

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"God Bless The Child"

Written by

Alex Gansa  
&  
Howard Gordon

Directed by

Gus Trikonis

WITT/THOMAS PRODUCTIONS  
956 N. Seward St.  
Hollywood, CA 90038  
(213) 465-7415 - Hollywood, CA  
(213) 583-1630 - Vernon, CA

FIRST DRAFT  
October 14, 1988 (Pink)  
October 13, 1988 (Blue)  
October 11, 1988

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"God Bless The Child"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 SALVATION ARMY SANTA 1

ringing his bell before Macy's, a light snow falling around him, against the night sky...

2 VARIOUS DISSOLVES 2

of a late Christmas-season night in New York: snow-capped, decorated Fifth Avenue, skaters and pretzel vendors crowding Rockefeller Plaza. Over this, in ironic counterpoint to the holiday scenes, we hear the low, halting, disembodied voice of a young woman, filtered, as if on a telephone line.

WOMAN (OVER)

I don't know what's happening to me... I'm on the street... I keep moving... but it's like I'm invisible, you know? Like if I'm not around tomorrow, believe me, no one's even gonna notice. I just can't...

The voice breaks off, as we:

CUT TO:

3 INT. CRISIS INTERVENTION CENTER - NIGHT 3

CLOSE ON CATHERINE

cradling a telephone receiver, listening carefully, her voice measured, sympathetic. She sits at one of fifty desks manned by crisis counselors, and there's the relentless ringing of telephones...

CATHY

I'm listening...

But there's only silence.

CATHY

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

WOMAN (OVER)

(pause)

Lena...

CATHY

Lena... Are you alone right now?

LENA (OVER)

I'm always alone...

CATHY

Do you feel safe?

Silence.

CATHY

Lena?

LENA (OVER)

Look, just forget it, okay? It doesn't matter...

CATHY

It does matter.

LENA (OVER)

No, you're wrong... I just want it to be over.

CATHY

Lena, please: don't hang up.

Cathy prays not to hear that click.

CATHY

You still there?

LENA (OVER)

(beat)

I'm here.

CATHY

Think, Lena. There must be someplace you can go... a friend you can talk to... someone.

All that comes over the line is the static.

CATHY

Then there are churches, shelters. Don't give up. I can give you addresses. There are people out there who want to help.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

LENA (OVER)  
I've tried... I can't do it  
anymore.

CATHY  
Yes you can.

LENA (OVER)  
God, I'm scared...

Cathy looks down at her desk, to which a sign has been  
scotch-taped: CRISIS COUNSELORS PLEASE REMEMBER: EFFECTIVE  
INTERVENTION, NOT PERSONAL INVOLVEMENT. Cathy runs her  
fingers over the yellowing tape. Then she checks her watch:  
11:45.

CATHY  
My shift is over in about fifteen  
minutes. Can you meet me for a  
cup of coffee?  
(off the following  
silence)  
How does that sound?

LENA (OVER)  
I don't know.

CATHY  
Where are you calling from?

LENA (OVER)  
(beat)  
Broadway... down by Twelfth.

CATHY  
We can just talk if you want,  
that's all. Okay?

LENA (OVER)  
- Yeah, okay...

CATHY  
Good. I know a diner two blocks  
from where you are...

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. AGAMEMNON'S DINER - NIGHT

4 \*

A lip of snow upon the sill of the frosted window THROUGH WHICH WE SEE a scattering of late-night patrons -- and Cathy, sitting at a booth, a steaming cup of coffee before her. LENA ENTERS FRAME, though we see only her back as she peers into the warm diner.

CUT TO:

5 INT. AGAMEMNON'S DINER

5 \*

Cathy looks up as Lena enters the restaurant, hugging herself from the cold. We discover with Cathy that Lena is days away from giving birth. Barely twenty, hers is a strange and alluring, almost fawn-like beauty -- an amalgam of streetwise toughness, innocence, and pain. The two women recognize each other at once. Lena moves toward Cathy...

CATHY

Lena?

Lena nods, a little awkward.

CATHY

Come on, sit down.

Lena takes a moment before easing into the booth opposite Cathy. A WAITRESS appears, holding a pot of hot coffee...

WAITRESS

(to Lena)

Coffee?

LENA

Can I have some soup?

(to Cathy)

Is that okay?

CATHY

Of course.

LENA

(to waitress)

Vegetable...

Cathy nods to the waitress, who moves off. Cathy regards Lena.

CATHY

I'm glad you came.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

LENA  
Free cup of soup, right?

CATHY  
Sure, why not?  
(then)  
I know it's hard, opening up to  
a stranger... I have a tough time  
with that myself. But you sounded  
like...

Cathy stops herself, at a loss. And this kind of intimacy  
is difficult for Lena... though she begins to respond to  
Cathy at some level.

CATHY  
Look, I'm not exactly sure why  
I'm here... or what I can do.  
I'm not a cop, and I'm not here  
to judge you. You can tell me  
what's on your mind, or if you  
want, we can just sit...

After a long moment:

LENA  
You never told me your name.

CATHY  
Cathy. Cathy Chandler.

On Cathy's smile, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

6 LATER

6

Lena's hard veneer has fallen away; she's beginning to open  
up...

LENA  
I did what I had to...

She looks down.

CATHY  
You don't know who the father  
is...

LENA  
(ashamed)  
- No...

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

CATHY

It's okay.

LENA

Then how come it feels so bad?

CATHY

Lena --

LENA

It's gonna grow up to be just like  
me. When I think of that...

Lena breaks off, shaking her head at the hopelessness.  
After a moment:

CATHY

Your baby is all about what can  
be, not what is.

Lena isn't buying. She looks away.

CATHY

If you don't believe it, then  
nobody will. I'm not saying it's  
easy, because it isn't. But it  
is possible.

LENA

Don't tell me that, ... 'cause  
you don't know.

\*

A tough moment for Cathy.

CATHY

You're right. I don't.

LENA

Things don't change... not on the  
street.

A long beat. Lena looks away.

LENA

You look in the houses... You can  
see what it's like inside... the  
lights, the Christmas tree.  
People talking and laughing. And  
you get a cold feeling being  
outside, like it'll never be you  
in there...

