

Beauty and the Beast

"Remember Love"

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Remember Love"
(Formerly "Touchstone")

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Directed by
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FIRST DRAFT

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Beauty and the Beast

"Touchstone"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 THE TUNNELS BELOW - DAY

1

Various shots of tunnels blend warmly one to another. We HEAR Vincent reading (maybe "Fern Hill", Dylan Thomas)

VINCENT

(reading)

All the sun long it was running,
it was lovely, the hay/ Fields high
as the house, the tunes from the
chimneys, it was air/ And playing,
lovely and watery And fire green
as grass.

2 INT. CHAMBER OF THE FALLS - DAY

2

Vincent sits reading to Cathy. Cathy lies back, her head resting against his outstretched legs as the rush of the waterfall entrances.

VINCENT

And nightly under the simple stars/
As I rode to sleep the owls were
bearing the farm away.

He stops reading, suddenly pensive, looking at the falls. Cathy turns to him.

CATHY

It was lovely. Why did you stop?

VINCENT

Sometimes I see it all so
clearly...

(remembering warmly)

I used to come here as a child
and wonder about such places...
how it would feel to lie in a
meadow under the warm sun or see
the night sky full of stars. I
imagined the whole world from
here. It was the secret place
of my childhood.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

CATHY

(smiles)

When I was a girl, we spent our
summers at a lake in Connecticut.
I had a secret place, too. A
glen. I would hide there in the
tall grass and I felt as if I were
the only person on earth... safe.

Vincent's eyes are closed visualizing. He smiles.

VINCENT

Yes...

CATHY

And if I sat very still in the
long grass, the deer would walk
by and not even know I was there.
I could almost reach out and touch
them. It seemed enchanted...

They pause, sharing the image. Catherine sits up...

VINCENT

Go on... Keep remembering.

CATHY

... I remember, when it got hot,
I would slide into the water...
And my dress would fill and float
around me -- and I would pretend
I was a water lilly...

Vincent gazes at her, transported into her youth...

CATHY

... And at night, the air was so
clear, it almost hurt to breathe.

VINCENT

... And there are so many stars,
there's no room for the sky...

CATHY

(smiles, nods)

... It seemed very far from the
city -- like a different world.
It's only two hours away...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

She hesitates... Almost afraid to speak her thoughts.

CATHY
(regretfully)
I wish you could see it...

VINCENT
... So do I.

CATHY
If we could only be there...

VINCENT
We are there. Your words are
taking me -- showing me...

CATHY
I would love to share it with
you...

Vincent reacts, afraid to want it too much...

CATHY
It seems so unfair... You'd
appreciate how magical this place
is...

VINCENT
(sadly)
Catherine...

CATHY
If you saw it you'd know -- in
an instant... And then it would
be ours.

VINCENT
I could want nothing more.

CATHY
(tentatively)
... Maybe there's a way.

VINCENT
Please don't even think...

CATHY
No. Maybe there is...

VINCENT
How..?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

CATHY
(encouraging)
All we need is a way to get out
of the city and up there safely.
Maybe it can be arranged -- a
van... We could drive up at night.
There's no one up at the lake this
time of year. Maybe we could
actually do it...

Vincent starts to speak, but she takes his hand...

CATHY
(excited)
Vincent, let me try to arrange
it. If I can -- will you go with
me?

Vincent finds himself caught up in her dream, and unwilling
to shatter it...

VINCENT
It would be something I've been
afraid to wish for...

CATHY
To go there, to share it with you,
would mean so much...

VINCENT
(now caught up)
Then we must try...

CATHY
(happily embracing him)
Yes, we must...

CUT TO:

3 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

3

Vincent has revealed his plan, and Father is greatly
disturbed.

FATHER
... Have both of you gone
completely mad?

VINCENT
Not at all...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

FATHER

I can't believe you would
seriously entertain something so
foolhardy and dangerous.

VINCENT

You overstate the risk.

FATHER

Any risk is too great. Isn't that
apparent?

(beat, shaking his head)

That Catherine would even suggest
such a thing...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

VINCENT

An innocent dream, Father -- born
of love...

FATHER

An irresponsible dream born of
selfishness...

VINCENT

No...

FATHER

(emotional)

Yes -- because I've had that dream
for you, myself, over and again,
for so many years. Since you were
young, I've wanted nothing more
than to show you the sun -- the
mountains. Things for which you
have only words...

It is painful for Father to continue, and Vincent is
touched by the confession -- but still resolute.

VINCENT

This is not merely for my benefit
-- but for Catherine's as well...

(wrenching)

This is a chance for us -- no more
than a moment, the briefest moment
-- free from the urgency and
perils of the time we share...

FATHER

Your love for Catherine -- and
her's for you, is something that
warms all of us... But Vincent,
beyond that, lies a
responsibility, a duty to all
those of this community who depend
on you, who look to you for
strength and truth -- for hope
and protection. Without you,
their world would be a very dark
place...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

VINCENT

And what of my responsibility to Catherine, who asks for so little -- and gives so much..? Father, how can I deny her? Or myself?

FATHER

(pained)

Vincent, if I thought it were in any way possible...

VINCENT

(adament)

It is possible, and there are ways...

FATHER

(overriding)

Nonsense... If something goes wrong, if you're discovered, would she be able to help you? There would be no one...

VINCENT

I'll take that risk...

FATHER

Then think of Catherine. What if she's hurt? What would you do?

(ironic)

Would you go into town for help?

VINCENT

(angry)

Stop!

FATHER

Don't you see? There is so much more at stake. To think otherwise is foolish...

VINCENT

(passionate)

Is it so foolish to want to see and feel and touch life for just one day, with Catherine?

FATHER

No, of course not... Vincent, it's simply not possible.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

VINCENT

(bitterly)

And what of our happiness? Is that also not possible? Am I unable to fulfill her simplest wish? Tell me Father -- are we forever bound to accept a poem for a sunset?

FATHER

Vincent...

Father takes him by the arm in the desperate hope that he can contain the growing fire...

