

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Orphans"

Written by
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Directed by
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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Orphans"

CHARACTERS

VINCENT
CATHERINE
FATHER

JOE MAXWELL
CHARLES CHANDLER
ROBIN
JAY COOLIDGE
MARK COOLIDGE
MARILYN CAMPBELL
DR. VERMIL CHERIAN

GEOFFREY
WILLIAM

BITS & EXTRAS

REGISTRATION NURSE
MALE NURSE
DUTY NURSE
INTERNS
DOCTORS
VISITORS
MOUNERS
FUNERAL PARTY
CABBIE
CAB PATRON
YOUNG WOMAN
TUNNEL PEOPLE

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Orphans"

SETS

INTERIOR

D.A.'S OFFICE (D)

JOE'S OFFICE

NEW YORK HOSPITAL (D)
- family room

REGISTRATION AREA

I.C.U.
-private room

CHAPEL (D)

CAB

CHANDLER & COOLIDGE LAW OFFICE (D)
-conference room

CHARLES CHANDLER'S OFFICE (D)

CATHY'S LIVINGROOM (D)
-front door

CENTRAL PARK DRAINAGE DUCT
-outside drainage duct

CATHY'S SUB-BASEMENT

BROWNSTONE BASEMENT

CHAMBER OF THE FALLS (MATTE)

THRESHHOLD POINT

CEMENT TUNNELS

CATHY'S CHAMBER
-outside chamber

VINCENT'S CHAMBER

EXTERIOR

CEMETARY (D)

CATHY'S TERRACE (N)

NEW YORK STREETS (D)
-through cab window

D.A.'S OFFICE (D)

BROWNSTONE (D)

CENTRAL PARK (D)
-tree

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Orphans"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - MANHATTAN 1

A rainy Monday. The city streets already teeming at 8:00 a.m....

2 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - MOVING WITH CATHY 2

through the office, still wearing her damp raincoat, hugging a foot-thick sheaf of files and papers, her bulging briefcase hooked to a forefinger. As she passes a smiling co-worker (ROBIN)...

ROBIN

Hey, Cath. How was your weekend?

CATHY

(deadpan, not missing
a beat)

What weekend?

She arrives at her desk, adroitly dropping the briefcase and catching it upright with one foot against the side of the desk, a la Gene Kelly (she's done this a thousand times). But the top of her desk is covered with piles of assorted case work -- so Cathy angles around the desk and finds a clearing in a far corner. And as she carefully sets down the stack...

3 INT. JOE'S OFFICE 3

Joe watching Cathy through the glass. Something heavy on his mind. After a beat, he pushes himself up...

4 RESUME CATHY 4

removing her wet raincoat, holding it away from herself, shaking off the water. As Joe approaches, Cathy speaks first, anticipating...

CATHY

I'll have the Chang summary by
noon, okay?

(CONTINUED)

JOE
Don't worry about it.

CATHY
(incredulous)
Don't worry about it?

JOE
Listen...
(then)
Someone called for you a few
minutes ago. From New York
Hospital.

Cathy stiffens with intuition.

CATHY
What about?

JOE
I don't know. I took the
number...

Cathy slowly takes the memo slip from Joe, turns to the
phone. CAMERA MOVES IN ON CATHY as she taps out the
telephone number... waits for a moment that seems like
forever.

CATHY
Hello?

CUT TO:

5 INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - LOW ANGLE - CATHY'S FEET 5

Rushing along the speckled linoleum beside a thin green
line and a thin orange line. The lines diverge, and
Cathy's feet follow the green. PAN UP to Cathy, moving
fast through two sets of hydraulic doors opening inward. A
suck of air. A long white corridor. She hurries forward
-- past green-smocked interns, white-coated doctors, and
grim-faced visitors. At the far end of the corridor, she
turns a quick corner.

CUT TO:

6 REGISTRATION AREA - CLOSE ON REGISTRATION NURSE 6

Red lipstick, young, already cauterized to the urgencies of
life and death around her.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

REGISTRATION NURSE
How do you spell the last name
again?

7 NEW ANGLE - CATHY

7

summoning all her patience.

CATHY
C-H-A-N-D-L-E-R. Charles
Chandler, he was admitted this
morning.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ICU - SERIES OF FAST SHOTS

8 A) Two elevator doors whoosh open, and Cathy emerges.

8

9 B) Cathy's POV, approaching a work station. A MALE
NURSE lifts his eyes.

9

MALE NURSE
You'll have to check with the Duty
Nurse.

10 C) CAMERA veers away, as we:

10

11 D) RESUME Cathy walking fast, intense, controlling her
rising panic.

11

12 E) Her POV: the steel and glass doors of the Intensive
Care Unit, so labelled. A glimpse through the glass of the
pain and suffering inside.

12

13 F) CLOSE ON DUTY NURSE, black, 45.

13

DUTY NURSE
Your father's had a stroke. Why
don't you have a seat in the
Family Room. I'll call the
doctor.

as she digests the news... time finally slowing. She stands there a moment, shaky on her feet... before she turns and starts for the Family Room.

CUT TO:

15 INT. HOSPITAL - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

15

Cathy sits across from DR. VIMIL CHERIAN - an Indian (from India) in his early forties. A night's beard, tired, running on adrenalin. His language is controlled, precise.

CHERIAN

...an artery gets clogged and that prevents the blood from reaching a particular part of the vascular tree. In this case, the blood vessels that feed the brain.

CATHY

So what does that mean?

CHERIAN

Part of the brain dies for lack of nutrients.

CATHY

Dies permanently?

CHERIAN

There's always permanent damage, yes. But we can't be sure how much -- enough that he's unconscious. We'll know more when he wakes up.

Cathy looks away, trying to process all this.

CHERIAN

At the very least, you should expect extreme weakness, partial paralysis, confusion, maybe amnesia.

CATHY

When can I see him?

CHERIAN

We'll move him to his own room when he regains consciousness.

(then)

We can call you at home.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY
No, I want to be here.

CHERIAN
It might be awhile...

CATHY
I understand.

Cathy lowers her head, settles back into the couch, folds her hands in her lap.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 INT. HOSPITAL FAMILY ROOM - LATER

16

Sunlight has found its way down through the urban forest into this room, firing the windows. Cathy's got a magazine open in her lap, but she's not reading it. Her gaze is fixed through the glass at a small courtyard of trees.
HOLD.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. HOSPITAL - FAMILY ROOM - LATER

17

The light has fled the room. Cathy's shoes are off, and she has her stockinged legs pulled up underneath her on the couch. Her eyes are closed, but she's not asleep. On a small sidetable, a green tray of hospital food is half finished.

