

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"The Reckoning"

Written by

Howard Gordon & Alex Gansa

Directed by

Ken Koch

WITT/THOMAS PRODUCTIONS

846 N. Cahuenga Blvd.

Bldg. C

Hollywood, CA 90038

(213) 466-6171 - Hollywood, CA

(213) 583-1630 - Vernon, CA

FIRST DRAFT

November 27, 1989 (Goldenrod)

November 17, 1989 (Green)

November 16, 1989 (Yellow)

November 15, 1989 (Pink)

November 14, 1989 (Blue)

November 10, 1989

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"The Reckoning"

CHARACTERS

VINCENT
FATHER
JOE MAXWELL
DIANA BENNETT

MARY
OLIVIA
LAURA
REBECCA
WINSTON BURKE
JESSICA WEBB
JIMMY FABER
DARRYL
LEWIS WINDHAM
GREGORY
DEBORAH
SUSAN
KEN
ANDREA
MALE REPORTER
FEMALE REPORTER
CHILD

EXTRAS

TWO UNIFORMED COPS
HUSTLERS
OLD MEN
TUNNEL DENIZENS
HELPERS
LUKE
PHOTOGRAPHERS
FORENSIC TEAM
CORONER'S GUYS
TWO MEDICAL EXAMINERS
GUESTS
VALET
ADVISORS (TWO WOMAN, SIX MEN)
TWENTY REPORTERS

NOTE: PAUL HAS BEEN CHANGED TO ANDREA

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"The Reckoning"

SETS

INTERIOR

VARIOUS TUNNELS (N)
CHAMBER OF THE WINDS (MATTE) (N)
CHAMBER OF THE FALLS (N,D)
FATHER'S CHAMBER (N,D)
VINCENT'S CHAMBER (D,N)
L. WINDHAM GALLERY (D)
DA'S OFFICE (D,N)
-Joe's office
-Corridor
JESSICA'S SUITE (N)
-bedroom
-livingroom
THE WELL (D)
PRESS BRIEFING ROOM (D)
DIANA'S LOFT (N)
TRIBECA APARTMENT BLDG. (N)
-Winston's apartment
-Bldg. corridor
GREGORY'S APARTMENT (N)

EXTERIOR

MANHATTAN AERIAL (N) (STOCK)
DIANA'S ROOFTOP (N)
CHESS PARK (N)
PLAZA HOTEL (N,D) (STOCK)
STREETS OF N.Y. (N)
ALLEY (N)

NOTE: EXT. CENTRAL PARK (N) HAS BEEN OMITTED.
INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER (N) HAS BEEN ADDED.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"The Reckoning"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MANHATTAN - AERIAL (STOCK) - NIGHT 1

MOVING THROUGH the city, which sparkles like a constellation, full of promise...

1A INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 1A

Over the rising SOUNDS of car horns and traffic, we hear the sound of a FAUCET RUNNING...

CAMERA PANS

this dark, claustrophobic studio. Even the sharp, slanting shadows can't conceal the peeling paint and water-damaged walls. The camera slowly passes the ratty window curtains blowing inward... a straight-backed chair strewn with dirty laundry... a rusted hotplate on a counter...

CAMERA HOLDS (CU)

on the sink -- its porcelain skin veined and chipped -- where two large hands rub vigorously, rinsing off the soap under the streaming water. One of the hands shuts off the water, then reaches for a nearby towel. A thorough dry-off. Then the hands reach for a pair of black leather gloves... slipping on one, then the other with a ritual-like precision. CAMERA FOLLOWS as the unseen person moves slowly, meticulously to the counter... upon which sits a beautifully crafted ceramic urn, strangely out of place here. The gloved hands grasp the urn, lifting it almost reverently, as we:

CUT TO:

1B INT. DIANA'S LOFT - NIGHT 1B

Diana is sitting thoughtfully in front of her computer... thinking and typing... when a TAPPING draws her attention upward, and:

RACK FOCUS

to reveal Vincent at the window above her computer.

1C DIANA

1C

can't conceal her excitement and delight at seeing him there.

DIANA

Vincent...

As she rises and moves quickly to the stairwell...

CUT TO:

2 EXT. DIANA'S ROOFTOP - NIGHT

2

Vincent is standing at the edge of the roof as Diana emerges from the doorway, and approaches him... until they are standing close to one another.

DIANA

I was hoping you'd come...

VINCENT

I wanted to see you... to thank you... for everything.

DIANA

It's over now...

Vincent considers this.

DIANA

He's dead. Gabriel is dead.

VINCENT

I know...

(then)

For so long his shadow has fallen between us...

DIANA

Standing in the same room with him... suddenly everything got very simple...

VINCENT

Clear...

Diana nods.

DIANA

I knew exactly what I was thinking.

(beat)

I knew who I was.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Diana regards him as if for the first time... but her awe
is tempered with appreciation.

DIANA

But when I try remembering...
it's almost as if it never really
happened.

VINCENT

Memory can be a forgiving thing...

DIANA

But I don't want to forget.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

VINCENT

Sometimes... it is best to forget.

DIANA

I don't think I believe that.

They regard one another for a long moment. A deep current of understanding running between them.

VINCENT

Diana...

He pauses, then:

VINCENT

There is something I have kept from you. A secret I couldn't share before now...

A long beat. Off Diana's expectant look...

VINCENT

About where I live... and those I live among...

DIANA

(tentative)

I know about Jacob...

VINCENT

Yes. But there are many others... good people whose lives depend upon the secret of where and how we live.

DIANA

I've tried imagining, but...

She trails off, shakes her head.

VINCENT

It is a more wonderful place than you could imagine... because it is real.

Diana is transported by his words... by the quiet power in his voice.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

VINCENT

Ours is a world woven of the most
delicate threads... Our only
protection from those who would
threaten us... is trust.

*
*
*
*

DIANA

You can trust me.

VINCENT

I know...

DIANA

Tell me more about your world...

VINCENT

No...

After a beat, Vincent extends his hand to her...

VINCENT

Let me show you...