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

All this has stirred up emotional stuff within Lena. Cathy feels Lena's pain and hoplessness, but is unable to say anything more. The two women sit in silence, beyond words...

CUT TO:

7 EXT. CATHERINE'S TERRACE - NIGHT

7

Catherine tries to find language for the impotence she feels... for the injustice inherent in the world. Vincent watches her with deepening love.

CATHY

It was something in her voice...  
I don't know. A calling out...  
to be a part of something. To  
belong. She's really just a  
girl... Alone. In a dangerous  
city. And it's Christmas.

VINCENT

So many come into your life,  
Catherine... this girl has  
touched you. \*

CATHY

She's dying, Vincent. The  
streets are killing her...  
she's fighting to hold onto her  
spirit. \*

(then)

And she's carrying a child.

VINCENT

A child...

CATHY

She said she'd rather see the  
baby die than bring another  
life into the world.

VINCENT

How can it be that this world  
has nothing more to offer her? \*

Cathy shakes her head.

CATHY

She's unable to break the  
circle of her life. \*

(CONTINUED)



7 CONTINUED:

7

CATHY

I've talked to a dozen social workers at a dozen shelters, but I don't think...

(she breaks off, shakes her head)

I know she won't respond. She doesn't have the strength anymore... or the hope.

VINCENT

Then she has lost her way...

CATHY

Vincent, I'm afraid to think what might happen if I leave her alone. She's so far away from herself.

Vincent regards Cathy, a new wave of admiration washing over him.

CATHY

I broke every rule by going to see her.

VINCENT

Then perhaps Father can break a few rules of his own.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CATHY'S SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

8

A place of transition, a place between worlds. FATHER interviews Lena with close, sympathetic scrutiny. They are both seated on a stone ledge -- Cathy standing beside the girl.

FATHER

You were a prostitute?

She nods, avoiding Father's eyes.

\*

FATHER

Was there nothing else for you to do?

Lena is silent. Father responds sympathetically to Lena's taciturnity.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

FATHER

What has Catherine told you about  
where we live?

LENA

She told me it's a secret place...  
where people live together and  
take care of each other. I  
thought she was making it up.

FATHER

(smiles)

She's not making it up. We  
have made a life for ourselves  
down here. We've built... a  
home. And we do try to look  
after one another.

\*

CATHY

But each of us is also  
responsible for keeping this  
place safe from those who  
wouldn't understand.

Lena tries to understand herself, groping... Then:

LENA

I can keep a secret.

FATHER

Whatever may happen?

LENA

Whatever happens.

FATHER

Good. Now I'm going to ask you  
a difficult question.

Lena looks up at Catherine, who offers her silent  
encouragement.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

FATHER

(earnest)

Ordinarily, there is a process by which people come to live with us. It's a slow and gradual process. Our helpers above, like Catherine, act as our eyes and ears, judging need... and trustworthiness. Sometimes, as with you, we are forced to make exceptions. But still we must ask: why should we risk everything we have worked so hard to create? Why should we trust you?

Lena bows her head, hesitating. It's clear she doesn't feel worthy... Finally:

LENA

I don't know.

FATHER

(gently)

Please, try and answer... otherwise, I have no choice.

CATHY

(to Lena)

It's all right. Just tell him what you're feeling.

Lena looks up.

LENA

What I'm feeling? I'm feeling you got no reasons to trust me... and I should save you the trouble and walk outta here myself. But I can't. I've got someone else to think of now. And it's not fair this baby's gotta suffer just 'cause its unlucky enough to get stuck inside of me 'stead of someone else. You give my baby a chance at something better... I won't mess it up.

Father measures Lena's words, regarding her carefully.

FATHER

Stand up, Lena.

Lena stands. Father reaches out and grasps her by the shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

FATHER  
Don't be frightened. You spoke  
your heart. I want to welcome  
you.

She turns to Cathy, who is smiling.

CATHY  
Good luck, Lena. And don't worry.  
I'll see you soon.

FATHER  
Come...

Lena looks back at Cathy once before following being led  
by Father into the golden light around the bend, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

9

Father leads Lena down this seemingly endless stretch, to  
the constant, rhythmic echoing of the pipes...

LENA  
What's that sound?

FATHER  
It's how we communicate with one  
another... tapping on the pipes.

LENA  
Come on... really?

FATHER  
Really.

Lena can hardly believe it. Her smile is turned inside  
out by a sharp contraction... and another. She stumbles,  
and Father moves to support her. He eases her down upon  
a narrow ledge...

FATHER  
Breath deeply... into the pain.

Father waits as Lena breathes; then, using his cane, he  
taps a syncopated emergency code on one of the parallel  
pipes that run along the tunnel wall. And we:

CUT TO:

10 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

10

Lena sits as Father removes the stethoscope bell from her belly, unplugging his own ears. Mary stands beside Lena, holding her hand.

FATHER

False alarm. But the baby's heart is strong and regular.

MARY

Come, I'll take you to your chamber. It's a stone's throw from mine, so I'll be close when you're ready.

Lena nods tentatively, rising with Mary's support.

MARY

And don't worry: I've delivered a hundred babies.

Just then, a ten year old girl, SAMANTHA, races into Father's Chamber, clutching what looks like a blob of clay with several finger holes, set with common stones as ornaments.

SAMANTHA

(then, quickly)

Look what I made for Vincent.

MARY

It's beautiful. What is it?

Samantha regards Mary with impatience, as though the answer to her question was self-evident.

SAMANTHA

A penholder...

FATHER

Of course. What else? And I happen to know, it's just the thing Vincent needs.

MARY

And he'll cherish it all the more because you made it with your own hands...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Samantha is beaming as she starts to leave...

SAMANTHA

I'm giving it to him right now.

FATHER

Samantha.

The girl stops, turns...

FATHER

This is Lena. She's a new friend.

Samantha lifts his hand.

SAMANTHA

(to Lena)

Hi... Bye...

And she's off.

LENA

Who's Vincent?

Father exchanges a quick look with Mary...

FATHER

(to Lena, evasive)

He's one of us. Go now, child,  
and rest.

