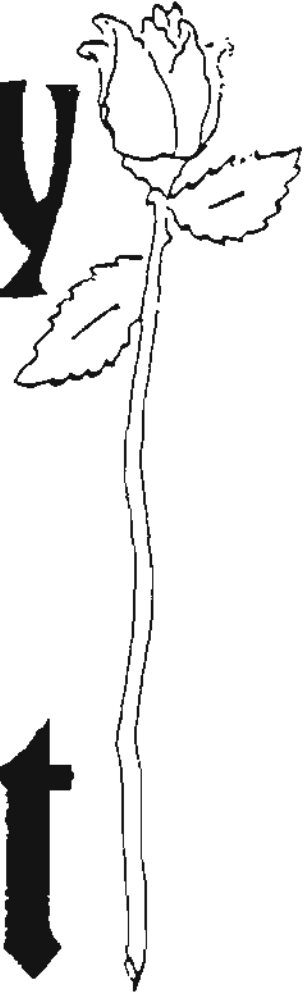


Beauty and the Beast



" Legacies "

56

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Legacies"

Story by

Alex Gansa & Howard Gordon

Teleplay by

P.K. Simonds, Jr.

Directed by

Gus Trikonis

WITT/THOMAS PRODUCTIONS
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December 1, 1989 (Grey)
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November 29, 1989 (Green)
November 28, 1989 (Yellow)
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November 27, 1989 (Blue)
November 22, 1989

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Legacies"

CHARACTERS

VINCENT
FATHER
JOE MAXWELL
DIANA BENNETT
MARY
PASCAL
JAMIE
BROOKE
JIMMY FABER
GREGORY COYLE
JESSICA WEBB
RAYMOND ENSIGN
YOUNG FATHER
YOUNG GREGORY
YOUNG RAYMOND
DOCTOR NYHART
CHILD

EXTRAS

LAWYERS
DETECTIVES
NATHAN COYLE
JASON
YOUNG WINSTON
YOUNG DEBORAH
FRISBEE PLAYERS
JOGGERS
WALKERS
BENCH-SITTERS

NOTE: DOCTOR HACKETT HAS BEEN CHANGED TO DOCTOR NYHART.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Legacies"

SETS

INTERIOR

D.A.'S OFFICE BLDG. (N)
-Joe's office

-GREGORY'S APARTMENT BLDG. (N)
-Apartment
-Landing

VINCENT'S CHAMBER (N,D)

PUBLIC LIBRARY (N)

JESSICA'S SUITE (D)
-Living room
-Bedroom

ABANDONED ROCK TUNNEL (D,N)

ROCK TUNNELS (D,N)

COFFIN (N)

TUNNELS (D,N)
-Adjoining tunnel

HOSPITAL PSYCHIATRIC WARD (D)
-Corridor
-Doctor Nyhart's Office

ROCK TUNNEL JUNCTION (N)

WELL (MATTE) (D)

WELL (D)

WATER TUNNELS (D)

FATHER'S CHAMBER (N)

EXTERIOR

DIANA'S ROOFTOP (N)

PUBLIC LIBRARY (N)

N.Y. CITY (DAWN) (STOCK)

THE PLAZA (D)

CENTRAL PARK (N,D)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Legacies"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT 1

With steep mahogany paneling and looming columns that cast long black shadows, this spacious book repository, closed for the night, is hauntingly quiet, even for a library...

FIND a sixty-year-old black man sorting returned library books onto a cart. PUSH IN on a small engraved name tag on his shirt. It reads: "RAYMOND ENSIGN".

RAYMOND

finishes loading the cart and wheels it SQUEAKING toward a darkened row of aisles. He walks with a pronounced limp of his right leg...

CUT TO:

2 OMITTED 2

3 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3

An exhausted, frustrated JOE MAXWELL meets with his newly formed Joint D.A./N.Y.P.D. Task Force. A half-dozen lawyers and detectives fill the room, among them DIANA and detective JIMMY FABER. *

FABER *

Forensics came through.
(beat, grim)
The ashes are definitely human remains.

No one's surprised, but the news causes a faint stirring in the room; this guy is sick. *

JOE *

All right. Let's hit all the city mortuaries, work up a list...

FABER *

The lab says cremation took place twenty to thirty years ago, Joe. We'll get the records, but it's going to take time...

Another brick wall. Joe looks angry and frustrated.

3 CONTINUED:

3

JOE

Damn it, Jimmy, we don't have time. What else?

*

FABER

We're lucky we got that much. Ashes don't tell you much. We hear from the bureau yet?

*

JOE

They ran the computer check. No similar crimes anywhere in the U.S. As far as they know, our guy's an original.

*

FABER

The Sentinel's calling him the Ash Man...

*

JOE

Yeah, well, I've got a few things I'd like to call the Sentinel.

*

Joe stands up, comes around the desk, frustrated.

*

JOE

We have to do better than this, people. This guy kills every Thursday night at ten... and until we get a bead on him, there's not a damn thing we can do to stop it.

The room is quiet. CAMERA PANS the anxious faces, all of them aware that a brutal murder may soon be taking place somewhere out in the city, as they sit here talking.

*

*

CUT TO:

4 INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

4

A CLOCK ON THE WALL

reads 9:45. TILTING DOWN, find

RAYMOND

As he pushes the squeaky cart slowly through the aisles, methodically replacing books in their shelves and straightening the rows...

5 EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - ANGLE INSIDE - HANDHELD (POV) 5

Skulking low as it looks inside through a window, the POV watches Raymond make his lonely rounds...

CUT TO:

6 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - BACK TO SCENE 6

As Joe paces through the room, all too aware of the time, thinking on his feet, struggling.

JOE

There's got to be something we're overlooking... some detail, any kind of clue to this guy's pattern...

FABER

What if there is no pattern?

Clearly, Joe hates that idea; it leads them nowhere.

JOE

Then we don't have a prayer of catching him. I don't want to hear that, Jimmy. I don't even want to think that.

FABER

I know. It stinks. But look at the victims. There's no connection between them, Joe. None.

The room is quiet. CAMERA pans the anxious faces; all of them are aware of the stakes, but no one has any answers. Until Diana quietly speaks up.

DIANA

There is a connection.

All eyes in the room move to Diana.

CUT TO:

7 INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT 7

Raymond is just sliding a volume onto a shelf when he hears a RAPPING on the front door. He hesitates, checking his watch. More RAPPING. Against his better judgement:

RAYMOND

Coming!

8 AT THE FRONT DOOR 8

Raymond arrives and sees through the frosted glass door a very large shape outside. He reacts.

8 CONTINUED:

8

RAYMOND

Who is it?

A pause.

GREGORY (O.S.)

Gregory.

RAYMOND

Do I know you?

GREGORY (O.S.)

You used to...