And as she takes his hand, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

3

A subway train RUMBLES overhead, as Diana descends an iron
rung ladder leading from the cement tunnels above... from
which a dusty light filters downward. Vincent helps her
off the last step... into the rock tunnel. The train sound
subsides... giving way to the syncopated TAPPING of the
pipes. Diana looks at Vincent before they continue...

DISSOLVE TO:

4 SEVERAL SHOTS

4

The PIPES continue to sound as we follow Vincent and Diana
deeper into the earth...

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

5

They head toward a soft light at the end of this section of tunnel. Diana looks at Vincent as they begin to hear the distant SOUND of RUSHING WIND...

CUT TO:

6 INT. CHAMBER OF THE WINDS (MATTE) - NIGHT
(FORMERLY: INT. WHISPERING GALLERY (MATTE) - NIGHT

6

Vincent and Diana descend the magnificent stairway which spans the chasm. As the wind whips and whines around them...

DIANA

Where are we?

VINCENT

The Chamber of the Winds.

DIANA

Who built this place?

VINCENT

No one knows...

Diana shakes her head...

DIANA

This is amazing...

DISSOLVE TO:

7 INT. CHAMBER OF THE FALLS (MATTE) - NIGHT

7

Diana and Vincent stand overlooking the magnificent waterfalls...

VINCENT

Its source remains a mystery...
but the water is pure...

DIANA

It's beautiful...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

VINCENT
(indicating)
Past that point, there is an
inlet where we used to swim as
children... We'd shed our clothes
and jump into the icy water...
but we could never stay in for
long...

Diana watches as Vincent remembers... then returns from the
memory...

VINCENT
Come...

DIANA
Where are we going?

VINCENT
Today is the Naming Ceremony...
for my son. It is why I wanted
you to be here...

DIANA
Naming Ceremony?

VINCENT
You'll see...

Diana smiles and turns to leave, Vincent following...

DISSOLVE TO:

8 EXT. CHESS PARK - NIGHT

8

Benches and pedestal chess boards demarcate this small
island, where hustlers and old men hunch over their games,
oblivious to the passing traffic. CAMERA PANS the scene...
FINDS one game as it comes to an end. DARRYL, a black
sixteen year old chess shark, traps the king of a sixty
year old man named WINSTON BURKE.

DARRYL
Mate.

Darryl slaps the time clock conclusively. Winston sits
there for a moment, stunned: he didn't see it coming.

WINSTON
Where'd you learn that?

(CONTINUED)

DARRYL
Where do you think?

WINSTON
I don't remember teaching you...

DARRYL
Apparently not.

Winston furrows his eyebrows.

WINSTON
So what do I owe you?

Darryl fishes out a small notepad from his jacket pocket, opens it to a page where figure after figure has been crossed off. He crosses off the latest figure, and as he scrawls in a new one...

DARRYL
Ten thousand, five hundred dollars...

Winston nods, unfazed by the astronomical figure, as Darryl closes the notepad.

WINSTON
Put it on the...

DARRYL
(overriding)
Put it on the tab... yeah, yeah, I know...
(then)
You up for another game?

Winston shakes his head, as he pushes himself up onto his feet...

WINSTON
Tomorrow night. I'll teach you a few new tricks.

DARRYL
Let me hold onto the clock?

WINSTON
Don't you remember? You won it from me last week...

Darryl smiles.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

DARRYL

Yeah, I guess I did.

They shake hands street-style, then Winston sets off down the street, wrapping his scarf one more time around his neck, plugging his hands into his jacket pockets.

9 ANOTHER ANGLE - LONG SHOT (POV)

9

CAMERA peeks out from behind a tree... watching Winston as he walks down the street... then starting to follow...

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

10

We have never seen so many people gathered here. Tunnel denizens and helpers... everyone who could possibly make it has come. Vincent stands, cradling his child. Beside him: Diana, Mary, and Father, who is addressing the hushed assembly...

FATHER

...Together, we have weathered a storm... a great storm which I feared might never pass. But finally, it did pass. After much sorrow and loss, the time of darkness has ended... bringing us to this day, allowing us this time of peace and rejoicing...

Father pauses, turning to Vincent, who now begins to speak, his voice etched with emotion.

VINCENT

Holding my son in my arms... I feel as though two lives have been given to me. No words can express the depth of my gratitude to each of you... to all of you... my family...

11 ANGLE

11

as Mary puts her arm around Diana's shoulders, hugging her...

DISSOLVE TO:

12 LATER

12

PANNING THE RAPT FACES

of the assembled group... old and young, each holding a gift or a lighted candle.

FATHER (O.S.)

It has been said that the child is the meaning of this life. The truth of that has never been more apparent to me than today... when we celebrate the child...

CAMERA FINDS FATHER

as he continues.

FATHER

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

Father turns to Vincent, who proudly addresses the group...

VINCENT

I have named my son Jacob.

Vincent turns to Father, who is beaming.

VINCENT

It is a good name...

As the CROWD begins to murmur and mull about, Father calls to them...

FATHER

In young Jacob's honor, William has prepared a king's feast in the Great Hall...

Some people begins to leave, while others converge upon Vincent with their gifts and congratulations.

13 ANGLE

13

OLIVIA carries her own son, LUKE, who's now over a year old, as she greets Diana...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

OLIVIA
Hello, Diana... I'm Olivia...
and this is Luke.

Diana smiles.

DIANA
Hi...

14 ANOTHER ANGLE

14

Father stops in the middle of a hello when he spots someone in the crowd...

15 HIS POV

15

A woman stands still in the midst of the bustle, looking directly at Father, a wonderful smile on her face. She is JESSICA WEBB, a stunning woman even -- or perhaps because she is in her late 40's. As Jessica starts toward him...

16 RESUME FATHER

16

whose incredulity gives way to a smile we've never seen before.

FATHER
Jessica...

17 ANOTHER ANGLE

17

as she comes up to him, accepting both of his hands into her own. They speak close to one another, as people are pushing in around them.

FATHER
How did you...?

JESSICA
(overlapping; with
genuine concern)
Sebastian told me everything...

Then, before the moment sinks into melancholy, Jessica brightens...

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA

But you said yourself a moment ago that it's over now. And you have a lot to be thankful for.

FATHER

Yes...

