it... you're going to take me to rest of this stuff.

Off Cullen's anguished reaction we

CUT TO

52 INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

52

Open TIGHT on the white curtains that seal off a sterile alcove in the back of Father's chamber. The curtains are BRIGHTLY LIT from behind; looking through them we see Father working on Mouse, who lying on an operating table. Mary is assisting him. They are seen only as silhouettes on the curtains, but it should be clear that surgery is in progress. The ANGLE WIDENS as we pull back from the curtains; revealing that the rest of the community has gathered to await word on Mouse. The faces are worried, frightened, angry, grief-stricken. Cathy and Vincent sit very close together. Jamie is weeping. Winslow looks as though his face was carved from stone.

WINSLOW

If Cullen ever shows his face down here again, I'll kill him.

CATHERINE

And what will that accomplish?

WINSLOW

It'll make me feel good.

VINCENT

Catherine is right. There's been enough bloodshed.

JAMIE

(tearful)

I don't understand... they were friends... how could he do it?

VINCENT

(gently)

Jamie, Cullen wasn't himself...

- (CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

JAMIE

What happened to him?

VINCENT

He was sick... He couldn't see us, or hear us. There was no one, nothing -- but himself.

CATHY

It's a disease that comes from my world. It's called selfishness.

As eyes turn as Father emerges from behind the curtains, wearing a surgical gown, mask, gloves. He pulls the mask away wearily.

WINSLOW

Is he going to make it?

FATHER

(nods wearily)

We closed up the wound... he's lost a great deal of blood, but he's young, strong ... he's going to be all right.

Winslow and Jamie hug each other. Others smile, sigh, relax. There's general relief all around... and then heads turn away from Father as the sound of the banging on the PIPES resumes.

VINCENT

Pascal... he's back in the pipe chamber...

CATHERINE

What is it?

VINCENT

(listening)

Cullen has been seen... he's coming back down... with an intruder... a man with a gun.

(he & Cathy exchange looks)

our tunnels...

(people react)

... toward the abyss...

CUT TO:

53 INT. THE TUNNELS - NIGHT

53

Cullen, carrying his sack, leads Thorpe through a dank, deserted section of tunnel. Thorpe is wary, but more than a little awed as they move deeper into the earth.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

THORPE
How much further?

CULLEN
Only a little ways...

THORPE
Good. This is all very...
(looks around, smiles)
... educational, but I'm starting
to get suspicious. I shoot things
when I get suspicious. This place
would make a fine crypt, don't
you think?

CULLEN
Then you won't get the rest of
it. There's more... so much
more... you won't believe it.

THORPE
(he wants it all)
Lead on.

CUT TO:

54 INT. - TUNNELS - NIGHT

54

Vincent runs down the tunnels. Behind him, we SEE torches
bobbing toward us, as others follow, but Vincent is much
the faster, and outdistances them all.

CUT TO:

55 INT. - GREAT ABYSS (MATTE) - NIGHT

55

A dark, gloomy shaft descends deep into the earth. The
walls are slimy, covered with patches of whitish moss and
scabrous lichen. We HEAR the dismal sounds of dripping
water, chittering rats. Bats wheels across the cavernous
emptiness. The only light is from the torches that burn
beside the stone steps carved along the wall, corkscrewing
down into emptiness. The steps are wet, slippery,
treacherous, and there is no rail or bannister.

We FIND Cullen and Thorpe as they emerge from a tunnel
to stand at the top of the steps. Thorpe stops.

THORPE
Where the hell are we?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

Thorpe is shaken. As he gazes around, distracted by the immensity of the place, he gives Cullen his opportunity.

CULLEN

You said it... hell.
(beat, determined)
... where both of us belong.

Cullen SWINGS the heavy sack of gold at Thorpe's gun, knocking it out of his hand. The gun CAROMS off the wall, and clatters DOWN THE STAIRS. It lands, spinning, about ten steps below them, half-on and half-off the step, hanging out over the abyss.

THORPE

(icy)
You're going to be sorry you
did that.

CULLEN

(defiant)
I'm sorry for a lot of things...
but not for that.

Thorpe ATTACKS him; Cullen fights back. They grapple, struggling on the steps. The bag of gold lands on a step as they fight. Thorpe is much younger, taller, stronger. Inexorably he pushes Cullen back, forcing the older man to the edge of the steps and out of the abyss. Cullen FALLS off the side of the stairs, catches hold with one hand as he dangles over the precipice. Thorpe stands over him, looking down with amusement.

THORPE

(wry)
Pitiful...

He puts his boot on Cullen's fingers, begins to GRIND them down into the stone. Cullen SCREAMS. Thorpe smiles. And we hear a ROAR.

