

126

THE YEAR OF THE COMET

Original Screenplay

by

William Goldman

8TH DRAFT
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1 INT. HARWOOD'S/WINE TASTING - DAY

1*

FADE IN ON

Something just lovely -- we can't tell quite what it is but it's soft and billowing and white.

CUT TO

The 'lovely something' as seen from another angle -- it's a white tablecloth settling down on a long, slender table.

CUT TO

A PAIR OF FEMALE HANDS, expertly getting the table cloth perfectly smooth and with this --

CREDITS START TO ROLL.

Note -- this sequence, though it will run several pages, is meant to go quickly. Lots of brief cuts. Stylishly angled. An MTV version of movie credits, kind of.

CUT TO

THE TABLE. From one end. A long expanse of white. Nothing on it at all. MARGARET (we still don't get a real glimpse of her) scurries past camera, disappearing into the pantry.

CUT TO

HALF A DOZEN BOTTLES OF RED WINE being put onto the tablecloth.

CUT TO

HALF A DOZEN MORE BOTTLES.

CUT TO

MORE BOTTLES being put down.

CUT TO

A HAND expertly holding a curved sharp piece of metal that is part of a Screwpull. The metal piece circles the foil near the top of the bottle. Zap -- the foil is off as we

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

MARGARET, our first good look. She wears a proper dress, but over it now is a large white apron. Concentrating totally, she has another bottle in her hands, moves the metal piece -- zap -- that fast -- another foil is gone and now as she reaches for another bottle --

CUT TO

MARGARET, using the Screwpull like Toscanini now, spinning a cork out of a bottle, leaving it lodged just at the throat, as she reaches for another bottle, inserts the Screwpull, spins the cork out, leaving it still in the throat --

CUT TO

HALF A DOZEN BOTTLES, ALL WITH CORKS STILL IN THE THROAT --

CUT TO

MARGARET, as, without paying attention to what she's doing, she pulls the corks out -- they make that wonderful sound corks do when they're pulled -- this all goes like a streak -- zap-zap-zap and

CUT TO

SIR MASON watching from the doorway -- MARGARET doesn't see him. She deftly puts the pulled cork against the neck of a bottle, attaches a rubber band around it. Like her other gestures, this goes fast -- SIR MASON looks kind of pleased, nods to himself, is gone as we

CUT TO

THE TABLE, and now the bottles are lined up all along it, with spares placed perfectly behind --

--MARGARET appears, holding two trays of crackers, in perfect rows. She puts one at each end of the table which is starting to fill up now and as she heads back fast to the pantry --

CUT TO

RICHARD in the doorway. He looks disdainfully at the table, moves toward it as MARGARET zips out from the kitchen, this time carrying trays of cheese all cut into perfect cubes.

RICHARD

Oh, do it right for once.
(And with that he moves
one bottle a centimeter
closer to another.)

There.
(And as he exits--)

CUT TO

ANOTHER TABLE in a corner. FILLED with glasses. MARGARET checks them, cleans out any possible lint. We are talking dozens of glasses now as we

CUT TO

SPITOONS as MARGARET places them on either end of the room.

CUT TO

EVIAN BOTTLES filled with water as MARGARET places them perfectly along the table top.

CUT TO

SILVER BUCKETS as MARGARET places them around the room -- these are for pouring unused wine into.

CUT TO

THE ROOM AS MARGARET carefully studies it. It's empty of people, but it's full of a lot of stuff that wasn't there not many seconds before.

HOLD ON MARGARET. Checking, checking -- then she makes a little nod, turns for the pantry, taking off her apron as she goes.

CUT TO

THE APRON. White and floating, like the table cloth, as she whips it off, disappearing with it into the pantry as

CREDITS COME TO AN END.

HOLD ON THE FINISHED EMPTY ROOM.

DISSOLVE TO

MARGARET

(working as she talks)

I don't mean to interrupt, but in '64, the harvest started the morning of September 17th, and then shortly after, those dreadful rains began, so whoever picked early was unharmed. If you 're interested in '64 for tomorrow's auction, you're better off with Petrus or Latour.

SNOBBISH WINE TASTER

Really, my dear.

SIR MASON

I think you'll find Margaret is right -- she usually is.

(dismissing her)

Thank you, my dear.

CUT TO

MARGARET; she nods. Then grabs the biscuit trays which are emptying, and she's off for the pantry. OLIVER intercepts her.

OLIVER

Excuse me.

MARGARET

Yes?

OLIVER

You wouldn't happen to have any Budweiser back there, would you?

MARGARET

(stunned by the question)

This is a wine tasting.

OLIVER

That's not my fault.

(And he turns, moves away
as we --)

CUT TO

RICHARD, watching as OLIVER stands by the food trays, stabbing little squares of cheese with a toothpick. MARGARET zooms past, hauling a bunch of empties. RICHARD watches OLIVER watch her.

CUT TO

THE ROOM. LATER. Just as busy as before. MARGARET, hefting a bunch of Evian bottles suddenly stops in her tracks as we

CUT TO

OLIVER, at the main table, pouring some wine into a glass. When the glass is half-full he puts the empty bottle down, reaches across for a different bottle, finishes filling his glass with that.

MARGARET

I don't mean to intrude, but those are two different wines.

OLIVER

(Nods)

It's okay, they're both red.
(And now he brings out a pack of gum)

Gum?

(She shoots him a look)

Juicy Fruit '74.

MARGARET

(Putting the tray down --
RICHARD watches her)

Oh. You find this all kind of amusing.

OLIVER

I find David Letterman "amusing" -- this falls more into the bizarre category.

MARGARET

Why are you here?

OLIVER

I was dragged here by Mr. T.T. Kelleher.

He points to T.T. KELLEHER, standing with SIR MASON, chatting and spitting out a mouthful of wine.

OLIVER

(Continued)

Looks like he doesn't like your wine too much.

(sees others spitting)

Looks like nobody does.

MARGARET

You're quite sophisticated, aren't you?

OLIVER

Absolutely. Sophistication is my
strong suit.

(Pops the gum in his
mouth.)

*

CUT TO

THE CHEESE TRAY. It's later in the tasting and the tray is nearly empty. SIR MASON glances around, can't spot MARGARET. To the ever-lurking RICHARD --

SIR MASON

Richard?

(RICHARD nods, waits)

Go and help your sister with the cheese, there's a good lad.

CUT TO

2 INT. PANTRY - DAY

2

THE LARGE PANTRY AREA AND MARGARET, expertly cutting from a large mound of cheese, making small squares, setting them neatly on the tray. RICHARD enters, watches a moment. If it isn't clear from his look it soon will be -- he hates MARGARET.

RICHARD

Flirting with the customers, are we?

MARGARET

(Holding the knife)

You might not understand the concept, but I'm working.

RICHARD

You're just like your mother -- she was so -- so --

(can't come up with a word)

American. I can't believe father ever married her.

MARGARET

Richard, the only good thing about being your half-sister is that the other half isn't.

RICHARD

Do you know what gives me the most pleasure in this world?

MARGARET

Fat men in high heels?

60A.

RICHARD

Knowing what a bitter and
miserable old maid you're going to
be.

(As he grabs the tray and
leaves --

CUT TO

MARGARET, alone. Clearly RICHARD'S words were meant to
hurt.

HOLD ON MARGARET.

They did. As we stay on her face --

3 INT. TASTING ROOM - DAY

3

THE TASTING ROOM as SIR MASON escorts the last taster to the door, RICHARD right with him. In the background, MARGARET, exhausted, is staring around at the considerable mess, empty bottles, dozens of dirty glasses, plates, spittoons, the works.

SIR MASON

(He smiles as the LAST
TASTER leaves, then
closes the door)

Margaret? Richard and I have work
to do in the office. You don't
mind tidying up, do you?

MARGARET

Not at all.

(She hoists a heavy tray,
starts for the pantry)

RICHARD

There's a good girl.

(To SIR MASON)

I thought we did rather well
today, Father.

4 CUT TO

4

INT. PANTRY - DAY

MARGARET, entering the pantry. It's a jungle -- amazing amounts of debris piled everywhere. Hours of drudge work ahead. She stares around at it all for a moment, takes a deep breath, then gets on with it as we

CUT TO

5 INT. SIR MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

5

Later. The room is beautifully furnished, lots of antique wood surfaces glistening. SIR MASON sits at his desk, RICHARD alongside. Behind him is a LARGE FRAMED OIL PORTRAIT OF A VERY OLD MAN. Late afternoon sun streams through the windows.

SIR MASON

(Making notes as he
talks)

You should be able to accomplish
the entire swing through Belgium in
less than a week.

RICHARD

I don't see any problems.

SIR MASON

(Looks up)

Yes, Margaret?

CUT TO

MARGARET, standing in the doorway. She is clearly, for
reasons that will soon come clear, more nervous that we've
seen her. She is dressed in sensible clothes, sensible
shoes.

MARGARET

I've...uh....everything's
straightened up.

SIR MASON

Thank you, dear. Good night, then.

(Back to RICHARD)

Now, once you're finished in
Belgium, perhaps --

(Looks up again --

MARGARET hasn't moved)

What is it?

MARGARET

(A burst)

Father, please, when are you going
to send me on a trip?

SIR MASON

When you're ready.

MARGARET

I've been here almost a year. I am
ready. You know I am.

8A.

RICHARD
(He tends to spray a bit
when he gets excited)
You? Catalogue a wine cellar?
Get on your hands and knees and
scrub one, more like it. I'm
afraid I must laugh.
(He feigns laughter)

*

MARGARET

You are a person of very little quality.

CUT TO

SIR MASON, glancing up toward the oil painting of the old man behind him sadly shakes his head.

SIR MASON

Why do my children bicker so?

MARGARET

We "bicker" because we're jealous. Richard is jealous of anyone who is better than he, which includes every living creature. I'm jealous because I really care about wine. I love it, and you treat me like a servant, while he gets every opportunity that comes along.

SIR MASON

You're not ready to be sent out, Margaret. When you are, naturally, being totally fair, I'll send you. But you must remember, you're still a child.

CUT TO

MARGARET, and she can't keep her emotions as under control as she'd like.

MARGARET

Father, I'm twenty-eight years old.

RICHARD

This desk is 112 years old. We don't send it out to catalogue wine.

CUT TO

SIR MASON, looking at her, genuinely surprised.

SIR MASON

Now, now, no more of this. Just be patient. Your opportunity will come in due time.

(Back to RICHARD)

All right, Richard, where were we.

MARGARET
So it's "no" then?

SIR MASON
(Singsong)
When you're ready, dear.
(Back to work)

MARGARET
That's what I thought you'd say.

CUT TO

MARGARET, as she takes out a piece of paper, puts it on the desk.

MARGARET
This is my resignation --

RICHARD
(Grabbing the paper)
--that is good news --

CUT TO

SIR MASON, stung. He glares at her.

SIR MASON
When your mother left and insisted
on bringing you up in America, I
allowed it. It was a decision I
suspected might haunt me -- but
this --
(Hands her paper back to
her)
-- stop it now or I shall become, I
promise, very angry.
(she makes no move --
louder)
I don't enjoy threats a great deal.

CUT TO

MARGARET. She is frightened of few things, but her father is among them. For a moment, she begins to knuckle under. Then suddenly, she turns.

MARGARET
Neither do I; goodbye, Father.
(And she is gone)

CUT TO

SIR MASON AND RICHARD

SIR MASON
Damn. Truly, truly damn.
(He rips up her
resignation)

RICHARD
We should celebrate her going.

SIR MASON
(Whirling on RICHARD)
Celebrate? She knows more about
wine already than you'll ever
learn. And she willingly does the
work of four.
(As he gnaws angrily at
his thumb--)

RICHARD
But a woman has never represented
Harwood's.

SIR MASON
Perhaps that is something we should
think about changing.

CUT TO

6 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

6

MARGARET, alone, closing the front door of Harwood's, moving down to the sidewalk. She is, obviously, blue. We're in a gorgeous part of London; beautiful houses, a quiet end of day. She hesitates a moment, then takes a deep breath, starts down the street. As she picks up her pace --

SIR MASON (V.O.)
Oh, enough of this.
(MARGARET starts to spin
quickly around, makes
herself slow as we --

CUT TO

SIR MASON standing in the doorway of HARWOOD'S. he holds a folder in his hands. He gestures with it for her to return.

SIR MASON

A lawyer friend of mine represents an estate in Scotland on the Isle of Skye. His client, an absentee landlord, has died recently.

CUT TO

MARGARET, moving back as he continues on:

SIR MASON

He has authorised me to dispose of the wine cellar.

(Indicates the folder)

Legal documents and other data are in here. If you do a competent job of evaluating and cataloging the contents, well, of course I'll send you out again. Now, I don't want to hear any more talk about resigning.

MARGARET

(the words pour out)

Father, I swear I won't disappoint you --

SIR MASON

(Cutting her off)

That's enough sentiment for one day, Margaret.

(She suddenly quiets --
then --

CUT TO

THE TWO OF THEM as she takes the folder, starts to turn away, spins back, does an amazing thing -- she gives him a quick kiss on the cheek. They're both embarrassed. This time she completes her turn, strides off down the street, pleased. HOLD ON SIR MASON. Watching her go.

And you can tell it from his face: The embarrassment is gone, he's pleased too. Now, from that --

CUT TO

7 EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 2ND UNIT - DAY

7

Maybe the most glorious-looking countryside anywhere: the Scottish Highlands, covered with purple heather on a perfect summer day.

A word about the Highlands -- they're not just beautiful, they are unique in that the mountains aren't that high, 4500 feet at most, but they swoop right down to the edge of the road, giving them a grandeur like nothing else.

CUT TO

8 EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - DAY

8

MARGARET, driving into view in her small car. She's on top of the world. Beautiful music is heard from the car radio: One of the Bach Brandenburg concertos. Classic, elegant, soaring. As she drives happily --

CUT TO

9 EXT. ISLE OF SKYE FERRY - DAY

9

MARGARET, excited, standing on the car ferry that crosses to the Isle of Skye, one of the more remote islands that dot this part of Scotland. As the ferry nears Skye, she goes back toward her car and

CUT TO

10 EXT. ISLE OF SKYE MANOR - 2ND UNIT - DAY

10

MARGARET driving along a narrow road in Skye -- all roads are narrow in Skye.

CUT TO

11 EXT. ISLE OF SKYE MANOR - 2ND UNIT - DAY

11

AN ADORABLE LITTLE LODGING HOUSE. A few rooms, not much more. The small sign in the front indicates this is "The Isle of Skye Manor." From there --

CUT TO

12 INT. ROOM SKYE MANOR - DAY

12

MARGARET in her small room in the "Manor." It couldn't be more charming. Her suitcase lies open on the bed and she's taking out certain items:

A notebook, some very large, thick candles, a powerful flashlight. As she goes on, a knock at the door comes, and the LANDLADY enters with a few frail towels. The LANDLADY is also frail. Also sweet and totally honest.

LANDLADY

These will have to do you, dear.

MARGARET

I'm sure they'll be fine.

LANDLADY

And I serve my suppers at six. The truth is, if you miss one of my home-cooked meals, you're probably better-off.