JESSICA

It was a beautiful ceremony, Jacob. But do you mind terribly if I call you grandpa?

Father smiles...

FATHER

You still haven't told me what you're doing here. The last I heard, you were in London.

JESSICA

That was five years ago.

FATHER

And we haven't seen one another since...

JESSICA

(overlapping)
Winterfest. 1972.

Father shakes his head...

FATHER

I don't care to do the arithmetic on that.

JESSICA

I wouldn't let you!

The two share a laugh... then something occurs to him.

FATHER

Will you join me at the feast?

JESSICA

I'd love to...

FATHER

We'd better hurry, or I'll miss my own toast...

As Father ushers her before him, through the crowd...

18 ANGLE - MARY

18

watches Father and Jessica pass without a word or a look.
On the twinge of pain that crosses her face...

CUT TO:

19 INT. TRIBECA APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT
(FORMERLY: EXT. TRIBECA APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT)

19

Winston is walking down a dark corridor... until he reaches
his door. He dips into his pocket for his key ring, and
is fumbling through his keys when he seems to sense
something. He glances over his shoulder...

20 ANGLE - STALKER'S POV

20

twenty feet away: Winston is looking off in the wrong
direction. As the Stalker pulls back behind the corner...

21 WINSTON

21

shrugs to himself and pushes the door inward. The door
slowly glides shut... and after a beat, a GLOVED HAND
reaches INTO FRAME, knocking on the door....

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

22

Diana and Vincent approach the rung ladder and the puddle
of light that streams down from above. Vincent looks
upward, as they wait for the SUBWAY TRAIN to pass
overhead... until there is only the rhythmic TAPPING of the
pipes. Vincent looks down to her...

VINCENT

This is where we began...

DIANA

Now I know how Alice must have
felt...

VINCENT

I'm sorry the Mad Hatter couldn't
attend the feast...

DIANA

I think Mouse was about all I
could've handled. Where does he
get all that energy?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

VINCENT

I suppose Mouse is a bit...
overanxious.

They share a tender smile... which soon becomes a tentative
silence. At length...

DIANA

...Thank you for making me feel
so welcome...

VINCENT

You felt welcome... because you
are welcome.

DIANA

I'm not sure what that means...

VINCENT

Whatever you wish it to mean.

Off Diana's continued uncertainty...

VINCENT

If ever you need a home or a place
to rest... these tunnels and
chambers will always be kept warm
for you by friends...

She looks up at Vincent... a tight line connecting them. *

DIANA

...When will I see you again?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

VINCENT
I don't know...

Diana nods with a vague sadness she can't quite identify.
Then:

DIANA
Goodbye, Vincent...

VINCENT
-- Goodbye...

She turns and begins to climb the rung ladder, into the
dusty light above... leaving Vincent alone in the
bittersweet light...

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

23

As Father and Jessica walk down this stretch of tunnel, he
is smiling at her story...

JESSICA
... Then we set out across the
Sinai desert, and my editor stuck
me in a jeep with the two most
obnoxious men you could imagine
-- a pair of blowhard
journalists who couldn't stop
bragging about winning this
prize and dodging bullets in
that war... when the rear tire
blew out. And would you
believe it: neither of these
heros knew how to put on the
spare! You should have seen
me, in the middle of the
desert, changing tires...

Father laughs...

FATHER
I'd like to have been there...
only I don't think I'd have been
much help.

JESSICA
For you, I would gladly have
changed that tire.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Father regards her appreciatively...

FATHER

It's good to see you again.

JESSICA

You too...

(then)

We used to write to each other.
For years...

FATHER

I keep all those letters...

A lingering look passes between them... as if over some sad secret that neither of them wish to utter.

JESSICA

Why did we ever stop?

FATHER

I don't know...

(beat)

But let's not allow another five years to pass between us without a word.

JESSICA

What about tomorrow?

FATHER

Tomorrow?

JESSICA

Why not?

As Father mulls it over...

FATHER

Actually, tomorrow would be wonderful. The children are giving a concert...

JESSICA

(overriding)

I meant above.

This stops Father...

JESSICA

My show opens tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

FATHER

Your show?

JESSICA

That's why I'm in town. The Windham Gallery is sponsoring a retrospective of my work. I'd like you to see it.

(playful, off Father's reluctance)

And there's no better way for you to find out what I've really been up to for all these years.

FATHER

(protesting)

Jessica...

JESSICA

Come on, Jacob. Stop thinking of reasons not to go...

Father's concern melts away in the heat of her charm. He even smiles...

FATHER

Okay, then. Tomorrow...

On Jessica's smile, we:

CUT TO:

24 INT. WINSTON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

24

A kettle is on the fire... steaming, not quite at a boil. Winston takes down two mugs from a cluttered shelf and, seeing that one is chipped, mutters to himself...

WINSTON

I'm always chipping these...

He scans the shelf for another mug but can't find one.

WINSTON

(shrugs to himself)

I'll just drink out of the other side. It won't kill me.

He places the mug onto the counter and speaks loudly over his shoulder...

WINSTON

I'm glad to hear you're doing better...

24A STALKER'S POV - PANNING

24A

the cluttered living room... the books... the mid-game chess board on the coffee table...

WINSTON (O.S.)

I know it hasn't been an easy time
for you.

As the O.S. KETTLE begins to WHISTLE, the CAMERA FINDS the kitchen doorway, through which Winston is partially visible. As the POV glides forward...

25 RESUME WINSTON IN THE KITCHEN

25

From the same shelf he takes down a tin cannister and fishes out two teabags, placing one in each mug. Still disturbed by the chip, he rubs his thumb over it, shakes his head. The STALKER'S SHADOW falls over Winston as he calls out, turning...

WINSTON

Tell me, do you take cream or
sugar...?

The last syllable is caught in his throat as the STALKER'S BLACK-GLOVED HANDS clamp powerfully around Winston's neck. Winston tries peeling away the choking fingers, but they are like iron. And as he sputters for air... then begins to sink downward... the CAMERA PANS to the SCREAMING KETTLE...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

26 INT. WINSTON'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - DAY 26
(FORMERLY: INT. WINSTON'S APARTMENT - DAY)

TWO UNIFORMED COPS move down the dreary hallway. CAMERA finds Joe at a window, looking out the dirty glass at the bright morning rush hour.

