

DEJA VU

FIRST DRAFT

BY PAUL SCHRADER

FROM A STORY BY PAUL SCHRADER AND BRIAN DEPALMA



1-19-99

"If I'm mad, that
would explain it."

--Kim Novak in Vertigo



1 INT. CATERING TRUCK EARLY EVENING (1956)

Our two heavies, Sam Addikof and Charlie Knossack, sit in a 1955 Chevy van truck marked "Speedee-Rite Catering" parked outside the Courtland Home in upper middle-class New Orleans.

Addikof, sitting in the driver's seat, is reading a copy of the May 7, 1956 New Orleans Times-Picayune.

INSERT of financial column headline reads: "Courtland-Simon Firm to Purchase New Ponchartrain."

Addikof and Knossack turn and watch the Courtland home. The last of the well dressed guests has just passed through the elaborate iron-wrought gate adorned with byzantine grape vine patterns.

Addikof checks his watch. Addikof and Knossack both pull out their pistols, check to see if they are loaded (they are), and tuck them into their wastebands. Addikof and Knossack are not your average caterers.

CUT TO:

2 INT. NIGHT LIVING ROOM OF COURTLAND HOME

Sequence opens with series of old COLOR SLIDES. The slides appear to have been taken sometime in the Forties (we learn later it was 1946). The photography is strictly amateur and the stills have that bleached-out Kodacolor look.

CONVERSATION on the SOUNDTRACK indicates these slides are being shown for a mixed group of friendly (probably partying) adults. It also indicates we are seeing the tail-end of a slide show.

Slides show MICHAEL COURTLAND and his wife BETH in Italy ten years before.

SLIDE #1: Ext. shot of small Early Renaissance chapel in Florence. An U.S. Army jeep and 1940's car are parked down the street; bombed rubble can be seen in the distance. A U.S. soldier walks past a group of hunched-over peasant women.

COURTLAND OFF SCREEN
Here's another view of the
Church of Santa Trinita, where
we met...

MALE VOICE O.S.
 (interrupting)
 More churches! Is that all you
 did in the Occupation, Court?
 How about some signorinas?
 (laughter)

JANE O.S.
 Please. Not our Cap!
 (more laughter)

COURTLAND O.S.
 (trying to be serious)
 I used to go to Florence on
 weekends...
 (CON'T)

SLIDE #2: Captain Michael Courtland, his uniform neatly
 pressed, stands on the steps of the Church of Santa Trinita.
 He looks about twenty-two years old.

COURTLAND O.S.
 (con't)
 And here I am again... .

SIMON O.S.
 Didn't you ever take your
 uniform off, Michael?
 (laughter)

MALE VOICE O.S.
 We're coming to that now.
 (more laughter)

JANE O.S.
 Oh, you were a handsome one
 then, Cap.

STILL #3: Beth stands on a ladder sketching an
 Early Renaissance alterpiece of the Madonna and Child.
 She is very young, seventeen or eighteen, and very beautiful.
 Although she is wearing pants and a sweater, her look and
 posture of those of a well-bred Eastern girls' school student.

FEMALE VOICE O.S.
 Beth.

MALE VOICE O.S.
 The Madonna! The Madonna herself!
 I've seen the Madonna!
 (laughter)

SIMON O.S.
 How could you take advantage of
 that sweet thing, Michael?

COURTLAND O.S.

That's exactly how Beth was standing when I first saw her. Her class was on an overseas vacation.

STILL #4: A dark slide of Michael and Beth standing arm in front of a red neon restaurant sign reading "RISSO'S." Only their outlines are distinguishable.

MALE VOICE O.S.

What's that?

JANE O.S.

I can't see a thing.

FEMALE VOICE O.S.

I can't see a thing.

COURTLAND O.S.

Come on.

SIMON O.S.

Of course, it's our lovers.

MALE VOICE O.S.

Ta-da.

SLIDE #5: A hand-lettered slide reading, "And They Lived Happily Ever After."

Laughter. The LIGHTS GO UP and we see our cast of characters:

MICHAEL COURTLAND, now 32, runs a small insurance agency with his partner, Bob Simon. He is a quiet, forceful, genial man--a seeming pillar of strength. Yet there is something else to Courtland; his exterior is too solid and peaceful. There is also a sense of deeply hidden weakness and instability, a sense that if he were pushed too hard in a certain direction--if he were forced to stare into a mirror too long--he would dissolve into tears and self-pity.

BETH COURTLAND, 28, is like the Madonna she once sketched: pure, detached, almost too good for this world. She really isn't these things, of course, but men find in her a symbol, an icon, of the Beauty they they aspire too, and she is content to let this be her role in life.

BOB SIMON, about 35, Michael's business partner and closest friend. He's more open than Michael, more gregarious and ambitious, and he and Michael have worked out a good business relationship.

JANE, Michael's secretary, about 20, who likes her boss only a little this side of idolatry. Her attractive openness is a perfect foil for Beth's distant beauty; and, although Michael can speak more easily with Jane, one knows his love is reserved for Beth.

Michael and Beth live in one of those mahogany and pine turn of the century New Orleans homes. It's not quite the Garden District, but it's a worthy place to live. The room's decor and furnishings--double doors, high ceilings, rosewood furniture--reflect the sensitivity of the people who live there.

Four or five other couples are in the room when the lights go up. They are all white, young, upper middle class and ambitious: the chosen people of the Eisenhower era.

All the guests, of course, are dressed in the style of the middle 1950's.

The living room is decorated for a party. Champagne and a New Orleans buffet of jambalya, file gumbo, etc. stands on a nearby table. A banner above the table proclaims:

HAPPY 10TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

MICHAEL AND BETH COURTLAND

1946-1956

A CHEER goes up from the room. Jane throws her arms around Michael and gives a congratulatory kiss to her boss. Michael is a little embarrassed, but exchanges the kiss. The other guests line up to either shake hands with or kiss Michael and Beth, depending on their sex and preference.

JANE

(to Courtland)

Congratulations, Cap! Here's
to my favorite boss.

(kisses him)

May you have many more.

Courtland smiles and thanks her. Jane warmly shakes Beth's hand and congratulates. Simon puts his arm around Courtland's shoulder:

SIMON

Michael, congratulations. A finer
partner I'll never have.

Courtland laughs and returns a similar compliment. Simon walks over to Beth with the air of a supplicant approaching a shrine and demurely places a kiss on her cheek. In fact, all the men at the party seize this occasion to kiss or embrace the beautiful Beth Courtland. It is clear that the party guests regard Michael and Courtland as the grown-up equivalent of the "class couple."

2 CON'T

CAMERA PANS across room to reveal Sam Addikof and Charlie Knossack dishing out the buffet in their clean white caterer's uniforms.

SMALL TALK AND LAUGHTER.

Michael quiets the group down, says he has an announcement to make and pulls a small jewelry box out of his pocket. From the box is dramatically takes a gold heart-shaped locket, which, when opened, contains pictures of Beth and Amy. Appropriate Oohs and Aahs. Michael fixes the locket around Beth's neck ceremoniously and everyone seems quite pleased.

A loud POP! comes from the buffet table. Simon has uncorked a bottle of champagne and it is fizzling over. He holds up the bottle and a champagne glass:

SIMON

I propose a toast. To Michael and Beth--and may they have many more!

(a CHEER goes up)

And...and...

(room quiets down)

And to show what a generous man I am, I also wish to congratulate Michael on having raised \$120,000 to buy the controlling interest in the New Pontchartrain development site. Now I would have liked to purchase controlling interest myself...

(polite laughter)

but now that it's done I can think of no better partner than Michael Courtland.

Simon pours glasses of champagne for Michael, Beth and the guests. JUDY, the courtland's thirties black maid, drinks a toast the Michael and Beth with the guests.

Michael turns and notices something in the doorway.

AMY COURTLAND, a sleepy-eyed girl about 10, stands in the doorway in her pajamas.

COURTLAND

Look who we woke up.

2 CON'T

AMY
Mommy, daddy.

BETH
Come here, Amy.

Amy trots into her mother's arms. Now they do look like Madonna and child, or, rather, standard and miniature size versions of the same Madonna.

AMY
(to Courtland)
Daddy, put me up.

COURTLAND
Come here, Amy.
(extends his arms)

Michael holds Amy up in his arms.

AMY
Higher, daddy.

Michael lifts Amy up and sets her on his shoulders. Amy reaches her hand out for Simon's campagne glass. Simon first looks at Beth a moment, then gives the half-full glass to Amy. Party laughter.

Amy pours the campagne down the front of her daddy's shirt and giggles. Michael is at first surprised but joins in the laughter.

In retaliation Michael reaches up, firmly grasps his daughter's sides, and begins to turn into a circle, spinning her about. CAMERA circles Michael and Amy COUNTERCLOCKWISE as they spin CLOCKWISE, all the while in gradually SLOWING MOTION. The LAUGHTER also SLOWS DOWN as time seems to suspend itself.

TIME CUT: Michael and Beth stand at the front door bidding their guests goodnight. There are a few last congratulations and Jane gives Michael a final kiss.

EXT. SHOT of Michael, Beth and guests standing in the doorway of their home. In the evening light one can see it is an older Southern home with fake Doric columns and moss-draped oaks. A wrought iron fence with grape vine patterns surrounds the yard.

2 CON'T

IN THE LIVING ROOM, Addikof and Knossack clean up the last remains of the buffet as Michael and Susan wearily walk across the room.

CUT TO:

3 INT. NIGHT BEDROOM

Michael is sitting on the edge of the bed in his pajamas. The night has taken its toll on him and he looks exhausted.

SOUNDS of Beth in adjoining bathroom. Michael speaks to her:

COURTLAND

Thank goodness Amy finally got to sleep. I'm afraid she's going to be dead to the world tomorrow.

BETH O.S.

Me too.

COURTLAND

What, dear?

BETH O.S.

Nothing, Mike.

COURTLAND

What?

BETH O.S.

(a little louder)

Happy, dear. I just said I was very happy.

COURTLAND

So am I.

Michael looks around, nervously slapping his thighs as he waits for Beth to come out of the bathroom.

There is the SOUND of a door opening and Michael looks up:

3 CON'T

CUT TO: Beth emerging from the bath. There she stands: Beauty, Purity, Sensuality--all that men like Michael aspire to. The soft light from the bathroom filters through her sheer blue nightgown. The faint outlines of her nipples stand out in the blue light.

COURTLAND O.S.
God, Beth, I love you so.

SOUND of Amy crying from another room. Disappointment crosses Beth's face.

BETH
Just a moment, Mike. I'll check on Amy. I'll be right back.

She exits.

CUT TO:

4 INT. AMY'S ROOM NIGHT

Beth walks into Amy's room and reaches through the darkness for the light switch.

BETH
(softly)
What's wrong, dear?

A black gloved hand clamps around Beth's mouth. Another black hand wrenches her hand behind her. She attempts a MUFFLED CRY as she is dragged off.

CUT TO:

5 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

Michael grows anxious:

COURTLAND
Beth? Darling?

He gets up and begins to look for her. She is not in the bathroom, the hall, Amy's room.

5 CON'T

SOUND of catering van driving off.

CUT TO:

6 INT. LIVING ROOM , NIGHT

Michael walks into the living room. The dirty buffet dishes still stand on the buffet table.

Crossing into the DINING ROOM, Michael finds a hand-lettered note on the table. It reads:

BE IN YOUR OFFICE TOMORROW
WITH \$100,000 CASH

CUT TO:

7 INT. KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT MORNING

Small, cheaply furnished (the vinyl and formica look) living room somewhere on the bayou.

Beth and Amy, their hands handcuffed behind them, are sitting on the sofa. Knossack sits in a chair across from them, his gun in his hand.

The dim glow of a 14" television comes from across the room. "Queen for a Day" is on, but nobody is watching.

Addikof, rubbing his freshly shaved cheeks, walks into the room.

KNOSSACK

You're a cool one, arn't you.

Addikof walks over to Beth. She has been wrapped in a blanket (as has Amy) to hide her semi-nakedness.

ADDIKOF

No. But I don't worry unless I have to. And there's no cause to worry now. This is 100% sure. Foolproof.

7 CON'T

Addikof reaches over, takes a hold of Beth's anniversary locket, and yanks it off. Amy's eyes bulge with horror.

ADDIKOF

He'll come up with the hundred thou. He's no choice.

Addikof opens the locket, looks at it and drops it in his pocket. He taps his pocket.

ADDIKOF

A souvenir.

Addikof goes to the closet and takes out his suit coat.

KNOSSACK

You leaving now?

ADDIKOF

It's about that time. You got the stuff.