MARGARET

I'll keep that in mind. I should be back if I don't have any trouble finding the MacPherson Castle. *

LANDLADY

The McPherson Castle? *

MARGARET

Yes, what about it? *

LANDLADY

Long ago, people used to say... oh, never mind. *

CUT TO

13 EXT. MACPHERSON CASTLE - DAY

13

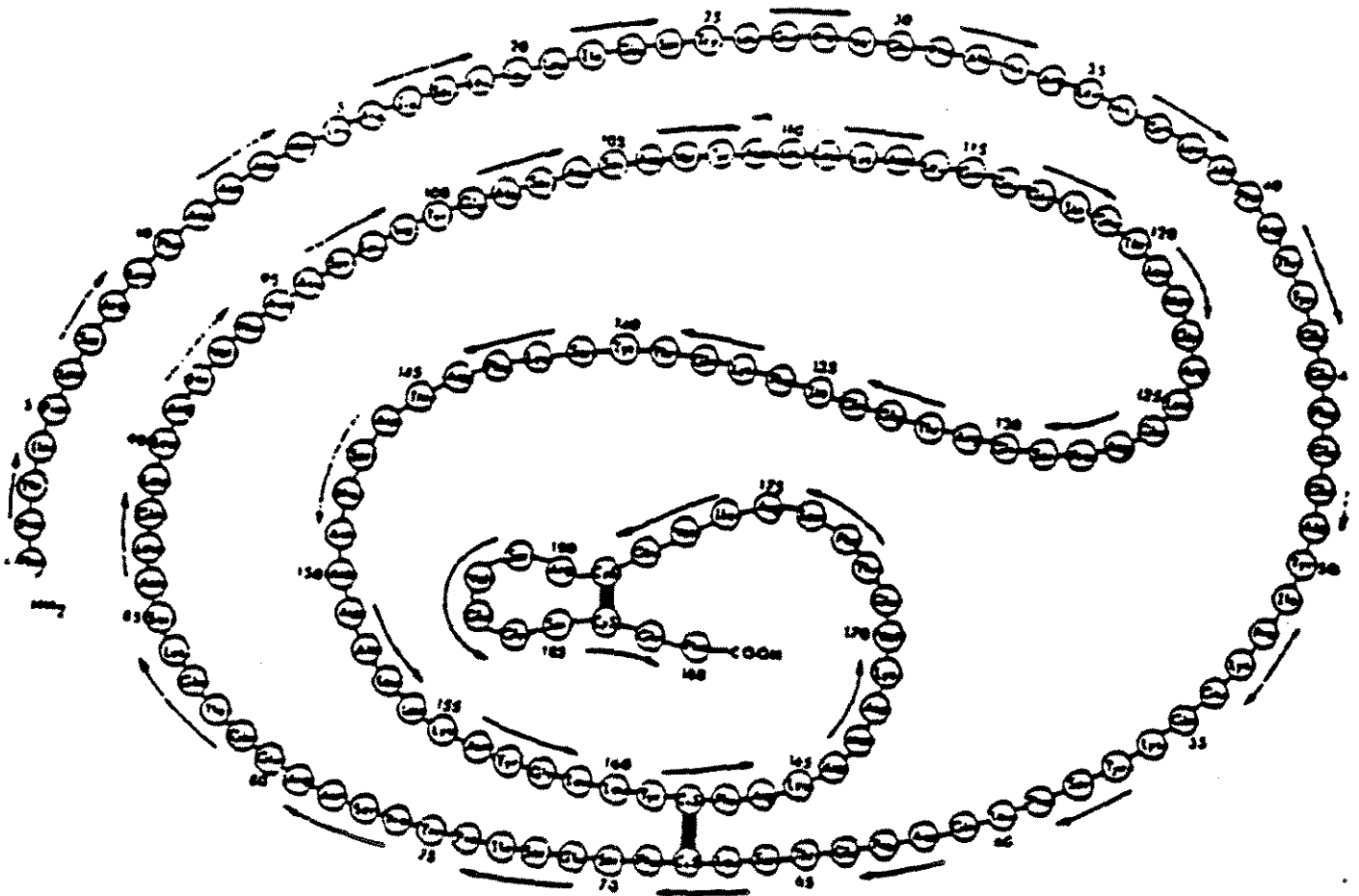
MARGARET drives up. On the water. Nothing else within miles. It is an enormous place, aged and dark and forbidding. MARGARET parks her car and gets out. She is dressed differently than before: She's in work clothes now, heavy sweater, carries a thick winter-type coat. As she reaches into the car for a satchel containing her tools, she spins suddenly around and stares at the ancient pile of stones, a look of fear on her face. Because what has made her spin around is just this: From somewhere inside has come a simply terrifying scream.

As the echo of the scream slowly begins to die --

14 INT. MACPHERSON LAB - DAY

14

A COMPUTER SCREEN WITH A SQUIGGLY FORMULA THAT FILLS IT.
THE FORMULA LOOKS LIKE THIS:



In other words, we are looking at a snakelike shape with many circles, all filled with three-letter abbreviations. One last thing: like a snake, the formula moves, constantly turning and turning, the circles always in motion.

Now -- PULL BACK TO REVEAL FOUR MEN IN A LARGE ROOM on the second floor of the castle. They are not the standard bunch of guys you'd expect to find in a castle in Skye.

On the floor, in considerable pain, is the man who screamed: a tiny Spaniard, LUIS. Grouped around him are three others: A FAT SCOT, IAN, an educated, BLACK AFRICAN, JOHN, who is holding LUIS down. And PHILIPPE. He is clearly in charge and a fabulous-looking man -- 60, still in wonderful physical shape. He was handsome when he was younger, he's handsome now. You have the sense about him that he's always been a leader.

One thing to be noted: Even though we have arrived at a moment of tension and torture, it's clear that we are a world away from Al Capone-type thugs. These men are serious, and they are all terribly bright.

Their intelligence is underlined by what else is in the room: a small but very well-equipped scientific laboratory. Not to mention many computer screens. Visible on one of the screens is the always moving snakelike formula. IAN studies it, shakes his head.

IAN

Nothing.

PHILIPPE

(Gently, to the agonized SPANIARD)

Dear Luis, I know this may be hard for you to believe, since I am, at the moment, torturing you, but you truly are one of my favourite people. So you must stop holding back on us -- we know you've discovered the remainder of the formula --

(His eyes flick to the screen)

-- please tell us where you've hidden it. Then we can all go back to being friends again.

LUIS

You must stop -- I have discovered nothing. I beg.

IAN

Philippe, is this really necessary?

JOHN

Come on, Luis -- ever since we
were roommates at Harvard, we've
always shared everything. This is
no time to hold out.

(LUIS says nothing)

*

CUT TO

PHILIPPE. He sighs sadly, reaches into a pocket, and suddenly there is a small needle in his hand. He forces one of LUIS's eyes open. LUIS, in panic, begins to cry.

PHILIPPE

I'm not an animal, Luis, I have no intention of blinding you.

(Needle closer to the eye now)

Foreign legionnaires do this -- your vision, I promise, will be as good as ever --

(Beat)

-- but every time you blink for the rest of your life, there will be an endurable but rather sharp pain.

CUT TO

LUIS, in CLOSE UP, the eye held wide open, the tears continuing to pour unbidden as the needle gets closer, closer -- then

IAN (V.O.)

(sharply)

Philippe!

CUT TO

IAN, standing by a window, looking down.

CUT TO

14A MARGARET, walking from her car toward the front door of the castle as seen from high above.

14A

CUT TO

14 PHILIPPE AND IAN, watching her from the window.

14

PHILIPPE

(Quietly)

Not ideal timing.

(Suddenly whirling on IAN)

I told you to rent a place where we wouldn't be disturbed.

IAN
 (Defensively)
 One visitor in five months isn't
 exactly a traffic jam.

CUT TO

PHILIPPE. A final glance out at MARGARET.

PHILIPPE
 I'll get rid of her.
 (He takes Luis' tie
 which is hanging loosely
 around his neck and
 grabs his coat)
 Luis, you won't be needing these,
 will you?

CUT TO

LUIS, lying on the floor, sobbing. JOHN puts a hand over his mouth. LUIS cries on, but the sound is muted. A distant doorbell is heard, and PHILIPPE hurries from the room as we

CUT TO

15 EXT. MACPHERSON CASTLE - DAY

15

MARGARET waiting outside the castle on the steps. She glances at her watch. It's been a while.

Impatiently, she starts to push the bell again, but just as she's about to, the huge front door suddenly opens.

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, standing in the doorway. He has thrown on a butler's vest and jacket and looks for all the world like a veteran family retainer.

PHILIPPE
 Madame has lost her way, yes?

CUT TO

MARGARET AND PHILIPPE

MARGARET

(Taking out the folder
her father gave her.

Very businesslike)

I'm Margaret Harwood of Harwood's,
Ltd. Here to evaluate the wine
cellar.

PHILIPPE

(Without even a pause)

Of course, the wine cellar. Such a shame to have travelled so far for so little reason. The master is napping. The truth is he is quite ill, goodbye.

MARGARET

(Taking out papers)

The truth is he is quite dead.

(Shows PHILIPPE)

"Deceased" is the key word. I'm sure you'll agree.

CUT TO

PHILIPPE. Nothing ruffles him.

PHILIPPE

Of course. That is the master's father. Very sad for us all. The master is ill himself with grief. I'll call your firm, when the mourning period is over, goodbye.

(As he starts to close the door --

CUT TO

MARGARET. Quietly. But there is no question that she means every word she says.

MARGARET

But not farewell -- if you lock me out, I'll come back with every policeman on the island. I have a legal right to do my job and I intend to do it.

PHILIPPE

Won't you come in?

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, standing inside the doorway. He studies MARGARET, then quickly glances up the staircase -- all seems silent, safe. He sighs, and as he gestures somewhat awkwardly for an experienced butler for her to enter.

CUT TO

16 INT. MACPHERSON CASTLE FOYER - DAY

16

THE TWO OF THEM crossing the entrance foyer toward the large door that leads to the castle cellar.

MARGARET

Are there many French butlers in the Scottish Highlands these days?

PHILIPPE

(Quickly)

Oh, a remarkable number, yes.

MARGARET

Really.

CUT TO

17 INT. CELLAR STAIRS - DAY

17

The door is opened. Dark and dank, moist stone walls. Not a cheery place. MARGARET whips out her giant flashlight -- turns it on --

-- it doesn't work. She bangs it a few times. It lights. She starts down alone.

PHILIPPE

(Watching her slowly descend)

I'll be up here if you need me.

CUT TO

MARGARET, making her careful way. It's a nervous-making descent, but she manages it. At the bottom, she flashes her light around.

CUT TO

18 INT. CASTLE CELLAR - DAY

18

THE WINE CELLAR as the beam illuminates it. A big room. Case after case of wine, all neatly stacked.

CUT TO

MARGARET, thrilled, holding her breath as she enters. She whips out pen and notebook, moves to the wine, flashes her light on the first wooden case.

CUT TO

MARGARET. CLOSE UP. Suddenly distraught.

MARGARET

Oh great.

(She lights the name on
the next case)

This is just great. *

CUT TO

THE FLASHLIGHT darting around the room as she moves with it.

MARGARET

(Crushed)

This is like a wine section from a
7-11.

CUT TO

MARGARET. Her body sags. She flops down and sits cross-legged on the floor, like a small child who's just lost a favorite doll.

Then a strange look hits her face as we

CUT TO

SOME CASES OF WINE PILED AWAY FROM THE OTHERS, in a distant corner of the room. And piled differently -- not one on top of the other, but on end in a clump.

CUT TO

MARGARET, going to the boxes, hesitating only a moment, then hoisting one out of the way. And then suddenly she gives a little intake of breath as we

CUT TO

THE FLOOR. By moving the box, she has revealed a metal hinge. Now she pushes the other boxes aside.

CUT TO

A TRAPDOOR the boxes were covering. She reaches down, pulls it open, flashes the light into what's underneath --

CUT TO

19 INT. LOWER ROOM - DAY

19

Small, incredibly dusty, cobwebs -- but there are also cases of wine. A ladder leads down.

CUT TO

MARGARET, scrambling down the ladder, and once she's in the smaller room, she goes to the nearest wine --

MARGARET

(Her light on the box label)
'45 Mouton, well, aren't you a pretty thing?
(Next box)
Romanee-Conti, '29 --
(embracing it)
I think I'm in love.

CUT TO

THE ROOM as, excitedly, she steps back, surveying it. It's not all wine. There are some old children's toys, a large and ancient baby carriage, some sharp shards of glass covered with dust --

-- and a large wooden box. Not a coffin, not that big. It is almost, but not completely, closed. Slowly she approaches the box. Her hand is not all that steady as she reaches out and we

CUT TO

THE BOX as MARGARET slowly starts to raise the lid.

CUT TO

MARGARET. CLOSE UP. Eyes like saucers now, and quickly --

CUT TO

INSIDE THE BOX. Covered with a layer of dust is this: the biggest goddam bottle of wine anybody ever saw. a yard long. a foot wide. Enormous.

CUT TO

MARGARET. Trembling, she bends close, blows lightly on the label, then brushes the rest of the dust away with the tips of her fingers. An ornate crest is on the glass. The label on the wine reads: CHATEAU LAFITE. CUT TO.

THE VINTAGE LABEL. Slowly it becomes visible. It reads:
1811.

CUT TO

MARGARET. EXTREME CLOSE UP.

MARGARET

Oh my God.

(It's not much, this
moment, just the high
point of her life -- now
there are tears in her
eyes)

The Year of the Comet...

(HOLD ON MARGARET'S FACE
a moment. Then --)

CUT TO

20 INT. LIVING ROOM/ISLE OF SKYE - DAY

20

MARGARET is using the main phone in the hotel, which is more
or less public except for the fact that she's quite alone.

MARGARET

Father, please, please believe me,
there's no mistake, it's all true.

SIR MASON (V.O.)

And how large was the bottle again?

MARGARET

Bigger than any bottle I've ever
seen. Father, it was Napoleon's.
It had an engraved crest near the
throat -- This is just the most
exciting thing ever in my life.
And by the way Richard, since I'm
sure you're listening, I know how
happy you must be for me.

*

*

CUT TO

RICHARD looks as if he's just been disembowled.

20A OMIT

20A

20B OMIT

20B

CUT TO

20C INT. SIR MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

20C

SIR MASON IN HIS OFFICE. RICHARD sits across from him, listening on the second phone in the room.

RICHARD

I couldn't be more thrilled darling sister.

(Hangs up)

CUT TO

20 MARGARET.

20

MARGARET

Father, how soon do you plan to auction it?

SIR MASON (V.O.)

I'm not sure that's the way to go.

MARGARET

I don't understand.

CUT TO

20A SIR MASON. Talking to MARGARET, doodling numbers on a pad now.

20A

SIR MASON

I may just offer it outright to our American friend, Mr. T.T. Kelleher.

MARGARET (V.O.)

Why?

24.

SIR MASON

Well, he is our best customer, and he's particularly fond of Lafite. No one's ever paid more than four hundred thousand dollars for a bottle.

(Doodling numbers on a pad)

I think if I phoned and he offered me, say, a million, I'd be tempted to let him have it.

CUT TO

20 MARGARET. Holding the phone tight. Stunned. 20

MARGARET

A million dollars?

CUT TO

20A SIR MASON, with RICHARD pacing behind him, more upset than ever. 20A

SIR MASON

Oh, and Margaret, congratulations, you've done rather well your first day out.

MARGARET (V.O.)

Thank you, Father. Goodbye.

CUT TO

20 MARGARET, hanging up too. She stands over the phone. She ought to be terribly pleased with herself, but for the moment nothing shows. 20

She takes a few ladylike steps away from the instrument, glances around, making sure she's alone. Then --

MARGARET

(All she's got)
Aww-riiiiiiiiiiiight!
(Now from that --

CUT TO

20D ADORABLE LITTLE SCOTTISH LANDLADY AS SHE HANGS UP THE PHONE, 20D
OBVIOUSLY SHE'S BEEN EAVESDROPPING CUT TO

21 INT. SIR MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

21

SIR MASON IN HIS OFFICE, RICHARD still stalking around.

SIR MASON

Oh, do sit down, Richard -- this is good for all of us.

RICHARD

(Smiles)

You totally misread me -- I'm thrilled about Margaret -- oh, we tease, but it's all loving-older-brother to adored-younger-sister fun. No, I'm concerned by the Kelleher decision.

SIR MASON

What could possibly concern you about a million dollars for a bottle of wine?

RICHARD

I think Nivanos might pay even more. And since our job is to sell items to the highest bidder --

SIR MASON

(Cutting in)

-- I know you like Nivanos, but I don't. And may I add, I don't trust him either. *

RICHARD

But surely --

SIR MASON

(Sharply)

-- surely the final decision is mine.

RICHARD

(Politely)

As it should be, Father dear.
(He starts to exit and we

--

CUT TO

26.

22 INT. SMALL CASTLE ROOM - NIGHT

22

LUIS, eyes closed, lies in bed. He has been wounded. PHILIPPE kneels beside him finishing bandaging LUIS' stomach. IAN AND JOHN watch, both terribly upset.

JOHN

This was not supposed to happen. *

PHILIPPE

I was just trying to frighten him. *

JOHN

Make damn sure you've stopped the bleeding.

PHILIPPE

He lunged into my knife -- Luis, I'm so upset. *

IAN

Not as upset as Luis, I think.

PHILIPPE

(Done with the bandaging,
he starts to rise)
This is dreadful.