DISSOLVE TO:

18 INT. HOSPITAL - FAMILY ROOM - LATER

18

Cathy stands when Dr. Cherman enters.

CHERIAN
Your father's awake now.

CATHY
So I can see him?

CHERIAN
Yes.

Anxiously, Cathy starts for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CHERIAN
Miss Chandler...

Cathy hesitates before him.

CHERIAN
There's a condition associated
with some stroke victims. We
don't why it happens... or even
what it is exactly. It's called
locked-in syndrome.

As Cathy tries to process the horrific evocations of the
medical terminology...

CUT TO:

19 INT. HOSPITAL - I.C.U. - PRIVATE ROOM

19

A DOOR OPENS

into a private room, which we slowly enter with Cathy, as
she walks past Dr. Cherian -- who now steps back and closes
the door. And in the blinding whiteness and grim
florescence of this place lies her father. An effusion of
transluscent tubes sprouting from his mouth, nostrils, and
arms. Cathy approaches tentatively...

What she sees is devastating. A man so completely and
abruptly transformed by illness: sunken, aged, motionless.
She comes to her father's bedside...

CATHY
Daddy?

A long moment passes as she stands over him. She swallows
hard against the choked feeling in her throat... She bends
closer, whispering:

CATHY
Daddy...?

But Charles' only reponse is a blink, the lids closing once
over his floeey eyes. Momentarily, Cathy turns away from
him, not wanting to worry him with her tears. She wipes
her cheeks... and pulls a chair close. She sits down
beside him, determined to be strong...

DISSOLVE TO:

20 INT. THRESHOLD - NIGHT

20

Cathy's holding on, but just barely. In Vincent's presence, her mental toughness begins to give way to the truth of her fear...

CATHY

... and the plaque above the door said "Family Room." And I thought about what that meant to me. Family. And I realized that without him--

She breaks off.

VINCENT

Catherine...

CATHY

I'm shaking...

Vincent moves to her, holds her, steadies her. They stand there a long time, finding strength in their embrace, solace in the physical contact. Finally:

CATHY

I'm okay.

She pulls away from him a little.

CATHY

I just got scared.

VINCENT

Yes...

CATHY

All day, I wanted... I needed you to hold me like that.

VINCENT

I'm here. Always.

Cathy nods: she knows he is.

CATHY

Always. That's such a father's word. Always...

Her voice trails off.

VINCENT

What is it? What are you thinking?

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Something he used to do when I was a little girl.

Vincent's eyes implore her to continue.

CATHY

He made me laugh, that's all. Whenever I was upset, he'd make me laugh.

VINCENT

Tell me...

CATHY

He'd come to my door... I'd be crying on the bed... And already, part of me would start to smile. I'd try not to. But I couldn't help it. He'd say in this deep voice, "Don't laugh, don't laugh." And then he'd come in, and I'd try not to look, but I'd look anyway -- and there he was wearing this enormous, red clown's nose.

(laughs)

I don't know where he got it... but it always seemed to make things better.

VINCENT

That's a wonderful memory to have.

CATHY

I wish we could have stayed that close...

VINCENT

You've told me before... of the growing distance between you.

CATHY

I don't know how it happened. We got in a habit. There were things I didn't want to tell him...

VINCENT

...and things you could not tell him.

Cathy regards Vincent, acknowledging...

(CONTINUED)

CATHY
We just stopped sharing our lives
with each other...

She stops herself, fighting the heaviness of her regret.

CATHY
You always assume you'll have the
time to go back and make things
how you want them to be.

VINCENT
Catherine... there is still time.

CATHY
I know.

But the lowering of her head, the uncertainty of her tone,
speak to a growing pessimism and despair. Vincent observes
this with concern.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. HOSPITAL - I.C.U. - PRIVATE ROOM

21

Bright sunlight streams through the window. Cathy sits
beside her father, who is still attached to a tangle of
life-support apparatus. His eyes seem to focus on her,
though they reveal no particular emotion. Cathy fights
back her rising emotions...

CATHY
God, I hate hospitals...

A silence as Cathy collects herself, wipes her tears...

CATHY
I'm just trying to imagine your
side of all this...
(shakes her head)
I'm not even sure you can
understand me. But I hope you
can, because... I want you to know
that I love you, and that I'm here
for you. And Daddy...

She breaks off... as a sad, tender smile blossoms on her
lips.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

(reassuring)

I want you to know that I'm okay. A lot of things have changed for me these last two years... and even if sometimes you haven't understood those changes... you always trusted me.

(beat)

Remember you said what mom wanted was for me to have a happy life? It's a complicated thing, you know? But I am happy, Daddy. I really am. It's just that...there's a part of me that I haven't been able to show you.

This is at once a realization and a confession that crystalizes with the words.

CATHY

You see... I haven't been alone.

(a silence as she thinks about it)

There's been someone in my life.

Cathy regards her father with a renewed urgency, as if expecting him to respond.

CATHY

His name is Vincent...

Hold, as we...

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. HOSPITAL - I.C.U. - LATER

22

GOSSAMER CURTAINS

illuminated by moonlight, billowing softly with the night wind. PANNING...

CATHY (O.S.)

His name is Vincent...

... until CAMERA FINDS Vincent (CU) against the wall, hidden in shadow, except for his tentative eyes which reflect the moonlight, watching...

across the room: Cathy sitting at her father's bedside, holding his hand.

CATHY
What he's given me...

She breaks off, unable to find the right words.

CATHY
He gives me everything.

As Cathy assembles her thoughts and begins to speak, the CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY...

CATHY
When I had the accident... it was Vincent who saved my life. And those days I was missing... they weren't lost or forgotten. I was with him... healing, learning things about myself I might never have known.

As Vincent approaches them, until he is visible to Charles Chandler...

CATHY
But Vincent was a secret I couldn't share. Not even with you...

There is a long moment between Vincent and Charles -- one of great revelation and discovery -- one that, even if Charles were able speak, could only be filled by silence. And when that moment passes...

VINCENT
(compassionate)
I realize that to you... I am a stranger. That was our choice, not yours...

Charles' face remains impassive, but his eyes are unmistakably full of awe...

VINCENT
But what Catherine and I share has taken great courage, especially for Catherine.