Lena follows Mary from Father's chamber, and on Father's lingering look, we:

CUT TO:

11 INT. LENA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

11

Utilitarian, but warm and comfortable, with an antique crib in the corner by the bed where Lena lies, unable to sleep. The distant sound of Christmas carols drifts into her chamber. She rises, covering herself with the garments from the tunnel world that she has been given (NOTE: from this point on, her clothing will reflect this). She wanders out of her chamber...

CUT TO:

12 LENA

12

continuing down a shadowy tunnel stretch, toward the amber light up ahead... toward the crescendoing sound of the Christmas carols. She comes to:

13 FATHER'S CHAMBER

13

where a dozen children are singing "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear" like some choir of angels. Lena pauses at the entrance, keeping herself hidden. From where she stands, all she can see is the group of children. She starts forward, but for some reason, cannot bring herself to enter, lingering instead, listening to the sweet sounds. A wave of emotion washes over her, and she leans heavily against the wall just outside the chamber. Outside, where she has always been. She starts to cry softly, but the sounds carry her to a deeper pain, and soon she is sobbing, sinking slowly to the ground...

\*

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

12 LENA

12

continuing down a shadowy tunnel stretch, toward the amber light up ahead... toward the crescendoing sound of the Christmas carols. She comes to:

13 FATHER'S CHAMBER

13

where two dozen children are singing "Little Drummer Boy" like some choir of angels. Lena pauses at the entrance, keeping herself hidden. From where she stands, all she can see is the group of children. She starts forward, but for some reason, cannot bring herself to enter, lingering instead, listening to the sweet sounds. A wave of emotion washes over her, and she leans heavily against the wall just outside the chamber. Outside, where she has always been. She starts to cry softly, but the sounds carry her to a deeper pain, and soon she is sobbing, sinking slowly to the ground...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 ON LENA

14

drying her tears. The Christmas carols have stopped, and now she hears a bright, familiar voice...

ZACH (O.S.)  
Please, Father.

KIPPER (O.S.)  
You promised.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
Tell us the story about Vincent.

\*

From inside the room: a CHORUS of enthusiasm from the children, "yeah" and "tell us that one." At the mention of Vincent's name, Lena's attitude also changes. Her body shifts, her head inclines toward the chamber entrance. She's listening.

CUT TO:

15 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER

15

Father sits before the assembled children.

FATHER  
But you've heard that one a  
thousand times. Aren't you at  
all tired of it?

The children PROTEST. "Nos" and "No ways."

FATHER  
Very well then.

\*

Father is mustering the energy, when Samantha interjects.

SAMANTHA  
You're the one who found him,  
right, Father? Near St. Vincent's  
Hospital...

Father smiles at Samantha's bright enthusiasm.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

FATHER

Not exactly, Samantha. He was found... and then brought to me. Wrapped like a present in some old rags, and at first no one wanted him because of the way he looked.

Now KIPPER interrupts.

KIPPER

"Throw him out," they said. "He's not our problem."

ZACH

"Leave him to the topsiders."

FATHER

Yes, Vincent was different, and people are terribly afraid of what they don't know. But soon, very soon afterward, the people -- many of them your parents and grandparents -- accepted Vincent and grew to love the very differences that at first made them so afraid.

SAMANTHA

You left out the part about his being sick.

FATHER

I'm sorry, Samantha. You're right. When he first came to us, he was tiny and very weak.

SAMANTHA

And he cried for three straight days.

FATHER

Yes, he cried for three days. And no one thought he would survive.

SAMANTHA

But you knew, didn't you, Father?

Father smiles at the memory.

FATHER

I felt a strength in him, a will. He wanted to live... and so he did.

16 PANNING THE CHILDREN'S FACES

16

as they listen rapt, to Father...

FATHER (O.S.)

But then there came a time of  
terrible darkness to our world...

CUT TO:

17 OUTSIDE FATHER'S CHAMBER

17

where Lena hunkers, listening.

FATHER (O.S.)

A time we must never forget...

Mary bends down into FRAME.

MARY

Are you all right?

Lena looks up at Mary, who is standing over her, concerned,  
aware that Lena has been crying. Lena rises sheepishly,  
almost as though she's been caught. She reacts in part to  
Mary's matronly aspect -- supportive but firm.

LENA

I was just listening.

MARY

It's Father's time to be with the  
children. And you should be in  
bed. Come...

FOLLOW as they stroll in silence back toward Lena's  
chamber. Then:

MARY

(probing)

Are you worried about the  
delivery?

Lena shrugs, speaking in a low tone.

LENA

I just want it to be over already.

MARY

(smiles)

That's what everyone says.

LENA

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MARY  
(gently correcting her)  
Yes...

Lena reacts to Mary's gentle reproach like a child scolded,  
dutifully repeating...

LENA  
Yes.

And as they MOVE OUT OF FRAME, we:

CUT TO:

17A INT. LENA'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

17A

Mary drops Lena off in her chamber.

MARY  
Goodnight now.

LENA  
Goodnight.

Mary starts away.

LENA  
Mary?

Mary turns back, expectantly.

LENA  
Can I ask you something?

MARY  
Of course.

Lena hesitates. Then:

LENA  
I heard Father talking back there.  
About Vincent...

Her voice trails off, but her desire to know more is clear.

MARY  
(carefully)  
What did you hear?

LENA  
Not much.

Lena searches for the words.

(CONTINUED)

17A CONTINUED: (2)

17A

LENA

Just... that he's different from  
everybody... special.

MARY

Vincent is very special to us.

(beat)

In some ways, it's his fate...  
his life that holds us all  
together. He protects us... and  
we protect him.

LENA

Will I ever get to meet him?

Mary regards her warmly.

MARY

You'll meet him. Sleep now.

\*

And she exits, leaving Lena watching after her.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

18 VINCENT

18

kneeling, hooded, thoughtfully regarding his own reflection  
in the still, dark water of a small pond. There's the  
sound of rushing water nearby, and we are:

19 INT. CHAMBER OF THE FALLS (MATTE) - DAY

19

Vincent drops a pebble into the water, displacing his image  
among the ripples. But when the ripples subside, Vincent  
feels the presence of a stranger near him. He stiffens,  
bowing his head almost instinctively...

20 ANGLE TO INCLUDE LENA

20

behind Vincent, holding a ceramic water jug, the top of  
which is a cup. She steps back several feet, and we aren't  
sure exactly what she has seen.

LENA

You're Vincent...

