

**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST**

"A Fair and Perfect Knight"

Written by  
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**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY**

As a strange VOICE gently intones words from Shakespeare's "Henry IV," camera PANS over books, maps and other artifacts of learning which fill this gracious place...

VOICE (O.S.)

'... thou makest me sad, and  
makest me sin in envy that my Lord  
Northumberland should be the  
father to so blest a son-- a son  
who is the theme of honor's  
tongue...'

It's a classroom situation where we FIND ZACH, GEOFFREY, SAMANTHA, BROOKE (a clear-eyed teenage tunnel girl) and several other CHILDREN listening.

MICHAEL

A grown child of the tunnels, now 20, recites the words of this speech as if it bears on him with a terrible, personal weight...

The young man is a prized pupil, teaching assistant, and friend of Vincent's, who idolizes his mentor unabashedly.

MICHAEL

'... O that it could be proved  
that some night-tripping fairy  
had exchanged in cradle-clothes  
our children where they lay...  
Then would I have his Harry and  
he mine.'

Michael looks up from the aged volume he's reading.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's a very moving speech...

ZACH

(unconvinced)  
It didn't make me sad.

MICHAEL

Something about it troubled you,  
Zach?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA

(agreeing)  
 You said the king loved his son.  
 So how come he wants to trade  
 Harry for someone else?

MICHAEL

The king was a leader of men,  
 Samantha. He bore an obligation  
 he knew was greater sometimes than  
 what he owed his flesh and  
 blood...

(sadly)

The obligation to his people.

BROOKE

But what about love, Michael?  
 Vincent always says love is more  
 important than anything...

MICHAEL

It's true... but none of us lives  
 in a world made up only of loved  
 ones..

Vincent and Father appear now at the door. They stop to  
 let Michael finish before entering...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

... Harry's father loved him, but  
 he knew one day Harry would have  
 to lead a nation. He never really  
 wanted to trade his son away --  
 he just wanted Harry to be better  
 prepared for his destiny...

Vincent and father watch the children ponder this for a  
 beat, then father clears his throat.

FATHER

Excuse us. May we interrupt for  
 a moment..?

MICHAEL

Of course. Come in...

VINCENT

We have some wonderful news to  
 share...

BROOKE

Really..? What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Vincent produces a piece of paper and hands it to Michael...

VINCENT

... This just came from Catherine.

As Michael reads it...

FATHER

(to the class)

... Because Michael scored so highly on his scholastic aptitude test, Brayfield College has agreed to waive their usual application requirements and admit him into the freshman class for the winter term...

They all look up at Michael. He appears stunned... Vincent now embraces him.

VINCENT

I'm very proud of you... It's an auspicious beginning.

Michael smiles despite himself...

Brooke now jumps up and wraps her arms around Michael's neck...

BROOKE

It's terrific, Michael... But I just can't picture it here without you.

Michael nods somewhat sadly...

MICHAEL

I know...

Now everyone chimes in with congratulations. Father shakes Michael's hand, immensely proud...

FATHER

It's quite an honor... You do us all very proud.

MICHAEL

Thank you. Father...

Michael smiles uneasily. It's clear he has misgivings. Vincent takes note of this as we:

CONTINUED: (3)

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. WHISPERING GALLERY - DAY**

FINDING Michael, sitting in deep contemplation at the edge of a foot bridge. VOICES filter down to him, and he cocks his head to hear certain of them better, as if listening for something in particular... PULL BACK to reveal Vincent sitting beside him...

MICHAEL

(quietly)  
All the voices -- they sound like  
what's going on inside my head...

VINCENT

You're apprehensive about  
leaving..?

MICHAEL

(torn)  
I know it's a great opportunity.  
(shakes his head)  
I just don't know...

VINCENT

Tell me -- tell me what you're  
feeling...

MICHAEL

I'm just not sure about it. This  
is my home... I've been happy  
here.

VINCENT

You're part of us, Michael -- you  
always will be. Wherever you  
go...

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(from the heart)  
And there are times when we must  
go -- when great possibilities  
cannot in good faith be denied.  
The world above has much to offer  
you -- gifts of imagination and  
learning. And you have the mind  
and the heart to cherish those  
gifts. You're on the brink of  
a wondrous adventure...

Vincent clasps Michael's shoulder, warmly...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
(continuing, a beat)  
... But every adventure must begin  
in farewell...

MICHAEL  
(sadly)  
Some adventures don't end  
happily...

VINCENT  
All we can do is proceed with the  
faith that they will.

MICHAEL  
It's not even the unknown that  
worries me. It's what I know is  
up there.

VINCENT  
You're thinking of your old life,  
above...

MICHAEL  
It wasn't so long ago, I swore  
I'd never go back.

VINCENT  
That was seven years ago, Michael.  
It was the oath of a child...

MICHAEL  
I still feel the pain. I still  
remember where it came from.

VINCENT  
But this time you won't be alone.  
Catherine will be there -- you'll  
have friends. And all of us,  
wishing you well -- waiting to  
hear your tales...

MICHAEL  
(painfully)  
... I want to do it for you.

VINCENT  
No... This must be for you.  
It's your journey, Michael.

Michael looks at Vincent, his eyes full of trepidation and  
doubt...

CONTINUED: (2)

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - NIGHT**

Vincent looks out over the city, sharing his concerns about this with CATHY...

VINCENT

... Perhaps I've done him a disservice.

CATHY

By encouraging him to embrace his future?

VINCENT

By assuming it was what he wanted.

CATHY

Vincent, he's come this far because of his desire, because you believed in him.

VINCENT

I always believed Michael would want this opportunity.

CATHY

(tenderly)  
... you dreamed he would have what you couldn't have.

Vincent acknowledges this, touched by her understanding...

