

TWIN SOULS

(The Many Shades Of Violet)

by

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"TWIN SOULS"

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Original Story & Screenplay

By:

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FADE IN

EXT. HORIZON - (IC/PT-INTENSE COLORATION/PURPLE TINT) - DAWN

SUPER TITLES as the SUN peeks from the horizon and its beams glide across the serene ocean. FOLLOW the expanding light as it awakens and stirs into a lively symphony -

EXT. VIRGINAL LANDSCAPE - (IC/PT) - SAME DAWN

- with the verdant mountains, where trees sway in rhythm with the wind and chirping birds; with the exotic flowers that burst in colors; with the clear stream water that dances with the sparkling fish; with valley, plateaus, cliffs merging with all of nature's creations and -

EXT. FORESTED WATERFALL (IC /PT) - SAME DAWN

- THE MAJESTIC WATERFALL.

MADIGAN, 30's, joyfully bursts forth from under the cascading waterfall, a lilac camisole clinging to her svelte figure. She radiates an engaging aura, and a lightness of spirit.

SPLASH ON SCREEN -

"TWIN SOULS"

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A PURPLE BUTTERFLY alights on Madigan's long auburn hair, as she lifts her arms in oblation, her eyes closed. Instantly, myriad BUTTERFLIES converge above her.

And -- as the first rays of dawn splurge on her, she extends her arms in welcome. Butterflies flutter in all directions, once the glorious colors of the rising sun SWEEP --

- over the lush sylvan landscape, the placid ocean, and -

SEGUE TO

EXT. MANHATTAN, NEW YORK - (IC/PT) -SAME DAWN

- ACROSS the city infrastructure. And finally, like laser beams, the colors rush to where the TWIN TOWERS once stood --- and ---

---from the gaping emptiness, thousands upon thousands of resplendent BUTTERFLIES spiral up in celebration then merge and recreate the Twin Towers, in all their grandeur!

---The Towers vibrate into a blinding light that converts back into butterflies that joyfully soar to the heavens.

END OF TITLES

A solitary PURPLE BUTTERFLY gleefully flutters away from the rest and above Manhattan, racing along with the simultaneous O.S. SOUND of a variety of ALARM CLOCKS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANHATTAN, FLEUR-DE-LIS APTS.,MADIGAN'S BEDROOM - SAME DAWN

The O.S. SOUND of the alarm clock CROWING of a ROOSTER wakes up PEGASUS, a white male MALTESE. He slides down from his miniature bed, prances to Madigan's bed, leaps onto it, and licks her HAND.

FOLLOW Madigan's hand turn off the alarm clock as INSTRUMENTAL CLASSICAL MUSIC with SOUNDS of water and birds, PLAYS.

Madigan caresses Pegasus, who snuggles against her face, while the same Purple Butterfly nestles on her hair.

PULL BACK TO A HIGH ANGLE - as Madigan stretches in the same lilac camisole, savoring the music and her every movement.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Madigan, a lady of impeccable taste, favors all shades of violet, including a painting above her headboard of a gazebo crowned with purple wisteria blooms, atop a grassy hill.

Pegasus sniffs Purple, and promptly it flits about the room; its presence AMAZES Madigan.

REVERSE ANGLE - Madigan addresses the potted plants and Purple.

MADIGAN

Thanks for filtering my air...and for the company. "Purple," my dear friend, how in the world did you get in here?

Madigan's P.O.V. - Purple hovers by the sliding glass doors to the balcony, where potted plants make up a hanging garden at Madigan's high-rise apartment, that overlooks Central Park.

She opens the door, allows Purple to fly out, lifts Pegasus.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)

Isn't this a glorious day, Pegasus?

INT. BERNARD'S MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE TERRACE - SAME DAWN

A life-size marble STATUE of a Pegasus prominently stands by the entry to the open terrace, that overlooks Central Park.

BERNARD, in short silk kimono, sits at the terrace in a lotus \* position, facing the splendor of dawn in the panorama beyond.

REVERSE ANGLE FAVORS BERNARD, in meditation; in his forties, virily-handsome, composed, self-assured gentleman, who emanates a quiet dignity; his stance, reflective and reposeful.

ANOTHER ANGLE -

Bernard stands and does his T'AI CHI rites.

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS APTS., BROOKE ADLER'S BEDROOM - SAME DAWN

An alarm clock RINGS ONCE. BROOKE, 30, a petite dynamo with avant-garde taste, hops down from a high-tech bed, assumes a defensive karate move, marches to a desk, turns on her computer to a schedule -

- ON SCREEN, and TYPES -- HELLO PARIS!

6:00 A.M. - RISE and SHINE, jog, etc., etc.

9:00 A.M. - JFK AIRPORT      12:00 NOON - FLIGHT TIME

\*

She doffs an imaginary beret and sprints OUT OF FRAME.

SWIPE TO the luggage by the door. Brooke skips BACK INTO FRAME, now, in jogging suit. WHISTLING "Vive La Campagne", she marches OUT OF THE BEDROOM.

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS APTS., CHANDLER RAINS' BEDROOM -SAME DAWN

CHANDLER, in short silk sleepwear, GLIDES to the Boule divan to TANGO MUSIC, picks up a short robe for an IMAGINARY PARTNER, and draws open the drapes with a FLOURISH.

He is a tall, trim, impishly good-looking, flamboyantly elegant, Oxford-accented, cultured gentleman, in his 30's.

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS, MADIGAN'S BEDROOM BALCONY-SAME EARLY MORNING

Madigan moves expressively to INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC - gliding, twirling, greeting each plant; Pegasus spinning and rolling.

MADIGAN

Good morning...good morning! Wow...  
your color is more intense today, and  
you've grown quite a bit, too.

(she notices a PUPA on an  
orchid; looks closer)

Now...what do we have here?

C.U. Of the PUPA starting to METAMORPHOSE.

PULL BACK to INCLUDE Pegasus, restlessly twirling.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)

Go...you can do it...yes you can.

Pegasus runs to the bedroom open bathroom with twin toilets between a waist-high partition; a 3-step booster beside one.

Pegasus gets up the booster, raises the toilet seat with a paw, relieves himself, presses down the flush handle, drops the toilet seat, steps down, scampers to Madigan, and leaps up to her, while Purple alights on Madigan's hair, unnoticed.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
 Good job, Pegasus.  
 (whispers  
 conspiratorially)  
 Now, let's watch nature's wonder at work.

ZOOM IN to the PUPA. It's metamorphosis is now completed -- the delicate, flimsy, "WINGS" a colorful butterfly emerges.

ZOOM OUT to INCLUDE the excited Madigan and Pegasus. As the butterfly settles on a cattleya, she puts down Pegasus.

LOW ANGLE -

Madigan looks down from her balcony, cupping the butterfly between her palms. ZOOM UP towards the balcony.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
 Welcome to the world WINGS! I think  
 you better start from a less dizzying  
 height, than swooping down from here.

INT. BERNARD BRADSWORTH'S PENTHOUSE - SAME EARLY MORNING

CONTINUE ZOOMING UP -

- to Bernard's terrace as he sips his tea, listening to a PIANO SOLO. He is now in a long kimono.

FOLLOW Bernard to the adjacent breakfast room.

ARTHUR - Bernard's butler, brings in Bernard's breakfast of fresh fruits and orange juice. He is an Englishman - 60's, affable, mild-mannered, fatherly, and dignified-looking.

BERNARD  
 How are you this morning, Arthur,  
 and how's your knee?

ARTHUR  
 It's another lovely day, Bernard,  
 and the knee is much better. The  
 herbal balm helped, indeed!

BERNARD  
 I'm glad to hear that.

The telephone RINGS. Arthur turns to answer.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
 I'll take it.

FOLLOW Bernard to the phone as Arthur limps OUT OF FRAME.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
 (on phone, cheerfully)  
 Grandma, how are you? (listens) Oh,  
 yes...yes! I like that very much.  
 (listens) I love you, too. See you.

Arthur ENTERS FRAME with Louis Vuitton overnight and garment bags, and VIOLIN and SAXOPHONE, in CASES.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
 I won't make it to my flight, not  
 at nine this morning, but nothing's  
 more important than breakfast with  
 Grandma. Please, call Ms. Kendall  
 for a noon flight, instead.

ARTHUR  
 All right. (a beat) You are to your  
 Grandma Eloise, what the sun is, to  
 plants. You make her eyes sparkle.

BERNARD  
 And she, to me. (a beat) Thank you for  
 packing my violin. I'll leave the sax.

ARTHUR  
 Fine. You are wise to have music in your  
 life...it's elixir to the soul. It kept  
 you company growing up.

EXT. FLEUR-DE-LIS APARTMENTS - SAME MORNING

FULL SHOT of the high-rise complex. Madigan, in jogging shorts, at the gated garden; Pegasus' leash around her wrist; Purple on her hair. She notices Purple only as it flies away.

ANGLE ON - Madigan opens her palms and Wings flaps and flits from flower to flower while Pegasus excitedly wags his tail.

MADIGAN  
 Higher "Wings"...you can do it!

Wings soars, a prism of lights plays thru its gossamer wings.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
 Let's exercise those legs, Pegasus.

Brooke, in jogging suit, trots through the gate, puffing.

BROOKE  
 Bonne jour Madigan ma bone amie.  
 (tousles Pegasus' head)  
 Comment allez-vous, Pegasus?

MADIGAN  
 Wow Brooke...you met a French jogger?

BROOKE  
 Pardon moi. I'm talking Paris here.  
 (a beat) You are packed, aren't you?

MADIGAN  
 (plays innocent)  
 What about Paris?

BROOKE  
 (hands akimbo, exasperated)  
 MADIGAN!!!

Madigan starts to walk out the gate, Pegasus in tow; turns, lets out a hearty laugh, doffs, and waves at Brooke.

MADIGAN  
 Au revoir! Pegasus will fly me to  
 gay Paree.

EXT. BRADSWORTH ESTATE GROUNDS, SOUTH HAMPTON - SAME MORNING

Bernard finishes breakfast with ELOISE BRADSWORTH, who sits across him at a table under a tree; the mansion behind them.

Eloise is in her 70's, white hair, frail, but not sickly; her serene lined face still delicately beautiful.

BERNARD  
 Breakfast is delicious, Grandma.

ELOISE  
 Why didn't you tell me, that you  
 have a scheduled flight to Paris?

CHANGE ANGLE - Eloise and Bernard stand and amble, facing the ocean.

BERNARD  
 And miss your company? There'd be other  
 flights. Did you ever think that your  
 only grandson will pass this up?

ELOISE  
 I'm glad I have you all to myself while  
 your grandpa plays golf with North.

BERNARD  
 Great. No business for a change.

ELOISE  
 Let's hope not, for North Thorpe does  
 nothing but business. It's time, that  
 Grant let's you take over the Company.  
 Come, walk me to the koi pond, dear.

ANOTHER ANGLE - They feed the KOIS from the pond bridge.

BERNARD  
 It's amazing how the kois, so rich  
 in color seem unaffected by such  
 gift.

FLASH BACK - BERNARD WATCHES himself, at 7, with his DAD and MOM; all in party attire. He cowers from the PAPARAZZI'S FLASHBULBS; his dad shields him; his mom relishes it.

ELOISE (V.O.)  
It's an act of kindness not to flaunt  
one's excesses to those who have none.

Bernard listens pensively as he walks Eloise down the bridge.

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
I remember we were walking at Central Park,  
you were seven, barely started on your  
cotton candy, when a little girl kept  
staring at it, and you just gave it to  
her. I'll never forget the joy in your  
eyes, when you saw how ecstatic she was  
with your cotton candy all over her face.

BERNARD  
I remember.

ELOISE  
And Robin, she reminds you of how  
you felt then?

BERNARD  
Yes, I love seeing her happy.

ANGLE ON a Pegasus-shaped hedge by the rose garden. Eloise touches the Pegasus, fondly; Bernard by her side.

ELOISE  
You found a friend in Pegasus, so your  
grandfather made sure you had Pegasus  
everywhere. Remember what you told us?

BERNARD  
Pegasus flew me, wherever I wanted to.

ELOISE  
Very often, to heaven, to visit your  
Mom and Dad.

BERNARD  
That, too.

Eloise motions Bernard to the bench overlooking a waterfall.

ELOISE  
(looks at him, kindly)  
Kindness is not to be mistaken for  
something else, but kindness. Being kind  
to someone is not being in love. It may  
sustain us thru time, but it's a poor  
substitute to being in love and being  
loved. Our hearts should be nourished  
with love, for us to continue giving,  
lest it drains us.

(MORE)

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
 I hope, you found in Robin, what you've  
 been waiting for, all these years.

A PURPLE BUTTERFLY alights on Bernard's shoulder. He and  
 Eloise regard it with WONDERMENT, as it sprightly flies away.

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
 Always follow your heart, my dear.

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS HALLWAY - SAME MORNING

Madigan and Brooke, in chic travel clothes --dragging their  
 luggage, emerge from their apartment; Brooke with beret,  
 backpack and briefcase; Madigan with hat and shoulder bag. A  
 long flimsy LILAC SCARF drapes over Madigan's left shoulder.

Chandler appears from his suite across the hall in a stylish  
 outfit with garment bag over his shoulder, and a luggage.

CHANDLER  
 Bonne jour, Mademoiselles Madigan  
 Bloom...Brooke Adler.

MADIGAN & BROOKE  
 BON JOUR, Monsieur Chandler Rains.

They curtsy and doff; laughing as they turn to the elevators.

INT. JFK AIRPORT, LUGGAGE CHECK-IN AREA - SAME MORNING

Brooke, Chandler, and Madigan are next in line; Madigan  
 frantically digs into her shoulder bag. An IMPATIENT MALE  
 PASSENGER GLARES at Madigan. Brooke gives him a look. He  
 RECOILS.

MADIGAN  
 I can't find my ticket and passport.

BROOKE  
 It's all right. Let's step aside.

CHANDLER  
 We have time, keep looking.

MADIGAN  
 I must have left it. I've got to go back.

BROOKE  
 Yeah, okay...go. We'll wait for you  
 before we check these in.

CHANDLER  
 You want me to accompany you?

MADIGAN  
 No, thanks I'll be right back.

INT. JFK AIRPORT VIP LOUNGE - SAME MORNING

CRAIG FREMONT, 30's, energetic and passionate, Bradsworth's Int'l. Dev. Corp. Legal Counsel and Bernard's friend and college mate, anxiously paces and talks on his phone.

CRAIG (ON PHONE)  
Bernard, I've the docs you wanted. I'm  
at the VIP lounge, where are you?

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - SAME MORNING

Bernard steps out of the limo, cell phone and briefcase in hand. His chauffeur, RALPH, 20's, plump and sunny, follows him with the violin case, and a garment and overnight bags.

BERNARD(ON PHONE)  
Right here, Craig...just a few short  
steps from you.

INT. JFK AIRPORT TWO-WAY/SIDE-BY-SIDE ESCALATORS-SAME MORNING

Madigan hurriedly gets on the DESCENDING ESCALATOR as Bernard steps on the ASCENDING; Ralph following, five people behind.

SHOCK SHOT of Bernard as he looks up at Madigan.