VINCENT

(pause)

Yes...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Lena moves to the edge of the pond, still several feet from Vincent. He angles his face away, as she removes the cup and dips her jug into the water...

LENA  
Mary said this is the best  
water...

Lena fills her cup from the newly-filled jug.

LENA  
(extending it to  
Vincent)  
Want some?

VINCENT  
No... thank you.

Lena shrugs and sips some water, wiping the residual moisture from her lips with her fingers. She places the jug on the ground and turns to face Vincent, who averts his gaze.

LENA  
Don't turn away. What's  
wrong? \*

VINCENT  
(comforting)  
You don't understand. \*

LENA  
Is it me? \*

VINCENT  
No. \*

LENA  
I've been hearing about you, but  
it's like you don't even exist.  
You're never around.

VINCENT  
There are reasons...

LENA  
What reasons?

VINCENT  
We didn't want to frighten you. \*

Lena considers this, steps up close to Vincent, who stands now.

LENA  
I want to see you.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

VINCENT

Lena...

But she steps even closer... and as she lifts her hands to Vincent's face, he stops her, grasping her wrists. She looks down at his hands, but what she sees and feels only gives her momentary pause... before she raises her arms to Vincent's still-shadowed face. And he can do nothing but allow her to remove the hood, which drops easily, freeing his golden hair...

VINCENT

(softly)

Don't be afraid...

LENA

I'm not afraid.

She regards him for the longest moment, truly unafraid and full of wonder. And Vincent is struck as much by her beauty as by her unquestioning acceptance of him. Their connection is almost palpable.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. CHAMBER OF THE FALLS - LATER

21

Vincent and Lena are now seated, talking.

VINCENT

Don't punish yourself for  
feeling alone, Lena.

\*

Lena looks up at Vincent, greatly taken with his words.

LENA

I'm trying not to feel that way  
anymore.

VINCENT

Good.

LENA

It's hard. It's all I'm used to.  
(beat)  
But I never would've dreamed there  
was a place like this... or  
anyone like you.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

VINCENT

Sometimes if you let your mind  
go... you can accept all sorts  
of things you never would have  
believed.

LENA

Yeah... I got real good at letting  
my mind go...

VINCENT

And where did it take you?

A pause.

LENA

Promise you won't laugh?

VINCENT

I promise.

Lena regards Vincent for a beat, deciding at this moment  
to trust him completely.

LENA

The mountains...

(beat)

Every day I used to pass a travel  
agent -- and there was a poster  
I could see through the window.  
Steep green mountains... That's  
where I used to go.

VINCENT

"I live not in myself, but I  
become / Portion of that around  
me; and to me / High mountains  
are a feeling..."

LENA

What's that?

VINCENT

Part of a poem...

LENA

It's beautiful.

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

VINCENT

... by a poet named Lord Byron.  
Your words... reminded me of his  
words.

(then)

His was a life of great pain...  
and paradox.

LENA

Paradox?

VINCENT

Contradictions. He was  
beautiful... but was partially  
deformed. He loved mankind...  
yet was unable to love man. And  
somewhere... deep within him, he  
carried a secret.

LENA

What secret?

VINCENT

No one knows. Something from his  
past. Something he was ashamed  
of...

Lena considers her own shame, tries to overcome it.

LENA

Don't you sometimes feel that your  
whole life could be different?

VINCENT

It can be.

Pause.

LENA

Vincent, have you ever been to  
the mountains?

VINCENT

No...

LENA

Me either.

Lena regards Vincent with growing compassion and  
admiration. Just then, she is seized by a sharp pain.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

VINCENT  
(standing)  
Lena?

LENA  
Oh God!

She recovers, clutching her belly. Vincent moves quickly to support her. As he swoops her up into his arms, we:

CUT TO:

22 INT. LENA'S CHAMBER - DAY

22

Tense. The air thickens... Time is longer. In a light smock, Lena lies on her white-sheeted bed, a blanket covering her bare legs. Mary stands beside her holding her hand. Father and Vincent watch from the other side of the bed. Behind them, on a metal stand, a trayful of medical supplies. Lena is siezed with a contraction, sweat springing to her forehead and upper lip. She twists away from the pain, but she doesn't cry out.

MARY  
Remember, breathe in when you feel  
the muscles contract. Breathe  
out when they release.

Lena exhales.

MARY  
That's good. Breathe with the  
contraction. You're very close  
now. It shouldn't be much longer.

Lena rolls her head to look at Vincent. She smiles at him.

VINCENT  
Be brave.

LENA  
I'm trying.

Father notices how Lena is treating Vincent, the natural connection between them...

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. LENA'S CHAMBER - HALF AN HOUR LATER

23

~~Lena's in the throes of another contraction.~~ Her brows pinch together at the pain. But again, she doesn't make a sound. Finally, she exhales.

MARY

If it hurts, it's all right to cry out.

Lena nods once. She starts to bring her knees up under the cotton blanket.

FATHER

If you can, try not to raise your legs yet. Keep them straight.

Lena straightens her knees.

FATHER

It'll be easier for you that way.

Father grasps her wrist, checking her pulse against his watch.

FATHER

You're doing fine.

LENA

I'm thirsty.

Vincent ladles some water from an earthen pot. With one arm he props Lena up in bed and offers her the rim of the ladle. She takes it in both hands and drinks hungrily. After she finishes, he eases her back down.

LENA

Thank you.

Lena closes her eyes.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT. LENA'S CHAMBER - CLOSE ON LENA - LATER

24

Eyes still squeezed shut, exhausted, as if drugged. Mary is now sitting beside Lena, still holding her hand. Vincent and Father are also seated. Nobody speaks. All they can do is wait...

DISSOLVE TO:

25 INT. LENA'S CHAMBER - LATER

25

Supported by Mary, Lena now walks around the chamber. Mary guides her back and forth, pacing.

MARY  
How do you feel?

LENA  
Like I'm about to explode.

MARY  
(smiling)  
Is your back hurting you?

LENA  
It's killing...

Mary turns to address Vincent.

MARY  
Come here, Vincent. Make yourself useful.

Vincent approaches the two women.

MARY  
Okay, Vincent. Bend down a little.

Vincent bends.