CATHY (CONT'D)

It's a little frightening when dreams finally come true...

VINCENT

(moved)  
Yes...  
(a beat)  
We mustn't forget how Michael came to us -- the loss he suffered.

CATHY

His mother's death..?

VINCENT

(nods)  
... And his father's rejection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY  
Was he abandoned?

VINCENT  
We only know that when we found  
Michael wandering the streets,  
he begged us not to contact his  
father. He would only say the  
man didn't want him.

CATHY  
He lost both parents...

VINCENT  
He lost his sense of hope...  
Michael blames not only his father  
but a world that would leave  
a child alone, in grief.

CATHY  
Then Michael must come back to  
that world -- to face those  
disappointments -- to make his  
peace.

VINCENT  
(concerned)  
Yes...

CATHY  
You know I'll do everything to help  
him.

VINCENT  
He'll need a friend...

CATHY  
Don't worry, Vincent. Michael  
comes above with a great advantage  
over almost everyone else up  
here...

He looks at her...

CATHY (CONT'D)  
(smiling  
reassuringly)  
He has your faith in him.

CUT TO:

OMITTED



INT. MICHAEL'S CHAMBER - DAY

MARY and Brooke fuss over Michael, helping him pack and disagreeing about what his school wardrobe should be. Father stands nearby, holding a stodgy brown suit he can't see why Michael wouldn't want.

FATHER

Honestly, I don't see what's wrong with this.

(to Brooke)

Didn't I hear you girls chattering something about nostalgia in the fashions today? Old styles coming back again?

BROOKE

Not that old, Father.

MICHAEL

(joking)

Maybe that's what I need. The distinguished look...

Brooke is pulling a slightly worn blue seersucker suit coat off Michael and replacing it with a rattier black jacket with padded shoulders (all of it obviously found clothing).

MARY

(objecting)

What are you doing, Brooke? That thing is hideous!

BROOKE

You're dressing him like a ten-year-old! I see lots of topsiders wearing things like this...

She spins Michael around checking him out...

FATHER

I agree with Mary. He looks like some sort of ruffian with that thing on...

MICHAEL

(wry)

I'll fit right in up there...

Father starts to sneak his suit into one of Michael's bags...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER

Why don't I just squeeze this in so  
he'll have it in case--

BROOKE

Father!

Scolded, Father quickly removes the suit with a guilty look.  
Michael smiles at these antics.

NOW Zach steps forward and holds something out to Michael...

MICHAEL

Zach...

ZACH

I thought maybe you could use this  
up top...

Michael takes it, smiles...

MICHAEL

A compass! Believe me, I'll be  
needing this... Thanks...

ZACH

Good luck.

Samantha emerges with a crudely bound notebook. Shyly:

SAMANTHA

This is for your notes and stuff...  
I made it myself...

Michael is deeply touched. He stoops and gives her a warm  
hug.

MICHAEL

Thank you, Samantha. The first  
thing I'll write in it is a letter  
to you.

SAMANTHA

Don't forget...

MICHAEL

I won't... I promise.

The little girl gets choked up. Michael gets a little  
misty himself. Brooke comes over and stands him up. She is  
brave with her feelings...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROOKE

Now listen to me Michael. There are some very pretty girls up top who'll act friendly to you, but that doesn't mean they like you the way we do... if you take my advice, you won't even talk to them.

MICHAEL

(playful but kind)  
Girls as pretty as you, Brooke?  
I can't believe it.

She blushes deeply. Other in the chamber chuckle.  
Michael gives her a brotherly embrace...

DISSOLVE TO:

OMITTED

INT. MICHAEL'S CHAMBER - LATER

Everyone has left except Michael and Father. They sit on Michael's bed sharing a close moment...

MICHAEL

... I can't help thinking -- no matter what I find up there, it can't possibly match the beauty of our world here... So what am I to gain?

FATHER

Knowledge, Michael. Knowledge of the world, of yourself, of the many paths that lie ahead of you.

MICHAEL

(shakes his head)  
But if the price I have to pay for that knowledge is to live in that world up there...

FATHER

You may grow to love it.

MICHAEL

But you tell us all the time how dangerous it is up there. All the cruelty and inhumanity...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Father looks a bit guilty, realizing he's been unfair on the subject.

FATHER

... If I've spoken only of the limitations, I haven't been fair... The world above is also filled with beauty and great joys...

(reminiscing)

I remember going away to college -- my first day, on my own, in New York... It was a clear, cool autumn afternoon. It was magical... I saw Van Gogh's sunflowers at the Metropolitan Museum -- then, walked through the park where a man on an apple crate sang the entire score of "La Traviata"... I found myself walking down Broadway, swept up in the Saturday evening crowds. I was under a spell. I remember being drawn into a dance hall where they were playing Dixieland jazz. It was Louis Armstrong... I'll never forget that day. It opened the door to a new world of experience -- a new way of seeing things...

A moment of silence. Michael absorbs all this, then looks at Father and nods appreciatively...

FATHER (CONT'D)

(fighting his own emotions)

I'm not going to say goodbye, Michael... Just, savor every moment...

(embracing him)

God speed...

as they embrace...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. CATHY'S SUB-BASEMENT - ANGLE DOWN TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Vincent and Michael approach the threshold point together...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL  
This is where she lives?

VINCENT  
Right above us...

MICHAEL  
Do I go up to meet her?

VINCENT  
No..

Michael stops short as he sees approaching from the darkness

A SILHOUETTED FIGURE

with the familiar soft hair and slender shape of Catherine... and she steps into a shaft of light, revealing herself with a gentle, welcoming smile...

CATHY  
Hello...

Michael reacts, his breath slightly taken. Vincent notes this. A beat.

VINCENT  
Catherine... you remember Michael...