JOHN

We are now a long way from research science.

PHILIPPE

I know.
(Gestures for them all to
leave)
Let him sleep.
(As they exit --

CUT TO

LUIS. He could be dead. No movement whatsoever. The door clicks shut --

-- his eyes pop open. With great effort, he manages to push off the covers. He's pale, in obvious pain. Still, he tries to half sit.

His wound reopens. He glances down as the blood begins to be visible through the bandage. He grimaces, breathes deep. then, as he continues his struggle to get out of bed --

CUT TO

23 INT. ISLE OF SKYE BEDROOM MANOR - NIGHT

23

MARGARET, asleep in her small room at the Manor. The room is deeply shadowed. Wind blows the curtains. MARGARET, restless, tosses and turns, rolls over, and as she faces us we can see that she is wearing what are called "retainers" or "night guards." These are essentially rims of pink plastic with a wire going across the teeth that people wear at night to stop teeth from shifting or grinding. As she gives a little snort and flops back --

CUT TO

THE DOOR TO HER ROOM AS IT OPENS NOISELESSLY AND A CREATURE WE'VE NOT SEEN BEFORE ENTERS.

"Creature" is really the proper word. This guy would have scared Bela Lugosi. Huge and powerful, he has eyes that betray an I.Q. that is lucky if it reaches two figures. He is dressed in work clothes that are tattered. His huge hands are outsized even for him. You get the feeling he could snap your spine the way an ordinary person might blink. He is, in all ways, something out of a nightmare. He is called JAMIE.

He takes a step into the room, closes the door, takes another step and we

QUICK CUT TO

MARGARET, rolling in her sleep, because that last step of JAMIE'S has made a creak and he freezes as she makes some kind of sleep sounds, words we can't understand.

CUT TO

JAMIE, moving closer to the bed now. MARGARET'S eyes are shut, but then his next step causes another creak from the old flooring and as he freezes again --

CUT TO

MARGARET, and this time her eyelids flutter kind of open -- she's facing away from him, but if she rolled over she'd see him for sure and

CUT TO

JAMIE, slowly raising his big hands, ready for anything and

CUT TO

MARGARET, half raising out of bed, blindly reaching for a pillow, grabbing it, falling back asleep again, unaware.

CUT TO

JAMIE, staring down at her. He cannot take his eyes away.

CUT TO

24 INT. ISLE OF SKYE MANOR BEDROOM - DAY

24

THE CURTAINS. It's morning and they're blowing softly and

CUT TO

MARGARET, still asleep, until suddenly a big hand comes into view and shakes her awake and we

CUT TO

MARGARET, CLOSE UP, eyes wide, screaming surprise as we

CUT TO

OLIVER PLEXICO, standing over her bed.

OLIVER

(Shaking her hand)

I'm Oliver Plexico. I'm here for the booze. Hi.

MARGARET

(Fighting to get awake)

What? -- Huh? -- Oh, it's you.

(Blinks)

What are you doing here?

OLIVER

Like I told you, Margaret, it is Margaret isn't it? I'm here for the bug juice. So if you just hand it over, I'll be gone before you know it.

CUT TO

MARGARET. She has become aware, these last moments, of how she must look -- being seen in her retainers is worse than any death. She tries, through the following, to keep her hands from ripping them out of her mouth.

MARGARET

How did you get in?

OLIVER (Cont'd)

The door was open so I walked in.
Look, I'm here for Mr. T.T.
Kelleher who sent me for some
bottle of rotgut. Soon as I have
it, I'll say goodbye and you can go
back to being the international sex
symbol we all know and love.

MARGARET

(Louder)

I'll hand over nothing until I
check your credentials --

(Pointing to the door)

-- in the meantime, get out of my
retainers -- ...room.

(She shoos him out)

25 INT. LIVING ROOM/ISLE OF SKYE MANOR - DAY

25

MARGARET, dressed, alone in the living room on the phone.

MARGARET

Mr. Kelleher actually went for the
million?

CUT TO

25A SIR MASON, in his office.

25A

SIR MASON

He more than went for it. He was
thrilled.

CUT TO

25B THE LANDLADY in her office, eavesdropping as before.

25B

SIR MASON (V.O.)

But he wants to verify the bottle's
authenticity himself.

Suddenly the LANDLADY puts down the phone fast, immediately
gets very busy with some papers as we

CUT TO

OLIVER, watching her. A half-smile on his face. Did he catch her? Nothing shows. He turns away as we

CUT TO

MARGARET, listening on the phone.

SIR MASON (V.O.)

Once he's satisfied, he'll wire the money.

MARGARET

Then this arrogant ass he sent is a legitimate arrogant ass?

(As she says this she glances around --)

CUT TO

OLIVER, standing across the room, the half-smile still on? Did he hear her? Nothing shows.

CUT TO

MARGARET, fluttered, voice low.

MARGARET

Beautiful day in the Highlands, Father, best to Richard, 'bye.

(As she hangs up --)

25C EXT. ISLE OF SKYE MANOR - DAY

25C*

THE ISLE OF SKYE MANOR. THE LANDLADY looks out a window as MARGARET and OLIVER drive off towards the castle.

THE LANDLADY appears at the front door. There are winds blowing now. Maybe the weather is starting to change. She pulls her sweater tight around her, walks outside and turns toward the side of the house.

25D EXT. ISLE OF SKYE MANOR - BACK DOOR - DAY

25D*

THE LANDLADY comes round the corner of the Manor. JAMIE is working on the motor of the car.

LANDLADY

Jamie, it's time. Now, once more, when you get the bottle, what are you going to do?

JAMIE

I take it to the lake, I row to
Grandfather's cabin, and I wait for
you.

LANDLADY

Perfect.

JAMIE

May I kill them?

LANDLADY

(Sighs)

What's a mother to do?

(Thinks)

Only if you have to.

(No, from them --

CUT TO

26 EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

26

THE SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE. MARGARET and OLIVER drive along
in a car. It's another stunner of a day.

MARGARET

What exactly is it that you do for
Mr. Kelleher, that is above and
beyond bottle retrieval?

OLIVER

(Shrugs)

Whatever's necessary.

MARGARET

(So impressed)

Wow. A living, breathing
trouble-shooter, think of that. A
genuine soldier of fortune.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(Beat)

I don't mean to pry, but didn't that occupation go out with Errol Flynn?

OLIVER

Oh no, there are still a couple of us arrogant asses around trying to keep the traditions alive.

MARGARET

And how did you get up here so quickly, Mr. Plexico?

OLIVER

I was in Glasgow on business when he called me, so I flew a chopper up.

MARGARET

"Flew a chopper up?" Very trouble-shootery.

OLIVER

(Suddenly turns to her)

You married?

MARGARET

No. Why?

OLIVER

Just if you were, I figure the poor bastard must be two-foot-six from all the hammering he takes.

CUT TO:

MARGARET. He has zapped her. She bites her lip, guns the car faster.

CUT TO

OLIVER, watching her.

OLIVER

I guess that was rude.

MARGARET

If only I'd been listening.

OLIVER

So, how long till I get my hands on
this vino?

CUT TO

MARGARET AND OLIVER in the car.

MARGARET

Mr. Plex -- that's so formal --
(Glances at him)
-- may I call you Oliver?

OLIVER

Sure, Maggie. *

MARGARET

Then may I just suggest, Oliver
that if you ever refer to the
Lafite as "vino" again, you'll be
making the rest of this trip on
foot, is that quite clear? Or
"booze" or "red-eye" or "rot-gut"
or any other synonyms your small
square mind comes up with. It is
wine, the most valuable bottle ever
discovered and since it is my
discovery, I am somewhat proud. *

OLIVER

I'm a beer guy myself.

MARGARET

What a surprise.

OLIVER

What's so valuable about this wine
anyway? It's just something to
drink. Old gatorade doesn't get
valuable.

CUT TO

MARGARET. There is emotion behind what she says here -- she
cares.

MARGARET

This undoubtedly will be shocking
news to you, but wine is made from
grapes.

OLIVER

Really? Since when? *

32A.

MARGARET

Each year's harvest is called a vintage, and each century produces perhaps two or three great vintages. But 1811, is a bit beyond greatness. It is the most legendary year in the history of wine...

*

Now from MARGARET'S face --

27 EXT. CASTLE - DAY

27

THE CASTLE, as seen from the water, a different angle. It's still enormous.

CUT TO

MARGARET driving up, and as she and OLIVER get out of her car.

27A EXT. ROAD NEAR CASTLE - DAY

27A*

JAMIE sitting in his car watching the above. He drives out of frame. *

28 INT. CELLAR STAIRS - DAY

28

THE CELLAR STAIRS as we saw before as MARGARET and OLIVER descend. MARGARET shines her flashlight ahead of them.

CUT TO

MARGARET, pulling the trapdoor open, leading OLIVER down.

29 INT. INNER ROOM IN WINE CELLAR - DAY

29

THE BOX. It is smeared red --

MARGARET

(Upset and hurrying to it)

If the bottle's been broken I'll just die --

(Seeing it isn't)

Oh, thank God.

OLIVER

(As she opens the box lid, looking around)

Jesus, that's one helluva big bottle. *

CUT TO

OLIVER taking her arm, pointing the flashlight to another part of the room and now, quickly --

CUT TO

THE LARGE AND ANCIENT BABY CARRIAGE. Sprawled across it, bloody and very dead, is LUIS.

OLIVER
 (Spotting the body)
 Hello...
 (As in "What do we have here"?)

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET

She has never been close to violent death and the words come hard. You get the feeling OLIVER'S been there before. He studies the DEAD MAN.

MARGARET
 (Whispered)
 You think it was murder?

OLIVER
 (Nods)
 It wasn't gout.
 (MARGARET is shaking. He starts to put an arm around her, stops, looks at her. She hesitates, then nods. He puts an arm around her as we --

30 INT. CASTLE - DAY

30

Staircase and landing. PHILIPPE, JOHN and IAN are in fast whispered conversation.

PHILIPPE
 They're waiting in the living room.
 I told them the inspector would be here momentarily.

JOHN
 You should never have let them all in with Luis missing.

*

PHILIPPE

How wise you are now, John -- I didn't want a confrontation, especially since what they came for was one bottle of wine -- in, out and gone -- allow me to second guess you next time.

(Turns to IAN)

Ian, please, they're waiting for you.

IAN

(Nervous, to PHILIPPE)

I'll make a fool of myself -- I haven't the least notion of how to be a police inspector.

PHILIPPE

(Gently)

Ian -- they don't know how Scottish Inspectors behave either -- Just question them quickly and don't arouse suspicion.

31 INT. CASTLE LIVING ROOM - DAY

31

THE GIGANTIC CASTLE LIVING ROOM AND OLIVER, sitting in an overstuffed chair, drumming his fingers. PHILIPPE stands behind him.

IAN and MARGARET are seated near the blazing fireplace. IAN has a notebook, constantly scribbles in it.

IAN

Let me get this clear. You found him after you opened the box, or before?

MARGARET

After.

IAN

I see. Well thank you for your help. It was indispensable.

MARGARET

That's it? Don't you want to ask me any more questions?

IAN

Of course -- but this is all so complicated, it's difficult at the moment to know what to ask.

MARGARET

Well, I told you I thought the blood might be wine and --

IAN

You did. And I consider that a most intriguing clue.

(Scribbles as he gestures to PHILIPPE)

Some water, if you please.

(Whispered)

Can't we just get them out of here now?

PHILIPPE

(Whispered back)

Not till you've questioned them both --

PHILIPPE goes to a water pitcher, pours --

CUT TO

IAN. He goes to OLIVER.

IAN

Mr. Plexico, perhaps you can shed some additional light on this. Tell me everything that happened, from your viewpoint, from beginning to end.

OLIVER

(Like a shot)

We found this stiff.

IAN

(Like a shot right back)
Excellent, I think that's more than
satisfactory. I'll need your
addresses.

(Hand out to shake)

Goodbye and bless you both.

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET, writing their addresses on pieces of
paper.

OLIVER

Inspector?

IAN

Yes.

OLIVER

If I ever turn to a life of crime,
I'm heading straight back here.

(As he hands the paper
over --

CUT TO

THE WINE BOTTLE IN THE BOX. It stands by the room entrance.
MARGARET and OLIVER move to it.

OLIVER

I'd love to help, but I'm not
supposed to lift anything.

(She looks at him)

Lower back.

MARGARET

(Lifting the bottle)

Great, I got Errol Flynn with a
slipped disc.

OLIVER

Actually, it's more of a spasm
thing.

PHILIPPE

(Picking up the box)

Please, allow me.

CUT TO

32 EXT. CASTLE - DAY

32

PHILIPPE, and no butler was ever more helpful as he hurries to the car, MARGARET opens the door for him to put the wine in.

CUT TO

MARGARET, smiles gratefully and as he puts the box in --

CUT TO

PHILIPPE. CLOSE UP. Staring.

CUT TO

THE BOX that PHILIPPE is putting in the car. There is some scrawling on one side. In French; a lot of writing. Plus this:

A chain of circles all with three letters inside each circle, the same kind of letter-within-circles as the formula. PHILIPPE only sees this after the box is inside the car.

39/40.

CUT TO

PHILIPPE standing there staring as MARGARET hurries to the driver's side, gets in, starts the car.

CUT TO

THE CAR, moving away as we

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, hurrying back toward the house and

CUT TO

33 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

33

IAN has been joined by JOHN now.

IAN

(Mopping his forehead)
I couldn't have taken much more --
thank God it's over --

PHILIPPE

-- it hasn't begun -- we need that
box -- get the car.

JOHN

Why?

CUT TO

PHILIPPE. CLOSE UP.

PHILIPPE

Before he died, I think Luis
scrawled the rest of the formula on
the outside.

(Now from them --

CUT TO

34 OMIT

34*

35 OMIT

35*

41.

36 EXT./INT. CAR AT AIRSTRIP - DAY 36

THE BOX WITH THE WINE BOTTLE INSIDE. It rests in the back seat of MARGARET'S car.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

OLIVER and MARGARET, seated in the front as up ahead, the Skye airstrip stands pretty much deserted. One closed shack in the center. Not much else. Except, of course, a very impressive looking helicopter.

CUT TO

37 EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY 37

THE HELICOPTER, as MARGARET drives onto the airstrip, pulls her little Mini up alongside the plane.

OLIVER

Pull up close as you can.

MARGARET

Is that Mr. Kelleher's?

OLIVER

Rented. His jet's is getting lubed up at Glasgow International. *

CUT TO

OLIVER, getting out, going to the helicopter door, getting it open, making room in the back for the box to be slid in on the floor.

CUT TO

MARGARET, watching him. Then she opens her car door, pulls the front seat forward, making the box easier to get to.

CUT TO

OLIVER, working briskly, then quickly looking around, taking a last glance at MARGARET.

CUT TO

MARGARET, working briskly too, removes the box from the car, then doing the same thing, grabbing a final glance at OLIVER. Except by the time she does her move, he's already back at his labors, so she doesn't know he looked at her.

MARGARET takes a breath, then calls over to him:

MARGARET
Mr. Plexico?

OLIVER
Within earshot, Miss Harwood.

MARGARET
(Awkward, not knowing how
to say goodbye)
Uh...on behalf of Harwood's, I
sincerely hope Mr. Kelleher will be
pleased with this rare and
extraordinary acquisition.

OLIVER
(Twinkle in his eye)
I enjoyed spending time with you,
too Maggie.

MARGARET
(Seeing something)
Oliver!

OLIVER
(Not seeing)
Yes, Maggie?

CUT TO

JAMIE, racing from behind the helicopter, a large pistol in his right hand which he brings crashing down on the side of OLIVER'S HEAD and as OLIVER slumps to the cement airstrip.

CUT TO

MARGARET, crying out in surprise as she sees JAMIE grabbing the giant box, lifting it as if it were a feather and

CUT TO

JAMIE, holding the box cradled in one arm and as MARGARET rushes at him, he doesn't even break stride as he backhands her hard across the face and she sprawls down onto the airstrip and

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET, both of them stunned on the ground as JAMIE starts away, but them

CUT TO

43.

JAMIE, as abruptly he stops, suddenly wheels around, gun in hand, aims and --

MARGARET AND OLIVER next to each other and helpless, the gun pointed dead at them. For an instant, neither of them does anything.