KNOSSACK

It's over there.

Knossack gestures toward a brown paper bag sitting on a chair. A tape recorder sits in the b.g. Addikof picks up the bag, checks his gun, nods, and exits.

CUT TO:

8A EXT. PHONE BOOTH MORNING

Addikof's 1955 Black Ford Fairlane with continental kit stands in front of a phone booth near old Congo Square.

Addikof is in the booth dialing.

CUT TO:

8B INT. COURTLAND OFFICE MORNING

Michael sits at his desk, staring straight ahead. The phone RINGS. He answers.

88 CON'T

Michael listens without saying a word. As he listens
CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal room:

An open black briefcase stacked with money sits on his desk. On the wall to his right is a large retouched color photograph of Beth. Jane and Simon stand nervously across the room.

After a short time Michael hangs up.

MICHAEL

We wait some more.

SIMON

What did he say?

COURTLAND

Just to have \$100,000 ready and wait for further instructions.

(looks at money on desk)

I've done that already.

JANE

Please call the police, Cap.

MICHAEL

Not yet.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

CUT TO:

8a. INT. OUTER OFFICE MORNING

P.O.V. small boy standing in hallway. Jane opens the door to greet him; Michael and Simon are standing behind her.

SHOT of boy. He ~~holds~~ holds a crumpled paper bag in his hand.

BOY

I'm supposed to bring this to Mr. Curtland.

Jane takes the bag from the boy and hands it to Michael. He opens it.

Sign on door reads:
CRESCENT CITY INSURANCE
Michael Courtland
Robert Simon

8C CON'T

Simon crouches in front of the boy:

SIMON

Who was it? Who told you to
bring that here?

BOY

A man.

SIMON

What did he look like?

BOY

Just a man.

SIMON

Okay, let's start at the beginning.
First, what is your name and
address?

Michael walks with the open bag toward his office. The
boy calls after him:

BOY

Sir? Mr. Curtland, sir?

COURTLAND
(turning)

Yes?

BOY

The man said you'd give me a
tip.



8C CON'T

COURTLAND

Oh, sure.

Michael reaches into his pocket, pulls out a \$5 bill and hands it to the boy.

BOY

Five dollars! Gee thanks.
Wow!

Simon resumes interrogating boy as Michael walks into his office followed by Jane.

Michael pulls a crude hand-lettered note and small tape reel out of the paper bag. He sets the note on his desk, walks over to a tape recorder and threads up the reel.

CAMERA CLOSSES IN ON NOTE as SOUND of tape message plays. The tape contains the pleading and crying VOICES of Beth and Amy especially recorded for Michael's benefit.

audio

TAPE MESSAGE

BETH

Darling, I'm trying to be composed, but I think they will kill us.

AMY

(crying)

Daddy, daddy, pay them, please. Daddy! They're hurting us.

BETH

(crying)

I love you, Michael. Always remember that.

AMY

Please come for me, daddy!

Michael shuts off tape recorder.

visual

RANSOM NOTE

Mr. Courtland,

Take the 5:30 train out of the New Union Station for Baton Rouge tonight. Bring \$100,000 in small unmarked bills with you. In the last car you will receive a message where to drop off the money. You will be watched. If the police follow you, the woman and child will be killed immediately. Don't fool with us. We know what we are doing.

Mr. Jones.

8C CON'T

COURTLAND
(to Jane)
Call the cops. Tell them
to send plainclothesmen.

CUT TO:

8D INT. SIMON'S OFFICE DAY

Michael is talking with Simon in Simon's office. The boy sits quietly in the corner fingering his \$5 bill. Michael must work to maintain his composure.

COURTLAND
I know this sounds terrible, but if I don't have the \$120,000 for the Ponchartrain deal tomorrow--which it appears I won't have--is there anyway we can put off this deal for a while? There may be a chance to recover the money.

SIMON
God, Court, I'd do anything to help you out--cut off my own hands if necessary--but you know the option expires in three days. After that a hundred developers will want to snap it up at any price. If the money isn't available I could only exercise my option to obtain controlling interest through a third party, or let the deal fall through. It's a terrible situation.

COURTLAND
I know that, Bob. I'm being a fool. I shouldn't even think about not giving the hundred thou to the kidnapers. It's just that...just that I waited so long for this deal.

SIMON
Don't even think twice about it, Court. It's something you have to do. I would do it. Any decent person would do it.

8D CON'T

Jane sticks her head into the office:

JANE
Inspector Brie wants to
see you now, Cap.

CUT TO:

8E INT. DAY OFFICE

Inspector AUGUST BRIE is like the famous Inspector Lupin of French detective fiction: suave, confident, Cartesian. Maurice Chevalier playing Sherlock Holmes.

Brie and his plainclothes assistant are speaking with Michael in the outer office.

BRIE
Do you know how many kidnappings there are in New Orleans a year, Mr. Courtland? Over two hundred. And do you know how many of the kidnappers successfully escape capture? Less than two percent. I don't mean to be rude, but this calls for the expertise only the police force can provide. Professional kidnappers usually kill their hostages regardless, just to do away with any witnesses. The only chance your wife and daughter have is to let us handle this.

CAMEMBERT
Inspector Brie is one of the best in the country.

BRIE
(to Camembert)
That's alright John.
(to Michael)
Oh, excuse me, I didn't introduce you. Mr. Courtland, this is my assistant, John Cammembert.

8E CON'T

COURTLAND

Money isn't the most important thing, Inspector.

BRIE

Of course, it isn't. But I don't like to see it thrown in the nearest gutter, either.

COURTLAND

What do you suggest?

BRIE

The press doesn't even know about this method. No one does. We'll use the same procedure we used to break the Kidder case last year. We had that whole thing wrapped up in less than a day. The hostages were home safe and sound and the kidnapers never knew what hit them.

(pause)

We'll give you a briefcase of dummy money with a transmitter hidden inside--this is the latest stuff now--and we'll let you go through with the drop just as instructed. Only we'll be following the beam of the transmitter from a safe distance--by camouflaged truck and helicopter. That way we'll never lose track of the briefcase and it will lead us directly to your wife and daughter.

CAMEMBERT

Well, Mr. Courtland?

Michael looks back into Simon's office and sees him working at his desk. He looks into his own office and sees the money stacked on his desk.

COURTLAND

Alright, Inspector. You know best. I'm a little apprehensive, but if you think this is the way it should be, then that's the way it will be.

8E CON'T

BRIE

Don't worry, Mr. Courtland.
Everything will be all right.

Michael walks back into Simon's office to tell him his decision.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. NEW UNION STATION LATE AFTERNOON

Michael enters the station carrying a briefcase.

CUT TO:

10 INT. TRUCK LATE AFTERNOON

Policemen sitting inside panel truck pick up the transmitter signal from Michael's briefcase and pin-point his location.

They radio Inspector Brie.

CUT TO:

11 INT. BRIE'S CAR LATE AFTERNOON

Brie and Camembert, driving around in an unmarked car, get the radio message of Courtland's location.

POLICE VOICE

He is just pulling out of the station now.

BRIE

Message received. Over and out.

CUT TO:

12 INT. TRAIN LATE AFTERNOON

His briefcase on his lap, Courtland sits in the last car of the train waiting to receive further instructions.

Across the aisle a teenage girl listens to Patti Page on a portable radio.

12 CON'T

A train steward walks down the aisle:

TRAIN STEWARD
Mr. Michael Courtland! Message
for Mr. Courtland!

Michael motions to the steward and receives the message. He opens the letter, reads it, says nothing.

C.U. of letter. It reads: "Throw briefcase from rear of train 65 seconds past Lee's Crossing sign."

Michael looks out window for passing signs. The first one reads, "LaSalle Junction."

CUT TO:

13 INT. LATE AFTERNOON HELICOPTER

Policemen in helicopter picks up the transmitter and relays its position to Brie.

HELICOPTER COP
(on radio)
Inspector Brie, this is 609.
Subject has just passed LaSalle
Junction.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. LATE AFTERNOON COUNTRY ROAD

Inspector Brie's car speeds down country road.

CUT TO:

15 INT. TRAIN LATE AFTERNOON

Michael's POV: tress, roads, signs roll lazily past.

Finally it appears: Lee's Crossing.

Michael looks at his watch, (C.U. watch) and stands up. He moves toward the rear of the car.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. TRAIN LATE AFTERNOON

Michael stands at the rear of the train studying his watch.

The second hand ticks steadily toward the designated location.

Michael matter-of-factly throws the briefcase from the train and returns to the car.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BRIE'S CAR LATE AFTERNOON

Brie puts down the radio receiver and says to Camembert:

BRIE
It's a drop. Lee's Crossing.
Let's go.

Brie's car speeds down the highway.

CUT TO:

18 INT. KIDNAPPER'S CAR LATE AFTERNOON

Addikof's POV: the train to Baton Rouge speeds past. He starts up his car and heads toward Lee's Crossing.

Addikof drives his Fairlane down the railroad tracks until he spots the discarded briefcase.

He stops, gets out, picks up the briefcase, returns to his car and drives off.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. ROAD LATE AFTERNOON

HELICOPTER POV of kidnapper's black Fairlane driving down deserted bayou road.

SOUND of helicopter in b.g.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. HIDEOUT DUSK

Kidnapper's Fairlane pulls into drive of old deserted bayou home.

Addikof walks into the house with the briefcase.

CUT TO:

21 INT. BRIE'S CAR DUSK

Brie pulls up a safe distance from the shack and watches it.

He turns, looks down the road and sees the police panel truck coming. He puts a cigarette into his mouth.

CUT TO:

22 INT. HIDEOUT DUSK

Addikof walks into the hideout with the briefcase.

Beth and Amy, their hands handcuffed behind them, are still seated on the sofa. Knossack, who has been watching the silent TV, turns as Addikof walks in.

Addikof sets the briefcase on a table and put a cigarette into his mouth.

(to Amy)

You should be happy, little girl. Your daddy came through with the money.

AMY

(to Beth)

Oh, mommy, mommy, daddy's brought the money.

Addikof and Knossack pry open the locked briefcase only to find stacks and stacks of blank paper and a radio transmitter.

The feet of a third man walks into the room.

22 CON'T

Amy instantly realizes the importance of this and begins to cry. CU Amy's face. She SCREAMS.

AMY

Mommy, mommy!

Addikof turns as he hears BRIE'S VOICE coming from a loudspeaker outside the house.

BRIE'S VOICE

The house is surrounded. The house is surrounded. Come out with your hands raised and you will not be hurt. Come out with your hands raised and you will not be hurt.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. HIDEOUT DUSK

Brie's POV of hideout: no answer.

Three local police cars have joined Brie and the panel truck and the police are crouched all around the house. The helicopter hovers overhead.

Brie repeats his loudspeaker warning.

Then, slowly, figures begin to move in the bayou dusk in front of the house. We can see two men. They are carrying a prone, handcuffed woman.

BRIE

Don't shot! They've got the hostages with them.

The men get into the car, forcing the woman face down onto the back seat. The car starts up and turns on its lights.

With a sudden lurch and screech, the Fairlane tacks off between the police cars. A pistol blazes out of the back seat at one of the police cars. A policemen screams and falls. The other police fire at the Fairlane's tires and miss.

The police pursue.

CUT TO:

24. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD DUSK

The police, sirens screaming, are hot in pursuit of the kidnapper's Fairlane.

CUT TO:

25 INT. BRIE'S CAR DUSK

Brie is speaking on the radio as he chases the Fairlane.

BRIE'S

They're headed for the Lee Crossing bridge. We've got them. Raise the bridge and block the road.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. ROAD DUSK

Fairlane with police in pursuit races toward Lee's Crossing drawbridge.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. LEE'S CROSSING DRAWBRIDGE DUSK

Local police block the entrance to the bridge with their police cars. Their flashing red lights give the scene an eerie glow.

Policeman gives the bridge engineer instructions to raise the drawbridge.

The drawbridge moves slowly upward. Underneath it are raging rapids.

A policeman suddenly looks up:

Speeding directly at the blockade comes the kidnapper's Fairlane. The policemen scramble for safety.

The Fairlane crashes through the parked cars, spitting sparks through the night air.

27 CON'T

The Fairlane charges up the drawbridge ramp, intent on crossing the slowly widening gap.

The gap proves too wide, however, and the Fairlane crashes into the drawn side and, in a blaze of flames, crashes into the rapids.

HELICOPTER POV of Fairlane exploding against the rocks.

CUT TO:

28 TV BROADCAST

A 1956 local New Orleans television news broadcast from the scene of the tragedy. Behind the NEWSCASTER we can see INSpector Brie, Michael Courtland, the drawbridge operator, many policemen and newsmen, Robert Simon and Jane.