MARY  
Now Lena, I want you to wrap your arms around Vincent's neck.  
(off Lena's hesitation)  
Go ahead... it's all right.

Tentatively, Lena puts her arms around Vincent's neck.

MARY  
(to Lena)  
It'll help take the pressure off your spine.  
(then)  
Now very slowly, Vincent, I want you to lift her off the ground.

Vincent starts to straighten. As he does so, Lena lets out a sigh, a deep release.

MARY  
(to Vincent)  
Just a little...

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Lena's feet are just inches off the ground.

MARY

How does that feel?

LENA

Better.

MARY

(to Vincent)

Okay, you can let her down.

Vincent does so. Lena unwraps her arms, a little shy. She looks away, and then her eyes lift back up to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 INT. LENA'S CHAMBER - LATER

26

Now we're into it. Lena legs are raised and apart, her arms hooked behind her knees. Mary has circled around in front of her, and now nods to Father, who moves closer, bringing the metal tray of medical supplies (including forceps and scissors). He has a white cloth draped over his shoulder. Vincent stands off to one side. Lena is sweating freely now, pushing, pushing... She wants to scream out, but the sounds are trapped way down in her throat somewhere.

MARY

Go ahead, child. Cry out if you want. It helps.

And finally, Lena does, a sound that wells up from her soul, expanding in the room to encompass and symbolize all her pain -- so long left unexpressed.

MARY

Good... you're almost there...  
don't bear down yet, don't bear  
down. Short breaths... quick  
breaths.... That's right. That's  
good, Lena. Let the baby do the  
work. You're doing fine.

Lena continues to struggle and moan, her knuckles whitening from her clench. Vincent watches her labor.

27     ANGLE     -     MARY

27

as she responds to the sight of the baby's head. Father sees it too. Mary reaches in with her hands...

MARY

Okay, Lena. It's time now. Bear down. Bear down, child.

28     RESUME SCENE

28

as Lena pushes with everything she's got... and the baby is born into Mary hands. Father reaches in with the scissors to cut the umbilical cord. The baby begins to cry as Mary ties the cord. She hands the child to Father, who puts the baby on his shoulder and dries it with the blanket.

29     LENA

29

watching it all happen.

30     FATHER

30

carries the baby to Lena, gently passing it to her.

FATHER

It's a girl...

LENA

(taking the child)

A girl...

FATHER

Yes. A daughter...

As Lena presses the baby to her breast. Father turns to regard Vincent, as he watches mother and child, peaceful and beaming in each other's arms.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

31 INT. LENA'S CHAMBER - DAY

31

A magnificent arrangement of flowers stands on the side table. Lena sits up in bed, cradling her infant daughter -- Cathy beside her...

LENA

I've almost forgotten how much it hurt. And let me tell you something: it hurts.

(re: infant)

But I look at her and I forget.

Both women begin doting...

CATHY

She's just amazing...

LENA

Isn't she?

(with wonder)

I mean, yesterday, she wasn't even here. Now, suddenly, there's this new life...

CATHY

You have a lot to be proud of. You're very lucky...

LENA

I guess I was ~~due~~ for some good luck, huh?

CATHY

You deserve it, Lena. And no one can take it away from you.

LENA

I didn't think it was possible. So much has happened, so fast.

(then)

It feels incredible, Cathy... Like I filled up a part of me I didn't even know was there..

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Cathy is pleased by Lena's attitude -- then drawn to the infant girl by an endearing gurgle...

CATHY  
(to baby)  
Hello...

As Cathy plays with the baby, Lena regards her, as if debating with herself whether or not to broach something. Just then, the sound of Vincent's approaching voice draws their attention to the doorway...

VINCENT (O.S.)  
Father, please...

As Father enters, followed by Vincent, in the throws of an argument...

VINCENT  
Imogen?!

FATHER  
What's wrong with Imogen?

VINCENT  
For one thing, it's difficult to pronounce...

FATHER  
It was good enough for Shakespeare...

VINCENT  
If it's Shakespeare you're set on, then why not Juliet... or Maria.

CATHY  
What's going on?

FATHER  
We're discussing possible names for the child...

VINCENT  
(to Lena and Catherine)  
After every birth, we welcome the child into the community with a naming ceremony...

CATHY  
Don't you think Lena should have a say in it?

(CONTINUED)



31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

VINCENT                      FATHER  
Of course...                By all means...

FATHER  
We were just... speculating.

CATHY  
(nods facetiously)  
I see...

Over this, Lena has been looking at Vincent the entire time.

LENA  
Here, Vincent. Hold her.  
(off his hesitation)  
Come on...

Vincent approaches the bed and tentatively accepts the baby. He holds her like the rarest treasure, completely absorbed. Catherine watches Vincent with a bittersweet feeling... when her gaze drifts toward Lena, who continues to regard Vincent tenderly...

CUT TO:

32 INT. TUNNELS - LATER

32

MOVING with Vincent and Cathy as they savor their small time together, their journey to the surface of the earth.

VINCENT  
It was difficult for her at first... to trust us... to trust our love.

CATHY  
Lena survived as long as she did by not trusting...

VINCENT  
But your instincts were right, Catherine. Something within her was ready to accept what our world has to offer. And the baby...

Vincent trails off, smiling at the thought...

CATHY  
She's like a whole new person.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

VINCENT

Like a mother...

CATHY

Also like a child. I don't think  
Lena ever had the chance to be  
a child.

VINCENT

She's found hope... I remember  
that moment when I saw it reawaken  
in you.

Cathy smiles and takes his hand. They pass by the CAMERA  
and turn an elbow in the tunnels, finding themselves  
suddenly, too quickly, at:

33 CATHY'S SUB-BASEMENT

33

The parting place. But they can't bring themselves to say  
goodbye. Cathy slowly turns to face Vincent, as he leans  
back against the tunnel wall.

VINCENT

Our time together is always so  
short...

\*

Off their mutual acknowledgment...

\*

CATHY

Tell me something, Vincent...  
before I have to go.

VINCENT

What should I tell you?

CATHY

I don't know. Anything.

A moment passes as Vincent considers this. Then:

CATHY

Tell me how it felt to hold a  
baby in your arms...

As he considers this, the CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY ON  
VINCENT...

\*

VINCENT

Catherine... there are no  
words...