OLIVER

This is the shitty part about being
a soldier of fortune --

(And as he says that, he
moves front of MARGARET,
shielding her)

CUT TO

JAMIE, expertly firing his pistol, huge sounds in the still
Scottish air -- BLAM -- BLAM -- BLAM --

-- MARGARET screams at the sound, but he keeps on firing --
emptying his pistol. Then he turns and takes off as we

CUT TO

MARGARET AND OLIVER on the ground; no wounds.

MARGARET

(Thank God)

He missed.

OLIVER

No, he just missed us --
(And as he points --

CUT TO

MARGARET'S CAR. Both her rear tires have been ripped into
uselessness by his bullets. Now

CUT TO

44.

38 OMIT (NOW MOVED TO 39A)

38*

39 EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

39

OLIVER AND MARGARET. He was clubbed on the head and it doesn't show. Her face, however is red, for now, from the blow she received.

OLIVER

Are you okay?

MARGARET

Medium.

OLIVER

Good, let's go before he gets too far.

MARGARET

Oh no...not me...not in that.

CUT TO

THE HELICOPTER, as he goes to it, glances back at her; she hasn't moved.

CUT TO

OLIVER, getting into the helicopter.

OLIVER

Look -- you say this wine's important to you. Well, I don't want to lose it either. Now you can come with me or not, but you gotta decide now.

CUT TO

MARGARET. She hesitates, takes a deep breath and starts toward the helicopter.

39A EXT. HILL ABOVE THE AIRSTRIP - DAY

39A*

PHILIPPE and IAN, standing beside a Scots registered Range Rover. JOHN, is seated inside. The car is parked off the road on a hill above the airstrip.

PHILIPPE
(Handing the binoculars
to IAN)
Recognize the fellow?

CUT TO

JAMIE, by his car now, as seen through the binoculars. He puts the box in, clambers in himself, guns his car along the airstrip toward the connecting road that leads to the road beyond.

IAN (V.O.)
I do, yes. The lad's a menace.
I'm surprised they let him out of
jail again -- Lives with his mother
at the little inn we passed.

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, watching as JAMIE'S car turns onto the main road, starts driving away.

PHILIPPE
Could he have planned this himself?

IAN
(Through binoculars now)
Doubtful. He's not noted for his
planning ability.
(He hurries around to the
driver's side of the
Range Rover. PHILIPPE
stands as before)
Shouldn't we go after him?

CUT TO

JAMIE'S CAR, speeding away.

45A.

PHILIPPE

I think instead we might pay a little visit to the mother and see if we can't convince her to tell us where he's going.

(Smiles)

I find knowing the destination takes so much of the guesswork out of pursuit.

*

46,

CUT TO

INT. HELICOPTER, OLIVER straps MARGARET in.

MARGARET

These things seem so flimsy to me.

OLIVER

I know. It's amazing they even
get off the ground.

CUT TO

THE BLADES, slowly starting to turn.

MARGARET

Are you a good pilot?

OLIVER

My instructor thinks I'm promising.

40 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

40

40A THE HELICOPTER starting to rise through the afternoon light.

40A

CUT TO

40B THE CAR FERRY just about to reach the mainland of Scotland.

40B

CUT TO

40C OLIVER AND MARGARET, looking down.

40C

OLIVER

Great.

MARGARET

What's wrong?

OLIVER

(Pointing down to a
number of similar-looking
cars)

Which one is he?

CUT TO

46A.

40D THE CAR FERRY, seen from above now, with maybe a dozen cars 40D
on it. All of them look alike, British Morrisies or
something similar.

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET, looking down still.

CUT TO

THE CAR FERRY, as it ties up at the mainland and OLIVER'S meaning comes clear -- there are not many roads in northern Scotland, but at this particular point, being an important debarkation area, there are three. You can either turn right, which means south toward eventual civilization; turn left, which is even more bleak and forlorn; or go straight ahead.

And OLIVER'S problem is that some cars choose each of the three directions.

41	INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY	41
41A	<u>OMIT</u>	41A
41B	MARGARET AND OLIVER	41B

OLIVER

Nothing we can do but buzz them
until we spot him.

(Looks at MARGARET a
moment)

You may not find this very
comfortable.

(and on that --)

THE HELICOPTER dropping straight down toward the ground like
a stone and

MARGARET, holding her stomach, doing her best and

CUT TO

42	INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY	42
42A	<u>OMIT</u>	42A
42B	A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN with a car full of kiddies and as she looks left, she gives a little shriek, as what should be alongside her but a helicopter.	42B

48,

OLIVER
That's not our guy.
(And as he touches the
controls --)

CUT TO

THE COPTER, as OLIVER stops it on a dime, goes veering off after another car -- if it isn't clear yet it should be, by the way: The man is a marvellous pilot.

43 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY 43

43A OMIT 43A

43B AN OLD FARMER in another car, startled as this helicopter appears alongside. 43B

OLIVER AND MARGARET.

OLIVER
That's not him either.
(And as he moves the
controls and the copter
starts to rise --)

CUT TO

44 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY 44

44A OMIT 44A

44B JAMIE, firing his pistol at the helicopter that has suddenly appeared at his left and as he blasts away. 44B

OLIVER and MARGARET getting the hell out of range.

OLIVER
That could be him. *

MARGARET
(Excited)
And he's trapped.

OLIVER
(Turning to her)
He is?

MARGARET

He isn't?

OLIVER

Not unless he gets out of the car and surrenders. The truth is, all we can do is follow him.

MARGARET

Follow him? I would have thought a genuine trouble-shooter could have come up with something a little better than that.

OLIVER

What do you want me to do, fly above his roof and hover him to death?

45 INT./EXT/ HELICOPTER - DAY

45

45A OMIT

45A

JAMIE'S CAR. It's heading East. Not a whole lot of traffic.

MARGARET AND OLIVER, high above in the helicopter, watching the car drive along.

This is not a travelogue, but it ought to be mentioned that the Highlands we are flying over are pretty spectacular at ground level; from up here, they are a good deal more than that.

46 OMIT

46

46A OMIT

46A

46B THE VALLEY JUST AHEAD - HEAVY CLOUD

46B

JAMIE'S CAR, going over a pass, entering the valley ahead. And getting hard to see.

OLIVER AND MARGARET IN THE COPTER. They squint down, but it's just a bitch trying to track the car.

OLIVER

It's getting a little hard to see him. We're gonna have to go down low.

MARGARET

Okay... You know, I'm starting to feel a lot more relaxed in this thing.

OLIVER

Good.

CUT TO

THE HELICOPTER makes a sharp swoop down toward the car. MARGARET gives out a yelp.

CUT TO

JAMIE'S CAR, visible easily again.

CUT TO

OLIVER, flying along, keeping the car easily in sight.

CUT TO

The car, now hidden by low cloud.

CUT TO

OLIVER, patiently keeping to course, waiting. Now --

CUT TO

THE CAR, visible again.

CUT TO

MARGARET. CLOSE UP -- SCREAMING "OLIVER, JESUS" as we

CUT TO

A MOUNTAIN OF SOME SIZE looming just ahead.

CUT TO

OLIVER, at the controls, trying to stop before he crashes and

CUT TO

THE MOUNTAIN, really close and getting closer and

CUT TO

MARGARET, and she knows she's just about to die and

CUT TO

OLIVER, working his tail off and

CUT TO

THE MOUNTAIN, dead ahead --

HOLD ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Then -- the copter slowly begins to rise above it. The mountain gets no closer. As the realization dawns that they are going to survive.

47 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

47

47A OMIT

47A

47B INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

47B

OLIVER

We're gonna have to head down into it again, you know.

(Pointing to the glove compartment)

Hand me my prayer beads.

MARGARET

Oliver -- I do not want you to think of me as a negative force -- but it crosses my mind that perhaps flying through unfamiliar mountains in heavy cloud could be considered by some less adventurous than I, to be dangerous.

OLIVER

I don't see it becoming the new national pastime.

MARGARET

Well then, why don't we rise above the cloud?

OLIVER
Sure, we can do that.

CUT TO

OLIVER as he shifts the controls and they start to climb higher and higher and

MARGARET, as the cloud ends beneath the plane. She looks up at the sky a moment, then down -- nothing but cloud.

MARGARET
I can't see the car.

OLIVER
Forget the car -- you can't see the earth.
(and with that, he starts down into the cloud again as we --

48 EXT. FERRY LANDING SKYE - DAY 48

THE FERRY AT SKYE. The Range Rover drives off. IAN at the wheel. PHILLIPE and JOHN with him. The car turns, taking the same road JAMIE took.

49 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY 49

49A OMIT 49A

49B THE HELICOPTER FLYING ALONG. It's later, the clouds have cleared. 49B

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER. MARGARET, at last, seems relaxed.

OLIVER
Oh, swell.

MARGARET
What?

OLIVER
Ever since we took off, I've been
wondering why our friend let us
take off. Now I know why.
(As he points to --)

THE GAS GAUGE, dropping rapidly toward "E".

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET.

OLIVER
It seems he tampered with the fuel
supply.

MARGARET
It's empty?

OLIVER
(Indicating the gas gauge
again)
That's traditionally what the "E"
stands for.

CUT TO

THE HELICOPTER. The blades suddenly begin to whirl
erratically, suddenly slow, then back again to what has been
normal and

CUT TO

THE COCKPIT, AND OLIVER doing his damndest to get lower --
MARGARET, need it be said, isn't so relaxed anymore.

CUT TO

THE HELICOPTER going down, but then the blades are erratic
again and the machine actually drops straight down like a
stone and then, after a long beat, the blades begin to turn
another time and

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET IN THE COCKPIT.

OLIVER
Maggie!

MARGARET
What -- what is it?

OLIVER

You ought to know this -- the first time I laid eyes on you, back at the tasting, I wanted to sleep with you --

(MARGARET is silent)

I'm sure you had similar feelings?

(MARGARET remains silent)

You must have felt something.

MARGARET

Are you serious? Me sleep with you? You're not even in the ballpark. I need a kind man, a tender man --

CUT TO

THE HELICOPTER, falling and CUT TO OLIVER, doing his best -- he's a wonderful pilot but he's not winning this one --

MARGARET

(Going right on)

-- a man whose very being is brimming over with sensitivity --

OLIVER

-- okay, forget I brought it up --

MARGARET

(Not missing a beat)

-- a man who can be a friend as well as a lover --

OLIVER

(Cutting in)

-- Jesus, there's more --

MARGARET

-- a man not afraid to show me his vulnerability, a man who knows that physical beauty fades, while beauty of the soul --

CUT TO

THE PLANE, falling faster now --

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET and he's sweating --

MARGARET

(And now, panic rising)
-- are we going to die?

OLIVER

I think maybe.

CUT TO

MARGARET. Hesitates. Then --

MARGARET

Okay. I wanted you, too.

OLIVER

(Again the plane drops)
Hold the good thought --
(And as he concentrates
totally on the
controls --)

CUT TO

THE PLANE DROPPING AND

CUT TO

OLIVER, fighting his controls and

CUT TO

THE HELICOPTER, and the blade turns a little, stops, turns
again, stops again and

CUT TO

OLIVER, working like a madman, giving it everything he's got
and

CUT TO

MARGARET, white with terror, and now, suddenly, from her --

50 EXT. FARM PASTURE - DAY

50

SOMETHING ELSE THAT'S WHITE -- a large herd of sheep beside
an old farmhouse. Now, from above, comes a roaring sound.

Now these are sheep, and they don't know a helicopter from a threshing machine, but they hear something up there and as they kind of start to stir --

CUT TO

50A INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

50A

THE LIT WINDOW AND A FARMER suddenly appears. He looks up, throws the window open, and the roaring sound grows louder and

CUT TO

THE SHEEP and now they're a lot more than just kind of stirring -- the noise from the sky is tremendous --

CUT TO

THE FARMER

CUT TO

THE HELICOPTER, dropping from the sky and

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET, bent over into crash position and

CUT TO

THE SHEEP, bolting in all directions and

CUT TO

THE HELICOPTER FALLING, FALLING AND

CUT TO .

THE SHEEP, RACING AWAY AND

CUT TO

THE HELICOPTER CRASHING TO EARTH --

-- hard --

-- the rotator blades crack and splinter -- -- the machine bounces --

-- bounces again. And then tilts over to one side. HOLD ON the sudden dead silence.

51 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

51

OLIVER AND MARGARET. Neither of them moves. Then OLIVER opens an eye, reaches slowly out, gently nudges her. her head slowly turns and she looks at him with some amazement.

MARGARET

I can't believe we're alive...

OLIVER

(Nods)

Well, Scotland's always been known as a soft country.

(She shoots him a look)

You know ... with the heather and everything. It cushions.

CUT TO

THE GROUND as he manages to open the door on his side, stands, and helps her out.

52 EXT. PASTURE - DAY

52

THE FARMER, furious, holding an enormous shotgun in his hands. He says something, but his accent is so thick, it's hard for us to get what he meant.

CUT TO

MARGARET AND OLIVER, staring at the gun.

OLIVER

What did he say?

MARGARET

(Translating)

Your flying machine has broken his house and frightened his sheep. *

OLIVER

Oh.

FARMER

Yah doomb bahh-stard.

MARGARET

(Translating)

You dumb bastard.

OLIVER
I got that part.
(Moves to the FARMER,
speaks distinctly)
We-are-chasing-a-thief-and-we-need-a
-car- can-you-help-us?

FARMER
(Nods and smiles)
Ye have the look a' good honest
people.
(OLIVER is pleased)
Good honest rich people.
(And from that --)

53 EXT. NARROW ROAD - DAY

53

In the distance now, we hear the chugga-chugga-chugga- sound of a car motor -- it might be Jack Benny's Maxwell. HOLD FINALLY, OLIVER and MARGARET's CAR comes into view. It is black. It's an Austin and it actually might be as old as Jack Benny's Maxwell --

-- it is also half the size of a Volkswagen Beetle.

All in all though, it seems to be making surprisingly good time.

CUT TO

INSIDE THE TINY CAR. In their child-star days, Mickey Rooney and Shirley Temple might have fit with some degree of comfort. OLIVER and MARGARET, however, are not the least comfortable, all scrunched, knees sticking up.

54 EXT. ROAD/SCOTLAND - DAY

54

THE AUSTIN zooming down a steep hill. As it reaches the bottom and starts up, it slows perceptibly and there is the distinct sound of motor strain.

CUT TO

OLIVER, shifting gears expertly as they drive along.

MARGARET
Do you think there's any chance of
finding him?

59.

OLIVER

(Nods)

He's as good as ours -- I know that because I have a deep understanding of the criminal mind. I've spent years studying the neurotic underpinning that makes the sociopathic mentality so different from ours.

MARGARET

In other words, you have no idea.

OLIVER

(Nods)

Exactly.

(As he drives ahead --

55 OMIT

55

56 EXT. HUGE HILL - DAY (LATE)

56

The Austin sounds as if death is imminent.

CUT TO

INSIDE THE CAR. OLIVER is working the gear shift like Toscanini. MARGARET stares out.

57 EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY (LATE)

57

THE ROAD.

JAMIE'S car, with a punctured front tire, has been pulled off to one side. The chugga-chugga of the Austin is heard and the instant it comes into view --

CUT TO

TO OLIVER slamming on the brakes and throwing the door open.

OLIVER

(As he runs to the other car--)

There's his car.

CUT TO

THE GROUND by the car. OLIVER takes the flashlight, MARGARET holds her satchel. The ground shows no marks at all.

MARGARET
(distraught)
We've lost him.

OLIVER
(Jubilant)
Wrong, we found him -- look --
(And he points the light
to the ground)

MARGARET
I don't see anything.

OLIVER
Of course you don't. It has to do
with the neurotic underpinning.
(And on that he dashes
off into the mist)

MARGARET hesitates a moment, then starts after him.

58 EXT. RUNNING THROUGH FIELD - DAY (LATE)

58

MARGARET, running along. She can't keep up. She hesitates again, but only briefly -- then she drops her satchel, leaves it behind, immediately begins moving faster.

59 EXT. PASTURE - DAY (LATE)

59

THE CRASHED HELICOPTER in the farmer's yard.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

THE RANGE ROVER pulling up, pausing. PHILIPPE, JOHN and IAN. They study it briefly, then IAN drives silently on as we

CUT TO

60 EXT. HILLTOP ABOVE LOCH NESS - EVENING

60

THE CREST OF A HILL as OLIVER and MARGARET race toward it. It's evening.