FATHER

You cannot do this...

Vincent pulls away angrily... and leaves.

FATHER

Vincent!

Father's troubled face reveals his anguish, as we:

CUT TO:

4 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

4

Candles illuminate the chamber with the soft glow of anticipation as Vincent, with aching care, prepares for his journey into light. A handmade leather travel case sits open on the table. Vincent is packing an intricately sewn patchwork quilt into the case. He looks about the room, considering what special things to take with him, then goes to the chest that holds his treasured momentos. He opens the lid and carefully searches through the books from his childhood, letters, handmade gifts from those Below... He takes out a book of poems (Browning perhaps) and pages through, stopping to touch a flower pressed between the pages.

VINCENT

(softly)

Catherine.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

He sets the book aside for the trip and continues to search the trunk when:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ENTRANCE TO CHAMBER

PASCAL appears in the doorway. He watches Vincent a moment, troubled, hesitant. Then...

PASCAL
(softly)
Vincent?

Vincent turns, his thoughts interrupted.

VINCENT
Pascal...

PASCAL
Can I talk to you?

VINCENT
Of course. Come in.

Pascal enters, noticing the open travel case, its contents. His concern grows.

VINCENT
What is it, Pascal?

PASCAL
So it's true. You are leaving.

VINCENT
Who told you this?

PASCAL
There's been talk... rumors on the pipes.
(then)
Mouse. He overheard you arguing with Father. It scared him--

VINCENT
Mouse has no reason to be frightened...

There's a shuffle at the entrance to the chamber, and Vincent shifts his gaze there: a worried JAMIE steps inside, followed by MOUSE.

VINCENT
Jamie, Mouse...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

JAMIE
We heard you and Catherine were
going away. Forever.

VINCENT
Forever...!?

Vincent moves toward them reassuringly...

VINCENT
It's not true...

JAMIE
Then what are you packing for?

MOUSE
(worried)
Don't go 'way, Vincent.

Vincent regards his friends...

VINCENT
This is my home... You are my
family. I'll only be away for
a very short time...

PASCAL
Where are you going?

VINCENT
There is a place -- a special
place that Catherine wishes to
show me. It's unlike anywhere
I've ever been...

JAMIE
Where is it?

MOUSE
(concerned)
... Across the river?

VINCENT
It's a lake in the mountains --
a place from her childhood. I
want to go there -- to be there,
with her...
(gently)
Do you understand?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

JAMIE

What if something happens to you?

Jamie has now voiced their deepest fear...

PASCAL

What if you're caught above?

MOUSE

Like Mouse. Like before...

VINCENT

(calming)

This is a safe place -- a quiet place. Don't worry yourselves, please... I'll be back... I promise.

Jamie and Mouse appear somewhat placated.

JAMIE

Just be careful, Vincent...

MOUSE

Very, very careful...

JAMIE

We need you...

VINCENT

(a beat)

... I'll be careful.

Jamie nods with wary satisfaction. She's tough...

JAMIE

(to Mouse)

Come on...

Jamie and Mouse head out of the chamber. At the archway Mouse turns back toward Vincent...

MOUSE

Come back quick...

They exit... Vincent now turns to Pascal.

VINCENT

(sincere)

Tell me what you think...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (4)

4

PASCAL
(torn)
It sounds dangerous...

*

VINCENT
I won't deny there is a risk.

*

PASCAL
A big one...

*

VINCENT
But to live, as fully as we can
-- there are some risks we must
take.

*

PASCAL
This is a risk for all of us.
You yourself taught us that what
each of us does affects everyone
else...

*

Vincent knows this...

PASCAL
If anything happened to you, so
far beyond our reach... I don't
know -- I don't even want to think
about it. But it would be awful.

*

VINCENT
(nods, moved)
... Thank you for your honesty.

*

PASCAL
(struggling)
You -- are an important part of
us.

*

Pascal exits, leaving Vincent to ponder all of this. He
turns to regard his leather travel case, considering his
friend's words...

DISSOLVE TO:

4A INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

4A

Sitting in the darkness, illuminated by only a few candles,
Vincent faces a dark night of the soul...

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. CENTRAL PARK ENTRY - MORNING

5

The strains of a delicate string quartet filter down from above as Vincent sits. His heart is full and sad with the knowledge of what he must do. A deep sigh lifts and then settles his shoulders. Hold for a long moment, before:

ANGLE ENTRANCE

Cathy appears, silhouetted in the opening.

VINCENT

He senses her presence and turns.

VINCENT

Catherine...

BOTH

Catherine walks, then runs toward Vincent, smiling broadly, as she surrounds him with her arms.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

CATHY

I rented a van -- I've got everything we'll need. I'll come to the fourteenth street entrance. That'll be the safest...

(beat)

Vincent..?

She pulls away and regards Vincent closely...

CATHY

What's wrong?

(off his pained silence)

What is it?

Vincent speaks with great longing and love... And an overwhelming sadness.

VINCENT

... It was a dream, Catherine.

She looks at him, slowly shaking her head, not wanting to believe...

CATHY

No...

VINCENT

... A beautiful, impossible dream.
One we dare not have...

A moment of deep disappointment... She feels terrible for him -- and for herself.

CATHY

(sadly)

For a moment, I thought it might be possible...

VINCENT

And so did I... Perhaps, I was wrong to hope.

CATHY

No, it's never wrong to hope...

VINCENT

... If the slightest thing were to go wrong, if anyone were to see us -- it could mean the end of everything we have...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

CATHY

Yes... I'm sorry -- I should never have asked...

VINCENT

(painfully)

I am the one who should apologize. Catherine, you asked for so little... And there is so much I wish I could give you -- so much I can never give you.

CATHY

And so much more you do. You must believe that... Some people don't even have dreams.

A timeless, wordless moment passes between them -- filled with the disappointment of a shattered dream.

VINCENT

(from his heart)

Catherine, one day we'll see that lake -- I promise you...

CATHY

(embracing him,
bravely)

And until then, we'll keep on dreaming...