NEWSCASTER

The wife and daughter of New Orleans businessman Michael Courtland were killed yesterday when a kidnap rescue attempt tragically backfired. Courtland payed the kidnappers a reported \$100,000 but when the hostages were not returned, police closed in on the kidnapper's hideout and a chase ensued. The kidnappers apparently tried to cross the Lee's Crossing drawbridge when their auto crashed into the rapids below.

(CON'T)

Inspector Brie walks by the newscaster and the newscaster corrals him.

NEWCASTER

(con't)

This is Inspector August Brie of the New Orleans Police Department who is in charge of the case. What exactly happened here, Inspector?

Brie is too busy to talk but says a few obliging, noncommittal words:

28 CON'T

BRIE

I can't divulge any information at this time. The police did all they could. It's just tragic, that all, just tragic.

(excuses himself)

Newscaster motions to cameraman and CAMERA PANS around to catch Michael looking off the side of the bridge into the rapids. Holding either arm are Simon and Jane. Michael seems in shock.

NEWSCASTER O.S.

Standing by the bridge now is Michael Courtland, husband and father no more.

(CON'T)

CAMERA PANS back to newscaster.

NEWSCASTER

The search for the bodies has been hindered both by the explosion of the auto on impact and the rapid current. Parts of bodies believed belonging to Mrs. Courtland and two of the kidnappers are believed to have been, but final identification will await a full laboratory investigation. The search has gone on all night and day over a ten mile stretch of the river and will continue for several more days.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. NEW ORLEANS DAY (1973)

A tall gleaming modern office building in downtown New Orleans. 1970's cars drive past the crowded boulevard.

CUT TO:



30 INT. OFFICE DAY

Sign on modern office door reads:

CRESCENT CITY INDUS., INC.

Michael Courtland

Robert Simon

CUT TO:

31 INT. COURTLAND'S OFFICE DAY

Michael Courtland, now 50 years old, is sitting in a leather chair in his plushly furnished executive office. The lines and aging etched into Michael's face have, if anything, made him look only more attractive. He now sports a fashionable--but still conservative--striped suit.

Jane, 38, stands against the far wall. Their relationship has grown and matured over the years and they are now at ease with each other as much as any long-time husband and spouse. Jane is still very attractive and has kept up with the fashion.

Michael is playing distractedly with one of those expensive office game toys--the one where the player has to work a silver ball through an intricate wooden maze.

On the wall behind him hangs the same retouched color photo of Beth that hung in his other office eighteen years before.

COURTLAND

(kidding)

So you really don't think I should go?

JANE

No, Cap, I don't. It's not healthy for you. You know how morose and moody you can get.

COURTLAND

Now really, Jane.

JANE

It's true. You're just a sentimental old fool. You get half a chance and you'll sit around wallowing in self-pity like a lovesick teenager.

31 CON'T

Michael cups his left breast with his right hand and says half-playfully, half-sincerely:

COURTLAND

No, Jane, not any more. My old heart ain't nothin but a mass of scar tissue today.

(smiles)

Jane is touched and doesn't know quite waht to say. There is a natural warmth and tenderness that flows between the two of them like electricity.

COURTLAND

(continuing)

Besides it's just a business trip. Bob needs me to go. He set the meeting up for the office and now he can't go. Somebody will have to represent the office there to save his face.

JANE

It can be put off.

COURTLAND

Why bother?

(a beat)

Besides, I need the vacation.

JANE

But you've never been back to Italy in all this time and now you're going back alone. I don't think you should go alone. You'll just get to brooding and wandering around. You know Doctor Ellman always warns you about going too far into the past.

COURTLAND

I have to go back some time.

(a beat)

Honestly, Janey-o, sometimes I think you live more in the past than I do.

32 CON'T

JANE

Well, then get someone to go with you. An aide. Get one of the new boys in the office. He'd be flattered to death.

COURTLAND

Nah, Jane. It would just be a tag-along.

(pause)

You take too good care of me, Jane.

JANE

Well, it isn't easy Cap. It's like taking care of a wounded bear. You can never get close enough to help him.

COURTLAND

(kidding)

Now, now.

JANE

Alright, Cap. I can take a hint.

Jane starts to walk back to her office.

COURTLAND

Can we continue this tomorrow, Jane? Same time?
(they both laugh)

CUT TO:

33 INT. SIMON'S OFFICE DAY

Michael and Simon are having a conference in Simon's office. Simon has likewise aged and he is now in his early Efties.

Simon is setting out several files and sheathes of paper for Michael.

33 CON'T

SIMON

Sorry to put you to all this trouble, Court, but I think it will pay off in the long run.

(pause)

Now here's all the papers and files you will need. I'm afraid this D'Annunzio fellow you'll be meeting with is a bit of a pig, but he's awfully important in Florence and can release a lot of Italian money for use in New Orleans. He's also very susceptible to flattery.

COURTLAND

(joking)

My forte.

SIMON

I can give you my stock book of Italian phrases. That way it won't hurt so much when you tell him he's as wise as Caesar and as honest as the Pope.

COURTLAND

Ouch! It hurts already. Why didn't you tell me what you'd set me up for?

SIMON

I thought you'd like a surprise.

(hesitant)

One other thing, Court. I'm hesitant to mention it. I think you know what it is.

COURTLAND

Yes. Gulf Oil will have the annual acquisitions meeting next week while I'm gone.

SIMON

That's right, Michael. I just think...

33 CON'T

COURTLAND

Please, Bob. We've been best friends now for good knows how many years-- twenty-five? can it be twenty-five?-- and I'd rather not go into this again.
(CON'T)

Michael pauses. Simon's look tells him he will have to go into it again.

COURTLAND

(con't)

Look, I know there's oil under the New Ponchartrain land and that Gulf or any other company will probably give us a million bucks apiece or so, but I just can't do it--now or ever. That's blood land. I paid for it with Beth and Amy's blood. When I built their crypt there I swore I never would see a condominium or a tract house on that land, and the same goes for an oil well.

SIMON

(apologetic)

I'm sorry, Court. I didn't mean to ask. It's just...you know. I was wrong to ask. I just thought I'd give it one my try.

COURTLAND

It's alright, Bob. Honest.

(looks at file)

Now let's go through this one more time.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. NEW ORLEANS LATE AFTERNOON

Michael gets into his new brown Buick and drives through downtown New Orleans, passing some of the same landmarks we saw eighteen years before.

34 CON'T

Michael pulls into the driveway of his home. It is the same house he lived in when Beth was alive--the same columns, the same oaks, the same wrought-iron fence.

Michael opens the gate and walks to the front door.

CUT TO:

35 INT. COURTLAND HOME LATE AFTERNOON /EVE/NIGHT

Judy, now in her late forties, greets Michael at the door as he walks in.

JUDY

Welcome home, Mr. Michael.

COURTLAND

Hello, Judy.

They exchange a perfunctory kiss.

LATER THAT NIGHT: Judy takes away Michael's dishes and serves him coffee. He says nothing, but instead is absorbed by the emptiness of the room.

LATE THAT NIGHT: Michael sits on the edge of his bed thinking. He looks up toward the bathroom as he did the last time he saw Beth. He shrugs to himself and crawls in bed.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. NEW PONCHARTRAIN DAY

Michael's Buick pulls past an old faded sign reading, "New Ponchartrain Estates." In the distance is nothing but rolling hills, marshes, trees and unrestricted life.

Michael drives until he comes to a knoll and glen which has been carefully landscaped. Atop the knoll is a small crypt. The words across the crypt read, "Courtland."

Michael pulls up beside the crypt and gets out of his car. In his hand he has a bouquet of fresh flowers.

He unlocks the crypt door and enters.

CUT TO:

37 INT. COURTLAND CRYPT DAY

Michael softly steps into the damp, echoing crypt. On the far walls two names are engraved into the wall:

BETH
1928-1956

AMY
1947-1956

Michael removes the three day-old flowers which are in the containers below the urns. He splits his bouquet into equal parts and places each into one of the containers.

Holding the old flowers in his hand, Michael gets on his haunches and just rests a moment.

After a moment of silence, he exits.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. COURTLAND CRYPT DAY

Michael exits from the crypt, locking the door behind him. He stills holds the old flowers in his hand. He looks up up and sees something:

Jane, dressed in a bright green suit, stands by his car at the bottom of the knoll. Her car, a Cheverolet, is parked alongside his.

Michael says nothing but walks slowly toward Jane. She walks up to meet him.

They say nothing to each other but instead walk side by side. Michael indicates by his walk that he is not ready to return to his car yet, so they take a little side trip up and down the road.

They walk side by side, both looking straight ahead, neither acknowledging the other's presence.

After a deep silence, Michael rubs his chins and speaks informally--as if he were remarking about the weather:

38 CON'T

COURTLAND

You know, Janey, I've been thinking
about what you were saying yesterday.

(a beat)

About this Italian trip and all.

(a beat)

I'kind of think you were right.

(a beat)

I should take somebody with me.

(a beat)

I was wondering if you could make it.

Jane looks at him compassionately:

JANE

I think so, Cap.

COURTLAND

Good.

(a beat)

Good.

Jane takes his arm and they walk back toward their cars.
Michael still holds the wilted flowers.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. MOISANT INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT DAY

A Pan Am flight takes off.

CUT TO:

40 INT. FLORENCE OFFICE BUILDING DAY

Michael and Jane walk through the lobby of a chrome-and-glass
modern Italian office building.

JANE

(kidding)

Ah, Signor D'Annunzio. Signor
D'Annunzio.

Pretending to be shocked, Michael looks around and puts his
finger to his lips:

COURTLAND

Ssh. Ssh.

40 CON'T

They laugh and Michael throws his arm around Jane's shoulder and pulls her to his side.

CUT TO:

41 INT. FLORENCE RESTAURANT NIGHT

Michael and Jane are seated in an intimate corner of a fancy Florence restaurant.

The dinner has been served and they are drinking apertifs in the candle-light.

JANE

(in Italian)

Mr. D'Annunzio, you are as wise as Caesar and as honest as the Pope!

(laughs)

I didn't know you knew Italian, Cap.

COURTLAND

I don't. Bob lent his little black book of flattering phrases in all languages.

Seized by the moment and Jane's attractiveness, Courtland reaches over and touches her hand.

COURTLAND

Jesus, Janey-o, here I am only fifty years old and I've been thinking my whole life is over.

JANE

Well it isn't. Whatever else happens, I can assure you there's more and better to come.

(a beat)

So what are we going to do tomorrow?

COURTLAND

Oh, I don't know. I thought we'd just knock around Florence for a day.

JANE

Fantastic.

41 CON'T

Jane puts her hand atop Michael's.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. CHURCH OF SANTA TRINITA DAY

Michael and Jane, dressed in casual clothes, are walking down an older street in Florence. They have a local map in hand and are checking out the scenic spots as they go.

Michael looks up and they both stop dead in their tracks. Before them stands the Church of Santa Trinita, unchanged since the day Michael met Beth, unchanged since the day it was built.

They both know the significance of this building.

JANE

I'll wait here, if you like.

COURTLAND

Well, alright. I'm just going to go in and look around for a moment.

Michael walks up the stairs of the church alone.

CUT TO:

43 INT. SANTA TRINITA DAY

Michael walks into the sanctuary and looks around. The paintings have been damaged by the recent floods and several young people are silently working on a restoration project.

Michael walks up to the information desk, deposits a contribution and picks up some literature.

He slowly examines all the iconographic paintings on the church walls, saving the Madonna and Child until last. Behind him we can see the bottom portion of the Madonna and Child. In front of the altarpeice stands on ladder and on the ladder the legs of a young girl.

~~Michael~~ with a sense of ~~illogical~~ illogical premonition, Michael turns to face the Madonna and Child altarpiece.

43 CON'T

Basking in memories and self-pity, Michael faces the Madonna.

There, standing on a ladder working on the restoration of the altar piece, stands a young Italian girl who looks exactly like his former wife. Her hair is a little darker, her posture somewhat different, her eyes flashier, but otherwise it is his wife brought to life exactly as she looked eighteen years before. (The same actress plays both roles.)

Michael says nothing; he just stares. When the young Italian girl looks embarrassedly back at him, he apologetically smiles and walks out of the church.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. SANTA TRINITA DAY

Jane is waiting for Michael on the church steps when he exits.

He says nothing at first and they proceed down the street. Finally she asks:

JANE
How was it, Cap?

COURTLAND
Oh, you know, just another church.
Nothing there any more.