DIANA (O.C.)

Joe...

Joe pulls himself away from the normalcy outside to face Diana.

JOE

Thanks for coming...

DIANA

Thanks for giving me some time.
I needed it.

(beat)

What've we got?

JOE

Scary stuff.

He motions with his head into the next room.

JOE

Older guy, late sixties.
Strangled to death sometime last
night.

DIANA

Strangled how?

JOE

Bare hands, it looks like.
Apparently he let the killer in:
there was water on the stove...
and a couple of mugs with tea
bags...

DIANA

There's something else, Joe.
What?

JOE

Follow me.

Joe leads her

where the usual cast of characters does their grim work: photographers, a forensic team, the coroner's guys, etc. Beyond the kitchen two Medical Examiners crouch over a body bag. A fold-out gurney is set up against the wall. Joe calls out to a detective, a small acerbic man wearing tweed, JIMMY FABER, 45, who's talking football in the corner with one of the photographers.

JOE

Jimmy...

Jimmy checks over his shoulder.

JOE

Come over here a second.

Jimmy breaks from the photographer, approaches Joe and Diana.

JOE

Jimmy, this is --

JIMMY

Hiya, Bennett. Long time.

DIANA

Hi, Jimmy.

JIMMY

(to Joe)

Little early for the big guns...

He grins at Diana, playing at politeness.

JIMMY

Of course, we welcome your help, detective.

DIANA

(all business)

What've you found so far?

JIMMY

Wife is fine. Kids are fine.
Jimmy Jr. starts NYU next month.
You believe that? I got a kid
in college.

Diana smiles, regards him patiently. Jimmy smoothly shifts into professional gear.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY
(moving back to the
kitchen)
Over here is where it happened.
Scuff marks on the linoleum. Not
much of a struggle, I'd say,
judging by the glassware.

He indicates a set of glass dishes, intact, drying on a
rack near the sink.

JIMMY
Now it starts getting weird. The
guy drags the body across the room
and props him up against the wall.
Then he pulls up a chair, real
close, like he's having a
conversation with the deceased
or something. But listen to what
he does next...

He pauses for effect.

DIANA
What does he do next, Jimmy?

JIMMY
He plays Picasso. He paints the
guy's face with some kind of fine
white powder or dirt. Like a
death mask.

DIANA
Let me see...

Four quick steps bring them beside the gurney, where the
body now lies. The two MEs are about to wheel it out.

JIMMY
Guys... give the lady a peek.

One of the MEs zips down the bag and pulls apart the
plastic.

27 ANGLE - DIANA

27

as she reacts to what she sees O.C.

JIMMY
Work of art, eh?

CUT TO:

28 INT. WINSTON'S APARTMENT - BUILDING CORRIDOR - LATER 28

MOVING with Joe and Diana down the dreary hallway. Bare forty watt bulbs show the stains and wear in the carpet.

DIANA

I want to get in there as soon
as they're done. *

JOE

You think we're going to see this
happen again?

DIANA

I'd hate to call it...

JOE

But...

Diana shrugs and starts off. Joe stops her at the top
of the stairs. *

JOE

Diana...

DIANA

I know, Joe. This is the last
thing you need plastered all over
the papers for the next three
months.

JOE

(grateful)

Thanks.

Diana nods and starts down the stairs. Joe watches her
descend, before turning back towards the apartment.

CUT TO:

29 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

29

Vincent holds the child close.

VINCENT

No one can tell me,/ Nobody
knows,/ Where the wind comes
from,/ Where the wind goes./ It's
flying from somewhere/ As fast
as it can,/ I couldn't keep up
with it,/ Not if I ran.

As he speaks, the baby reaches up a tiny hand to touch Vincent's face. Vincent is overcome by the moment of tenderness... as Mary enters.

MARY

Vincent...

Vincent half turns to regard her.

VINCENT

Come in, Mary...

MARY

How is he?

VINCENT

Fearless... wonderful.

Mary approaches to look.

MARY

Such a miracle...

She regards Vincent for a long moment before speaking.

MARY

Vincent... we've had some
disturbing news from the world
above.

Vincent lays the child down in the antique crib, his full attention now with Mary.

VINCENT

What is it, Mary?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

One of our helpers has been murdered.

Vincent moves away from the crib as if to distance and protect the child from the news.

VINCENT

Who?

MARY

Winston.

VINCENT

Winston.

(remembering)

He lived with us once.

MARY

A long time ago. When you were still a small boy.

VINCENT

What has happened?

MARY

We don't know much yet. I've been trying to find Father.

VINCENT

Father is above.

MARY

(surprised)

Above?

VINCENT

With Jessica... to see her photographs...

Mary absorbs this information, trying to conceal her own feelings for Father, long neglected.

VINCENT

We should send word...

Mary hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

MARY

No. Don't burden him with it.
There's nothing he can do really.
Let him enjoy himself...

(then)

I'll see to the arrangements
myself.

VINCENT

Thank you, Mary.

Mary exits, Vincent looking after her concerned.

CUT TO:

30 INT. L. WINDHAM GALLERY - DAY
(FORMERLY: INT. WINDHAM GALLERY - DAY)

30

The show is still fifteen minutes away. Jessica leads Father through the empty gallery -- occasionally stopping to point out a particular photograph, a favorite. Presently they are standing before one of some gypsy children with the Eiffel Tower in the background.

JESSICA

When was the last time you were
in Paris, Jacob?

FATHER

Paris.

(smiles)

Truman was President the last
time I was in Paris.

Jessica laughs.

FATHER

Just after I graduated medical
school.

JESSICA

Happy time?

FATHER

(nodding)

Very happy time.

Jessica takes his hand.

JESSICA

And now?

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

Now?

JESSICA

Are you enjoying yourself now?

FATHER

Very much... Your photographs
are lovely.

Jessica looks into his eyes.

JESSICA

You're like a child, Jacob --
newborn into the world.

FATHER

Second childhood, I'm afraid.

JESSICA

No...