(CONTINUED)

Cathy looks up at Vincent with tears in her eyes.

VINCENT

She has sacrificed so much...
to preserve our secret.

CATHY

(to her father)

Whatever I've given up... had to
be given up.

(this is difficult for
her)

Even part of what was between
us...

Charles is once again focused on Cathy. He blinks as tears begin to fall down his cheek. As Cathy brushes away his tears...

CATHY

Don't you see, Daddy? I had to
grow up. I had to change. I'm
still changing. Vincent has
helped me find the strength to
do that.

VINCENT

But Catherine's strength was your
gift to her, not mine.

A long moment as Charles regards Vincent once again, the dawning knowledge eclipsing the wonder...

VINCENT

I am grateful for the chance to
have met you...

Vincent gently places his hand over their already-joined hands.

VINCENT

... even for so brief a time.

Charles blinks, his ravaged brain trying to process all that has happened in the last few minutes. And in the silent understanding of this secret unveiled, we hold...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

25 INT. CHAPEL - DAY

25

Cathy approaches the pulpit. There's a microphone, which she pushes away and switches off -- a SQUAWK of feedback -- before looking out at the assembled mourners. After a long beat, she begins to speak. (Note: the Camera should stay on Cathy. No need to cover the congregation.)

CATHY

I want to thank everybody for coming. My father made strong friends, and it means a lot to me that so many of you could come today. Thank you.

(beat)

I thought for a long time about what I could say up here. But everything I thought of seemed small and insubstantial compared to the man my father was... There was a story he used to read to me when I was a little girl... I never got tired of hearing it, and I'd like to read a part of it to you now...

Cathy unfolds a sheet of paper and presses it flat on the pulpit.

CATHY

It's a story about two toys. A new toy: a rabbit. And an old worn-out toy: a Skin Horse.

She begins to read from the page. CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE IN SLOWLY...

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

"What is real?" asked the rabbit one day, when they were lying side by side.... "Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stick out handle?" "Real isn't how you are made," said the Skin Horse, "it's a thing that happens to you when a child loves you for a long long time, not just to play with, but really loves. Then you become real."

DISSOLVE TO:

26 INT. CHAPEL - LATER

26

An informal receiving line. Cathy stands alone -- outwardly composed, inwardly crumbling -- as she accepts condolences from friends and distant family. Some say a few small words, others simply press her hand or embrace her. Over this:

CATHY'S VOICE

"Does it hurt?" asked the rabbit. "Sometimes," said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. "When you are real you don't mind being hurt."

DISSOLVE TO:

27 EXT. CEMETERY - LONG FOCAL LENGTH - DAY (STOCK)

27

In the Long Island countryside, a funeral party at the top of a long rise, under a barren shade tree.

CATHY'S VOICE

"Does it happen all at once, like being wound up," the rabbit asked, "or bit by bit?"

DISSOLVE TO:

28 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON CATHY

28

In mourning, at the gravesite, flanked closely by other dark coated shapes and grim faces.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY'S VOICE

"It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse. "You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't often happen to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept..."

DISSOLVE TO:

29 EXT. CATHY'S TERRACE - ON CATHY - NIGHT 29

her eyes reflecting a city siezed by darkness.

CATHY'S VOICE

Generally, by the time you are real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out, and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter at all, because once you are real, you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand. Once you are real you can't become unreal again. It lasts for always."

HOLD; then:

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. MOVING CAB - DAY 30

Cradled and rocked in the back seat, Cathy leans toward the open window -- grateful for the sting of chill morning air. She watches the streets fly past...

31 HER POV - OUT THE OPEN WINDOW 31

Rushing scenes of the waking city.

32 RESUME CATHY 32

willingly lost in the sights and sounds... and then startled when the cab veers across two lanes and stops at the corner. Cathy digs in her purse for a five, pays the CABBIE, and opens the door.

Cathy steps out onto the curb... as a FIGURE blurs past her and slides into the back seat, claiming the empty cab. Cathy doesn't turn around to look at first. Only the sound of the cab door crunching closed, and some vague, disquieting premonition, cause her to glance back at the stranger in the cab... She looks closer. Her eyes rebel at what she sees.

as the window rolls up. It's a man in the back seat of the cab now pulling away from the curb into the blaring and chaos of rush hour. It's the image of her father.

left stranded on the curb, trying vainly to process this waking vision, this brain-induced reincarnation.

CUT TO:

Cathy sits at the expansive Teak conference table opposite JAY COOLIDGE and his son, MARK -- Yale Law, class of 1983. Although Jay is experiencing some pain over all this, Mark is considerably more pragmatic... almost officious. And Cathy is clearly tired and drained as she reviews a sheaf of papers...

JAY

Your father and I drafted this after you left the firm. He wanted... we both wanted to protect your option to return.

Cathy doesn't look up as she flips a page:

CATHY

That's not a decision I'm prepared to make right now.

JAY

Of course...

MARK

(interjecting)
Whatever you decide, though, doesn't affect your entitlement...

(CONTINUED)

Now Cathy looks up at Mark with forced patience...

CATHY
I'm not there yet.

MARK
Basically, you're due continuing
and uncollected fees, but only
on cases in which Charles was
actively involved.

Cathy nods weakly, fighting her indifference to all this
necessary business...

JAY
Rather than a prolonged payment
schedule, Mark and I have
discussed the possibility of
offering you a lump sum
settlement.

(an afterthought)
Assuming that you elect not to
rejoin the firm.

MARK
The fact is, your father's
participation has been pretty
limited these last few years.

JAY
Mark...

MARK
(shrugs)
I'm just being honest, dad.

Cathy is visibly stung. Still uncomfortable with his son's
unnecessary mention of this, Jay turns to Cathy,
ameliorative...

JAY
We've come up with a range of
figures, which I think are quite
substantial -- but it's certainly
open to discussion...

This all becomes too much for Cathy, as she places the
papers on the table and rises, curbing her anger and her
pain...

(CONTINUED)

CATHY
That's fine, Jay. But right now,
I'm not feeling very open to
discussion. Excuse me.

As she heads for the door, we:

CUT TO:

37 CU - A GILT-FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH 37

of Cathy's mother the year before she died, smiling,
unaware of her fate. The photo jostles, as the ANGLE
WIDENS, and we are:

38 INSIDE CHARLES CHANDLER'S OFFICE 38

Cathy replaces the photograph on the desk, behind which
she now sits... thinking. Already, several boxes have been
packed and stacked. She looks up when MARILYN CAMPBELL,
Charles Chandler's long-time assistant, enters the office.
Cathy stands, and the two women share a warm smile as they
cross toward each other.