They reach the top of the hill -- -- and there, down at the bottom of the hill is a large loch.

-- and between the crest of the hill and the loch

JAMIE, carrying the heavy box with the bottle inside. He is panting, going slower and slower.

OLIVER
Well, there's our boy.

CUT TO

JAMIE, staring back up the hill, seeing OLIVER and MARGARET and he curses, starts going faster and

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET, chasing down the hill.

CUT TO

61 EXT. LOCH NESS SHORE - EVENING

61

THE LOCH. There is a mist, but not so much that we can't see that near the shore, a number of rowboats are moored.

CUT TO

JAMIE, looking back again, stumbling, almost dropping the bottle, managing at the last minute not to, righting himself, hurrying on toward the lake and as he does

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET running.

OLIVER
Try and keep up.

Now, as he watches, she sprints past him. He can't believe it --

CUT TO

JAMIE, full out now, and as he gets closer and closer to the rowboats --

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET and he's sucked it up, gotten back even with her and they're gaining, but CUT TO

JAMIE and he's huge, sure, and what he's carrying isn't easy, true, but he knows he's going to win, you can see it in his dull eyes as we

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET, not gaining as much as they need to and JAMIE as he reaches the edge of the lake, jumps into the nearest of the bunch of rowboats. They are loosely roped to a dock but he rips the ropes loose, begins rowing frantically away from shore as we

62 EXT. DOCKS LOCH NESS - EVENING

62

OLIVER AND MARGARET, closing in on the rowboats themselves.

CUT TO

JAMIE, from their point of view, as he continues his awkward rowing motion, and he wastes a lot of energy and makes a lot of noise, but the main thing is, as he gets farther from the shore, the mist has him and he's hard to keep track of and

CUT TO

OLIVER, helping MARGARET into rowboat, casting off, starting to row into the mist-shrouded lake.

CUT TO

JAMIE. Or rather, where he was. He's gone now.

63 EXT. LOCH NESS - EVENING

63

OLIVER, rowing with great skill and precision, very much a man who knows exactly what he's doing.

MARGARET

(Glancing around)

I've never seen Loch Ness so quiet before.

OLIVER

Loch Ness? The Loch Ness?

MARGARET

Yes.

OLIVER

Great, maybe we'll catch the monster. You know a lot about wine -- what do you serve with monster, red or white?

MARGARET

Just row.

HOLD

THEIR BOAT leaves the frame. We are looking down into the water, and for the briefest moment we see a flickering LIGHT.

64 EXT. LOCH NESS - NIGHT

64

OLIVER, rowing. MARGARET, watching, starts to speak --

OLIVER

(Sharply)

-- shh --

(and as she shuts up, he
cocks his head,
listening, and --

MARGARET

(Whispering)

The fog is as thick as pea soup.
(OLIVER looks at her
quizzically)
I've always wanted to say that.

CUT TO

THE MIST. Off to one side, JAMIE'S rowing sounds can be heard and

CUT TO

OLIVER, shifting directions quickly, rowing faster, then suddenly again stopping, lifting the oars out so there's silence and CUT TO

THE MIST. Again, the rowing sounds. Closer now.

CUT TO

OLIVER, rowing, rowing. Then as he takes his oars out again and listens --

CUT TO

THE MIST. Only this time there is no rowing sound. Just silence.

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET. Tension is high. OLIVER waits. Then off in a slightly different direction comes the rowing sounds again he shifts, tracks it and

CUT TO

THE MIST. Silence again.

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET. Listening. The silence is telling on MARGARET. She shifts in the boat, moving close to OLIVER. Their boat continues to drift silently as OLIVER desperately tries to hear where their quarry is and

CUT TO

THE MIST, just ahead of them -- some kind of quiet sound. They both stare toward it. It seemed very close and as their tension builds

CUT TO

THE MIST BEHIND THEM, as JAMIE glides into view, one oar raised like a giant club and

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET, turning at the last second, facing JAMIE and as MARGARET cries out and half rises --

CUT TO

JAMIE swinging the oar with everything he has and MARGARET'S between him and OLIVER but OLIVER manages to shove her down out of the path of the blow and

CUT TO

OLIVER, as the oar lands on his head, stunning and spinning him out of the boat and

CUT TO

THE SURFACE OF LOCH NESS, as OLIVER lands like a stone and, like a stone, sinks from sight.

65 EXT. LOCH NESS NIGHT

65

JAMIE, staring at MARGARET now.

CUT TO

MARGARET, in her boat, trying like hell to get away from him but

CUT TO

JAMIE, as, for the first time, he makes a smile -- it's not a happy sight and

CUT TO

MARGARET, trying to make the oars obey her but

CUT TO

JAMIE. He simply reaches out with his oar, jams it over the side of MARGARET'S boat, pulls her closer and

CUT TO

MARGARET, as JAMIE has her boat alongside now and reaches out for her -- she's still got her flashlight and she tries to defend herself but

CUT TO

OLIVER, erupting out of the water like he's been goddam jet-propelled, swinging himself into the boat with MARGARET and JAMIE and

CUT TO

JAMIE, throwing MARGARET roughly aside, starting another swing with his oar only this time

CUT TO

OLIVER, and he's ready, ducks beneath the blow, creams JAMIE with a terrible elbow smash into the solar plexus

CUT TO

OLIVER AND JAMIE, both of them losing balance now, one from taking a blow, one from delivering it, because they're fighting, after all, in a rowboat which is tippy enough when you're just sitting there and

CUT TO

MARGARET, watching, suddenly crying out "Don't" as we

CUT TO

JAMIE, and he has grabbed the box with the wine bottle and raised it right above his head but just before he can bring it crashing down --

CUT TO

OLIVER, diving at the bigger man and for the moment they seem almost to be frozen -- then they topple out of the boat locked together, THE BOX, JAMIE, AND OLIVER.

CUT TO

MARGARET, staring, stunned, as they disappear beneath the water. She tries to see down but they're too deep, so she's alone with not much to do but wait and wait. Behind her, without seeing it, there is the LIGHT. Closer than before.

65A OMIT

65A

66 EXT. LOCH NESS - NIGHT

66

MARGARET, spinning around as a MAN surfaces not far from her. It's OLIVER, exhausted. He swims to her, rests for a moment holding to the side of the boat. He's whipped and chilled.

OLIVER

He wasn't much of a swimmer, but he had a hell of a grip on the box. I couldn't pry it loose.

MARGARET

I'll get it -- you just rest here.

CUT TO

67 EXT. LOCH NESS - NIGHT

67

MARGARET, flashlight in hand, dives expertly into the water and disappears.

CUT TO

OLIVER. Staring at where she's disappeared.

CUT TO

OLIVER
(Muttering to himself)
Fine, I'll rest here...fine.
She's down there risking her life,
and I'm resting.

CUT TO

OLIVER. CLOSE UP. Just hanging on the side of the rowboat,
panting. There is a pause. Then --

OLIVER
I can't do this.
(And down he goes
underwater after her)

68 EXT. LOCH NESS - NIGHT

68

JAMIE, CLOSE UP AND DEAD. He lies, eyes wide, on the bottom
of Loch Ness. The box with the bottle inside is still
clutched in his arms. CUT TO

MARGARET. A strong swimmer. Lit flashlight in hand, she
kicks along, trying to find what she's looking for.

CUT TO

OLIVER, swimming down as best he can.

CUT TO

MARGARET, as she sees the corpse, hesitates a moment --
that's two in less than twenty-four hours and this one looks
worse than the guy in the wine cellar as we

CUT TO

JAMIE. His hair is waving slightly under the water. For a
moment it almost looked as if he was about to blink and
reach out and grab her and

CUT TO

MARGARET, screwing her courage, swimming quickly to him,
starting to free the box, which means touching the corpse.

CUT TO

OLIVER, swimming along, spots her down below him.

CUT TO

MARGARET, breath starting to be a problem now, not to mention the fact that she's tense enough being right next to the wide-eyed corpse, but now she's got a good grip on the box and

CUT TO

MARGARET. CLOSE UP. And panicked as a hand grabs her -- she swipes out wildly at it --

CUT TO

OLIVER, who is the one right beside her and he ducks her blow, indicates that it's him and

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET as they both work feverishly together now, pulling the box and bottle free from JAMIE as we

CUT TO

THE LIGHT, coming toward them from behind -- it's a good distance away but it's moving as they work until finally the box is loose and they look up --

CUT TO

THE LIGHT, MOVING IN FASTER AND FASTER

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET. CLOSE UP. AND THEY SEE IT NOW AND JESUS they start swimming frantically up, OLIVER with the box, falling more and more behind and

CUT TO

THE LIGHT, relentlessly closing in and

CUT TO

MARGARET, stopping, turning back, kicking down till she can grab part of the box. Then as the two of them resume their way

CUT TO

THE SURFACE OF LOCH NESS, as they burst into view, gasping, panicked and as they head for the nearest rowboat-- CUT TO

THE ROWBOAT, and it seems to be drifting away and

CUT TO

68A OLIVER AND MARGARET, sharing the box, kicking and stroking with everything they have left as we

68A

CUT TO

A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN, ALBERT, with a North Country accent. He is riding atop the water in a one-man submarine. the LIGHT we've been seeing is the headlight of the sub.

ALBERT

Are you from the London Times or the National Geographic?

OLIVER

(At the nearest rowboat now)

Excuse me?

ALBERT

They've both been trying to find the monster, too. BBC here -- love to chat, but these are precious moments -- Nessie likes the dusk, you know.

*

CUT TO

THE ONE-MAN SUB. Slowly it submerges into the waters of Loch Ness. Now, from a final glimpse of the LIGHT --

69 EXT. LOCH NESS INN - MIDNIGHT

69

A LODGE on the edge of the lake. It is called, according to the sign out front, THE LOCH NESS INN.

*

CUT TO

70 OMIT

70

71 OMIT

71*

71A INT. MARGARET'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

71A

She is luxuriating in a hot bath.

71B INT. LOCH NESS INN - OLIVER'S ROOM - NIGHT

71B

OLIVER is in a towel. He crosses past a door that joins his room to MARGARET'S. The door is open several inches.

OLIVER

(Calling into her room)

Are you all right in there?

CUT TO

71C INT. MARGARET'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

71C

MARGARET

(Reflexively covering herself even though she can't be seen)

Fine.

OLIVER (V.O.)

Can I bring you anything?

MARGARET

I'm okay.

*

OLIVER

Some...anything?

*

MARGARET

No thanks.

*

CUT TO

72 INT. OLIVER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

72

OLIVER

Well, if you need anything, I'm
right here.

*

OLIVER crosses into his bathroom turns off the water and
gets in the tub.

INTERCUT shots of MARGARET and OLIVER, relaxing and
daydreaming in their respective tubs. Maybe they're
daydreaming about each other.

MAGGIE adds a little hot water into her tub.

CUT TO

OLIVER hears a noise.

OLIVER

(Yells next door)
Maggie, is that you?

MARGARET

What?

OLIVER

I thought I heard something.

MARGARET

What?

Obviously nothing. OLIVER relaxes and glances out the
window.

CUT TO

73 EXT. LOCH NESS INN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

73

OUTSIDE, and TWO OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CASTLE GANG -- IAN
and JOHN -- are hurrying away from the LODGE. JOHN carries
the large box that holds the wine bottle.

CUT TO

THEIR RANGE ROVER. As they approach it --

OLIVER (V.O.)
Hold it right there --

CUT TO

OLIVER, barefoot on sharp gravel, clad only in his towel, walking gingerly away from the hotel up to them.

OLIVER
Where do you think you're going
with that?

IAN
-- upon further investigation I
decided it was a crucial clue and
must be returned to the castle.

OLIVER
Right, that's a clue, you're a
police inspector, and I'm Herve
Villechaize.

THE FAT SCOT
What?

OLIVER
You know, the little guy on
"Fantasy Island."

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, behind him. Immaculately dressed, the butler's costume long gone. He wears a grey homburg hat, a perfectly pressed grey suit, carries a very expensive briefcase of the finest leather.

And what he does with his briefcase is this -- he swings it as hard as he can, catching OLIVER between his legs.

CUT TO

OLIVER. There is a delayed reaction to this kind of thing. He reaches for his groin.

OLIVER
 (Muttering)
 That's gonna hurt...
 (A pause -- then --)
 ... Yeah, there it is ...
 (And he falls)

CUT TO

THE GANG WATCHING as OLIVER lies there, quietly writhing.
 They get in the car and drive off.

74 INT. CORRIDOR/LOCH NESS INN - NIGHT

74

OLIVER, walking slowly down the corridor toward his hotel
 room. The door is open. As he enters his room

CUT TO

MARGARET in a robe, towelling her hair.

MARGARET
 (Ignoring his condition)
 Oh, there you are. I phoned London
 and explained about our little
 overnight detour, but I assured
 them the bottle was now totally
 secure, and is there some reason
 you're walking funny?

OLIVER
 The bottle's gone. Those guys from
 the castle just stole it.

MARGARET
 Don't be ridiculous. It's in my
 room.
 (She enters her room,
 OLIVER follows)

75 INT. MARGARET'S ROOM/LOCH NESS INN - NIGHT

75

MARGARET, standing in the room, smiling now. THE BOTTLE OF
 WINE is resting safe on the floor by her bed.

MARGARET
 See it's right there.

CUT TO

OLIVER. He just shakes his head, confused.

74.

OLIVER

Well, then they stole the box.

MARGARET

(As she realises he
didn't hide it)

Why would somebody steal a wooden
box and leave a million dollar
bottle of wine?

OLIVER

(Shaking his head)

All I know is I just hate
Scotland ...

(Hold for a moment,
then --

DISSOLVE TO

76 INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM/LOCH NESS INN - NIGHT

76

OLIVER'S BEDROOM. He sits on the side of the bed and is finishing a phone call. It's later, he looks better. On the table by the bed are items from his clothing -- wallet, change, etc. He hangs up, looks toward the adjoining doorway, calls out:

OLIVER

Hey.

(A pause. Then --)

MARGARET

(Opening the adjoining
door)

I love being summoned in that
suave, gentlemanly manner of
yours. And it's "Miss" Hey.

CUT TO

OLIVER. Staring at her. She's wearing a white towelling bathrobe. And there's no doubt about it. Sexual tension is in the air.

CUT TO

MARGARET.

MARGARET

(Couldn't be more bored)

What?

75.

OLIVER

The company people are handling the chopper and your car.

(He takes off his watch,
puts it on the table by
the wallet)

They'll send up a plane for us in the morning.

MARGARET

Well...then...I guess I'll see you in the morning.

(She turns to leave)

OLIVER

If you broke into a trot, you could exit faster.

MARGARET stops, turns, and looks at him.

OLIVER. He says nothing, just begins getting the room ready for action.

He moves around, closes the blinds, checks the curtain, takes off the bedspread, turns down the covers, smooths the sheets, turns off the lights -- all this takes a little while, naturally, and

CUT TO

MARGARET, watching him as now the blinds are closed.

MARGARET

My God, the arrogance -- what am I supposed to do, just fall into your arms, helpless, grateful and quivering?

OLIVER

Quivering is good.

MARGARET

Is it your beauty or your charm that makes you so irresistible?

OLIVER

60-40 charm.

MARGARET

Do women actually fall for this?

*

76.

OLIVER

A surprising number, yes.

MARGARET

I fear I may have a bit too much pride -- after all, in a week, you won't remember my name.

OLIVER

I can't remember it now.
(He fluffs the pillows expertly)

CUT TO

MARGARET, watching as he smooths the sheets.

MARGARET

If this show of bravado is based on the fact that in the helicopter I said I wanted you, well, at the time I thought I was going to die.

(Beat)

I would have said I wanted Jo-Jo the Dog Faced Boy had he been flying the machine.

(Squinting at him)

In point of fact and please don't take this critically, you bear in certain angles, a striking resemblance to Jo-Jo.

CUT TO

OLIVER, and now he turns the main lights off. The room is suddenly in semi-darkness.

OLIVER

It's based on something else and we both know it.

MARGARET

What?

CUT TO OLIVER. CLOSE UP. Emotions are not his cup of tea and this isn't easy for him.

