

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Masques

Original Air Date – October 30, 1987

Director – Alan Cooke
Editor – Howard Kunin
Teleplay by - George RR Martin
Story by – George RR Martin
Music by – Don Davis
Main theme – Lee Holdridge
Production Designer – John Mansbridge
Producer – David Peckinpah

Guest Cast

Brigit O'Donnell – Caitlin O'Heaney
Donald/Jamie – Eric Pierpoint
Sean O'Reilly – Aubrey Morris
Michael McPhee – Gerry Gibson
Charles Chandler – John McMartin

Co—stars

Cavanaugh – Ernie Lively
Kipper – Corey Danziger
Moe – Martin Gardner
Abbey – Kimberley McCullough
Mr. Brennan – Alex Powers
David – Michael Bacall
Doorman – John David Conti
Waiter – Gregory Cooke
Jogger – David Dario
Jeff – Harry Moses
Butler – Michael T. Laide
Little girl – Lindsay Parker
Henry VIII – Frank Patton
Greg – Roger Scott
Marie – Kate Stern

ACT ONE

FADE IN:
INTERIOR - CATHERINE'S APPARTMENT

The doorbell rings.

CATHERINE

I'm coming.

Catherine comes from the direction of the bathroom wrapped only in a towel which she clutches closed in front of her. She has another towel wound around her head turban style. She has just stepped out of the shower and is still very wet. She unlocks the door opening it as far as the chain will allow. On the other side are three children dressed in costumes.

CHILDREN

Trick-or-treat, trick-or-treat.

Catherine slips off the chain and opens the door.

CATHERINE

Don't you all look just great.

She smiles as she compliments them and tosses candy into their sacks.

CATHERINE

Happy Halloween.

CHILDREN

Thank you!

The children turn to go and start down the hallway. The little girl turns back to Catherine.

LITTLE GIRL

Thank you.

CATHERINE

You're welcome.

Her father, resplendent in his civil war confederate officer's uniform complete with saber, comes down the hall almost bumping into the little girl.

CATHERINE

Dad ... hi.

He comes through the door looking her up and down.

CHARLES

Am I early, are you late – or is that your costume?

CATHERINE

Oh, I'm late. I'm sorry, Dad. I lost track of time at the office.

CHARLES

Well, you never used to lose track of time when you worked for me.

CATHERINE

Oh sure, I did every morning. If you could just hold the trick-or-treaters at bay, I'm sure I could get dressed in time to arrive fashionably late.

CHARLES

Likely story! I figure about an hour and a half.

CATHERINE

Oh, that was the old Cathy. I'll be ready in fifteen minutes.

She goes into the bedroom. Charles drops his hat and gloves on the glass coffee table and sits down or rather tries to sit down. His saber is making itself a little awkward, but he rearranges it and finally manages to get comfortable.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - TUNNELS

Different portions of the tunnels are shown all empty and eerie. In Father's chamber the costume-clad children of the world Below sit on the floor totally engrossed in the tale Father was telling them. The camera pans across the children coming to rest on Vincent, sitting on the edge of a table listening to Father.

FATHER

And from that day forward, John always kept a light burning in his window by night so that Dierdre might find her way back to him. And in the deepest part of winter, when the snows lay thick against the walls of his cottage, and the cold wind came shrieking from the north, John would take down his bow, and he would walk through the forest, calling her name until his voice was hoarse and the tears froze hard upon his face. But she never answered, and until his dying day ... John ... never saw her ... again.

CHILDREN

It's sad. That's a great story!

ABBEY

That was a good one!

KIPPER

Tell us another one, Father; the one about the headless horseman.

DAVID

Yeah, tell us that one.

FATHER

You've had enough ghosts for one night. Now go on, Mary wants some help to carve out more Jack-o'-lanterns.

The children get up and scurry out of the chamber, giggling and laughing.

VINCENT

Every year they ask for the same stories, by now they must know them better than you do.

FATHER

Well, you know old stories are rather like old friends, every so often you have to drop in on them again, just to see how they're doing, and anyway I can remember a certain young boy who would never let a mere jack-o'-lantern deny him a visit to Ichabod Crane.

Vincent smiles, remembering, then he picks up a book. Father watches him, concerned.

FATHER

You're still determined to go, are you? I wish you'd reconsider.

VINCENT

Father, surely on this night of all nights I can walk among them in safety.

FATHER

Safety? Vincent, there is no safety up there! For you or anyone else.