JANE
I knew if you went back it wouldn't
be the same at all.

They continue to walk down the streets. Michael's thoughts are elsewhere, however.

CUT TO:

45 INT. HOTEL LATE AFTERNOON

Michael and Jane are seated in the plush lobby of their hotel having a late afternoon drink.

45 CON'T

JANE

Think you're ready to head back to the old U.S. of A. tomorrow, Cap?

COURTLAND

(sipping drink)

Well, actually, Janey, I thought we'd stick around here another day. A few more things I'd like to see.

JANE

Sounds wonderful to me.

COURTLAND

Actually, I've been thinking about going back to the Church of Santa Trinita, but this time I'd like you to come in with me.

JANE

Anything you want, Cap.

COURTLAND

Yes. I'd appreciate it.

CUT TO:

46 INT. COURTLAND'S HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

Michael sits alone in the semi-darkness of his hotel room. His mind is full of thoughts and memories.

He takes out his wallet and removes an old photograph of Beth. Examining it closely, it sees that the resemblance he noticed at the church was no trick of memory but reality.

He returns the old frayed photograph to his wallet.

CUT TO:



47 EXT. SANTA TRINÍTA DAY

The next day: Michael and Jane walk up the steps to Santa Trinita together.

CUT TO:

48 INT. SANTA TRINITA DAY

The inside of the church appears as it did the day before: tourists, a guard, an information desk, young restoration workers.

Michael and Jane look at several of the paintings together and Jane remarks about their beauty and composition. Michael says nothing; he has the calm face of a bridge player who still holds the high trump.

Gradually Michael works Jane over to the altarpiece where, as yesterday, the young Italian girl is working.

Jane is preparing to praise the Madonna and Child altarpiece when she suddenly recognizes the Italian girl. She gasps:

JANE

Oh!

And hides her face behind Michael's back to hide her shock and surprise. Michael then knows for sure that what he is seeing is no apparation or trick of an old man's foolish mind.

He takes Jane by the arm and they walk out of the church together.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. SANTA TRINITA DAY

Michael and Jane walk down the steps together. Jane has regained her composure ~~etc~~ but for a long while she does not speak. Finally she says:

JANE

It really doesn't look like her.
Oh, there's a resemblance alright,
but it really doesn't look like her
at all.

49 CON'T

Michael is silent. Neither of them really believe what Jane is saying.

CUT TO:

50 INT. FLORENCE AIRPORT DAY

Michael and Jane are standing in front of the Air Italia counter at the Florence airport. Jane has her air travel bag in her hand; Michael carries nothing.

JANE

You sure you want it this way,
Cap?

COURTLAND

Yes, Jane. I just need to be alone
for a day or two. I'll be back in
New Orleans by weekend.

JANE

(tears come to her eyes)
Oh, Cap, Cap.

Michael puts his arms around her.

COURTLAND

Now, now, Janey. Don't be silly.
Everything's alright.

She embraces him as if were the last time she would see him.
They kiss.

They break the embrace and Jane wipes the tears from her eyes.

JANE

Well, enough teary farewells.
I've got to catch my flight, so
you take care of yourself now.
(a beat)

Promise?

COURTLAND

I promise.

50 CON'T

Jane turns and walks toward the boarding gate. Michael watches her.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. SANTA TRINITIA MORNING

The street leading to the church is empty and foreboding and Courtland must walk it alone. He no longer has Jane's strength and comfort; he is alone with his past.

Trapped in the moment, in the MUSIC, in the premonition, Michael slowly ascends the steps to the sanctuary.

CUT TO:

52 INT. SANTA TRINITA MORNING

This time Michael does not bother to look at the other icons but walks directly to the altarpiece.

There, as before, is the ladder and on the ladder a pair of girl's legs. At first Michael does not raise his eyes for fear that when he looks up he will not see the same girl there.

But then, he must: CAMERA PANS slowly up ladder to reveal the same girl working patiently away on the restoration of a small part of the child's face.

Michael just stands and watches. The girl can feel him staring at her, but doesn't know what to do. So she keeps on working--and he keeps on staring.

Finally the girl--whose name is SANDRA--turns and acknowledges Michael's presence:

SANDRA
(in Italian)

Hello.

COURTLAND
(in broken Italian)
Hello. I don't speak Italian.

52 CON'T

SANDRA
 That's alright. I speak a
 little English.
 (a beat)
 You are American?

Sandra pulls off her badanna and slouches against the ladder. She speaks with an Italian accent.

COURTLAND
 Yes.

SANDRA
 (gesturing to altarpiece)
 You like the Madonna?

COURTLAND
 Very much. I was struck by it
 the first day I came in here and
 I've been back every day.
 (a beat)
 I'm very interested in that
 painting.
 (gestures toward information
 desk)
 It said in the brochure...

SANDRA
 It was painted in 1423 by Gentile de
 Fabriano. Early Renaissance. Not as
 good as Giotto before, not as good as
 Fra Angelico afterward. But I kind of
 like it anyway. I used to come and
 watch it as a child. That was before
 the floods. It was much more beautiful
 then.

COURTLAND
 You were born in Florence?

SANDRA
 Yes. Of all the places in the world,
 I think I would have chosen to be born
 here too.

COURTLAND
 Are you a student now?

52 CON'T

SANDRA

You flatter me. I haven't been a student for a long time. I was just a--how you say--shopgirl? But then I read about the restoration project and said, Sandra, the Madonna needs you. So I quit my dull job and now I am a...art historian!

(laughs)

COURTLAND

I can't think of any better work.

SANDRA

(looking around)

Plus they don't holler and scream at you when you talk to strange men.

(laughs)

What do you do?

COURTLAND

I would be embarrassed to say now. It's very trivial. In fact, I was just thinking how actually unimportant it was.

There is a slight uneasy pause. Sandra is much more open and easygoing than Beth ever was, but Michael has a tendency to be his same old brooding self.

Michael remembers he has not introduced himself:

COURTLAND

Ah, I'm sorry. My name is Michael. Michael Courtland.

SANDRA

(extends her hand)

Happy to meet you. I'm Sandra.

(mocking him)

Sandra Falanchetti.

(they both smile)

52 CON'T

COURTLAND

Mind if I come to watch your work, Sandra?

SANDRA

It's "open to the public," so I guess that means you.

(a beat)

Besides, I like being watched.

COURTLAND

(pause)

I thought maybe we could go out for dinner some time.

SANDRA

(feigned surprise)

Signor, I thought it was the Italian men who picked up the American women.

COURTLAND

We can just call it my contribution to the Florence restoration project.

SANDRA

Well, dinner can be a pretty serious affair here.

COURTLAND

Lunch then. I know a very nice place near here.

SANDRA

Alright, lunch.

(smiles; looks at watch)

I have to work another hour and a half before I can go to lunch, though.

(gestures toward altarpiece)

The Magi needs me.

COURTLAND

I'll wait.

Sandra puts her bandanna back on, rescales the ladder,
and resumes her work.

52 CON'T

Michael fixes his feet firmly against the floor and watches her silently, steadfastly.

CUT TO:

53 INT. RISSO'S NOON

EXT. SHOT of Risso's, the small Italian restaurant we saw in the last of the slide sequence.

INSIDE, the restaurant is of modern Italian design: clean, concise, tubular.

Michael and Sandra are having a leisurely green salad, cheese and white wine lunch.

SANDRA

So you were in Florence before?

COURTLAND

Yes, a long time ago. I was stationed here during the Occupation.

SANDRA

I wasn't even born then. But those must have been horrible days. My *mother* told me many times how hard times were then.

COURTLAND

You live with your mother?

SANDRA

Not any more. I have my own apartment now. But I was raised by mother. My father left her a long time ago.

COURTLAND

That's terrible. Almost unforgiveable.

SANDRA

I thought it was when I was a little girl, but I got over it.

(a beat)

So what was Florence like during the Occupation?

53 CON'T

COURTLAND

I'm afraid I'm not a very good authority on the Occupation. My mind was elsewhere.

(a beat)

I met my wife then.

SANDRA

So the plot thickens. Let us sit and tell sad tales of broken marriages. I thought you had the melancholy look of a jilted husband when you came into the church.

COURTLAND

No, Sandra, I didn't mean it that way. My wife died a long, long time ago. Twenty years.

SANDRA

I'm awfully sorry, Michael. I didn't mean that at all.

(~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~)

It's just that a single girl meets a lot of men--mostly Americans--who want to tell her about their wives. It's not very flattering, you know.

(pause)

What was she like?

COURTLAND

Beth?

(a beat)

She was like you in many ways--only not so beautiful. It's been so long ago I hardly remember what she looked like anymore.

SANDRA

Do you have a picture of her?

Michael thinks a moment and decides not to show Sandra the picture of her dead lookalike.

COURTLAND

No.



53 CON'T

Sandra looks at her oversize watch and realizes she is late for work.

SANDRA

We've been here over an hour!
I've got to get back to the church.
(reaches for coat)

COURTLAND

Can we get together again?

SANDRA

I guess so. Sure.

COURTLAND

How about dinner?

SANDRA

When?

COURTLAND

Tonight.

Courtland speaks with the sharp clipped voice of a man possessed. Sandra is taken back by his absolute intensity.

SANDRA

Tonight?

COURTLAND

Is that alright?

SANDRA

(looking at watch)
That's only five hours from now.

COURTLAND

You'll have time to change.

SANDRA

Sure but...but...
(a beat)
Okay, it's a date.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. FLORENCE NIGHT

Michael and Sandra, dressed in impeccable evening clothes, are strolling down the street from Risso's toward a distant piazza.

The street is clean and quiet; romance is in the air.

SANDRA

You're really fond of that restaurant, aren't you?

COURTLAND

Oh, it's just another restaurant.

SANDRA

(pause)

That's where you met her, isn't it?

COURTLAND

Met who?

SANDRA

Beth.

COURTLAND

No.

(a beat)

We ate there, though.

(pause)

You know, don't you?

SANDRA

Know what?

COURTLAND

That I met her in the church. By the Madonna and Child.

SANDRA

I sort of thought so.

Michael and Sandra walk slowly toward the fountain on the piazza.

After a while, Sandra speaks:

55 CON'T

SANDRA

You were going to tell me what
Beth was like.

Michael has obviously been giving a lot of thought to the striking similarity between Beth and Sandra, and now he is ready to talk about it.

COURTLAND

Well, to begin with, the accent was different: that's obvious. Beth was East Coast. Her eyes weren't quite as flashy, and her hair was a shade darker. She didn't wear it long on her shoulders like you do, but had it up a little more in the back.

(gestures)

But I think the main thing--the main difference--was the walk. Your walk is one hundred percent different. Beth had that classic East Coast Girls School walk. She was very Bryn Mawr.

Michael stands back and looks at Sandra. She is wearing a slinky evening dress that fits tightly around the hips.

COURTLAND

(gesturing)

Now walk.

Sandra walks slowly away from Michael and slowly back.

COURTLAND

See! See there! That's very
Italian. You have a very Italian
walk.

(a beat)

Now watch.

Michael walks behind Sandra and cups his hands around her buns so he can control the slightest movement of her hips.

COURTLAND

Walk.



55 CON'T

Sandra walks across the square with Michael holding her ass and determining her gait.

COURTLAND

That's it. That's it.

(a beat)

Right there. You got it.

That's a real Bryn Mawr walk.

Michael steps back and lets Sandra walk toward him in her newly learned gait.

Sandra walks slowly toward Michael, her eyes filling with love and compassion. She puts her hands on his waist.

SANDRA

Oh, Michael.

COURTLAND

That's another thing. She always called me "Mike."

CUT TO:

56 EXT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT NIGHT

LATER THAT NIGHT. Michael delivers Sandra to her apartment door.

Sandra unlocks the door to her modern apartment and stands awkwardly in the doorway. She doesn't want to invite Michael in for the night, and Michael doesn't want to leave her.

SANDRA

I'm a good Catholic girl, you know.
I obey everything the Pope says.
You know, about birth control and all.

COURTLAND

Can we get together tomorrow?

SANDRA

Alright.

56 CON'T

COURTLAND
In the morning.

SANDRA
You forget. I've got a job to
go to.

COURTLAND
In the afternoon?

SANDRA
Alright, I'll get off from
work.

COURTLAND
Meet you here at 2:00 o'clock.
We'll see some museums.

CUT TO:

57 INT. MUSEUMS DAY

C.U. icons from the middle ages. Michael and Sandra stroll by
thinking more of themselves than of the paintings.

Sandra has now perfected the walk Michael demonstrated on
the piazza. She has also tied up her hair and her accent is
less pronounced.