REVERSE SHOCK SHOT of Madigan looking down at Bernard.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Instant inexplicable recognition between Bernard and Madigan. A magnetic attraction. THEME MUSIC PLAYS.

INTERCUT FACES of MADIGAN and BERNARD - as the escalators inch on - bringing them closer and closer - and suddenly, a COUPLE OF RUNNING PASSENGERS whisk behind them, thrusting them to each other - face to face.

The world freezes! In the magic of the moment! And when everything resumes, an end of Madigan's LONG FLIMSY SCARF, gets caught beneath Bernard's hand without them noticing it.

They slowly part farther as the escalators continue to move. The scarf gradually loosens --- trailing from Madigan's shoulder, its one end still under Bernard's hand, connecting them with a shimmering cord. Their eyes long to hold on as they look back, not wanting to let go of such wonder.

CHANGE ANGLE - Once Madigan reaches down, she hurriedly steps off the escalator, and races thru the crowd towards the exit door; instinctively looks back in wonderment, again and again.

Upon reaching the top, Bernard steps off, finds the scarf in his hand, and realizing, who it could belong to, immediately gets on the descending escalator, with excited anticipation.

Bewildered, Ralph follows, luggage and all.

Madigan is now running thru the crowd, looking back occasionally, not seeming to understand her action, but likes it.

Now Bernard is also running through the same crowd trying to catch up with Madigan; Ralph following from a distance.

As Bernard nears Madigan, she looks back at him -- but bumps against the oncoming hurrying passengers. Her shoulder bag slips off, its contents spilling all over the floor.

Bernard's phone RINGS, and reaching for it, fails to dodge the rushing passengers, that bump him. Phone and PEN fly off; the pen landing on the floor under Madigan's HANDKERCHIEF.

Bernard stops, returns the scarf to Madigan, who gratefully acknowledges, and helps recover her scattered things.

Once again, Madigan and Bernard are face to face with no words exchanged; just a deep look into each other's eyes.

CHANGE ANGLE - Madigan stands to go, notices her handkerchief, picks it up, tucks it in her jacket pocket, and races thru the crowd; preoccupied with her misplaced ticket and passport.

Bernard retrieves his cell phone between rushing feet-- sees beside it a CONTACT LENSES CASE, picks it up and speeds past the thickening crowd, that comes from opposite directions.

ANGLE ON BERNARD, who nears the exit door, raises the contact lenses case, and tries to get Madigan's attention.

BERNARD  
Miss, your (mumbles) eye accessory.

MADIGAN walks out the door without seeing Bernard.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT SIDEWALK - SAME MORNING

MADIGAN hails a taxi and gets in. Bernard emerges from the door in time to catch a glimpse of Madigan as she closes the taxi door. The taxi SCREECHES away.

Ralph is now following immediately behind Bernard.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
(calls after the taxi)  
You'll need this! (a beat)  
Ralph...let's follow that cab.

RALPH  
Yes, sir!

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME MORNING

The limousine zigzags thru traffic, still far from the taxi.

INT. TAXI - SAME MORNING

WINDOW SHOT FAVORING MADIGAN. She rummages thru her bag -- sweating and muttering.

MADIGAN  
Where's my handkerchief? I need my...

She dips her hand into her jacket pocket, and fishes out her handkerchief, then discovers Bernard's pen enwrapped in it.

C.U. OF the gold pen with SILVER RELIEF FIGURE of a PEGASUS.

Angle on MADIGAN, intrigued by the pen in her hand.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
Where did this come from?  
(brightens) Could it be his?

ANGLE ON the TAXI DRIVER, a Hindu, wise-looking man. He glances at Madigan at the front rearview mirror.

TAXI DRIVER  
Are you all right, Miss?

MADIGAN  
Not at all. I misplaced my ticket and passport, and found this pen, instead.

TAXI DRIVER  
Sometimes when we lose one thing we find another. Who knows if what you found could lead you to what you are looking for.

Madigan ponders, then dips her hand into the other pocket of her jacket, and is astounded to find her ticket and passport.

MADIGAN  
Wow! I found my ticket and passport!

TAXI DRIVER  
Things work out, don't they?

MADIGAN  
Oh yes...they sure do. Please, drive back to the airport. Hurry, please.

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME MORNING

The taxi makes a sharp lane change to the off-ramp, and finds a heavily-congested traffic caused by an accident.

INT. BERNARD'S LIMOUSINE - SAME MORNING

RALPH  
Oh no! Sir, Mr. Bradsworth, I can't believe this. I just lost the cab.

BERNARD

Well, we tried. Drive back to the airport.

INT. JFK AIRPORT CHECK-IN COUNTER - SAME DAY

Chandler, Brooke, and Madigan are running to the ticket check-in counter, dragging their luggage.

BROOKE

Let's try checking in our luggage at the ticket check-in counter.

MADIGAN

Sorry about this.

CHANDLER

Nothing happens for no reason.

As the three reaches the counter, panting but relieved -

COUNTER LADY

Sorry. The plane just taxied to the runway.

MADIGAN

I tried, but the traffic was too heavy.

BROOKE

Oh well, we'll book another flight.

CHANDLER

It's wonderful when we accept things that are beyond our control. Imagine the energy we save ourselves.

BROOKE

Yeah, yeah, Chandler I'm learning. I hope there's a LOGICAL explanation ... a REALLY...TRULY GOOD reason.

CHANDLER

Logical, maybe not; reason, ABSOLUTELY! For the best? ALWAYS!

INT. JFK AIRPORT VIP LOUNGE - SAME DAY

Craig in a panic as he sees the plane preparing to take off. Bernard, calm, and a still excited Ralph, approach Craig.

BERNARD

Hi, Craig!

CRAIG

What happened to the few short steps? Now... don't tell me you got lost.

BERNARD

Just the contrary...I'm found. Something needing no explanation, happened. (a beat) Something...*"DELICIOUSLY HEAVENLY"*...!

Craig hands folders of docs to Bernard, who shows no interest. Ralph tries to contain his excitement over his boss' pursuit.

CRAIG

How about Paris?

BERNARD

Call Ms. Kendall. I'll take the 12 noon with Robin, tomorrow. Also to inform the Human Rights Committee I can make it to the meeting.(a beat) It's a lovely day, Craig. Smile!

CRAIG

What else is there to smile about, Bernard? (a beat) Anytime you need these docs.

O.S. SOUND of CRASHING IMPACT followed by SCREAMING of horror. Bernard, Craig, and Ralph turn to look.

THEIR P.O.V. - A SMALL PLANE CRASHED AGAINST BERNARD'S PLANE.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

That's your flight. Whoever your *"deliciously heavenly"* vision was, just renewed your lease to life.

BERNARD

Ever believe in synchronicity?

INT. JFK AIRPORT GLASS WALL AREA - SAME DAY

Madigan, Chandler, and Brooke, see thru the glass, FIRE and SMOKE raging high into the air. The crowd is in shock. Brooke and Chandler turn to Madigan in disbelief and relief.

BROOKE

That was our plane. You saved us.

MADIGAN

And...all the time I had my ticket and passport with me...here in my pocket.

BROOKE

What a coincidence! And for a reason.

CHANDLER

Absolutely! Always! Without fail! But coincidence? Oh no! Synchronicity happens everyday, but we seem not to pay any attention. Pity!

ANGLE ON Madigan bewildered, beside her Brooke, now pensive.

INT. BERNARD'S PENTHOUSE TERRACE - THAT NIGHT

Bernard stands at the terrace, passionately playing his VIOLIN, composing a hauntingly romantic melody for his "deliciously heavenly" vision; the FULL MOON and DISTANT STARS, his audience.

Behind, Arthur enters with Bernard's tea, stops, and quietly leaves Bernard alone with his music.

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS, MADIGAN/BROOKE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME NIGHT

A tranquil Madigan, stands by the flourishing blossoms at the balcony, and like Bernard, gazes at the same full moon and stars; Pegasus beside Madigan, goggling up at the moon.

SPLIT SCREEN SHOT - Bernard plays his violin, at one side; at the other, Madigan in reverie. As the playing ends ---

WIPE OUT Bernard and FOLLOW Madigan as she holds Pegasus and STROLLS to the AQUARIUM in the LIVING ROOM. O.C. KNOCKING ON DOOR.

ON BROOKE who lets in Chandler; both in robes. He holds up a PLATTER of CANAPES. They walk to the living room passing Madigan, who seems mesmerized by the FISH she is feeding.

BROOKE

Hey, so did you call Pierre about our 7:00 p.m. Flight tomorrow?

CHANDLER

Oui! And had to calm him down when I mentioned the plane mishap. Miraculously, there were no fatalities! The N.Y. Fire Dept. Did an excellent job, indeed!

Chandler sets the platter on the coffee table --- both he and Brooke raise canapes in a toast, then lounge on the sofa.

BROOKE

Thanks, up there. Thanks F.D.N.Y. Here's to life! (a beat) I called the office. Per Marie, Felicia Thorpe is coming tomorrow at 9:00 a.m. No problems, I hope. It's good we missed our flight today.

CHANDLER

Right. I still get that shiver, just thinking about it. That was a very close call, indeed!

BROOKE

I'm not talking about the...Oh, can we just let the plane incident rest?

CHANDLER

Sure! But not to worry about Mrs. Thorpe. Our staff could manage any situation.

Madigan, smiling blissfully, dreamily ENTERS FRAME, takes a canape' for Pegasus, who instantly gobbles it up.

BROOKE  
What's the dazed look ... for?

CHANDLER  
Beatific, I should say. When love  
whispers, everything turns melodic,  
poetic...mystical. Just perfection!

BROOKE  
Hmmm, is it Mr. Millionaire? Or  
someone else?

CHANDLER  
(sings with gusto)  
Ah sweet mystery of life at last I  
found thee...

Madigan picks up a canape' for Pegasus and dreamily turns away.

BROOKE  
I really have to talk to her.

CHANDLER  
Can't you see? She's not here. She's up  
among the stars...or somewhere...

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS, MADIGAN/BROOKE'S LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Brooke breezes thru the room, leaves a briefcase and laptop by the vase of red roses on the dining table, goes to the kitchen, pours a glass of milk, and drinks in one long gulp.

MADIGAN (O.C.)  
Hold it, Brooke!

CLOSE SHOT of Brooke who reacts, and abruptly stops drinking.

PULL BACK to INCLUDE Madigan gliding seductively towards the dining room, in office outfit; Pegasus strutting behind her.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
We're alive. Our business is doing  
extremely well, so choking yourself is  
totally unnecessary and NOT SMART for  
someone whose I.Q. is way...way...up  
there. A toast to life, is more  
appropriate, don't you think?

BROOKE  
Yeah...yeah...Chandler and I did that  
last night..with canapes. (a beat) And  
about the choking bit, did you ever think  
I will make it easy for you and Chandler  
to go mansion-shopping with my share in  
our company? (a beat) Chandler must be  
waiting. The Felicia Thorpe thing. By the  
way, more roses from Mr. Millionaire.

Madigan reads the card, smiles, and smells the roses.

MADIGAN

He's asking me to see him for lunch.

BROOKE

Ah...a persistent and lavish romantic.

MADIGAN

About Chandler...not to worry. We've plenty of time. Hmmm...Chandler may just be in one of his creative moods. His way of refocusing when he's fazed, edgy as in escaping a plane collision. That kind of edgy.

BROOKE

Yeah, yeah, I get that part of it, but when something is about to explode as the Felicia Thorpe thing, he refuses to worry, or speculate until that thing actually materializes.

Madigan kisses Pegasus, ambles to the front door; Brooke trailing.

MADIGAN

Then, with a clear mind, he crosses the bridge. Makes sense, doesn't it?

BROOKE

To him maybe it does. I don't let the wheels turn on their own. I'd rather hold the rein. (a beat) Why do you think Felicia Thorpe wants to see us...again?

MADIGAN

More changes? Cancel the contract? Her daughter says no wedding? Take your pick. It won't bother me, if it's reasonable.

BROOKE

(rattles off breathlessly)  
Has Felicia Thorpe ever been reasonable? How about change thousands of white roses we've already ordered, to fuchsia orchids we have no idea where to order at this late date because she likes to see her daughter wear violet contact lenses and demands everything to reflect the color of her eyes?

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS HALLWAY -SAME MORNING

They walk out of the hallway towards Chandler's door ---

MADIGAN

"Tell us your dream, we will make it happen." Does that sound familiar?

BROOKE  
Yeah...yeah...I was just kidding.

MADIGAN  
Me, too.

They laugh. Brooke gapes at a NOTE on the door.

BROOKE  
He prepared breakfast. He's in his creative mood all right. So, how did you know? A whisper from the wind?

MADIGAN  
Nothing of the sort. (touches nose)  
I trust this ...old reliable one.

BROOKE  
Not only is this complex sound-proof,  
it's unquestionably, odor-proof.

MADIGAN  
Oh sure. Scientifically-tested,  
too. (a beat) I wish he'll serve  
his cheese crepe. Don't you miss  
it? I do.

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS, CHANDLER'S SUITE - SAME MORNING

Chandler is at his designer's kitchen - an apron over a silk outfit, totally comfortable, as a King is, in his kingdom, amidst profusion of flowers.

CHANDLER  
Entrez, Mademoiselles.

MADIGAN & BROOKE  
Hi, Chandler, love!

They find an elegantly-set table with plates of fresh cheese crepe. Brooke is agape as she regards Madigan.

BROOKE  
Hey...you just wished for the cheese  
crepe. Chandler hasn't made that for  
ages. (a beat) How did you do that?

MADIGAN  
(nonchalantly)  
Just a guess...I guess.

CHANDLER  
Or a strong wish...perhaps?

BROOKE  
Really Madigan. You're being evasive.

Not missing a beat, Madigan sits, forks the crepe, savors it.

MADIGAN

I have NOOO IDEA what you are talking about. THIS is truly THE ULTIMATE!

CHANDLER

Thank you my angels, my inspirations!

MADIGAN

(to Chandler, matter-of-factly)  
Your phone. (a beat) Tell Claude, Mitzi's taking care of Pegasus. Not to worry.

PHONE RINGS. Chandler and Brooke eye Madigan suspiciously.

CHANDLER(ON PHONE)

Hello, Claude? Don't worry, Mitzi's taking care of Pegasus. (a beat) Am I missing something?

Madigan continues to eat, smiling at Chandler and Brooke.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - SAME MORNING

Bernard is on the phone, in office outfit. On the line is MISS KATE KENDALL, his fortyish secretary, whose husky voice enunciates every syllable distinctly.

KATE (O.S.-ON PHONE)

Yes, Mr. Bradsworth, the Int'l. Human Rights Committee is informed of your attending its meeting this morning at nine. Your grandfather...

He straightens a WATER COLOR of Pegasus above his headboard.

KATE (O.S.-ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

...wants you to attend an emergency meeting at 11 a.m. today on the Bronx Dev. Project with Mr. Thorpe. You won't make it to your noon flight to Paris. However, there is one at 7:00 tonight, or noon tomorrow.

BERNARD (ON PHONE)

I'll be there, and seven tonight is fine. Thank you, Miss Kendall.

INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME MORNING

Bernard reflects on a VIOLIN SELECTION. CELL PHONE RINGS.

BERNARD (ON PHONE-CONT'D)

(brightly)  
Hello Robin!