As LEWIS WINDHAM, 50, the fastidious gallery owner, pokes
his head around a partition, whispering.

LEWIS

Jessica... people...

Jessica looks at the gallery entrance, where indeed a few
guests are arriving.

JESSICA

I'll be right there, Lewis. Thank
you.

Lewis's head withdraws.

JESSICA

(conspiratorial)

There's an exit in back. What
do you think?

FATHER

Think about what?

JESSICA

Escape. Leaving.

FATHER

(protesting)

Jessica...it's your opening.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

JESSICA

I brought you here to see the pictures... not to subject you to a group of art hogs.

FATHER

(laughing)

A group of...

JESSICA

Hogs. Come on, let's get out of here.

She takes him by the arm, and like two kids they sneak out the back.

CUT TO:

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

31

Jimmy Faber paces before a seated Joe. Diana stands off to the side.

JOE

You're upset... because you're frustrated.

JIMMY

It's a load of crap. Psychics, palm readers...

(then)

No offense, Bennett.

DIANA

It's called behavioral criminology.

JIMMY

It's called the department losing confidence in the tried and true.

JOE

I'm not asking you to cave in, Jimmy. Just give Diana a chance.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

JIMMY

I haven't been on this thing
twelve hours. How is this
supposed to look for me?

JOE

That's why you're here: to
request Diana's help.

JIMMY

It's called politics...

DIANA

We're dealing with a psychopath,
Jimmy.

JIMMY

So what? I can't catch a
psychopath? What's a
psychopath anyway? So the guy
smears ash in their faces after
he kills them. In my book,
he's still a murderer.

*
*
*

JOE

(pleading)

Jimmy --

DIANA

Do we know for sure it was ash?

Jimmy nods his head, slowly cooling off.

JIMMY

That's what the lab says.

(beat)

I've got people on the street
checking trash can fires, fires
in open lots, taking samples...

DIANA

You're thinking the killer is
homeless.

JIMMY

Maybe...

DIANA

Any prints?

JIMMY

Nothing. The guy may have been
wearing gloves the whole time.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

DIANA

Did you dust the faucet in the kitchen?

JIMMY

Why?

DIANA

When he did his finger painting... maybe he took the gloves off... and maybe he washed his hands afterwards.

This makes logical sense to Jimmy.

JIMMY

(grudgingly)

I'll check that.

Long beat.

JOE

So, Jimmy, we sanguine on this?

JIMMY

Yeah, we're sanguine. But we're also gonna look stupid when it turns out to be a bum he invited in for a hot meal.

Jimmy exits, as Joe and Diana regard each other.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH (STOCK) 32

33 INT. JESSICA'S SUITE - NIGHT 33

ELLA is singing softly as CAMERA PANS... past the fire burning in the elegant hearth... past the candlelit table, the wax melted down halfway, the dessert china still on the table -- finally finding Father (coat draped across his arm) and Jessica standing at the open door, close to one another... *

FATHER

I had a wonderful time today.

JESSICA

I'm glad.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

FATHER

And tonight as well...

(beat)

... but it's late...

JESSICA

Two-thirty. It's early.

FATHER

I have a long way home.

Jessica regards him. *

JESSICA

You could always stay here... *

FATHER

(softly)

Jessica... *

JESSICA

The fire is still going... *

(then)

And there's still so much we
haven't talked about... *Father is torn by this invitation, considering its
implications... *

JESSICA

Don't you know, the streets are
dangerous after midnight?

Father can't help but smile... *

FATHER

Are they?

JESSICA

Very dangerous...

She reaches out with her hand, and gently pushes the door
closed... *

JESSICA

Come... let's sit by the fire... *

As the camera MOVES PAST them towards the crackling
FIRE... *

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

33A LATER - THE HEARTH

33A *

now a pile of smoldering ash...

JESSICA (O.S.)

Do you know what I hate most?

34
thru
37

OMITTED

34
thru
37

*

37A ANOTHER ANGLE

37A *

to reveal Father and Jessica snuggling before the fireplace... where they've been all night. Now, as the first gray light of day seeps into the room...

FATHER

(shakes his head)

Tell me what you hate most.

JESSICA

I hate this promise we all live with... that somehow, there's always tomorrow... when really, it's a terrible, unfair lie...

FATHER

I don't know. I think we're all entitled to a little self-deception...

JESSICA

In our youth, maybe...

Father isn't quite sure what to make of this.

FATHER

Are you happy, Jessica?

She thinks for a long moment, then regards him, point blank.

JESSICA

Are you?

FATHER

Right now, I'm happy.

JESSICA

But when you return below... to your life there. Will you be happy then?

This time Father doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

33A LATER - THE HEARTH

33A *

now a pile of smoldering ash...

JESSICA (O.S.)

Do you know what I hate most?

34
thru
37

OMITTED

34
thru
37

*

37A ANOTHER ANGLE

37A *

to reveal Father and Jessica snuggling before the fireplace... where they've been all night. Now, as the first gray light of day seeps into the room...

FATHER

(shakes his head)

Tell me what you hate most.

JESSICA

I hate this promise we all live with... that somehow, there's always tomorrow... when really, it's a terrible, unfair lie...

FATHER

I don't know. I think we're all entitled to a little self-deception...

JESSICA

In our youth, maybe...

Father isn't quite sure what to make of this.

FATHER

Are you happy, Jessica?

She thinks for a long moment, then regards him, point blank.

JESSICA

Are you?

FATHER

Right now, I'm happy.

JESSICA

But when you return below... to your life there. Will you be happy then?

This time Father doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

33A LATER - THE HEARTH

33A *

now a pile of smoldering ash...

JESSICA (O.S.)

Do you know what I hate most?

34
thru
37

OMITTED

34
thru
37

*

37A ANOTHER ANGLE

37A *

to reveal Father and Jessica snuggling before the fireplace... where they've been all night. Now, as the first gray light of day seeps into the room...

FATHER

(shakes his head)

Tell me what you hate most.

JESSICA

I hate this promise we all live with... that somehow, there's always tomorrow... when really, it's a terrible, unfair lie...

FATHER

I don't know. I think we're all entitled to a little self-deception...

JESSICA

In our youth, maybe...