SANDRA
You still love her, don't you?--
that's why you love me?

COURTLAND
Is that so bad?

SANDRA
I want you to love me for me.

COURTLAND
I do.

57 CON'T

SANDRA
(pause)
How did she die?

Michael thinks a moment before answering:

COURTLAND
I killed her.

Sandra, taken back, says nothing.

COURTLAND
And if you want to sit down
a moment, I'll tell you how.

CUT TO:

58 INT. MUSEUM RESTAURANT DAY

Michael and Sandra have finished a brief snack. Michael's billfold lies on the table atop the check.

SANDRA
You can't say that was your
fault.

COURTLAND
I can and I do. I didn't do what any
man would have. And I'm still paying
for it.

SANDRA
Don't dwell on the bad. Think about
the good times, the happy times. How
did she talk? How did she laugh? What
did she do when she was angry?

Michael smiles but says nothing.

COURTLAND
Excuse me a moment.

Michael goes off to the men's room and Sandra is left alone
at the table.

58 CON'T

She looks at Michael's billfold lying on the table. Checking to see if he's out of sight she picks it up and starts paging through the photograph section.

She passes a photo of Amy, and then--the MUSIC CRESCENDOS-- sees an eighteen year-old photograph of herself as Beth.

As if caught with her hand in the cookie jar, Sandra quickly closes the wallet and puts it back on Michael's side of the table.

She is stunned.

CUT TO:

59 INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Sandra is lying on the modern Italian sofa of her half-darkened apartment. Michael is sitting on the floor at her side.

She runs her hand through his hair.

COURTLAND

Your mother must really be a wonderful.

SANDRA

Oh Mike, she is. She thinks you must be really something big. A senator perhaps, or maybe a gangster. She thinks all Americans are gangsters.

COURTLAND

I thought all Americans thought all Italians are gangsters. I'll really have to impress her.

(does imitation of Brando's Godfather)

Missus Falachetti. Ida likea very much fora your daughter to bea my wife. I'ma gooda solid businessaman

(a beat)

ina jukea box industry.

59 CON'T

SANDRA

(laughs)

Then she would know you were an American! Maybe you shouldn't meet her.

COURTLAND

But I'm going to have to meet her.

SANDRA

Why?

COURTLAND

How else am I going to ask her for her daughter's hand?

SANDRA

You're still kidding.

COURTLAND

I was never kidding.

SANDRA

But, Mike, we just met.

COURTLAND

(puts his hand on her waist)

I wouldn't want you to do anything that would make the Pope blush.

(instead she does)

Sandra sits up on the sofa. Michael remains at her feet.

COURTLAND

(serious)

I want you to come back to New Orleans with me, live with me and be my wife. Now, that's forthright enough, isn't it?

(a beat)

The house is already for you. We can leave tomorrow.

59 CON'T

SANDRA
What is the rush?

COURTLAND
There's no rush. It's just that if it's the right thing, then we should do it. And I know it's the right thing, Sandra.

SANDRA
I'll have to have time to think about it, Darling.

COURTLAND
I don't want to pressure you.

He says, pressuring her.

SANDRA
I'll have to have five days to think about it. Can you wait that long? Do you have that much time?

COURTLAND
I have all the time in the world.

CUT TO:

60 INT. SIMON'S OFFICE DAY

Jane is swiveling nervously back and forth in BOB Simon's leather desk chair. Simon stands against a nearby book shelf with a telegram dangling from his right hand.

SIMON
No matter how many times I read it, Jane, it still says the same thing:
"HOLD ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL. AM
RETURNING TUES THE 12TH FOR BIG
CHURCH WEDDING. LOVE, MICHAEL."



60 CON'T

JANE

Poor Cap. Poor, poor Cap.
He's a goner now.

(pause)

I'll tell you, Bob, if I hadn't
seen her for myself I wouldn't
have believed it.

(gestures toward telegram)

You'll see her soon enough for
yourself.

SIMON

Do you think she's a golddigger?

JANE

I don't know what she is.

SIMON

Maybe if we called Dr. Ellman
he could do something.

JANE

What good could he do? He lives
in 1973.

(a beat)

Michael lives in 1956.

CUT TO:

61 INT. COURTLAND'S OFFICE DAY

Jane stands in the doorway to Michael's office staring
intently up at the old color photograph of Beth on the
wall.

CAMERA CLOSES on C.U. of photo.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. MOISANT INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT DAY

A Pan Am flight lands in New Orleans.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. NEW ORLEANS DAY

Michael's Buick drives past some New Orleans landmarks. Sandra is riding in the front seat.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. COURTLAND HOME DAY

Michael's Buick pulls into the driveway of his home. He helps Sandra out of the car, and, carrying her bags, walks her to the front door. He unlocks the door.

CUT TO:

65 INT. COURTLAND HOME DAY

Michael sets the bags down and closes the door behind him. Sandra surveys the living room.

Judy's voice calls out from another room:

JUDY'S VOICE

Hello! Hello! Is someone here?

COURTLAND

(calling back)

It's me, Judy. I'm back.

Judy rushes into the room.

JUDY

Ah, Mr. Michael.

Judy stops dead in her tracks when she sees Sandra. They both stare at each other like they were seeing ghosts.

COURTLAND

Judy, this is Sandra. We'll be married soon.

(a beat)

Sandra, this is Judy a life-long fixture in this house.

Judy and Sandra politely nod.

Judy extends her hand for Sandra's coat.

65 CON'T

JUDY

Let me help you, Miss Sandra.
I always thought Mr. Michael had
very good taste.

CUT TO:

66 INT. COURTLAND'S OFFICE DAY

Michael and Simon are having a catch-up conference in Michael's office. On Michael's desk neat labeled files contain all the materials he must go through.

Bob Simon is trying to be genial, but his displeasure with this new turn of events shows.

SIMON

So when do we get to see the new
Mrs. Courtland?

COURTLAND

Not yet. I'm holding that for a
surprise. You'll all be at the
wedding, though.

SIMON

(hesitant)

I know this is none of my business,
Court, but don't you think this is
all a little hasty, a little premature?

COURTLAND

(smiling but cold)

You're right, Bob. This is none of
your business.

SIMON

(backtracking)

Well, business is business and personal
life is personal life. I never have
tried to interfere with your personal
life, Court.

COURTLAND

I know that, Bob, and I appreciate
it.

(pause)

But speaking of business...

67 CON'T

SIMON

Yes?

COURTLAND

I'd like you to hang on a little longer, if you would. You know I'm busy now with all these wedding plans and all. So if you'd just keep keeping track of some of this work for me, I'd appreciate it. I'm going to lay low for a while.

SIMON

Can do, Court.

Simon exits. Michael turns his attention to the files on his desk and begins going through some of them.

Jane walks in with a manila file in her hand.

JANE

Here's that Florence file, Cap. You're going to have to check it right away and see if everything's in order.

She hands him the file. He opens it.

COURTLAND

(apologetic)

Look, Janey-o, about Florence. I'm sorry. I really am. I just don't know what to say.

JANE

You don't have to say anything. It's better that way.

COURTLAND

But I... .

JANE

You don't have to Cap. You know I'll always stand by you no matter what happens.

Her voice, however, does not have quite the conviction it would have had, say, a week before.

67 CON'T

Michael notices something unusual in the Florence file.
Jane is watching him closely.

COURTLAND

What's this?

Michael pulls out an 8X10 glossy and looks at it closely.

C.U. of 8X10: it is a photograph of Jane standing on the ladder in front of the Santa Trinita altarpiece. She had obviously slipped into the church and had it photographed on the sly.

Michael sees nothing funny about this, however. Minute waves of pain ripple across the wrinkles in his forehead.

COURTLAND

This isn't funny, Jane.

Jane is crushed by his reaction.

JANE

Oh, Cap, I just thought...

COURTLAND

(interrupting)

This isn't funny at all.

Jane dashes from the room to keep from crying.

Michael looks at the photo with a hard expressionless face. Then he tears it into ever smaller pieces. He no longer has a sense of humor.

CUT TO:

68 INT. COURTLAND HOME DAY

Sandra is exploring the interior of her new home. She goes from room to room examining them with morbid curiosity. She finds Amy's bedroom--just as it was the day Amy died--Michael's office, the maid's room and so forth.

When she finds a locked door, Sandra goes in search of Judy.

68 CON'T

Sandra finds Judy working in the kitchen.

SANDRA

Judy, there's a room locked upstairs. I'm sure it must be a mistake. Would you open it for me.

Judy's reaction shows it is no mistake, but she must obey her new mistress.

JUDY

(hesitant)

Well, that's Mr. Michael--

(a beat)

I'm sure it's alright. I'll open it for you.

Sandra follows Judy upstairs where Judy unlocks the door for her.

Sandra steps inside the small room--a walk-in closet, really--and waits for Judy to leave.

Once alone, Sandra examines the room. The small room is cluttered with chests, shoe boxes bulging with papers, dresses and other memorabilia.

Sandra picks up a banner which reads, "HAPPY 10TH ANNIVERSERY, MICHAEL AND BETH COURTLAND, 1946-1956."

Going through an old chest, Sandra fingers old family odds and ends like they were the treasured relics of a lost era. These include: some jewelry, a pair of earrings, a marriage certificate, Amy's old school notebooks, a box of slides marked "Florence 1946," and, finally, a diary.

Sandra gingerly opens the yellowed diary. The first page reads, "My Diary, Beth Courtland."

Sandra slowly pages through the diary, reading as she goes.

As Sandra reads we hear Beth's voice in VOICE OVER reading the diary entries. Beth's voice, of course, is very similar to Sandra's, except it is totally free of the lingering Italian accent Sandra still has:

68 CON'T

BETH V.O.

February 14, 1949. I think the days in Florence will be happiest I will ever have. New Orleans is a nice town and Mike is very kind to me, but it is all so different now. He is busy all day and night and Amy demands all my attention. Sometimes I wonder how much Mike really loves me, how much he would really do for me.

July 22, 1953. Amy's sixth birthday. Amy is getting to be quite a little woman. In many ways she is already smarter than her father. She's the first in her class and reading already. Mike was at Amy's party, but he's so stiff and over-cautious it wasn't much fun. I finally had to send him to the store.

May 6, 1956. I don't know why Michael has to make such a fuss about this 10th wedding anniversary. I'd rather just have a quiet dinner, but he feels he has to do something "really special" for me. I don't know why I complain. I do love him so.

CUT TO:

69 INT. DINING ROOM EVENING

Michael and Sandra have having diner in the dining room. Judy walks in to make sure everything is alright and they assure her it is.

COURTLAND

Did you call Father Anieux at St. Louis' today?

SANDRA

Yes. Everything will be alright. The 31st is fine. But don't you think two hundred guests is a bit much, Mike. I mean, I don't need all that. Just a small informal ceremony would be fine.

69 CON'T

COURTLAND

No, darling. This is a big day
for you. I want everything to be
just right for you. Very special.

SANDRA

If you say so.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. OFFICE BLDG. MORNING

Michael's Buick pulls into the parking garage of his
office building.

CUT TO:

71 INT. OUTER OFFICE MORNING

Michael walks into his outer office and is greeted by the
secretary.

CUT TO:

72 INT. COURTLAND'S OFFICE MORNING

Michael walks into his office and finds DR. ELLMAN waiting
for him.

DR. ELLMAN is a fiftiesh psychiatrist, looking more like a
bank president than a shrink.

DR. ELLMAN

(extending his hand)

Hello, Court.

COURTLAND

(surprised)

What are you doing here?



72 CON'T

ELLMAN

This was the only way I could get in touch with you. You're a very hard man to get a hold of.

COURTLAND

What is it you want?

ELLMAN

I thought we might just sit down for a while and have a personal talk. Purely a social visit.

COURTLAND

How come pschiatrists are never good liers, Charlie?

Michael steps into the outer office and calls across the office:

COURTLAND

Bob, Janey, come here!

The startled office employees look up as Simon and Jane hurry over to Michael's office.

COURTLAND

Did you ask Dr. Ellman to come here?

JANE

Well, he called and was interested and I didn't see any harm...

COURTLAND

That was just peachy. You "didn't see any harm"...

ELLMAN

(interrupting)

Court! Stop that!

COURTLAND

(cowed)

Alright Charlie. Sorry. I'm just a little edgy, that's all. Sorry, Jane. Sorry, Bob.

72 CON'T

Jane puts her hand on Courtland's arm. He ignores it.

COURTLAND

Now shall we all have this "social visit" together.

Jane and Bob excuse themselves and exit, closing the door behind them

ELLMAN

Court, I went over and saw Sandy yesterday. We had a talk and...