They cling to each other for a moment, and then she moves off, back to the park entrance...

After several beats, Vincent turns and passes wearily through the secret door which slides heavily closed...

6 INT. TUNNEL - VINCENT

6

A burning anguish rises within him. He walks slowly, as if he has suddenly grown old... then he starts walking faster.

CLOSE VINCENT

His face reveals the hurt that consumes his being, as he turns a corner...

7 INT. TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

7

Vincent walks faster and faster, his every breath a gasp, until the walk becomes a run. He pays little heed for his safety as he stumbles through the cavern as if to push aside the walls that are his prison.

8 INT. LARGER CONNECTING TUNNEL - DAY

8

Vincent runs full out, as if chased by demons, trying to escape the pain that consumes him.

CLOSE VINCENT

An eerie sound emanates from the depth of his soul and becomes a wail of anguish as he runs faster and faster.

TUNNEL

Vincent races into its depths as the mournful sound echoes and reverberates, toward an amber light ahead...

9 OMITTED

9

10 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

10

Vincent hurls himself into his chamber. Struggling for breath, he slumps back against the wall. But his chamber offers no solace. He staggers forward and falls exhausted onto his bed. Still there is no comfort from the darkness that haunts him. His mind is whirling, thoughts spinning as VOICES FROM HIS PAST filter in, binding him to the torment of this moment. Softly at first...

VINCENT (V.O.)

"Know that our dream exists at the cost of all your other dreams. Know that, Cathy."

FATHER (V.O.)

"Do you know what they'd do if they caught you up there or found you down here? They'd kill you or put you behind bars!"

VINCENT (V.O.)

"I've never regretted what I am until now."

The voices grow louder... amplifying and overlapping as Vincent recoils in agony trying to shut them out.

MITCH (V.O.)

"I put in five years behind bars because Vincent wouldn't let me hide out in those tunnels!"

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

FATHER (V.O.)

"Catherine will only bring you
pain... remind you of a life that
can never be!"

Vincent rages against the incriminating words.

VINCENT

No... no!!

VINCENT (V.O.)

"Devon is your son."

FATHER (V.O.)

"I always meant to tell him, but
I had you to consider as well."

Vincent roars his helplessness against the onslaught and
lunges from the bed, stumbling into the table.

Yet the voices continue... He hurls aside the candles, the
books.

DEVON AS A BOY (V.O.)

"It's always been you. I hate
you! I hate you! I hate you!"

The words begin to merge into an unbearable, tormenting din.
In a fury, Vincent roars, unleashing his pain on everything
around him in a violent catharsis. His chair smashes to
bits as Vincent throws it against the wall. Books,
writings, carvings are crushed. The table overturned...
The lifesized statue flung into debris.

FATHER (V.O.)

"Your relationship... it's a
tragic mistake for both of you."

DEVON AS A BOY (V.O.)

"I hate him. He's a little freak
and I hate him!"

VOICES MERGING (V.O.)

Vincent: "I must forget the
dream." Father: "Catherine will
only bring you pain... remind
you of a life that can never be."
Devon as a boy: "I hate him.
I hate him." Father: "Your
relationship... it's a tragic
mistake for both of you... a
tragic mistake... a tragic
mistake."

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

In a last desperate effort to break free, Vincent hurls his traveling case through the stained glass "window", shattering it into a million bits of color.

THE WINDOW

In SLOW MOTION, the pieces fall.

VINCENT

SLOW MOTION. As the lustrous glass falls around him, he crumbles to his knees -- bereft, spent.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

11

CLOSE ON VINCENT. He lies slumped on the floor. He stirs fretfully with the visages and thoughts of a deep exhaustive sleep...

ECU - VINCENT'S FACE

suddenly cast in an ethereal and intense light. The illumination stirs him and he begins to wake from his dream.

Camera slowly PULLS BACK to reveal Vincent's chamber... now just a bare rock cave. It's cold and lifeless save for the angled column of light which seems to emanate from above him somewhere.

Vincent pulls himself to his elbow and looks about him, trying to gain his bearings... shielding his eyes from the powerful light, startled by the starkness of the cave.

HIS POV - SOURCE OF LIGHT

Amorphous, too bright to look at for long, hovering near the entrance to the chamber.

RESUME SCENE

Vincent squints past his raised hand to see better.

VINCENT

Who's there? I can't see you.

VINCENT'S POV

The formless shape begins to shimmer, changing colors. Losing intensity, but becoming more beautiful.

VINCENT

The colors play and dance across his face. He lowers his hand in wonderment at the apparition.

VINCENT

What are you?

A disembodied FEMALE VOICE answers.

VOICE (O.S.)

I am part of you. I am who you want me to be.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

VINCENT'S POV

The formless shape begins to define. A vague outline: long flowing hair, soft white gown, an ANGEL.

VINCENT

Almost wishing it to be so.

VINCENT
Catherine?

THE ANGEL

Catherine's face materializes on the figure.

BOTH

Vincent now stands, and approaches her.

VINCENT
Catherine... it is you.

ANGEL
No, I am the image of her...
within you. I am your heart, your
mind.

Vincent reaches out to touch her, but his hand passes right through her.

VINCENT
Why are you here?

ANGEL
You have nothing to fear from me.

VINCENT
What is this place?

The Angel is gentle, warm, non-judgemental.

ANGEL
Don't you recognize it?

Vincent looks about him for a long beat. Then, realizing:

VINCENT
My chamber...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

ANGEL

Yes... in another life.

VINCENT

Another life?

ANGEL

The one you never lived.

Vincent covers his face with his hands.

VINCENT

Am I dreaming..?

*

ANGEL

Call it what you will... sleep,
a waking dream. In a world
without you... where you don't
exist.

VINCENT

But I'm here. I can feel
myself.

*

ANGEL

The vision was yours, don't you
remember?

Vincent considers this.

VINCENT

I remember thinking... there would
be less pain for those I love.

ANGEL

It's already begun. You're
here... but you're no one.