VINCENT

Well ... sometimes we must leave our safe places, Father, and ... walk empty handed among our enemies.

FATHER

Those are Brigit O'Donnell's words.

VINCENT

Those are true words. Words that have opened doors for me ... let some light in on the dark places. You know what she's meant to me.

FATHER

I do, and I also know there's a danger of confusing the magic with the magician. Sometimes the person is smaller than the work, weaker, more frightened, more human, and I don't want to see you hurt, disappointed.

VINCENT

She will not disappoint me. Our lives are very different and yet I'm sure we'll understand each other. I will not lose this opportunity.

(Vincent rises.)

I must see her, talk to her.

Father gets up, his back to Vincent.

FATHER

Well, go on then if you're set on it. Obviously, there's nothing I can do to stop you.

Vincent collects his cloak from the chair and begins to leave. Father calls to him.

FATHER

Vincent ... be careful.

Vincent goes to him, kissing him on the cheek.

VINCENT

Don't worry.

He goes up the stairs, leaving the chamber. Father sinks back into his chair a worried expression on his face.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - CATHERINE'S APARTMENT

Catherine comes out of her bedroom dressed in an eighteenth-century ball gown. She spins around to give her father the full affect.

CHARLES

Whoa! Well, hardly fifteen minutes, but well worth waiting for.

He gets off the couch and goes to her.

CATHERINE

Isn't it wonderful?

CHARLES

Well, you don't know how happy I am that you let me talk you into this. Since you left the firm, I hardly ever get to see you.

CATHERINE

Well, they keep me pretty busy, but I miss you too.

CHARLES

Now don't be shy about leaving me to fend for myself. I'm not so old that I don't remember how romantic these affairs can be. A lot of your old friends are going to be there tonight.

CATHERINE

Well, I'm going to this party to be with you.

CHARLES

You're going to this party to meet Brigit O'Donnell, just like everybody else.

CATHERINE

That too.

CHARLES

Have I told you how beautiful you look? Sometimes you remind me so much of your mother.

CATHERINE

I miss her too.

CHARLES

Someday you'll find someone you can love as much as I loved your mother. We were two of

the lucky ones. I have my memories and I have you.

CATHERINE

You sure do.

They kiss and go to the door.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - COSTUME RENTAL STORE

Moe, the owner, is just flipping the OPEN sign to CLOSED when a man opens the door.

MOE

Sorry, I'm closed.

MICHAEL

Now listen, I must have a costume, and if it's money you want, I've got it.

He shows Moe a roll of bills and shoves his way inside.

MOE

Come on! You come back you can have your pick: Jesse James, Darth Vader, King Arthur, whatever you want, but closing time on Halloween night?

Seeing the determined look on the man's face, Moe relents.

MOE

All right, all right. I'll see what there is in the back. You don't mind, maybe, a little frayed, a button missing?

MICHAEL

It doesn't matter, just hurry up.

MOE

Here. Maybe, this'll fit.

He comes out with a Revolutionary Redcoat costume.

MICHAEL

Now what the hell is this?

Michael takes the costume, glaring at it then grabs the clerk by the shirt.

MICHAEL

You having a bit of fun with me or something? Is that your game? Get that damnable rag out of my sight and find me something decent.

He throws the costume on the floor and shoves Moe away. Moe looks up at a clown costume seeing that it might fit. He takes it down hurriedly, anxious to get rid of this quarrelsome customer.

MOE

Here, here ... it's too big? Well, there's nothing else. If that doesn't suit you, then take your business elsewhere.

MICHAEL

This'll do rightly.

MOE

The changing booth is there.

He indicates a curtain. Michael goes inside to change. He takes off his coat; there is a gun stuck into the waistband of his pants. He has left his newspaper on the counter. Moe picks it up and sees one of the banners 'Masked ball to fete Irish peace activist Brigit O'Donnell.'

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - BRENNAN APARTMENT BUILDING

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - BRENNAN APARTMENT

Inside the apartment the party is in full swing. The masked musicians are playing to a crowded dance floor where guests are dressed in an assortment of fanciful costumes. There is a Zorro, an Arab with his belly dancer, a vampire and a host of ghouls and goblins. Catherine and Charles step out of the elevator and up to the top of the stairs where the butler takes their initiation. His head is completely painted blue, and he has two springy antennae bobbing over his head. Waiters and waitresses are passing by with drinks and hors d'oeuvres.

WAITER

Champagne? Madam? Sir?

They each take a glass. A silver faced knight comes toward them.