CATHY  
(remarking)  
of course...  
(offering her hand)  
Welcome, Michael...

MICHAEL  
(nervous; takes the hand)  
I'm very grateful to you for everything.

CATHY  
I'm happy to be able to do it.

An awkward moment or two. Vincent clasps Michael's arm.

MICHAEL  
(to Vincent)  
How can I thank you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT  
You already have...

Michael looks through the threshold and keeps holding Vincent's hand for a long beat.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
(emotional)  
I will miss you, Michael...

They embrace... This is the hardest goodbye of all. After a beat, Cathy intervenes, taking Michael by the shoulder.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Go now... the world awaits you...

Michael steps through the doorway and walks toward the light. Catherine gives Vincent a last look and turns to follow... She puts a hand on Michael's arm to guide him and they disappear together into the light...

Vincent watches this, then turns and walks away, suddenly very alone...

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

**INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Cathy leads Michael into her dark apartment and switches on the light. Michael reacts to the surroundings -- it's a stark contrast to the tunnels, but it also reminds him of a place he used to live in. Cathy carries one of his bags over to the couch and drops it there.

CATHY

(smiling)  
Make yourself at home... I don't have a guest room, but that couch happens to be great for sleeping...

MICHAEL

(a bit  
uncomfortable)  
Thanks -- it's fine...

He casts his eyes about the place...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's nice...

CATHY

(sensing)  
Michael, if there's something you want to do, someplace you want to go -- or if you want to be left alone -- just tell me... alright? I want you to feel comfortable here...

MICHAEL

Alright...  
(beat, loosening up)  
It's been a long time since I've been anywhere like this...

CATHY

I thought we could go out and get something to eat.

MICHAEL

That sounds good...

CATHY

Great. Let me get my coat...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leaves. He looks around, notices the balcony doors and moves to them. we FOLLOW to share his POV as he opens the doors, REVEALING:

**OMITTED**

**EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - NIGHT - NEW YORK NIGHTSCAPE**

Shimmering millions of lights wash over the balcony wall...

REVERSE - MICHAEL

can't possibly resist a tiny gasp of wonder, It's beautiful. He moves slowly to the edge, revealing for himself and us the expanding view...

CATHY

appears at the door behind him. She watches him a beat, letting him enjoy the view undisturbed...

CATHY

It's something, isn't it?

MICHAEL

(despite himself)

It is...

CATHY

You must have missed it...

(off his silence)

At least a little...

MICHAEL

(shakes his head  
against the idea)

There's a lot of ugliness behind those lights, too...

CATHY

(shrugs)

Maybe... but to me they always promised something... hope, I guess...

MICHAEL

(reflecting)

Vincent says something like that, too... but I don't know...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Michael looks away. She sees this needs to be taken slowly. A long beat.

CATHY  
Why don't we take a walk...?

Michael smiles bravely, as a peace offering.

MICHAEL  
Okay.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Michael and Cathy sit at a table for two near the window of this New York bistro. He watches her somewhat warily, but his defenses seem to be flagging more and more...

CATHY  
(smiling at him)  
... Suddenly you're above -- sitting in a restaurant, trying to decide what to order. This must all seem pretty strange, Michael...

MICHAEL  
(nods)  
... Strange and familiar. I used to live not far from here. There used to be a toy store down this block. My mother used to take me to it...

CATHY  
After dinner we can walk by, see if it's still there...

MICHAEL  
(uncertain)  
That's okay...

Michael is distracted momentarily by the appearance of a miserable-looking PANHANDLER outside, who passes in front of their window as he works the street -- with little success...

CATHY  
... in New York, your memories become a part of everyday life,  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY (CONT'D)  
 whether you like it or not. My high  
 school sweetheart broke up  
 with me on a corner two blocks  
 down...

MICHAEL  
 (smiles)  
 I'll bet he's sorry.  
 (seeing the  
 Panhandler again)  
 Catherine... why doesn't anybody  
 help him?

Cathy notices the Panhandler.

HER POV - PANHANDLER

being ignored by all PASSERSBY...

BACK TO SCENE

CATHY  
 It's a terrible problem...

Just now the WAITER brings their food. During the  
 following, as she speaks of the problem, Michael keeps  
 looking back and forth between the well-dressed PATRONS  
 surrounding him, the frustrated Panhandler outside, and his  
 own expensive meal...

CATHY (CONT'D)  
 There are so many like him, it  
 just overwhelms people -- it makes  
 you feel like there's nothing  
 any one person could possibly  
 do to make a difference--

Suddenly Michael takes his plate and stands up.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
 Michael... what are you--

Michael heads for the door, ignoring looks from patrons,  
 waiters, and the manager...

THROUGH THE GLASS

we watch Michael approach the Panhandler with the food.  
 At first the man refuses it, but Michael persist ,  
 following and entreating him. Finally the man stops. A  
 barrier is broken. Michael helps him sit, spreads a napkin  
 over his lap and places the plate there. The man looks  
 up at Michael, real gratitude in his eyes. Michael smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY

throughout this, reacting very moved...

MANAGER

Not so impressed. He starts for the door. As Michael tries to re-enter, the Manager restrains him with a hand on his arm.

MANAGER

What the hell are you doing? I've got enough problems keeping them away from the door. The food is for paying customers...

Cathy now arrives, pulls the manager's hand from Michael's arm and addresses him discreetly but firmly. Michael watches her with growing admiration...

CATHY

He was trying to do something decent. Can you understand that? Now, would you let us get back to our meal?

MANAGER

He's embarrassed my patrons. I'm not running a soup line here. I'm sorry...

CATHY

(cutting)  
An act of generosity embarrasses your patrons? I don't think I want to be counted among them.

She stuffs some bills into his hand, grabs their coats from a rack and steers Michael out the door. The manager looks at the money, perhaps a little ashamed...