Raymond shows no recognition, but moves to the door, curious. He opens it a crack, revealing for himself the giant Gregory outside. Raymond begins to recognize the man -- but with his recognition comes a look of deep discomfort and concern. A long pause.

RAYMOND

My lord... you're Gregory Coyle,
aren't you?

CUT TO:

9 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - BACK TO SCENE - LATER

9

Everyone is looking at Diana. *

FABER *

Mind explaining that, Bennett?
I didn't read my tea leaves
this morning...

DIANA *

The man we're looking for is
compulsive. His whole life is
pattern... order... routine.
He kills once a week. The same
day. The same time. He uses
the same ashes to paint their
faces. Whose ashes? Tell me
that, and I'll tell you the
connection.

(beat)

These aren't random killings.
This is retribution.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

FABER

For what?

*

DIANA

For something that happened
twenty years ago...

*

JOE

(thoughtful)

Yeah... maybe...

*

FABER

I don't buy it. This is pure
guesswork.

*

DIANA

The connection is there, Jimmy.
We're just not seeing it.

*

FABER

We're not seeing it because it
doesn't exist.

*

(beat, hard)

Deborah White lived in a high-
rise in Yorkville. Winston
Burke had a grungy walk-up on
the Lower East Side. He lived
off his Social Security check.
She grossed six figures a year.
He was a native New Yorker, she
moved here from Dubuque. Far
as we can tell they never met,
We haven't turned up a single
person who knew them both...

Diana gives him a long, direct look, replies calmly.

DIANA

(calm, certain)

There was one person who knew
them both, Jimmy. The killer
knew them both.

*

Off her certainty, we

*

CUT TO:

10 INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS FROM EARLIER

10

Raymond holds open the door, staring at Gregory. He catches himself, forces a smile to ease the tension.

RAYMOND

Sorry, I... don't mean to stare. It's been so long.

*

Gregory's expression remains serious.

*

GREGORY

I look like him. Don't I?

*

A beat. Raymond NODS, then swings the door wide for him, gesturing inside.

*

RAYMOND

Come in, Gregory, come in...

Gregory enters and Raymond locks the door behind him.

RAYMOND

Your dad was a good man... a fine man... it was a terrible thing, what happened...

*

*

*

GREGORY

(flat, cold)

Terrible.

*

RAYMOND

I still got the bum leg. Can't go below no more... not since that night... after, it was like... I could feel all the weight over my head, pressing down...

*

*

*

Gregory says nothing. Raymond pats him on the back.

*

RAYMOND

But I suppose I was the lucky one. Have you been all right, Raymond? Where have you been?

*

*

(motioning)

Come on into the back with me. You can catch me up while I make my rounds...

Gregory stays mute as Raymond leads the way back into the darkened aisles...

RAYMOND

It must be... hell, twenty, twenty-five years...

*

As they disappear into the darkness, we see Gregory slowly remove a length of tightly coiled piano wire from inside his coat...

11 EXT. THE CITY - (STOCK) 11

The light changing from night to day...

DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY 12

The baby sleeps in his crib. Close by, Vincent kneels over an open trunk, slowly sorting through its contents: toys, books, all cherished memories of his own childhood.

Mary enters the chamber behind him. Kneeling, Vincent is partially hidden; she does not see him at first.

MARY

Vincent?

He rises, holding a book in his hands. It's an old hardbound copy of Kipling, well read, well cared for. Mary comes closer, sees the book in his hands. *

MARY

Kipling... oh, I remember how much you and Devin used to love his stories...

Vincent smiles, remembering.

VINCENT

Mowgli... Rikki Tikki Tavi... the elephant's child... they were like friends, Mary...

(beat)

Then one day I stopped visiting... put them away... I suppose I thought I was too old for children's books...

MARY

Why are children always in such a rush to grow up, Vincent?

Vincent just shakes his head; he has no answer for that. He looks down at his sleeping child.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

VINCENT

It's all right. Whatever I may
have lost along the way, I'll find
again... with him...

Gently, his fingers brushes the baby's cheek.

VINCENT

We think we've left the high and
far-off times behind us... but
they're never far... they're just
around the corner...

That thought seems to sadden Mary. Vincent picks up on
her sadness at once.

VINCENT

But you didn't come here to talk
about Kipling. What's wrong,
Mary?

Mary thinks better of speaking. She shakes her head.

MARY

It's nothing, Vincent. You have
enough to worry about...

She starts to go.

VINCENT

Mary, please... tell me... let
me help...

She stops again at the door, looks down. A long beat.
She can't find the words. But Vincent senses the cause
of her distress. His voice is full of compassion.

VINCENT

(softly)

It's Father, isn't it?

She looks up and meets his gaze.

VINCENT

You miss him...

MARY

More than I should...

She smiles painfully. Vincent gently takes her hand,
draws her toward a chair. *

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

VINCENT

Please... sit...

Mary sits down. Vincent seats himself close to her, listening patiently.

MARY

When I first came below, I was so confused... lost... Father helped me find myself... helped me make a new life. He was strong... wise...

(pause, smile)

He was a very charming man...

Her voice falters as Mary suddenly grows self-conscious. But Vincent hears the truth beyond the words.

VINCENT

You fell in love with him...

She nods; after all these years, it's hard to say aloud.

MARY

Father belonged to all of us, it seemed somehow... selfish... to want him for myself... besides...

A pause. Mary continues slowly, choosing her words.

MARY

... there was... a memory... standing between us...

VINCENT

Margaret...

MARY

I didn't know her name. Not then. Father never spoke of his life above. But I could see her in his eyes. She'd left him... but he never stopped loving her.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

Vincent understands Father's long grieving for a lost love; but now Mary is showing him another side.

MARY

Over the years... I suppose I just... accepted the way things were... I told myself that he would never be able to love anyone the way he'd loved Margaret, but...

(pause)

... but if... if the day ever came when he... needed someone... then... I would be there...

VINCENT

And then Jessica came back into his life.

Mary looks into Vincent's eyes with tears welling.

MARY

I made a terrible mistake, Vincent, which I never saw until now...

(then)

I never told him...

(pause)

And now...

She breaks off, weeping. Vincent takes her into his arms, comforting her. There is nothing he can say...

DISSOLVE TO:

12A EXT. THE PLAZA - DAY

12A

to establish.

13 INT. LIVING ROOM - JESSICA'S SUITE - DAY

13

Father is standing at the window, gazing out over the city, when Jessica enters from the other room, unseen by him. She stops to watch him for a long moment -- before stepping close to him, touching him tenderly...

JESSICA

Jacob...

He continues staring out the window as he places his hand gently over hers.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

JESSICA

Jacob, there's nothing you can do. Your helpers have all been alerted. They'll be safe.

*
*

FATHER

Will they?
(beat, worried)
Some of them are elderly...
poor... they're so vulnerable.
This city of yours...
(beat, sigh)
If only this weren't happening
now...