BRENNAN

Charles, is that you? Hi.

He sees Catherine standing beside her father.

BRENNAN

Surely, not Cathy?

CATHERINE

Hi, Mr. Brennan.

He takes her hand and kisses it.

MARIE

Cathy!

Catherine hears her name being called and excuses herself to go to Marie, a co-worker from

her father's firm.

CATHERINE

Marie, you look wonderful.

MARIE

You do too.

CATHERINE

Hi, Jeff

JEFF

Hi, Cathy. You meet Brigit yet?

CATHERINE

No. I just arrived.

JEFF

She's a remarkable woman.

MARIE

Jeff's taken a tremendous interest in her cause.

CATHERINE

I can imagine.

Someone comes up to them dressed as the electric cowboy.

GREG

Did you hear: she sold that book '300 Days' to Hollywood?

MARIE

It's Romeo and Juliet with Irish accents.

JEFF

Oh, come on now, that's a terrific story.

BRENNAN

Cathy, I was going to introduce your father to Brigit, care to come along?

CATHERINE

I'd love to.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - BALCONY OF BRENNAN APARTMENT

Vincent jumps lightly over the balcony railing and peers through the French doors at the interior of the room.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR APARTMENT

The trio approach Brigit, passing through the dancing couples, but before they can be introduced, a man intervenes placing himself between them and Brigit.

THOMAS

Hold up there. Let's have a look here.

He indicates the saber at Charles' side. Charles hands it over to him for his inspection.

BRENNAN

I'm terrible sorry, Charles; Mr. Cavanaugh, here, is one of Brigit's bodyguards.

THOMAS

No offense, sir, but there have been threats ... orange men, croppies.

CHARLES

Croppies, did he say? I'm afraid I don't understand.

BRIGIT

No reason you should. It's from an old war: an Irish Catholic uprising against the British and their protestant allies. The rebels had short-cropped hair, you see.

CATHERINE

That was what, 200 years ago? That's a long time to remember a hair cut.

BRIGIT

We, Irish, have long memories. My father taught me all the songs about the brave croppy boys when I was still in the cradle.

CHARLES

I stand instructed. I'm afraid history was never my subject. Most of what I did learn, I managed to forget.

BRIGIT

Forgetting is a trick Ulster could stand to learn.

BRENNAN

Charles, there's Samantha; she'll never forgive me if I don't take you over to say hello.

CHARLES

Duty beckons.

BRIGIT

I like your mask. I wrote a story about an owl woman once, just a little fable for children.

CATHERINE

For children of all ages, I read it just last year and I loved it.

BRIGIT

Did you now? Well, it's not easy to find, that one.

CATHERINE

It was given to me by a friend, a very special friend. You have a real gift. I only wish you wrote more children's stories.

BRIGIT

I wish I could. There are darker things than ghosts in Ireland now ... and you can't hear the fairy music for the gunfire.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - BRENNAN BALCONY

Vincent moves closer to the French doors.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - PARTY

CATHERINE

I love the work. For the first time in my life, I feel ...

She sees Vincent across the room.

BRIGIT

Catherine, what's wrong?

CATHERINE

Nothing. I just ... thought I saw someone I knew. Would you excuse me?

She prowls around the crowded room, looking for Vincent. She sees a black cloak and reaches out.

CATHERINE

Vincent?

The figure turns and she sees that it's someone dressed up as Dracula. She goes outside onto the balcony, searching.

CATHERINE

Vincent?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

Vincent has entered the room and is circling around the party's perimeter, taking in all the

sights, sounds and smells that are assaulting his senses. He almost bumps into a skeleton, which is decorating the bandstand. As he continues around the room, a waiter comes up to him.

WAITER

Caviar, sir?

VINCENT

Caviar?

WAITER

It's Beluga, sir.

VINCENT

From Russia?

His gaze is suddenly drawn by Brigit, who is dancing with her bodyguard. He stares intently at her. She feels his stare and returns it. When the music ends, she remains mesmerized.

THOMAS

What is it Brigit? Is it trouble?

BRIGIT

No, Thomas. It's all right. Go on with you now ... party. Not every man that is looking at me is wanting to lay me in my grave.

She strides over to Vincent.

VINCENT

Brigit O'Donnell.

BRIGIT

Herself.

VINCENT

I didn't mean to interrupt your dancing.

BRIGIT

An act of mercy. Thomas is a good friend and a brave man, but a dancer, he's not.

She stares at him.