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Cathy and Michael stalk away from the restaurant wordlessly. After a few paces she starts to shake her head and a big grin breaks over her face. He sees this, but he isn't sure what it means.

CATHY

I can't believe you did that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

I'm sorry if I embarrassed you--

CATHY

Are you kidding? That was wonderful! I wish I had that much nerve...

MICHAEL

I couldn't help myself...

CATHY

(smiles)  
... Vincent would have done the same thing.

She stops at a hot dog vendor's cart and holds up two fingers. As she pays for the dogs another panhandler appears ahead of then. They see him and Cathy hands Michael his hot dog with a look.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Now you hold onto this hot dog, Michael. I'm not buying you three dinners tonight...

He smiles at her with deep appreciation, but doesn't laugh. He's beginning to feel a new and much bigger emotion...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Michael lies in the darkness on the couch, now made up as a bed. Catherine has drawn the sliding French doors that separate the living room and bedroom.

ANGLE - THROUGH THE LOUVERS

We can SEE her shadow moving about as she prepares for bed... Michael lies there watching the shadow play, HEARING the rustle of her robe, with a look of enchantment...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY**

Cathy sits at her desk catching up on some paperwork.

ACROSS THE ROOM

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael approaches, looking around, being told where to find her...

WITH CATHY

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Hi.

She looks up and smiles.

CATHY

Hi. How's your day going?

MICHAEL

(enthused)

Great. I went to the Metropolitan.  
I wanted to see  
Van Gogh's sunflowers.

CATHY

Only Van Gogh could paint a  
sunflower that makes your heart  
pound.

MICHAEL

That museum is mind-boggling.

CATHY

I know. I usually get lost in  
the Egyptian section...

MICHAEL

Do you still want to go to lunch?

CATHY

Sure. I'm just finishing up...

NOW Joe comes up holding a bound deposition... He's too intent to immediately notice Michael.

JOE

(agitated)

Hey Radcliffe, I'm looking at this  
deposition you took for the Willis  
case. Where' re you going with  
this line of questioning about  
where he does his shopping??

CATHY

(calmly)

The death threats came from a pay  
phone at a grocery about three  
blocks from Willis' apartment...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE  
 (chastened)  
 Oh. Yeah -- right...

NOW he notices Michael, standing near Cathy's desk. He looks from Michael to Cathy to Michael...

CATHY  
 Joe, this is Michael Richmond.  
 Michael, meet my boss, friend and  
 chief tormentor, Joe Maxwell...

JOE  
 (a bit off guard)  
 Hi. How you doin..?

MICHAEL  
 Fine. Good to meet you...

And awkward beat...

CATHY  
 (enjoying it)  
 ... Michael's a friend from out  
 of town. He's come here for  
 college.

JOE  
 (to Michael,  
 relaxing)  
 Do me a favor -- stay out of law.  
 We've got too many lawyers  
 already.  
 (to Cathy)  
 Gee, for a minute Radcliffe I  
 thought maybe your life had taken  
 a new turn...

Cathy grabs her purse...

CATHY  
 (chuckling)  
 I won't say anything to spoil your  
 fantasies...  
 (to Michael)  
 Let's get some lunch...

MICHAEL  
 (happily heading  
 off with her)  
 So long, Joe...

Joe watches them walk out with a puzzled look on his face.

CONTINUED: (3)

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Cathy and Michael are taking a walk after lunch.

CATHY  
Does the city feel any better to  
you?

MICHAEL  
Yes... It does.

CATHY  
(moved)  
I'm glad... Some things just take  
a little time.

MICHAEL  
And a little faith, I guess...

CATHY  
That, always...

MICHAEL  
(beat)  
... I'm moving into the dormitory  
tomorrow.

CATHY  
I know... Another new experience.

MICHAEL  
I still haven't figured out what  
classes I'm taking.

CATHY  
We'll go over the schedule  
tonight. I can help...

MICHAEL  
Okay...

CATHY  
Don't worry, we'll figure  
everything out...

Cathy takes his arm and they continue on their way...

CUT TO:

OMITTEDEXT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Michael stands on the balcony gazing out at the city. The look on his face is that of a man whose world has opened -- a young man riding the crest of a powerful wave of feeling...

ANGLE - INSIDE

We SEE Cathy enter wearing her coat. She then steps out on the terrace... The crisp fall air invigorates them. She turns -- he smiles...

MICHAEL

So much energy out there...

CATHY

So it's different than you remember it?

MICHAEL

What's different -- is me... The things that frightened me then, are beginning to thrill me now...

CATHY

Because you're no longer blinded by your disappointment.

MICHAEL

I owe that to you.

CATHY

Are you thinking about seeing your father?

MICHAEL

(slowly nods)  
... Today I went by the house where I used to live. I don't know if he still lives there...  
(drifting off)

CATHY

How did it feel?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

(from the heart)

It brought everything back -- more feelings than memories -- feeling helpless and alone... And for a minute I didn't think I could deal with it -- but I could, and I did... And then things started to sort of make sense. I guess my father did what he had to do -- and so did I. Maybe he was feeling helpless and alone, too. I tried to understand that. I even tried to forgive him...

(looking at her)

I think I'm finally ready to see him again...

She clasps his arm, happy for him...

CATHY

(touched)

Good... I brought Chinese. C'mon, we can work on your schedule.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA - NIGHT**

Amid an array of opened Chinese food containers that litter Cathy's dining table, she and Michael consult his course catalogue and make notes, trying to work out a schedule...

CATHY

... Okay let's see...

(consulting notes)

Tuesday and Thursday you have Oriental philosophy and this mythology-folklore course...

(to herself)

God I'm so jealous...

MICHAEL

Can I fit in modern architecture?