*

Vincent reaches for the pouch he wears around his neck,
his hands searching his chest.

VINCENT

My rose...

ANGEL

It's not there. Catherine never
gave it to you. She never knew
you.

For the first time, Vincent appears apprehensive. He backs
away slightly from the Angel.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

VINCENT
(fearful)
Catherine... Is she alive?

ANGEL
(evasive)
Nothing of what you knew remains.

VINCENT
(forceful)
Is she alive?

The Angel looks away before answering. Her voice is distant.

ANGEL
Yes.

VINCENT
Take me to her.

ANGEL
Vincent... There are other
things to see first.
(off his hesitation)
Believe me...
(then; seductive)
Come, I will answer all your
questions.

The Angel reaches out for Vincent's hand. Vincent hesitates before accepting it. The Angel leads him out of the chamber.

CUT TO:

12 INT. TUNNELS - DAY

12

Vincent and the Angel steer down a long tunnel. Everything is dark and dank, the only sound a lonely whistling wind. The chill of a lifeless world. Vincent pulls his cloak close.

VINCENT
It's cold...

ANGEL
These tunnels have not been used
for many years.

VINCENT
Then where is everybody?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

ANGEL
I'll show you.

Vincent stops to confront her.

VINCENT
Why should I go with you?

*

The Angel regards him lovingly.

ANGEL
You will see the shadows at first.
Then the visible world will be
known.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 OMITTED

13

14 INT. LOWER TUNNEL - DAY

14

Leading downward. They proceed. A dampness permeates.
Clammy sweat.

VINCENT'S POV

The Angel is walking ahead of him. Then she stops, turns
slowly back to him and smiles.

ANGEL
Remember love...

There is a scurrying sound, as of a small animal. Then
the echoing sound of the pipes.

VINCENT

whirls about toward the sound, which stops suddenly.

VINCENT'S POV

as he turns and sees nothing...

15 TUNNEL WALL

15

Unseen by Vincent, wild and furtive eyes peer from a crack
in the rocks. Pascal. A Pascal Vincent never knew.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

VINCENT

turns back toward the Angel, but the Angel is gone. Then the footsteps resume... somewhere ahead of him now.

VINCENT'S POV

A barefoot, ragged figure carrying baton-like mallets in each hand, runs from a small side tunnel that crosses the main tunnel and disappears on the other side. The tapping resumes...

RESUME SCENE

Vincent gasps with recognition and runs forward to the small crossing.

VINCENT

Pascal!

Suddenly, from the slime-dripping pipes above Vincent, Pascal, now a terrifying and ragged man, drops and lunges toward Vincent, swinging both mallets in an expert fashion. Vincent parries the most of the blows, though some connect, sending Vincent against the cavern wall. Vincent swipes out at Pascal, but Pascal bounds away.

Vincent leaps to his feet, stunned, to find that Pascal has vanished. Vincent, all his senses attentive to danger now, moves forward.

16 TUNNEL JUNCTION

16

The tunnel turns sharply to the right. Vincent advances slowly, listening...

VINCENT'S POV

The tunnels narrow. Side exits seem to appear and vanish again. Footsteps... running. The tapping resumes, then stops suddenly.

RESUME VINCENT

as Pascal attacks again, leaping down from a tunnel ledge, but this time Vincent whirls and grabs him in mid-air, pinning him against the wall.

VINCENT

Pascal! Stop! It's Vincent!

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

But Pascal renews his onslaught... stunning Vincent with a blow to the head long enough to squirm away...

VINCENT'S POV - PASCAL

Laughing and taunting, as he scampers down the tunnel. The tunnel begins to weave and curve in and out of shrouded mists, and:

RESUME VINCENT

as he follows the fading tapping sound before him... enticing, leading Vincent ever downward... slowly at first, then faster and faster.

CUT TO:

17 INT. ANOTHER SECTION OF TUNNEL - DAY

17

The sounds stop. The tunnel levels out in the faint light. Vincent slows. The only sound now is his own labored breathing. Vincent calls out.

VINCENT

Pascal?!

His voice reverberates in the thickening air. Vincent proceeds cautiously as the tunnel grows dank.

Watery pools form on the floor of the tunnel as he makes his way. Mossy green phosphorescent slime thickens on the walls as small creatures of the underworld slither and slide around his feet. The sound of tapping on pipes. Then words, filtering in from connecting tunnels... random, muddled. Vincent scrutinizes the darkness...

VINCENT'S POV

*

A shadow figure disappears around the bend...

VINCENT

*

runs to follow...

ANGLE JAMIE

*

A nasty sprite.

JAMIE

*

This way...
(cruel)
... monster!

As she quickly EXITS FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

VINCENT

*

turning the bend, searching.

VINCENT'S POV

*

nothing.

VINCENT
(calling)
Jamie!

ANGLE PASCAL

*

PASCAL
How now, nuncle? Over here...

He laughs nastily, then drops OUT OF FRAME, as Jamie pops INTO FRAME.

JAMIE
Come on, faster!

VINCENT

tries to find the source. Real? Imagined?

VINCENT
Pascal?! Jamie?!

The laughter continues. One voice, then two... then many.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

RESUME SCENE

A shrouded greenish glow emanates from the end of the tunnel, drawing Vincent to it.

CUT TO:

18 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

18

Vincent is suddenly in the dim, gloomy grotto, an eerily transformed version of the place which, in another reality, was so warm and comforting. Phosphorescent, malignant-looking vines twist down around the spiral stairs.

VINCENT

Father?

No answer. Vincent takes in this place with dawning horror, moving past the central counter, upon which there are beakers and jars and glass tubing filled with glowing liquid.

PARACELSUS (O.S.)

Welcome...

Vincent looks up at:

PARACELSUS

who has materialized high on the spiral staircase, inquisitional...

VINCENT

VINCENT

Paracelsus!

BOTH

Paracelsus smiles graciously. His voice is charming and silken, but his words are cautious, testing.

PARACELSUS

There are some who call me by that name. Who has sent you here?