BRIGIT

Extraordinary! You look as though you might have ridden with Cuchulainn, or sailed with Theseus.

VINCENT

Only in my dreams ... and sometimes in books like yours. Your writing has helped me through some dark times. You've touched me, made me think. I just wanted ... to tell you ... to thank

you.

BRIGIT

Come, thank me outside.

She leads the way to the balcony, the crowd parting before her. Catherine had just come inside through another door and spots them; she starts to go after them when a hand suddenly comes down on her shoulder.

DONALD

Masks make life so interesting. Under all those feathers you could be anyone, a childhood friend, an old lover. Come on now, help me out. Am I getting warm?

CATHERINE

I'm afraid not

DONALD

A famous writer, then.

CATHERINE

You're getting colder

DONALD

Tripped over my own sword again. The butler's the real pirate. I slipped him a ten spot to tell me what the guest of honor was wearing.

CATHERINE

Well, I don't think you'll be getting a refund; Brigit is also wearing an owl mask.

DONALD

Consider it money well spent. I'm Donald Pratt.

He holds out his hand and she shakes it.

CATHERINE

Catherine Chandler.

DONALD

Catherine Chandler, shall I run up the Jolly Roger and steal you away for this dance?

CATHERINE

Why not?

He leads her to the dance floor.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - BALCONY

Brigit walks toward the railing of the balcony.

BRIGIT

The night has a special magic to it, don't you think? This night, especially.

VINCENT

Halloween.

BRIGIT

In the old religion they call it Saowen. It's a night when the walls between the worlds grow thin and spirits of the underworld walk the earth. A night of masks and bale fires when anything is possible and nothing is quite as it seems.

They stand side by side at the railing, looking out over the city.

BRIGIT

Your city ...

(she takes off her mask.)

has its own magic as well: the lights, the towers, listen to it. In Derry, the night has a darker music; bombs ... gunfire ... the screams of dying men.

VINCENT

Yet, you always returned.

BRIGIT

Oh, I've thought of leaving, but Derry's my home, and whatever else I might be, I'm still a bog side girl, me father's daughter, and me husband, Ian's, widow.

VINCENT

When you wrote of Ian in '300 Days,' I almost felt as though I knew him. You made him live again with your words.

BRIGIT

It's been two years since he got into that car, and not an hour has past that I haven't spoken of him ... written of him, thought of him.

VINCENT

I don't want to awaken painful memories.

BRIGIT

Oh, it hurts ... it hurts ... but it's such a sweet pain. Ian and I were born six streets apart and, yet, in different worlds. A stiff-necked orange man and a croppy girl from bogside we were. Daft enough to fall in love, but not so big a pair of fools that we thought he could live in my world or me in his; so, we tried to create a new world that we could share together. Well, you know how that ended. It could have been me you know. There are times ... I wish it had been.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - PARTY

The man that rented the clown suit from Moe is just coming out of the elevator. He goes up the stairs and is stopped by the butler.

BUTLER

Your invitation, sir?

MICHAEL

Invitation?

(He pats down his outfit, as if searching for it.)

I have it here somewhere. Damn, you know I think I must have lost it somewhere, but I did have one, I swear.

BUTLER

I'm afraid I can't admit you without an invitation, sir.

MICHAEL

I just told you I was invited. Are you calling me a liar now?

BUTLER

Mr. Brennan's instructions were quite firm. Perhaps I should summon him?

MICHAEL

No, no, I just remembered where I left it, the very place. I'll go and get it and then I'll be back.

BUTLER

Very good, sir.

HENRY VIII

Let's go, ladies.

A man comes out of the elevator, dressed as King Henry VIII, with a bevy of scantily costumed beauties in tow. Michael insinuates himself among them and sneaks past the butler. He mingles with the crowd and begins looking around.

DONALD

I can't be that bad of a dancer.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry. I'm just not very good company at the moment.

The song ends; they stop dancing and they get a drink.

DONALD

I'll be the judge of that. He's a lucky rogue.

CATHERINE

Who?

DONALD

Whoever the hell you're looking for.

He hands her a drink.

CHARLES

Don't I know you from somewhere?

Charles walks up to the pair

CHARLES

Having a good time, Clementine? Who could this be?

CATHERINE

I'm sorry. Donald Pratt, this is my father, Charles Chandler.

CHARLES

Donald Pratt? Not ... not the Donald Pratt of Bender, Sax and Pratt?

DONALD

Actually, yes.