*

JESSICA

Then something else would be happening.
(he turns to her)
It's never been easy, Jacob.
Above or below, life is seldom
easy.

Father manages to smile reassuringly.

FATHER

-- I suppose you're right.

JESSICA

Of course I'm right.

Sensing his need, Jessica takes his arm and turns him toward her, smiling...

JESSICA

It's a lovely day. Why don't
we go for a walk...

*

FATHER

(slowly brightening)
Yes... I'd like that...

*

As we:

DISSOLVE TO:

13A EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY - MOVING WITH

13A

Father and Jessica as they walk arm in arm through the late-autumn park, which is well-populated by frisbee players, dogs, joggers, walkers, and bench-sitters... A frisbee sails toward them and lands at Father's feet. He regards it curiously. Jessica sees his expression, laughs.

(CONTINUED)

13A CONTINUED:

13A

JESSICA

It's a frisbee, Jacob.

FATHER

(wry)

Of course. I knew it at once.

JESSICA

Don't be afraid. You can touch it.

FATHER

I won't be set upon by Martians?

*

JESSICA

Not today.

Smiling, he stoops to pick the frisbee up. He lets go of it as if expecting it to fly and it falls to the ground. He picks it up again -- just in time to hand it to an apologetic youngster who's run up to retrieve it.

FATHER

Here you are.

The youngster sends the frisbee sailing off, then runs to follow it. Father seems consternated.

JESSICA

You see, there are some things we do better up top...

FATHER

(smiles, teasing)

You've never seen the children skip subway tiles on the mirror pool...

She laughs and rests her head against his shoulder. As they continue OUT OF FRAME, CAMERA HOLDS on a particular bench-sitter who is watching after them. It's GREGORY. And as he rises to follow...

14
thru
17

OMITTED

14
thru
17

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 EXT. DIANA'S ROOFTOP - NIGHT 18

Diana steps out onto the rooftop, having heard a knock while downstairs...

DIANA
Vincent?

18A VINCENT 18A

steps out of the shadows. His face is solemn, troubled.

VINCENT
(grimly)
There's been another killing...

It's not a question. Diana's face registers surprise. She NODS slowly, puzzled. Vincent looks away, pained.

VINCENT
As soon as they brought your
message, I knew...

He hangs his head, grieving inside, girding himself to ask the name of this latest victim. Diana moves closer.

DIANA
Vincent, I'm so sorry...

Wearily, he nods, accepting her sympathy, turns to her.

VINCENT
Who was it?

DIANA
His name was Raymond Ensign.

Vincent REACTS sharply. Now it's his turn to be puzzled. The name is an unfamiliar one.

VINCENT
Raymond Ensign...
(beat)
Diana, there is no helper by
that name...

Diana stares at him, stunned. He's just pulled the rug out from under her case.

(CONTINUED)

18A CONTINUED:

18A

DIANA

His face was painted with
ashes, just like the others.
There's got to be some
connection... if the killer's
started choosing his victims at
random, we'll never... Vincent,
are you sure?

VINCENT

I know all of our helpers...

DIANA

He was a black man, late
fifties, worked at the public
library, walked with a limp...
the coroner said his right
leg had been crushed about
twenty-five years ago, he...

Vincent looks up suddenly, his memory jogged...

VINCENT

Wait...

(beat, remembering)

There was a black man... his
leg had been shattered...
Father would take me to visit
him... in the hospital chamber.
Sometimes we took turns reading
to him... he was afraid to go
to sleep...

DIANA

Why?

It all happened a long time ago; Vincent hesitates as he
struggles to recall the details.

VINCENT

He had nightmares... he'd been
in a terrible accident... a
cave-in... he relived it in his
dreams... finally he went back
up top, broke off all ties with
us...

Vincent hesitates, searching his memory. Then a light
breaks across his face as he remembers.

VINCENT

Diana -- Winston and Deborah
were caught in that same tunnel
collapse...

(CONTINUED)

18A CONTINUED: (2)

18A

DIANA

Was there anyone else?

*
*

VINCENT

A man was killed... a helper,
I didn't know him well... his
name was Nathan... yes...
Nathan... Coyle...

*

DIANA

The body... what happened to
his body? Vincent, was he
cremated?

*

Vincent looks at her, NODS slowly.

*

VINCENT

Nathan had a son... Gregory...
he was only seven... he ran
away after his father died. We
never found him...

*

DIANA

Yeah. Well, I think he's just
found you.

*
*

(sure, quick)

If it is Gregory, the rest of
your helpers are safe. He was
working down a list... and he
just ran out of names. You're
sure there were only four?

VINCENT

Yes...

DIANA

Then at least the killing's over...

*

Silence, as they look at each other, hoping this is true
-- and sorry they couldn't have known it sooner...

DISSOLVE TO:

19 INT. GREGORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

19

Using second-hand tools, Gregory meticulously lines up edges and angles on various shaped pieces of lumber as he toils to build something we can't yet identify.

His obsessive compulsive behavior is much in evidence. The placement of every nail is as precise as possible -- into crosshatches etched carefully with a pencil. When he drives in a nail at a slightly skewed angle, he angrily pulls it out and hammers in a new one... etc...

DISSOLVE TO:

20 INT. BEDROOM - JESSICA'S SUITE - DAY

20

Bright morning sunlight diffuses through the gossamer-curtained window. Father is sitting in a chair watching Jessica sleep in the adjacent bed. After a moment, she stirs and her eyes open...

FATHER

Good morning...

As she squints through the sunlight to discern Father's figure...

JESSICA

Jacob?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

He rises and moves to sit beside her as she props herself upright.

FATHER
You look very beautiful...

JESSICA
Please...

FATHER
I mean it...

JESSICA
What's the matter? Didn't you sleep?

FATHER
I'm afraid not...

She regards him for a long moment through clearing eyes... beginning to understand...

JESSICA
You can't let go...

He looks downward...

JESSICA
(with deep sympathy)
Jacob... I do understand. The world below has been your home for so many years. You can't expect it to leave your thoughts so easily...

FATHER
It's not the place...
(then)
It's the time. I'm sure once this is all resolved...

He trails off... but her look implores him to continue.

FATHER
... We can start again. But until then... until the helpers are safe again... I have to go back.

She regards him for a long time... with sadness and with understanding.

JESSICA
I want you to be happy, Jacob...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

FATHER
I know you do.

As a deep forboding creeps into her mind.

JESSICA
Promise me something...

As he reaches out and gently combs some stray hair from her forehead...

FATHER
Of course...

She is about to say something -- trying to get past the fearful emotions rising within her -- but decides against it, and shakes her head decisively.

JESSICA
No... no promises... except that you'll be careful...

He takes her into his arms, and as they hold each other tightly, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. ABANDONED ROCK TUNNEL - DAY

21

In a dark, strange section of tunnels whose walls are damp and running with thin sediment, FIND Gregory hard at work digging a deep hole in the tunnel floor, his shirtless form bathed in sweat.