CATHY
Marilyn...

They embrace for a long time, commiserating, connecting,
these two woman who loved the same man in different ways.
Marilyn pulls back, regarding Cathy closely...

MARILYN
How are you?

CATHY
I'm okay...

Off Marilyn's probing concern, Cathy smiles assuringly.

CATHY
Really.
(concerned)
What about you?

MARILYN
I'm not sure yet.
(emotional)
It's hard to imagine this place
without him.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

I know...

(remembering, hurt)

Mark doesn't seem to have the same problem.

Marilyn regards Cathy, sorry that she had to deal with Mark. All she can offer is an explanatory shrug.

MARILYN

Mark is a young man. He has his own ideas.

CATHY

He said... daddy hadn't been... very active in the practice lately.

MARILYN

That's nonsense...

Cathy knows Marilyn well enough to know that she's covering.

CATHY

Marilyn, please... be honest with me. Mark is a lot of things, but he's not a liar.

MARILYN

(after a moment)

Maybe Charles was slowing down a little. He had to... eventually.

CATHY

(defensive)

But when I was with the firm...

(then)

I mean, it hasn't even been two years. How much could he have changed?

MARILYN

(gently)

Cathy... even when you were here, your father was letting go of some of the responsibility.

The surfacing truth of this gives Cathy pause, arousing a guilt-laden realization.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY
So that I could take over...

MARILYN
(shrugs softly)
I suppose.

CATHY
And when I left...?

MARILYN
When you left, I think your
father's... priorities changed.

Marilyn reads the sadness in Cathy's silence.

MARILYN
But he respected your decision,
Cathy. I think your honesty
helped him realize that corporate
law wasn't everything. God knows,
I'd been trying to do that for
twenty-five years. He lived.
He took time for the things he
loved. Travel, the theater, old
friends... you...
(tender smile)
You really were his world.

This strikes a sensitive chord within Cathy. She takes a long time as she looks around the room, breathing it in deeply...

CATHY
When I was a girl, I used to think
this office was so big, and
everything in it.
(beat)
Now it all seems so small...

After a beat, a DOORBELL SOUNDS, as we:

CUT TO:

39 INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - CU FRONT DOOR - DAY

39

as the DOORBELL SOUNDS again, and Cathy ENTERS FRAME in jeans and a sweat shirt. She's clearly drained, emotionally spent, and takes a moment to compose herself before unlocking the door -- surprised to see Joe standing in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Joe!

JOE

(shrugs, almost an
apology)

I took an early lunch. Thought
I'd drop by, see how you were
doing...

An awkward beat, then:

CATHY

Come in.

Joe steps into the apartment, somewhat uncomfortable. He
tries not to, but can't help looking around, impressed
despite himself, as Cathy realizes...

CATHY

You've never been here before.

Joe shakes his head: no big deal.

JOE

I'm here now, right?

CATHY

(smiles, nods)

Right.

(then)

How about something to drink?

JOE

I'm fine, thanks.

CATHY

At least sit down...

Cathy moves around and motions for Joe to join her on the
sofa. He sits and regards her intently.

JOE

So how are you doing?

CATHY

(uncertain)

Better.

Joe nods, thoroughly unconvinced.

(CONTINUED)

JOE
Escobar tells me you're coming
back to work tomorrow...

Cathy nods.

JOE
(probing)
You sure you want to do that?

CATHY
Yes...

JOE
Well I don't think it's such a
good idea.

CATHY
Joe, I need to get back. I can't
just sit here...

Joe shakes his head, impatient with her obstinance.

CATHY
And I think the work will be good
for me.

JOE
Come on, Cathy.

CATHY
What else am I supposed to do?

JOE
(soft, emphatic)
Give yourself a break.

Cathy glances down into her lap, then back up at Joe.

JOE
Look, I'm no psychiatrist, but
experience teaches you some things
better than books.
(then)
When I lost my father...

Joe is not adept at this kind of intimacy, but tries hard
nonetheless to say what he's feeling. He takes a deep
breath, expells it...

(CONTINUED)

JOE

It goes a lot deeper than you think. And it takes a long time to get straight in your head. Longer than three days.

As the truth of this seeps in, Cathy shakes her head.

CATHY

I don't know what I want...

JOE

Forget about coming back until you're ready. Okay?

After a long moment, Cathy nods.

JOE

And if you ever need to talk, or whatever... consider me on call. I mean that.

Cathy is deeply touched as she regards Joe with deep affection and appreciation.

CATHY

Thanks, Joe. You're a good friend...

JOE

You deserve a good friend, Radcliffe. You really do.

We move in TIGHT on Cathy's face: a mask of increasingly complex emotions.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

40 EXT. CATHY'S TERRACE - TIGHT ON CATHY - NIGHT

40

looking out over the twinkling city, as a cool night breeze blows over her troubled face...

CATHY

Today... all day, I walked. Everywhere. Down to the Village... across town. I went from river to river. Like I was looking for something. I don't know... I felt so disconnected from everything around me. The people... the city...

standing close, regarding Cathy with increasing concern.

VINCENT

All part of the loss you're
feeling...

Cathy turns to Vincent, a sudden wave of helplessness
rising within her.

CATHY

I feel like I'm losing myself.

VINCENT

Catherine, I promise... your pain
will pass... in time.

CATHY

I just want to breathe again...

Vincent pulls back a little, so that they are facing one
another. His voice is at once firm and compassionate.

VINCENT

Then you must allow yourself the
time to mourn.

CATHY

I can't. Not here. Not where
there are so many memories...

VINCENT

Of your father...?

CATHY

Of a life that isn't mine anymore.
A place that's completely empty
for me.

VINCENT

It may seem that way now...

CATHY

(shakes her head)
There's nothing here for me,
Vincent. I know that.

Cathy takes a patient breath to gather her thoughts, to try
and help Vincent understand.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

When my father saw you, I felt...
this incredible release. It was
as though I'd never really
understood the weight of our
secret...

VINCENT

(understanding)

Until it was no longer a secret.

CATHY

And now it doesn't matter. Even
if I could, there's nobody I'd
want to tell.

VINCENT

Catherine...

CATHY

I didn't know if this time would
ever come. Or if I would ever
feel so certain. But you know
it's something I've always
wanted...

VINCENT

(unable to deny the
truth of this)

Yes...