CHARLES

I never dreamed you were so young. Al Prasker, one of my partners, is still nursing his wounds over the licking you gave him over the Scott case. Oh Catherine, be careful. This one is not as harmless as he seems. How do you two happen to know each other?

DONALD

Actually, we don't, but ... ah ... I am trying to rectify that.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR BALCONY

Vincent and Brigit are walking around the balcony.

BRIGIT

Me father used to tell me of New York when I was just a little girl. He came here a dozen times, never quite legally, of course, raising money for the cause, collecting for the widows and the orphans, and the weapons ... to make more of them. He always promised that one day he w'd take me across the ocean with him ... one day.

VINCENT

He never did?

BRIGIT

Me father cast me out. It t'was three years ago, my wedding day. He came to the church, called me a traitor and an orange man's whore. Then, I've not seen him since. By rights, I ought to hate him.

VINCENT

You have no hate in you, only grief.

BRIGIT

Aye, how can you hate the man who taught you what love meant.
(She shivers.)

VINCENT

You're cold.

BRIGIT

Cold? No. Why it's not but a brisk fall evening, but I'd borrow your cloak if you're willing to lend it.

VINCENT

My cloak?

BRIGIT

Thomas and the others, they'd give their lives for me, and I love 'em for it, but sometimes I want nothing more than to just get away from them for a few hours.

VINCENT

They're only trying to keep you safe.

BRIGIT

Oh, I'm sickened unto death of safety. Oh, I look at the city, and I want to touch it, to walk its streets, meet its people, and listen to its music. I want to see all the things my father told me of and I can't. Can you imagine how that feels?

VINCENT

Yes.

BRIGIT

To hell with the risks! Sometimes we must leave our safe places, Vincent, and walk empty-handed among our enemies.

He takes off his cloak and puts it around her shoulders.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - PARTY

Michael is still looking around, moving through the crowd, looking. As he passes by the French doors, they open and a cloaked figure walks past him. Brigit has the hood of the cloak pulled low over her face so no one will recognize her. She moves swiftly across the room to the elevators. As she walks past Catherine, Catherine turns to follow.

CATHERINE

Excuse me.

(She says to Donald.)

DONALD

Hey, wait!

He follows after her, and Michael follows all of them. When Brigit reaches the elevator with Catherine hot on her heels, she turns, laying a finger across her lips. Catherine rushes to get in the car with her, but is too late the doors close.

CATHERINE

Wait!

As Donald rushes up behind her, he sees the figure in the elevator.

DONALD

Ah ... Brigit O'Donnell, right?

CATHERINE

Something very strange is going on and I'm going to find out what.

Michael enters the other elevator.

CATHERINE

Could you hold that for me for just a minute?

She asks Michael, who completely ignores her and pushes the down button as she turns to Donald.

CATHERINE

Look, Donald, I'm very sorry; I don't mean to be rude, but this is very ...

She turns to see the doors closing, in frustration she bangs her fists on the wall.

CATHERINE

Damn it!

DONALD

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! There's no problem. We pirates ... uh ... we ... we ... we can run stairs. Come on.

They rush down the stairs together.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - BALCONY

Vincent climbs over the balcony railing and lands on a lower rooftop.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - FRONT OF BUILDING

Brigit comes out of the front doors, passing the doorman, looking around for Vincent. He strides towards her from the side of the building.

VINCENT

Are you ready?

Brigit lowers the hood and moves forward with him, holding onto his arm. They cross the street and head into the park. Michael comes out and follows them.

CUT TO:

Brigit and Vincent strolling through the park followed by Michael.

CUT TO:

Catherine and Donald finally get down the stairs and out the front, and she goes to the doorman.

CATHERINE

Have you seen a woman with red hair and a black cloak?

DOORMAN

Oh, yeah sure, a looker like that I'd have to be dead not to notice. She met a guy in a cat mask.

CATHERINE

Where did they go?

DOORMAN

Off into the park ... north I think.

CATHERINE

I have to go after them.

(She turns to her companion)

Look, it's a personal thing; I appreciate your help, but there's no need for you to leave the party.

DONALD

I'm not complaining, but I can't let you go off into the park all alone.

CATHERINE

No, really.

DONALD

Hasn't anybody ever warned you about things that go bump in the night?

CATHERINE

Donald, I ...

DONALD

While we're talking, they're getting away.

She takes his hand and hurries across the street.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

The moon sails full across the night sky, its light reflecting in the waters of a stream that runs under the bridge that Vincent and Brigit are walking on.