OLIVER

You're quirky and funny and tough
and you don't know how attractive
you are, and I like that; you can
outrun me and I like that too --
I'm not saying you're perfect --
but then I'm not perfect either,
and I know we haven't known each
other long and I know this is crazy
but ...

(Beat)

... oh hell, Maggie, I think I'm
starting to love you ...

CUT TO MARGARET, a step away from him now. And touched.

MARGARET

You mean that?

OLIVER

(Touched too; he puts a
half smile on his face,
holds out his arms)
... I never said I was honest ...

Then they embrace. At first it's almost awkward. Then that
passes. They lie back on the bed in silence, locked
together. HOLD for a moment, then --

77 INT. OLIVER'S BATHROOM/LOCH NESS - DAY

77

OLIVER, by the sink in the bathroom, shaving. It's the next
day.

OLIVER

Maggie, could you do me a favor?

MARGARET (V.O.)

Depends -- what have you done for
me lately?

OLIVER

Call the airport and see if the
plane's in.

MARGARET

What's the number?

OLIVER
It's on a piece of yellow paper in
my wallet.

CUT TO

78 INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM/LOCH NESS - DAY

78

MARGARET, lying in bed, the sheets pulled up. She reaches over, flicks on the light, takes his wallet, opens it and as she does --

CUT TO

OLIVER'S WALLET. CLOSE UP. The phone number is jotted down on one side all right. But on the other side is a recent photograph. It's of a beautiful girl in her 20's, excited and happy. Her arms are around OLIVER who looks excited and happy. He's wearing a tuxedo. THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL is in a wedding dress.

CUT TO

MARGARET, just stunned, staring at the wedding photo. For a moment you get the feeling she's about to fold. But then, by some effort, she regains control, puts the wallet back where it was.

OLIVER (O.S.)
Find it?

MARGARET
(Her voice betrays
nothing)
Yes... I'll call from my room.

OLIVER (O.S.)
Great.

HOLD ON MARGARET, CLOSE UP, silent. Not an easy time for her. Then --

CUT TO

79 EXT. GLASGOW - DAY

79

GLASGOW AIRPORT

It is modern and has relatively few flights, Glasgow not exactly being the hub of the industrialized world.

OLIVER and MARGARET walk along outside toward a Lear Jet. Other private-type planes are visible -- a Grumman Gulfstream II, a Corvette -- along those lines.

OLIVER wheels the wine bottle in one of those airport-type luggage carts. MARGARET keeps pace with him.

OLIVER

Isn't this a great day for flying? *

(Margaret says nothing)

I wonder...in Scotland, if you have fly on the left. *

(Margaret still says nothing)

Is it just me, or does it seem like we've stopped talking to each other?

MARGARET

Goodbye, Oliver. I hope you have a wonderful life.

OLIVER

Excuse me?

MARGARET

Now that you have the bottle safely to the plane, I've decided to hang around Glasgow for a bit, maybe I can pick up some extra cash hooking.

OLIVER

Look, I don't know why, but it appears you're a little upset about what we did last night. And I'm more than happy to talk about it. But I'd prefer to do it once we're airborne. Not that I'm superstitious but the last time I was on a runway I got the shit kicked out of me. *

CUT TO

THREE LARGISH MEN moving out from the shadow of the Lear Jet. Two of them grab OLIVER'S arms while the THIRD belts him professionally in the stomach, chops him cleanly on the jaw as we

CUT TO

A MARVELLOUSLY ELEGANT MAN OF FORTY, HANDSOME AND WELL-TAILORED. NICO. While the beating continues, NICO casually unbrakes the luggage cart and wheels the bottle toward a large waiting plane, the Corvette.

CUT TO

OLIVER, slumping, dazed, to the airstrip as the THREE LARGISH MEN follow silently after NICO. MARGARET, stupefied -- this has all gone like lightning -- starts to bend and help OLIVER, then rises and begins to run after the bottle of wine as we

CUT TO

NICO, by the private plane, the THREE LARGISH MEN one of them lifts the bottle from the cart, takes it into the plane.

NICO
(Turning to face MARGARET
-- he speaks with great
precision and meaning)
Please do not be brave.

CUT TO

MARGARET. Confused, she stops --

MARGARET
But that's not your bottle --

CUT TO

NICO. He is very dangerous, but he is also very suave, and devastatingly attractive.

NICO
(His voice husky)
Oh, but my dear one, it is --
(Beat)
-- what a splendid-looking woman
you are -- sensual -- the glorious
aura of sex emanates from your
perfect body --
(Softer)
-- leave your life of crime; the
whole world beckons. Stop
associating with thieves and
evildoers.

CUT TO

THE CORVETTE AND ONE OF THE THREE MEN CALLING OUT:

MAN
Ready, Nico.

CUT TO

NICO AND MARGARET

NICO

(His arms on her
shoulders now, massaging
her)

I must go, -- and it pains me --
in ten years, you will be even a
greater marvel -- in ten years
more, young men will fling
themselves at you.

CUT TO

OLIVER, dazed, on the ground, squinting out, watching. He cannot believe what he is seeing.

CUT TO

MARGARET, dazed too, staring up into NICO'S eyes -- she's never met anyone like this. Who has?

CUT TO

NICO AND MARGARET. His hands caress her cheeks now.

NICO

My blossom, we embrace many times
in our lives, but few we remember.
I think perhaps we will remember
this one.

CUT TO

MARGARET. CLOSE UP. They kiss. MARGARET is too stunned to react.

CUT TO

OLIVER. Watching the kiss. Has he gone mad? Is this happening?

CUT TO NICO, looking at her.

NICO

(A whisper)
Farewell ... we could have been
legendary...

CUT TO

MARGARET, kind of speechless, watching as he turns, gracefully mounts the ladder of the jet, and as the door starts to close --

CUT TO

NICO in the window. Smiling at her. He blows a final kiss as we

CUT TO

OLIVER, struggling to his feet. He has a bloody nose. MARGARET hurries to him. *

MARGARET

Are you okay?

OLIVER

I'm great. After a beating there's nothing I enjoy more than watching a woman I just made love to playing licky-face with some greaseball.

MARGARET

Oliver, they stole the wine.

OLIVER

I know, I was right here.

MARGARET

Well, what are we gonna do?

OLIVER

Oh, now it's we again.

MARGARET

Oliver. Follow that plane. *

80 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

80

A Lear Jet takes off.

80A INT. LEAR JET COCKPIT - DAY

80A

THE LEAR JET COCKPIT. OLIVER pilots, MARGARET sits close alongside. They are strapped in. Neither of them speak. As the silence continues --

CUT TO

80 A DISTANT COASTLINE coming slowly into view - we're 25,000 feet up.

80

CUT TO

80A BACK INSIDE THE JET. MARGARET stares ahead. OLIVER flies the jet expertly. As the silence reaches a breaking point --

80A

OLIVER

This goddam wine better taste better than Schlitz, that's all I can say.

*

MARGARET

Don't you know people would cross oceans to taste that wine? I'd give anything in the world for just one sip.

*

OLIVER

Maybe you'll get lucky someday.

*

MARGARET

You know your ignorance is very impressive. That bottle is much too valuable just the way it is. It will never be opened.

*

As they continue to fly in silence.

CUT TO

81 EXT. NICE AIRPORT - DAY

81

NICE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

NICO's private jet has come to a halt on a distant part of the airstrip. A Rolls-Royce waits. NICO and the THREE MEN enter the car, carrying the bottle with them.

CUT TO

INSIDE THE ROLLS.

NICO sits in the back with the bottle beside him. ANOTHER MAN is with him. The last two fill the front. These are not people you want angry at you. NICO nods and we

CUT TO

THE ROLLS, smoothly starting to move.

CUT TO

NICO, in the back, getting comfortable.

CUT TO

THE ROLLS, picking up speed and as it does --

CUT TO

A ROAD SIGN reading "Grand Corniche". HOLD BRIEFLY, then

82 EXT. GRAND CORNICHE - DAY

82

THE ROLLS making its way along the Grand Corniche, which is this incredibly winding road along the Riviera that is sometimes as much as 1500 feet above the Mediterranean. The views are glorious and they are dizzying. The turns on the road can be amazingly sharp. It is narrow, hairy and scary.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

THE ROLLS-ROYCE moving along at a considerable speed --

CUT TO

A HAIRPIN TURN. The Rolls slows, takes it comfortably; far below, the water sparkles in the afternoon sun.

CUT TO

THE ROLLS climbing higher as the road continues on up and

CUT TO

ANOTHER HAIRPIN TURN AND

A MOTORCYCLE BEHIND THE ROLLS. It tries to get by, but the road is too narrow and curving; it's impossible.

CUT TO

NICO in the back seat of the Rolls, holding onto the bottle as the car comes out of the hairpin turn -- there are more like it ahead, a series of them. NICO concentrates on the lovely scenery.

CUT TO

THE MOTORCYCLE behind the Rolls. OLIVER, seeming very much at peace with the world, drives. MARGARET clings to him from behind, arms locked around him, eyes mostly closed in terror.

MARGARET

I don't suppose we could've rented a car instead.

OLIVER

Are you kidding. The French Riviera in July. We're lucky we're not running after them.

CUT TO

MARGARET. Considering this. They are roaring around turns with the Rolls comfortably ahead.

OLIVER

Maggie, how badly do you want this wine?

MARGARET

Extraordinarily badly.

OLIVER

I was afraid you'd say that.

CUT TO

THE MOTORCYCLE, veering suddenly off the road, cutting down the sharp incline and

CUT TO

OLIVER, working hard, keeping the bucking machine under as much control as he can -- what he's doing is knifing down the hill, overtaking anyone forced to slow and complete the series of hairpin turns and

CUT TO

MARGARET -- there are no words -- staring and

CUT TO

THE INCLINE -- sharper -- and bumpy and as OLIVER picks up speed --

CUT TO

NICO in the Rolls, holding the bottle, oblivious to anything else and

CUT TO

THE DRIVER OF THE ROLLS, smoothly guiding the quiet machine and

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET, as OLIVER swerves and cuts, avoiding bushes and rocks and ruts and going faster than ever and as the world flies by --

CUT TO INSIDE THE ROLLS. NICO, still staring idly out at the stupendous scenery. It's really a stunner of a view, sun-drenched and sparkling and

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET, rocketing, the whole world a blur now and either they're going to make it or they won't because below them is the road as it comes out of a turn and

CUT TO

THE ROLLS DRIVER, smoothly going into a hairpin turn, then

CUT TO

83 EXT. GRAND CORNICHE - DAY

83

THE ROLLS DRIVER, CLOSE UP, suddenly crying out in panic, spinning the wheel of the car as we

CUT TO

THE MOTORCYCLE, passengerless, smack in the middle of the road at right angles to it, making it impossible to get around it and

CUT TO

THE ROLLS' DRIVER, brake to the floor, and as the car screeches, skids, comes to a halt --

CUT TO

87.

OLIVER, racing from the side of the road toward the stalled machine and the FOUR MEN who start to get out of the car and

CUT TO

MARGARET, watching from the side, not knowing what to expect and

CUT TO

OLIVER, and we've seen him in fights before, but never on solid ground without someone sneaking up behind him and even though there are four against him now, he has surprise at last working for him, plus one more thing --

- OLIVER is a machine. THE DRIVER is barely out onto the pavement before he's clobbered, just a gorgeous punch and it lands flush, and as the DRIVER starts to sag --

CUT TO

THE SECOND GUY, throwing a punch and

CUT TO

OLIVER, ducking the blow, grabbing the arm, using the SECOND GUY'S momentum against him, swinging him face first into the side of the ROLLS and as the SECOND GUY grunts and falls --

CUT TO

THE THIRD GUY, ready and balanced, and as OLIVER draws back his right fist to throw a punch the GUY brings his arms up to defend and as he does --

CUT TO

OLIVER kneeing the THIRD GUY right on the money and as the GUY'S face drains of color and he sinks helpless to the ground --

CUT TO

NICO diving at OLIVER from the side.

*

CUT TO

OLIVER, ready, and he just throws another perfectly-timed right that catches the other man flush on the chops and NICO staggers, stops, blinks, and crumbles as the delayed effect of the punch takes its tolls and now

CUT TO

MARGARET, watching this display, eyes like saucers.

MARGARET

Oliver, that was incredible --

OLIVER

-- I do better when people don't sneak up on me. *

MARGARET

It's amazing. It's like there's nothing you can't do. *

OLIVER

Exactly. *

CUT TO THE ROLLS as OLIVER runs to it, reaches in, pulls out the great bottle of wine, takes two steps toward the motorcycle, then gasps out loud, puts the bottle down and stands there, groaning.

MARGARET

(Running to him)

What is it?

OLIVER

(It really hurts)

It's my back -- I just threw it out on the bottle.

MARGARET

(Watching as his hands are both massaging his spine. He is starting to list decidedly to one side)

It couldn't have been the bottle; my God, you just fought four men.

OLIVER

I can hit all the people all I
want, I'm just not supposed to lift
things.

CUT TO

MARGARET, lifting the bottle now as OLIVER hobbles to the
motorcycle and

CUT TO

NICO, back on his feet and throwing a tremendous blow right into OLIVER'S unprotected face and

CUT TO

OLIVER, spinning around and down and

CUT TO

NICO, diving on top of him and

CUT TO

MARGARET, standing there helpless and

CUT TO OLIVER AND NICO, on the ground, and OLIVER, in deep pain, is trying to hold off the other man, but NICO is in better shape now, and he kneels over OLIVER trying to get an arm free to swing down and

OLIVER

(Crying out)

Maggie -- hit him with the
bottle --

NICO

-- pay no attention to him, my
blossom --

MARGARET

(Standing beside the
bottle)

-- what if it breaks?

OLIVER

Hit him!

MARGARET

I mean technically it might still
belong to Harwood's. Even though
you did agree to purchase it we
haven't received the...

OLIVER

Just hit him!

CUT TO

MARGARET. She takes a deep breath, puts her hands around the neck of the bottle, lifts it, brings it back almost in what looks like a long putting stroke and as she does --

CUT TO

90.

THE BOTTLE, and it's a hundred and ninety years old and it's only glass and as it starts what may be its final journey, we go into slow motion and

HOLD ON THE BOTTLE, as MARGARET swings it. Closer and closer it comes to NICO'S head. Just as it's about to connect, MARGARET closes her eyes tight. Now --

CUT TO

NICO, as the bottle comes in contact with his head. It's not much more than being slugged by three sixteen-pound shot puts. There is a loud thudding sound. His eyes go up into his head and as he rolls off OLIVER -- CUT TO

MARGARET, in regular motion again, managing to open her eyes and see what she's wrought.

CUT TO

THE BOTTLE. It didn't break. It didn't break.

CUT TO

MARGARET, holding the bottle tight, as OLIVER gets slowly to his feet -- he is really tilted over now.

MARGARET

(Surprised)

That was actually kind of exhilarating.

OLIVER

I can't handle the motorcycle -- we'll have to steal the Rolls -- you drive --

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET, heading toward the Rolls. OLIVER groans audibly as he moves. He looks at her.

OLIVER

What's French for chiropractor?
(On the last word --)

85 INT. WAITING ROOM/CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE

85

DOCTOR ROGET'S WAITING ROOM. MARGARET sits in a chair, the bottle on the chair beside her. OLIVER, trying not to groan, lies flat on the floor, doing his best to take the pressure off his back. From inside there is loud blasting constantly -- American country music, of all things.

MARGARET

(Looking around)

Are you sure this is such a good idea?

OLIVER

(Nods)

There's nothing to worry about. I go to guys like this all the time.

A moment later, a tiny man in a white jacket emerges. This is DOCTOR ROGET. He looks at MARGARET and OLIVER, says something in French over the noise of the music. MARGARET is suddenly upset.

MARGARET

I think we ought to leave.

OLIVER

Why, what did he say?

MARGARET

"Which one is the patient?"

DOCTOR ROGET

(Pidgin English)

No-no-no, is all right, I make a joke.

CUT TO

DOCTOR ROGET slowly helping OLIVER to his feet as we --

CUT TO

86 INT. EXAMINING ROOM/CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

86

OLIVER, on the chiropractor's table. He is clad only in his underwear shorts now. Just outside is a window with a lovely view of the quiet street beyond. DOCTOR ROGET is touching OLIVER'S back in various places. The music blasts on and on.

DOCTOR ROGET

Ici?