CATHY

Well now I'm asking you. It's
not easy...

Cathy steps closer to Vincent, regarding him with love,
speaking with an undeniably clear-minded conviction...

CATHY

(imploring)

You know me, Vincent. You know
what I'm feeling. So if you can't
trust my words, then trust your
own heart.

(beat)

I want to live below.

As the awesome implications of her request wash over them
both...

CATHY

I want to live in your world.

(CONTINUED)

Vincent's eyes brim with a complex of emotions, utterly overwhelmed. From the moment he met Catherine, this has been his secret, impossible hope. He finds himself nodding slowly, his brimming eyes never straying from her...

VINCENT
(softly)
Then we must try.

And on the weight of this monumental decision, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

42 INT. CATHERINE'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

42

Over the syncopated sounds of an overhead subway train and the distant tapping of pipes, CAMERA PANS this small chamber, which should have a half-furnished feeling... a simple writing desk upon which lies a hatbox... a single leather suitcase beside a patchwork-covered bed crowded with all manner of ribbon-wrapped gifts and folk-art trinkets...

CATHY (O.S.)

I can't believe all these presents...

FINDING Catherine as she closes the top drawer of a dresser, then taking from the dresser top -- also piled with gifts -- what looks like a foot-long brass tube. She is clothed now in a fashion combining both her topside wardrobe and tunnel garb.

CATHY

(smiling)

This is from Mouse...

43 VINCENT

43

standing just inside the entrance to the chamber, as Catherine moves to hand him the brass tube.

VINCENT

Ah... one of his famous kaleidoscopes.

CATHY

(emphatic)

Tube of colors...

She extends a give-it-back-to-me hand. Vincent smiles as he passes the kaleidoscope back to her.

CATHY

He was very specific about that.

VINCENT

Mouse and the others welcome the chance to return even some of the kindness you've shown them. Everyone is very excited that you've chosen to live among us.

(CONTINUED)

Catherine smiles as she raises the kaleidoscope to her eye, pivoting playfully toward Vincent.

44 CATHY'S POV (MATTE)

44

a rotating, multi-colored, almost cubist vision of Vincent's face.

45 RESUME SCENE

45

CATHY
What about you?

As Catherine lowers the kaleidoscope to Vincent's silence. It's obviously a very emotional question. And when Vincent finally answers, it is from the deepest, most tender part of his soul.

VINCENT
It's something I never dared to dream.

Catherine's acknowledging smile is tempered by their mutual knowledge of incomplete and unspoken feelings.

VINCENT
It's late. You should sleep.

As he turns to leave...

CATHY
Vincent --

Vincent stops and looks back at her. The long moment between them is strangely tentative, yet charged. It seems as though she is about to say something more, but then she thinks better of it.

CATHY
Goodnight...

VINCENT
Goodnight.

And he is gone. Cathy stares after him... before turning to her bed. She sits and removes her shoes, then swings her legs up onto the bed... lying there, thinking about what has just happened.

DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 46

Stark, tilting shadows separate the darkness from itself. CAMERA MOVES IN on Vincent as he tosses about in his sleep, as we FLASH INTERCUT with the following, also MOVING CLOSER IN on these dream-images. (NOTE: these should be highly stylized, non-literal images; perhaps negative process.)

47 A) A YOUNG WOMAN'S BACK 47

her laced blouse undone, exposing much of her bare back. Movement. Heavy breathing, sounds of passion. Rolling downward...

48 B) REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSER 48

Continuous movement and sounds. Only a fraction of the woman's upturned face and bare neck visible... even that visible fragment obscured by a broad shoulder and a tumbling mane of blonde hair. Vincent's hair. Rolling...

49 C) THE WOMAN'S BACK 49

Exposed even more as the movements and sounds grow louder. Vincent's hands climb INTO FRAME, pressing hard into the soft flesh...

50 D) THE WOMAN'S BACK 50

Crescendoing movement and sound as the hands dig deeper, then part, blood squeezing up on the woman's naked skin in two sets of gruesome claw marks: then a long frenzied SCREAM, as:

51 ECU - VINCENT (REAL TIME) 51

Heaving breaths. His eyes spring open, although only one is visible from this angle: a window of panic illuminated by a triangular slash of ambient light. As CAMERA RISES SLOWLY...

DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY 52

Father watches as Vincent paces before him, agitated, profoundly troubled.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

Surely you considered this before
bringing her down here to live
--?

Vincent stops to pick up a statuette of the goddess Venus,
hefting its weight.

FATHER

You remember what happened. The
darkness and the pain it brought
upon all of us...

VINCENT

That was a long time ago.

FATHER

-- Not so long that you've
forgotten...

VINCENT

Sometimes, Father... memory is
selective. Merciful.

(then, placing down the
statuette)

I believed the rage... all those
feelings long dead. Part of
another life. A life before
Catherine.

FATHER

They are part of you, still...

VINCENT

Part of me...

FATHER

Before, there was a balance...
a safety in the distance between
you. Now...

Father's voice trails off as he shakes his head, fearfully
uncertain.

VINCENT

(finishing, half-choked)

Now I risk tipping that balance,
I know, Father...

FATHER

Have you told her anything?

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

No.

FATHER

Perhaps you should...

VINCENT

(torn)

How can I? Catherine needs to be here now. And I need to be here for Catherine.

After a moment, Vincent bows his head, and Father -- seeing his shame and despair -- rises and moves to Vincent, clasping his shoulders, steadying him.

VINCENT

I'm afraid, Father...

Vincent looks up slowly, his eyes glistening.

VINCENT

I've never felt so afraid.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 INT. CATHY'S CHAMBER - DAY

53

Cathy stirs... and awakens -- at first disoriented. She lifts up on an elbow, locating herself. A tea service rests on the night stand. As she swings her legs over, feet touching the floor, GEOFFREY enters, hefting a large kettle of steaming water.

GEOFFREY

Good morning.

CATHY

Morning, Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY

Vincent wanted me to ask if you needed anything. Do you need anything?

CATHY

(smiling)

Some hot water, maybe.

Geoffrey crosses to the night stand, Cathy lifts open the tea pot, Geoffrey pours, using both hands.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

CATHY

Thanks.

As Geoffrey begins to leave...

CATHY

Geoffrey... where's Vincent?

GEOFFREY

Down in the lower tunnels, working
on the new chambers. He said if
you want him --

CATHY

No, no. I'm fine.