COURTLAND

You saw Sandra!--How can you call her Sandy?--What gave you the right and invade the privacy of my home?

ELLMAN

(his voice rising)

You're a sick man, Court. ~~You're~~
~~really, really, really sick. You're~~
~~about four degrees away from an~~
~~insane asylum. You're~~ *you're*

That calms Michael down a bit and he slips back into his old self:

COURTLAND

Okay, Charlie. I'm sorry. Don't pull rank on me. You see, Charlie, I may be crazy, but I'm crazy in my own private little way. And I kind of like it. I don't want to bother anybody else's world and I don't want anybody to interfere with my little world. Now, that makes perfect sense, doesn't it?

ELLMAN

Yes it does, Court. And we are all entitled to our little areas of craziness. I've never argued with that. ~~I've told you about my own~~

(CON'T)

72 CON'T

ELLMAN

(con't)

~~little crazinesses too.~~ But I had the little talk with Sandra yesterday and we talked about a lot of things.

(a beat)

I believe this is the most unique case of folie a deux I have ever seen. The two of you are going crazy together. It's incredible, Court. You must know what is happening. You're no fool. Don't bring Sandra down with you, Court. Give her a chance.

(a beat)

I've been your doctor twenty years, Court. We've been in a lot of scraps together. We've been to the brink several times. I don't want to lose Court. Let me help you out this time too.

Michael knows from long experience that force only makes Ellman the more persistent, so he instead takes the other tack, pretending to go along with the doctor although a course of action has already formed itself in his mind.

COURTLAND

You're right, of course, Charlie. As always. It's not like you think at all but I understand your concern. I'll come by after lunch and tell you the whole story, Okay?

ELLMAN

(relieved)

I'm sure I'm way off base too. Just come by and straighten it out for me. I'm sure we'll both feel much better.

COURTLAND

I'll do that. I promise. This afternoon.

They shake hands tightly and Ellman leaves the office.

72 CON'T

As soon as the door is closed Michael walks over to his desk. He picks up his briefcase, sets it on the desk, opens it and dumps the contents on a chair.

Then setting the open briefcase on his desk he begins going through the drawers, clearing out whatever personal possessions he desires to keep and dropping them into the briefcase.

After he has cleaned out his desk, Michael looks around the room to see if there is anything he has missed. His eyes light upon the old photo of Beth hanging on the wall.

Michael punches the photo out of the frame and lets the frame and glass fall to the carpet. He puts the color photo in his briefcase and closes it.

Michael checks himself in the mirror to see if everything is in order, then calmly walks out of the door closing it behind him.

He walks out of the outer office into the corridor without saying a word.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. COURTLAND HOME DAY

Sandra, dressed in a conservative suit, gets in Michael's second car and drives away.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. NEW PONCHARTRAIN DAY

Sandra drives through town out into the country.

She passes the New Ponchartrain Estates sign and pulls into the gravel drive near the Courtland crypt.

She gets out of the car carrying a bouquet of fresh flowers in her hand and walks toward the crypt.

74 CON'T

Sandra seems in a daze or stupor, as if compelled by forces beyond her control.

She enters the crypt.

CUT TO:

75 INT. CRYPT DAY

Sandra replaces the old flowers with the new ones and, holding the wilted flowers, kneels for a moment as Michael did.

After a moment, she stands and exits.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. CRYPT DAY

Sandra walks back to her car and drives off.

CUT TO:

77 INT. DINING ROOM NIGHT

Michael and Sandra sit around the dining table sipping after diner coffee. Sandra is wearing one of Beth's old 1950's style dresses and jewelry.

After a silence, Michael speaks:

COURTLAND

Let's get married tomorrow,
Sandra.

SANDRA

Tomorrow?

COURTLAND

Yes, ^{we} ~~why~~ can have a Justice of the
Peace perform the ceremony.

77 CON'T

SANDRA

But what about St. Louis Cathedral?
And all your friends?

COURTLAND

I don't have any friends. I found
that out today.

(a beat)

Would you be terribly disappointed,
love?

SANDRA

No, not at all, Mike.

CUT TO:

78 INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Michael is speaking with Judy in the living room.

COURTLAND

Now if anybody calls, we're not
home. Don't answer the door.
Don't make any calls. And
when you go out on errands, don't
talk to any strangers.

JUDY

Yes, Mr. Michael.

(a beat)

But it seems pretty silly to have
a phone if nobody can use it.

COURTLAND

I'm having it disconnected.

Sandra, still wearing Beth's dress, walks into the room.
Judy tactfully exits.

COURTLAND

Ready to come to bed, darling?

78 CON'T

SANDRA
Yes, I'm very tired.

Michael embraces her waist, slowly and sensouly crushing her body against his.

She pushes him away a fraction.

SANDRA
Remember, we're not married yet.
Tomorrow. Don't spoil it for
tomorrow.

COURTLAND
I won't.

They kiss.

SANDRA
I'll just sleep in Amy's room again
tonight.

CUT TO:

79 INT. LIVING ROOM MORNING

Morning light shines through the window as Michael and Sandra, dressed in the clothes Michael and Beth wore at the 10th wedding anniversary, stand before the Justice of the Peace. Judy is the only witness.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
And, according to the powers invested
in me by the State of Louisiana, I
now pronounce you man and wife.

Michael and Sandra kiss. The J.O.P. kisses the bride and Judy kisses Michael.

CUT TO:



80 EXT. COURTLAND HOUSE MORNING

Michael shows the Justice of the Peace out the front wrought-iron gate.

After thanking the J.O.P. and bidding him goodbye, Michael slams the heavy grape-vine decorated iron gates behind him.

Michael picks up a heavy chain from the ground, wraps it around the gate and padlocks it.

He then places a sign on the gate reading, "No Trespassing, Private Property."

CUT TO:

81 INT. JANE'S OFFICE DAY

Jane picks up the telephone in her office:

JANE

Cap! Where are you? How are you?

(a beat)

We're both sorry about that.

We'll never--

(a beat)

But who will take care of the business?

(a beat)

Don't say that. We love ^{you,} Cap.
Cap? Cap?

Jane rests the phone against her desk as the signal goes to BUZZ.

CUT TO:

82 INT. MICHAEL BEDROOM NIGHT

Wedding night. Michael stands in front of his full-length bedroom mirror slowly undressing.

He removes each article of clothing like a priest removing his vestments. His face in the mirror appears hollow, gaunt, obsessed.

82 CON'T

In the bathroom we can here SOUNDS of Sandra preparing for bed.

Michael puts on his pajamas--his 10th anniversary pj's--and sits on the edge of the bed waiting for Sandra.

COURTLAND

You about ready Sandra?

SANDRA

Just a second, Mike.

COURTLAND

What?

SANDRA

Don't rush me.

Michael resigns himself to waiting a little longer.

Finally, she appears: the soft light from the bathroom filtering through her sheer blue nightgown, she is Sandra no more but has completely transformed herself into the image of the dead Beth. The accent, posture, hair, demeanor are all identical now. It is exactly the same image that stood in that bathroom door eighteen years before.

The barest outline of Sandra's nipples jut through the silky nightgown as the blue light plays around them.

SANDRA

Tonight's the night.

COURTLAND O.S.

Oh, Sandra, you don't know how long I've waited for tonight.

SANDRA

, Wait no more.

Sandra walks toward Michael, embraces him passionately, and pushes him unto the bed.

They roll about on the bed, embracing, kissing, laughing. Zombies no more, all their pressures and frustrations are relieved in exuberant love-making.

82 CON'T

Michael's interrupted anniversary night is finally consumated.

POST-COITAL. Michael and Sandra lie in bed saying nothing. Sandra sits up beside him, stretching her legs across his.

SANDRA
Now I am your wife.

COURTLAND
(smiling)
I know.

SANDRA
No you don't. I am your wife.
I am Beth.

Michael's looks into her eyes: she is Beth. Maestro, a little supernatural MUSIC, please.

Sandra's obsession with Beth has now superceded even Michael's. He must now try to hold this delicate situation in balance.

COURTLAND
No, Sandra, you shouldn't talk like that. It isn't right.

SANDRA
It's not right, but it's true.

Michael grasps her firmly by the shoulders:

COURTLAND
Sandra!

SANDRA
Do you want me to show you?

COURTLAND
What?

SANDRA
I have proof. Come on, let's get dressed.

82 CON'T

Sandra gets out of bed and reaches for her clothes. Michael follows suit.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. COURTLAND HOUSE NIGHT

Michael and Sandra, fully dressed, walk out of the house.

Sandra gets into the driver's seat of the Buick and they drive off.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. NEW PONCHARTRAIN NIGHT

Buick eerily glides past familiar New Orleans landmarks, now lit up in a nocturnal glow.

Buick drives past faded New Ponchartrain Estates sign and pulls into the gravel drive leading to the crypt.

Carrying a hammer and crowbar Sandra walks through the moonlight toward the crypt door. Michael follows.

CUT TO:

85 INT. CRYPT NIGHT

Michael watches as Sandra breaks open the seal of Beth's tomb and pulls out the vaulted drawer.

Sandra reaches in, pulls out the small urn, breaks it open and turns it upside down: nothing falls out. It is empty.

SANDRA

I am Beth. I am no longer
in there.

(gesturing toward urn)

But I am here

(extending her arms)

85 CON'T

They passionately embrace.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. DUELING OAKS NIGHT

Michael and Sandra are taking a nocturnal stroll near New Orleans' famous Dueling Oaks in City Park.

They walk in the carefree manner of young lovers. For them it is Spring and the birds are singing.

Michael no longer knows what's true or not, what is sane or not, but he knows that he again has what he has always loved.

Sandra may have been so crazy she emptied Beth's urn, she may be Beth herself--but what does it matter? He has her now and that's all that is important.

SANDRA

I have come back for a reason,
Mike.

COURTLAND

What do you mean?

SANDRA

I want to give you a second chance
to prove your love.

COURTLAND

My love has always been true, Beth.
I have never wavered for a day, an
hour, a second.

SANDRA

I want you to be with me always,
now. Never leave me alone.

COURTLAND

I want to be with you all the time.
I told them I was never going back
to work. I want to spend all my
time with you.

86 CON'T

SANDRA
I'm happy now, Mike.

They walk on.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. COURTLAND HOUSE DAWN

Day breaks over the padlocked wrought-iron gate in front of the Courtland house.

CUT TO:

88 INT. MICHAEL'S BEDROOM MORNING

Morning light filters through the curtains as Michael turns restlessly about in his bed.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal he is sleeping alone.

Michael, half-awake, calls Beth's name and reaches a blind arm for Sandra's body. He finds nothing.

After a few moments of sleepy fitfulness, Michael begins to sense he is in the bed alone. He bolts upright in the bed.

Looking about, not seeing Sandra, he calls her name:

COURTLAND
Beth! Beth!

Michael jumps out of bed, slips on his clothes and looks in the bathroom: she's not there.

Michael dashes through all the rooms in the house and finds each more empty than the last.

Judy gives a short SCREAM as Michael pushes open her door, sticks his head in, and dashes off.

88 CON'T

Walking back through the dining room Michael finds on the table a sight that makes his face turn white. Lying on the table is the very same ransom note that was delivered to office eighteen years before.

It demands the same amount of money--\$100,000--and specifies the same drop location--Lee's Crossing.

Michael now knows what Sandra meant when she said, "I want to give you a second chance to prove your love." He will not let her down this time.

Judy, waked by the noise, walks sleepily into the dining room:

JUDY

What's wrong, Mr. Mike?

COURTLAND

(composing himself)

Oh nothing, Judy. I got my second chance, that's all. Go back to sleep.

Judy finds this good advice and trots back to her room.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. COURTLAND HOUSE EARLY MORNING

Michael jumps into his Buick and screeches off.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. BOB SIMON'S HOUSE EARLY MORNING

Michael rings the doorbell of a comfortable upper-middle-class in one of New Orleans' newer suburban districts.

When no one answers immediately he pounds on the door, then rings, then pounds.

91 CON'T

Finally the door creaks open and a sleepy Bob Simon, dressed in pajamas, peers out.

Michael pushes his way inside.

CUT TO:

92 INT SIMON LIVING ROOM EARLY MORNING

Michael grabs Simon by the shoulders, then by the lapels.

COURTLAND

Bob! I need \$100,000 cash, now!

SIMON

(sleepy)

Huh? What are you talking about?

COURTLAND

I'm talking about a hundred thousand dollars, and I want it now.

Simon's wife calls out from the bedroom:

SIMON'S WIFE O.S.

Bob, what is it? Is there anything wrong?