Father isn't quite sure what to make of this.

FATHER

Are you happy, Jessica?

She thinks for a long moment, then regards him, point blank.

JESSICA

Are you?

FATHER

Right now, I'm happy.

JESSICA

But when you return below... to your life there. Will you be happy then?

This time Father doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

37A CONTINUED: (4)

37A

FATHER

I know...

Both of them are surprised to find themselves so suddenly *
in this position. And on the lingering look that passes *
between them... *

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

38 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

38

Vincent is kneeling beside the cradle as he covers his son with a blanket, smoothing the edges... when Father enters, still in his topside clothes. He moves to Vincent's side, speaking quietly...

FATHER

Pascal told me about Winston...

Vincent looks up at Father with a somber nod.

FATHER

Why wasn't I contacted? You knew where I was...

VINCENT

What could you have done?

Father falls silent, instantly remorseful for having questioned Vincent... who now straightens and moves off, leaving Father to look at the sleeping child.

VINCENT

Mary is arranging a memorial for tomorrow. She was hoping you'd say something...

FATHER

Of course...

A pause. Then:

VINCENT

How was your time with Jessica?

Father turns to regard Vincent, but doesn't say anything...

VINCENT

Father?

Father moves toward Vincent... then:

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

I'm not sure...

VINCENT

Tell me...

FATHER

-- I think we fell in love...
if such a thing is possible. I
don't know...

Father sits on the edge of Vincent's bed, grappling with his feelings.

FATHER

All I know is that I want to
be with her...

VINCENT

And she feels the same?

FATHER

Yes...

Vincent is happy for Father, but is trying to comprehend what this might mean.

FATHER

She's remarkable, Vincent. So
alive, so... willing to give
love... even to an old man like
me.

VINCENT

There isn't a man who better
deserves a woman's love.

Father smiles appreciatively.

FATHER

It's so strange, feeling like
this...

VINCENT

I understand...

But Father grows even more troubled and distant as something turns over in his mind. Vincent senses Father's anguish.

VINCENT

What is it, Father...?

Father rises, walking off... this is difficult.

VINCENT

Please...

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

FATHER

-- For Jessica... this could never be home. Living here would be impossible.

*

VINCENT

But you would go above?

*

FATHER

-- I don't know. I'm still trying to sort it out in my mind.

Father turns to him now, choked with conflicting emotions.

FATHER

There are so many things...

*

VINCENT

Father...

*

Vincent moves to Father...

*

VINCENT

If you were to leave here... for whatever reason... we would continue. This world would continue.

*

FATHER

But we've never actually made provisions...

*

VINCENT

Our strength is provision enough.

*

Father eases somewhat, as Vincent places a comforting hand on his shoulder.

*

VINCENT

Whatever path you choose... know that I will help you follow it...

*

But beneath his words of solidarity, Vincent is distraught over the prospect of Father leaving.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - NIGHT

39

Jimmy briefs Joe on the progress of the investigation, now five days old.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

JOE

Any luck with the print from the faucet?

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY

We only got six points off it.

(then)

It's good for comparison though.

JOE

Provided he's careless again.

JIMMY

Provided he kills again...

Joe ignores the implication.

JOE

What else?

JIMMY

The FBI lab has a sample of the ash. Apparently once something is burned it's hard to identify...

(then)

Where's Bennett? I thought she was going to be here.

JOE

She went back to the apartment.

JIMMY

(disbelief)

Again? She's been there the last five nights.

JOE

It's how she works.

JIMMY

Landlord's raising a stink.
Losing rent...

JOE

Tough.

Long beat.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

JIMMY

Just curious, Joe: this big wig
that killed Elliot Burch and Cathy
Chandler... this Gabriel. Was
it really Bennett...?

Joe regards him evenly.

JOE

Yeah, it was.

JIMMY

How'd she do it?

JOE

I don't know. She made some jumps
she never explained.

JIMMY

She shot the guy, right?

JOE

(after a beat)
Straight through the heart.

CUT TO:

40 INT. WINSTON'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

40

Diana stands before the door in the shadowed hallway. The
seal of the New York police department stares at her in
the face. She just stands there, transfixed. A long
frightening moment as she tries to assume the killer's
mindset..

When she finally speaks, her voice is low, hushed...

DIANA

Your hands were clean... You like
things clean, don't you? You
washed your hands before you got
here...

41 FIVE-SECOND-CUT - CLOSE ON - TWO LARGE HANDS

41

Work a bar of soap under a thin stream of water

42 RESUME DIANA

42

still immobile before the door.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

DIANA

Were your gloves on already? Or
did you put them on before you
knocked?

43 FIVE-SECOND-CUT - THE HANDS

43

jam, one by one, into a pair of tight black gloves.

44 RESUME DIANA

44

as she lifts her fist to knock once on the door. Off the
sharp SOUND:

CUT TO:

45 INT. WINSTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

45

Moonlight squeezes in through closed venetian blinds to
find Diana sitting in the center of the living room. No
lights on.

DIANA

It was cold out that night.
Inside, the air felt warm against
your skin... as you talked...
(beat; as a revelation)
You kept your hands in your
pockets so that he wouldn't notice
the gloves...

CUT TO:

46 EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - LOW SHOT - NIGHT

46

From behind a large man (GREGORY) with his hands thrust
into the pockets of a bulky coat... as he peers around the
corner of an alley at a middle-aged woman trying to hail
a cab.

47 CLOSER ANGLE - THE WOMAN (DEBORAH)

47

as she watches an off duty cab sail past. She checks
further down the block for another cab but sees nothing.
Turning, she makes her way back to the curb and starts
walking towards CAMERA.

48 BACK TO GREGORY

48

watching her approach, his face always hidden. He ducks back into the shadows of the alley.

CUT TO:

49 INT. WINSTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

49

MOVING with Diana into the darkened kitchen.

DIANA

You followed him into the kitchen.
You watched him make tea.

(beat)

You knew him from somewhere. You
knew his name. Maybe you called
out to him softly.

GREGORY (O.S.)

Deborah...

CUT TO:

50 EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - CLOSE ON DEBORAH - NIGHT

50

Her head turning at the sound of her name. She stops and
tries to locate the source.