BRIGIT

I'm beholden to you, Vincent. You cannot know what this means to me ... or perhaps you can at that. Will you be telling me of her then?

They stop walking and Brigit turns to face him.

VINCENT

Of who?

BRIGIT

Your lady ... the one who is breaking your heart.

They begin to walk again.

BRIGIT

Ah, you didn't come to me just to say you liked me books. Something about Ian and me struck close to home.

VINCENT

She brings me ... such joy ... and such pain, as I have never known. I have no place in her world; she has none in mine. Our bond endangers everything: people I love, secrets I'm sworn to keep, beliefs I've lived by.

BRIGIT

Aye, that sounds like Ian and me, sure enough. They don't understand do they? Father raged.

VINCENT

Yet you went on in spite of everything.

BRIGIT

Oh yes, we went on, until he died for it. Are you asking me for counsel, then?

They stop and face each other again.

BRIGIT

Forget you ever knew her and you'll both be happier.

VINCENT

You wrote that the price of your love had been high, but that you would pay it willingly until the end of your days, that you would change nothing ... regret nothing.

BRIGIT

That's damned unfair of you, you know, quoting me own words back at me again after I gave you all that good advice. The brain tells you all the sensible things to do, but the heart knows nothing about sense, and the heart is as stubborn as the Irish.

Vincent suddenly looks up, very alert, someone is coming.

BRIGIT

(Alarmed)
What is it?

Michael is slowly moving closer towards them. He stops for a moment and takes out a gun. He continues on. As he passes a tree, Vincent comes out at him, knocking the gun out of his hands and throwing him against the tree. His head connects with the tree with a thud, and he falls unconscious to the ground. Catherine and Donald see him lying on the ground and rush to his side.

DONALD

What the hell?

Donald squats down and removes Michael's mask.

CATHERINE

Is he...?

She squats down beside Donald.

DONALD

He's out cold. He'll live, just may be a concussion.

As she stands, she sees Vincent with Brigit; they lock eyes for a moment. He is again wearing his cloak and turns, walking away. Brigit watches him leave and then rushes to the others.

DONALD

Well, Brigit O'Donnell, I presume. What happened to the other guy?

BRIGIT

He had promises to keep, but I'm thinking he'd rather have stayed.

She and Catherine share a look.

CATHERINE

Brigit, what happened here? Are you all right?

BRIGIT

I'm fine, but it's not for the want of this man trying.

She looks down at him.

CATHERINE

What? Do you know him?

BRIGIT

He and his sort I've known all my life.

Michael McPhee is his name. He's one of the boys ... a good IRA man.

CATHERINE

As long as you're all right ... I guess we better call the police.

DONALD

No need, actually I think I can handle it from here, thank you.

CATHERINE

You?

DONALD

Yes, I'm afraid I haven't been quite honest with you, Cathy.

He takes out a badge and shows it to her.

CATHERINE

Interpol?

DONALD

I thought your father was going to blow my cover for a while there back at the party, all that lawyer talk. My apologies, Mrs. O'Donnell, we received a tip that an attempt would be made on your life. I was supposed to stay close by you, but unfortunately I just got hooked up with the wrong owl.

BRIGIT

It's perfectly all right, all owls look alike by night.

Donald takes the gun that had fallen to the ground and wraps it up in cloth.

DONALD

Evidence, have to be thorough. We'll drop you off back at the party. No reason why everyone's Halloween should be ruined.

CATHERINE

Oh no, I'll see it through. As long as the masks are coming off, I'm with the District Attorney's office.

DONALD

Are you? Well, this is a night for surprises. If you'll keep an eye on sleeping beauty here, I'll go bring my car around.

He walks away leaving the women to guard Michael.

CUT TO

INTERIOR - TUNNELS

Vincent is in his chamber, sitting in his chair brooding. Father stands at the chamber entrance for a moment, watching him.

VINCENT

Father.

FATHER

Lana told me you'd returned. Am I disturbing you?

VINCENT

No.

FATHER

Well, did you find Brigit?

VINCENT

Yes, and so did a man with a gun. She's given so much and known only violence and grief and pain. How can they hate so?

FATHER

Sometimes during my first few years in the tunnels, I would lie awake at night, wondering if what I'd done was right. I was ... full of such anger. I wanted to avenge all the wrongs I had suffered.

VINCENT

And yet you never went back up.

FATHER

No, if I had I think my anger would have consumed me.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - STREET

Catherine is in the backseat of a car being driven by Donald, next to him is Brigit. Michael is next to Catherine, still unconscious.