56 VINCENT

56

appears suddenly in the tunnel mouth, ROARS again, leaps. Before the shocked Thorpe can react, Vincent is on him. He SLASHES him with a savage backhand, clawing him. Thorpe reels backward, tumbles down the steps. Vincent moves to follow, but then Cullen calls out.

CULLEN

Vincent...

(CONTINUED)

- 56 CONTINUED: 56
- Vincent hesitates just a second, then kneels, leans over the abyss and grabs Cullen's arm, PULLS him to safety.
- 57 THORPE 57
- rolls over groggily. He's slashed, bleeding... but his gun is lying beside him. He snatches it up, aims up the steps at Vincent. A slow smile breaks across his face.
- 58 ANGLE UP PAST THORPE 58
- Cullen is shivering at his brush with death. Vincent stands... but it's too late, there's a flight of steps between him and Thorpe. A bright red light appears squarely between Vincent's eyes as Thorpe's laser targets for him. There's no way to reach Thorpe in time.
- 59 CULLEN 59
- grabs the bag of treasure, and FLINGS it down at Thorpe.
- 60 THORPE 60
- can fire, or try and catch the treasure, but not both. He hesitates, then tries to catch the bag... but it's too heavy, it staggers him, his foot slips on the step. He OVERBALANCES, and Thorpe and the bag both go over the side of the step and plunge into the depths.
- We HEAR his scream fade off into nothingness as he falls, and finally, a long beat later, a small distant SPLASH as he hits water far, far below.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 61 INT. - THE GREAT ABYSS - LATER 61 *
- CLOSE ON TREASURE CHEST
- A few pieces of treasure are returned to the chest... FULL BACK to reveal Cullen about to close the chest. He seems calmed, purged...
- CATHERINE
(O.S.)
There's one more piece...

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

She steps up and drops her gold necklace into the chest. Cullen now closes the chest... PULL BACK to reveal many members of the community standing on the steps above the abyss -- Mary, Jamie, Winslow, Father and others...

FATHER

(to the group)

Are we all certain what we're about to do is the course we wish to take?

Among the VOICES to respond, we HEAR:

WINSLOW

It's the only course...

MARY

It's caused enough grief.

JAMIE

We don't need it. It shouldn't be here.

WINSLOW

We have to get rid of it...

MARY

It almost cost us everything...

Father gives Vincent a look of deep uncertainty and resignation...

CULLEN

(to Father)

It's time...

Cullen, struggling, begins to try to push the heavy chest toward the edge. Now Mouse appears. He and Cullen share a moment of forgiveness, then Mouse lends a hand and they inch the chest toward the edge...

VINCENT

... We can't do this!

Suddenly Vincent is blocking the way...

VINCENT

By throwing this treasure into the abyss we admit our defeat. Then it has defeated us.

Among the voices to respond...

(CONTINUED)

Rev. 1/26/88

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

WINSLOW
It's the only way.

MARY
I think it's the best thing for
all of us...

VINCENT
... There may be no place for it
in our world. It's true, we have
everything we need. But there
are others, in the world above,
who go hungry and homeless... and
although we live separate and
apart from them, we can never deny
that we are all a part of each
other, and this city. We cannot
turn our backs. While there is a
chance to help -- We cannot turn
our backs...

A beat... Silence. The group, struck to the core, stares
at Vincent...

Father looks at him, pride welling...

Cathy is filled with love and admiration...

DISSOLVE TO:

62
thru
63

OMITTED

62
thru
63

63A

INT. TUNNELS

63A

(Use the steps of the abyss, shot tight)

CAMERA MOVES along a human chain -- as members of the
community all struggling together, pass the heavy chest up
toward the world above...

DISSOLVE TO:

63B

EXT. NEW YORK NEIGHBORHOOD CHURCH - NIGHT (STOCK)

63B

63C

EXT. CHURCH - SIDE DOOR - NIGHT

63C

PANNING DOWN... We SEE a sign over the church door -
"Sisters of St. Vincent Aid to the Homeless"... CAMERA now
HOLDS on the treasure chest, which sits on the doorstep...

(CONTINUED)

63C CONTINUED:

63C

After a beat, the door opens... TWO NUNS stand in the doorway. They look down at the chest looking slightly puzzled. One of the them kneels down and opens the chest...

THEIR POV -- THE TREASURE

It's dazzling...

THE NUNS

They gaze down at this answered prayer with thankful, somewhat bewildered (very subtle) smiles...

63D SUPERIMPOSE - CATHY AND VINCENT

63D

Together, gazing out at the night...

CATHERINE

(happily)

I wonder what they must think...

VINCENT

(a beat)

... That it was a miracle.

FADE OUT

THE END