Again, for what purpose, we can only imagine...

DISSOLVE TO:

21A EXT. MENTAL HEALTH HOSPITAL - DAY

21A *

to establish.

*

22 OMITTED

22 *

22A INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - OFFICE - DAY
(FORMERLY: INT. DR. NYHART'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS)

22A *

Diana is sitting with DOCTOR LORI NYHART, a no-nonsense psychiatric resident who wears the white coat and clipboard of her trade. Nyhart is consulting a file...

*

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

NYHART

He was released two months ago...

DIANA

Do you have an address?

Nyhart picks up the phone, punches three numbers...

NYHART

(into phone)

This is Dr. Nyhart. I need a current address on Gregory Coyle.

(beat; deadpan)

Yeah, "C" as in crazy. Thanks.

She hangs up.

DIANA

Why was he released?

NYHART

(dry)

Because he was functional.

DIANA

Functional?

NYHART

(indicating file)

That's what it says here.

(reading)

..."competent enough to be self-sufficient..."

DIANA

(sensing something more)

But you didn't think so...

NYHART

Gregory was a patient of this hospital for twenty-six years. He was released because of federal budgetary cutbacks. Period.

Diana regards this woman with appreciation and kinship.

DIANA

Do you consider him dangerous?

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED: (2)

22A

NYHART

Maybe. I think he's more of a threat to himself than to anyone else...

DIANA

Suicidal?

NYHART

This is a man who lost his father at a very young age... and who was never able to legitimately grieve for the loss. How that pain will manifest itself, I can't tell you.

DIANA

Did he ever talk about his father?

NYHART

It's all here in his records...

DIANA

Which I can't look at without a subpoena.

NYHART

I'm sorry. But I imagine that would be easy enough to get.

As Diana mulls the delicate nature of her secret, the phone RINGS.

NYHART

Yes?

She writes something on a slip of paper, hangs up.

DOCTOR NYHART

Here's his address. I hope I've been able to help you.

Diana takes the paper, smiles.

DIANA

Very much. Thanks.

And she's gone...

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. WATER TUNNELS - DAY

23

Father rounds a corner alone, still wearing his street clothes, as he makes his way below...

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT. WELL - DAY

24

Father leans heavily on his cane as he descends. The steps are damp and slick under his feet. He stops for a moment, breathing a little raggedly. He peers nervously down over the edge.

24A FATHER'S POV - THE WELL - (MATTE)

24A

The well descends down and down, a dizzying distance. We see a few small landings below, opening on the mouths of tunnels, but the steps themselves seem to descend almost to infinity, dwindling finally into darkness.

24B RESUME FATHER

24B

as he draws back, sobered. He continues his descent a bit more slowly, keeping close to the damp stone wall.

*

DISSOLVE TO:

25 INT. ROCK TUNNELS - DAY

25

As Father turns a corner, a NOISE from behind causes him to stop. HEAVY CRUNCHING -- like the footsteps of a large man -- continue for a moment, then stop. Father, not unaware of the possibilities, carries a tone of some apprehension in his voice:

FATHER

Hello?

(pause)

Is anyone there?

There's no answer. Father looks up at a single pipe running near the ceiling of the passage. He looks at his cane. Should he call for help? He decides against it, keeps walking. After a few moments, the FOOTSTEPS resume behind him. Father stops, calls out again, this time with some impatience:

FATHER

Who's there?

The FOOTSTEPS stop a moment, then resume again, this time moving faster. Wasting no time, Father reaches his cane to the pipes and BANGS out an urgent message. He waits for a response, starts BANGING again, when suddenly:

25A A HUGE HAND

25A

rabs onto Father's wrist.

GREGORY

Stop.

26
thru OMITTED
28

26
thru
28

29 FATHER

29

stares at Gregory, huge and unmoving before him. Neither
of them speaks for a long moment. Then:

*

GREGORY

*

(flat, eerie)

His hand moved.

FATHER

*

His... his hand... I don't...
who are you?

GREGORY

*

Gregory. His hand moved.

FATHER

*

Do I... do I know you?

GREGORY

*

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

- 0 CONTINUED: 29
- Unmistakable menace is in Gregory's tone. Father backs away a step. Gregory bears down on him, and Father turns to flee. Gregory stays with him easily, his long stride eating the ground between them. He leans down mid-stride to grasp a large rock in his huge hand. *
- 30 HANDHELD POV BEHIND FATHER 30
- closing in on him.
- 31 GREGORY 31
- raises the rock high.
- 32 FATHER 32
- looks over his shoulder, sees the rock coming down, and
- 0 IN AN ADJOINING TUNNEL 32A
- there is no sound, until FOOTSTEPS are heard, and then Gregory enters, holding Father around the middle with one arm, his feet dragging behind. As Gregory PASSES CAMERA we see that a trickle of blood runs down Father's face. Gregory continues down the passage, as we:
- 33 OMITTED 33

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

33A INT. ROCK TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS FROM PREVIOUS ACT

33A

As Gregory drags Father to the end of the passage and disappears around a corner...

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

34

Vincent and his son have visitors. BROOKE rocks the baby in her arms, smiling down. JAMIE stands beside her, looking a little more uncertain about all this, as Vincent watches with a smile on his face.

BROOKE

Oh, Vincent, he's so beautiful.

VINCENT

He looks so much like Catherine...

BROOKE

He's got your eyes, though.

(to Jamie)

Do you want to hold him?

But Jamie isn't certain about that at all.

JAMIE

I don't know how.

Brooke gently puts the baby in Jamie's arms, showing her how to hold him.

BROOKE

You won't drop him. Here, like this... you might be holding your own some day...

That prospect clearly alarms Jamie.

JAMIE

Not me. No way.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

That brings a smile to Vincent's face. And Jamie smiles too, as the baby reaches out a hand toward her. We can see the tomboy begin to melt.

The warmth of the moment is shattered as Pascal rushes in, ragged, a little out of breath.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

PASCAL

Vincent... come quickly...

VINCENT

What's wrong?

PASCAL

A call for help... over the
pipes... urgent...

VINCENT

Who sent it?

PASCAL

... don't know... the message
broke off... no one's reported
an intruder, but...

Vincent is donning his cape. He looks back at the child.

JAMIE

Go ahead. We'll take care of
Jake.He gives them a grateful nod, starts toward the exit,
talking to Pascal.

VINCENT

Show me the place, Pascal...

They rush out of the chamber.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. ROCK TUNNEL - NIGHT

35

Gregory carries an unconscious Father over his shoulder,
Father's cane in his free hand. When Father stirs, Gregory
sets him down on the ground. Father's hands are tied
before him. He shakes out the cobwebs and notices his
bonds, turns to Gregory.

FATHER

Gregory, what... what are you
doing... *

Gregory has no desire to converse. After a hesitation...