CATHY

(shakes her head)

Meets same time as philosophy, remember?

(indicates a course)

How about this? Italian Lit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY (CONT'D)  
You get to read the Divine Comedy.

MICHAEL  
I've already read it.

CATHY  
Oh... Well you need a two unit  
class...  
(teasing)  
How 'bout golf?

MICHAEL  
Golf??

CATHY  
(laughing)  
Sure, you can't be anything in  
this world if you don't play golf.  
Didn't you know that?

MICHAEL  
(smiling)  
Maybe I should go back right  
now...

They're having fun with this...

CATHY  
(looking in catalog)  
No, wait -- here's one. I don't  
believe this... Fertility Dances  
of Polynesia.

MICHAEL  
(incredulous)  
That's really a class?

CATHY  
Look...  
(handing him the  
catalog)  
Sounds like fun. Listen Michael,  
there's nothing wrong with having  
a little fun at college...

MICHAEL  
(studying catalog)  
Let's see, if I dropped English  
History I could take Albanian Folk  
Dancing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY  
 (tapping him with  
 her chopsticks)  
 I said a little fun...

DISSOLVE TO:

OMITTED

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cathy and Michael sit on the sofa. The catalog and schedule are on the coffee table along with a bottle of wine... Cathy raises a glass.

CATHY  
 (tenderly)  
 ... Here's to the beginning of  
 a great time in your life... May  
 all good things come to you.

Michael looks touched as he clinks glasses with her...

MICHAEL  
 ... I'll never know how to thank  
 you.

CATHY  
 You don't have to... Just watching  
 you begin to open up and accept  
 life has been really wonderful.

MICHAEL  
 But it wouldn't have happened  
 without your kindness.

CATHY  
 You deserved it. I feel lucky  
 to know you.

MICHAEL  
 You do?

CATHY  
 (nods)  
 ... I really do.

Michael reaches behind a cushion on the couch and brings out an old book...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

I found this today at the bookstore. I wanted you to have it...

He gives her the book...

CATHY

... Blake -- I love Blake...

MICHAEL

He's one of my favorites...

She opens the book, SEES the inscription:

INSERT - THE BOOK

"To Catherine -- Who showed me the sky... Michael"

BACK TO SCENE

CATHY

(moved)

...Thank you.

MICHAEL

(turning to a particular page)

Read this one; "To The Evening Star"...

CATHY

(... she reads Blake, "To The Evening Star")

Thou fair-hair'd angel of the evening,/ Now, while the sun rests on the mountains, light/ Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown/ Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!/ Smile on our loves; and, while thou drawest the/ Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew/ On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes/ in timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on/ The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,/ And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,/ Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide, / And the lion glares thro' the dun forest:/ The

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY (CONT'D)  
 fleeces of our flocks are cover'd  
 with/ Thy sacred dew: protect them  
 with thine influence.

As she reads, Michael watches her with love and  
 admiration... When she finishes...

MICHAEL  
 You read that so beautifully...

CATHY  
 It's one of my favorites, too...

They both smile...

CATHY (CONT'D)  
 Listen, you've got a big day,  
 tomorrow. And I have to be in  
 a deposition downtown at 8. We  
 better call it a night...

MICHAEL  
 I know...

She brings out his pillow and blankets, puts them on the  
 couch...

CATHY  
 Here you go... Got everything?

MICHAEL  
 (nods)  
 ... Thank you, again, Catherine...

CATHY  
 (giving him a kiss  
 on the cheek)  
 Sleep well...

She goes into her bedroom and closes the french doors...

He reclines on the pillow, turning his head to the side and  
 inhaling the scent of her...

**OMITTED**

DISSOLVE TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

In the darkened living room, Michael lies on the couch, under the covers, still awake... He turns and looks toward Cathy's bedroom...

ANGLE - FRENCH DOORS

We see Cathy's silhouette moving about behind the french doors... Now the doors open and she's standing there wearing a translucent nightgown -- moonlight streaks through from the bedroom behind her... She comes toward Michael with eyes full of love and reassurance... She takes him by the hand -- and then leads him toward her bedroom...

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

in the moonlight, Cathy and Michael lay beside each other, staring into each other's eyes... Then, slowly their lips meet and they begin to drink each other in... Michael, now beyond control, envelopes her in a hungry embrace.

ANGLE - THROUGH THE DOORS TO THE TERRACE

Vincent moves to the bedroom window, looks in and sees what's happening inside and is utterly crestfallen...

MICHAEL -

Now turns, sees Vincent. Michael looks to be struck by lightning...

VINCENT -

Suddenly changes -- now filling with a wild rage. He shatters the bedroom doors, bursting through with a blood curdling roar...

MICHAEL -

Reacts in terror. Suddenly Cathy is no longer there -- Michael tries to get away...

VINCENT -

Snarling terrifyingly, he takes Michael by the throat, picks him up -- and brings his claws back to slash. He slashes...

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Michael lurches awake, bathed in sweat.

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Cathy opens the doors to her bedroom and looks outside. She crosses to check on Michael and gets halfway to the couch before noticing he's not there...

CATHY

Michael?

OFF her wondering expression, we

CUT TO:

**INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY**

Vincent teaches the same class we saw before. Now Samantha reads a passage aloud...

SAMANTHA

Piping down the valleys wild  
Piping songs of pleasant glee  
On a cloud I saw a child.  
And he laughing said to me.  
Pipe a song about a lamb;  
So I piped with merry cheer,  
Piper pipe that song again-  
So I piped, he wept to hear.

As she reads, we SEE Michael appear at the door, uncertainly, as if he isn't sure he wants to be here. Brooke looks up and sees him, though, and jumps to her feet.

BROOKE

Michael!