(OLIVER shakes his head
"no." DOCTOR ROGET moves
his fingers down a bit)

Ici? Ici?

(As OLIVER shakes his
head again --

87 INT. WAITING ROOM/CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

87

MARGARET, is alone in the waiting room. She stands, goes to the window, looks out, stretches, then suddenly stops as she sees a large Peugeot with IAN standing by it. She turns quickly only to find PHILIPPE standing there, JOHN behind him. The country music is very loud as PHILIPPE clasps a hand over her mouth. *

PHILIPPE

Don't be surprised, Miss Harwood -- once we ascertained you were headed for Nice, it was really a simple matter for our computer to discover that you rented your motorcycle. *

(he hands her over to
JOHN)

You know, you were lucky to get anything this time of year.

MARGARET

So I've been told. *

PHILIPPE

(to JOHN)
Keep her quiet. *

Throughout this next, PHILIPPE is in constant motion as he talks quietly. He occasionally looks at MARGARET as he moves.

PHILIPPE

I tried so hard to surprise you,
but you are too smart for me -- and
so strong --

(And now as he quietly
turns over the nearest
end table, scattering the
contents across the
floor)

-- look -- we stagger into the end
table and knock it over -- we
continue to fight -- and now the
lamps are also knocked to the floor
--

(He takes a couple of
lamps, puts them on their
sides)

-- what a tigress you are --

(He quietly turns over a
chair)

-- a hellcat who will not be
captured --

(MORE)

PHILIPPE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 (He gently removes his
 wallet from his pocket)
 -- you even tear my trousers in our
 struggle --
 (He takes his wallet,
 puts it in a corner of
 the room)
 causing my wallet, with my address,
 to fall unnoticed into the corner.

CUT TO PHILIPPE. Looking around the room, satisfied. It's
 a shambles. Clearly a fight has taken place.

PHILIPPE
 Only with the greatest effort am I
 finally able to subdue you.
 (To JOHN)
 Take her to the car.

And he lifts the bottle and they're out the door and gone.

88 INT. EXAMINING ROOM/CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

88

OLIVER on the table, eyes closed. DOCTOR ROGET has started
 taking moist towels, placing them on his lower back. OLIVER
 goes "ahh, ahh," in helpless pleasure.

Outside the window now, the Peugeot is visible backing onto
 the street. For a glimpse, we see MARGARET. The car is
 lost from sight.

CUT TO

DOCTOR ROGET. HIS FINGERS PRESSING DOWN ON TOP OF THE
 TOWELS. OLIVER is blissful. HOLD a moment, then --

89 EXT. ESTABLISH EZE - DAY

89

Something we've never seen before -- a "perched" village.
 These are incredibly beautiful small towns perched on huge
 rocks or hilltops over the sea. They were built that way
 for protection from invaders in the old days. Many of the
 houses rise right out of rock. The most famous of these,
 the most beautiful, is named Eze. We are looking at Eze. A
 small sign indicates as much as we

90 EXT. STONE HOUSE/EZE - DAY

90

A STONE HOUSE IN EZE over looking the sea. A deserted street --

-- except for MARGARET and PHILIPPE and JOHN and IAN. PHILIPPE quickly unlocks the door to the house and as they slip inside --

91 INT. LIVING ROOM OF THE HOUSE. Large and ancient --

91

-- which makes the one computer and the few laboratory instruments all the more out of place.

CUT TO

JOHN, placing the giant bottle of wine on a table in the centre of the room.

CUT TO

MARGARET, scared as we see PHILIPPE coming toward her with a needle in his hand -- the same needle he used when he was torturing LUIS.

PHILIPPE

Miss Harwood, relax -- this is not for you.

(Smiles)

Come. Our time has arrived.

CUT TO

THE BOTTLE. They close in on it. PHILIPPE takes the needle, holds it steadily, bringing it closer and closer to the bottle.

CUT TO

THE LABEL ON THE BOTTLE

CUT TO

MARGARET. Watching. There is tremendous tension in the room.

CUT TO

PHILIPPE. His hands begin to tremble with the excitement. He steps away, takes a breath.

CUT TO

THE LABEL. It seems, right now, to be the centre of the universe.

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, moving back close, needle in hand. His nerves are more under control now.

CUT TO

THE NEEDLE. PHILIPPE brings it to the top of the label, then slowly moves the tip of the needle down, beneath the label. As he works, he talks quietly --

PHILIPPE

I'm sure we look absurd to you, Miss Harwood. God knows we've acted that way. Leaving the bottle behind -- but we had no interest in it then. We thought we only needed the box. We were wrong. The wine itself held no interest for me because, even though I am obviously French, the truth is I much prefer beer.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, a surgeon now, moving the needle deeper down behind the label. JOHN comes close, dabs the perspiration from PHILIPPE'S forehead with a clean handkerchief.

PHILIPPE

Luis had hidden the remainder of a very important formula. He died in the wine cellar, and at first we thought he'd written it on the box.

CUT TO

THE NEEDLE -- it seems to have touched something now.

CUT TO

PHILIPPE. A deep breath.

PHILIPPE

When that proved to be incorrect,
we completely ransacked the
cellar -- nothing was there of
interest so we deduced that the
formula --

(Beat)

-- had to be with the bottle.

CUT TO

THE NEEDLE as he withdraws it. Pinned to the end is a thin,
folded piece of paper.

PHILIPPE

(As he unfolds it)

Apparently, we were right.

(Looking at it)

Do you know what this is, Miss
Harwood?

(She doesn't)

The death of death.

92 INT. EXAMINING ROOM/CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

92

OLIVER and DR. ROGET in the chiropractor's office. OLIVER
is dressed and standing quite straight. ROGET is pouring
white pills into an envelope.

97.

DOCTOR ROGET
 (Holding up one finger)
 Each meal, one only
 (OLIVER nods)
 and rest.
 (OLIVER takes the
 envelope, starts to leave
 as we --

93 INT. WAITING ROOM/CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 93

ROGET'S OUTER OFFICE -- a shambles. OLIVER stares around at the mess.

OLIVER
 ... Maggie ...?

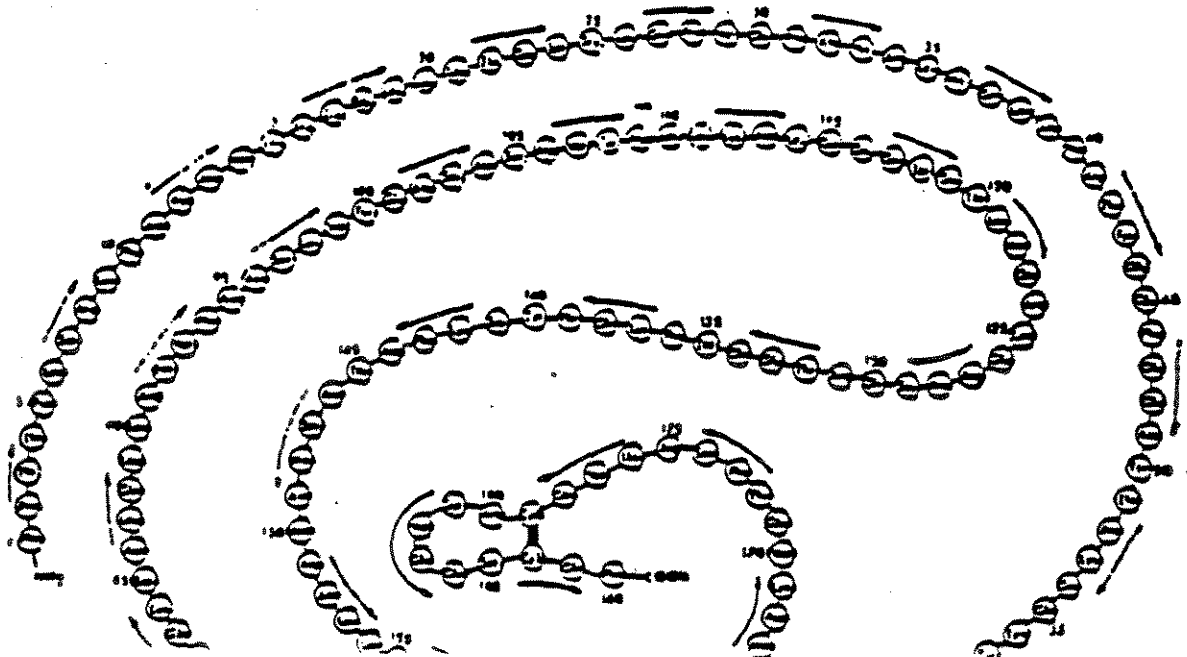
94 INT. LIVING ROOM/STONE HOUSE/EZE - DAY 94

THE LIVING ROOM BACK AT EZE. JOHN AND IAN work at the computer

IAN
 (Calling sharply)
 Philippe!
 (As PHILIPPE turns -

CUT TO

THE COMPUTER SCREEN with the same squiggly formula we saw before -- except for two things: There seem to be more circles. And the snakelike movement of the formula is faster than before. As it circles and turns, it could almost be alive.



CUT TO

THE MEN, staring at the formula. It means nothing to MARGARET. It obviously means a great deal to them. Very tense.

IAN

-- I'm sure that's it --

PHILIPPE

Double check.

(Looking at MARGARET
now; for the first time
now, almost lustfully)

Your Oliver, Miss Harwood. Is he
a bull? When I was young, I was a
bull. Believe me, I know about the
sex drive -- it is very strong.
You have my word; he will soon be
charging like a fool to your
rescue. Ian, escort the young
lady to her chambers.

95 INT. WAITING ROOM/CHIROPRACTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

95

ROGET'S SHAMBLES OF AN OFFICE. OLIVER is on his knees in the corner, Philippe's wallet in his hands. He quickly begins going through it --

OLIVER

(To ROGET)

Where's "Eze"?

DOCTOR ROGET

(Correcting his
pronunciation, pointing)

Eze. Small village. Not far.

OLIVER

I can't miss it, right?

DOCTOR ROGET

Exactly.

OLIVER

Thanks.

96 EXT. EZE HOUSE - DAY

96

MARGARET, framed in a high window, staring out. She's looked a lot happier. It's late afternoon now, shadows long and startling and

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

THE ROOM she is in is on the top floor back of a house in a somewhat precarious position -- it is on the edge of the village and the view of the Mediterranean is gorgeous -- it is also a thousand feet straight down to a rocky shore. As she turns away from the window --

KEEP PULLING BACK TO REVEAL

OLIVER, and what he is doing is this: He is scaling the back of the house --

-- and he is also very careful not to look down.

Wind whips him as he continues his climb, which is aided by two things: There are ledges he can stand on, and there are also small stone animal heads that give a flying buttress-type effect and which he can grab onto. The animal heads, mostly wolf-like, were obviously intended, hundreds of years before, to frighten any invader.

OLIVER is using them expertly as he stands on a ledge, gets his balance, then reaches for a wolf head, uses it to pull himself up to the next ledge.

97 EXT. CLIFF FACE/EZE HOUSE - DAY

97

Now, panting a bit from exertion, he stands on a ledge briefly reaches around and gives his back a quick massage, then takes out the envelope of pain pills, pours a bunch of them into his hand, does his best to swallow them without the aid of water.

While he is concentrating on the swallowing, a particularly vicious gust of wind suddenly throws him off balance --

-- he begins to topple --

-- then he manages to grab a wolf head, hold tight to it, pull himself back into balance on the ledge. The sound of the wind is getting more serious.

OLIVER breathes a sigh, glances up.

CUT TO THE TOP ROOM. Maybe twenty feet more to go.

CUT TO

OLIVER, moving quickly up to the next ledge, grabbing another wolf head, pulling himself up and as he does --

CUT TO

THE WOLF HEAD -- age has weakened it and it crumbles free of the wall and falls all the way down to the sea, 1000 feet below.

CUT TO

OLIVER, watching it. Not thrilled either because he can't go down now. But MARGARET's window is only maybe a dozen feet away. He's on the widest ledge, and as he reaches up to the next wolf head, it dislodges at the first touch. OLIVER watches it fall all the way down. This is not fun.

98 INT. BEDROOM/EZE HOUSE

98

MARGARET, alone in the room -- there's a made bed in one corner, an old chest of drawers, not much else.

OLIVER (V.O.)

--PSST-- Maggie --

(As MARGARET hurries to the window, looks down)

99 EXT. LEDGE BELOW BEDROOM WINDOW/EZE HOUSE

99

OLIVER on his ledge --

OLIVER

-- I came to rescue you --

MARGARET

(Interrupting)

-- don't rescue me, it's a trap.

OLIVER

(His tone as controlled as possible)

Sweet, sweet Maggie --

(And now he's snarling)

-- I know it's a goddam trap.

The guy leaves his wallet with his address sticking out and you think the thought of a setup doesn't cross my mind?

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)
(Fighting for control
again)
The point is, I have somewhat
bungled things so you have to
rescue me.

CUT TO

THE LEDGE OLIVER'S standing on. It makes a sound. Is it
about to collapse? Hard to tell.

CUT TO

MARGARET AND OLIVER. The sound was unnerving to them both.

MARGARET
Are you safe on that?

OLIVER
Define safe. *

100 INT. BEDROOM/EZE HOUSE - DAY

100

THE BED as MARGARET races to it, grabs the sheets, starts
knotting them together as she runs back to the window.

MARGARET
-- all right then, since you're
out of danger at least for the
moment, and I clearly have your
attention, may I go on record as
saying that I think it was rotten
of you to say you were starting to
love me. *

OLIVER
I could also start to hate you if
you don't give me a hand here.

Again the sound from the ledge. OLIVER stares down.

CUT TO

THE LEDGE. It isn't getting any stronger, not with OLIVER'S weight on it -- tiny cracks are starting to appear. MARGARET works on the sheets, trying to get them knotted tight.

MARGARET

That was a charming retort, Oliver, but then, that kind of thing comes easily to you. So does everything, and frankly, I'm tired of it.

OLIVER

Is this the time to start a serious examination of my character? Not that I mind, it won't take long, I'm amazingly shallow --

MARGARET

There you go being charming again. God you make me sick.

(Working away)

-- here's the deal, Oliver -- I'll save your life, that's only fair, you've saved mine. But then we're quits. You have no interest in what I want.

OLIVER

What do you want?

MARGARET

A man who really loves me.

OLIVER

That's me.

MARGARET

Bullshit.

OLIVER

I sense from your answer that you don't believe me.

MARGARET

(Big)

Stop being charming.

OLIVER

I've got nothing else going for me right now, -- there's a thousand-foot drop below me, and a crazy lady ten feet above.

CUT TO

MARGARET. A glance down at him.

MARGARET

You were cruel to me when you
didn't have to be.

OLIVER

When?

MARGARET

After our ... after we'd ... when
we were done, you know, with ...

CUT TO

OLIVER, staring at the ledge -- the cracks are bigger.

OLIVER

After sex.

MARGARET

Yes. Correct. Right. You could
have gotten the phone number
yourself. You didn't have to throw
your wife at me.

OLIVER

I don't have a wife --

MARGARET

I saw the wedding photo.

OLIVER

-- she is my sister --

MARGARET

Don't make it worse.

OLIVER

Her wedding was last year, I gave
her away, I keep her picture
because I happen to love her, sue
me --

MARGARET

-- pathetic --

CUT TO

OLIVER. VOICE RISING.

OLIVER

Now, Margaret you listen to me. I don't give a shit about wine, and I promise I don't have to work this hard to get a date.

(This pours out)

-- when we first met you were this funny overworked ragamuffin and we talked and I thought, "Hey, a funny, overworked ragamuffin." -- I didn't have to fly up for the bottle, I volunteered -- why do you think I did that?

(Looks at her)

Because I thought maybe you were the one to make me happy --

(Shakes his head)

but I guess I was wrong.

MARGARET

Why should I believe any of this?

OLIVER

A man fresh from the chiropractor crawls up the side of a building to save your life -- this is not mass entertainment, Maggie -- it's got to be love --

MARGARET

(Beat)

What was that again?

OLIVER

You heard me.

MARGARET

A woman wants to hear it out loud and as frequently as possible.

OLIVER

I love you. Okay? I am totally and hopelessly in love with you -- and that's all you get for now.

MARGARET

(Smiling, she throws one end of the sheet down to him, keeps the other)
Grab hold, I'll pull.

101 EXT. LEDGE/EZE HOUSE - DAY

101

OLIVER, holding the sheet. Dubiously --

OLIVER

You sure you're strong enough?