GREGORY

Making it right...
(beat)
Get up.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

Father stares at him. Recognition fills his eyes as he remembers who Gregory is at last. *

FATHER *

Dear god... you're Nathan Coyle's boy...

Gregory prods at Father with his own cane.

GREGORY

Yes. _Get up. *

Painfully, Father struggles to his feet. *

GREGORY

Walk.

The big man pokes him again with the cane, and Father reluctantly continues...

DISSOLVE TO:

36 EXT. GREGORY'S APT. BLDG. - NIGHT 36

Stock.

37 INT. LANDING - GREGORY'S APT. BLDG. 37

she pauses, slides her gun from its holster, listens at Gregory's door. She tries it. It's open...

38 INT. GREGORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 38

Diana ventures inside slowly. In the eerie half-light cast by streetlamps and neon signs outside, she takes in the tiny, fastidiously-kept place. The lined-up toiletries by the sink. The neat rows of chipped glassware and silver in the kitchenette. But nowhere any sign of Gregory...

DISSOLVE TO:

39 INT. WELL - NIGHT

39

Father slowly climbs the steps, one hand on the wall to steady himself. Gregory is right behind him, prodding him onward with the cane whenever he hesitates.

FATHER
 (trying to reach him)
 Gregory, please... I can't climb
 so fast...

Gregory prods him with the cane.

GREGORY
 Don't stop.

Out of breath, Father leans against the wall.

FATHER
 Your father... helped build our
 world... he was... a friend...
 when he died, we all... we all
 lost part of ourselves...

GREGORY
 Shut up. Climb.

FATHER
 Please...

GREGORY
Climb!

Father takes another step upwards. Gregory follows close behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. ROCK TUNNEL - NIGHT

40

Vincent and Pascal are in the place where Father was ambushed by Gregory. Pascal leans to examine footprints.

PASCAL

It looks like two men...

Vincent stoops to pick up a rock -- the same one Father was struck with. He turns it over, touches a spot, brings his finger away with blood on it.

VINCENT

Blood.

(beat)

I thought the danger was over. *

I was wrong...

He straightens, thinking, taking command.

VINCENT

Go back to the pipe chamber,
Pascal. Have William gather the
others in the Great Hall... alert
all the sentries...

PASCAL

We need to warn the helpers too.
I'll put out the word.

VINCENT

Good.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

A moment.

PASCAL

What's happening, Vincent? Who's doing this?

Vincent looks at him, grim, a little sad.

VINCENT

A boy... a lost boy... someone from our past...

Pascal looks at him, uncomprehending.

PASCAL

I don't remember...

VINCENT

No. But he does...

And with that Vincent is off...

Off Pascal's worried look, we

DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. GREGORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

41

Diana stands alone at the center of the room, her arms at her sides. She still holds her gun in one hand, ready if Gregory returns. She methodically runs her eyes over every detail of the place, CAMERA FOLLOWING her gaze. She talks to herself in a low, trance-like tone as she concentrates...

DIANA

Where are you, Gregory? *

She begins wandering the perimeter of the place...

DIANA

You finished your work. You made everything straight for Nathan... when are you coming home? *

She turns to the dinette table, empty except for a dated picture postcard of Times Square. She turns it over, finds it blank. She crosses to a small beaten-up bureau, pulls open the drawers. All of them are empty. *

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Diana comes to a realization. *

DIANA *

You're not coming back.

She looks up at the small mirror mounted atop the bureau. In one corner is stuck Gregory's Social Security card. She takes it and looks at it...

DIANA

It's over now... you're tired,
but you're not coming home... *

She looks around, eyes searching for something.

DIANA *

The ashes... where are the ashes?

Not here. Diana moves rapidly around the room. *

DIANA *

(a little frantic)

You took them... why?... why do
you need the ashes?... it's
over... who are the ashes for?
Who are the ashes for?

Suddenly Diana seems to know the answer. She rushes to the door, and EXITS. *

DISSOLVE TO:

42 INT. ABANDONED ROCK TUNNEL - NIGHT

42

Father sits, hands still tied, in a corner of this section of tunnel where Gregory has been digging -- digging what we now realize is Father's grave... The wooden assemblage we didn't recognize before is finished. It's a coffin, and it sits near the grave, as Gregory finishes digging the four-foot-deep hole, concentrating hard on his work. Father tries to find the words that will reach him... *

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

FATHER

Gregory, please... you don't understand... your father's death was a tragic accident...

Gregory continues to shovel.

FATHER

Nathan was a good man, a brave man... we'd had gas seepage, children were getting sick...

Gregory stops his work and looks at Father for the first time. His face is twisted in bitter frustration and anger.

GREGORY

You made him come here.

FATHER

He volunteered... without him, we might never have found the gas leak... he saved lives...

GREGORY

You let him die.

FATHER

I was too late... Gregory, he was dead...

Gregory glares at Father and explodes.

GREGORY

His hand moved!

He hurls his shovel across the tunnel so it CLANGS into the rock wall.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. SAME TUNNEL - 25 YEARS AGO - GREGORY'S FLASHBACK 43

SEPIA

(NOTE: this scene is Gregory's recollection, and should be rendered impressionistically, using low angles, stark shadows, hand-held camera, processed sound.)

Several rescue workers pass THROUGH FRAME. Camera FOLLOWS them into the busy scene. Rubble is everywhere, and tunnelers are comforting the traumatized Young Winston and Young Deborah off to one side.

43A YOUNG FATHER 43A

watches as rescue workers slide the body of NATHAN COYLE out from under a rockfall, while others lift a huge rock off the shattered, bloody leg of YOUNG RAYMOND.

Father bends over Nathan first, examines him quickly. Nathan's chest is crushed, bloody, his eyes open and staring. Father feels for a pulse at the side of his neck, finds none, shakes his head in despair.

FATHER

Dear god, no...

Gently, he closes Nathan's eyes. There's a GROAN of agony from Raymond. Father leaves Nathan and hurries to examine Raymond's broken leg.

YOUNG RAYMOND

Nathan...

Father sighs, shakes his head.

YOUNG RAYMOND

No...

Father, bent over Raymond's leg, cuts apart the trousers with a scalpel. Raymond CRIES OUT in sudden pain as Father touches the leg very gently.

FATHER

Compound fracture...

As Father reaches into his medical bag,

43AA OMITTED 43AA

43B CAMERA VEERS 43B

to FIND Nathan's body again, unattended in the melee.

43C REVERSE

43C

to find YOUNG GREGORY, watches the scene in terror. He
shouldn't be here, but he had to come... he's confused,
lost... he tries to grab JASON, a passing rescue worker.

*
*

YOUNG GREGORY
Help my daddy...

*

But in the cacophony, Jason doesn't hear him.