SIMON

No, dear. Go back to sleep.

(to Michael)

What's the idea? Why do you need this \$100,000.

COURTLAND

It's none of your business. I just need it now.

SIMON

\$100,000 none of my business!

COURTLAND

You've got that much in the office. I know it. You're holding it in escrow.

92 CON'T

Simon walks over to the phone.

SIMON
I'm sorry, Court. I'm calling
Dr. Ellman. You need help
immediately. You should be
hospitalized.

Michael stops him from dialing.

COURTLAND
What do I have to do to get the
money?

SIMON
I'm only thinking of your good,
Court. It's not the money I'm
worried about, it's you.

COURTLAND
The land! I'll sign over control
of New Ponchartrain. That's what
you really want isn't it? Well,
it ain't important to me anymore
cause she ain't buried there no
more--so there! I'll sign over
the land if you give me the hundred
thou now, cash, no questions.

Greed and the temptation of a lifelong dream overcome Simon's
better judgement.

SIMON
(pause)
Alright, Court. I'm crazy to do
it, but you're crazy too, so I guess
it's alright.
(a beat)
Let me get dressed and I'll go to
the office.

COURTLAND
You don't need to get dressed to open
a safe. I'm not going to let you get
near a phone.

92 CON'T

Courtland escorts Simon out the door in his pajamas.

CUT TO:

93 INT. SIMON'S OFFICE EARLY MORNING

Michael sits at Simon's desk. Simon, still dressed in his pajamas, stands next to him with a triplicate form.

SIMON
Just sign each form twice, Michael.
I'll get the cash.

Michael signs the forms. Simon disappears then re-emerges with stacks of bills wrapped in brown paper.

Simon places the wrapped bills into a briefcase and locks it.

Michael signs the forms, takes the briefcase out of Simon's hand, and, without bothering to say goodbye, exits.

CUT TO:

94 INT. TRAIN DAY

Michael sits silently on the train to Baton Rouge staring out the window.

The "Lee's Crossing" sign drifts by.

Michael checks his watch and walks to the rear of the car.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. TRAIN DAY

Michael stands at the rear of the train checking his watch. At the appointed moment he tosses the briefcase off the train.

CUT TO:

96 INT. COURTLAND LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Michael paces up and down the darkened living room.

He turns, waits, listens, keeps walking.

There is the SOUND of a car door closing outdoors. He bolts toward the front door and rushes out.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. COURTLAND HOUSE NIGHT

Michael rushes toward the front gate.

A car stands at the far curb. Two teenagers are necking in the front seat. Across the street a young girl is saying goodnight to her boyfriend under the porch light.

Michael clutches the wrought-iron gates in despair.

CUT TO:

98 INT. LIVING ROOM MORNING

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING. Michael paces across the floor like a beast in his cage.

Judy, standing in the shadows, watches him cautiously as one would watch an animal in the jungle.

Michael looks at his watch, opens the curtains, and looks out to check the height of the sun. He walks out the front door.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. LEE'S CROSSING MORNING

Michael's Buick clunkety-clunks over the railroad ties past Lee's Crossing.

99 CON'T

Michael leans out the driver's window examining the shoulder of the railroad tracks.

Ahead he sees the black briefcase: it has been broken open.

Michael dashes out of the car, leaving his car door ajar, and runs to the open briefcase.

Several of the brown packets inside the briefcase have been ripped open and blank pieces of white paper are blowing in the wind.

Michael frantically rips open more of the packets only to find that they all contain blank paper.

Suspended by shock and rage, unable to move or speak, Michael sinks to his knees beside the briefcase.

CUT TO:

100 INT. MOISANT INTERNAT'L AIRPORT DAY

Sandra sits in a booth at the bar in Moisant Airport in New Orleans. Though the window behind her we can see planes coming and going. She gulps down her second whiskey sour.

CAMERA PANS across the booth to reveal that she is sitting with Bob Simon. A thick envelope rests on the table between them.

Sandra pushes the envelope back toward Simon.

SANDRA

I don't want it, Bob. I don't want any part of it.

SIMON

Fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money to turn down. Take it. You're going to need it. You earned it.

Sandra's hands are trembling slightly. She seems nervous and distraught, at wit's end.

100 CON'T

SANDRA

When you came to me and asked me to do it, I didn't think it would be anything like this.

SIMON

It was a dirty business right from the start and you agreed to it right from the start. Don't get an attack on conscience now.

SANDRA

It's isn't conscience, can't you see? I love Michael. I love that poor man. I want to go back to him, confess everything, ask him to forgive me, live with him. That's all that matters now.

SIMON

Keep you head a moment, Sandra. We just swindled a man--a nice man, admittedly--out of at least a million dollars, maybe more. Now the law isn't exactly going to look lightly on it when you go back to Michael and confess.

(a beat)

You made a dirty deal, you executed it flawlessly, and now I think you're entitled to the due wages of sin--money.

(pushes the envelope back to her)

SANDRA

(full of emotion)

But how can I live? How can I live with myself?

SIMON

It's a little late for existential questions. Go back to Florence. You'll forget. You can always find another man.

100 CON'T

Sandra picks up the envelope.

SIMON
(looking at watch)
You've got a plane to catch, Sandy.
We'd better go.

CUT TO:

101 INT. AIRPORT BOARDING AREA DAY

Simon puts Sandra on her flight and walks away from the boarding area. CU Sandra's face: she seems about to emotionally break into a thousand pieces.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. COURTLAND OFFICE BLDG. DAY

Simon drives his car into the parking garage.

CUT TO:

103 INT. SIMON OUTER OFFICE DAY

Simon pleasantly greets his secretary and walks into his office.

CUT TO:

104 INT. SIMON'S OFFICE DAY

As Simon enters his office an animal lurches from the shadows and grabs him by the throat: it is Michael.

COURTLAND
(his voice croaking w/pain)
What have you done to me? What
have you done to me?

104 CON'T

SIMON

What do you mean?

COURTLAND

The money! Where's the money?

Simon holds Courtland's hands against his sides as he tries to explain:

SIMON

Michael, you woke me up in the middle of the night! You wanted \$100,000 cash! You were acting crazy. I only wanted to protect you. I didn't want to see you lose \$100,000 so I gave you the dummy money. But I have you're money here, I've had it all along. I was only looking out for your own good.

(walks toward safe)

Here, let me get it for you.

CAMERA follows Simon into the safe. He opens the safe and assembles \$100,000. Next to the money we see the precious 10th Anniversary locket which the kidnapper ripped off from Both's neck 18 years before. We instantly realize Simon's implication in the case goes back to the very beginning. Michael, however, does not see the locket.

As Simon collects the money, Michael speaks off screen.

COURTLAND O.S.

I killed her, Bob. She came back to life and I killed her again. She came back to test me and I failed the test again. I failed in my love again, failed to come up with the money. Now I've lost her forever.

Simon returns with a large sack of money. He opens it to show Michael the money it contains, but Michael isn't paying attention.

104 CON'T

Michael is obviously in the final stages of a complete mental breakdown. It is impossible to predict what he will do next.

COURTLAND

DO you know what this means, Bob?
DO you know? My life is over, now.
And you did it Bob. You did it.

Michael grabs Simon by the neck and begins slapping him.

SIMON

(pleading)

No, Michael, please Michael.

Michael spots a letter opener on Simon's desk and picks it up, wielding it like a knife.

SIMON

I'll confess, Michael. I'll tell everything.

Michael hears nothing. His mind comprehends only the blinding logic of his passion.

SIMON

I'll confess. I was in--

COURTLAND

(interrupting)

I don't want to hear.

Michael stabs Simon in the chest with the letter opener. Simon belches out a hideous SCREAM of pain.

Leaving the letter opener in Simon's chest, Michael looks around for another weapon. On the desk he sees a pair of scissors and pointed paper holder.

SIMON

(dying)

I kidnapped Beth. I arranged it all. She died, it all went wrong.

104 CON'T

Michael picks up the scissors and sinks it into Simon's chest next to the letter opener. Then he grabs the pointed paper holder and thrusts it in beside the other two.

Coughing blood, Simon dies. A letter opener, scissors and pointed paper holder grotesquely protrude from his blood-stained shirt.

Michael picks up the bag of money and stumbles out of the office.

CUT TO:

105 INT. SIMON'S OUTER OFFICE DAY

A group of secretaries and office workers are gathered outside Simon's office door as Michael walks out holding the bag of money.

Jane watches him as he passes.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. CRYPT DAY

Michael parks his Buick outside the crypt and walks in carrying a hammer and crow bar.

CUT TO:

107 INT. CRYPT DAY

Michael breaks open Beth's vault, removes the urn and opens it.

As it turns it over the ashes drift to the floor.

Two officers and a plainclothes policeman appear in the door of the crypt.

Michael looks up at them pathetically.

107 CON'T

SOUND of the officers' FOOTSTEPS as they walk toward him.

CUT TO:

108 INT. AIRPLANE DAY

Sandra sits by the window in the first class section on a Pan Am flight to Rome.

She stares blankly out the window, seemingly unaware of anything but that which is happening inside her own mind.

A full untouched drink sets limply in her hand. The plane hits some turbulence, the drink spills, but Sandra does not seem to notice.

Beside her sits an attractive woman about fifty years of age. In many ways she looks like Sandra to be her mother, in fact, it could be Sandra at some future date. She is wearing a gold heart-shaped locket.

Two burly men with guns appear in the aisle. The taller one grabs the woman sitting next to Sandra, cups his hand over her mouth and puts the gun to her head. He rips the locket from her neck.

Sandra does not seem to notice.

The taller skyjacker calls out:

TALLER SKYJACKER
We're taking this plane to Algeria!

The passengers panic. SHOTS ring out.

One of the skyjackers falls. The other keeps shooting.

Flames burst out from the cockpit section. Someone yells, "We're going to crash!" More panic. The other skyjacker falls.

The plane starts to heave to and fro. The engine outside Sandra's window explodes in a burst of flames. She does not seem to notice.

108. CON'T

The plane goes into a nosedive, spinning headfirst toward the ocean. Panic is everywhere.

The plane splats into the water, exploding into pieces.

Sandra finds herself floating amid the wreckage. Her drink is still in her hand.

She looks up: toward her Michael is swimming with the black briefcase.

She looks the other direction: Simon is also swimming toward her.

Michael's briefcase bursts open; it is full of money. Sandra slashes her wrists with a letter opener. *blank paper*
She downs.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

CUT TO:

109 INT. COURTROOM DAY

Michael sits expressionlessly between Jane and his lawyer. Dr. Ellman is seated behind them.

It is a closed inquest. Only witnesses and principals are allowed in the courtroom.

Among the witnesses are the office employees who were listening in when Michael stabbed Simon.

One of the office employees is on the stand testifying:

EMPLOYEE

Then Mr. Simon said, "I kidnapped your wife. I killed her. I'm sorry, Michael," and then Mr. Courtland stabbed him.

TIME CUT: Michael is on the stand. H's lawyer is speaking privately with the judge:

109 CON'T

LAWYER

I'm afraid my client is unable
to testify.

TIME CUT: the judge pronounces the verdict.

JUDGE

Although there is insufficient
evidence for a 1st Degree Murder
charge, the State will bring Mr.
Michael Courtland to trial for
one count of involuntary manslaughter.
Unless, of course, the defendant
is willing to plead guilty to a
charge of Innocent my Reason of
Insanity.

LAWYER

(standing up)

We are, your honor.

JUDGE

(to prosecutor)

Will you accept that plea, Mr.
district Attorney?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

We will, your honor.

JUDGE

(slamming gavel)

I hereby sentence Mr. Michael
Courtland to spend the rest of
his natural life in Telachain
Hospital for the Criminally Insane,
or until such a time as he shall
be deemed fit to return to
society.

CUT TO:



110 INT. OFFICE/MENTAL HOSPITAL DAY (1985)

Jane and Dr. Ellman are speaking with a doctor in the main office at the Telachain Hospital. The calender behind them reads, "June, 1985."

Jane and Dr. Ellman have both aged appropriately; Jane is now 50, Ellman about 62.

The PSYCHIATRIC WARDEN is a young, officious, professional man.

PSYCHIATRIC WARDEN

I'm sure Michael will be alright in your care. Although his recovery has been slow, he always has been a model patient.

(a beat)

I think I hear him coming now.

Their eyes turn toward the door:

Michael, now a wizened, handsome man of 62, walks into the room a well-fitting new suit. He stands up straight, smiles broadly, and otherwise seems in perfect health.

JANE

Oh, Cap!
(they embrace)

Michael shakes hands with Ellman.