EXT. THE THORPE ESTATE VERANDA, SOUTH HAMPTON - SAME MORNING

ROBIN, 22, blonde, tall, and slim. In spite her sophisticated look, she exhibits both ebullience and innocence. She is by the veranda that faces vast grounds and the ocean.

ROBIN (ON PHONE)  
Darling, you won't be flying with me?

INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME MORNING - FAVORING BERNARD ---

BERNARD (ON PHONE)  
Grandfather wants me to join him and  
your father at a meeting. However,  
I'm taking the 7:00 flight tonight.

EXT. THORPE ESTATE - SAME MORNING - REVERSE SHOT

ROBIN (ON PHONE)  
Want me to change my flight to 7:00?

SIX WELL-GROOMED LABRADORS run towards Robin. She SHRIEKS  
GLEEFULLY as the dogs romp with her.

ROBIN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Call 911! I'm being abducted ... by aliens.

BERNARD  
Want FBI? SWAT Team? MEDICS? (A beat) Use  
mind over matter...Robin Thorpe!

ANOTHER ANGLE ON the THORPE ESTATE. Robin throws away her  
shoes and the dogs scamper to retrieve.

ROBIN  
So would you like me to fly with you?

SPLIT SCREEN with Robin and Bernard TALKING ON THE PHONE.

BERNARD  
Oh no Robin, you and Felicia go  
ahead and give yourselves some  
headstart buying up Paris. (a  
beat) And how did your your  
essay turn out?

ROBIN  
Just an "A+"... thanks to you.

BERNARD  
Admit it, you're a talented writer.  
I had nothing to do with it.

ROBIN  
Except inspire me and believe in  
me. A trophy of appreciation would  
be appropriate for your decisive  
vote in favor of my pursuing  
Journalism over Father's dictum  
that I Master in Matrimonial  
Readiness for our BIG DAY! (waxing  
romantic) All my life I breathe and  
dream you. (giggles) How do I serve  
thee ... MASTER?

BERNARD  
I don't need a SLAVE!

ROBIN (ON PHONE)  
If you say so, SIR! See you in Paris.

BERNARD (ON PHONE)  
Before you could unpack.

SWIPE BERNARD OUT OF FRAME. PULL BACK FROM ROBIN to INCLUDE six dogs running back with Robin's shoes. She evades them, runs to the grounds, LAUGHING and SCREAMING into her phone.

ROBIN (ON PHONE)  
I love you, Bernard Bradsworth!

INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME MORNING

BERNARD (ON PHONE)  
Me, too. (a beat) Ralph, pick me up at three. Go buy your school books.

Bernard hands the money. Ralph salutes thru the front rear-view mirror. Aghast at the amount, Ralph turns to Bernard--

RALPH  
Thanks sir, Mr. Bradsworth.

REVERSE SHOT - The limo swerves, almost hit by an oncoming car. Ralph over-compensates. LOUD SCREECHING SOUND of TIRES.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Sorry, sir...it won't happen again.

BERNARD  
(calmly)  
Take it easy pal - breathe...

INT. FLORAL WONDERS, INC. OFFICE - SAME MORNING

SHOT OF ELEVATOR OPENING to the 20th floor -

The TRIO (Madigan, Brooke, Chandler), springs out the elevator and to FLORAL WONDERS, INC. reception. JOY, 20's, the pretty, plump receptionist, brightens up as they near her.

JOY  
Thanks Fairy Godmom, you're all fine.

MADIGAN  
Yes, Joy, it's great to be alive!

BROOKE  
We're expecting Mrs. Felicia Thorpe.

JOY  
She's at the atrium with Lyle.

MOVING SHOT - They enter an office that's more like a garden. THREE DOZENS EMPLOYEES, of varied ages and nationalities are in high spirit. They greet the Trio cheerily.

As the Trio walks -- MARIE, 30's, sophisticated; CHRISTIE, 20's, fit and perky; and PAUL, 40's, artistic and energetic, converge and walk along with them. They carry FOLDERS.

PAUL  
Brooke, our orchid order confirmation to Hawaii and Thailand. You're still here, so be useful. Autograph, please.

BROOKE  
Great. So Paul, are we on schedule?

PAUL  
Like clock-work. Smooth, as always.

REVERSE MOVING SHOT - They're signing documents as they walk.

MARIE  
Chandler, the amended Kern contract.

CHANDLER  
Thanks, Marie. Love the details.

CHRISTIE  
The Thorpe wedding is all ready to go. I was at the shop. All's fantastic!

MADIGAN  
That's good to hear, Christie. Should we need more orchids for the Thorpe wedding, could we manage?

PAUL  
Not a problem. There's Indonesia.

BRAD, 20's, glides toward Madigan and hands a box of red roses.

BRAD  
Another delivery from Le Millionaire. Have a blast in Paree, ville de amour!

MADIGAN  
Wow! (reads card; to self) I'll be there.

INT. ATRIUM - SAME MORNING

P.O.V. Of the Trio - Floral props and arrangements are in progress. By the arch, FELICIA THORPE poses; her back to them.

Like her daughter, Robin - Felicia is tall, slim, and blonde. Her hair pompously-coiffed. She turns and faces them.

Felicia, 40's, is heavily-made-up, and excessive in taste, although with fine features. Chameleon-like, she could be pleasant one moment, aloof and snobbish the next.

MADIGAN, BROOKE, CHANDLER  
 Good morning, Mrs. Thorpe.

MADIGAN  
 Shall we go to the office?

Felicia disapproves of LYLE'S presence, nearby. The Trio nods at Lyle, who is in his 30's and winsome. He waves and leaves.

FELICIA  
 This is private enough. If there's no mention of my daughter's fiance, it's not an omission. He values his privacy.

CHANDLER  
 We've handled celebrities, so we certainly understand the need for discretion.

FELICIA  
 There's been a leak. So we're changing the site and date.

BROOKE  
 We've no problem there. Is it later?

FELICIA  
 A week earlier, and it will be at our estate in South Hampton. You can see the place when we return from Paris. I fly at noon today. With my daughter.

CHANDLER  
 Isn't this serendipitous? We leave for Paris tonight for my friend, Pierre Du Bon's Fashion Show. Also, an Associate is doing the florals.

FELICIA  
 We're attending that, too. I might give him some business, my daughter's trousseau. When are you coming back?

BROOKE  
 In two weeks. We've more than a week for adjustments with the new location.

MADIGAN  
 Flowers are ordered and construction work all done. We'll be fine.

FELICIA  
 I want this sketch in orchids, too.

MADIGAN  
 (checks the sketch)  
 We can do this.

INT. ATRIUM - SAME MORNING

MOVING SHOT OF THE TRIO walking cross the atrium by the flower arrangements. Chandler fixes a thing here and there, with flair, as they pass by. Brad excitedly joins them.

BRAD  
(excitedly)  
Claude called...RAVES...RAVES for the florals at the breakfast reception.

MADIGAN  
Wonderful! And the extra food order for the center, was it done?

BRAD  
(excitedly, with flourish)  
Of course! Claude wanted to let you all know, that Sean, the caterer, finds the whole concept delectably genius. Mrs. B. likes the idea of extra food order included in her catered party, for donation to the center. She will also ask her friends to do the same.

CHANDLER  
Lovely! Please have the food transferred to the wagon. We'll deliver.

BRAD  
Done!

Brad EXITS FRAME and the Trio continues on to their offices.

CHANDLER  
One this afternoon, fine with you two?

BROOKE  
Sure. But Madigan has a lunch date.

MADIGAN  
Yes, but I'll make it for the center.

CHANDLER  
Once again synchronicity works. Yesterday the tiara for the Fashion Show wasn't ready. It'll be finally ready today. Thanks to our flight delay. Who'll pick it up?

MADIGAN  
I will. Treasures Jeweler's on my way.

CHANDLER  
Merci beaucoup. You're an angel.

EXT. THE INTERNATIONAL DEV. CORP. BUILDING - SAME MORNING

KEN, 60's, the doorman, opens the door for Bernard.

BERNARD  
Hello Ken. How's the new grandchild?

KEN  
Doing great, Mr. Bradsworth,  
thank you.

INT. THE INTERNATIONAL DEV., CORP. OFFICE - SAME MORNING

As Bernard walks by, the LADIES vie for his attention, which he politely acknowledges without encouraging.

Bernard's protective full-bodied smartly-clad, KATE KENDALL, poses by the office. A plate reads: BERNARD BRADSWORTH - V.P.

KATE  
Good morning, Mr. Bradsworth. Your  
flight for 7:00 tonight is confirmed.

BERNARD  
Thank you, Miss Kendall.

Kate proudly opens the door. He MOUTHS "thank you," and before she follows him, she turns and throws the Ladies that taunting victorious look. Eat your heart out.

REACTIONS from the Ladies - envy and disgust.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - SAME MORNING

On Bernard's desk, a small Lalique pegasus; behind his desk, the Manhattan architectural terrain. He leafs over invitations. Kate waits for instructions.

BERNARD  
Please send my regrets to Miss  
Voss' dinner, Miss Spander's  
luncheon, Ms. Rhode's soiree,  
and Mrs. Foch's Debut Ball for  
her daughter. Send five dozens  
roses to Chaste Foch. Respond  
with pleasure to all donation  
requests.

Telephone RINGS. Kate answers with formal courtesy.

KATE  
Mr. B. Bradsworth office, good  
morning. (a beat) Yes, you'll  
receive a press release on the  
concert. He'll appreciate your  
not printing his photo. Thank  
you for your understanding.

BERNARD  
Thanks. I'll sign the Human Rights  
concert letters after the meeting.

KATE  
Your grandfather is in the boardroom.

INT. BOARDROOM, INTERNATIONAL DEV. CORP. - SAME DAY

At the head of the conference table is GRANT BRADSWORTH, a distinguished-looking gentleman in his 70's.

With him are -- NORTH THORPE - 50's, well-built, good-looking, over-bearing; BRUCE, 40's, Thorpe's Assistant; MRS. LAMBERT, Grant's matronly secretary, and Craig.

Bernard enters the room. They acknowledge his presence.

BERNARD

Good morning Grandfather ... North  
...Mrs. Lambert...Bruce...Craig.

GRANT

Dev. has looked into North's joint-venture proposal. I want you to be apprised with this.

Craig handles the slide presentation, showing the land area.

GRANT (CONT'D)

In the 40's we lived in the Bronx and Father bought more land around us, but when the neighborhood got blighted we moved out. For decades we did not consider doing anything with the property until North presented me with his proposal.

NORTH

A year ago, confidential information came to my attention regarding the city's expansion plan for the new millennium. My company, in the last several months bought every property adjoining the Bradsworth's. With our combined real estate holdings, we can undertake a project of this magnitude. Bruce will present what the brains in our Design and Development have created.

BRUCE

The North-Grant City!

ON SCREEN, RENDERING OF ULTRA-MODERN INFRASTRUCTURE.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

With its latest technology this will serve as the base of global trends.

BERNARD

What's presently on the land?

CRAIG

Abandoned properties and squatters.

BRUCE

Thorpe Dev. has taken care of the occupants. We're ready to go.

GRANT

How about the displaced people? Have provisions been made for relocation?

NORTH

That is not our concern, Grant. Property owners have been paid. We do business, not subsidize squatters.

BERNARD

What kind of public facilities and environmental measures do we offer?

NORTH

Only the best, for the exclusive use of our residents and clientele. This is our monument, Grant. The peak of our achievements!

GRANT

Not at the expense of those who find themselves homeless and excluded.

NORTH

Let's define our priorities Grant. It's a developer's dream. (a beat) Our part is cleared. How about yours?

BERNARD

Craig, what's the status on our part?

CRAIG

Notices to vacate have been served, however, we discovered from the Hall of Records, that one property, smack in the center of the project is deeded to someone in Paris.

NORTH

Offer an indecent amount of money.

CRAIG

We did, but received no response.

BERNARD

I'm flying to Paris. Craig, provide me with the info. I'll see the owner.

Grant REACTS vehemently, which shocks everyone.

GRANT

NO! (composes himself) Bernard is closing a big contract in Paris. I don't want him distracted by this.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

North, your architects can redesign and build around that property.

NORTH

We're not going to allow a small property owner to foil a venture of two giant developers. If the owner has not responded, whoever is there must just be another squatter. Just evict. Better yet, have the city Department find some violations. Stopping progress, is intolerable.

GRANT

NO! No dirt digging... no legalese.  
(Exasperated)  
I am too old for this.

NORTH

Let Bernard work with me. After all we'll be family...very soon.

BERNARD

We will talk when I return from Paris, North. Let's go home Grandpa. Grandma worries when you get upset.

GRANT

Eloise always does. She should not know about this.

Bernard helps Grant; Mrs. Lambert follows, concerned. North stands, shaking his head. Bernard confers with Craig.

BERNARD

Check out the place, but whatever you find, don't do anything until my return.

CRAIG

Will do.

INT. RESTAURANT IN MANHATTAN - AFTERNOON, SAME DAY

The HOSTESS leads Madigan to a table in an exclusive glass-walled restaurant in a high-rise building in Manhattan.

THEODORE BEDFORD, 40's, welcomes Madigan. A tall, ruggedly handsome man, he exudes power and wealth, yet looks worried.

THEODORE

Thank you for seeing me.

MADIGAN

What's wrong, Theodore?

The WAITER approaches. Theodore is unmindful of him.

THEODORE

I heard about the plane collision.  
I just had to see you, before you  
take another flight to Paris.

MADIGAN

(to Waiter; discreetly)  
We'll order a little later. (a beat)  
Theodore, the roses you sent were  
lovely, thank you for your  
thoughtfulness. (a beat) But at the rate  
you have been buying up all those roses,  
for the past four months, I'm afraid you  
will drain all our suppliers.

THEODORE

It gives me much pleasure doing  
anything for you. (a beat) You know  
how much I value your friendship...  
and...

MADIGAN

I know Theodore. You're a very dear and  
caring friend. And patient. How many  
invitations to Broadway premiers and  
fund-raisers I've passed up? Yet, you  
never crossed me off your guest list.

THEODORE

I would never do that. There is only  
one name on my list. Yours, Madigan.  
(He reaches over for her hand)  
Please give me a chance to show you,  
how deeply I care for you.

MADIGAN

Let's, let's not go there now, please.

THEODORE

I'm sorry. You have your trip to  
think about. I'll be here waiting.

MADIGAN

Know what? Dinner's on me, when I  
come back from Paris.

THEODORE

I can't wait. But please, it's on me.

MADIGAN

Sure, Theodore. (a beat) I'm starving.

THEODORE

My fault. It's insensitive of me.

Theodore motions for the Waiter. They laugh.

INT. THE TREASURES JEWELER - SAME AFTERNOON

Madigan walks to the counter of the TREASURES JEWELER.

GIGI  
I'm Gigi. Does anything interest you?

MADIGAN  
I've come to pick up a tiara.

GIGI  
I'll tell the owner, Mr. Gerard.

She leaves Madigan, who is attracted to the display window.

ZOOM IN TO A C.U. Of an AMETHYST RING in a small heart-shaped glass case with a caption beneath it. The ring, in platinum setting is of two palms, male and female, also in platinum, cupping two heart-shaped amethysts, entwined as twins.