51 HER POV - INTO THE ALLEY

51

Only darkness.

52 RESUME DEBORAH

52

as she starts forward. But the name comes again.

GREGORY (O.C.)

Deborah...

Now she turns fully towards the alley, as a figure
materializes out of the blackness. (Note: we never see
Gregory.)

GREGORY (O.C.)

Hello, Deborah.

A beat, as Deborah reacts. The man she sees, she does not
recognize at first. But there's something familiar
there... the vestige of a childhood, a face she once knew.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

DEBORAH

Gregory?

Off the first hint of fear in her eyes:

CUT TO:

53 INT. WINSTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

53

Diana stands in the center of the kitchen.

DIANA

You're strong. You crushed his
windpipe with your two thumbs.
There was no struggle; you held
him up as he died... felt the rush
of blood in your strong arms, the
strain...

(beat)

Did it surprise you how long it
took? Did you watch him the whole
time?

(then)

Did he watch you?

Diana turns sharply away from the images in her brain,
breaking the tension... breathing hard.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

54

As Gregory, with labored breathing, eases the dead Deborah
down into a sitting position against the alley wall. He
hunches over her.

CUT TO:

55 INT. WINSTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

55

Diana moves out of the kitchen towards the taped outline of
Winston's body against the far wall.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

DIANA

Why did you move him? Why didn't
you just leave him in the kitchen?
Because you had to do something...
Why?

(beat)

You pulled up a chair. You took
your gloves off.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. ALLEY - CLOSE ON GLOVED HANDS - NIGHT 56

As Gregory removes the tight gloves.

CUT TO:

57 INT. WINSTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 57

Diana hunches down near the taped outline.

DIANA

You were very careful with the
ash. You didn't spill any on the
carpet... or on his clothes. The
ash was important to you. Where
did you keep it? In your pocket?

CUT TO:

58 INT. ALLEY - NIGHT 58

From the folds of his coat, Gregory removes a ceramic
urn...and places it on the ground beside Deborah.

CUT TO:

59 INT. WINSTON'S APARTMENT - ON DIANA - NIGHT 59

Still hunched over.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

DIANA

No, not in your pocket. You would have wasted some then. The ash was important to you. You treasured it in your hand, your bare hand. It felt incredibly light and pure against your skin. Ashes. Burning. The cool remains of something that once lived. Death.

Suddenly she stands erect, the adrenalin of discovery racing in her blood.

DIANA

Ashes. Human ashes.

CUT TO:

60 INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

60

As Gregory smears the human ash onto Deborah's face, painting her a gruesome death mask.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

61 CU - LAURA'S HANDS

61

signing urgently. Over the fearful whispers and shuffling of a large group, we hear:

REBECCA (O.S.)
Why is this happening? Doesn't
anyone know...? We're
frightened...

*

WIDEN TO REVEAL

62 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

62

Bustling as fully as before... but this time, with an underlying tension and fear. REBECCA translates for LAURA, who has come down as one of several Helper representatives. Vincent stands halfway up the spiral staircase, trying to allay the collective unrest...

LAURA/REBECCA
All the helpers are frightened.
Winston... and now Deborah.

*

VINCENT
We don't know yet who might be
responsible for the terror we're
all feeling right now -- but we
mustn't let fear govern us.

*

OLIVIA
Could it be Gabriel?

*

VINCENT
Gabriel is dead.

*

WILLIAM
That's what we thought about
Paracelsus.

*

VINCENT
All this is speculation... which
does us no good.

*

OLIVIA
Where's Father?

*

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

WILLIAM

Vincent's the one dealing with
this. Let's hear him out.

Vincent waits for a lull, then:

VINCENT

Above anything else, we must
continue to organize ourselves
and stay in constant
communication...

63 ANGLE - MARY

watching from the perimeter, distracted and upset...

64 RESUME VINCENT

VINCENT

I've asked all helpers to travel and sleep in pairs. And for those helpers wishing to stay below...

65 ANGLE - MARY

as she exits the chamber.

66 RESUME VINCENT

who pauses as he notices this, then continues:

VINCENT

...the Great Hall and several satellite chambers have been converted into dormitories...

WILLIAM

There'll be plenty of food.

VINCENT

...Good...

On Vincent's lingering concern for Mary...

DISSOLVE TO:

67 INT. CHAMBER OF THE FALLS - DAY

Father sits on a stone shelf... deep in thought...

MARY (O.S.)

Is it true?

He looks, and:

68 ANOTHER ANGLE

Mary approaches, until she is standing over him.

MARY

Is it really true?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

Father stands and faces her, but says nothing. His silence brings her anger and hurt even closer to the surface...

MARY

Because I couldn't believe it when I heard...

FATHER

Mary, please...

MARY

How can you abandon us at such a time?

FATHER

I'm not abandoning...

MARY

(overriding)
Please don't hide behind semantics. I deserve better...

FATHER

There's nothing I can do that Vincent isn't already doing...

Father begins to understand the unspoken source of her anger and pain.

FATHER

-- Did you honestly expect that I would go on forever...?

MARY

I'm not talking about forever.

FATHER

Neither am I, Mary. A week or two, at the most. And then, after that, we'll see...

MARY

But why do you even want to leave?

FATHER

I don't want to leave...

(then)

I only want to see if it's possible.

MARY

... Because you love her.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

Father balks at Mary's confrontation.

MARY

Well do you?

FATHER

I don't know. I don't know what
I'm feeling...

MARY

Just say it, Jacob. Say you love
her...

He looks at her... then:

FATHER

I love her...

Father's honesty is salt to her opening wound. Mary is trembling with emotion as she nods... then turns to walk off, leaving Father in the wake of her anger... and of her unrequited love for him.

CUT TO:

69 INT. THE WELL - DAY - MOVING

69

Vincent is behind Father, who is dressed in a tweed suit and carries a small suitcase. They climb several steps in silence...

VINCENT

What are you thinking?

FATHER

I'm not quite sure. My
thoughts are moving too
quickly to catch... *

VINCENT

Once you're above, with Jessica...
everything will become more
apparent to you. *

FATHER

Does that mean I'll feel more
certain of what I'm doing?