Vincent is about to answer when:

ANGEL (V.O.)

I am part of you. I am who you want me to be.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Vincent turns at the sound of the Angel's voice, but he is alone.

PARACELSUS

There's no one here. Just the two of us... Who has sent you?

VINCENT

I come of my own will.

PARACELSUS

Then, welcome. There is always room for strangers here.

VINCENT

You know who I am!

As Paracelsus takes two steps down... into the diffused light.

PARACELSUS

You presume too much, my friend.

VINCENT

Your face... the scars. I watched you burn in the fire.

Paracelsus touches his face, caressing the smooth skin.

PARACELSUS

I have no scars.

ANGEL (V.O.)

Nothing of what you knew remains.

Vincent again reacts to the voice.

PARACELSUS

Are you not well?

VINCENT

Where is Father?

PARACELSUS

Who?

VINCENT

Jacob Wells!

PARACELSUS

(intrigued)

Jacob Wells? And what business could you possibly have with him?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

VINCENT
I need to find him...

PARACELSUS
He has nothing to offer... I assure you.

VINCENT
Where is he?

PARACELSUS
Here, there is only me...

VINCENT
No... I've seen Pascal... heard the others.

PARACELSUS
All extensions of me. My eyes and my ears...

PASCAL (O.S.)
For years and years...

*

Vincent turns...

*

VINCENT'S POV

*

Pascal emerges from the shadows, hefting a long lead pipe. Then Jamie... all Vincent's friends from Below appear from every shadow and dark crevice in the chamber, surrounding Vincent. An ominous, brooding army of lost souls. At least twenty strong. They all carry ancient weapons of death... spiked mallets, maces, chains.

RESUME SCENE

*

VINCENT
It cannot be...

PARACELSUS
"He shall be the greatest who can be the loneliest, the most hidden, the most deviating, the human being beyond good and evil."

VINCENT
Beyond good and evil, there is only death.

PARACELSUS
Join with me and you will choose life.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

PASCAL
Last chance, nuncle. Choose
carefully.

*

VINCENT
I could never join you.

PASCAL
Wrong choice...

*

PARACELSUS
(long beat)
So be it...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (4)

18

Vincent turns to his friends...

VINCENT
Pascal! Jamie!

He advances toward them, but their eyes are dead to him.
He turns to Jamie... now a true child of depravity.

VINCENT
Jamie! What has happened?

He starts to reach out for Jamie, but she hurls her chain,
snaking it around Vincent's arm. Vincent pulls his arm
free, stunned by Jamie's violence. Disbelief.

VINCENT
No...

No recognition. No response. Slowly, they all begin to
weave and shuffle around Vincent, closing the circle.

VINCENT
What is this..?

Vincent spins to face Paracelsus, who still stands high
on the staircase, a depraved smile etched on his face.

VINCENT
(desperate cry)
What have you done?

Vincent advances toward the staircase, but the encroaching
tunnel dwellers block his path...

PARACELSUS
(dispassionate,
matter-of-fact)
Take the beast.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (5)

18

TO SCENE

Paracelsus' minions of evil act with instant obedience and speed... and as they move in on Vincent:

VINCENT

Stop! Listen to me. I won't hurt you. I am your friend!

*

Vincent backs away from them, not wanting to retaliate.

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

A) Pascal piledrives a lead pipe into Vincent's gut.

B) Jamie leaps on Vincent's back, thrashing...

C) Paracelsus descends the spiral stairs.

C) A mace slices into Vincent's side. Vincent roars with pain.

RESUME SCENE

Vincent has backed himself against a cave wall, and is forcibly pinned there, five men holding each arm, children up and down his legs, Pascal's rust-jagged pipe digging up into his throat...

*

PASCAL

Now cracks a noble heart -- Good night, sweet Prince...

*

Paracelsus approaches Vincent, parting the rest of the crowd, stopping before him. He cocks his hand and out snicks his wrist blade. Vincent flinches at the sight, struggles to get free... but he can't move. And as Paracelsus swiftly raises the blade to deliver the death blow, the metal gleaming in the evil light, we....

SMASH CUT TO:

19 INT. SPACE - NIGHT

19

Vincent throws his head to the side, avoiding Paracelsus' slash... but he's suddenly in the middle of some huge and dark space. No edges, and blackness crowding in. The illusion of infinity. He lowers his arms. He wheels around. He is alone. MOVING IN TIGHT ON HIS FACE, horrified and disoriented, we:

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 INTERIOR SPACE - ON VINCENT

20

standing as before, dazed and confused by what has just happened, and by his sudden appearance in limbo. Vincent senses something and turns:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ANGEL

her soft light shining on the embattled Vincent. The Angel stands calmly before him. Vincent looks upon her, pained almost beyond enduring.

VINCENT

It's gone. Everything is gone.

ANGEL

Yes. Paracelsus rules now. The world Below, and everyone in it, belongs to him. They all do his bidding now.

VINCENT

How could such a thing be?!

ANGEL

(simply)

You weren't there to stop him. Beauty and knowledge are fragile things. They need protection.

VINCENT

But I was only a baby...

ANGEL

Even as a baby, you were a symbol to the community... And when you died, hope and possibility died with you. People lost heart.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Vincent bows his head, contemplating this alternate reality.

VINCENT

Is there nothing I can do for them now?

ANGEL

No. Nothing. It is already done.

VINCENT

Tell me...

ANGEL

Yes?

VINCENT

What happened to Father?

ANGEL

He faltered... Paracelsus crushed him.

VINCENT

Where is he now?

ANGEL

The way begins...
(pointing)
... over there.

Vincent follows the Angel's direction, turning toward a scuffling SOUND... and the sudden, almost theatrical illumination of a section of this shadow-place, and we are:

21 INT. WAREHOUSE

21

piled high with crates and boxes. Vincent moves toward the light, toward the sound... when a head flashes above the lip of a crate and disappears.

VINCENT

moving closer...