While Madigan is enraptured by the ring, MR. GERARD, 40's, cultured with charming manner, comes with the tiara box.

MR. GERARD  
Pardon me Miss, you came for the tiara?

MADIGAN  
Oh yes ... yes.

Mr. Gerard shows Madigan the high-styled tiara, and replaces it in the box. He refers to the amethyst ring.

MR. GERARD  
Beautiful, isn't it?

MADIGAN  
It's...it's more than beautiful.  
It's highly creative...imaginative...  
In an emotional way. It touches me.

MR. GERARD  
Impressive! I've never heard anyone describe it that way. I love it. I'm flattered. Let me get it for you.

Mr. Gerard brings out the heart-shaped case, sets it on the counter, and hands the ring to a breathless Madigan.

MADIGAN  
May I?

Mr. Gerard nods and Madigan wears it on her left ring finger.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
Unbelievable...it reaches out to me.

\*  
\*

MR. GERARD  
If all my clientele have your eyes for beauty and your heart that appreciates, I'll be the happiest and most fulfilled mortal in the cosmos.

MADIGAN

You're not bad yourself. No price?

MR. GERARD

Unfortunately, it is not for sale, otherwise, I would love to have you wear it. (a beat) It is a "Sweetheart Ring." I display it for the passing world to see and to remind us mortals, that in spite all our craziness, one thing is constant and immutable. For indeed, the greatest of all.. is love!

MADIGAN

I agree. Wow, you've a gift for words!

MR. GERARD

A frustrated poet, who truly believes, but cannot seem to hold on to its magic; its promises. This says it all.

Mr Gerard hands the caption to Madigan who reads it aloud.

MADIGAN

"When you find your twin soul...the Universe will let you know." Wow! What inspired you?

MR. GERARD

A friend. I designed this as a dare. The three of us, friends since first grade, fantasized about everything...girls, etc., etc. But one of us, the romantic... the dreamer...the stubborn one...

Madigan gives the ring and Mr. Gerard reflects on it.

MR. GERARD (CONT'D)

...who sounded almost mystical, declared, that he will only marry when he meets his twin soul. Of course, we did not believe in such a fantasy. Meanwhile, the two of us, impatient and eager ones, are now on our second and third divorces. How about that?

MADIGAN

And the third...is still waiting for his...twin soul.

MR. GERARD

When he picks this up, who knows when, or if ever, perhaps we will believe that there's, in fact, such a thing as twin souls...somewhere in the galaxy.

MADIGAN

Believe it !

C.U. Of Madigan FACE - BEAMING WITH HOPE. \*

EXT. SLUMS, SOMEWHERE IN THE BRONX - SAME AFTERNOON

PULL BACK from Madigan's FACE TO REVEAL her, sitting between Chandler, who's driving, and Brooke. Chandler, in his black T-shirt and black jeans; Brooke in aerobic tights and head band. Madigan in body tights, a sarong-style-wrap, around her waist. They sing along with Cher's "BELIEVE."

FOLLOW the STATION WAGON - "FLORAL WONDERS, INC." Painted on its side, passing blighted streets of store-fronts progressing to a no-man's land - a stretch of junk cars, tires, garbage, abandoned buildings with graffiti, over-grown bushes.

The wagon slows down before a once-gated private property, a faded sign hangs from the wrought iron arch that reads; "THE POWER OF LOVE" CENTER. Ancient trees surround the area. \*

The wagon drives thru the missing gates, on a brick-paved driveway, to a once-elegant, now weather-beaten residence.

EXT. "THE POWER OF LOVE" CENTER -SAME AFTERNOON

Chandler stops the wagon in front of the center. Above its tall double-door, is its slogan, "LOVE CONQUERS ALL." MUSICAL INTERLUDE - "The Power Of One" sung by Donna Summer.

Chandler parks the wagon beside the driver side of a VAN, SENIORS' HEAVENLY SHELTER painted on an opened sliding door.

TEN MEN and WOMEN WAVE at the Trio, and proceed to the center. The Trio WAVES back, and unloads the BOXES of food.

The DIAL-A-RIDE BUS parks beside the Seniors" van, 8 SENIOR VOLUNTEERS step out, WAVE at the Trio. The bus leaves.

CHANGE ANGLE - As soon as the Trio and the new arrivals disappear into the center, LILY, 10, a malnourished blonde girl, sneaks out from the bushes, grabs a take-out plate from the wagon, back to the bushes, and devours the food.

ANGLE ON an OLD MODEL CAR parking in the space just vacated by the bus. The black driver, BOB, 20's - steps out with ANTON, 60, and RAY, 50's; both shabby, each clutching a small bundle of belongings. They look unsure and suspicious.

BOB  
Come on...it's all right. Safer and warmer here than the streets.

The two men hesitate, then trail Bob to the center.

INT. CENTER LIVING ROOM - SAME DAY

CARESSA FOURNIER, 70's an agile French lady, with white hair in a French twist, and a lovely joyful face, gently touches Lily, who sleeps on a bench at the bright and neat living/reception room. Lily stirs and instantly gets up.

CARESSA  
 (with a hint of French  
 accent)  
 Hi, I'm Caressa. What's your name?

LILY  
 Lily...

CARESSA  
 Hungry?

Lily SHAKES her head "NO." Caressa extends her hand, smiling.

CARESSA (CONT'D)  
 Come, Lily, let's join the others.

HALLWAY - Caressa leads Lily and opens a door; both peep in.

P.O.V. - A ROOM - Brooke does aerobics with EIGHT YOUNG BOYS and GIRLS and Eight Seniors, to "I Will Survive."

WE FOLLOW Caressa and Lily looking in at the NEXT ROOM.

Chandler demonstrates tango steps with JANE, to Seniors and TEENAGE VOLUNTEERS and SIX HOMELESS MEN and WOMEN. Partners tango spiritedly around the room, gliding by Caressa and Lily.

ON Caressa and Lily MOVING ON, peeping into the NEXT ROOM.

Madigan, with 16 MEN and WOMEN SENIORS; TEENAGE BOYS and GIRLS, all moving expressively to INSTRUMENTAL of "MISTY."

MADIGAN  
 Close your eyes, feel the music.  
 Fly. Be a butterfly, a bird. Be  
 free as the wind. Breathe deeply,  
 for the air is free to us all.  
 Inhale and be refreshed; exhale and  
 be cleansed. Dance with your  
 heart...with your soul...

They are inspired; swaying, stretching, leaping, spinning.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Lily looks up at Caressa, who nods. Lily shyly joins behind the group. Madigan gives her a welcoming smile.

P.O.V. Of Madigan - Lily tentatively, slowly moves to the music, and soon enrapt in her own world, expresses herself freely.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
 Feel good about yourself...dare to  
 dream, for this, too, is free.  
 Truly, truly believe, for dreams do  
 happen...

Caressa smiles, closes the door, and strides DOWN THE HALL.

INT. CENTER STUDY ROOM - SAME DAY

Senior Volunteers, NONA, BURT, and CARL each helps TWO PRETEENS BOY and GIRL with homework, counsels a distraught 10-year old MARIO and teaches computer to a TEENAGE BOY, a TEENAGE GIRL, and a HOMELESS WOMAN.

INT. CENTER DINING ROOM - SAME DAY

Bob, FRED, and TESS, 20 to 30, unpack boxes of food, while Anton and Ray eat from take-out plates, as Caressa enters.

BOB  
These are real gourmet food,  
Caressa.

CARESSA  
Good Bob! No one could ever tell us,  
how gourmet cuisine tastes like.

BOB  
True! Isn't sharing just cool? Hey,  
you beautiful people out there...  
have parties with extra food  
orders, and have your caterers pack  
'em and send 'em out this way...and  
to other places, too.

Fred, Tess, Anton, and Ray, CHORUS "AMEN" and APPLAUD.

CARESSA  
That's the right spirit, Bob. The  
positive way can go a long way.

INT. CENTER SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - SAME DAY

Caressa looks pensively, at the two dozen bunkbeds. She holds a typewritten LETTER. O.S. LAUGHTER and FOOTSTEPS of the Trio.

BROOKE, CHANDLER, MADIGAN  
(O.S., animatedly)  
Caressa, are you there? We're  
leaving. We just want to say  
good-bye.

The Trio ENTERS FRAME, but surprised to see a sad Caressa.

MADIGAN  
Is something wrong, Caressa?

Caressa hands Madigan, the letter. The Trio reads silently.

EXT. CENTER GROUNDS - SAME AFTERNOON

CARESSA and the Trio survey the grounds sprouting with blooms; PAIRS of SENIORS and YOUTHS engaged in a variety of activities.

CARESSA

Isn't this sad to be evicted after so many have found a home here?

MADIGAN

We can talk to the developers, and request for an area for the center.

BROOKE

Yeah? If 2 and 2 don't add up to 4, if there's no profit, forget it.

CHANDLER

At least ask. It's an opportunity to show their humanity. Perhaps ask for a facility for the homeless.

CARESSA

You're right. We have to believe that they care. We need a nurturing place for the temporarily displaced; a place for seniors to feel that they haven't outlived their usefulness; that they're not like fully-depreciated cars...

P.O.V. Of Caressa and the Trio - CHARLIE, late 60's, teaching car repair to 3 TEENAGE BOYS, using a dismantled car engine.

CARESSA (V.O.)(CONT'D)

Our seniors have the wisdom and experience they can share with our youths.

BROOKE

You're an optimist, Caressa, in a world that no longer seems to encourage it.

CARESSA

Optimism is a gift. No one can take it away, unless we give it up, but why give up the force that sustains us? Why give up the air? As Madigan says, it's free.

CHANDLER

We are the unorthodox ones. Remember, how we overcame the obstacles on our homeless senior-youth efforts? We've disproved the general opinion, that because we would be dealing with what is labelled as anti-social attitudes, this place could be a haven of manipulative and destructive elements. But because we respect them, believe in them, they know that they could be productive again. They even enrich their lives with music and dancing.

MADIGAN

Surely our spirits need to feel good.

CARESSA

What we do maybe idealistic, but it works. When the intention is honest and born of love, miracles happen. Love is on our side. Believe in its power. So, developers, come see us!

BROOKE

We are dreamers. Face the real world.

CARESSA

Brooke, my precious child, we are not dreamers...we are optimists. The big difference is, we just don't lie down under shady trees on hot afternoons, dreaming for things to happen. We're optimists for we are doers. WE CAN!

THREE MALE SENIORS and TWO PRE-TEEN BOYS are RAPPING while working on the vegetable garden. Caressa raps with them.

CARESSA (CONT'D)

When we turn work to play...  
Muscle pains go away.

The group applaud; the Trio impressed by Caressa's spirit.

CARESSA (CONT'D)

I came from a world...and a time more cruel than this. Hope, optimism, we had to have, or we just fade away. I love life, and here I am, appreciating it more and more each day.

They pass by Lily, braiding the hair of VERA, 70's, while Burt shows Mario how to play drums, using old metal pots.

CARESSA (CONT'D)

Faith makes things possible, but never promises us things would be easy. So I make sure I have close to my heart at all times, faith and optimism. One, makes it possible, the other, makes it, hopefully... easier.

They stroll by the flower garden tended by YOUTHS and SENIORS, where butterflies flit from flower to flower.

CARESSA (CONT'D)

Go, enjoy Paris. Love be with you!  
Look at those joyful and free butterflies. Like love, they flit from blossom to blossom, whispering their song, till the world stills to listen and sings in unison.  
(a beat) Au revoir!

INT. AIRPLANE, BUSINESS SECTION - NIGHT

Madigan, eyes closed, sits between Chandler and Brooke.

C.U. Of MADIGAN'S EYES - SUPER - FLASH CUT (IC/PT)-PRESENT

AUNTIE ANGELA - late 30's, petite, bruised, is kicked by her husband, BRUNO; middle-age, 6-foot, Pot-bellied hulk. He raises a baseball bat, but Madigan CALLS, "AUNTIE ANGELA," and from behind, she jumps him, and bites his right arm. He SCREAMS. SCENE FADES OUT.

BACK TO PREVIOUS SCENE - ANGLE ON - Chandler and Brooke, eyeing Madigan, WHISPERING.

CHANDLER

Madigan, my fair lady, pray tell.

She opens one eye, peers at Chandler; the other, at Brooke.

BROOKE

(to Chandler,  
conspiratorially)

About which? The whoever in her life inspires her to waltz on cloud ten? Or the Claude phone call, or other 2-and-2-equals-five things? \*

CHANDLER

Come Madigan, love, confess. Please!

MADIGAN

(whispers back, evading)

Not my making. Things just happen.

CHANDLER

Which ones?

MADIGAN

All of the above.

BROOKE

All of the above could be explained scientifically. Some of us are able to use more than just 10% of our idle brain. No mystery there. About the odd look? Simply ask her. No sweat.

CHANDLER

Not as simple as you think. Many things can't be explained.

BROOKE

Oh, you're talking metaphysical. Or psychic phenomena. Give me something to chew on. (a beat)  
Why are we whispering?

CHANDLER  
It's discreet. About proof? One  
day you'll have it. Maybe even  
sooner.

Meanwhile, Madigan seems to sense a presence. She stands.

BROOKE  
Now, what? Do we bail out, or what?

CHANDLER  
Must have felt some kind of  
vibration.

\*  
\*  
\*

FOLLOW Madigan who sidles past Chandler, walks to the First  
Class, is about to peep in, but STEWARDESS, 30's steps out.

STEWARDESS  
You need anything, Miss?

Madigan stops, pauses, and smiles -

MADIGAN  
No. Just stretching.

Madigan turns back, as the Stewardess closes the curtain.

INT. AIRPLANE, FIRST CLASS SECTION - SAME NIGHT

The Stewardess turns, walks by the aisle, smiles at Bernard,  
who sits alone, drinking a bottled water. He smiles back.

STEWARDESS  
(flirts subtly)  
Mr. Bradsworth, interested in  
juice...wine...liquor...tea...  
coffee? Anything?

INTERCUT - Bernard politely shakes his head to her every offer.\*

BERNARD  
No, thanks water is fine.

Bernard feels something appealing behind him; turns, smiles,  
disregards it, and closes his eyes.

INT. AIRPLANE, BUSINESS SECTION - SAME NIGHT

Madigan is back at her seat. Smiling, she closes her eyes,.

CHANDLER  
Enlighten us, Madigan. Something  
is definitely brewing. You know  
we care.

\*

BROOKE  
Yeah. Lots of square pegs in round  
holes and vice versa...  
(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Hey, you bit your lips? There's red on your teeth.

MADIGAN

It's nothing...must be my lipstick.

EXT. ARC DE TRIOMPHE - DAY

PIERRE DU BON, a French gentleman, late 30, short, suave, and charming, with eloquent hands, takes photos of his friends, Chandler, Madigan, and Brooke by the Arc de Triomphe.

BROOKE

Pierre, mon ami, you make my first visit, tres merveilleuse! I always felt an affinity for anything French. Like I've been here before.

PIERRE

Perhaps. (a beat) Enjoy the Eiffel Tower.

FOLLOW PIERRE'S SWEEPING HANDS.

PIERRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Palais Royal, Tuileries, Musee de Louvre...