*

43D CLOSER ON NATHAN'S BODY

43D

as a Jason spreads a blanket over him, covering everything
but one up-turned hand.

*

43E CLOSER ON GREGORY 43E

his seven-year-old face torn with grief...

YOUNG GREGORY

Daddy...

43F ON NATHAN'S HAND 43F

suddenly twitching, then falling still again...

43G. CLOSE ON GREGORY 43G

reacting. He's the only one who's seen. He rushes forward, screaming.

YOUNG GREGORY

Help my daddy! Help him!

43H FATHER 43H

is injecting Raymond with painkillers. He looks up at the scream, startled.

FATHER

Good god...

(to Jason, re: Gregory)

Jason, get him away from here.

Quickly.

Jason swoops down on Gregory and takes him in his arms.

YOUNG GREGORY

No. Let me alone! Help him!

Help my daddy...

Father spares him a precious moment.

FATHER

I'm sorry, Gregory. He's gone.

The boy won't believe it. He struggles in Jason's arms.

YOUNG GREGORY

No! No!

Then Raymond cries out, and Father bends to give him something for the pain. Young Gregory is still screaming as Jason carries him off.

43I GREGORY'S FACE

43I

is stricken, utterly devastated...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

44 INT. ABANDONED ROCK TUNNEL - GREGORY'S FACE - PRESENT 44

The same devastation there, but tinged now with bitterness.
He looms over Father. *

FATHER *

Gregory... please... no one
abandoned your father... he was
dead... his chest had been
crushed...

GREGORY

His hand moved. I saw. *

FATHER *

You saw a... a muscle spasm...
it's common, it doesn't mean
any...

GREGORY *

Quiet. No more words.

He reaches down and takes Father by the arm, hauling him
to his feet. Father is face to face with him now...

FATHER

Your father was dead, Gregory.
I couldn't change it then, and
you can't change it now...

Gregory grimaces, starts to drag Father toward the grave...

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

FATHER

You've got to let go of him,
 Gregory... let his memory rest...

Gregory forces Father to the ground and braces him there with his knees. He reaches for the urn and dips into it, holding tightly to Father's face with his other hand. Father struggles bitterly as Gregory begins to smear a layer of ash on his forehead and cheek. Finally Gregory pulls back, admiring his work.

He hauls Father back to his feet and swings him to the edge of the grave. The coffin is in the grave. *

GREGORY

Get in.

FATHER

Gregory, please--

GREGORY

(raising the shovel)

Get in!

Father complies, sitting down at the grave's edge, then stepping into the coffin.

GREGORY

Lie down.

Slowly, miserably, Father does so.

44A FATHER'S POV

44A

looking up, as the towering Gregory appears overhead with the coffin lid in his hand...

DISSOLVE TO:

45 INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

45

Jessica is asleep, but her eyes open suddenly when she hears a NOISE from the other room. She sits up in bed, alarmed, looks around warily. Everything's dark, silent.

JESSICA

(quiet, frightened)

Who's there?

(beat)

Jacob, is that you?

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

There's no answer. After a beat, Jessica throws off the blankets, gets up, slips on a robe.

46
thru
47A

OMITTED

46
thru
47A

47B

INT. - JESSICA'S HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

47B

Barefoot, on edge, Jessica moves stealthily into the living room. The room is dark, lit only by the moonlight that streams through the windows, full of shadows and mysteries. Her voice is scarcely more than a whisper.

JESSICA

Jacob...?

No answer. She edges out into the room, past deep pockets of shadow. She glances at the door; it's locked, chained. Then Jessica notices that one of the window is WIDE OPEN. Suddenly she's very scared. She starts to step backward... and VINCENT'S HAND suddenly ENTERS FRAME, touching her gently on her shoulder. She GASPS.

VINCENT

Don't be afraid...

Jessica whirls, recognizes him, shudders with relief.

JESSICA

Vincent... *

VINCENT

I'm sorry to disturb you, Jessica.
I must talk to Father... it's
urgent...

Jessica looks at him uncomprehendingly.

JESSICA

But... Jacob left hours ago...
he's below...

The look on Vincent's face fills Jessica with a sudden dread as the implications of this visit sink in.

JESSICA

Oh my god... no...

VINCENT

There was a call for help...

(CONTINUED)

47B CONTINUED:

47B

He leaves the rest unsaid. Jessica trembles.

JESSICA
Vincent...

VINCENT
I must go...

He turns toward the window to depart. As she watches him leave:

JESSICA
Find him... please...

DISSOLVE TO:

48 INT. ABANDONED ROCK TUNNEL - NIGHT

48

Standing outside the grave, Gregory lowers the bottom of the coffin lid into place. Father, his hands still tied before him, leans to one side to address Gregory as he begins to lower the top...

FATHER
(as panic sets in)
Don't do this, Gregory. Please.
Let me help you... your father
was my friend...

As Gregory lowers the top of the lid into place, he stops for a moment, gives Father a long, intense stare.

GREGORY
(flat, dead)
You can move your hands. No one
will help you.

And he SLAMS the lid down, shutting out all light.

48A CLOSE ON THE LID

48A

as shovels full of dirt begin to land on it...

49 INT. COFFIN - WITH FATHER

49

with cracks of light entering at the edges of the lid, as the sound of the falling earth fills his ears. His eyes meet the walls close about him, and the terror slowly builds...

DISSOLVE TO:

50 INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT 50

Diana makes her way below...

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. WELL - NIGHT 51

As Diana scrambles downward, still on her way below, she suddenly stops short, seeing:

51A DIANA'S POV - ANGLE DOWN - (MATTE) 51A

Gregory is sitting on a step, one leg dangling out over the emptiness below, taking off his shoe. Beneath him, the steps descend forever. He seems strangely peaceful. *

51B DIANA 51B

slowly descends a few more steps and calls out quietly.

DIANA

Gregory?

Gregory looks up at her; he has painted his face with the ashes, his features a ghastly white. He answers with an eerie irony, unsmiling:

GREGORY

Not for long...

She lowers the gun and steps downward.

DIANA

What are you doing, Gregory?

Gregory is not really listening to her. He's off in some faraway place of his own...

GREGORY

... I made it right... I made it all right again...

Diana is inching down toward him. The urn is on the step beside him. Gregory finishes taking off his shoes, puts them on the step, neatly, side by side. *

(CONTINUED)

51B CONTINUED:

51B

DIANA
(careful, calm)
Are those your father's ashes?

GREGORY
(turns to her)
Did you know my father?

DIANA
He was a brave man...

Gregory nods, almost absently. He's calm now, at peace; hardly even hearing her.

GREGORY
His hand moved. But it's all right now. I made it right.

He picks up the urn, cradles it against his chest, rocks back and forth dangerously over the abyss.

DIANA
Gregory... move back from the edge... please... be careful...

GREGORY
You can have my shoes. I don't need them now.