CLOSE ON CRATES

as a face appears over the lip of a crate. Long stringy hair surrounds the dirty face of a wild, savage creature who, in another time and another place was the one called MOUSE.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

VINCENT

cognition spreads over his face...

VINCENT

Mouse...

(then, calling)

Mouse!

But Mouse is already dashing down a row of crates, his tattered figure visible in flashes through the openings, as he stuffs handfuls of small boxes into his ragged blouse, dropping half of them along the way.

VINCENT

cuts toward him, gaining on Mouse, finally hurdling a six-foot high row of crates... landing softly on the other side. But there no sign of Mouse.

VINCENT'S POV

sweeping the entire row... nothing, but a door. A simple, colorful door that might belong to any suburban home... but not in a warehouse. A cat-hatch is swinging from the door's lower panel...

RESUME VINCENT

as he approaches the door only to discover that it's been painted on the smooth cement. Vincent sees something on the ground beside the still-swinging cat-hatch. Something dropped by Mouse. It's a pack of raisins. And as Vincent bends to pick up the box:

SMASH CUT TO:

22 OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

22

where Vincent suddenly finds himself, still holding the box of raisins. No sooner has he processed this, when he is drawn to a sound...

SNAP FOCUS - ANGLE PAST VINCENT

It's Mouse, foraging through a dumpster. Vincent moves toward Mouse, who leaps from the dumpster, and runs off down an adjacent alley.

VINCENT

(calling)

Mouse!

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

As Vincent gives chase...

23 EXT. ALLEY - INTERCUT

23

MOVING WITH MOUSE

as he runs wildly, glancing back over his shoulder, things falling from his clothing...

MOVING WITH VINCENT

down this endless alley...

ANGLE

as Mouse comes upon a high cement wall. Full of adrenalin and fear, Mouse spins sharply to confront Vincent, who has stopped ten feet away...

VINCENT

(gently)

Don't be frightened...

Vincent moves slowly toward Mouse, as one would approach a wild animal...

VINCENT

Mouse, please... trust me. I'm a friend.

Mouse shivers in his skin, his eyes darting every which way. As Vincent nears, Mouse tries to dodge past, but Vincent grasps him by the shoulders... then takes Mouse fully in his arms, enfolding him there. And in the long moment of this embrace, it seems as though the wildness drains from Mouse, and he goes tame in Vincent's arms. Over this:

VINCENT

Shhh. It's all right. It's all right. Don't be frightened. I'm a friend.

Vincent releases him, and they regard one another, connecting...

VINCENT

Is there some place I can take you? Do you have a home?

Mouse just stares at him from under strands of hair.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

VINCENT
I'm looking for Father. Do you
know where he is?
(then; realizing)
Can't you speak?
(off Mouse's silence)
Mouse...

Vincent moves toward him in sympathy when a horrid guttural sound issues from Mouse's lungs in warning. And Mouse's face contorts, as though suddenly possessed.

VINCENT'S POV

Mouse's arm thrusts forward INTO FRAME... a bandaged stump, caked with dried blood.

RESUME SCENE

Mouse slashes again at Vincent... before he runs back down the alley, disappearing into the mist. Vincent does not follow, but stands there, stunned...

Steam begins rising from a grate in the ground. White steam that envelops Vincent...

24 VINCENT'S POV (THROUGH THE STEAM) - THE ANGEL

24

appears -- and as the steam obscures the alley walls, the ground, the Angel steps toward Vincent...

RESUME SCENE

Now just Vincent and the Angel, who regards Vincent with kindness and sympathy. It is as if they are afloat in a cloud...

ANGEL
Mouse has no language... you
weren't there to reach out to him.

VINCENT
Was there no one else?

ANGEL
No, no one... He lived for many
years, stealing to survive, alone
and undiscovered. Until Paracelsus...

VINCENT
(suspecting)
His hand...

ANGEL
Paracelsus is an exacting judge.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Vincent is greatly disturbed by this altered life.

VINCENT

Please... I've seen enough.

As the steam around them dissipates into the night wind...

ANGEL

(almost sadly)

There's more...

The Angel vanishes with the steam, and Vincent suddenly finds himself in the middle of a small transient shantytown known as:

25 THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

25

where the discards of humanity live out their existence in rubbish and squalor. Vincent pulls his hood up over his face before continuing.

MOVING WITH VINCENT

past tarpaper shacks and lean-tos, past the men and women huddled for warmth before trashcan fires, as he listens to the drone of their cough-punctuated lamentations ("Woman lost me everything I ever had"... AD. LIB.), all the while looking for Father...

Just then, a half dozen low-riding Chevys descend upon the yard, horns blaring, brights flashing. A dozen teenagers in gang colors emerge at once, rousting the transients with baseball bats (AD. LIB... "You stinking bums... Off our turf, etc."), smacking and kicking the ones too drunk or weak to respond. A shotgun blasts into the air...

Vincent shrinks back into the shadows, horrified by the violence around him, helpless to stop it, when a PUNK kicks a nearby Transient wrapped in a wool blanket... and when the Transient only turns away, the Punk swipes him hard in the temple with his stick, snapping the Transient's head around toward Vincent...

ANGLE VINCENT

reacting to the face he sees.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

ANGLE FATHER

his beard grown longer, unkempt, a thick flow of blood starting down. The Punk is about to unleash again, when Vincent springs upon him, roaring, backhanding the Punk into instant unconsciousness.

VINCENT
(kneeling, whispering)
Father...

Father is scrambling away, reeling from the blow and from the alcohol in his bloodstream. And as the violence continues around them, Vincent lifts Father into his arms and carries him off...

CUT TO:

25A EXT. CUL DE SAC - AROUND THE CORNER

25A

which offers some refuge from the nearby madness. In the shadows, Vincent gently sets Father down on the pavement, against a graffitied wall. Immediately, Father cowers away from him, eyes bleary and unfocussed, drunk, incoherent.

FATHER
I'm old... please... don't hit...
Take anything.

Vincent regards the cut over Father's temple.

VINCENT
You're bleeding. Let me help.