JANE

(to warden)
Can we take him now?

PSYCHIATRIC WARDEN

I don't see why not. We can take care of the paperwork later.

JANE

Thank you.

Jane and Ellman exit with Michael.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS DAY

Jane, Ellman and Michael stroll across the landscaped lawns of the hospital.

ELLMAN

Well, Michael, the world is yours again. You have money, freedom and time--

JANE

(interrupting)
And friends. Lots of friends.
(holds his hand)

ELLMAN

Yes.

Michael's voice is more sure and slower, but it is also full of pain and memories.

MICHAEL

I know that. And I thank you.

ELLMAN

The house is already. Judy is there waiting for you. We'll be there too. Is there anyplace special you want to go? Do you have any plans.

MICHAEL

No, just take it easy for a while.
(CON'T)

C.U. Michael's face:

MICHAEL

(con't)
Maybe do some traveling.

CUT TO:

INSERT SCENE: Goes back to Crypt. It is now surrounded by cilia wells.

112 EXT. SANTA TRINITA DAY

The small street leading past the Church of Santa Trinita in Florence seems untouched by time and progress.

CUT TO:

113 INT. SANTA TRINITA DAY

C.U. Fabriano's altarpiece of the Madonna and Child.

CAMERA PANS and TRACKS to reveal Michael, seated, studying the altarpiece.

Behind him, we can see two museum attendants talking. CAMERA TRACKS over to them.

1ST ATTENDANT

He sits in the same spot everyday.

2ND ATTENDANT

What does he want?

1ST ATTENDANT

Maybe he finds peace here.

CUT TO:

114 INT. RISSO'S DAY

Michael has dinner in Risso's.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. PIAZZA NIGHT

Michael strolls around the fountain where he taught Sandra to walk like Beth.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. SANTA TRINITA DAY



116 CON'T

Michael walks up the steps to Santa Trinita.

CUT TO:

117 INT. SANTA TRINITA DAY

C.U. the Madonna and Child

CAMERA PANS and TRACKS to reveal Sandra sitting in Michael's spot watching the Madonna and Child.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Michael standing behind her watching her watching the painting. He starts toward her.

Sandra, now 40, is as beautiful as ever. Her eyes, however, are cold and empty.

Before Michael reaches her, two nuns appear from the sides of the frame, take her by the arms and escort her off.

CUT TO:

118 EXT. SANTA TRINITA DAY

The two nuns carefully lead Sandra down the street.

Michael follows at a close distance.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. SAINT ANN'S DAY

The nuns take Sandra into St. Ann's, a Catholic mental hospital.

Michael waits, pauses, starts up, then goes in.

CUT TO:



120 INT. ST. ANN'S DAY

Michael is speaking to FATHER ROBERTO FABRINI, head of St. Ann's. Father Fabrini speaks in broken English and Michael must struggle to communicate with him.

FABRINI

Yes, Sandra Falenchetti, our saddest most tragic case. She lived her in Florence as a young girl, then, about ten years ago, she went away and came back like this....

(gestures toward nothing)

Would you like to see her?

MICHAEL

Yes. Very much.

FABRINI

You are her...?

MICHAEL

Her uncle. On the American side. Charles Courtland.

FABRINI

Yes, follow me.

Michael and Fabrini walk down the sterile hospital corridor toward Sandra's room.

FABRINI

We tried to contact her relatives, but because of her condition we had little success. You will see...

Michael and Fabrino walk into Sandra's room. Sandra is sitting on a plain chair staring at the doorway. She is comotose: unmoving, unblinking, unfeeling.

FABRINI

Good afternoon, Sandra. I have a vistor for you today. He's your old friend uncle Charles. Charles Courtland. He came all the way from America to see you.

Sandra does not move. There is not even a flicker of recognition in her eyes.

120 CON'T

FABRINI

(to Michael)

How sad. This is all we've had to work with for ten years. And she is so beautiful too. Very tragic.

Fabrini exits, followed by Michael. They walk down the corridor.

FABRINI

We have had a few other shreads of evidence, a few crude tools, but they don't add up to anything. We can't seem to find the secret entrance to her world.

They walk up to a door labeled "Art Room" (in Italian). A nurse stands nearby.

FABRINI

(to nurse)

Do you have Miss Falanchetti's paintings set up?

NURSE

Yes.

Fabrini and Michael enter the art room.

Across one wall are pined dozens of paintings, all variations of the Madonna and Child altarpiece. Some are realistic and sober, some impressionistic, some black and white, some in color, some madly and bizarrely contorted.

FABRINI

Sandra has painted these over the last ten years. Those at the left were painted when she first came, these are the more recent. They are all variations of Fabriano's altarpiece at Santa Trinita, which Sandra helped restore after the floods. For some reason this has become fixed in her mind. She paints nothing else. Every month or two or three she'll

(CON'T)

120 CON'T

FABRINI

(con't)

come in here, pick up the brushes and paint another. Then she'll leave. We know nothing more than that.

(a beat)

Except, of course, the pattern of the paintings themselves. As you can see the focus of the paintings is on the faces, not the surroundings. In some paintings the child will have the large head and the Madonna the small, in others, vice versa. In some the madonna and child look alike, in others they are both faceless.

(a beat)

We have tried to ascribe some underlying importance to the structure of these paintings but have been unsuccessful. I now have a tendency to believe it's just one of those things the deranged mind fixes on and won't let go of.

Fabrini exits and Michael follows him.

FABRINI

Of the actual incident which precipitated this trauma we know little. We haven't even found out where she went when she left Florence. That is why I was so please when you walked into my office today. Perhaps you can add another piece to this incredibly complex puzzle.

(CON'T)

They are back in Fabrini's office. Fabrini goes through his files, pulls out Sandra's file and places it on his desk.

120 CON'T

FABRINI
(con't)

We know there was something about a kidnapping. She mentioned this once, but never said anything more. Now, of course, there is always trauma associated with a kidnapping, but exactly what kind of trauma we don't know.

(a beat)

Do you know anything about this?

COURTLAND

Not too much really, but probably more than you do. I was out of the country at the time, but from what I've been able to gather Sandra was kidnapped and her husband--my brother--failed to bring the ransom money, or rather, brought plain white paper in place of the ransom money. My brother subsequently went insane himself and is at this time still committed, so I was unable to get much information myself.

FABRINI

This really is a tragic situation.

COURTLAND

Yes, Michael's--that's her husband--relatives didn't even know if she was dead or alive, much less where she was.

FABRINI

Michael?

COURTLAND

Yes, Michael Courtland. That was her husband.

FABRINI

Where is he now?



120 CON'T

COURTLAND
I'd rather not ~~call~~ you. The
shock might kill ~~him~~.

Fabrini reaches into Sandra's file, pulls out a small
photograph and places it in front of Michael. It is an
old (circa 1970) photo of Bob Simon.

FABRINI
Is this her husband?

COURTLAND
Yes, that's him. Michael Courtland.

Fabrini makes some notes.

FABRINI
Thank you. We may be getting someplace
already.

COURTLAND
Where did you get that photograph?

FABRINI
Oh, Sandra's mother brought it in
when Sandra was first committed.

COURTLAND
Is she still alive?

FABRINI
She was about three years ago. I don't
know for sure now. Strange though, when
she first brought that in she said it
was a picture of Sandra's father. But
old Maria Falanchetti was already senile
by that time.

(to intercomm)

Please check if Maria Falachetti, Sandra's
mother, is still alive, and if she is,
find out where she lives.

(to Michael)

Yes, you may really help us out on this
case, Mr. ~~Courtland~~? That is, if you
were ~~will~~ to oblige?

willing

120 CON'T

COURTLAND

I'd be glad to do what I could.

FABRINI

Good. ~~Now I haven't really got this all figured out in my mind yet, but I sort of figure it this way~~
 Now if we can, in some way, recreate the conditions leading to her present state perhaps we can elicit a reaction which will give us the key to her inner world. Perhaps we could knock her out of it entirely.

(a beat)

Now if we could recreate the conditions of the kidnapping as well as you know, would you be willing to play the part of your brother, Michael, Sandra's husband? That way we can reenact the old trauma but resolve it successfully. We'll provide you with the necessary money and, playing her husband, you ransom her.

(a beat)

I'm not sure yet. Let me think about it, but it seems a better and better idea to me.

COURTLAND

Well, doctor, I really don't like it. It seems a little risky.

FABRINI

What have we to lose?

(intercomm buzzes)

Yes. Oh. Thank you.

(to Michael)

Mrs. Filanchetti died last year. Whatever secrets she held are now in her grave with her.

(a beat)

But, going back to the other matter, I really don't know what we have to lose. Sandra'S been dead to the world now for ten years. What more danger can befall this tragic girl?

120 CON'T

COURTLAND

Let me think about it. I'll call you tomorrow and give you my decision.

FABRINI

Good. Thank you for coming Mr. Courtland. I'll speak with you tomorrow.

They shake hands and Michael exits.

CUT TO:

121 INT. RISSO'S NIGHT

Michael dines alone in Risso's. His eyes fall about beautiful young girls resembling Sandra. He begins to fear he is going crazy again.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. RISSO'S NIGHT

Michael walks out of Risso's alone and plods down the empty street toward the distant piazza.

He stares at the fountain.

CUT TO:

123 INT. FABRINI'S OFFICE

CAMERA SHOT through window of Fabrini in his office. He picks up the phone. We are unable to hear what he is saying but he speaks rapidly.

He puts the phone down and makes another call.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. ST. ANN'S DAY

Fabrini is standing outside of St. Ann's with two big trench-coated thugs next to a big black car.

Fabrini gives the thugs instructions. C.U. reveals they are hospital attendants in disguise.

CUT TO:

125 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM DAY

Fabrini checks out a hospital room especially decorated to look like a cheap shack.

One wall is covered with two-way mirrors and peep holes.

He walks into the adjoining room and checks the camera focused through the two-way mirrors and makes sure the planted microphones are working.

CUT TO:

126 INT. SANDRA'S ROOM DAY

The two trench-coated thugs burst into Sandra's room, pull guns, grab her and drag her off. She shows no emotion.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. ST. ANN'S DAY

The thugs hustle Sandra out of the hospital.

Reaching their black car, they force her into the back seat and drive away.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. ST. ANN'S DAY

HELICOPTER SHOT shows thug's black car driving round and round the hospital.

CUT TO:

129 INT. FABRINI'S OFFICE DAY

Fabrini places a black briefcase on his desk for Michael to see.

The briefcase is filled with American money. Michael checks it out, closes it, hefts it.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. ST ANN'S DAY

The thug's car pulls up to a side entrance to St. Ann's.

The two pseudo-kidnappers hustle the limp, blindfolded Ann into the hospital.

CUT TO:

131 INT. ST. ANN'S DAY

The thugs drag Sandra down the clean white hospital corridor and pull into the special decorating "hideout" room."

They close the door behind them.

CUT TO:

132 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM DAY

Fabrini and Michael stand in the special observation room equipped with cameras and microphones.

Michael wears a business suit and holds the briefcase in his hand.

They gaze through the two-way mirror into the "hideout."

There they see:



132 CON'T

Sandra is unbound and unblindfolded and placed on the sofa.

The two hospital attendants/kidnappers strike phony kidnapper poses and strut about the room.

Sandra shows no emotion.

Fabrini turns to Michael:

FABRINI
Alright, Mr. Courtland.

Michael exits the observation room.

Fabrini turns to look into the hideout room.

CAMERA FROM FABRINI'S POV: we see Sandra sitting between the kidnappers.

There is a KNOCK on the door. One of the kidnappers looks up and gestures for the other to answer the door.

The kidnapper, his gun pulled, opens the door and Michael walks in with the black briefcase. Sandra watches him intently.

Michael walks over until he is standing directly in front on Sandra.

The kidnapper points his gun at the briefcase and says:

KIDNAPPER
Open it.

Michael sets the briefcase on the sofa and slowly opens it. Sandra turns her head and stars at it.

The open briefcase is buldging with American money.

Sandra turns her head toward Michael. The pseudo-kidnappers quickly walk out of sight.

132 CON'T

CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS to TWO-SHOT of Sandra and Michael.

Sandra looks at Michael and says:

SANDRA
Daddy! Daddy! Mommy, look,
Daddy's finally come with the
money.

Their eyes melt into each other.

With the sound of a dying animal Michael cries out:

COURTLAND
Amy! Amy!

Sandra stands up and Michael and Sandra embrace in a
long tender kiss.

They begin to turn slowly CLOCKWISE while the CAMERA TRACKS
around them COUNTERCLOCKWISE.

THE END