SERIES OF SHOTS - The group pose and take photos of the Notre Dame, L' Opera, St. Madeleine, Palais du Luxemburg, Bois de Vincennes, Le Grande Arche, etc. They mimic the MIMES, JUGGLERS, FIRE-EATERS, and ARTISTS at the Pompidou center piazza.

EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS -ANOTHER DAY

Madigan, Brooke, Chandler, and Pierre are enjoying a picnic on the lush grounds with the castle behind them.

MADIGAN

(excitedly pointing at the castle)

That's my castle in the sand, as I dreamed it, when I was a little girl.

CHANDLER

Dreams are indeed powerful when the heart wills it. And little girls and little boys have such magical ways of making dreams come true. They BELIEVE!

BROOKE

How did you find this place Pierre?

PIERRE

My favorite. (joyfully twirls around) As a child, I promised my little brother, mom frere, that I'll take him here when we grow up.

BROOKE

(remembers; as if in a  
trance)

This is weird. My older sister twirled exactly like that, whenever she got excited. (becomes emotional) She was such an angel, and I was the ogre. While she slept, I branded her leg with a hot horseshoe, for good luck, I explained to mother as she wrestled the hot stuff from me and burned her arm, as well.

Chandler hugs Brooke and brushes her cheek gently with the back of his palm. Brooke looks at him, uncomprprehendingly.

CHANDLER

Now...now little one..ma amie...hush.

BROOKE

(tearfully reminisces,  
still as if in a  
trance)

I was inconsolable for my misdeeds, and she calmed me down just as you're doing. "I still love you," she whispered, "and always will," mon fils, mon amour."

Laughing, Pierre flaunts his horseshoe birthmark on his shin and Chandler shows off a horseshoe scar on his arm.

PIERRE

Lucky me, a painless birthmark memento.

CHANDLER

And a free tattoo from birth.

BROOKE

I was a terror. (tearing) I wish they know how sorry I am.

CHANDLER & PIERRE

(compassionately hug  
Brooke)

Oh... they know.

Pierre pulls up Brooke, and they both twirl around laughing; Chandler applauding. And Pierre bursts into a song.

PIERRE

Oui! Life is a carousel, my friends!

C.U. Of Madigan who smiles as she sees a different scene.

P.O.V. Of Madigan -

The SCENE with Pierre, Chandler, and Brooke BLURS and FOCUSES BACK into (IC/PT) with them appearing as CHILDREN in French peasant costumes; Pierre as a GIRL and Brooke, as a BOY and Chandler as the MOTHER, 20's, contentedly watching.

MADIGAN  
 (watching scene;  
 confidently)  
 All will just be fine...you'll see.

BACK to the PICNIC - THE PRESENT - They're TOASTING happily.

PIERRE  
 By the way, how did you three meet?

BROOKE  
 I met Madigan at a shelter. I was a disillusioned...messed up youngster, with no place to go home to.

MADIGAN  
 And I was a scared...lost orphan.

CHANDLER  
 At Central Park, one Sunday, I came across these two ebullient, smart young ladies selling the most creative, most poetic, lyrical, floral arrangements.

BROOKE  
 Our way of raising college tuition...

MADIGAN  
 ...and this most gorgeous young man listened to our business idea...just a dream really...but he believed in us.

CHANDLER  
 And the rest is history, as they say. Serendipity at its best!

PIERRE  
 Chandler here left Oxford for Paris Otis Parsons, that's where we met, ladies, in Art class. My calling is to dress up the ladies; his, to dress up the galas.

CHANDLER  
 The Universe conspires, indeed, and shapes our ends. We just do our part.

PIERRE  
 But Chandler mon bon ami, besides your successful business and your volunteer work, what's your dream, just for yourself?

CHANDLER

My fondest dream, wish, if you will, is to be with friends, like all of you, who respect, care, love, and feel for me, as I for them, and of course, appreciate my cooking, and my many other talents. But seriously, in the grand scheme of things, I dream of a life with one who's caring, and honest. A life with someone, sans hypocrisy.

PIERRE

That's fantastique. You know exactly what you want, and you'll have it, mon amour. I can just feel it. (a beat) And how about you Brooke, ma belle? No one's caught your fancy yet? Why?

BROOKE

Because what I'm looking for, must be in other planets. But I'm okay where I'm at. Why be in a relationship that will just cramp my style...my freedom?

PIERRE

You must have a dream, ma bonne amie.

BROOKE

Dream? Oh yeah, but they will remain just dreams. (seriously) But yeah, I dream, too. That someday out there in the galaxy, is someone who can see thru this super-efficient Brooke, the scared girl, who dreads to repeat the pattern of her parents' so-called-commitment, where one spouse leaves the other, at a time in one's life when opportunities are no longer that available; when it becomes too late for the one, whose value had been completely depleted and spent. And the body worn out and all wrinkled up.

MADIGAN

Oh God, Brooke you can't believe that. It isn't your pattern... it's not you. We each shape our own pattern.

CHANDLER

We're sorry about your parents, but that pattern ends right now, right here with you. Trust me on this and believe!

PIERRE

I didn't mean this to happen. S'il  
 vous plait, have pity on my mascara.  
 Let's change the subject. (a beat)  
 If you have to place a "want ad"  
 how would it read?

BROOKE

This one I like. First, I'd place the  
 ad in the Intergalactic Bulletin, and  
 it would read: Looking for a tall,  
 (that's to improve our offsprings' DNA)  
 impishly good-looking, cultured (to  
 polish my rough edges), and a GENTLE  
 man, who'll love me despite my  
 shenanigans, for inside this fireball,  
 is but an iceberg waiting for passion  
 to melt it, and, of course, one who can  
 whip up gourmet cuisine.

Madigan and Pierre look quizzically at Chandler, who smiles.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

As a CPA, I believe in balance sheets,  
 but when I find one I'm in love with,  
 and who'll love me, there will be no  
 balance sheet, no 50/50 arrangements.  
 When I give, I give my 100%...my all.

CHANDLER

And if he gives you back 150%?

BROOKE

Then I'll give him back 200%. And  
 it'll be a relationship of endless  
 giving. If there is someone out  
 there who fits the bill.

MADIGAN

Sometimes when we look far (teases)...  
 we miss what's right under our nose.

BROOKE

Yeah? And where is that elusive one?

MADIGAN

(evasively)  
 I'll have to excuse myself, ma  
 cheri amour. That shade tree is  
 so inviting. Au revoir.

Madigan glides towards a shade tree, leaving the three agape.

EXT. SHADE TREE - SAME DAY

Madigan is sound asleep under the shade tree, the three not  
 far from her; the castle, a towering backdrop.

CHANGE ANGLE - Brooke, Chandler, and Pierre regard Madigan.

BROOKE  
 Don't you just envy her? She can  
 will herself to relax anytime,  
 anywhere.

C.U. OF MADIGAN. SUPER (IC/PT) on her FACE -

FLASH CUT - NIGHT, PRESENT - A hog-tied GLEN, 15, good-looking lanky boy, his HEAD in PLASTIC BAG, is kicked out of a car with CHEERING BOYS. The car SPEEDS away. Madigan BARGES INTO FRAME, frantically biting the plastic bag open. FADE OUT.

CHANGE ANGLE - MADIGAN WAKES UP, deeply bothered. She walks away from the three, who chat animatedly. But they notice and Brooke CALLS AFTER HER.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
 Slept well? Where are you going?

MADIGAN  
 I'll be by the lake.

EXT. THE LAKE - SAME DAY

Madigan sits by the lake, speaking to someone from long ago.

MADIGAN  
 I need to talk, Granny Lola. My  
 friends notice, and I don't want  
 to lie to them.

MADIGAN WATCHES A SCENE ---

EXT. LAKE, NOT THIS LAKE - ANOTHER DAY, LONG AGO

It is another lake; more idyllic, more rustic. CHILD MADIGAN, 8, sits under a tree, beside LOLA, her great, great, grandmother.

CHILD MADIGAN  
 I'm scared, Granny Lola. Auntie  
 Angela said I shouldn't tell anyone  
 because they will think I'm crazy.

LOLA  
 It's a gift, Madigan, a special one.

CHILD MADIGAN  
 But I don't know what to do with  
 it. I'm just a little girl.

LOLA  
 Patience, child. In time you will.  
 Accept the gift with gratitude. God  
 only gives what we can handle. For  
 He is a kind and wise God.

CHILD MADIGAN  
 Do other children have this gift, too?

LOLA  
 We all have it, if only we pause to  
 listen. But yours is very special.

CHILD MADIGAN  
 Do you have this gift, too, Granny Lola?

LOLA  
 Yes, Madigan. Do you think I'm crazy?

Madigan shakes her head, "NO" and smiles up at Lola.

EXT. THE LAKE - SAME DAY, THE PRESENT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the lake with Madigan walking along its  
 bank...pensively...reflectively.

LOLA (V.O.)  
 If everything we feel and everything we  
 know, we have to explain to those who  
 refuse to believe, we will be spending  
 our entire life explaining things,  
 because life is one mystery after  
 another. If we can only appreciate  
 life's wonders and together think  
 good thoughts, we can do good deeds.  
 And hopefully reinvent our world.

P.O.V. - The lake with water lilies. A kingfisher swoops down,  
 swiftly soars up, then releases a tiny fish in its beak.

LOLA (V.O. (CONT'D))  
 Mysteries exist whether we deny  
 or believe, whether we understand  
 or not.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Swans serenely bask, a weeping willow stands  
 in solitude, its branches thirstily reaching into the water.

LOLA (CONT'D)  
 Listen to your heart and you'll  
 not go wrong. Believe and be  
 unafraid.

MADIGAN  
 Thank you, Granny Lola. I feel  
 much better already.

EXT. BRIGHTLY-LIT CHATEAU - NIGHT

Limos and luxury cars unload GUESTS in masquerade costumes.

INT. CHATEAU GRAND STAIRCASE - SAME NIGHT

GUESTS, in period costumes with masks, step down the grand  
 staircase, and are welcomed by the hostess, the BARONESS.

Bernard, Robin, and Felicia are by the reception line, when the Trio and Pierre arrive above the staircase.

Strong chemistry between the masked Bernard and Madigan.

WE FOLLOW Bernard, Robin, and Felicia as they saunter to the elegant MUSIC ROOM. The Trio and Pierre ENTER FRAME.

Bernard and company continue on to the LIVING ROOM and on to the DINING ROOM. The Trio and Pierre follow and merge with other guests. Bernard and Madigan feel an uplifting presence.

At the ART GALLERY, the Trio and Pierre view the art collection of paintings and observe the other guests, as well.

BROOKE

Who are all these people, Pierre?

PIERRE

The creme de la creme of Paris society.

BROOKE

So, what are we doing here?

CHANDLER

Playing creme de la creme. Pray tell why, Pierre.

PIERRE

Our Hostess, the Baroness and many of the guests are among my clientele.

BROOKE

Must be fulfilling, to say the least, to influence Paris' haute couture.

CHANDLER

Absolutely! However, what I admire most is how you, Pierre and other benefactors show that sense of "noblesse oblige." Just lovely!

PIERRE

Yes, it feels good to give something back. This Masquerade Ball is always a big fund-raiser for the Intl. Human Rights Org. However, the Committee has other fund-raising events as well, like the Concert next week, which I insist, you all attend.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Madigan gets absorbed by a PAINTING of the GIVERNY RIVER and lingers in awe before moving on.

Bernard is drawn to the same painting, while Felicia and Robin stop to talk to some of the guests.

EXT. CHATEAU GROUNDS AND GARDENS - SAME NIGHT

Madigan strolls, stopping by the fountain with dancing waters.

Nearby, Bernard, alone this time, finds the leaping waters, appealing. Madigan feels exhilarated as Bernard nears her.

The O.S. PLAYING of the ORCHESTRA is HEARD and the strolling guests and Madigan return to the chateau. Bernard follows.

INT. CHATEAU BALLROOM - SAME NIGHT

The Orchestra PLAYS the "MINUET" and guests in pairs move to the center of the ballroom for the Minuet dance -

Madigan with Chandler and Brooke with Pierre join in; opposite them, Robin with Bernard and Felicia with a KING.

During the switching of partners, Madigan and Bernard waltz for a few turns, but the magnetism lingers on, way after the dance had long ended.

INT. FASHION SHOW HALL - ANOTHER NIGHT

The Trio is among the chic audience at the Fashion Show. And an impressive floral decor stands out.

The FINALE - WEDDING ENSEMBLE. The BRIDE, wears Chandler's TIARA. Standing ovation greets Pierre Du Bon, on stage.

Across the ramp from the Trio, sit Felicia and Robin.

BROOKE

The floral of Maurice is fantastique.

CHANDLER

Fleur Magnifique Du Paris does wonders.

MADIGAN

And the tiara is fabulous!

INT. FASHION SHOW RECEPTION HALL - SAME NIGHT

The Trio, MAURICE & NICOLE, both French and ANYA, Danish, all thirtyish, are with Pierre, when Felicia and Robin join them.

CHANDLER

Mrs. Thorpe, my friend, Pierre du Bon.  
Pierre, Mrs. Thorpe, our client.

PIERRE

(kisses her hand)  
Madam Thorpe, the pleasure is mine.

FELICIA

My daughter, Robin Thorpe; Robin, Pierre.

PIERRE

(kisses her hand)  
Very pleased. Mademoiselle Thorpe.

ROBIN

I love your collection, Pierre.

FELICIA  
We are buying for Robin's trousseau.

PIERRE  
Marvelous! Merci! I'm thrilled.

ROBIN  
My fiance missed the show, but he'll meet us for dinner. We would love to have you all join us. Please do.

CHANDLER  
Thanks, but we are dining with Pierre and our local associates. Please meet Maurice and Nicole. Anya, our supplier from Denmark.

After the handshakes, Pierre's well-wishers surround him.

MADIGAN  
See you all in a while. Mrs. Thorpe, Robin, see you back in the States.

They acknowledge and the Trio walks thru the animated crowd.

CHANDLER  
Pretty and classy girl, that Robin.

BROOKE  
For a very young, rich girl, she's okay. Doesn't have her mother's air or looks more like insecurity to me.

MADIGAN  
I like her.

EXT. PARIS TRENDY RESTAURANT - SAME NIGHT

A taxi nears the restaurant where a haggard FRENCH MOTHER, 40, and a DAUGHTER, 8, hungrily peep at its glass window.

INT. TAXI - FAVORING BERNARD AT THE BACK SEAT, LOOKING OUT.

His P.O.V. - The DOORMAN, motions away the Mother and Daughter. They move and sit by the sidewalk; eyeing the restaurant.

INT. TRENDY PARIS RESTAURANT - SAME NIGHT

On stage is the "CAN CAN." At the front table are Robin and Bernard having fun; Felicia not pleased, whispers to Robin.

FELICIA  
We're supposed to have a quiet dinner.

ROBIN  
Enjoy it Mother. It's Paris.

BERNARD

After my meetings, I welcome this.

Felicia nibbles with her appetizer, Robin and Bernard savor theirs. Bernard looks bothered, SIGNALS for the MAITRE'D, and discreetly WHISPERS an instruction. The Maitre'd NODS and LEAVES. Bernard, now relaxed, resumes eating.