She runs over and hugs Michael. The class reacts to him with joy. Vincent is also pleased. But despite the positive reaction, Michael is clearly a little awkward...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - LATER**

Michael and Vincent alone, as the last child from the class totters out... Michael seems uncomfortable...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

VINCENT  
... They miss their teacher...

MICHAEL  
I... needed to get something from  
my chamber I forgot...

VINCENT  
(responding to his  
uncertainty)  
How are you finding it so far?  
You aren't unhappy?

MICHAEL  
No...

VINCENT  
Has Catherine been helpful?

MICHAEL  
(a tiny beat)  
Oh yes.

VINCENT  
She's a rare person. You  
couldn't have a better guide.

MICHAEL  
(averting his eyes)  
Yes... that's true...

Vincent watches him closely now, perhaps guessing the real  
problem here...

VINCENT  
Michael, what's troubling you?

MICHAEL  
Nothing...

Vincent looks at him, knowing better...

Vincent's getting too close. Michael disassembles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
It's just... school, I guess.  
You know -- all the courses,  
decisions, new people... it's a  
lot to think about...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT  
To leave a safe place and find your  
way among strangers -- is a  
difficult passage for anyone.

A part of Michael wants Vincent to know the truth...

MICHAEL  
Yes... I know that...

VINCENT  
(trying to  
understand)  
Is it the past?

MICHAEL  
No... I don't know...

Vincent studies Michael a long moment.

VINCENT  
Michael... fear makes our enemies  
loom larger and larger...

Michael looks away. As usual, Vincent speaks right to the  
problem.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
(hand on Michael's  
shoulder)  
Go back above, Michael. You'll  
find your way. Trust yourself...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON**

Cathy enters and turns on the light. She reacts surprised as  
Michael gets up from the couch...

CATHY  
Michael...

MICHAEL  
Hi...

CATHY  
Where were you this morning? I  
woke up and you were already gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

I forgot my journal. I went down to get it...

CATHY

(looks at watch)  
We have to hurry if we're going to make that orientation party...

MICHAEL

(tentatively)  
Catherine... you don't have to come to the party. I thought I might even skip it myself...

CATHY

(brightly;  
assuming it's just nerves)  
Don't be ridiculous. I'm not letting you skip it. you have to get oriented, Michael. Too many people go through college disoriented...

(off his hesitation; grabs him by the wrist)  
Besides. We have a date!

She tugs on his arm. The physical contact is too much for him. His eyes lose their look of resolve, and he smiles weakly as he gives in...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. BRAYFIELD COLLEGE DINING HALL - LATE AFTERNOON**

The large institutional room has been transformed for the occasion into a festive place: bunting hangs on the walls, white tablecloths cover the ancient wooden tables, and banners proclaim "WELCOME, CLASS OF ' 93". Hip swing music pipes in from somewhere. A mixed crowd of STUDENTS and older-looking ALUMNI mingles.

Cathy and Michael stand near a refreshment table. They're talking to BETH, an old friend of Catherine's...

CATHY

... No, the last I heard you were teaching in Chicago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH

That was ages ago. I'm going on my fifth year here. I just got tenure.

MICHAEL

What classes do you teach?

CATHY

(to Michael)

It doesn't matter, take her -- she's terrific...

BETH

(to Michael)

...Mainly, the nineteenth century romantics.

CATHY

(chuckles)

Figures...

BETH

(wry)

Hey, the nineteenth century is about the only place you can find it these days.

CATHY

(laughs)

Oh, I don't know about that...

DISSOLVE TO:

CO-EDS

giggling among themselves as they point out various people in the room to each other. They quiet as Michael nears, looking him up and down with maybe some admiration. A more outgoing one, TINA, speaks up.

TINA

Hi.

MICHAEL

Hello.

TINA

(offering her hand)

I'm Tina.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL  
 (taking her hand)  
 Michael.

TINA  
 Where are you from, Michael?

Michael looks at Cathy.

POV - CATHY

Still talking to Both -- she smiles over at Michael...

MICHAEL  
 Um... out of town...

TINA  
 Me too. I'm from Indiana.

Michael looks at her, trying to be interested, but not able to. He can't stop watching Cathy...

MICHAEL  
 Oh. That's interesting.

TINA  
 Not really.

The other girls laugh. Michael looks at them, slow on the uptake. He laughs too, halfheartedly, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

CATHY

she gets a glass of punch at the reception table. SEES MICHAEL still talking with the group of girls...

MICHAEL -

glancing back at Cathy. As the other girls head off, Tina lingers a moment...

TINA (CONT'D)  
 Nice to meet you, Michael. See you around?

MICHAEL  
 (nods)  
 ... Nice to meet you too...

She gives a little wave and moves off. He waves back, then crosses toward Cathy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CATHY  
How's it going?

MICHAEL  
Fine...

CATHY  
It looks that way... Michael,  
you're going to do great.

Just now Michael looks off for a moment, something seems wrong. He looks again...

HIS POV - AT THE FRONT DOOR

A distinguished-looking GENTLEMAN enters alone...

MICHAEL

looks stunned.

CATHY

Now notices Michael's reaction.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
(she stops; a beat)  
What? What's wrong..?

MICHAEL  
(indicating)  
That man. Over by the door. With  
the maroon scarf...  
(when she spots  
him...)  
...he's my father...

Cathy looks again at the man. Then back at Michael.

CATHY  
Your father? Here?

MICHAEL  
Yes...

CATHY  
Michael... are you all right?  
Would you like to leave? I'm sure  
there's a back way--

MICHAEL  
No... I want to... I want to talk  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
to him. I want to tell him. I'm  
back...

CATHY  
What can I do to help?

MICHAEL  
(he takes a deep  
breath)  
Wait here.  
(looks in her eyes)  
And wish me luck.