Geoffrey hesitates.

CATHY

What is it?

GEOFFREY

I'm sorry about your father.

CATHY

Me too.

Shyly, Geoffrey turns away and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 LATER

54

The hat box is open on a small writing table. Three or four rubber-banded bundles of letters and an empty tea cup lie beside it. CAMERA ADJUSTS to include Cathy, who sits on a high-backed chair, reading an old letter to her father. Occasionally, her lips will tug up into a smile, or her eyes will frown or squeeze shut in embarrassment. She finishes with this letter, and breaks open a new bundle, glancing at a few, before finding the one she's looking for. She settles back, begins to read... Over this:

CATHY'S VOICE

"Dear Dad, It's only been six
hours since you left. We made
my bed, put away my clothes, and
then said goodbye. Was it really
my idea to go away to boarding
school? I miss you already.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT. TUNNELS

55

Cathy steers down a long, darkened tunnel toward a glowing light. She passes FAMILIAR FACES, who smile or wave to her in greeting from the shadows. Over this

CATHY'S VOICE

My roommates' name is Hilary Fowler. She's okay. She's asleep now, and I'm writing by flashlight. Everything about her is pink. Her sheets are pink, her comforter is pink, her notebooks are pink. She took down the curtains in our room and put up pink ones.

Cathy smiles at the memory, passing by the CAMERA.

DISSOLVE TO:

56 INT. CHAMBER OF THE FALLS

56

Meditative, Cathy sits alone in a hushed section of the chamber. The final paragraph of her letter echoes in her brain.

CATHY'S VOICE

After you left today, I started thinking about mom. I know she always wanted me to come to school here, just like her. And I already signed up for the Debate Club and the Circle Voice. Field Hockey practice starts tomorrow. I don't know how she did it all. She was incredible. You told me not to feel any pressure. I'm trying not to. Right now, all I feel is scared. I love you, and can't wait to come home and see you agin. Love, Cathy."

As the last syllables fade from Cathy's memory, she gazes up to find Vincent standing over her.

CATHY

Vincent...

Vincent lowers himself to sit beside her. An intangible moment -- a silent repairing of their hearts -- passes between them, before:

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

You know, my most intense memory of him is an imagined one...

Vincent's look implores her to continue.

CATHY

I see him sitting beside my mother when she died...

VINCENT

You were only ten years old.

CATHY

I dreamt about it almost every night. I was trying so hard to understand...

VINCENT

And you had this image of him in your mind?

CATHY

(nods)

Afterwards, when they'd taken her away, I went into her room. A chair was pulled up near the bed...

(beat)

I always imagine him sitting there, resting his head beside her on the white pillow.

Cathy interrupts her own reverie:

CATHY

I hardly slept last night.

A tiny window of pain in Vincent's eyes is all that betrays his own restless night...

VINCENT

Geoffrey said you were awake very early.

CATHY

He was so sweet...

VINCENT

And Mary said she saw you in the passage near the Whispering Gallery.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

Cathy smiles warmly.

CATHY

They're watching me... for you,
aren't they?

VINCENT

Not just for me. You're part of
all of us now. People are
concerned...

CATHY

I spent the entire morning by
myself...

(realizing)

And somehow, I didn't feel alone.

VINCENT

You're never alone here.

CATHY

I'm beginning to understand how
wonderful that is.

VINCENT

Yes.

CATHY

Vincent... my father is gone, and
my life is changed. I'm grieving,
but I'm not an invalid...

VINCENT

(understanding)

You want to give...

CATHY

I want to help. I want to be
productive here. Let me do
something useful.

ON Vincent, smiling in awe and admiration, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

57 INT. CEMENT TUNNEL - DAY

57

Sunlight spills through a cellar door somewhere in a downtown food market, as wood crates and cartons filled with fruits, vegetables, grains, etc. are passed from the world above to the world below, along a bucket-brigade line of tunnel denizens. There's a lot of high energy and good feeling among the people as we FOLLOW a heaping crate of cabbages along the line...

CATHY (O.S.)

I forgot how great it feels to do physical work.

CAMERA FINDS Catherine and William passing on the crates.

WILLIAM

(grousing, a little breathless)

Easy for you to say.

CATHY

Come on, William: it's good for you.

WILLIAM

Ten years and a hundred pounds ago, maybe...

Just then, Geoffrey snags an apple from a heaping crate held by William...

WILLIAM

Hey!

GEOFFREY

(running off)

I'll start cutting up stuff for the soup, okay?

WILLIAM

(calling after him)

Get back here! We're not done with this yet!

But Geoffrey's already out of sight. William shakes his head, peeved. Cathy smiles... then, suddenly, her smile vanishes.

58 HER POV

58

A half-dozen people ahead of her is Charles Chandler, a link on the chain, passing a crate.

59 RESUME CATHY 59

agog, frozen in wonder. But her hesitation causes a momentary jam, as William impatiently holds forth the next crate.

WILLIAM
Catherine?

Catherine passes several crates, then glances back up...

60 HER POV 60

It isn't her father after all... just a white haired man roughly his age.

61 RESUME CATHY 61

as she loses herself in the work, still spooked.

CUT TO:

62 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 62

An elegant candleabra burns, fighting back the darkness, as Vincent writes in his leather-bound diary. His agitation reflected in his eyes and voice.

VINCENT'S VOICE
Our world sleeps... and she is
near. I can feel her sadness.
I should go to her... Why do I
hesitate? Can fearful images and
memory so rule my present action?
And imagination create despair?
As long as she is here, I must
live moment by moment. I must
remind myself: I was only a boy...
I was only a boy...

DISSOLVE TO:

63 INT. CATHY'S CHAMBER - SAME TIME 63

ALMOST BLACK in here. CAMERA SLOWLY PANS the shadowed chamber -- the empty bed, the writing table, the high-backed chair -- as the SOUNDS of gentle sobbing grow more and more distinct...

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Finally, CAMERA FINDS Cathy sitting on the floor against an alcove wall. She's looking straight ahead. Tears dark-stain her cheeks. She makes no effort to wipe them away, at last allowing her grief to convulse through her, to carry her deeper towards her pain. HOLD.

CUT TO:

64 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - SAME TIME

64

Vincent continues to write in his diary.

VINCENT'S VOICE

... And what is my fear compared to her loss? Yet it builds in me, like a tide -- rising to drown all else out...

(then; urgent)

She needs me. I must go to her.

Vincent rises from the writing table and exits.