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - SAME NIGHT

Madigan, Brooke, Chandler, Pierre, Maurice, Anya, and Nicole step out of the limo, laughing. And as they look up in awe, PAN UP to the top of the Eiffel Tower.

INT. EIFFEL TOWER, JULES VERNE RESTAURANT - SAME NIGHT

The HOSTESS escorts the group to a table with the view of PARIS AT NIGHT, which looks like clusters of sparkling jewels.

INT. TRENDY PARIS RESTAURANT - SAME NIGHT

ROBIN

Try this, darling. It's very French.

BERNARD

Whoa...how much wine is in here?

ROBIN

Tons! For a non-drinker like you, it's an ocean, but you'll drown happy.

They laugh together with Felicia, who is by now, tipsy.

INT. HOTEL LIMOUSINE - SAME NIGHT

Felicia, Robin, and Bernard continue to enjoy a good laugh.

FELICIA

Know what I like most about French cuisine? No need to spend on wine.

ROBIN & BERNARD

How so?

FELICIA

From the appetizer, to the dessert, you'll get all the wine you ever need. (giggles) For once I'm actually saving your father, HUGE...BIG money.

They laugh, but Bernard stops as he looks out the window.

P.O.V. OF BERNARD - The French Mother and Daughter sit by the sidewalk enjoying the gourmet food from take-out plates.

ANGLE FAVORING BERNARD, who smiles with a sense of peace.

INT. A FRENCH DISCO CLUB - SAME NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE of the DANCE FLOOR, crowded with beautiful people. Robin and Bernard have fun on the dance floor, when his cell phone RINGS. Robin playfully resists as he leads her to the table, where Felicia is relieved to see them rejoin her.

Felicia shakes her head glaring at Robin, who wiggles in her seat, as an amused Bernard strains to listen on the phone.

BERNARD (ON PHONE)

Yes?

(his face saddens)

What's the available fight tonight?  
(a beat) Please book it. Thanks.

ROBIN

Darling, what is it?

BERNARD

It's grandfather. I'm flying home.

Bernard cuts thru the crowd; Robin and Felicia tagging along.

Pierre leads the Trio, and Maurice, Anya, and Nicole into the club. They are laughing and already dancing to the frenzied MUSIC, while wading thru the wiggling, undulating bodies. Robin and Pierre notice each other and call out exuberantly.

ROBIN

Hi, Pierre!

Bernard turns and for a second he stops and freezes.

PIERRE

Hello, Robin!

Madigan catches a fleeting sight of Bernard, who is quickly engulfed in the crowd. She stops and scans the crowd, but Brooke pulls her to the dance floor.

Bernard's P.O.V. - The crowded dance floor. Pierre and Brooke, Maurice with Anya and Nicole dance spiritedly. Chandler and Madigan weave in and out of the constantly moving bodies.

Robin and Felicia follow Bernard, who hesitates momentarily, looks back, then hurries to the door. Robin wonders.

INT. BRADSWORTH ESTATE, GRANT'S BEDROOM - 2:00 A.M.

NURSE, MISS WILSON, 40, checks Grant's I-V line, while he sleeps, when Bernard approaches her.

BERNARD

How is Grandfather, Miss Wilson?

MISS WILSON

He is resting comfortably. (a beat)  
Has Dr. Woodrow updated you on your  
Grandfather's condition?

BERNARD

Yes. The stroke left him with a  
partial paralysis affecting his  
left body and his speech.

MISS WILSON

I am sorry. (a beat) Dr. Woodrow  
said, no hospital stay for him. A  
standing instruction, I understand.

BERNARD

A pact between Grandfather and  
Grandma. They're very close.  
(a beat) It's two in the morning,  
take a break. I'd like to stay.

MISS WILSON

I'll be in the next room. Thank you.

CHANGE ANGLE -Miss Wilson leaves the room. Bernard Pulls a  
nearby chair and sits by the bedside, holding Grant's hand;  
touching his face, and softly talking to him.

BERNARD

Thank you, for being a father to  
me. Mom and Dad up there, must be  
grateful for taking care of their  
son. I am never wanting of love.  
Grandma and you lavish me with it.

INT. GRANT'S BEDROOM - 4:00 A.M. - SAME MORNING

The room is now dimly-lighted from the two side table lamps.  
The door SLOWLY OPENS, and Eloise, in a sleeping gown,  
emerges and inches towards Grant's bed.

PULL OUT TO INCLUDE Bernard, who stirs; quietly straightens  
in his chair at a corner of the room, and checks the CLOCK.

INSERT SHOT - The table clock INDICATES 4:00 A.M.

CHANGE ANGLE - Eloise sits on the bed's edge, unaware of  
Bernard's presence. She kisses Grant. Grant opens his eyes,  
brightens at the sight of her, and tries to talk, but  
couldn't. There is so much love in their eyes.

INTERCUT the FACES of Grant and Eloise as MUSICAL INTERLUDE  
of "WHEN I LOOK IN YOUR EYES," sung by Linda Eder, PLAYS.

ANGLE ON BERNARD, sitting in the dark, feeling so privileged  
to witness such deep affection between those he loves.

ELOISE

Thank you, my darling for  
loving me.

Grant tries in vain to talk, to apologize for something bothering him. Eloise gently places a finger on Grant's lips to hush him.

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
I know...I know everything.

Grant looks at her in pained disbelief, followed by relief.

ELOISE (CONT'D)  
It's all right, I understand what you did. You're an honorable man. I love you and always will...forever.

She kisses him, gets up the bed, nestles beside him stroking his face and hair. Grant blissfully closes his eyes. And like Grant, Eloise, does the same, contentedly, peacefully.  
MUSICAL INTERLUDE SNEAKS UNDER and OUT.

INT. GRANT'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

It's early morning. Grant and Eloise, in peaceful slumber.

Bernard, still in his chair, wakes up and smiles as he looks at his grandparents; peaceful in sleep. He approaches them quietly and kisses Eloise's forehead. It is cold. He touches her cheek...her hand...both also cold. He freezes. Anxiously, tentatively, he checks her pulse.

BERNARD  
(shocked and in pain,  
calls hoarsely)  
Miss Wilson!

Bernard hugs Eloise and sobs softly. Grant's eyes open. He looks at Bernard, questioningly. Bernard touches his cheek, where a tear drips down slowly. Bernard hugs them both.

Miss Wilson races to Grant, and checks his pulse. Confused, she checks Eloise's pulse. There is none. In shock and disbelief, she could only look helplessly at Bernard.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Bernard plays "Meditation" in his violin before Eloise's coffin. PRIEST, Robin, Felicia, North, and FRIENDS solemnly stand.

INT. BRADSWORTH ESTATE, GRANT'S BEDROOM - SAME DAY

Grant is motionless on his bed, gazing up; tears brimming. Beside his bed, Miss Wilson silently shares in his grief.

EXT. CEMETERY - SAME DAY

BERNARD  
(whispers as he lays a  
rose on the coffin)  
From Grandfather, with love,  
Grandma. Thank you, for loving  
me, so purely.  
(a hint of a smile)  
(MORE)

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
 Pegasus will fly me to visit you.  
 (a beat) Be happy. Be at peace.  
 I love you.

Bernard bends and kisses his grandmother's coffin.

EXT. LUXURIOUS HOTEL IN PARIS - NIGHT

Bernard in tux, straightens up from kissing the gloved hand of a REGAL LADY PATRON, at the Hotel red-carpeted entrance.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS of the Intl. Human Rights Org. Fund-raising concert, welcome PATRONS as they glide up the cordoned red carpet walkway. FANS, SPECTATORS, and PAPAZZIS crowd both sides. Bernard discreetly avoids the flashbulbs.

ANGLE ON Madigan, Chandler, Brooke, and Pierre, in evening attire, stepping out of a limo, two cars from the red carpet.

BROOKE  
 I think, I'm starting to get used  
 to rubbing elbows with the Paris  
 elite. It's intoxicating.

CHANDLER  
 Is this the same Brooke I'm hearing?

MADIGAN  
 Our friend's taste is going up a  
 notch. It's good. That's progress.

BROOKE  
 So they got (famous artists) to  
 perform?

PIERRE  
 Oui...which explains the presence  
 of the fans and paparazzis.

ANGLE ON Madigan, who senses something, searches the crowd, wades thru it, unnoticed by her friends, she leaves behind.

Bernard, also, picks up a presence. He scans the crowd.

Madigan and Bernard catch a glimpse of one another in the crowd, and strain to locate each other, but SUDDENLY ---

A THUNDEROUS STAMPEDE of EXCITED SCREAMING Fans and Paparazzis BREAKS thru the cordoned area as a LIMO STOPS in front.

SLOW MOTION - Bernard in a panic, races towards his "deliciously heavenly" vision, to shield her from the closing-in STAMPEDE; Madigan longingly strives to reach him.

HIGH ANGLE of the PANDEMONIUM. Rushing Fans and Paparazzis encircle the limousine, pushing and shoving. People fall and are trodden on; the SECURITY fighting back the mob.

INT. PARIS HOSPITAL EMERGENCY HALL (IC/PT) SAME NIGHT

The hallway bustles with frantic activities; NURSES attend to injured Fans and Paparazzis; Madigan, in the same concert gown, unscathed, searches for a face in the crowd.

INT. PARIS HOSPITAL PRIVATE ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Bernard is in bed; his left shin in a cast, a bandage around his head. NOELLE, a young seductive French nurse, hands to Bernard his medication; by his bedside, an uninjured Felicia sketches a figure of a Pegasus on Bernard's cast.

NOELLE

This will help you sleep.

FELICIA

I was in the powder room when it happened, but I heard the screamings.

BERNARD

I'm glad you're okay.

FELICIA

Robin wants to fly in, but I told her, not to worry. I'll stay with you.

BERNARD

I'll call her. She can't miss her final exams. Noelle, do tell Mrs. T. I'll be just fine.

NOELLE

He's fine. It's just a hairline shin fracture. However, he is still under observation due to the concussion.

Noelle winks seductively at Bernard as she fusses over him, which shocks and irks Felicia. Bernard finds this amusing.

BERNARD

Fly home. The committee needs you to get to donors for the concert. (a beat) Please arrange for the hotel to have my violin delivered here.

FELICIA

And keep other patients awake? (a beat) Of course, I will.

BERNARD

(gives Felicia's sketch a thumb-up)

Pretty good. Pegasus will keep guard. Inform the committee that I'm okay, not to visit. And no flowers, please.

FELICIA

Whatever you wish. Don't stay long.

BERNARD

Craig will join me to finish up my  
business. I'll be back in....  
(throws Noelle an inquiring look.)

NOELLE

A week, the most. (She winks.) Although  
we'd rather you stay a little longer.

FELICIA

(kisses Bernard;  
whispers)

Come home soon, before you drive all  
the female population here, drooling.

Felicia STRUTS out, throwing Noelle, a DISAPPROVING look.  
Noelle WIGGLES her way out of the room. Bernard shakes his  
head in disbelief, and closes his eyes.

LAP DISSOLVE

INT. PARIS HOSPITAL PRIVATE ROOM (IC/PT) - SAME NIGHT

ON BERNARD - asleep. O.S. SOUND of SLOW OPENING of the door.  
He drowsily opens his eyes, tries to focus.

BERNARD'S P.O.V. - A blurred ethereal vision to a clearer  
Madigan, in the same gown, peeps in. She appears relieved.

MADIGAN

Hi! I'm glad I found you.

CHANGE ANGLE - Bernard sits up.

BERNARD

Are you...my...angel?

MADIGAN

No, but I could be anything you want.

Madigan walks to Bernard's bed and stands by his bedside.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)

My classmates called me Cherub, their  
love-note bearer. You know, an angel.

BERNARD

Cherub, love the name. I know what a  
cherub is. I'll show you. Watch this.

Bernard reaches for a pen and paper from his side table,  
draws an ANGEL HEAD, writes "CHERUB," and shows to Madigan.

MADIGAN

You're good. Sure looks like a cherub.

(She notices the Pegasus  
sketch on Bernard's  
cast.)

What do you have here? (a beat) My  
Maltese is named Pegasus, too.

BERNARD  
You named your dog...Pegasus?

MADIGAN  
Uhum, I like it. It has personality.

BERNARD  
Absolutely! (drowsily) Just like Cherr...

He dozes off as she regards him with amused disappointment.

MADIGAN  
That's rude. A gentleman doesn't sleep and  
leave a lady visitor alone to herself.  
(a beat) See you, Pegasus. Sleep well.

EXT. PARIS HOSPITAL GROUNDS (IC/PT) - DUSK

Behind the hospital is the lush sprawling rolling grounds.  
Bernard is asleep, in a wheelchair under a tree, a blanket  
across his knees, a violin on his lap; left shin in a cast.

MADIGAN (O.S.)  
Pegasus...

ON BERNARD, who awakens. THEME MUSIC SNEAKS IN --

Bernard's P.O.V. - Madigan in a flimsy dress, buoyantly gliding  
down in SLOW MOTION -- long hair flying -- skirt floating.

REVERSE SHOT - Bernard, transfixed with excitement, stares at  
Madigan, and attempts to move his wheelchair to meet her.

CHANGE ANGLE - She motions him to stop.

BERNARD  
(confused, straining to  
remember)  
I was just thinking ... of you...

MADIGAN  
And here I am.

BERNARD  
You came last night. You're Cherr..

Madigan nods, "YES" and sits on the grass by Bernard's feet.  
She encourages him with a nod - "YES."

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Cherr...ru...Cherub...it is you.

MADIGAN  
Yes, sir, Pegasus.  
(She points to the  
violin.)  
Don't let me stop you. Come on,  
let's hear it.

THEME MUSIC UNDER AND OUT -

Bernard PLAYS his VIOLIN. The same MELODY he composed one evening at his terrace, for his "deliciously heavenly" vision.

Madigan, closes her eyes, moves to the music; first her head, shoulders, her hands, fingers; rises and sways, glides, spins, and skips farther and farther away.

CHANGE ANGLE as Madigan leaps; the first of a series of the grounds' sprinklers on timer, spews up water. Madigan joyfully dances away from one sprinkler to the next, escaping the geysers, that leap in graduated elevations, along with the music; the geysers chasing her around the grounds.

Bernard plays joyfully, watching Madigan dance; she, leaping, spinning, waltzing towards him. Now, dripping wet, laughing gaily as she dances back, just as Bernard finishes playing.

THEME MUSIC SNEAKS BACK IN -

Bernard replaces his violin in its case, puts his arms around Madigan's waist, and looks up searchingly into her eyes.

Madigan kneels down as Bernard drapes the blanket around her shoulders, wipes her hair, lets the blanket drop, feels her.

With that rising ecstasy, they close their eyes, and drown in each other's soul. In blissful joy, their lips almost touching, they reach their Heavens; open their eyes, content!

THEME MUSIC SOARS UP AND OUT!

MADIGAN (CONT'D)

I have to go.

BERNARD

May I see you ... again?

MADIGAN

It's not for me to tell you. Your heart will ... if you let it.

BERNARD

I do. I listen to nothing else but my heart and you are in its every beat.

MADIGAN

How about the Eiffel Tower?

BERNARD

Stay. Please ...

MADIGAN

You don't want me to catch colds!