\*

But the joy and the impossible regret is all there in  
his flashing eyes.

\*

CUT TO:

34 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

34

Vincent is reading...

LENA (O.S.)  
Hello? Vincent?

Lena enters, high-spirited, carrying her daughter papoose-style. For the first time we see her slender but womanly figure.

VINCENT  
Come in...

She approaches, holding forth a well-worn, leather bound book...

VINCENT  
Lord Byron... You've already finished?

LENA  
No, not yet. But I'm liking it. Especially the letters.

VINCENT  
Then you should keep the book...

LENA  
Really?

Vincent nods, his eyes smiling...

LENA  
Thank you.

She tucks the book into her gown, then looks up at Vincent. A lingering, uncertain moment.

LENA  
Vincent, when we met... do you remember we talked about feeling alone?

VINCENT  
I remember...

LENA  
Well I've been thinking... it doesn't have to be that way. Not anymore.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

She kneels beside him...

LENA

All these things keep coming back into my head... everything we've talked about... things I've never talked about with anyone. And I keep thinking when the baby came... how you were there, close to me... close to her.

Vincent is struck dumb with cognition, as Lena presses her palm to Vincent's chest.

LENA

Let me love you, Vincent...

VINCENT

Lena...

LENA

(tenderly)

I can feel your heart...

As he takes her hand with his own:

VINCENT

(softly, with  
compassion)

Lena... I will always cherish the moment we first met. How you saw me... and accepted me.

LENA

You did the same for me.

VINCENT

I know... But what you ask now... is impossible.

LENA

Why?

VINCENT

Because... my heart is bound to another.

LENA

Catherine?

\*

VINCENT

Yes...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

LENA  
Do you love her?

VINCENT  
With all that I am. With all  
that I could ever become.

LENA  
But she's not here. Why isn't  
she with you?

VINCENT  
She is where she needs to be.  
I can't expect you to --

LENA  
(overriding)  
If she's not here... how can  
she love you? \*

VINCENT  
Lena, you don't understand -- her  
love... opened the world for me.

LENA  
What do you think you've done for  
me? Don't you see? I've never  
loved anyone else.  
(then)  
Vincent... you're so sad. And  
all I want to do is make you  
happy. I'm giving you  
everything I have. \*  
Everything... Vincent.

But Vincent can only bow his head in silence. There is  
nothing more he can say. Lena watches him, strangely  
undaunted, as if waiting for some answer, as she gathers  
her baby close...

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

35

Father's face reflects tremendous concern as Vincent stands  
before him...

FATHER  
Clearly, she's misplaced her  
feelings... projected them onto  
you.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

VINCENT

It's more than that, Father...  
there is something true between  
us...

\*

FATHER

Then you believe her love for you  
is real?

VINCENT

It is what Lena believes. To  
deny that would be unfair.

\*

FATHER

Perhaps Catherine could speak with  
her, help her to understand...

VINCENT

(overriding)

No, Father. Not now, not yet.  
Lena is still so fragile.

Father respects Vincent's wish to keep this problem from  
Catherine.

FATHER

Then be careful, Vincent. Allow  
time to come between you and  
Lena... and hope that she gains  
some perspective in the meantime.

Vincent considers Father's advice, realizes it's the only  
possible course.

VINCENT

One either moves toward love or  
away from it...

FATHER

And you must move away from it.

VINCENT

Leaving her alone, yet again.

Even as he says the words, the ramifications of this occur  
to Vincent. He turns, pacing off his mounting  
frustration...

VINCENT

All her life, she has only known  
rejection. And now, just when  
she's come so far...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

FATHER  
(emphatic)  
You cannot encourage her, Vincent.

VINCENT  
(beat)  
I know...

Father senses the lingering heaviness in Vincent's demeanor...

FATHER  
Lena will not be alone in this,  
I promise you. I'll have a word  
with Mary... and I'll be there  
for Lena myself.

Vincent regards Father with gratitude. But something more is going on behind his eyes...

VINCENT  
Father...

Pause. This is difficult for Vincent... a confession that holds tremendous emotional power.

VINCENT  
When Lena came to me... there  
was a moment. A pull, beyond  
thought -- when I felt what it  
might be like to be someone  
else's possibility.  
(then)  
But it was just a moment...

\*

Father understands the flicker of regret that passes over Vincent and is gone, as we:

CUT TO:

36 INT. LENA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

36

Warm, yellow candleglow. Lena sits, gently rocking her baby to sleep, singing the last chorus of a beautiful lullaby. When she finishes, the baby stretches and lets out an impatient squeal.

LENA  
Shhh... don't cry. Go to sleep.  
Don't you know, I never had a  
momma to sing to me.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

She cups the baby's head in her hand.

LENA

But don't you worry. Nothing like that'll ever happen to you. You're not gonna be anything like me. You're gonna have a different life. You're gonna have a real family... and they'll never do nothing to you you don't want -- except teach you things you need to know... and take care of you when you need taking care of. And they're never gonna let you alone. So don't you worry.

The baby has quieted, and now Lena gently rocks her...

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

37

HAND HELD, shooting down at the sleeping Vincent. The chamber is very still. A faint source of light behind the CAMERA casts a moonlike wash over Vincent's peaceful profile. He stirs -- some sixth sense calling him away from unconsciousness. He turns heavily... and finally opens his eyes. What he sees comes slowly into focus.

37A REVERSE - HIS POV

37A

Lena, standing before the bed. The faint light comes through her simple sleeping smock, making the white cotton transparent, showing her womanly form beneath. She moves closer.

LENA

(softly)

Vincent...

37B NEW ANGLE

37B

Vincent sits up in bed.

LENA

I didn't mean to wake you.

Vincent watches her, as she sits on the bed beside him.

LENA

I couldn't sleep.

(CONTINUED)



37 CONTINUED:

37

Her proximity makes Vincent uncomfortable. He reaches for a beautiful quilted blanket beside him... and wraps it around her shoulders.

VINCENT

Please, cover yourself.

But Lena does not draw the blanket closer about her. Instead she reaches out for his hand.

VINCENT

Lena...

LENA

(taking his hand)

Don't be afraid.

Vincent hears the echo of his own words.

LENA

I want to stay with you tonight.