Gregory looks down into the depths of the well. A kind of beatific look lights his painted features. Diana senses what he's about to do.

DIANA
Gregory, no!

He slides forward on the step, hanging out over the depths. Diana lunges and grabs him just as he starts to go over. When he goes over the side she keeps hold of his arm...

- 52 OMITTED 52
- 52A ANGLE DOWN - THE WELL (MATTE) 52A
- Diana clings to Gregory's arm. His other arm holds tight to his urn. Diana is being slowly pulled to the edge of the slippery steps by his weight...
- DIANA *
I can't... hold on... I'm
slipping... pull yourself
up... Gregory, use your other
hand!
- 52B GREGORY 52B
- won't, unwilling to let go the urn. He clutches it to him, shakes his head. *
- DIANA *
- starts to go over, when suddenly
- 53 VINCENT'S HAND 53
- takes hold of her, pulling her back. *
- 53AA GREGORY 53AA
- reacts as Vincent reaches down to grasp his arm. Very calm, he SMILES... and releases his hold on Diana, before Vincent can grab him. *
- 53A THE DEPTHS OF THE WELL - ANGLE DOWN - (MATTE) 53.
- as Gregory, clutching the urn to his chest with both hands now (strangely at peace, NOT FLAILING AND SCREAMING), falls silently into the measureless depths of the well... *
- 53B OMITTED 53B

53C VINCENT

pulls Diana up to safety and holds onto her tight.

53C

DISSOLVE TO:

53D OMITTED

53D *

53E INT. COFFIN - NIGHT

53E *

Father stares up at the lid of the darkening coffin as the sounds of falling earth from above grow more distant. Struggling to remain calm, he can't prevent his hands from suddenly going to the walls and lid, testing them, feeling the limits of his entombment...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

54 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

54

Vincent, Jessica, and Diana have been joined in Father's chamber by a half-dozen of the tunnel dwellers; Mary, Pascal, Jamie, a few others. All of them are devastated by Diana's story, by the possibility that Father is dead. Diana paces as she talks, trying to remember. *

DIANA

He said... that it was all right now... that he'd made it right...

JAMIE

That could mean anything. How do you know he was talking about Father? *

PASCAL

It had to be Father who sent the call for help. We've accounted for everyone else...

JESSICA

(weary)

Jacob left hours ago.

Mary clutches at straws eagerly. *

MARY

Maybe... maybe Father got away from him somehow... he could be lying somewhere... hurt... bleeding... maybe unconscious. *

Diana would like to believe that too, but as a cop she's had to learn to look for truth, no matter how ugly. *

DIANA

Gregory was ready to die when I found him. That meant...

(with difficulty)

... it was finished... he wouldn't have left it unfinished. He couldn't. *

Mary begins to weep. Jessica looks at her helplessly, then moves closer to comfort her. The two women who loved Jacob Wells hold each other. Pascal hangs his head.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

PASCAL

I don't... believe it...

(beat)

... how can we...

(beat)

... what will we do without him?

He's always been here...

The others look at each other in pain and shock. They all look numb, lost, helpless. Then Vincent steps forward. When he speaks, his voice is quiet, but there's an iron certainty in his tone.

VINCENT

Father is not dead.

They all look at him. Mary's eyes are wild with hope; the others are confused.

MARY

How can you... are you sure? *

VINCENT

He's alive. Somewhere. If Father were dead, I would know it... *

A long beat as the others look at each other, struggling with that. Diana's rational mind has trouble coping with Vincent's almost supernatural instincts. *

JAMIE

I believe him... *

PASCAL

But then... where is he? Why doesn't answer our calls? *

However reluctantly, Diana finds herself accepting Vincent's words, working through the consequences.

DIANA

Gregory was a compulsive personality. Once he started, he had to finish... at least... in his own mind...

She begins to pace slowly, working it out.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

DIANA

He said he made it right...
how? Father wasn't with
 him... no body... an eye for an
 eye...

*
*

Something falls into place for her. She looks up wildly.

DIANA

Where did the accident happen?
 Where did Gregory's father die?

The others are puzzled. A beat. Mary steps forward.

MARY

It was under the river. Past the
 old landfill...

DIANA

Do you remember the exact place?

PASCAL

Those tunnels have been sealed
 for years. We'd need to find the
 location on Father's maps... Why?

DIANA

That's how he made it right...

*

All of them are energized by sudden hope. Vincent looks
 into Diana's eyes, deciding whether to believe it.

DIANA

He buried him...

*

Not wasting a single second, Vincent races from the
 chamber...

DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT. COFFIN - NIGHT

55

Father struggles to lift the lid of the coffin but can't.
 His breathing is labored. There's not much air left
 inside. His lips are parched, and his eyes are wide as he
 struggles to see in the blackness. We can see in his face
 the battle he fights against fear... but it's a losing
 battle...

FATHER

My god... help me...

CUT TO:

- 56 INT. ROCK TUNNEL JUNCTION - NIGHT 56
 Reminiscent of the one holding Father's crypt. Dark, wet *
 and silent. Until a rumbling of FOOTSTEPS begins to rise,
 and suddenly:
- 57 VINCENT 57
 bursts into the passage, running full tilt... *
- 58 INT. COFFIN - NIGHT 58
 There's no longer enough air in the coffin to breathe.
 Father gulps what oxygen he can before fading out of
 consciousness, at the very brink of death....
- 59 INT. ABANDONED ROCK TUNNEL - NIGHT 59
 Vincent's pounding steps grow louder until he charges into *
 the chamber and sees the mound of earth over Father's
 grave.
- VINCENT *
- Father...
- He hurries to the grave. He stoops and plunges one arm *
 deep into the mound, all the way to his shoulder. A moment
 as he searches underneath for purchase. Then, with a
 gargantuan effort, he heaves the lid up from below,
 spilling the earth away and uncovering Father.
- 59A OMITTED 59A *

59B FATHER

59B

appears to be dead. Vincent won't believe it:

VINCENT

Father--

He steps down and raises Father out of the coffin. Unable to deny what he sees, Vincent pushes a tear from his eye as he cups his hand around Father's cheek and rubs it. Father suddenly makes a small croaking inhale of air as he chokes back to life. He opens his eyes and looks up. *

FATHER

(weakly)

Vincent...

Vincent smiles through freely flowing tears, and Father finds just enough strength to smile with him, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

59C INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - LATER

59C

As Father limps into the chamber, supported by Vincent. The others rejoice, descending on him instantly. *

MARY

Father!

FATHER

Mary... Pascal...

Jessica leans in and wraps him in a desperate embrace.

JESSICA

(through tears)

Thank god you're all right...

Mary can't help smiling, witnessing the depth of their joy...

VINCENT AND DIANA

59D

share a look of gratitude, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

60

Joe has just laid some news on Jimmy Faber and Diana.
Jimmy is clearly upset.

*
*

FABER

I don't believe this... you
want to downgrade...