MICHAEL

Ah . . . ah.

CATHERINE

He's coming to.

MICHAEL

Where? Oh . . . oh my head hurts something fierce.

BRIGIT

You ought to be grateful it's still attached to your shoulders, Michael McPhee.

MICHAEL

Don't take that tone with me, woman. You know I wouldn't harm you. Damn it all, it was Sean himself who sent me.

BRIGIT

And am I supposed to care? He made it quite clear he does not have a daughter.

MICHAEL

He's dying, girl; there's not much time left to him. He wants to see you again. He sent me to you.

BRIGIT

Aye, that he did with a gun in your hand! My own flesh and blood! What did I ever do to make him hate me so?

MICHAEL

You've got it all wrong, girl; it wasn't you I was after. It was that fella that was with you. The fella in the black hood and lion head.

CATHERINE

What? Vincent?

BRIGIT

He was a friend.

MICHAEL

A murdering orange man is what he was. We had the word, girl. It's Sean they're after, and they don't have a lot of love for you, either. I was to keep you safe and bring you secretly to your father.

Catherine is looking around at the street they are driving down.

CATHERINE

Wait a minute, we're supposed to be headed downtown; this isn't ...

Donald abruptly turns the car down a street and into a parking garage, causing his passengers to grab anything they could to keep from being thrown around. He stops the car and points the gun at Michael in the back seat.

DONALD

Best thing about Croppies, they're as stupid as they are ugly.
(Donald has suddenly developed an Irish accent.)

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - VINCENT'S CHAMBER

Vincent suddenly sits bolt upright in his chair.

FATHER

(alarmed)

What's wrong?

VINCENT

Catherine!

He catapults out of his chair, racing out of the chamber.

CUT TO:
INTERIOR - PARKING GARAGE

Donald has herded his three passengers out of the car and is holding them at gunpoint.

CATHERINE

Don't do it, Donald. Put down the gun. Don't let this get out of hand.

Donald ignores her completely and focuses his attention on Michael.

DONALD

Do you remember William Harland?

MICHAEL

A lying, murdering, Orange bastard he was.

DONALD

You and your lads, you didn't even have the courage to face him when you gunned him down. You waited till he was good and drunk, then you caught him leaving the pub.

MICHAEL

It's no more than he'd done to better men than him.

CATHERINE

All right, stop it, both of you. Donald, you don't need to do this; turn him over to the police. He'll pay for his crime.

DONALD

Aye, he'll pay for it sure enough.

BRIGIT

It's no use, Catherine. You can't talk sense to them, to any of them. It's like a sickness now, and there's not a drop of human decency left in the lot of them.

DONALD

Shut up! I've heard enough of your damn pious speeches.

(He turns from Brigit to Michael)

Empty your pockets.

(Michael doesn't move. Donald cocks the guns trigger.)

BRIGIT

Michael, do as he says!

Michael takes the contents of his pockets out, throwing everything on the ground in front of him. Donald notices a key with the name of a hotel printed in large, bold letters on the plastic fob it was attached to.

DONALD

My name is Jamie Harland; William was my brother. There were three of them that killed him. I got the first one a year ago and Michael McPhee here ... you're the second. You might say you're sort of a bonus. But it was the other one I was hoping she'd lead me to.

CATHERINE

Your brother is dead; you won't bring him back with murder!

JAMIE

I'm no murderer! This is an execution! For Ulster, and Billy!

Jamie shoots Michael.

BRIGIT

No! No!

Michael falls face down on the ground. Jamie picks up the key to the hotel room.

BRIGIT

Damn you to hell!

She turns to Catherine and cries on her shoulder. Jamie points the gun at Catherine and Brigit.

JAMIE

We're going for a ride.
(He waves the gun at Catherine.)
You ... drive!

CATHERINE

Where are you taking us?

JAIME

To pay a visit to a gentleman by the name of Sean O'Reilly. Who, I'm thinking, might be staying at a certain hotel, ill too. Ah, but maybe a visit from his loving daughter will cheer him up.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:
EXTERIOR – HOTEL

CUT TO:
INTERIOR - HOTEL ROOM

Sean O'Reilly is lying in bed, coughing. He reaches over to the nightstand and pours himself a glass of whiskey. He sips it as he watches the door open.

SEAN

Michael?

Donald shoves Brigit and Catherine through the door ahead of him. Brigit goes to her father and sits beside him on the bed.