Vincent bows his head at the complexity of the moment. Lena is left looking at him, sensing the rejection. Finally:

LENA

Vincent, please...

Vincent raises his head to regard her, his own eyes filled with pain.

LENA

For the first time, it means something to me. Don't send me away again...

But Vincent's look is unyielding.

\*

VINCENT

Lena... you must go.

\*

Lena fills with shame. In her face, her eyes, and her body... which she hunches slightly now as she draws the quilted blanket close, covering herself. She slowly stands and walks away, leaving Vincent with a heavy and hopeless heart...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

38 EXT. CATHY'S TERRACE - NIGHT - CU - VINCENT 38

staring out over the city, the night breeze blowing his hair over his troubled brow...

VINCENT

She's gone. She fled in the night. Her child... she left her child behind...

WIDEN

as Cathy, acutely aware of Vincent's pain, moves close to him.

VINCENT

Mary is watching over her now.

CATHY

You couldn't have done anything, Vincent. Lena wasn't ready. It's my fault for not seeing that.

\*  
°

As Vincent turns to face Cathy:

VINCENT

No, Catherine...

\*

Cathy picks up that there's something more...

VINCENT

It was I who didn't see... or didn't want to see...

\*

CATHY

That she would leave?

VINCENT

That she would fall in love...

\*

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Vincent looks away, unable to meet Cathy's eyes. But she understands in this long moment what has happened, and suppresses any jealousy or anger she might be feeling in deference to the greater pain that is Vincent's.

VINCENT

She was so vulnerable... and frightened. Yet I saw part of myself in her. And I thought... if I could just reach out to her, she would accept my friendship.

\*

CATHY

But that wasn't enough. Her need was too great...

\*

VINCENT

Perhaps I should have come to you sooner.

\*

CATHY

I understand why you didn't.

\*

VINCENT

There was no gentle way to refuse her love...

\*

Silence as they both consider the painful truth of this.

CATHY

I'm sorry, Vincent. I'm sorry for what's happened.

She moves to embrace him. And Vincent accepts her embrace and all its nurturing support.

VINCENT

I fear for what is still happening...  
(as they separate,  
regarding one another)  
... For Lena.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

CATHY  
(assuring)  
I know. I'll try to find  
her...

\*

On Vincent's quiet nod of ascent, we:

CUT TO:

39 EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - NIGHT

39

Downtown, and the tide is out. What's washed up on the streets and corners are the bottom dwellers -- the urchins and mud-suckers of modern society. Banks of dirty snow line the curb and the rain-slicked streets. This is a Travis Bickle Christmas, and when Cathy's sedan eases into FRAME, it looks way out of place.

CUT TO:

40 INT. CAR - SAME TIME

40

Cruising slowly, leaning up against the wheel, Cathy scans the sidewalk.

41 HER POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

41

Block after block slide past the window. Some are empty, burnt out. On others, hookers flash their wares, leaning in to look at her. Crack dealers whistle at her from under street lamps. Up ahead, she sees a whore in a Santa's hat, walking fast on tall, fishnet-stockinged legs. Cathy looks back at her as she passes...

Cathy turns into another street and approaches three hookers on a street corner, posing and strutting. She slows and stops beside them, leaning over to roll down the window. LADY, a black hooker, saunters over and sticks her head into the car. Big, ironic grin.

LADY  
Happy Christmas.

CATHY  
I'm looking for a girl, about  
twenty, dark skin. Her name is  
Lena. You know her?

LADY  
Hey, what she can do... I can  
do better.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

CATHY

I'm sure you can. But it's her  
I want.

Lady holds Cathy's gaze for a scrutinizing beat.

LADY

What's her name again?

CATHY

Lena.

Lady twists out of the car.

LADY

Yo... anybody know a Lena?

No response. Lady puts her head back in the car.

LADY

No luck, lady. Whatcha want her  
for, anyway?

CATHY

She's in trouble.

LADY

Who isn't?

Lady keeps staring... aggressively. Something in Cathy's  
eyes makes her change her mind.

LADY

Try Maurice... at the Penthouse.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. 989 AVENUE C - NIGHT

42 \*

Cathy's car pulls up to the curb on this blighted block of  
mostly abandoned buildings. A lone streetlight provides a  
puddle of pale yellow light as Cathy emerges from the car.  
Ignoring stares from the shadows, she walks into 989, an  
abject four-story affair that hasn't seen a rent-paying  
tenant in years.

43 INT. 989 AVENUE C - NIGHT

43 \*

The same streetlight provides the only light in here,  
squeezing through broken and boarded-up windows. We FOLLOW  
as Cathy carefully climbs the stairwell... to:

## 44 THE TOP FLOOR LANDING

44

It's even darker in here. The walls have been knocked down, some less completely than others, creating a kind of jagged maze. Cathy can hear her heart beating as she calls out...

CATHY

Hello!

No answer.

## 45 CATHY'S POV - PANNING AND MOVING

45

through this darkening nightmare.

## 46 RESUME CATHY

46

who's starting to get the feeling that she's been had.

CATHY

(calling out)

Maurice?

As she continues around a corner...

## 47 CATHY'S POV

47

A powerful flashlight beam explodes right in her face, blinding her...

## 48 RESUME CATHY

48

shielding her eyes.

CATHY

Hey!

Her eyes begin to adjust now, and she makes out a silhouetted figure beyond the corona of the bright light. The silhouette wears a baseball cap.

CATHY

Are you Maurice?

MAURICE

Some people call me Maurice.

CATHY

Do you mind putting down the flashlight?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

MAURICE

Not if you don't mind putting  
down the purse.

After a moment, Cathy complies, setting down her purse at  
her feet.

MAURICE

A little closer...

\*

Catherine uses her foot to slide the purse toward Maurice.

\*

MAURICE

That's right...

Maurice sets down the flashlight on an upright cinderblock,  
casting them both in half-shadow. Even in this light, Maurice  
doesn't look as though he's much older than sixteen or seventeen.

CATHY

I'm looking for a woman...

MAURICE

(overriding)

Lena, right?

(then)

Word travels fast on the street.  
Faster than light. Street speed.

CATHY

Then you know where she is...

MAURICE

I'm an information broker.

CATHY

Does that mean yes?

MAURICE

It means I need my commission.

CATHY

How much?