He begins to cross to the door. Cathy looks after him with  
great concern...

AT THE DOOR - MICHAEL'S FATHER

is giving his coat and scarf to an attendant. We SEE  
Michael approaching. The and starts to move away...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Sir!

The man stops. Looks at Michael without recognition.

MICHAEL'S FATHER  
Do I know you?

MICHAEL  
You used to. My name is Michael.

MICHAEL'S FATHER  
I'm sorry. Michael who?

Michael stands frozen in fear. It's a moment he's dreaded  
the last seven years... He summons all his nerve...

MICHAEL  
Michael... your son.

The man stares at Michael for a long beat before it comes  
to him. He blanches. He looks around to see if anyone is  
listening.

MICHAEL'S FATHER  
Rose's boy? Is that who you are?  
(off Michael's  
nod; nearly  
panicking)  
Good god. What the hell do you  
want? Didn't you understand what  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MICHAEL'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
 your mother told you? She told me  
 you understood...

Michael's worst nightmare is coming true... what he always  
 hoped to avoid...

MICHAEL'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
 What's the matter? Did you  
 already spend the money?

MICHAEL  
 (beginning to  
 break down)  
 I didn't want the money... I never  
 touched it...

MICHAEL'S FATHER  
 (not understanding)  
 You don't want money... What are  
 you here for? What do you want?

MICHAEL  
 I want...  
 (shakes his head;  
 realizing)  
 What I always wanted... to be your  
 son...

The man looks away, absorbing this. He agonizes. But he's  
 not the kind of man who would accept the boy now. The  
 embarrassment, the shame, would be too hard...

MICHAEL'S FATHER  
 Dammit... You can't be. It was  
 all an accident... and it's been  
 settled, for years... please...

CATHY

watching, SEES Michael's head hung in pain, starts to  
 approach them...

MICHAEL

Looks up at his father slowly, and knows it's impossible.  
 It's always been impossible...

MICHAEL  
 (crushed; weakly)  
 I understand.

The man puts a hand on Michael's shoulder in parting.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

MICHAEL'S FATHER  
I wish you good luck. I really  
do...

He leaves, and just as Cathy nears, Michael turns and  
rushes for the door. She calls for him, and follows...

TINA, OTHERS

look up and see them as they run out...

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET (FORMERLY CENTRAL PARK WEST) - NIGHT**

Michael runs, Cathy following half a block behind...

CATHY  
Michael! Wait! Please!

Michael runs a few more paces, then stops and buries his  
face in his hands. Cathy catches up and tries to comfort  
him, taking his head in her hands...

CATHY (CONT'D)  
Michael, try to calm down... Tell  
me what happened... It's all  
right...

MICHAEL  
It was a lie... I knew it all  
along... I should never have let  
myself hope!

CATHY  
Michael, you have nothing to be  
sorry for. Whatever happened,  
it's not your fault --

MICHAEL  
(suddenly pulling  
away)  
You don't understand, Cathy! It  
is my fault! I lied! To you,  
to Vincent... to myself!

CATHY  
What are you saying? He isn't  
your father?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

He's my father, yes... But my mother... she wasn't his wife...

CATHY

Who--?

MICHAEL

She was the housekeeper! She worked for him!

CATHY

Oh Michael --

MICHAEL

What have I done??  
 (looking at her;  
 his unrequited  
 feelings  
 compounding it)  
 I'm a fool. . .

CATHY

Don't ever think that, Michael!  
 What you did took courage...

He looks in her eyes, needing love so badly now...

MICHAEL

Cathy... I...

She takes him in her arms and squeezes him hard, trying to make him feel safe...

CATHY

It's okay... I'm right here...

CUT TO:

**INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Vincent is walking along a lonely tunnel when he suddenly pauses, turning his head, reacting...

CUT TO:

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT - BACK TO SCENE**

Cathy embracing Michael... He pulls his face back and looks into her eyes, drinking something from them he thirsts for

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

desperately. She holds his gaze, wanting to give him whatever he needs...

Until suddenly he pulls her lips into his, and kisses her with passion. Though she doesn't pull away, and it's clear this is something a small part of her wants, Cathy doesn't return the passion. Her arms don't hold him tighter, her eyes don't close in abandon... But still...

CUT TO:

**INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT**

MOVING IN on Vincent. He feels something powerful now, but doesn't know what it is. ON his confusion, we

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Cathy, her eyes open in fearful awareness, pulls away from Michael's lips. She's afraid of devastating him any further, but can't allow this to go on...

CATHY

Michael... I'm sorry...

But Michael is ahead of her -- already shame is welling within him...

MICHAEL

... What have I done?

His shame beginning to overwhelm him, he backs away from her...

CATHY

You've done nothing, Michael...  
Please...

MICHAEL

(self-loathing)  
I don't deserve your friendship...  
I don't deserve anything...

He turns and runs.

CATHY

Michael...! Wait! Michael, come  
back...!

But Michael is gone...

CUT TO:

**INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - NIGHT**

Michael runs down the drainage tunnel to the junction. He opens the secret door and enters the tunnel beyond...

**INT. TUNNELS**

Michael, full of torment, moves through the labyrinth of tunnels... Suddenly, he stops with a stricken look on his face.

MICHAEL'S POV - VINCENT

Vincent appears at a fork in the tunnels just ahead... He moves toward Michael...

MICHAEL

Now unfreezes himself and heads in the opposite direction, trying to avoid Vincent...

ANGLE

Vincent moves to catch up to him.

VINCENT

Michael...

The sound of Vincent's voice stops Michael in his tracks. As Vincent approaches him, Michael turns to face his mentor and friend...