She runs towards the hospital, looks back and calls out.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
 Tomorrow, same time...the Eiffel Tower!

INT. VIEWING DECK, EIFFEL TOWER (IC/PT) - DUSK, NEXT DAY

Madigan looks out at the lights of Paris from the Tower, and smiles as she senses a healed Bernard approaching behind her.

MADIGAN  
 You made it!

BERNARD  
 I promised.

MADIGAN  
 (turns to face him)  
 Hmm...impressive! And healed, too.

BERNARD  
 (takes her hand to his heart)  
 One has to want it, very badly...and  
 this here, hears it loud and clear.  
 That's how much I wanted to see you.

MADIGAN  
 (holds his hand to her heart)  
 I believe you. And I, too, listen  
 to this... always. When we  
 passionately want it, we can even  
 fly together around Paris.

And fly, they literally do; hand in hand, SWEEPING AROUND the  
 entirety of the CITY OF LIGHTS.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
 Oh Paris, your splendor touches  
 my heart.

Once again, standing at the Eiffel Tower, face to face ---

BERNARD  
 What else about Paris, fascinates you?

MADIGAN  
 Its flowers..gardens...fountains...  
 Museums...statues...chateaus...BOATS!

BERNARD  
 Then boat it shall be!

EXT. RIVER (IC/PT) - DUSK

Bernard rows the boat; Madigan facing him. Breeze blowing.

MADIGAN  
 Isn't this heaven? My great, great  
 Grandmother, Granny Lola, always  
 said to me, that with our hearts  
 and our spirits, we create our own  
 Heaven, right here, on earth.

Bernard puts down the oar, and holds Madigan's hands.

BERNARD  
I couldn't agree more. Such a very  
wise soul, your Granny Lola.

MADIGAN  
She surely was.

BERNARD  
We're both very lucky we had  
grandparents who shared their  
wisdom with us.

The boat drifts. Nearby, the O.C. SOUND of CHIRPING BIRDIES.

ZOOM IN to the floating NEST, under the weeping willow tree,  
with five newly-hatched shivering hungry BIRDIES in it.

ANGLE - Bernard rows towards the nest and Madigan retrieves  
it.

MADIGAN  
They're beautiful, but they could  
catch colds, get sick, even...

BERNARD  
We'll make sure they're warm and well.

Bernard rows to the bank. Madigan sits under the tree, the  
nest on her lap; coos as she wipes each bird with the hem of  
her dress. Bernard offers her, his handkerchief, which she  
uses to dry the birdies, while he watches.

MADIGAN  
Their mother would be looking for them.

BERNARD  
She won't notice if we return them.

MADIGAN  
(kisses the birdies' hungry  
beaks and whispers)  
Let's not worry your mama.

BERNARD  
Your mama will never know about your  
little exploit.  
(He takes the nest.)  
But maybe you can tell her that a  
kind and beautiful lady took care of  
you...your angel.

ANGLE - Bernard carefully sets the nest between two branches.

MADIGAN  
You guys, when your wings are strong,  
venture far and high, explore this  
wonderful Universe. Who knows, you  
(MORE)

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
 may even encounter Pegasus here, in  
 one of his flights.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Bernard kisses the hands of a grateful Madigan. They watch as the MOTHER BIRD returns to its nest and feeds the birdies with food from its beak, while the birdies hungrily open their beaks, with excited anticipation.

CHANGE ANGLE - Bernard leads Madigan to a grassy knoll, where they sit, watching the swans swim.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
 (sadly remembers)  
 When I was a little girl, I found two birds on the ground, after a storm. One was newly-hatched; its body featherless and pinkish, and shivering from the cold; the other, with its broken wings spread in a protective embrace over the baby bird, was cold and lifeless. It was the mother bird.

Bernard listens with empathy. Madigan is now emotional.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
 The baby bird's chest was still heaving, very weakly. It was gasping for air, so I blew into its mouth. I don't remember how long I did it, but I just blew and blew... until it turned cold in my hands. But I was just a little girl.

BERNARD  
 For a little girl, you did so much. You may not have saved its life, but that baby bird felt, not only its mother's love, but a little girl's kindness and caring.

MADIGAN  
 Have you ever seen such deep love as the mother bird had for her chick?

BERNARD  
 Yes, I have. A love that couldn't stand to watch the pain of a beloved. Grandfather's stroke devastated Grandmother. She refused to see him go, so she did, in her sleep, embracing him. I saw only tears in Grandfather's eyes, for he couldn't speak, yet I saw his pain. And love. I felt so privileged to have witnessed such deep affection.

MADIGAN  
 It's so beautiful.

BERNARD  
 Unconditional love was what Grandma had for Grandfather. She adored him; he appreciated her. He was kind to her.

They reach for each other's face and wipe their solitary tear.

A FLOCK OF BIRDS FLY past them to roost, after leaving WET SPLASHES on each of their arms. They burst out LAUGHING.

EXT. PARIS PONT DES ARTS (IC/PT) -SAME NIGHT

Bernard and Madigan walk, leaning against each other.

MADIGAN  
Something is bothering you?

BERNARD  
Yes. Something I overheard the night Grandma came to Grandfather's room. What it was she knew all along, but fully accepted, and in spite of it, loved him anyway. It has since been in my mind... their treasured secret. (a beat) I'm sorry for making you sad. But you make me feel so comfortable. I can open up my heart to you.

MADIGAN  
Thank you for sharing. You do the same to me.

EXT. BATEAU MOUCHES (IC/PT) - SAME NIGHT

The lighted CRUISE BOAT passes GLOWING SIGHTS along the Seine.

Bernard and Madigan are alone at the bow of the top deck of the CRUISE BOAT. TOURISTS are in other areas of the boat.

MADIGAN  
Long ago, Granny Lola told my confused teenage Auntie Angela, that we will know when we've found the love that's just for us, for the moment Twin Souls connect, magical things happen, and the Universe reveals its mysteries to them. And from then on, there'll be no more restlessness, and no more far away look. For they've reached their Heavens.

BERNARD  
I believe in Twin Souls. (a beat) Grandfather found peace and serenity with Grandma, yet through the years, I saw him with that far away look in his eyes. If what they had was not enough, what is?

MADIGAN  
Keeping alive the passion and the magic.

BERNARD  
He told me never to compromise in love. Was it because he did? Or he didn't.

MADIGAN

As Granny Lola said, you'll know, in time.

Edith Piaf's "LA VIE EN ROSE," PLAYS throughout the boat.  
They dance - eyes fixed on each other; WHISPERING.

BERNARD

I don't want to lose you.

MADIGAN

You won't.

BERNARD

Let's make tonight last forever.

MADIGAN

It will. For the heart always  
remembers, what the mind sometimes  
forgets. Let's just close our eyes,  
choose a place, and we're there.

BERNARD

What's your favorite place?

They walk to the railing. She stands behind him with her  
cheek against his back. Bernard listens with eyes closed.

MADIGAN

A rolling grassy hill, a gazebo all  
covered with purple wisteria, of the  
brightest shade... flowers all around  
it, beyond it the waters, seagulls  
flying, celebrating their freedom.

The BOAT STOPS and some passengers DISEMBARK.

BERNARD

(still with eyes closed,  
adds on)

A lone pegasus sculptured from hedges,  
standing guard by the gazebo ...

Madigan lifts her hands from Bernard's back, as he continues  
his reverie. She slowly and quietly walks OUT OF FRAME.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

... with wings spread, ready to  
soar, and pierce through the clouds.  
How is that for a rendezvous?

SILENCE. NO ANSWER. Bernard turns and finds Madigan gone.

The boat moves and Bernard panics. He looks out at the boat  
stop; the disembarked passengers now dispersed.

There, at the boat stop, she stands alone; smiling, waving,  
and yelling at him. He runs to the top deck's end, yelling  
back as the boat pulls away.

MADIGAN

My stop!

BERNARD

When do we meet again?

MADIGAN (CONT'D)

Soon. Our favorite place. I'll be there.

BERNARD

So will I! (softly) So will I.

EXT. PARIS HOSPITAL - DAY

Bernard and Craig walk out of the hospital to the limousine.

BERNARD

I can't leave now, Craig.

CRAIG

Of course, you've a contract to close. But, back home, you've the Human Rights fund-raising concert to wrap up.

INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME DAY

BERNARD

(shows the paper with his cherub sketch)

You saw this at the hospital, Craig. Why did I sketch it? Everything is so hazy. I can't remember anything. Yet I feel good inside.

CRAIG

You had a concussion. Could be just a temporary lapse of memory. But feeling good is definitely good. Not just good. It's great!

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE AT ST. GERMAIN-DES-PRES- NEXT DAY

CRAIG

Business is done. Time to fly home. (a beat) Still bothered by the cherub?

BERNARD

Someone or something triggered it.

CRAIG

A visit from an angel, perhaps? (a beat) You haven't had any visitors after Felicia left, and before I came. Drop it. It's just a dream.

BERNARD

Oh no! Not a dream. And there's more. Why do I have this feeling that I've been all over Paris?

CRAIG

Of course you've been here many times. What's so mysterious about that?

BERNARD

The fact, that I feel I've seen parts of Paris I haven't been to before...

CRAIG

Then, how do you reconcile the fact that the hospital assured me, that you haven't been out of hospital grounds? Tell me.

BERNARD

I don't know ... yet I feel I know.

CRAIG

Here's a theory. Either you had a dream, or worse case scenario you were hallucinating. Some medication adverse effect. It happens everyday.

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE NO. 2 AIRPORT - SAME DAY

BERNARD

Remember the New York plane collision?

CRAIG

Of course. How could I forget? Your "deliciously heavenly" vision saved you.

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE NO. 2 VIP LOUNGE - SAME DAY

BERNARD

From that day I saw her ...

CRAIG

Saw who? (a beat) Oh, your "deliciously heavenly" vision, what's her name?

BERNARD

I didn't have a chance to get her name. I've no idea where she is from. But since then all I can think of is her.

CRAIG

A legal case I can handle, but not this.

BERNARD

For a brief moment, I saw her in the crowd at the concert and tried to get to her, but the stampede happened before I could reach her. Next moment I woke up in the hospital.

CRAIG

Now, you're seeing visions; imagining her everywhere. What's next?

BERNARD

There's more. What's interesting is, I saw her once, yet I feel, I really know her.

CRAIG

What's this? Some Twin Souls theory?

BERNARD

Theory, no; fact, yes. No doubt at all.

CRAIG

Hold on. You've a huge dilemma here. Where do Robin and that Cherub, fit in? That Cherub intrigues you, Robin needs you, but your "deliciously heavenly" vision, definitely captivates you. How do you plan to handle this?

BERNARD

I've no idea. But I have this nagging feeling that we're supposed to meet again.

CRAIG

Know what? In this Concorde flight back to New York, just sit back and relax; close your eyes, focus, and think about her and of where you are supposed to meet, again.

BERNARD

That's familiar. Where did I hear that?

CRAIG

Right here. Of course, I just said it. Look, I wish you'll find your answer. Soon. You've got me hooked. Mystery's addictive.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Bernard's limo is driving through a not-so-desirable street.

INT. BERNARD'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Bernard, in jeans, a SAXOPHONE CASE beside him, listens serenely to M. Bolton's, "POURQUOI ME REVEILLER"; Ralph, uneasy, steals a glance at him thru the front rearview mirror.

BERNARD

Stop here, Ralph.

RALPH

You want me to go with you? I can carry your sax.

BERNARD

No. Just drop me off. Go get a bite.  
Pick me up in an hour, right here.

Ralph stops the limo. Bernard steps out with the sax case.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Go ... go.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN STREET - SAME NIGHT

The limo leaves. FOLLOW Bernard turn a corner to a HOTDOG CART. JAKE, 40, Puerto Rican vendor, is glad to see Bernard.

JAKE

Hey, brother, where have you been?

BERNARD

How are you, Jake?

JAKE

Better, now that my favorite  
customer's back.

Jake pulls out from under his cart a carton of several six-pack of beer and soda; fills bun with hotdogs, relish, the works; Bernard watching with fascination.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I never asked you this before, brother.  
But this had been bugging me.

BERNARD

So, don't.

JAKE (CONT'D)

C'mon brother, give a lonely man some  
sleep tonight. You know, I love mystery.  
That Columbo fella, he's my guy, knows  
how to get to the bottom of things.

BERNARD

(chuckles)

No black bottom here, Jake.

JAKE

I feel things brother, here in my guts.  
Never lies to me. You think I don't feel  
it for my one biggest customer? Something's  
bothering you. Something deep. (He points  
to the sax case) The black bottom? You got  
a machine gun in there? Nah! Your face too  
clean, no scars. (a beat) Ah, a lady... two  
ladies! YOU KNOW who's for you! She's the  
one you've waited for, brother.

Jake gapes at the money Bernard pays him. Bernard carries the Carton, chuckles, strides away, turns, and calls back.

BERNARD

Go see a movie, Jake. Buy a pair of dancing shoes... go dancing.

JAKE

You won the lottery?

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN ALLEY 0SAME NIGHT

Bernard walks in a dark alley and suddenly freezes. A knife is held against his nape by SNAKE, as BALDY and BOSS, all in their 20's, jump in front of him, grimacing and brandishing their knives.

BERNARD

Easy pals... you can have this ...

Bernard cautiously puts down the carton. Baldy looks and kicks it disgustedly, spilling a few hotdogs.

BALDY

Do we look hungry? We accept cash only.

BERNARD

Okay, just...just move the knife away.

BOSS

Snake, back off! Your wallet, quick...

BALDY

We don't have all night!

BERNARD

Okay, okay, let me put this down ...

BOSS

Don't even try. Baldy take the case.

Baldy grabs the sax case, opens it gingerly, and grins.

BALDY

We can pawn this ... BOSS.

Bernard's face contorts. No one touches his sax. In a flash, he puts to use his training in self-defense. Baldy runs away with his sax.

A barrage of kicks and spins, jumps and hits follow, and arms twist, knives fly, legs crack, bodies fall. Just then, Baldy, his arms twisted behind him, is dragged back by Jake, who has retrieved Bernard's SAX.

JAKE

Careful when you visit this way.  
Lots of rats around.

Bernard REACTS, JUMPS and HOPS about, SQUIRMING. Jake laughs.

BERNARD  
I abhor rats.

JAKE  
Not rat, rats. BIG, MEAN TWO-LEGGED  
RATS. Those kinds of rats.

BERNARD  
Oh, those.

JAKE  
So, shall I call the cops?

BERNARD  
NO! He's just holding my sax for me.

JAKE  
You sure? He ran away with it.

BERNARD  
He's a good guy. Just got carried away.  
Thanks, anyway. Now go dancing.

Jake shakes his head, hands the sax to Bernard and walks away. Bernard hands the sax to Baldy as Boss and Snake surreptitiously crawl away. Bernard collars them.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Oh no...you're not going anywhere. From  
now on, I appoint you three as my  
assistants. Pick those up and come with  
me, And you, careful with my sax.

The three meekly obey as asked and follow Bernard, bewildered.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN ALLEY - SAME NIGHT

Bernard enters a seedy alley; garbage, cardboard shelters all around. DUKE, an Afro-American man, 60, emerges and hugs him.

DUKE  
Welcome, welcome, Bernard.