But Maurice has already snaked her purse, and is now  
picking through it with expert speed. Cathy endures this  
as a necessary violation. But when Maurice comes out with  
the bills, he is sorely disappointed.

MAURICE

Twenty-five dollars? Man, I don't  
sell the time of day for this  
kinda chump change.

CATHY

I'll have to you.

\*

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

MAURICE

What you think, I'm running a  
credit store?

Even in this half light, Maurice's eyes belie the slick  
rap. And there's something about Cathy he likes... After  
a long beat, he tosses Cathy's purse back at her feet,  
stuffing the twenty-five dollars into his pocket.

MAURICE

Don't think I'm gonna forget the  
debt.

Maurice scoops up the flashlight, once again training it  
on Cathy. She shields her eyes...

MAURICE

Eleven-fifty-seven Thirty-ninth  
street. Apartment 202. Her old  
man Derek set her up there, make  
him some money...

\*

The light snaps off suddenly, and Cathy keeps her hand up  
as she watches Maurice's slight figure receding into the  
shadows.

CATHY

Maurice... thank you.

MAURICE

(as he keeps walking)  
Yeah...

Until he has disappeared, leaving us with only the residual  
echo of his shoes against the ground.

CUT TO:

49 INT. FURNISHED ROOM - NIGHT

49

A bed, a dressing table, a sink in the corner. Lena sits  
in front of the mirror, making up her face. Heavy blue  
eye shadow. Blood red on her full lips. She regards her  
reflection, gauging the effect with numb satisfaction...  
a different person.

Cathy enters the room. Lena continues applying her mask.

LENA

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)



49 CONTINUED:

49

CATHY

I came to see how you were.

LENA

Nothing you say's gonna make me go back.

CATHY

You're your own person, Lena, I can't force you. But your baby's down there...

LENA

She belongs there.

CATHY

So do you.

LENA

I hate it there.

(beat)

It doesn't matter. It's not a real place to me anymore.

\*

CATHY

This is real?

LENA

This is what I know.

Cathy steps farther into the room.

LENA

(hard; to hurt)

This is what I do. I do anything. Anything you want, I'll do it.

CATHY

And you're okay with that now?

LENA

Damn right.

CATHY

It keeps you alive.

LENA

Keeps me alive.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

CATHY

A week ago you said it was killing you.

LENA

So? That was then. Things change.

CATHY

What things?

LENA

Things.

CATHY

Like your voice? You don't even sound the same.

Lena just glares at her.

CATHY

Don't you see what you're doing? Painting your face, putting on this costume. You're making yourself into someone else...

LENA

Don't gimme that.

CATHY

It's hurting me to see you like this. I can't--

(beat)

Remember what you told me that first night... about being outside. That cold feeling. Well, you can hide there if you want... but you've got a place inside now. With friends. People that care about you. It's your choice. If you want me to leave, just say so.

\*

\*

LENA

Leave.

Cathy accepts this, but it's hard...

CATHY

Lena...

She stops herself...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

CATHY

If you ever want to talk, I'm  
there.

Cathy slowly backs away. She turns and puts her hand on  
the knob. From behind her, she hears a faint voice...  
Lena's voice.

\*  
\*

LENA (O.S.)

Please. Don't go...

\*

When Cathy turns, she sees Lena, hunched and crying at  
the dressing table. Cathy moves to her and kneels,  
pressing an arm around her shoulder. After a moment:

\*

CATHY

It's Vincent...

Lena looks up at her, nodding through the tears.

LENA

I love him.

CATHY

I know. So do I.

Cathy draws her close, comforting her. They sit there  
together a long time... before Cathy digs into her purse.  
She takes out a tissue and lifts Lena's face, wiping the  
wetness from her cheeks... and then the lipstick from her  
red mouth.

CUT TO:

50 INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

50

Cathy leads Lena below... down a long tunnel. Up ahead,  
at the far end of the tunnel burns:

51 CATHY'S POV - A SINGLE TORCH

51

Like a candleflame in the distance.

52 RESUME SCENE

52

Cathy and Lena steer toward the solitary source of light.  
As they approach... they see it's Vincent, with a torch  
in one hand and Lena's child in the other.

Lena steps forward... stopping before Vincent, who offers  
her the child. Lena takes the baby in her arms, hugging  
her close, enveloping her with love. Then she looks up at  
Vincent. A tight line joins their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

LENA

Thank you.

VINCENT

Welcome home, Lena...

And now Cathy comes up to them. A moment with all three of them together. Cathy looking at Vincent. Vincent looking at Cathy. And Lena watching them. Finally:

The three of them turn... and continue the journey down, down...

DISSOLVE TO:

53 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - CU - THE INFANT

53

a wide-eyed, unfocused, miracle...

FATHER (O.S.)

It has been said that the child  
is the meaning of this life...

WIDEN

to reveal the assembled community of tunnel denizens, including Vincent, Cathy, Mary -- and all the children, each holding a gift of some sort (a rattle, a doll). The chamber is illuminated by candleglow. Lena holds her baby in the center, beside Father...

FATHER

Today we celebrate the child...  
the new life that has come into  
our world. We welcome the child  
with love... so that she is able  
to love. We welcome the child  
with gifts, so that she may learn  
generosity. And we welcome the  
child with a name...

(turning to Lena)

Upon which, I believe, Lena has  
decided.

Lena, a little shy, looks up at Father -- and after a beat:

LENA

Catherine...

Now smiling fully, speaking louder, Lena regards Cathy...

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

LENA  
Her name is Catherine.

54 ANGLE ON CATHY

54

her eyes brimming with joy at this honor...

55 ANOTHER ANGLE

55

Samantha growing restless, clutching a small box wrapped  
in shiny red paper...

SAMANTHA  
Isn't it time for the presents?

FATHER  
(smiles)  
Yes, Samantha, it's time...

Everyone converges on Lena and her new baby, Catherine,  
bearing their gifts and their love. And as the children  
begin a choral arrangement with strains and echoes of the  
the THEME...

56 ANGLE - VINCENT

56

extending his hand, which Cathy takes in hers. They regard  
one another with love and satisfaction at the happy ending  
of a story that might have ended otherwise. And as they  
start forward to join the others around Lena, we:

FADE OUT

THE END