VINCENT

I didn't say that.

Father smiles to himself as he steps onto a landing.
Vincent is right behind... as they move into:

70 A TUNNEL

70

the end of which is illuminated by dusty sunlight. Father sets down his case and turns to face Vincent.

FATHER

I can go the rest of the way by myself. It's not much further, and I know you've many things to attend to.

Vincent nods, Father's words reminding him...

VINCENT

I will keep you apprised...
(then)
Please, try not to worry.

FATHER

How can I help but worry?

VINCENT

(assuring)
Think of the joy you feel... the possibilities. Think of Jessica...

Father smiles, regarding Vincent with deepening appreciation...

FATHER

You are always surprising me...

VINCENT

Be well, Father.

They embrace -- strong and loving... Then Father pulls away. They regard one another for a long moment... before Father turns and starts away.

71 MOVING WITH FATHER

71

as something plays over his face, causing him to stop.

FATHER

Vincent?

72 ANOTHER ANGLE

72

He turns, and after a beat:

FATHER

Please look after Mary...

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

VINCENT

I will...

Both of them are aware of how Father's decision has affected her. They also know that nothing but patience and love will see her through it. With a final nod, Father sets off...

73 VINCENT

73

watches as Father's silhouette disappears into the light.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

74

Joe strides into his office -- jammed with his cabal of advisors. Six men, two women, plus Jimmy and Diana. There's a scheduled press conference two minutes away... and the energy is very high.

JOE

I'm out there in two minutes, people. I need to know what you've got, and I need to know it quick.

He turns to Jimmy.

JOE

Jimmy?

JIMMY

Definitely the same killer. I think I speak for everybody when I say that.

Murmurs of assent all the way around the room. A small blond woman with glasses, hair and fiber expert SUSAN, 40, interjects.

SUSAN

We got one hair off the woman's coat... matches samples from the other apartment. Our man is brown-haired, about thirty seven years old.

KEN, the FBI forensics liason speaks next.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

KEN

They're still working up the ash... but I did the preliminary; no question it's the same.

JOE

Does the press know about the ash?

JIMMY

They know he paints their faces; they don't know it's ash.

JOE

Good.

(then)

What else? Any connection between the victims.

DIANA

They're both older. Over fifty. Other than that... we've just started to dig.

JOE

(to Diana)

You look worried...

DIANA

The killer's on a seven-day cycle. He kills every Thursday night. We have six days before it happens again.

Joe's assistant, ANDREA, sticks her head into the office. *

ANDREA

They're ready for you, Mr. Maxwell. *

JOE

(exiting)

Thank you, everybody.

CUT TO:

75 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - CORRIDOR

75

MOVING fast with Joe and Paul down the hallway. They turn a quick corner. Paul holds a door open, and Joe steps into the:

where he approaches a small podium to face a battery of microphones and mini-cams. Twenty reporters sit in fold up chairs, waiting noisily. Maxwell pulls out a sheet of paper from his coat pocket, flattens it against the podium. The commotion settles.

JOE

I'm going to read a statement.
After that I'm not at liberty to
answer questions.

(begins reading)

Last night, Deborah White, a
fifty-six-year-old lawyer, was
murdered outside her place of
employment. The manner in which
she was killed is reminiscent of
another homicide which occurred
last week. The D.A.'s office
considers these incidents to be
linked, and I'm here to announce
the formation of a joint
D.A./N.Y.P.D. task force headed
by Chief Detective James Faber.

Diana enters at the back of the room and watches.

JOE

Both he and I urge you and the
public to remain calm... and to
avoid glorifying what is a tragic
and possibly volatile situation.

Joe looks up from the prepared statement.

JOE

What I'm saying is: let's not spur
this guy on.

(beat)

Okay, that's it.

As Joe steps away from the podium, the reporters let loose:

MALE REPORTER

Mr. Maxwell... can you confirm
reports that the killer smeared
paint on the victims after he...?

JOE

(waving him off)

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

WOMAN REPORTER

Is it true that special investigator Diana Bennett is already on the case? Are you calling this a serial murder?

MALE REPORTER

When are you going to announce your candidacy --

But Joe is already out the door, as we:

CUT TO:

77 EXT. DIANA'S ROOFTOP - NIGHT

77

Diana steps out onto the rooftop, where Vincent stands looking out into the nighttime city. Diana approaches him softly...

DIANA

Vincent...

She leans up against the balcony beside him. Vincent gazes sadly back out at the sparkling lights.

VINCENT

I'm remembering... how I once loved this city at night. I imagined myself part of it... saw stories behind each and every light...

DIANA

And now?

VINCENT

Now I'm a stranger here.

DIANA

You found Catherine in one of those lights...

VINCENT

Yes.

(then)

And I lost her in another...

A long moment, as Diana regards him.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

VINCENT
(troubled)
I came... to ask you for your
help.

DIANA
What is it? What's wrong?

VINCENT
It began a week ago... when one
of our helpers was murdered. We
mourned his death...

Vincent looks at Diana, who maintains a professional
distance...

VINCENT
But now, it has happened again...

DIANA
When?

VINCENT
Last night...

A cognitive spark flashes in Diana's eyes, as Vincent
continues...

VINCENT
... and the fear is growing that
our secret has been discovered...
or that someone we know is trying
to destroy us...

DIANA
Vincent... the helper who was
killed last night... was it a
woman?

VINCENT
Yes...

DIANA
Deborah White...?

VINCENT
Yes, how do you know?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

DIANA
And before that, Winston Burke.

VINCENT
Diana --

But her mind is already spinning, off to herself... *

DIANA
They were helpers... *

She looks at him, forcing herself to come down and explain...

DIANA
Vincent... I've been working on
this case... Until now, I had
nothing...
(then)
What else can you tell me? *

VINCENT
Only that they were great
friends to us... *

Then Vincent realizes:

VINCENT
Diana... you must be careful with
this knowledge...

DIANA
I know...

A long, lingering look between them.

DIANA
The world you showed me,
Vincent...
(then)
How could this be happening?

CAMERA moves in on Vincent's troubled visage, as we:

DISSOLVE TO: