

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Beggar's Comet"

Written by
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Directed by
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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Beggar's Comet"

CHARACTERS

VINCENT
FATHER
JOE MAXWELL
DIANA BENNETT
ELLIOT BURCH
MOUSE
BROOKE
MARK
GABRIEL
CLARENCE
JONATHON POPE
PIERSON
GREG HUGHS
WALKER
RICHARDS

EXTRAS

TWO JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN
BUTLER
PAIR OF UNIFORMED COPS
GUARD
HISPANIC GUARD
SNIPER
TWO FLUNKIES
FUNERAL MOURNERS
SNOW
CHILD

***NOTE:**
SNOW HAS BEEN MOVED TO EXTRAS LIST.
CHILD HAS BEEN MOVED TO EXTRAS LIST.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Beggar's Comet"

SETS

INTERIOR

GABRIEL'S OFFICE (N)

GABRIEL'S ESTATE (N)
-Dining Room
-Entry Way
-Nursery

MIRROR POOL (N)

D.A.'S OFFICE (D)
-Moreno's office
-Observation room

WATERFRONT TUNNEL (Sunset)

BURCH'S OFFICE (D)

GREAT HALL (D)

CITY JAIL (N)

VINCENT'S CHAMBER (D)

VINCENT'S NEW CHAMBER (D)

DIANA'S LOFT (N)

TENEMENT APARTMENT (D)

EXTERIOR

MANHATTAN SKYLINE (N)

BURCH TOWER (N)

DIANA'S ROOF (N)

EAST RIVER WATERFRONT (N)
-Pier
-Compass Rose
-Freighter Deck

CEMETERY (N)
-Cathy's grave

ROOFTOP (N)

TENEMENT APARTMENT (D)

PHONEBOOTH (D)

*NOTE:

INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER HAS BEEN DELETED

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
"Beggar's Comet"

ACT I

FADE IN:

1 EXT. - MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT 1

The night sky is filled with stars, and the towers of Manhattan glitter with a million lights. As we MOVE THROUGH the magical city, we HEAR the sound of an alto sax playing the haunting, melancholy strains of "St. James Infirmary." The music carries over as we

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. - BURCH TOWER - NIGHT 2

CLARENCE, an elderly black street musician, sits alone on the plaza, blowing his sax. The mournful music fills the night, but there's no one to hear, except maybe in the long black limousine idling at the curb.

The lobby doors are thrown open. ELLIOT BURCH exits the building, striding toward the waiting car. His bodyguard, PIERSON, is with him. Elliot stops when he hears the sax. Clarence meets his eyes, but continues to play. "St. James Infirmary." Pierson touches Elliot gently on the arm, trying to get him moving again.

PIERSON

Mr. Burch...

Elliot cuts him off.

ELLIOT

In a moment, Pierson.

Caught in the spell of the music, Elliot crosses the plaza, the bodyguards trailing after him. Burch listens quietly, deeply moved. When Clarence finishes, he smiles up at Burch. Elliot peels a fifty dollar bill off a money clip and drops it into the open instrument case.

ELLIOT

You play beautifully.

CLARENCE

It's sweet music, Mr. Burch.
Sweet and sad.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT
You know me?

CLARENCE
Everyone knows Elliot Burch. But
I'd be proud to shake your hand...

ELLIOT
The honor's mine...

Elliot extends his hand. Clarence rises, gives him a
handshake and a smile.

CLARENCE
Name's Clarence. You can hear
me most Wednesdays at the mission
on Delancy, if you like. All
donations gratefully accepted...

They break the handshake, and Clarence turns to pack up his
instrument. Elliot glances down at his hand.

3 INSERT - ELLIOT'S HAND

3

Clarence has slipped a tightly folded note into Elliot's
palm while they shook.

4 RESUME

4

As Clarence clicks the latches on his instrument case,
Burch slides his hand into a pocket, hiding the note.
Clarence tips his hat to Elliot, smiles, and walks off into
the night. Burch watches him go, then turns toward the
waiting limo. Pierson falls in beside him. Burch is
somber, reflective, maybe still thinking about the song.
Pierson breaks the mood with a question.

PIERSON
What was that he was playing?

Burch knows he's asking about the song, but he SMILES a
cryptic smile and lightly tosses off his reply.

ELLIOT
A saxophone.

Burch gets in the back door of the limo. Pierson shuts the
door, climbs in the front. They move off.

5
thru
7

OMITTED

5
thru
7

8 EXT. - DIANA'S ROOF - NIGHT

8

The lights of Manhattan shimmer all around Diana's rooftop as she peers through a reflector telescope on a tripod. It's an old, battered instrument with an antique look. Diana moves the lens a fraction of an inch, searching the night sky. MARK enters through the fire door, bringing her a mug of coffee.

MARK

Figured you might need a
caffeine transfusion.

(beat)

Found your comet yet?

Diana takes the coffee.

DIANA

The papers claim it's up there
somewhere, but....

She shakes her head, sips some coffee.

DIANA

Thanks for the coffee. It was
getting chilly... *

Her smile is full of affection, but there's something shy about it too. A vulnerability, a hidden sadness, that we haven't seen before. Mark inspects the old telescope.

MARK

This thing's seen a lot of use.

DIANA

It was my grandfather's.

(beat, fondly)

He was born in 1910. Halley's
Comet was in the sky. He used
to tell me that he was too young
to get a really good look, so he
was waiting for it to come back
again.

MARK

How'd he like it?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

DIANA

He died in 1985. Eight months
before Halley's return. But I
watched it for him...

(touches scope)

Comets are always letting us down.
This new one...

(sighs deeply)

Mark peers through the telescope.

DIANA

You're wasting your time. It's
too faint...

Mark fiddles with the telescope a beat longer, then
finally shrugs and gives it up.

MARK

We're fighting New York City.
All this light pollution...

He gestures at the cityscape around them, the million
lights of a Manhattan night.

DIANA

(wry)

I suppose we ought to be grateful
we can still see the moon.

MARK

Maybe this one's just a beggar's
comet...

Diana shoots him a look. What's he talking about?

MARK

You know. Julius Caesar.

Diana looks strangely amused.

MARK

C'mon, I know you read Julius
Caesar. Ninth grade. It's
required. I just taught it last
month.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

DIANA

Ninth grade was braces and a training bra. I've tried hard to forget everything about it.

Mark smiles. But it's getting late.

MARK

Well... I better head home. I'm subbing in the South Bronx tomorrow, I'm going to need all my sleep.

*

*

DIANA

I'll give you a call.

She gives him a quick, affectionate kiss. Then Mark EXITS. Alone, Diana finishes her coffee, then goes back to her telescope, still searching for her comet.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 CLOSE ON A PLATE

9

A slice of rare roast beef rests on a bone china plate. All around we HEAR the clatter of knives and forks, the murmur of polite dinner conversation. Hands deftly wield knife and fork, slicing the meat. Red BLOOD leaks out across the white plate. We PULL BACK TO:

10 INT. - GABRIEL'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

10

GABRIEL is dining with two Japanese businessmen in a lavishly appointed dining room; the walls are covered with priceless art, the carpet is Persian, the table set with the finest crystal and silver.

When Gabriel's BUTLER leans over to WHISPER in his ear. Gabriel puts down his knife and fork, rises.

GABRIEL

My apologies.

He strides off with the butler.

11 INT. - GABRIEL'S ENTRY WAY

11

A BODY, covered with a sheet, lies on a wheeled gurney just inside Gabriel's door. Two FLUNKIES in dark uniforms flank the corpse. With them is JONATHON POPE, one of Gabriel's top lieutenants, slender, elegant man, about fifty, dressed impeccably in Saville Row suit.

Gabriel RIPS back the sheet, stares down at the dead man; shock and cold fury pass across his face. We see black clothing, pale white-blond hair.

POPE

He was found on the helipad.

GABRIEL

Yes. Of course.

(beat, grim)

It's Snow.

Gabriel can't seem to look away. Snow was part of his past. Not to mention the most dangerous man he knew. He suddenly notices something.

GABRIEL

His ring...

Pope glances at the flunkies. One SHRUGS. They don't know anything about a ring.

POPE

He wasn't wearing a ring.

Gabriel's icy self-control finally breaks. He snaps the sheet back up, raging.

GABRIEL

Get this out of my sight.

The flunkies hurry to wheel the body out as Gabriel turns and storms off. Pope has to hurry to keep up.

POPE

What do you --

('want to do?')

Gabriel interrupts, his voice icy, lethal.

GABRIEL

Find me the ring.

Pope isn't about to dispute him.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

POPE

I'll take care of it.

(beat)

Ah... will you be rejoining your
guests...

GABRIEL

I've lost my appetite. Get rid
of them. I'll be in the nursery.

And without another word, Gabriel strides off, away from the dining room, toward the nursery, and the child... just to check. For the first time, we see real apprehension on his face... and even a hint of fear.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 EXT. - EAST RIVER WATERFRONT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 12

The Compass Rose. A weathered, rust-eaten freighter of World War II vintage is tied up beside a deserted pier.

13 EXT. - PIER - NIGHT 13

Burch's limo glides out of the night and stops at the end of the pier. Elliot gets out of the front. No driver tonight, no bodyguards; he's come alone. He glances around. There's only silence. Burch reaches into his pocket, takes out the note Clarence gave him, unfolds it.

13A INSERT - THE NOTE 13A

It says: Compass Rose. Pier 39. Signed with a sweeping, elegant V.

13B RESUME ELLIOT 13B

He refolds the note, carefully tucks it away, and crosses the gangplank onto the ship.

14 EXT. - FREIGHTER DECK - NIGHT

14

A single lamp burns at the top of the gangplank. Burch steps on board, stands for a moment in the POOL OF LIGHT. The rest of the deck is shrouded in fog, night, and mystery. The ship is a derelict waiting to be junked, its bulkheads corroded by salt and spray, its portholes shattered. An open door sways, CREAKING, in the wind. Burch sees no one. He steps over a life-preserver that's fallen in a puddle on the deck. The night is cold and lonely. Elliot turns up the collar of his coat.

Silent as smoke, Vincent steps through the doorway, from the yawning blackness within the ship. Burch turns toward him, staring at Vincent's face for an endless moment, with awe... and maybe a touch of fear.

ELLIOT
I thought you were dead...

VINCENT
I do not die easily.

Elliot takes a moment to absorb that.

ELLIOT
So... it begins again...

VINCENT
It's never ended.

Burch turns away sharply, his back to Vincent. We can see that he wishes it had ended, at least for him.

ELLIOT
... like a nightmare... only we
can't wake up...
(beat)
He's killing me, Vincent. Inch
by inch...

Vincent quietly drops his bombshell.

VINCENT
His name is Gabriel.

Burch turns, reacting sharply. But there's more.

VINCENT
This is... important to him,
somehow...

Vincent hands Elliot the gold-and-black RING he got from Snow, twin to the one that Gabriel wears. Elliot holds it, looks at it curiously.

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT

Gold... interesting... it looks old. Where did you get this?

VINCENT

It was on the hand of a hunter sent to kill me. But he took it off... at the end.

Burch doesn't have to ask what happened to the hunter. Looking at Vincent's face, he knows. A moment. Then Burch's hand closes around the ring, and he turns, staring back over the waterfront.

ELLIOT

You don't know what you're asking of me. If I keep on with this, I'm risking...

VINCENT

... everything...

His tone makes it clear; his own risk is no less great.

ELLIOT

(quiet, simple)

I built a sand castle once... at Rockaway Beach... I couldn't have been more than eight, but it was the most incredible sand castle... walls and turrets... six foot high at least...

(painfully)

Then... the tide came in...

Elliot turns back to Vincent.

ELLIOT

Gabriel's the tide now, and he's washing away everything I've built... my life, my dreams...

VINCENT

Dreams can be dreamt again. Sand castles can be rebuilt.

(beat)

Catherine told me you were a fighter.

ELLIOT

(sharp, angry)

Catherine was wrong about a lot of things.

(CONTINUED)

Vincent turns away, as if he'd suffered a physical blow.

VINCENT

I cannot force you to help me.

Elliot can't face him; Vincent finds his answer in Burch's averted eyes. Vincent steps back into the shadows. Guilty, Elliot calls after him; even now, he wants understanding, a kind of absolution.

ELLIOT

It's just... nothing we can do
is going to bring her back...

VINCENT

(very quiet)

Sometimes in my sleep, I see
another world... where I died in
Catherine's place. I see her
walking in the sunshine,
laughing... I watch her grow old,
reading to her children, cradling
her grandchildren in her arms...
a happy life, the life she was
born to live, the life she
deserved... it seems so real, and
if... somehow... I could make it
so, then...

Vincent looks down helplessly at his hands, curls them into fists, his voice thick with anguish.

VINCENT

The grave's a fine and private
place...

His meaning is clear; he would willingly give up his own life, if somehow that sacrifice could restore Catherine. Deeply moved by Vincent's speech, Elliot can find nothing to say adequate to the moment... to the obvious and overwhelming love for Cathy reflected in every word. There's a silence. Elliot takes a breath, girding himself up to go to war again. He looks at the ring in his hand, nods, pockets it.

ELLIOT

It's not much to go on, but...
I'll see what I can find out.

He starts to move off.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

VINCENT

Elliot...
(he looks back)
Be careful.

But Elliot only smiles, and shakes his head.

ELLIOT

I think it may be too late for
that.

OFF Vincent's troubled reaction, we

DISSOLVE TO:

15 OMITTED

15

15A INT. - MIRROR POOL - THAT NIGHT

15A

The tear-stained, somber faces of the tunnel dwellers are reflected in the black waters of the pool, surrounded by a field of stars. FATHER stands in the center of the bridge, a book in his hands. Among the other mourners are MOUSE and BROOKE. A funeral service is in progress. We glimpse TEARS as we pan over the faces; in the b.g. we hear MUFFLED SOBS.

FATHER

... as we remember Stephen and
Sam, let us remember more than
our grief. Let us remember their
faces... the sound of their
laughter... the joys they shared
with us...

16 ANGLE ON VINCENT

16

His hood up, his face bowed, he stands inconspicuously to one side, draped by shadows, haunted.

FATHER

(continuous)

Sam had lived a full life.
Stephen was scarcely more than
a child. Both of them died
too soon, their lives cut
short by a brutal intruder.
They were armed only with their
courage... but they died as
bravely as any soldier. We will
remember how much we loved
them, and we must never
forget... how much they loved
us...

*
*
*
*
*

as he reads, we PAN ACROSS the mirror pool... across the reflected faces of the mourners, and the reflections of the night sky... stars and thin wisps of cloud...

FATHER

Stephen... Samuel...

(reading)

Near the snow, near the sun, in
the highest fields/ See how those
names are feted by the waving
grass,/ And by the streamers of
white cloud,/ And whispers of the
wind in the listening sky;/ The
names of those who in their lives
fought for life,/ Who wore at
their hearts the fire's centre,/
Born of the sun they traveled a
short while toward the sun,/ And
left the vivid air signed with
their honour.

Father closes the book, and stands with his head bowed. Two tunnel dwellers step forward with small, plain URNS. They kneel, and gently scatter the ashes over the waters of the pool.

FATHER

Let the waters carry them to every
part of the tunnels... to every
corner of our world... Stephen
and Sam will always be part of
us...

The scattering of the ashes concludes the ceremony. After a moment of silence, bowed heads finally lift, and one by one the tunnel dwellers turn to go. All but Brooke, her pretty face red-eyed from crying, who can't bring herself to leave. Father goes to her.

FATHER

Brooke... it's time to go...

Brooke shakes her head.

BROOKE

No.

Father tries to draw her gently away, but Brooke resists.

BROOKE

I won't leave him...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

FATHER
He's gone, child...

Brooke begins to WEEP uncontrollably. Father takes her in his arms and holds the girl as she sobs out her heart.

18 CU VINCENT

18

A look of infinite sorrow and pain crosses his face. He lowers his head, unable to watch Brooke's grief, turns suddenly and EXITS without saying a word to anyone.

19 FATHER

19

Holding Brooke, he sees Vincent leave, realizes what he's going through, but there's nothing he can do. Vincent vanishes into a private darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 INT. - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

20

Diana watches through two-way glass as JOE MAXWELL and police detective GREG HUGHS question Burch's bodyguard, Pierson, in an interrogation room on the other side of the mirror.

HUGHS
Let's go over it one more time.
What happened after you took Burch
to the park?

PIERSON
He told us to wait with the car
while he went for a walk.

JOE
Burch pays you, what, forty, fifty
grand a year as a bodyguard, and
you let him go waltzing off
through Central Park alone at two
in the morning?

PIERSON
Mr. Burch pays me sixty-three five
a year to do what he tells me.
He told me to wait with the car.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Joe doesn't buy any of this, but so far he hasn't been able to crack Pierson's testimony. He shoots a disgusted look at Pierson, gets up, and EXITS the interrogation room while Greg Hughes continues the questioning.

HUGHES

How long did you wait?

PIERSON

I don't know, maybe fifteen, twenty minutes.

HUGHES

That's when you heard the gunshots?

PIERSON

Yes. I went after Mr. Burch, but I was too late...

Joe steps into the observation room with Diana, and TURNS OFF the intercom. Hughes' interrogation of Pierson continues SILENTLY in b.g. as Joe and Diana talk.

JOE

So what do you think?

DIANA

I just got here. Give me the highlights.

Joe jerks a thumb back toward Pierson.

JOE

He puts Burch in the park when Moreno was killed... claims he saw blood on his clothing...

DIANA

What about a motive?

JOE

Money. Moreno was costing Burch millions. That's not all. Pierson claims he was paid a hundred grand to hush up what happened in the park.

Beyond the glass, Greg Hughes steps out of the room. Pierson waits restlessly, alone.

DIANA

Look at his bank deposits.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

JOE
We did. It checks out.

Hughs sticks his head in the observation room, nods to Diana, looks to Joe.

HUGHS
I think we got to go for a search warrant, Joe. Blood traces on Burch's clothes would nail it down...

Joe looks very unhappy, but he has no choice. He gives Hughs a reluctant nod, a scowl.

JOE
Then do it.

Hughs closes the door.

JOE
(angry, disgusted)
Elliot Burch. Can you believe it?

DIANA
(with quiet conviction)
No...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

21 INT. - MORENO'S OFFICE - DAY

21

Diana follows Joe into Moreno's old office. Maxwell has started to settle in by now, hanging his own diplomas, photographs, dartboard. Moreno's things are gone. Joe and Diana are arguing.

DIANA

The case is bogus, Joe. Somebody set this whole thing up...

JOE

Then somebody did a damn good job. You think I have a choice here? I got a motive, I got opportunity, I got a witness...

Diana comes back with a quiet challenge.

DIANA

Just look me in the eye and tell me you honestly believe Elliot Burch ripped two men to pieces. *

Of course, he can't; down deep, Joe doesn't buy it either. He looks away.

DIANA

(quietly)
Don't let them use you, Joe. You're better than that. Go with your instincts.

JOE

(troubled)
Look, I don't like this any better than you do, but I took an oath when I moved into this office. *

Diana considers that a moment. *

DIANA

Can you come to my loft tonight? *

JOE

Why?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

DIANA
I've got a few things I things
I think you need to see.

Joe hesitates, then NODS.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY 22 *
(FORMERLY: FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY)

Father sits, alone and worried, in Vincent's chamber,
waiting for his return. When he HEARS the sound of
someone approaching, he looks up hopefully... but it's
Mouse who enters the chamber. *

MOUSE *
There you are. Looked for you.
Up, down, everywhere.

FATHER *
I've been... waiting... for
Vincent, I...

MOUSE *
(proudly)
Found him. Down deep.
Followed him up.

FATHER *
Thank god. Is he on his way
home?

MOUSE *
(shakes his head)
Great Hall. Shut the door.
Locked it too.
(beat)
Mouse knows other ways in.

Father puts a hand on Mouse's shoulder.

FATHER
Show me...

They EXIT, Mouse running, looking back, Father coming after
as fast as he can, leaning heavily on his cane.

DISSOLVE TO:

Elliot is meeting with WALKER, one of his top advisors. Burch is in his shirtsleeves, tie loosened, visibly starting to fray.

ELLIOT

... I don't care! Tap into the cash reserves in the Cayman Islands if you have to --

WALKER

We used that money to shore up the Battery project.

ELLIOT

Then sell the damned site...

WALKER

We can't sell it, it's already been attached. Haven't you listened to a thing I've been saying? It's over, Elliot.

ELLIOT

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

WALKER

I'm recommending we file for an immediate Chapter 11. Maybe we can salvage some --

Burch is clearly devastated. But it's not the details of bankruptcy that concern him now. He interrupts.

ELLIOT

He's the one who's done this to me. Gabriel. We have to find him --

WALKER

Find him? You can't even prove he exists.

Walker gets up, shuts his briefcase. He's had enough.

WALKER

You need a shrink, not an attorney. I'm sorry, Elliot. My resignation will be on your desk in the morning.

(beat)

Assuming you still have a desk.

(CONTINUED)

Burch watches him EXIT. Walker leaves the office door open. Elliot stands there, utterly alone.

Finally, weary, he goes back behind his desk, sits down, opens a drawer. There's a GUN inside the drawer. Burch looks at it for a long time. Touches it. Then he moves it aside, and takes out Snow's ring.

He holds the ring between his fingers, tightly, as if it were a life preserver, turning it, staring at it as if that alone would reveal his secrets.

When he looks up, Diana is standing in the open door. At first he doesn't recognize her.

ELLIOT

Who are you?

DIANA

Diana Bennett.

Suddenly the memory comes back to him. Leaving the ring on the desk, Elliot rises, comes around.

ELLIOT

The detective. Yes. What can I do for you?

DIANA

You can tell me what really happened that night at the carousel.

Burch is already reeling; he tries to conceal his reaction, can't quite manage it, has to turn away.

ELLIOT

I don't know what you're talking about.

DIANA

I think you do.

(off his silence)

I think you saw everything that happened that night.

(more silence)

I think you know who Vincent is.

24 ANGLE ON ELLIOT

24

He stands with his back to her, hesitant, torn. The ring is still on the desk, but his body blocks Diana from seeing it. Burch picks it up, weighs it in his palm. Is he going to give it to her? Tell her what he knows? For a moment we think he will.

Then he turns, pocketing the ring smoothly.

ELLIOT

I wish I did. But I'm afraid I can't help you.

DIANA

You're a bad liar, Mr. Burch.

ELLIOT

That's funny. A lot of people say I'm a very good liar.

Diana sees right through him.

DIANA

Maybe once. But I think you're out of practice.

(beat, intense)

Talk to me, Mr. Burch. Tell me what you know. It's the only way you're going to save yourself.

But Elliot won't be moved.

ELLIOT

I think it's time you were going.

Diana takes out of her card, hands it to him.

DIANA

In case you change your mind.

Elliot accepts the card, and holds it thoughtfully as Diana EXITS. As he slips it into his pocket, we

CUT TO:

25 INT. - MORENO'S OFFICE - DAY

25

Jacket off and tie loosened, Joe is behind the big desk, working on a brief, when the office door opens. Greg Hughes enters with a uniformed cop behind him. Nobody says a word. Hughs drops a plastic evidence bag right in the middle of Joe's desk. Inside is Elliot Burch's BLOODSTAINED OVERCOAT. *

(CONTINUED)

Maxwell looks at it, sighs, turns away. He's trapped; now he has no more choices. He gets up, angrily snatches his jacket off the back of the big leather chair. His tone is full of distaste for what he's got to do.

JOE

Come on. Let's get it over with.

Hughs and the other cop follow Joe from the office.

CUT TO:

Vincent moves restlessly through the silence and the loneliness of the Great Hall. The only light comes from the LANTERN Vincent carries; the rest of the room is in darkness. The great wooden doors are shut and barred, but outside, dimly, we can HEAR the faint sounds of the WINDS, whispering at the gates.

Vincent moves through the silent dark and stands before one of the TAPESTRIES. He lifts the lantern high, stares at the tapestry. We HEAR a quick SOUND BITE from last year's Winterfest; music, laughter, the sounds of fellowship and conversation. Yesterday's echoes fade as quickly as they have come, leaving only the the sound of the wind. A look of inutterable sadness and loss passes across Vincent's face. He lowers the lantern, turns away from the tapestry.

Vincent puts the lantern down, sits on the lowest step, buries his head in his hands. The lantern light throws his SHADOW against the wall, twice life size.

Then, very faint, we HEAR music; the sound of a WALTZ. Vincent looks up sharply.

Two SHADOWS are waltzing in the lantern light. Vincent and Catherine, dancing as they danced a year ago.

watches the shadowplay, the music of the waltz growing slowly louder. He gets slowly to his feet, moves closer to the shadows. Then we HEAR

FATHER (O.S.)

Vincent...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

Music and shadows VANISHES in a heartbeat as Vincent turns. There's only the empty hall, the wind whispering at the door, the dust of memory, and

29 FATHER AND MOUSE 29

standing in one of the side tunnels.

30 RESUME 30

as Vincent turns away from them. Father looks at him for a long beat, then puts a gentle hand on Mouse's shoulder.

FATHER
Mouse, leave us.

Mouse nods, fades away back into the darkness of the tunnel. Leaning on his cane, Father crosses to Vincent.

FATHER
Talk to me, Vincent. Tell me.

Vincent is quiet for a moment. Then, softly, he says:

VINCENT
Listen, Father.

Puzzled, Father falls quiet, listening to the wind.

VINCENT
What do you hear?

FATHER
Only the wind...

VINCENT
There's music in that sound, when you know how to listen. Catherine taught me that...

FATHER
And you hear it still.

VINCENT
Only in my memories... The rest is... silence. *

There's nothing Father can say to that. He waits a beat, then puts a gentle hand on Vincent's arm.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

Life has a thousand songs,
Vincent... remember that... don't
turn your back on the people who
love you. Come home...

VINCENT

(soft, sad)

No.

He turns to face Father. There's great sadness in his eyes, but also great determination.

VINCENT

The hunter came for me. Because
he did, two of my friends are
dead.

FATHER

You risked your own life to
protect us... you've always kept
our world safe from harm.

VINCENT

And I will not allow myself to
endanger that world now. What
happened... will never happen
again.

(long beat)

Father, I must go...

Vincent's words rip the heart right out of Father.

FATHER

But... where... ?

VINCEN

Away. Somewhere separate and
apart...

FATHER

(weary, sad)

Don't do this, Vincent.

VINCENT

This is the only home I've ever
known... but only by leaving can
I keep it safe. Don't make this
parting any harder...

Vincent's words touch Father deeply. He swallows whatever protests he was about to make, bows his head, reluctantly accepting Vincent's decision.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

FATHER
I'm afraid for you.

VINCENT
(with great compassion)
I know.

Father wraps Vincent in his arms, and HUGS him fiercely. He does not cry, but we see him struggle against tears as he holds his son for what might be the last time.

FATHER
I tried to build a world without
fear or violence... a world where
you could grow to be a... a great
teacher whose words would open
young minds... a leader whose
wisdom and compassion would bring
out all that was best in the human
spirit...

VINCENT
Sometimes we cannot choose the
roads we walk.

Father NODS, accepting that, as Vincent breaks the hug and steps back.

FATHER
Be careful, Vincent. This road
you walk now could cost you more
than your life. It could cost
you... yourself.

VINCENT
I know the dangers, Father.

Vincent picks up the lantern.

VINCENT
That's why I must walk this
road... alone.

And, alone, Vincent turns, crosses the room, starts up the stone staircase in the back of the Great Hall.

CUT TO:

31 INT. - ELLIOT BURCH'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Opening TIGHT on Elliot, stunned and wordless, his shock slowly turning to resignation and despair. As we PULL BACK we see that Joe, Greg Hughs, and a pair of uniformed cops are standing in front of him.

HUGHS

I'm placing you under the arrest for the murder of John Moreno. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you --

Halfway through the spiel, Elliot looks at Joe Maxwell. It's too much for Joe. He averts his eyes guiltily, and there's so much barely contained anger in him that for a moment it looks as though he's going to hit something.

Hughs keeps right on. Elliot looks down.

DISSOLVE TO:

32 INT. - CITY JAIL - LATER

32

Sunlights streams through the bars as Elliot confers with his defense attorney, RICHARDS.

RICHARDS

What the hell are you afraid of? Everything you tell me is protected by attorney-client privilege, you know that.

ELLIOT

I've told you everything I can.
(beat)
Damn it, Richards, we've known each other for ten years, you can't seriously believe that --

RICHARDS

(interrupts)
What I believe doesn't matter. It's what I can make a jury believe... If I'm going to defend you, I need to know what happened.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Elliot hesitates, wrestling with himself. He knows that Richards is right. Part of him wants to tell him. But that would mean a betrayal of Vincent.

RICHARDS

Whatever you say doesn't have to
leave this room, Elliot. Who
are you protecting?
(off his silence)
Tell me...

*

*

For a moment we think Burch is about to do just that. Then he lowers his eyes.

ELLIOT

You wouldn't believe me anyway.

Richards digests that for a moment, then closes his briefcase, stands up, signals to the guard to be let out.

RICHARDS

I'll try and arrange bail.
You should be out by tomorrow
at the latest. Meanwhile, you
better do some hard thinking.
(beat)

*

*

Look, I owe you, Elliot. The day
you go on trial, I'll be there
for you. But I'll tell you up
front, unless you give me
something to work with, we're
dead. You're not going to like
it in Attica, I warn you. The
food is lousy.

The guard opens the cell door and Richards steps out. The cell door SLAMS shut on Burch.

CUT TO:

33 INT. - GABRIEL'S NURSERY - DAY

33

ANGLE UP ON GABRIEL

as he stands over the sleeping child, his expression dark, unreadable. Pope enters, comes up quietly behind him, looks down on the baby, tries to be polite.

POPE

He's a beautiful boy. *

GABRIEL

He's strong.

He does not look up; obviously Gabriel is far more interested in the baby than in Pope.

POPE

When are you going to name him?

GABRIEL

He has a name.

Pope waits, expectantly. After a long beat, it becomes apparent that Gabriel is not about to divulge the name.

GABRIEL

Snow always learned their names.
Then he killed them. When you
know a man's true name, you own
him...

Reluctantly, he tears his eyes away from the baby.

GABRIEL

And how is Mr. Burch?

POPE

Having a rather bad day, I'm
afraid. *

Gabriel nods; he expected no less.

GABRIEL

Then play the Judas card.

OFF Pope's understanding smile, we.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

34

More alone than he has ever been before, Vincent moves through his chamber, saying a silent farewell to the place where he has spent most of his life.

He is packing. But very little, very lightly. The place where he is going will have no room for all the bits and pieces of his old life. He chooses a half-dozen CANDLES, puts them into his pack. He sees him touch a few BOOKS, old familiar friends. But he takes none of them. He does take his JOURNAL, with a pen and some ink.

Moving around the chamber, lingering over the chess set where he's played so many games with Father, over the comforts of his bed, the beauty of his stained glass window, Vincent bids a melancholy goodbye to all of them.

As he leaves, he pauses for a long moment in the door, looking back over the chamber... remembering.

Then, as if the pain of this parting had suddenly grown too intense for him to bear, he WHIRLS and stalks out of the chamber... for the last time.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

35 EXT. - FREIGHTER DECK - NIGHT 35

The moon rides high over the East River. The rusting hulk of the Compass Rose is still tied to the pier, the water lapping gently against her sides. On deck, Vincent waits, unmoving, silent, patient, in a deep pool of shadow. He has a rendezvous to keep.

Behind him, Vincent HEARS a noise, turns. *

VINCENT
(soft, tentative)
Elliot... *

But it's only a loose hatch, CREAKING in the wind. No one's there. We can see the first flickers of disquiet in Vincent's eyes. Elliot is late. *

As Vincent continues to wait, we *

CUT TO:

36 INT. - DIANA'S LOFT - NIGHT 36

As Diana opens the elevator gate, admitting Joe.

DIANA
I saw the press conference on the evening news.

Maxwell looks a little uncomfortable as he follows Diana back to her kitchen, where she was unpacking a couple bags of groceries and putting them away.

JOE
That wasn't my idea. You can't bust a guy like Elliott Burch and figure no one's going to notice.

DIANA
You don't have to explain. I know how the game's played.
(beat)
Come here.

Baffled, Joe follows her to her desk.

DIANA
Whoever brought Cathy home wasn't the man who killed her.

(CONTINUED)

Diana doesn't even look at Joe as she says it; just throws it out, matter-of-fact, certainty in her voice.

JOE

What makes you think that?

DIANA

Vincent brought her home, Joe.
He brought her home because he
loved her...

The ROSE BUSH she took from Cathy's apartment is still brown and withered, but recovery has begun. There are fresh green shoots now, and at least two small buds (on two different branches), opened just enough to show the colors of the flowers inside; one red, one white. The chunk of CONCRETE Diana found in the tunnels is a paperweight on top of a stack of glossy police photos. Diana moves it, shoves the pictures at Joe.

DIANA

Look at the pictures, Joe.

Joe flips through the photographs. They're all bodies; dead men, lying in alleys, in parking garages, their bodies savaged, their faces twisted by pain and fear.

DIANA

Moreno and Cates were ripped to pieces. Torn flesh, claw marks on the bones, heavy bruising, massive blood loss.

JOE

I read the autopsy...

DIANA

The coroner said it looked more like an animal attack than a murder. I ran a computer check to see if there were any other instances of the same M.O. in the last three years.

Joe looks down at the photographs, horrified by the images, astonished that there are so many.

JOE

I remember some of these cases...
you don't mean...

(CONTINUED)

DIANA

The earliest was eight months after Cathy Chandler came to work for you. Almost a third of them tie into cases she was involved with. I'm still working on the others.

Maxwell is stunned for a second, then angry. He tosses the photographs down on the desk.

JOE

This is all circumstantial, it doesn't prove a damned thing.

Diana picks up the chunk of concrete, tosses it to Joe, who catches it, reads the name, looks up incredulously.

JOE

Vincent. Where did this come from?

DIANA

A drainage tunnel under the park. Did you know there are hundred of miles of unmapped tunnels under Manhattan? With access through Cathy's sub-basement?

Joe is reeling a little by now. He doesn't see where all this is going.

JOE

So?

DIANA

So I don't know.
(beat)
What kind of roses did Cathy like best?

Joe is baffled and annoyed by the non-sequitor.

JOE

Do I look like her florist?

DIANA

Did you know the only way you can get red and white roses to grow from the same bush is to do a special graft?

Joe notices the bush for the first time.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

JOE

Maybe she couldn't make up her
mind.

Diana shakes her head; she doesn't buy that for a second.
She fingers the red rosebud thoughtfully, musing.

DIANA

There's a language of flowers,
Joe. The red rose means love...
passion... and the white rose...

Her voice trails off. Both of them look at the other
rosebud, the white flower trapped within the bud.

DIANA

The white rose is eternity...
or death... *

(beat)

He was her protector. Somehow *
Vincent knew whenever Cathy was
in trouble and... he came to her.
He kept her safe.

There's a haunted, wistful quality to Diana's voice.

JOE

You sound like you know this
guy...

Diana gives Joe a sideways glance, a sad smile.

DIANA

Sometimes it feels like *
that...

JOE

You're giving me a headache. *
Tunnels... roses...

Joe shakes his head, struggling to get a grip on all *
this. It's a lot stranger than the stuff he used to.

JOE

All right. Let's say I buy all
this. So where is he know?

Diana thinks about that for a long moment, turns, stares
off through her tall windows, into the night.

DIANA

Somewhere... close...

CUT TO:

37 EXT. - FREIGHTER DECK - NIGHT 37

Vincent moves out of the shadows, pacing now. Hours have passed; Burch has not come. Reluctantly, Vincent concludes that he is not coming.

Wary, careful that no one is watching, Vincent scans the pier, then LEAPS lightly off the Compass Rose.

38 EXT. - PIER - NIGHT 38

as Vincent lands, soft and quiet as a cat. The wind is blowing as he moves down the deserted pier, away from the ship. He moves away, trash and crumpled newspapers blowing past him, his head down... his last ally has seemingly deserted him... now there is nothing but Vincent... and the night.

CUT TO:

39 INT. - CITY JAIL - NIGHT 39

where Jonathon Pope is waiting too. He stifles a yawn with the back of his hand, glances at his watch. Finally the door to the cellblock opens, and a young Hispanic GUARD brings in Elliot Burch.

POPE

Ah. Mr. Burch. How nice to meet you at last. I've heard so much about you.

Elliot gives this stranger a long, hard look.

ELLIOT

Who are the hell are you? What's going on?

POPE

Jonathon Pope. You're being released, Mr. Burch. Pending arraignment, of course.

The guard hands Elliot some legal papers on a clipboard. Burch barely glances at the documents, scrawls a hasty signature. His wallet and other personal effects are returned to him. He addresses Pope.

ELLIOT

Where's Richards? Did he set this up?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

POPE

I'm afraid Mr. Richards has had
to take himself off the case.
His little girl is missing. Very
sad...

The guard EXITS, leaving a suddenly wary Burch alone with
Pope.

ELLIOT

Who sent you here?

POPE

A friend...

(shrug)

Just think of him as... the player
on the other side.

It all falls into place for Elliot.

ELLIOT

Gabriel...

POPE

He's a great admirer of yours.
And he's very anxious to meet you.

Pope turns to leave. Elliot hesitates a moment. Then,
reluctantly, he follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. - DIANA'S LOFT - NIGHT

40

Joe has left. Diana, restless, sits on her couch, legs
curled under her, flipping through some of the books from
Cathy's apartment for what must be the hundreth time. She
opens a book of poetry, flips slowly through, pauses for a
moment at Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country
Churchyard." Her eyes moves down the verses. She turns
a page, stops, murmurs a familiar line.

DIANA

(soft, thoughtful)

The paths of glory lead but to
the grave...

And suddenly it all comes together for her. Diana slams
shut the book, her mind racing.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

DIANA
 (whisper)
 Her grave...

Sooner or later, she realizes, Vincent will have to come back and visit Catherine's grave. Diana gets to her feet, grabbing her jacket on the run as she heads out.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. - CEMETERY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

41

Pope's silver-gray Rolls moves like a ghost through the darkness of a silent cemetery, and comes to a stop.

42 OMITTED

42

42A EXT. - CEMETERY - NIGHT

42A

Pope holds open the door as Elliot climbs from the Rolls.

POPE
 He's waiting for you. I trust
 you know the way.

Elliott realizes where he is; he gives Pope a pointed look.

ELLIOTT
 (hard, sardonic)
 Will I be coming back?

Pope shrugs, smiles.

POPE
 That's entirely up to you, Mr.
 Burch.

Burch stares at Pope for a long moment... then walks away from the car.

43 EXT. - CEMETERY - TRACKING WITH ELLIOT

43

Alone, he threads his way between tombstones. It's no wonder he walks slowly. Finally he stops, and stands for a moment, head bowed, hands in pockets, at the foot of a grave. The soil mounded over the grave is still relatively fresh; a few bouquets still lean against the headstone. Elliot stares down the inscription.

44 ELLIOT'S POV 44

The headstone reads:

CATHERINE CHANDLER
1956-1989

45 ANGLE PAST BURCH 45

as Gabriel steps out of the darkness.

GABRIEL

Why do people put flowers on
graves? Do they really think it
will make death smell sweeter?

Elliot says nothing. Turning, he follows Gabriel with his eyes as he moves closer. The two slowly begin to circle each other, the tension between them almost palpable as they circle Cathy's grave.

ELLIOT

Why have you brought me here?

GABRIEL

Does it make you uncomfortable?

The whole situation makes him uncomfortable, but Elliot isn't about to admit that.

ELLIOT

Only the company...

Gabriel just looks disappointed in that comment.

GABRIEL

Elliot, the war is over. In a month you'll be bankrupt. In a year you'll be in prison. Half your people are already mine.

ELLIOT

You're lying.

GABRIEL

(amused)
Maybe I am. But how will you ever be sure?

(beat)
Machiavelli wrote that a wise prince knows it is better to be feared than loved.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Gabriel runs his hand over the rough stone of the grave marker, musing.

GABRIEL

Look around you, Elliot. All these tombstones. All these wasted possibilities.

Elliot only has eyes for Catherine's grave. He stares down at it, saying nothing.

GABRIEL

You're bigger than they were, Elliot. And you're alive.

Gabriel lets those words hang in the air, seductive.

ELLIOT

What are you saying?

GABRIEL

(shrug, lightly)
There's no reason for us to be enemies, Elliot.

Elliot looks meaningfully at Cathy's headstone.

ELLIOT

There's your reason...

Gabriel looks down at Cathy's headstone.

GABRIEL

Catherine Chandler... If I'd known all the trouble it was going to cause, I would never have killed her.

(sighs)

But it's done. There she lies. Look at her. If you want to lie beside her, so be it. But I'd heard you were a more... practical man...

ELLIOT

Maybe I was, once. Cathy changed me...

Gabriel looks at him thoughtfully, as if weighing the truth of that statement.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL
(soft, sure)
I don't think so.

ELLIOT
(wary, uncertain)
What do you mean by that?

GABRIEL
I know you...

ELLIOT
You don't know anything about me.

Gabriel isn't moved by the denial. He continues, his voice soft and seductive, but backed by an iron certainty that is almost eerie.

GABRIEL
I know you.
(beat)
I know where you came from. I watched you climb. And I know the price you paid... rung by rung...

Gabriel turns his RING on his finger as he continues.

GABRIEL
The world is run by mice. But you and I... we belong to an earlier time. Five hundred years ago, we would have been conquerers, kings... smaller men would have showered us with titles and triumphs... and after we died, they would have built us pyramids...
(beat)
You've come so far, Elliot. You've pulled yourself up out of the dirt, halfway to the stars. Do you really want to lose it all... for the sake of a woman who never loved you...

He tosses it out casually, but it strikes home. Burch looks up sharply, devastated.

ELLIOT
She... she...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

But whatever denial he was searching for sticks in his throat; Elliot knows better than anyone that Gabriel is right. Cathy Chandler loved someone else.

The look on Elliot's face gives away the game. Sensing blood, Gabriel is relentless. Every word drives another nail into Elliot's heart.

GABRIEL

(sorrowfully)

She told him everything about you... but she told you nothing about him. She kept his secrets... but your dreams meant nothing to her. You were only a convenience. She loved him.

(beat)

And she bore him a child...

Overcome, Burch tries to turn away. Gabriel takes him by the shoulder, turns him back.

GABRIEL

I didn't take her away from you.

He did.

(softly)

I can give it all back to you, Elliot. Everything you lost. The wealth, the power... I can help you... together we can build towers that will stand for a thousand years...

Gabriel steps back, points at the grave.

GABRIEL

... or you can have this.

He waits. There's a long, terrible silence as a broken, tormented Elliot Burch searches the depths of his soul. OFF the anguish of Elliott's terrible decision, we

DISSOLVE TO:

46 EXT. - CEMETERY - LATER

46

Diana's battered old Land Rover bounces down the graveyard road. Diana parks, climbs out, takes a deep breath of the chilly night air, and starts off for the grave.

47 WITH DIANA

47

as she walks to Cathy's grave, and stands under the starry sky, head lowered, in a moment of silence. No one is there. Gabriel and Elliot are long gone.

She notices footprints in the grass and loose soil where the two men circled one another. Diana kneels, examines them by the light of a PENLIGHT. It could be anybody, but maybe...

Rising and brushing herself off, she looks around, sits on the ground under a tree.

48 ANGLE PAST DIANA

48

down on the grave. From here, she has a good view. Satisfied, she turns up her collar against the damp, and settles down for a night-long vigil under the stars.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

49 EXT. - TENEMENT APARTMENT - DAY 49 *
(FORMERLY: EXT. DELANCEY STREET MISSION - DAY)

Morning. Elliott Burch is still dressed in the same clothing he wore the night before as we follow him up an alley to a tenement door. He hasn't slept. He looks haggard, beaten, walks with his hands in his pockets, his head downcast. The sound of a SAX drifts out an open window. Burch listens for a moment, then goes to the door.

50 INT. - TENEMENT APARTMENT - DAY 50 *
(FORMERLY: INT. DELANCEY STREET MISSION - DAY)

Pale morning sun filters in through unwashed windows as Clarence plays his sax. At the sound of a KNOCK, he sets the instrument aside, goes to the door, opens it. Burch looks wildly out of place here, in one sense... but in another, he fits. There's a desperation about him. For a long tense moment, neither man says a word.

CLARENCE

Can I help you, Mr. Burch?

ELLIOT

Do I look like I need help?

CLARENCE

Poor men aren't the only ones who lose their way.

Elliott reaches into a pocket, pulls out a hundred dollar bill... wrapped around a NOTE.

ELLIOT

I know my way...

Clarence looks at his face, then slides out the note. He does not touch the c-note.

ELLIOT

Don't you want the money?

CLARENCE

I'll see he gets your note. No charge.

It goes unspoken; some things you shouldn't have to pay for. Elliott considers that for a moment. Then he tucks the note into Clarence's shirt pocket.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

ELLIOT
Not for the note. For the
music.

Clarence NODS. For that, he'll accept the money. As
Burch turns to go, the old man sits, picks up his SAX.
Elliot opens the door... and Clarence begins to play a
dark, haunted version of "St. James Infirmary." Elliot
steps outside, closes the door behind him, leans back
against it, lowers his head. The music BLEEDS
OVER as we

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. - VINCENT'S NEW CHAMBER - DAY

51

Vincent's place of exile is smaller than his old chamber. The walls are BRICK, so dark it is almost black; the floor is dirt. It's a dark, gloomy space, but it will do. A few candles give a flickering light. In one dark corner of the room, on a niche, rests the IVORY ROSE that Catherine once gave him, the ivory glimmering against the dark stone. It is the only decoration he needs in this austere knight's cell, the only possession he values.

We FIND Vincent standing close to the rose, looking, remembering. Then he HEARS something. A footfall; quiet, stealthy. Someone approaching. Vincent melts into a DEEP BLACK SHADOW beside the entrance to the chamber, vanishing from view.

A moment later, Mouse creeps into the chamber, peering suspiciously about. He sees nothing... until Vincent's HAND suddenly emerges from the shadow and CLASPS him on the shoulder. Startled and frightened, Mouse whirls. Vincent's face is grim as he steps from the shadows.

MOUSE

Vincent. Scared me.

VINCENT

Remember that fear. It may help keep you alive.

(beat)

How did you find me?

MOUSE

Can't hide from Mouse. Know the tunnels better than anyone. Even you.

(beat)

Want to help.

VINCENT

There's nothing you can do.

MOUSE

Plenty Mouse can do. Building. Fixing. Finding and taking...

VINCENT

Dying.

(gentler, off his shock)

I've buried too many of the people I love. Your loyalty and your courage do you credit... but this is something I must do alone.

(CONTINUED)

Mouse looks around the grim, empty chamber, at the new life that Vincent has chosen for himself. Reluctantly, he accepts Vincent's decision.

MOUSE

Mouse was alone once. Alone is bad. Worse than bad. Worse than worst.

But Vincent knows what it is to be alone; knows it in ways that Mouse can only imagine. There are no words. He looks away. Then Mouse adds an unexpected codicil.

MOUSE

Nobody brings you notes.

And Mouse produces a square of folded paper from a pocket. Vincent takes it from him eagerly, quickly scans the words, and crushes it in his fist. His whole mood has suddenly transformed. Whatever he finds in Elliot's note gives him hope. He looks up; at the roof of the chamber, and by implication the city overhead.

Curiosity gets the better of Mouse.

MOUSE

What was in the note?

Vincent's reply is soft and simple, but full of power:

VINCENT

Hope...

CUT TO:

Too tired to stagger in to bed, Diana has fallen asleep on her couch, twisting and turning as afternoon sunlight pours through her windows. She stayed up all night by the grave; she'll be going back tonight; this is the only sleep she'll get.

Her phone begins to RING.

Diana tries to ignore the sound. The phone keeps on ringing. Her eyes open, reluctantly. The ringing continues. She sits up, pushes her hair back out of her eyes, grabs for the phone, answers groggily.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

DIANA
 Yeah. Hello.
 (no answer)
 Who is this? Hello.

The silence continues for a beat. Then we hear the sound of the phone being HUNG UP.

DIANA
 Damn it...

CUT TO:

53 EXT. - PHONE BOOTH - AFTERNOON

53

Somewhere on the water. Elliott Burch hangs up the receiver, looks regretfully at it for a long time. In his hand is the business card Diana gave him in her office. He drops it, and the card flutters slowly to the ground as Burch steps out of the phone booth.

CUT TO:

54 INT. - DIANA'S LOFT - AFTERNOON

54

Still exhausted, but awake now, Diana drags herself up, belts on a robe, and starts to make herself some coffee. She has another sleepless night ahead of her.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT. - WATERFRONT TUNNEL - SUNSET

55

Alone, head bowed, arms wrapped tightly around his knees, Vincent sits on the floor of a tunnel, wrapped in shadow, his figure SILHOUETTED against the tunnel mouth. Beyond him, outside, we glimpse the sky; the rusts and oranges of dusk slowly fading to purple.

Vincent looks up, out, watching... waiting with barely contained patience for the sun to set, and darkness to spread over the world.

DISSOLVE TO:

56 EXT. - PIER - NIGHT 56

TRACKING WITH ELLIOTT

Profoundly alone, Burch walks down the pier, hesitates a moment at the bottom of the gangplank, then starts the climb up to the Compass Rose.

57 EXT. - FREIGHTER DECK - NIGHT 57

as Elliot nervously steps aboard the Compass Rose to wait for Vincent's arrival. He slides his hands in his pockets, paces back and forth, head bowed, his heels ringing on the deck. His eyes sweep the rooftops of the warehouses along the waterfront, searching for... what?

58 EXT. - ROOFTOP - NIGHT 58

On a nearby rooftop, a SNIPER kneels behind a concealing brickwork, peering through the NIGHTSCOPE of a high-powered RIFLE. He looks deadly, professional, as still as if he were part of the rooftop. *

59 SNIPER'S POV - ELLIOT -SFX 59
(FORMERLY: SNIPER'S POV - ELLIOT)

Elliot moves through the sniper's CROSSHAIRS, his image magnified and TINTED RED by the nightscope. *

CUT TO:

59A INT. - GABRIEL'S OFFICE -- SIMULTANEOUS 59A

Across the city, Gabriel sits in a darkened office, watching Elliot on a half-dozen VIDEO MONITORS. Pope is with him.

POPE

You're sure Burch will go through with it?

GABRIEL

He's come this far. The first step is the hard one.

POPE

And afterwards...

GABRIEL

(unconcerned)
He's served his purpose.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. - CEMETERY - NIGHT 60

Across the city, Diana parks her Land Rover, climbs out, and walks between the headstones to resume her vigil. As she settles down beneath her tree, she looks up at the thin scattering of stars. and we

MATCH CUT TO:

60A THE SAME STARFIELD 60A

reflected in the black waters of the mirror pool.

60B INT. - MIRROR POOL - NIGHT 60B

Father stands alone on the bridge, his face melancholy, leaning on his cane as he considers the stars. Brooke enters behind him, stirring him from his reverie.

FATHER
(gentle concern)
Brooke...

*

The young girl is clearly upset.

BROOKE
(guilty)
Father... did Vincent go
away... on account of me?

*

Father looks at her with sadness and vast compassion.

FATHER
No, child. Come here.
(she does)
Vincent left... because he had
to... because he loved us, and
because...

Putting an arm around her, he gestures at the starfield with his cane, taking in all the world above.

FATHER
His destiny is up there now.
Beneath those stranger stars...

Brooke lays her head against Father's shoulder, and the two of them silently contemplate the stars.

DISSOLVE TO:

61 EXT. - FREIGHTER DECK - NIGHT

61

Elliot leans against the rail, the collar of his coat turned up against the damp. He looks like a sick man; an old man. His eyes are haunted.

There's a soft footfall... a voice from the dark.

INTERCUT SCENE with QUICK CUTS from SNIPER'S POV (all sniper POV shots should have the RED TINT of the nightscope, with CROSSHAIRS superimposed). Burch moves back and forth, but Vincent always remains in deep b.g., a shadow among other shadows, impossible to target. *

VINCENT (O.S.)

Elliot...

Burch slowly raises his head, turns toward the voice. He SHIVERS, as if in the grip of a cold wind. Vincent is behind him, shrouded by the darkness.

ELLIOT

Vincent... come... come here...
I have something to show you.

But Elliot's voice is so shaky, Vincent realizes that something is amiss. He takes a step forward, concerned.

VINCENT

Elliot, what's wrong?

Burch laughs a bitter, humorless laugh.

ELLIOT

You're what's wrong. Look at you.
I could have given Cathy the
world. What did you give her?

Elliot's accusation cuts deep. Vincent turns his head away, answers softly.

VINCENT

All I could. All I had. All I
was.

Vincent's voice is full of pain... full of love. It's too much; Elliot realizes that he cannot go through with the betrayal.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

ELLIOT

The message was a lie.

Alarmed, Vincent takes a step back, then hesitates. Elliot SCREAMS at him.

ELLIOT

Go on! What are you waiting for?
You were a fool to trust me...

Again, Vincent is tempted to depart... but there's such obvious pain in Elliot's voice, he cannot leave.

VINCENT

Catherine trusted you...

It's too much for Burch. He pulls in on himself, trembling. Vincent moves toward him.

VINCENT

Elliot... let me help you...

And Vincent STEPS UNDER THE LIGHT beside the rail.

CUT TO:

62 SNIPER'S POV - SFX
(FORMERLY - SNIPER'S POV)

62 *

Through the nightscope, Vincent is suddenly in clear view. The CROSSHAIRS move sideways, centering between Vincent's eyes.

*

CUT TO:

63 ELLIOT

63

as he suddenly realizes what's happening.

ELLIOT

Vincent, no...

Frantic with fear, Elliot PUTS himself between Vincent and the sniper, shoving him back toward the shadows, at the same instant the sniper FIRES.

The bullet catches Elliot in the middle of the back, SLAMMING him forward into Vincent's arms.

64 VINCENT

64

looks up wildly into the night, sudden understanding in his eyes. Reacting quickly, he DRAGS Burch backwards into the shadows of the freighter, as other shots begin to whine around them, the ricochets sparking off the deck and metal bulkheads.

65 THE SNIPER

65

pours down round after round from the rooftop... but Vincent yanks Elliot through a doorway, out of sight.

66 CLOSE ON ELLIOT

66

Vincent crouches behind a bulkhead, supporting Elliot. Burch's breathing is ragged, and there's blood on his chest, and more at the corner of his mouth. He pulls out the RING, presses it into Vincent's hand.

ELLIOT

Take it... go...

VINCENT

You would not leave me...

ELLIOT

(struggling)

... damn right I would...

VINCENT

You're lying again.

Despite the pain, Burch can't help but smile. Vincent has seen right through him.

VINCENT

We'll go together.

He helps Burch to his feet. Elliot leans most of his weight on Vincent. They start out.

CUT TO:

67 INT. - GABRIEL'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

67

Gabriel stares at his video monitors in the dark of his office; at yet another failure. He talks to Pope.

GABRIEL

Why are people always
disappointing me, Pope?

(CONTINUED)

- 67 CONTINUED: 67
- Pope has no answer. Gabriel sighs, twists his ring.
- GABRIEL
Enough. Blow it.
- Pope nods to an unseen flunky. *
- CUT TO:
- 68 OMITTED 68 *
- 68A SNIPER'S POV - FREIGHTER DECK 68A *
- Through the crosshairs, the RED TINT of the nightscope coloring the scene. Supporting Elliot, Vincent begins to move from his place of concealment. The sniper shifts his aim to target them... but before he can fire, a huge EXPLOSION engulfs the ship.
- 68B CLOSE ON THE SNIPER 68B *
- He turns away, shielding his eyes, as reflections from the blast wash over the rooftop.
- 68C EXT. - PIER - LONG SHOT 68C *
- A huge FIREBALL blossoms over the waterfront where the Compass Rose was tied up.
- 69 OMITTED 69 *
- 70 GABRIEL 70 *
(FORMERLY: INTERCUT GABRIEL)
- Watching the Compass Rose burn. Satisfied at last. He leans forward, intent, eyes glued to his monitors.
- 71 OMITTED 71 *

SERIES OF SHOTS

- 71A a) Pieces of FLAMING DEBRIS spin through the night air to splash down in the water of the East River. 71A *
- 71B b) Further EXPLOSIONS rip the burning ship. 71B *
- 71C c) Twisted, smoking pieces of wood and metal from the Compass Rose drift past on the water, litter the pier. 71C *
- 71D d) The hulk of the Compass Rose casts flickering shadows across the pier as it burns. 71D *
- 72 CLOSE ON GABRIEL (FORMERLY: CLOSE ON GABRIEL'S EYES) 72 *
- The image of the fires reflected in his eyes. Watching avidly, drinking it all in, hungrily. He SMILES... and then a final EXPLOSION fills his screens, and suddenly every video monitor in the room GOES DEAD, leaving him plunged into total darkness. *
- 73 thru 75 OMITTED 73 thru 75 *
- 76 SERIES OF SHOTS - BLACKOUT (STOCK) 76
- As the sudden POWER FAILURE sweeps over Manhattan, plunging parts of the city into blackness. Skyscrapers suddenly go DARK in a split second. Street lights blind out. Cars move through darkened streets, their headlights the only illumination. The whole island of Manhattan is black and dark.
- CUT TO:
- 77 EXT. - CEMETERY - ON DIANA 77
- Diana sits with her back against a tree in her vantage point overlooking Cathy's grave. The night around Diana suddenly DARKENS to a profound velvet black. A strange chill takes hold of her. She looks up.

78 DIANA'S POV - THE STARS

78

With the lights of the city gone, a thousand new stars are visible, bright pinpoints against the dark. Against their backdrop, the newfound COMET is a thing of wonder, its tail a trail of gossamer and starlight across the velvet heavens.

79 DIANA

79

shivers as she stares up at it, awe written large across her face. She cannot look away.

MATCH CUT TO:

79A INT. - MIRROR POOL - NIGHT

79A *

as the image of the comet and a hundred new stars suddenly appear in the mirror pool, Father shivers, and look of dread passes across his face. Brooke reacts.

BROOKE

Father, what's wrong?

Father stares down at the comet, transfixed, afraid for no good reason he can name.

FATHER

(quoting)

When beggars die, there are no
comets seen... the heavens
themselves blaze forth the death
of princes.

OFF the fear in his eyes, we

CUT TO:

79B INT. - GABRIEL'S NURSERY - NIGHT

79B *

In the stillness of a pitch black room, a baby suddenly begins to CRY. A door is thrown open. The power is still out. Gabriel enters with a candle in his hand, and stands above the crib, looking down.

GABRIEL

Don't be afraid.

He puts down the candle, lifts the child.

GABRIEL

It's over. You're safe now.

And strangely... terribly... the crying stops.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

80 EXT. - CEMETERY - LATER 80

Minutes? Hours? In the reign of the comet, time seems to have lost its meaning. Diana still gazes up at it.

A soft NOISE finally makes her look away.

81 ANGLE ON CATHY'S GRAVE 81

As Vincent COLLAPSES across it.

82 WITH DIANA 82

She stares... perhaps as wonderstruck by this apparition as by the appearance of the comet. The figure on the grave lies like a man dead, unmoving. Slowly, step by step, Diana walks toward the grave.

Vincent lies face down. His cloak is gone, burned to ashes. Arms, legs, hands, clothing; all burned. Diana kneels beside him. There's a touch of fear in her eyes; and more than a touch of awe.

Very gently... very slowly... she reaches out, touches him... he does not respond...

With great tenderness, she turns him over. His eyes are closed, as if in death.

As Diana looks on Vincent's face for the first time, we

FADE OUT

THE END