MARGARET

I've waited all my life for you,
Oliver Plexico, I'm not about to
lose you now.

OLIVER is still considering the situation when something happens that gives him a nudge toward making a decision --

-- the ledge he's standing on starts suddenly to crumble --

102 INT. ROOM/EZE HOUSE - DAY

102

MARGARET in the room, suddenly crying out "Jesus", because he is a lot heavier than she thought and his weight jerks her straight across the room toward the window and

CUT TO

102A OLIVER dropping through space and

102A

CUT TO

102 INT. ROOM/EZE HOUSE - DAY

102

MARGARET slamming hard into the window frame which stops her motion. She takes a breath, peers down at OLIVER.

CUT TO

OLIVER. Hanging in space.

MARGARET (V.O.)

Sorry, I just had to get my
footing. I'm fine now.

CUT TO

THE ROOM, as MARGARET begins a slow steady pull. It's hard, it takes all she's got to move across the room pulling the sheet with her and halfway, she stops for just a moment and

CUT TO

106.

102A OLIVER, stopping in mid-air. He looks up, sees nothing but the empty window. Now he looks down -- it looks like more than a thousand feet to the rocks below. 102A

He just hangs there as the wind whips him. Now he crosses his fingers and closes his eyes tight.

CUT TO

102 INT. ROOM/EZE - DAY 102

MARGARET, pulling again. Her strength is going but this is a test there was no way she was going to fail and finally --

CUT TO

102A OLIVER, rising steadily through the early evening and when he's close enough to grab the window he does and 102A

103 INT. ROOM/EZE HOUSE 103

MARGARET, exhausted, letting go of the sheet as he crawls safely inside. They fall into each other's arms and kiss. Reluctantly OLIVER, tries to break off the embrace. He looks toward the door of the room.

OLIVER

We better go. *

MARGARET

The door's locked. *

They kiss again. OLIVER breaks away, and moves toward the door.

Without missing a beat he reaches into a pocket, takes out a tiny thick pen-knife, inserts it in the lock, gives a quick up-down movement.

OLIVER

(Turning to MARGARET as
he silently pulls the now
unlocked door open)

I also do plumbing.

CUT TO

The two of them, moving close together into the hall outside the door. The whole house revolves around the large living room we've already seen --

104 INT. LIVING ROOM/EZE HOUSE - DAY

104

PHILIPPE (OVER)
Bravo, Mr. Plexico.

CUT TO PHILIPPE. He stands downstairs gesturing for them to join him. The lab and computer stuff as before. So is the bottle of wine.

PHILIPPE
(Indicates the wine)
This is what you want, I think.

CUT TO

MARGARET AND OLIVER, starting down the stairs toward the living room proper.

PHILIPPE
(Very happy and excited)
I told you he'd come for you -- the
power of sex -- irresistable --

THE LIVING ROOM AND THE BOTTLE OF WINE as MARGARET and OLIVER start toward it.

MARGARET
(Indicating the bottle)
Thank you very much for this.

PHILIPPE
If only I could allow you to leave
with it.
(And now he has a gun in
his hand)

MARGARET
I'm sorry, I don't believe a
gentleman like you would use that. *

OLIVER
Believe him.
(And he nods off to a
corner)

CUT TO

THE CORNER OF THE ROOM. JOHN and IAN are sprawled, awkward, one atop the other. From their body positions and lack of movement, you know they're both dead.

CUT TO

MARGARET, trying to keep control.

MARGARET
They were your friends.

PHILIPPE
We weren't that close.
(Smiles)
What a charming couple you two
would have made.

MARGARET
Why are you doing this?

CUT TO

PHILIPPE. CLOSE UP. A beat. then --

PHILIPPE
Sex. What else is there?

CUT TO

OLIVER, studying PHILIPPE who seems very much at ease with the weapon in his hands. Now OLIVER sees the computer screen with the same squiggly formula moving on it as before. He studies it for a long moment.

OLIVER
Jesus, so that's what this is
about. Human Growth Hormone.

PHILIPPE
(Impressed)
Highest honours.

MARGARET
What are you saying, Oliver? *

OLIVER
(Pointing toward the
screen)
That... is a version of the Human
Growth Hormone molecule. *

MARGARET
There is such a thing?

OLIVER
Absolutely.

MARGARET
You mean he wants to get bigger?

CUT TO

OLIVER. CLOSE UP.

OLIVER
Younger. He wants to get
younger -- he wants his youth back. *

CUT TO

PHILIPPE.

PHILIPPE
I'm getting it back. *

MARGARET
How do you know about this? *

OLIVER
We experimented with age reversal
at Kelleher's labs. *

PHILIPPE

Ah, yes; but like everyone else,
the formula you were working with
was flawed, which is why I hired
the best scientists and took them
to the most obscure place -- Skye,
Scotland -- where dear little Luis
made his historic breakthrough.

(Glorying in it, he picks
up the hypodermic needle)
Is anything as romantic as
biogenetic engineering?

(He plunges the needle
into his arm.)

Imagine, Mr. Plexico, what the rich
would pay to keep their money and
their minds and have back the
bodies of their youth. I now
control the ultimate product --
everyone alive is a present or
future customer.

(He inhales deeply)
It's started. Already I feel
younger -- the power of youth is
surging through my groin!

CUT TO

MARGARET AND OLIVER, staring at him.

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, as MARGARET AND OLIVER study him. Is his hair starting to darken? It might be -- impossible to tell -- except that the man is trembling with the sheer joy of what's going on inside his body.

PHILIPPE

I'm going to entertain a dozen
different women tonight. *

(Beat)

And tomorrow night!

(Beat)

And every night after that!

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, the gun tight in his hand. Triumphant, he aims it at OLIVER across the room, who is too far to do anything.

PHILIPPE

I'm afraid it's time for you to
join the other witnesses to Luis'
unfortunate death. *

(He gestures towards the
dead bodies)

OLIVER

(Begging)

-- one thing --
please just one --

CUT TO

OLIVER. An arm goes around MARGARET.

OLIVER

For the first time in my life, I'm
in love. I ask only that you allow
me to propose before you shoot. *

PHILIPPE

I never would have figured you for
such a romantic.

(Indicating Margaret)

By all means...

OLIVER

Maggie -- *

MARGARET

Oh, Oliver, I accept.

OLIVER

(Surprisingly snappish)

I haven't asked yet...and...since it appears I'm only going to get to do this once, I'd like it to be done right.

(He drops to the classic marriage proposal position -- then gives a little intake of pain)

MARGARET

Is your back acting up again?

OLIVER

As a matter of fact it's killing me ... I can't believe I climbed that cliff -- I mean, if I had known I'd get shot anyway, I could have just rung the doorbell. Do these places even have doorbells?

PHILIPPE

Mr. Plexico...you're wandering.

OLIVER

Oh. Right. Sorry.

(He takes her hand tenderly)

Margaret Harwood -- I, Oliver Plexico --

(Stops, shakes his head)

Wait a minute, that's way too formal...let me start again.

(Now he clears his throat, taking a longer time than necessary)

MARGARET

Oh, Oliver, my heart is bursting
with anticipation.

(She bends to kiss his
cheek and speaks in a
quick whisper)

What the hell are you doing?

OLIVER

(Quick whisper back)

Just stall.

(Then in a normal voice)

Maggie, my beloved Maggie; Maggie
of my dreams...Maggie
...Maggie...Maggie...

And now there comes a sharp sound. A finger snap.

OLIVER

(Rambling on)

Though our time together has been
short --

Now, another finger snap. *

OLIVER

-- and apparently what's left will
be even shorter, I wouldn't trade
it --

And now something new -- the sound of PHILIPPE HUMMING. *

CUT TO

OLIVER AND MARGARET, TURNING TOWARD THE SOUND. MARGARET is
stunned at what she sees. *

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, the humming over, suddenly breaking into song. *

PHILIPPE

"There are chicks --
Just right for some kissin'.
And I mean to kiss me a few.
Man, those chicks --
Don't know what they're missin',
I've got a lot of livin' to do."

PHILIPPE has come to the end of his song. He points the gun toward OLIVER.

PHILIPPE
My apologies, Mr. Plexico.

OLIVER
Wait, wait, wait -- this isn't fair
-- I haven't finished proposing yet
-- this is hard for me.

CUT TO

MARGARET, staring as PHILIPPE gets ready to cock his gun.

PHILIPPE
This is hard for me too.
(And as he cocks the gun
--)

MARGARET
(to OLIVER)
This is the shitty part about being
in love.
(And now she moves in
front of OLIVER, and
starts to sing.)
"Sizzlin' steaks
all ready for tastin'--
And those Cadillac cars
all shiny and new

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, delighted, as MARGARET begins moving toward him, singing, her body gyrating sexily.

MARGARET
(singing on)
Gotta moove --
'Cause time is a wastin'
There's such a lot of livin' to do.
(Spoken)
Let's move, sweetmeat.
(husky)
Dance with me.

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, overjoyed as MARGARET swirls toward him -- gun in hand, he reaches his arms out for her and

CUT TO

OLIVER, watching as they begin a very sexy dance. MARGARET has never let her hair down like this -- her whole body is like it's on ball bearings.

PHILIPPE AND MARGARET

(Singing in unison)

"There's music to play
places to go
people to see,
Everything for you and me.

CUT TO

MARGARET manages to manipulate PHILIPPE so that his back is to OLIVER.

OLIVER moves to a table, grabs a vase, and starts toward PHILIPPE. The vase explodes in his hand as we

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, arms still around MARGARET, pointing the gun toward OLIVER.

FREEZE. There is a tense moment, out of it comes

MARGARET

(Voice low, husky)

My blossom, we embrace many times
in our lives, but few we
remember -- I think perhaps we will
remember this one--

(And now her arms lock
around him and he grabs
her --)

PHILIPPE

Heaven belongs to me.

CUT TO

CLOSE ANGLE ON MARGARET AND PHILIPPE, as PHILIPPE moves
into the kiss he simply drops out of frame.

CUT TO

PHILIPPE, sitting on the floor, drained of all energy, the
gun held in front of his groin. It is pointed up at OLIVER.
Then, slowly, the gun droops, It falls out of his hands as
he lies back, totally wiped out.

MARGARET is a bit confused, staring at the motionless man on
the floor. She picks up his gun, gives it to OLIVER.

MARGARET

Did I kill him?

OLIVER

He's going to be fine. You've got
some moves there.

(Beat)

That injection he took? It
doesn't actually make you younger,
you just feel younger, for a
while. It is, if you'll pardon the
expression, the ultimate high.

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Unfortunately for him, it's followed rather rapidly by the ultimate low. We came up with the same formula as Luis at the lab 18 months ago. At least this guy can sing. *

OLIVER AND MARGARET.

MARGARET

How do you know so much?

OLIVER

I never said I didn't go to M.I.T. *

105 INT. HARWOOD'S TASTING ROOM -- DAY

105

THE GREAT BOTTLE OF RED WINE. It's beautifully lit, looks absolutely gorgeous.

HOLD ON THE BOTTLE. We hear the voice of MARGARET'S father, SIR MASON speaking:

SIR MASON (OVER)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is obviously not going to be an ordinary auction --
(On those words --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

THE TASTING ROOM AT HARWOOD'S. JAMMED. FIFTY OR SO MEN AND WOMEN dressed in tuxedo's and evening gowns sit in chairs. Off to one side is OLIVER, seated with a Texan-looking man Mr. T.T. KELLEHER. Off to the other side is NICO, seated with a well-dressed gentleman who we will soon discover is SPIROS NIVANOS.

SIR MASON is at the lectern beside the bottle. MARGARET stands close beside her father looking beautiful in an evening gown.

SIR MASON

I'm afraid there has been an inexcusable mix-up. It seems that while I was selling this magnificent bottle to Mr. Kelleher, my son Richard, without my permission, was simultaneously selling it to our Greek friend, Mr. Spiros Nivanos. Having spoken with all parties involved I am happy to announce that everyone has graciously agreed to an open auction. The bidding will start at 1 million dollars. We begin in one minute.

CUT TO

OLIVER AND W.T. KELLEHER

OLIVER

(Softly)

How high you gonna go?

KELLEHER

Whatever it takes. That bottle is going to Texas.

CUT TO

OLIVER, walking over to talk to NICO.

NICO

How is your back?

OLIVER

Looking at NICO'S
bruise)

About like your head, I imagine.

(Glances over)

How much is your boss willing to
spring for?

NICO

Hard to say, Mr. Nivanos does not
like to come in second.

(Now, as a gavel
sounds --

CUT TO

SIR MASON, looking at the room, MARGARET nearby. Behind him is another portrait of HIS FATHER. He knocks again with his gavel.

SIR MASON

All right ladies and gentlemen, who will open the bidding at one mill --

NIVANOS

(Before SIR MASON can finish)

-- Two million --

KELLEHER

(Like a shot)

-- two-and-a-quarter --

NIVANOS

(Even faster, right back)

-- three million --

KELLEHER

(A brief pause; then)

-- three-two

NIVANOS

-- three-four --

KELLEHER

-- three-five --

NIVANOS

((No pause at all)

-- five -- million dollars.

KELLEHER

(To OLIVER)

-- dumb bastard's got no sense of the value of money --

SIR MASON

Five million once.

CUT TO MARGARET, standing near the beautiful bottle, looking at it. She's not happy.

SIR MASON

Five million twice.

KELLEHER

He's a fool.

CUT TO
OLIVER.

OLIVER
(Quietly)
Ten million dollars.
(To MARGARET, who is just
stunned)

SIR MASON
(There is now
considerable furor in the
room)
Mr. Plexico -- I'm naturally not
displeased with your more than fair
offer, but, how can I put this
delicately -- can you afford it,
sir?

OLIVER
(Indicating KELLEHER)
Ask him.

KELLEHER
His mother founded the company. He
owns 80% of the stock.

OLIVER
I never said I was poor.

SIR MASON
(To KELLEHER and NIVANOS)
Further bids?

They signal "no" -- wildly excited --

SIR MASON
Then sold to Mr. Oliver Plexico for
ten million dollars.
(And as he bangs the
gavel down --)

CUT TO
MARGARET, moving to him.

MARGARET
Oliver?

121,

OLIVER

Directly in front of you, Miss
Harwood.

MARGARET

I take it you are, relatively
speaking, at least compared to the
general public, well off.

OLIVER

I do okay.

MARGARET

Then why did you go through so
much?

OLIVER

I enjoyed the company.

CUT TO

THE FIFTY WELL-DRESSED MEN AND WOMEN, all surrounding SIR
MASON, congratulating him, shaking his hand -- there's a
kind of delirium about them, the kind of thing that happens
at auction houses when records have just been shattered --

-- and then suddenly SIR MASON cries out "Omigod" and we

CUT TO

THE FIFTY FORMALLY DRESSED MEN AND WOMEN.

OLIVER, corkscrew in hand, starting to open the bottle.

MARGARET

(Her hand on his hand)
You can't open that.

OLIVER

Why not? Napoleon would have. He
just didn't live long enough.

MARGARET

But it could be vinegar --
(OLIVER just stares at
her)
-- old wine often turns to vinegar.

CUT TO

OLIVER, quiet for just a moment. Then he gently takes her
hand away, continues opening the bottle.

OLIVER

Well, we'll either have a wonderful glass of wine or a very expensive salad.

(He pulls the cork, hands it to her)

Consider this an oddball engagement present. What do you say?

MARGARET

Oh, Oliver.

They embrace and kiss.

OLIVER

How about we celebrate with a toast. Anyone who would like to join us, the price is \$5,000 a glass, personal checks cheerfully accepted. Make them out to your favorite charity. Maggie, can we get some glasses?

MARGARET

Absolutely...
(Yelling O.S.)
Glasses please!

CUT TO

PANTRY DOOR. PAUSE. The door opens, revealing RICHARD, humiliated. He comes in with a tray of glasses. OLIVER takes a glass, fills it with wine and hands it to MARGARET.

OLIVER

Maggie...

CUT TO

MARGARET. It's what she wanted more than anything else, to taste this, and she's thrilled, but she's also nervous.

MARGARET

(Looking at it)
Doesn't look like vinegar --
(Sniffs)
Doesn't smell like vinegar --
(And now, at last, a sip --)

CUT TO

MARGARET. EXTREME CLOSE UP.