From inside his cloak, Vincent draws a white cloth and moves closer. Father backs away on his hands.

VINCENT
It's all right. I won't hurt you.

Slowly, he reaches out and begins to dab the blood from Father's face. Father blinks at the pain. It sobers him a little. He leans towards Vincent, rocky, speech an effort:

FATHER
A bed for the night..?

VINCENT
What?

FATHER
Sleep... the shelter.

(CONTINUED)

25A CONTINUED: (2)

25A

VINCENT
I'm not from the shelter.

Father mumbles something, then slumps back against the wall. Vincent takes him by the shoulders, propping him up.

VINCENT
Father... Look at me...

Father squints at Vincent trying to focus his eyes. No use...

FATHER
(giving up)
Go 'way...

Father begins to sag in Vincent's grasp.

VINCENT
(rousing him)
Don't sleep. Please tell me your name.

Father stares at him...

VINCENT
Your name...
(then)
Jacob...

FATHER
(weakly)
Jacob...

VINCENT
Jacob Wells...

FATHER
Yes...

VINCENT
... You were a doctor.

FATHER
A doctor... Yes...

VINCENT
How did this happen to you?

FATHER
How..?

(CONTINUED)

25A CONTINUED: (3)

25A

Father shakes his head...

VINCENT
You created a world below... You
spoke the truth. People
followed...

FATHER
No... not me.

VINCENT
It was you... Father.

FATHER
Father..?

VINCENT
You must try to remember.

FATHER
(darkening)
Gone -- everything... Lost...

VINCENT
No, not lost. Not as long as
you can remember...
(gently)
You took care of us, everyone...
Jamie, Kipper, Mouse...

FATHER
(frightened)
No. No Mouse...

VINCENT
Yes. You made a world for us.
You saved my life...

Father's eyes, till now just slits, open ever so slightly.
A window of recognition...

FATHER
Who..? Who are you?

Vincent pauses looking powerfully into Father's eyes.

VINCENT
There was a child, a baby. You
found him among the garbage behind
St. Vincent's hospital...

(CONTINUED)

25A CONTINUED: (4)

25A

FATHER
(faraway)
Wrapped in rags...

As Vincent continues talking, Father's eyes deepen with remembrance -- and fear.

VINCENT
You brought him below -- to live.
To raise as your son. But he
wasn't an ordinary child. He
was... different from the others.

FATHER
(awed, fearful)
How do you..?

Vincent pauses. Then:

VINCENT
Tell me... What happened?

The memory is tortuous for Father. He buries his face away from Vincent.

FATHER
No! Go away..! Leave me alone!

VINCENT
Please...

FATHER
No... Don't...

VINCENT
(tenderly)
Father, what happened to you?
What happened to the child? Tell
me...

Father lifts his face, near weeping...

FATHER
Died... Died. As I held him.
So small... But he wanted to
live... I could feel his will.
Poor thing... No hope... No hope
-- anywhere...

(CONTINUED)

25A CONTINUED: (5)

25A

VINCENT

(beat)

Rest now...

Vincent eases Father back against the wall, making him comfortable.

VINCENT

Do you still love... poetry?

FATHER

Poetry?

VINCENT

Wordsworth was your favorite...

Father digs back into his barren memory, finding there a distant, long-forgotten pleasure.

VINCENT

Close your eyes...

Father willingly does so. Vincent removes his cloak and sits down beside Father. He covers them both from the chill night air. Then, almost as a lullaby:

VINCENT

Another race hath been, and other
palms are won. / Thanks to the
human heart by which we live, /
Thanks to its tenderness, its
joys, and fears, /

Father smiles remembering and briefly opens his eyes to study the miracle beside him. Then the alcohol swims his brain and he closes them again. Vincent continues:

VINCENT

To me the meanest flower that
blows can give / Thoughts that
do often lie too deep for tears.

Vincent looks over at Father. He is asleep now. Weary, Vincent rocks his head back against the wall and stares desperately up at the urban night sky. Not a star to be found. And as the CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK, framing the hopeless scene...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26 ON VINCENT

26

Still sitting hunched over. He lifts his head to find himself huddled in one of the corners of:

EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - NIGHT

Tentatively, he stands and approaches the window to Cathy's bedroom. Everything is dark inside, empty. He touches the windows gently...

VINCENT
(calling softly)
Catherine.

But no one comes. Catherine is not there. After a moment, the Angel materializes beside him on the darkened balcony. Vincent looks to her, desolate.

VINCENT
Help me...

ANGEL
I can't do it alone.

VINCENT
But she's gone.

ANGEL
Is she?

VINCENT
(rising panic)
I have no sense of her.

ANGEL
She never knew you.

VINCENT
(accusingly)
You said she was alive!

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

ANGEL

She did not die... but her spirit
is gone... her will.

*

VINCENT

Catherine's spirit could never
change. Never!

ANGEL

You weren't there to strengthen
her heart.

*

The Angel says nothing, patiently allowing Vincent to
regain himself in silence. He speaks quietly.

VINCENT

I want only to see Catherine.
Just to see her. That would be
enough.

The Angel regards Vincent for a long moment before turning
toward Cathy's darkened apartment... and vanishing.

27 ANGLE TOWARD CATHY'S APARTMENT

27

The rooms inside are instantly illuminated.

VINCENT

startled for a moment, then filled with hope and
anticipation, moves closer to the doors and looks in.

VINCENT POV

Through the doors he can see Cathy's bedroom. It looks
the same. As he watches, Cathy comes in from the other
room. She, too, appears the same. She wears a dressing
gown.

VINCENT

Filled with relief, he smiles at the sight of her.

VINCENT

(soft)
Catherine...

28 INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

28

Cathy does indeed look the same as she sits at her dressing
table, but it's the eyes that tell. There's no spark, no
energy. The look of one sleepwalking through life.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

CATHY

She stares at herself in the mirror for a long, sad moment. She sighs wearily, then gets up and walks slowly to her closet... trying to select a dress. She takes out one dress, considers it, then tosses it listlessly onto the bed. She goes back to search the rack for another, but none seem right. She finally picks a second one and lays it on the bed, but she doesn't seem to care. There is a sense of great weariness about her as she slumps down on the bed.