*

JOE

(sharply)

No. I want to catch this guy
and bring him to trial. I
didn't make this call.

*

FABER

I don't see you fighting it.

*

JOE

And you're not going to. It's
the right call. We need the
manpower on other cases.

*

FABER

The Ash Man is still out there.

*

JOE

Maybe. Maybe not. It's been
three weeks. Three Thursdays.
With no new painted corpses.

*

FABER

So maybe he got the flu. Maybe
he's on vacation. Damn it,
Joe, he's a murder spree
waiting to happen...

*

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

Diana gets up. Joe looks over at her.

DIANA

No. It's over, Jimmy.

She sounds very sure. Joe looks at her for a long time, sees the certainty there, and NODS. He looks at Faber.

JOE

She's right...

Faber throws up his hands.

FABER

Oh, great, the oracle has spoken, let's call off the hounds. Your Ouija board tell you it was safe, or what?

Diana has finally had it with Faber's cynicism.

DIANA

It's not a joke, Jimmy.

FABER

Then what do you call it?

DIANA

Imagination.

(beat)

If all you want to see is what you've seen before, half the time you're gonna miss what's really going on. That's the difference between you and me.

Faber has had enough.

FABER

Difference? What difference is that, Bennett? As far as I can see, we both struck out on this one...

With that, Faber EXITS, fuming, closing the door behind him. Diana turns to find Joe watching her, thoughtful.

61 JOE

61

waits a long moment. He has something on his mind, and he chooses his words carefully...

JOE
He's wrong. Isn't he?

DIANA
(deadpan)
What do you mean?

Joe takes a long beat. He's looking right through her.

JOE
You know what I mean.
(off her silence)
You're not gonna make this any easier for me, are you?

DIANA
Nothing's ever easy in this life, Joe.

A pause.

JOE
The killings are over. You know that. Don't you?

DIANA
(warily)
I think --

Joe interrupts her.

JOE
You don't think. You know.
(beat)
How do you know, Diana? How do you know?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

61

Diana looks at him for a long time, with affection. *
 Part of her wishes she could tell him everything. But *
 she can't. She hesitates, shakes her head, struggles for *
 the words... and finally she just shrugs. *

DIANA *
 (smiling)
 Ouija board...

Exasperation gives way to a rueful amusement as Joe *
 smiles despite himself. Diana grins, and EXITS. *

Joe shakes his head as he sits back down to work, *
 wondering if he's ever going to understand these *
 strange women who keep dropping into his life. *

DISSOLVE TO:

62 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

62

An autumn wind rivers high in the trees above Jessica and
 Father.

JESSICA
 I'd forgotten how nurturing a
 world you've built...

FATHER
 Nurturing for some...

JESSICA
 For you.

FATHER
 Yes...

JESSICA
 It's your world, Jacob... It's
 where you belong. I don't think
 you'll ever leave it.

Father regards this special woman with an ineffable
 sadness.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

FATHER

*

I do love you. You know that.

JESSICA

*

And I love you too, Jacob. But if you truly love someone, you want them to be happy. And your happiness is... down there.

FATHER

*

And yours?

JESSICA

*

Up here... somewhere...
(sad smile)
Don't worry, Jacob... I'll find it...

The truth of this humbles and quiets them. Finally:

FATHER

Where will you go?

JESSICA

The Sea of Cortez.
(smiles)
The Grey Whales are migrating.

Father enjoys the absurdity of it with her.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

FATHER

Ah yes...

JESSICA

Every winter, the Grey Whale leaves the Arctic waters of Alaska... swims the length of the continent to frolic and procreate off the Mexican coast.

FATHER

I see. And you'll be taking pictures...

They both laugh.

FATHER

I thought so.

(then)

That old Grey Whale, he's a resilient animal.

JESSICA

(affectionately)

Not so old...

FATHER

Maybe not...

After a beat.

JESSICA

Goodbye, Jacob.

FATHER

Goodbye, Jessica.

Their embrace is urgent, informed by the inevitability of their parting, the course that their own fates have taken them. They separate. She turns and Father watches as she moves further and further away from him...

DISSOLVE TO:

63 OMITTED

63

63A INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

63A

Vincent and Diana stand next to each other by the crib with baby Jacob inside. The child looks up at them, his wide young eyes shining. Diana smiles at him. Vincent is lit from within...

VINCENT

Every time I look at him, the miracle fills me anew...

DIANA

He is beautiful, Vincent...

VINCENT

I've looked in his eyes a thousand times... why does his power never diminish?

DIANA

You can never run out of hope for a newborn child...

Vincent turns away from the basinet now, letting darker thoughts remember themselves...

VINCENT

Sometimes... in my nightmares, I relive what's happened... all the loss... the violence... the pain...

(looks up at her)

What I've put us both through...

Her sad eyes remember it, too...

VINCENT

But then it all vanishes in an instant, carried off by his waking cries...

DIANA

(understanding)

He's what makes all of it right...

VINCENT

Nothing can make all of it right...

(then; looking at her)

Diana... you've done so much for us...

(pause)

Why?

*

(CONTINUED)

63A CONTINUED: (2)

63A

Diana thinks about this. It's not an easy question...

DIANA

You know it's funny... while it was happening, I never even asked myself... I never questioned it...

(looks at him)

I don't know, Vincent... you... you make so many things possible... how could I not help you?

Vincent is deeply moved. A long beat as he reflects. *

VINCENT

Jacob is not my only blessing...

DIANA

You're thinking of Catherine...

VINCENT

(looks down; a moment)

Always...

(pause; looks back up)

And... I'm thinking of you...

Diana holds his gaze as long as she can, then looks away. The possibilities are almost too much for her to conceive...

DIANA *

Sometimes I wonder... how this all happened... whether I really belong here. Your world is... I don't know where I'm going any more... where I'm going to be tomorrow...

He puts his finger to his lips. She breaks off.

VINCENT *

Tomorrow will come, Diana. We can only... live each day, as it comes to us... with its pains, its joys... and all its gifts... *

(CONTINUED)

63A CONTINUED: (3)

63A

She meets his gaze again, and slowly lets go of her fear.
 She lets herself smile. She looks down at the baby.
 Vincent watches her quietly. A long moment of silence.
 When Diana speaks, her voice is soft... a little
 scared... so tentative.

*
*
*
*

DIANA

*

(shy)

Could I hold him?

A long moment. Then Vincent reaches into the crib,
 gently lifts little Jacob... and carefully places him
 into Diana's embrace. He steps back, letting her hold
 the child.

*
*
*

Diana looks down on the child in her arms, deeply moved.
 A single TEAR falls down her cheek.

*
*

63B VINCENT AND DIANA

63B

join their eyes in a tight line. They stay like
 this, watching each other, watching the child, sharing a
 moment incredibly rare, as we PULL BACK slowly and

FADE OUT

THE END