SEAN

Brigit.

JAMIE

Very touching ... brings a tear to me eye, it does.

SEAN

And who the hell might you be? Where's Michael?

JAMIE

Burning in hell, old man, where you'll be joining him soon.

CATHERINE

Jamie, look at him; he's just an old man.

SEAN

I'm still strong enough to spit on the likes of him! Come do your worst!

(He laughs)

I'm dying anyway.

He begins to cough. Catherine holds the glass for him to drink.

JAMIE

Aye, you'll die soon enough, but not until you see your daughter die before you.

SEAN

No ... no ... never ... never. It's me you want, not her. Show mercy.

JAMIE

I'll show her the same mercy you showed Billy.

He cocks the trigger back and advances on Brigit. Catherine throws the drink in his face and fights with him for the gun. The gun flips onto the bed where Sean is able to grab it. He fires it in the air. Jamie stands still.

SEAN

Back off...now! I maybe dying, but at least I'll take one more murdering Orange man with me before I go.

Furious, Brigit stands in front of Jamie, preventing her father from shooting him.

BRIGIT

Father, no!

SEAN

I'm sorry, girl, but it's got to be done; he's no better than his brother ... murdering scum. It was his sort killed your mother.

BRIGIT

Yes, and it was your sort that killed Ian.

SEAN

Get out of my way!

BRIGIT

It has to stop!

SEAN

Do what I tell you, girl! I'm your father!

BRIGIT

Are you now; well, that's news to me! Go on, if you're so bound and determined to kill him. What's one more body! Think what a fine hero I'll be once I'm dead. Go on ... what are you waiting for? I'm nothing to you! Go on ... shoot!

Sean slowly lowers the gun. Jamie steps forward and grabs Brigit from behind, threatening her with a knife to her throat.

JAMIE

Come on, Brigit darling, we're leaving this party.

He drags her backwards to the door.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR – BUILDING

Vincent climbs up the fire escape.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - HOTEL ROOM

JAMIE

I'll find you again, old man.

Vincent comes in through the window and takes the knife from Jamie. He throws Jamie into the door and out into the hall.

SEAN

Brigit.

Vincent turns and is gone in an instant. Brigit goes to sit beside her father.

SEAN

Brigit.

They hug each other.

EXTERIOR - STREET IN FRONT OF HOTEL

An ambulance pulls up to the front of the hotel; two uniformed police officers bring a bloody Jamie out past Catherine and Brigit, putting him into the blue and white cruiser waiting at the curb. Catherine looks up at the roof of the building. Vincent is there looking down at her. She smiles up at him and then turns her attention to Brigit.

CATHERINE

I can arrange for you to stay with your father at the hospital if you like.

Brigit nods.

CATHERINE

Brigit, you know that...

BRIGIT

There are warrants out on the man, and he must be arrested? Yes, I've lived with that since I was six years old. We won't have much time together, not even 300 days. But we must take what we're given, 300 days, a few months ...

CATHERINE

Or a single night.

Brigit smiles at her and the two women embrace. Brigit enters a police car. Catherine again looks up at the roof, but Vincent isn't there. She lowers her eyes, disappointed, but then he's there, standing in front of her.

VINCENT

Will she...?

CATHERINE

She'll be all right.

VINCENT

Good.

He turns to leave.

CATHERINE

Don't leave! She told me that this is a special night, Saowen, when the walls ...

VINCENT

When the walls between the worlds grow thin ... and spirits of the underworld walk the earth.

CATHERINE

Vincent, we can't waste it.

He gazes at her for a long moment then finally nods his head. She gives him a radiant smile

and takes his arm. They see the city together for the first time. From Broadway to Times Square, Rockefeller Center, the Guggenheim, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty. A hansom cab ride and a ferry ride. They watch the sun rise from a bench situated on the side of a path that parallels the river.

VINCENT

I've lived here all my life, and yet, it's as though I've never seen this city until tonight.

CATHERINE

You've seen so much of the violence and hatred of my world; I wanted you to know there's beauty as well.

VINCENT

Oh, I know that, ever since the night I found you, Catherine.

They lean closer to one another, lost in each other's eyes.

JOGGER

What the...! Geez! you gave me a real scare. Hey man, Halloween was yesterday.

The jogger breaks the spell and Vincent stands, drawing the hood of his cloak about his head.

VINCENT

I must go.

She turns to watch him, smiling, then turns back to watch the sunrise.

FADE OUT:

THE END