29 VINCENT

29

Feeling for her. His hand touches the windows as if he could touch her. Then he hears another voice. (TOM GUNTHER).

GUNTHER (V.O.)

Cathy! We're going to be late!

Vincent pulls his hand away, confused.

30 TO SCENE

30

Cathy jumps up from the bed, picking up the dress as Tom comes in. Tom looks at her with frustration, surprise.

GUNTHER

What are you doing? You're not even dressed yet!

CATHY

(meek)

I'm sorry. I couldn't decide what to wear.

GUNTHER

(hard)

I can't always be making excuses for you.

CATHY

(apologetic)

I just lost track of the time.

GUNTHER

You're always off in a daydream somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

CATHY
I'm sorry.

Tom looks at her as a pitiful sight. Cathy looks away.

GUNTHER
(continuing)
Well I'm not going to be late.
This dinner is important to me.
I'm going for the car. Be down
in five minutes or I'm leaving.

He walks out. Cathy starts after him a few steps...

CATHY
Tom...

She stops... holding back the tears. She tries to gather herself together. She walks to the bed and picks up the dress, but she can't do it. She lets the dress slip from her hands and fall to the floor.

31 VINCENT

31

watches her, aching with the loneliness Cathy feels.

32 CATHY

32

She stands for a moment, then walks slowly toward the balcony doors.

33 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - NIGHT

33

Vincent ducks back into the shadows as Cathy opens the doors, moving slowly into the warm evening. She crosses to the edge of the balcony and stands. She looks out at the city below with great longing... as if somewhere out there, there is love and maybe... just maybe, it will find her someday.

VINCENT

Cathy is filled with such yearning that she almost cries out.

CATHY

Her eyes closed and her face lifted to the touch of the soft breeze as if it were a gentle caress.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

A movement, a sound. Cathy, startled from her reverie, turns, looking.

CATHY
(fearful, trembling)
Who is it? Who's there?

VINCENT

Obscured in shadow.

VINCENT
I am no one. Don't let me
frighten you. Turn away from me,
look out into the city.

TO SCENE

The force and power and calm of Vincent's words make Cathy obey him.

CATHY
(frozen)
Please, don't hurt me...

VINCENT
I could never hurt you... I never
meant for you to see me. You will
never see me again.

CATHY
You're scaring me.

VINCENT
I'm leaving now.

Vincent pulls his hood up and then steps from the shadows, moving toward the balcony railing... but Cathy's gaze wanders over to him. A tight line joins their eyes. At first, Cathy is too shocked to scream.

VINCENT
(painfully)
Turn away. Please... Catherine.

But instead her face contorts with fear at the sound of her name... and she screams with horror as she backs toward the doors. Vincent takes a step toward her, reaching out... agonized by the sight of her panic.

VINCENT
Catherine...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

Cathy stumbles toward the doors, her breath coming in convulsive heaves between her terror stricken screams.

CATHY

No! No!! Get away!!

34 ANGLE THE DOORS

34

Cathy lurches back into her bedroom, stumbling, screaming. She falls to the floor and backs away... crawling toward the corner... a quivering mass of abject fear.

CATHY

Oh my God, oh my god.

BALCONY

Stricken, Vincent follows her, standing in the frame of the French Doors.

VINCENT

(anguished)

I'm sorry... I never meant...

Cathy gropes in a drawer behind her, pulling out the drawer, spilling its contents... among which is Gunther's handgun. She raises it, shaking, at the approaching Vincent, who stops cold.

CATHY

her face becomes a mask of anger and rage... for the emptiness and relentless unhappiness of her lost life, from the moment she was attacked and violated, to her abusive marriage.

CATHY

I'll kill you...

BOTH

It is this rage that horrifies Vincent, and against which he raises his hands as if to protest, but it's too late...

THE GUN

fires.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

VINCENT'S POV (OVERCRANK)

falling to the floor, as Cathy and the apartment go dim and then fade to black in his sight. We see Vincent's death through his own eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. SPACE - BLACKNESS

35

as the Angel materializes beside the fallen Vincent. They are no longer in Cathy's apartment, but in the same SPACE as at the end of Act II. Vincent looks up at her in desolate silence.

VINCENT

She's gone... I've lost her...

The Angel kneels down beside him. She speaks softly, gently. Comforting.

ANGEL

Nothing is ever lost. We are all on the same journey. We create that journey for each other.

VINCENT

If I could begin again... start over.

ANGEL

Anything is possible.

VINCENT

I don't know what to believe.

ANGEL

(knowingly)

Yes, you do.

Vincent regards the Angel, beginning to understand. The Angel leans over him, smiling.

ANGEL

Remember love...

She kisses him lightly on the lips... as a suffusion of brilliant white light surrounds them.

*

DISSOLVE TO:

36 VINCENT'S POV

36 *

as he wakes to the kiss and the face he sees smiling down at him is Cathy's. It was Cathy who kissed him. Camera PULLS BACK and we see we are in:

INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

It is as always. Nothing smashed; nothing broken. Healed -- as is Vincent.

VINCENT
Catherine...

He reaches up slowly, tenderly touching Catherine's smiling face, as the horror of his experience washes over him in a rush of recollection...

VINCENT
It was a dream... a terrible dream. Everything was changed. I couldn't wake up. ;

CATHY
(compassionate)
It's over now. I'm here.

It takes a moment for Vincent to realize...

VINCENT
Yes...
(beat)
I thought I had lost you.

CATHY
Don't you know? You could never lose me. We could never lose each other.

Vincent's eyes are brimming as Catherine regards him closely, lovingly...

CATHY
As long as we remember...

VINCENT
Remember...?

CATHY
... Remember love.

Catherine takes him into her arms, and Vincent holds her, as if onto life itself. And as they lose themselves in the comfort of their embrace, we...

FADE OUT

THE END