VINCENT AND MICHAEL

A frozen moment as Vincent sees the shame and betrayal in Michael's eyes. A moment where all is revealed -- a devastating moment, beyond words. Vincent beseeches Michael silently, struggling with the sadness of it. Michael, unable to receive Vincent's gaze, finally slips away. Vincent lets him pass...

DISSOLVE TO:

**OMITTED****INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT**

Vincent sits, girding himself against the storm which rages inside of him -- grappling with feelings new and terrifying. Catherine stands by him...

CATHY

Vincent, go to him...

Vincent slowly shakes his head...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY (CONT'D)  
He needs you...

VINCENT  
(far away)  
... No...

A long painful beat...

CATHY  
... What do you think happened?

VINCENT  
(sullen)  
... Nothing -- happened... I know  
that.

CATHY  
Then..?

VINCENT  
You must leave.

CATHY  
(offguard)  
No...

VINCENT  
Leave now, Catherine...

CATHY  
Why do you want me to leave?

VINCENT  
(in torment)  
... Because what I feel - - What  
I have become -- shames me.

CATHY  
Tell me - - tell me what you  
feel...

VINCENT  
(struggling)  
You musn't see me like this...

CATHY  
Don't send me away...

He stands...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT

(now growing more  
agitated)  
I am poisonous. My thoughts --  
are poisonous...

CATHY

Tell me those thoughts...  
Please...

Vincent can barely look at her...

VINCENT

(blurting)  
What you shared -- I envied...  
(tormented)  
I've betrayed Michael, you --  
everything I hold dear.

CATHY

How have you betrayed us?

VINCENT

(in pain)  
... I know what it is to love  
you... I love Michael like a  
brother, like a son. Michael's  
life has been a struggle... He  
needed to be healed with your  
tenderness...  
(darkly)  
And yet -- I was unwilling to  
share your love -- with anyone...

CATHY

(with compassion)  
Don't be ashamed of these  
feelings.

VINCENT

They violate everything I  
believe...

CATHY

Don't you think I have those  
feelings too..? Sometimes, I envy  
Father, and the others in your  
life who receive your love, and  
your care every day...

(beat)  
I know those feelings. They are  
ugly...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CATHY (CONT'D)

(beat, then simply,  
deeply)

But, Vincent, all of those feelings come from love... They are the other side of it. To turn away from them is to forget where they came from...

VINCENT

(from the heart)

... The better part of me would rejoice if you found love with someone as fine and good as Michael. You have so much love to give...

CATHY

Because of you...

VINCENT

(sadly)

What we share -- beautiful as it is -- must always be measured, and limited...

CATHY

... We don't know what the limits are, yet.

VINCENT

... Catherine, you deserve a life without limits.

CATHY

There is no life without limits...

(tenderly)

Vincent, if this is my fate, I accept it, gratefully... You must believe that.

Vincent is struck to the core by what Catherine has said. He is humbled, speechless... All he can do now is look at her with gratitude, and awe...

CATHY (CONT'D)

(lovingly)

... Don't be afraid to want it -- even only for yourself... Don't be afraid to deserve it. You deserve everything...

She holds out her arms to him... And he comes into her embrace...



CONTINUED: (4)

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. WHISPERING GALLERY - NIGHT**

Michael, disconsolate, stands on the bridge staring down into the abyss... After a few beats he turns to find...

VINCENT

He stands at the far end of the bridge... He takes a step toward Michael...

MICHAEL  
(deeply upset)  
Stay away..!

VINCENT  
(gently)  
Michael...

MICHAEL  
(agitated)  
... Stay away, Vincent!

VINCENT  
(another step  
closer)  
No...

MICHAEL  
(distraught)  
I failed -- I failed you! I  
ruined everything...

VINCENT  
That's not true...

MICHAEL  
You don't know...

VINCENT  
I do...

Vincent moves closer to him...

MICHAEL  
(self-disgust)  
You don't know what I did, what  
I was thinking...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT  
(moving closer)  
Stop judging yourself...

MICHAEL  
(breaking down,  
sobbing)  
I betrayed you! You!! ... How  
could I do that??

Vincent moves to within a few steps...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(beside himself)  
Stay away...! I'm not worthy.  
I'm not...

Vincent now envelops the sobbing boy in a powerful, all-accepting embrace...

VINCENT  
... Michael, what you felt was  
true... You are entitled to love  
-- and to be loved... That too,  
is part of your destiny...

MICHAEL  
(touched)  
Vincent...

VINCENT  
(as an absolute  
truth)  
And how could anyone not love her?

As Michael wipes away his tears...

DISSOLVE TO:

**OMITTED**

**EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - NIGHT**

Vincent and Catherine stand close on the balcony gazing out at the city lights... There is an air of comfort and tranquility about... They find peace in the stillness -- and each other...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY  
 (after a very long  
 moment, quietly)  
 ... The lights are so beautiful  
 tonight...

Vincent looks at her, lovingly - he knows what she means...

VINCENT  
 (softly)  
 ...Yes...

She puts an arm around him .- and they continue gazing out  
 into the night...

**EXT. STEPS TO LECTURE HALL - DAY**

Michael, carrying books, heading toward the lecture hall...  
 Suddenly Tina draws up beside him...

TINA  
 (a bit shy)  
 Michael..?

He turns...

TINA (CONT'D)  
 Remember me? Tina...

MICHAEL  
 (pleased she  
 remembers)  
 Sure. Hi...

TINA  
 (smiling)  
 Hi...

A nervous beat...

TINA (CONT'D)  
 Where're you going?

MICHAEL  
 English History...

TINA  
 Me too. We must be in the same  
 class.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL  
(smiles)  
We must be  
(checks time)  
We better hurry...

She nods and as they start to move off...

TINA  
Michael, where'd you say you were  
from..?

Michael simply smiles as they head up the steps and into the  
building...

FADE OUT:

THE END