CUT TO:

65 OUTSIDE CATHY'S CHAMBER

65

MOVING with Vincent as he presses down the DIM passage, some inexorable force drawing him towards Cathy, no matter what the consequence. He doesn't break stride, turning into:

66 INT. CATHY'S CHAMBER - VINCENT'S POV - NIGHT

66

As if waiting for him, Cathy sits up in bed, her throat tight and the tears still coming. When she speaks his name, other suffering sounds are held back, in abeyance...

CATHY

Vincent...

67 ANOTHER ANGLE

67

Vincent pulling toward her... until suddenly he's there, sitting beside her on the bed, and she's sinking into his arms, sobbing...

CATHY

I can't stop crying...

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

VINCENT

Then cry... I'm here.

And she does, powerfully releasing, her whole body caved in to the pain... shaking, heaving, lost... Vincent can only hold onto her.

CATHY

Don't leave me... Don't ever leave me.

VINCENT

I'm not leaving...

And they hold onto one another.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

68 LATER

68

Reclined, asleep in each other's arms, facing each other. A long moment... before Cathy stirs, dreaming. Vincent's eye springs open, uneasy, as Cathy stretches her length against him. He tenses... She turns away on her side -- her back to him. Vincent is motionless.

DISSOLVE TO:

69 LATER

69

Same position. Cathy asleep. Vincent awake. Gently, noiselessly, he pulls away from her and stands. He looks down at her sleeping form for a long regretful beat... before he bows his head, and softly leaves the chamber.

70 RESUME Cathy, tossing once, a hand reaching out to feel Vincent's absence. Groping... And then suddenly awakening...

70

CATHY

Vincent? Vincent?

She fumbles on the night table for a wooden match, strikes it, and lights a candle. Vincent is gone, but the warm glow soothes her... and she settles back, into her mountain of pillows. Then she notices him.

71 HER POV - ACROSS THE CHAMBER

71

The apparation of her father sitting in the shadows, cross-legged in an armchair. A golden halo appears about him. On his nose, he's wearing the large red clown's ball.

72 RESUME SCENE

72

Cathy sits forward, incredulous...

CATHY

Dad?

CHARLES

Don't laugh...

CATHY

What?!

CHARLES

Don't laugh, don't laugh...

CATHY

Dad, would you take that ridiculous nose off? What are you doing here?

CHARLES

I'm trying to make you laugh.

CATHY

Well, I'm not laughing.

Charles is hurt by his lack of success.

CATHY

(contrite)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean --

CHARLES

(removing the nose)

That's all right. It never worked much after you were about thirteen anyway.

Cathy is still having trouble believing this.

CATHY

Dad... are you okay?

CHARLES

Me? Sure, I'm fine. Why?

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Well, for one thing, you're dead.
We buried you six days ago.

CHARLES

Oh, that. I wouldn't worry about
that. I'm fine.

(then)

I've seen your mother. She says
hello.

CATHY

Mom? How is she?

CHARLES

Fine, fine... Young, I'm afraid.
Tell you the truth, things are
a little bit awkward between us.

Cathy smiles at his honesty.

CATHY

Dad... I've missed you so much.

CHARLES

I've missed you too.

CATHY

These last few days... I've felt
your presence so strongly.

CHARLES

I've been near. That's what grief
is. Soon I'll move farther away.

CATHY

(protesting)

No...

CHARLES

Don't worry. It's all right.
It's necessary. And I understand
so much more about you now. What
you have is a rare thing...

CATHY

You mean, with Vincent?

CHARLES

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

I wish I could have told you about him sooner.

CHARLES

In the hospital, that was soon enough.

CATHY

So you did see him... and understand him?

CHARLES

I was moved that you brought him.

Cathy is overcome by this news, carried to a deeper sadness.

CATHY

Dad... sometimes it's so painful, I can hardly bear it.

CHARLES

I know.

CATHY

Do you think I've done the right thing?

CHARLES

By giving up your life above?
Moving below?

Cathy nods. Charles is thoughtful for a long beat.

CHARLES

Do you remember, after we lost your mother, you always wanted to go to the Park?

CATHY

I wanted to climb trees...

CHARLES

Almost every Saturday. And I would watch you. Sometimes you would be very bold and climb very high... and then you'd look down at me.

CATHY

You were always smiling...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

I'll tell you a secret. Inside my heart was pounding with the two words I wanted to call out but did not: "Don't fall." I was so worried about you and so proud at the same time.

(beat)

You wanted to climb trees, and somehow I knew I had to let you.

Just then, a Grandfather Clock in an adjoining passageway begins to chime: four times, four o'clock. Charles checks his watch to make sure. He rises to his feet.

CHARLES

I've stayed too long.

CATHY

Dad, please --

CHARLES

I can't. Goodbye, Cathy.

As he starts out, a strong wind suddenly exhales from the chamber, extinguishing the candle, leaving Cathy in COMPLETE DARKNESS.

CATHY

(calling out)

Dad? ... Dad?

And we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

73 INT. CATHERINE'S CHAMBER - LATER 73

Catherine gets out of bed, still in her sleeping garments, and leaves the chamber...

74 INT. TUNNELS - MOVING 74

with Cathy as she steers upward through the tunnels.

DISSOLVE TO:

75 INT. CENTRAL PARK DRAINAGE DUCT - DAY 75

as Cathy emerges from the iron gate, into this threshold separating the two worlds, now empty. Cathy moves to the mouth of the tunnel section, through which the broad glow of dawn light spills and colors her in orange. She steps into the light...

76 OUTSIDE DRAINAGE DUCT 76

Distant sounds of the waking city bleed in. She stands there a very long time, listening, observing with renewed wonder the world she has left behind. Then, she turns and descends back into the earth, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

77 INT. CHAMBER OF THE FALLS (MATTE) - DAY 77

Cathy sits alone on the ledge, thinking...

78 ANGLE TO INCLUDE VINCENT 78

as he enters, stopping to watch her for a long moment before approaching.

VINCENT

It's a cold morning...

She turns to him, as he removes his cloak and covers her shoulders.

CATHY

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

He sits beside her, and together they look out over the magnificent cataract...

VINCENT

I came to your chamber to wake you...

CATHY

I was walking...

(beat)

I watched the dawn come up over the Park.

VINCENT

As a boy, I did the same. Nearly every day. To remind me...

CATHY

Of what?

VINCENT

That there was a sun... That there was a color called green. That there was a life and an energy beyond these tunnels and chambers.

(beat)

To remind me of how beautiful another world could be...

CATHY

It's beautiful here too, Vincent. More beautiful...

VINCENT

For me... this was all I would ever know. I had to learn to see the beauty here...

CATHY

(understanding)

Because you had no choice.

VINCENT

Even the moan of a distant subway car became the voice of what I could never have... of what I could never be.

CATHY

But you learned...

VINCENT

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

Cathy drops her gaze, struggling...

CATHY
I don't know, Vincent. I don't
know what to do.

VINCENT
You do know.

Cathy raises her eyes to Vincent's. A pure communication passes between them. All that's left is the great difficulty of words.

CATHY
I'm sorry...

VINCENT
Don't be sorry. We both knew.
We've always known... your life
is above.

CATHY
I feel like I've failed.

VINCENT
We haven't failed.
(then)
What you needed here was the time
and the chance to heal. What you
needed most was --

CATHY
(overriding)
What I needed most was you.

A long moment as Vincent regards her with deepening love.

VINCENT
I will miss being so close.

Then:

CATHY
Vincent... do you think someday?

VINCENT
Someday, perhaps...
(then)
Come, I'll help you prepare for
your journey above.

Vincent is about to push himself up to stand when Cathy stops him.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY
Can't we stay? Just for a little
while...

Vincent relaxes with the knowledge that there's no hurry.
And as he settles back with Cathy for a few last stolen
moments...

DISSOLVE TO:

79 INT. CATHY'S SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

79

Vincent sets down Cathy's suitcase and hat box as they come
to the jagged brick threshold... and she turns to face
Vincent.

CATHY
I'm a little scared...

VINCENT
I know.

CATHY
Isn't that strange?

VINCENT
No...
(then)
But I think your coming home would
have made your father very happy.

CATHY
(a secret smile)
I think so too...

They embrace one another fully... and as they part, regard
one another with a lingering sense of incompleteness.
Then, Catherine picks up her suitcase and hat box and steps
through the hole, leaving

80 VINCENT

80

alone, longing but unable to follow...

81 HIS POV

81

Just as Cathy is about to disappear into the dusty light of
her world, she stops and turns. She sets down the suitcase
and the hat box and walks back toward him.

82 ANOTHER ANGLE

82

Cathy steps through the jagged hole, right up to Vincent, regarding him closely -- and with certainty -- moving closer to him now, her hands lifted, almost framing his face... as she kisses him. It is not a sexual kiss; rather, one of ineffable gratitude, lasting only for a second or two. And Vincent accepts the kiss stoically, his initial surprise overcome by an instant understanding. But even as they part, his face becomes a mask of wonder...

CATHY

Thank you, Vincent.

They regard one another now, enjoying the still, silent aftermath with a feeling of tremendous release and residual awe... and of unexplored possibilities, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

83 EXT. D.A.'S OFFICE - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

83

As the CAMERA PANS UP to the 18th floor...

JOE (OVER)

You don't have to do this, you know --

84 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

84

Cathy stands before Joe's desk. She seems refreshed, but he's still wary...

CATHY

I know.

JOE

Escobar's been handling things just fine. Gave her a chance to flex some muscle for a change.

CATHY

Good for Escobar. What about me?
(off his continued doubt)

Joe: I want to come back to work.

Joe considers this, scrutinizing her even more closely.

JOE

You sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

84

CATHY
I'm sure.

JOE
Really?

CATHY
Really.

After a beat, he nods.

JOE
Okay.

CATHY
(a wide smile)
Great.

Joe can't help smiling either as he shakes his head...

JOE
Can I be honest with you?

CATHY
Always.

JOE
Escobar's been sinking... fast.
Whyn't you go save her before she
drowns. The O'Neill case is a
real --

CATHY
(overriding)
Can it wait till after lunch?

JOE
What?

CATHY
If it's all the same to you,
there's something I have to do
first.

Joe doesn't know what to make of her odd request, but he's too glad that she's back to question it any further.

JOE
Sure...

She smiles once again, warming Joe's heart, before turning to leave.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY - TO ESTABLISH (STOCK) 85

A quiet tree-lined street on the Upper East Side.

86 INT. BROWNSTONE - BASEMENT - DAY 86

A bare light bulb switches on, revealing a steep staircase. Cathy ENTERS FRAME, descending the stairs into a small musty room jammed with stuff: stacks and stacks of magazines, old furniture and paintings covered with dust, a bag of golf clubs, a naval uniform in a clear plastic bag hanging from a hook in the concrete wall, a deflated basketball, etc. The true remains of what Charles Chandler called his life. Cathy stands in reverence for a moment, her eyes scanning this shrine to the past...

Finally, she crosses to a cluster of cardboard boxes in one corner. She starts with one on the floor, opening it and searching its contents -- a collection of old blazers and coats. She moves onto another box, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

87 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY 87

The sky is singing it's so clear, the wind is gentle and cold, and the birds are awake in the trees. In a long coat and scarf, her heart on the rise, Cathy breezes along the flagstone path. She knows exactly where she's going...

Veering off the path, and up a grassy slope, she arrives at the base of a tall and powerful oak tree. She rocks her head back and looks up through the branches, newly budding with Spring leaves. She shrugs her coat off, letting it fall to the ground, and unwinds her scarf. And raising her hand to the first branch, she begins to climb...

88 AT THE DRAINAGE DUCT 88

Vincent arrives. He can't see her, but he can feel the exhilaration in her spirit... He wants to be close.

89 RESUME CATHY 89

climbing high through the branches... and finally finding a safe perch.

90 VINCENT 90
moves from out of the shadows, a step into the sunlight. He looks up, as if sensing her presence high above the Park.

91 NEW ANGLE - WITH CATHY 91
sitting in the branches, breathing hard from exertion. She gazes around her in wonder. She hasn't done this since she was a kid. She tilts her head to look way down at the ground.

CATHY
Don't worry, dad. I won't fall.
I won't fall.

Then, she reaches into her pocket, and in a closed fist reveals the clown's nose. She regards it in her open palm... and finally places it on her own nose. It sits there for a moment -- before a glorious smile blossoms on her lips.

92 VINCENT 92
also smiles.

93 RESUME CATHY 93
opening her arms wide, heavenward... She throws her head back and begins, ever so gently, to laugh -- a gift to her father. And as the CAMERA PULLS BACK, her laughter deepening with joy and hope, reaffirming life, we:

FADE OUT

THE END