BERNARD  
Welcome our new friends, Duke.

DUKE  
Our place is your place. You'll  
like it here. We support each  
other. Our turn-over is high. But  
we remember those we leave behind.

The three give their names and put down their loads.

DUKE (CONT'D)  
What happened, Bernard? You look awful.

BERNARD  
I tripped.

DUKE

Lots of potholes here. (calls out)  
Come out everyone!

TWO DOZENS HOMELESS MEN, WOMEN, TEENAGERS, converge around the carton, and feast. Bernard pensively looks on as Duke skips towards him, drinking his beer, biting on a hotdog.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Where's your violin? (a beat) What  
do you have there, Bernard?  
(He talks to the sax case.)  
Kenny G, is that you, man?

Everyone around heartily guffaws. Bernard smiles back.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Show us your lung power, man, I'll  
show you the moves.

Duke wiggles his hips, and does a number of tap dance steps. Laughter and applause receive Duke's performance.

GROUP

We want Kenny G! We want Kenny G!

Bernard takes out his sax from Baldy. An OLD MAN offers him a crate to sit on, and bows down with a flair. TWO TEENAGE BOYS jump up and RAP.

TWO TEENAGE BOYS

This is home, the sky's our roof, the ground's our floor.  
All else is free, sun, stars, and moon.  
But it's just a meantime, no less no more.

A MAN and WOMAN join in.

TWO TEENAGE BOYS, MAN & WOMAN

We fell through the cracks, broken we're not.  
We're still in the game, we've got our dreams.  
It's just a meantime, we still have names.  
When our break comes, we grab with both hands.  
Pull everyone up for together we can.  
Goodbye meantime. World, here we come.

EVERYBODY

Music you bring, we dance, we sing.  
Goodbye cold nights, today is spring.  
No more meantime, our life just changed.  
Our spirits free to roam, to open doors,  
to fly high, to soar. Fly and soar. Oh yeah!

They applaud. Bernard PLAYS the sax, and a soulful MELODY floats thru the night. Each one slowly walks back and snuggles in his or her own little corner, savoring the music, dreaming a dream, under the moonlit night.

EXT. GRASSY WATER BANK (IC/PT) - SUNSET

On a grassy water edge, is the silhouette of Bernard, in swimming trunk, performing his T'ai Chi rites. The water before him dazzles with the colors of sunset.

REVERSE FULL SHOT of Bernard, his face serene.

ANOTHER ANGLE - After the short ritual, Bernard jumps into the water, swims away from the bank, and submerges himself.

CHANGE ANGLE - From the nearby trees, Madigan emerges.

ANGLE - Madigan drops her wrap-around skirt, and in camisole, swims towards Bernard's direction, and dives in. She shrieks, startled as she comes up just as Bernard surfaces before her.

MADIGAN  
Pegasus...Hi Peg!

BERNARD  
Cherub...it is you. It's really you.

MADIGAN  
Yes...yes...yes! It's me!

And together, Bernard and Madigan hand in hand dive into the deepest, bluest sea.

SERIES OF MAGICAL SCENES - (IC/PT) - SAME SUNSET

And they KISS - DEEPLY. Lights shoot out from them and bubbles burst into brilliant sparklets.

GRANNY LOLA (V.O.)  
(reverberates thru the  
water)  
The moment Twin Souls connect, magical things happen and the Universe reveals its mysteries to them ...

From everywhere schools of fish of all colors and species swim in and out and among the fabulous array of coral reefs.

A DOLPHIN SMILES at them, inviting them to follow. And they do, swimming along. And lo and behold, the water parts and opens into -

INT. CRYSTAL CAVE - (IC/PT) - DAY

- A CRYSTAL CAVE, with stalactite and stalagmite of precious stones and gems. ORCHESTRAL MUSIC celebrate with the corals and gems and MERMAIDS and MERMEN. The SIRENS sprinkle Golden sands on Madigan and Bernard and INSTANTLY ...

EXT. MEADOW - (IC/PT) -DAY

They find themselves in the greenest emerald meadow with breathing colorful flowers and swaying trees, exotic birds and animals, all harmoniously whispering to one another in joyful melodious sound.

Beyond the bridge is an old lady, communing with the DEERS. The lady TURNS. It is ELOISE, resplendent among the flowers. As she WAVES at them, Bernard and Madigan are SWIFTLY blown by the breeze toward her. Bernard kisses her forehead and introduces Madigan, who in turn also kisses her. Eloise is pleased nodding with approval. DOVES, in droves, fly in and surround them. A breeze throws petals across Eloise and transforms her into A LADY IN HER THIRTIES.

As the breeze blows the petals, it sweeps Bernard and Madigan along to -

EXT. ISLAND IN THE LAKE - (IC/PT) -DUSK

- a small island in the middle of a lake. GRANNY LOLA sits serenely under a weeping willow with flickering FIREFLIES, watching the SWANS in the water. Madigan runs to her and hugs her. Madigan gestures to Bernard, who kisses Granny Lola's hand. Granny Lola smiles and walks away then turns to face them - as A LADY IN HER THIRTIES. She raises her hands toward the sky and ...

EXT. THE WORLD - (IC/PT) - DAY

Madigan and Bernard are CATAPULTED to the HIGHEST SNOW-CAPPED PEAK. Standing on top they look down from a dizzying height and see the ENTIRE WORLD - all of SEVEN ONTINENTS, high-lighting the best of its contribution to the world. They float in their shimmering gossamer robes.

P.O.V. Of MADIGAN and BERNARD - A SWIRLING PRISM of COLORFUL LIGHTS from the centrifugal light, turns like a tornado. PEOPLE of ALL COLORS and COSTUMES, genuflect, bow, raise their arms, lay prostrate on the ground and in various forms of VENERATIONS, adore the REVOLVING changing IMAGE of GOD, in all His forms and callings. And all venerating the same source of light of different shapes and images that merge into -

HEAVENS, where clouds float like cotton balls and a RAINBOW becomes the people's common bridge to a disc of lights, where flowers sprout as the people walk together and sing in joyful choral voices. The VISION DISSOLVES into -

INT. OCEAN - (IC/PT) -DAY

- WAVES and Madigan and Bernard find themselves once again under the water, swimming, kissing, emitting light. They regard each other with love and wonder and TOGETHER THEY SHOOT UP through the water and surface, laughing. Their faces glow with awe.

EXT. GRASSY WATER BANK (IC/PT) - SAME SUNSET

Giggling, Madigan extricates herself from Bernard, and swims back to the grassy bank; he following -- laughing.

CHANGE ANGLE - Madigan scampers towards the trees, and puts on her skirt, while Bernard wraps a towel around his waist.

BERNARD  
Stop! Please, come back.

HIGH ANGLE - Madigan turns and sees Bernard extending his arms, beckoning her. Madigan seductively glides towards him.

CHANGE ANGLE - Bernard sweeps his arms up to a GRASSY HILL, where a GAZEBO towers on top, resplendent in its crown of PURPLE WISTERIA sprays; tall trees backdrop in the distance.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Your favorite place.

MADIGAN  
Wow...we found it!

With their eyes locked, hand in hand they run up to the gazebo.

LOW ANGLE - Madigan and Bernard are under the gazebo in an embrace, their bodies dripping wet. Two long wisteria vines hang down, brushing against their faces. They giggle, and simultaneously, with each holding one wisteria vine, ENTWINE both into a BRAID.

Bernard snaps a TENDRIL from where the vines intertwine, fashions it into a RING, puts on Madigan's left ring finger, and gently kisses it.

ANGLE ON a CUT TWIG from the entwined vines that brushes against Madigan's ring as they embrace. They kiss deeply. Slowly their lips part... their eyes locked.

BERNARD  
With every breath I take, I feel you.

MADIGAN  
I love you yesterday, today, tomorrow,  
forever and ever.  
(She kisses him deeply; stops,  
smiles excitedly -)  
Guess what... I've something that belongs  
to you. Please, wait here for me.

BERNARD  
I won't move!

Madigan runs downhill and throws Bernard a KISS.

BERNARD'S P.O.V. - Madigan runs until the trees obstructs his sight of her.

INT. PARIS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Madigan, eyes closed, in patient gown, lies on a hospital bed. At either side of her bed are Brooke, rubbing Madigan's face; Chandler, rubbing Madigan's right arm.

MADIGAN  
(calls)  
I'll be back...

Chandler and Brooke react with shock, disbelief, and joy.

BROOKE  
Double shit...! Madigan, you're  
back.

Brooke is beyond herself, LAUGHING, SOBBING, hugging Madigan. Chandler is emotional as he plants a quick succession of kisses on Madigan's face and hand.

CHANDLER  
Darling Madigan...thank God! How's  
our sleeping beauty?

Madigan opens her eyes, and stares at Brooke and Chandler, questioningly. Brooke presses the button to summon a nurse.

BROOKE  
Madigan, honey, do you know who I  
am? I'm Brooke, your best friend  
and room-mate and business partner.

CHANDLER  
Remember me? I'm all those plus more.  
Add chef par excellence less the room-  
mate part.

MADIGAN  
I met him! I met him!

BROOKE & CHANDLER  
St. Peter?

MADIGAN  
Peg...Pegasus! I found him.

BROOKE  
Pegasus is in New York. We're still  
in Paris...in a hospital.

CHANDLER  
Darling, Pegasus is with Mitzi.

Madigan tries to get up. MIMI, 50, French nurse, races in.

MIMI  
I'll call Dr. Richelieu...keep her down.

MADIGAN  
(agitatedly)  
I've to get back to him. He's waiting.

BROOKE  
It's the drug, Madigan. Drugs can induce hallucination, nightmares, dreams. But hey, you're all right.

CHANDLER  
Darling, you were out for three days.

BROOKE  
You were in a coma. Believe us, you haven't moved an inch from this bed. We were here with you. Remember the hotel concert, the paparazzi, the fans, the stampede?

MADIGAN  
You don't understand. I was with him. He gave me a ring that he made himself.

Madigan holds up her left hand and shows her finger. But, NO RING! Just a FRESH SCRATCH along her ring finger.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
Pegasus did. He put it on this finger.

BROOKE  
Its just a scratch. Must be something in the bed. SSSHIT...!

CHANDLER  
Hmmm, possible. Very, very possible!

Just then DR. RICHELIEU and Mimi ENTER.

DR. RICHELIEU  
Please, leave us.

Chandler leads Brooke out. Madigan calls after them.

MADIGAN  
Really I'm fine. He's waiting for me.

BROOKE  
This is insane.

CHANDLER  
This is marvelous... and mystical!

BROOKE  
Are you nuts?

CHANDLER  
New York may just have the answer to this.

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS, BROOKE & MADIGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The champagne cork POPS UP. The Trio applauds and cheers; Pegasus on Madigan's lap, yelps. They lounge while Chandler pours the champagne. They raise their glasses in a toast.

BROOKE  
Welcome back to our world, Madigan!

CHANDLER  
Welcome home to us all!

MADIGAN  
Glad to be back. To friendship!

ALL THREE  
To LIFE! Hear ... hear...!

BROOKE  
You've no idea, how relieved we are that everything is all right with you, Madigan.

CHANDLER  
Darling, don't ever do that again.

MADIGAN  
You're the best friends anyone could ever have. It's time I share with you, what I've kept to myself for a long time.

BROOKE  
Please do. Disregard my...you know.

CHANDLER  
Enlighten us. We're listening.

MADIGAN  
As far as I can remember, I always had a sense of things. Most times I knew before things happen. One person I confided to, besides Auntie Angela, who ratted on me, was Granny Lola, my great, great grandmother. When Granny Lola passed on, I kept everything to myself. I was eight with no one to share my fears. One morning, while having breakfast with the young lady teacher, who took me in, when my entire family left me right after Granny Lola, I knew teacher will die. (a beat) That night, she did. Fell down the stairs, that earlier gave me a creepy feeling. Why did I have to know if I could not be of help? Why didn't I tell my teacher to avoid the stairs?

In 4th grade, I feigned illness and got off the school bus going to our field trip, for something felt very wrong. Later, the bus crashed.

(MORE)

MADIGAN (CONT'D)

Many of my classmates were injured. One died; my seat-mate. Why didn't I tell our teacher? (a beat) So, I prayed for God to take it all away. Since then I disregarded the feelings... the knowing.

BROOKE

You weren't sure that, that creepy feeling about the stairs, and the bus meant anything. Maybe they would have not listened anyway.

CHANDLER

You can't blame yourself for what happened in your childhood. You were scared... people were not ready to listen. Now, hopefully, we'll allow ourselves just a miniscule of curiosity about things out there. Things as ESP, psychic phenomena, UFOs, aliens, other entities, etc., etc. ...

BROOKE

So it's back, in spite of your denial?

CHANDLER

I've read that when we attune ourselves with nature, nourish our spirit with music, dance to nurture our body, and quiet ourselves, we become more receptive to what we have. Perhaps you've developed your gifts even further.

MADIGAN

I'm no longer resisting. I've come to accept. Yes, it's happening again, and in the most frustrating way.

BROOKE

Like what bothered you at the picnic in Paris? And the walk by the lake?

MADIGAN

I did some soul-searching, talking...

CHANDLER & BROOKE

To the lake?

BROOKE

Then, let's be your lake. We don't mind being THE LAKE. But your meeting with - who was it? You were so positive that it was real, although I still think that it was just the drug.

CHANDLER

Paris must be an entirely new arena.

MADIGAN

Way beyond anything I'd experienced.

BROOKE

We may believe in different things,  
we may disagree, but I'm with you  
in getting to the bottom of this.

CHANDLER

As the saying goes, "go your way, I  
will go mine, but let's walk down  
the street together."

BROOKE

Yeah ... yeah...I agree. Totally.

MADIGAN

So do I. Already, I feel much better.

CHANDLER

There's a Metaphysics Symposium two  
nights from now, here in Manhattan.  
We can go if you like. It may help.

MADIGAN

Sure. There's nothing to lose by  
listening to what's out there.

EXT. AUDITORIUM IN MANHATTAN -NIGHT

The SIGN on the billboard reads: METAPHYSICS SYMPOSIUM. An orderly crowd enters the auditorium. A mix of OFFICE WORKERS, SENIORS, STUDENTS, PROFESSIONALS, BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, ARTISTS, with noticeable sense of positive interaction among them. The Trio is in line, curiously-observant.

INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME NIGHT

The big hall is full to capacity. The Trio sits together.

Seated on stage are: DR. JANICE TOUCHSTONE, 40, poised, and charming; FLAHERTY, 60, serene, confident. GORSHAM, 50, affable and passionate, MOVES ABOUT the stage as he SPEAKS.

GORSHAM

Each of us, at one time, or another, must  
have experienced synchronicity, but perhaps  
we brushed it aside as mere coincidence.

Synchronicity is a meaningful coincidence that  
impacts our lives in an emotional and deep way.  
But more than this, synchronicity is a sign that  
lets us know, that we are on the right track;  
that things are falling into place; that what  
we're doing is synchronized and not disordered.

When we perceive meaningful coincidences, and  
become aware of synchronistic events in our  
lives, we avail ourselves of a beacon, a guide  
as we tread our paths.

APPLAUSE. Chandler and Madigan can relate; Brooke subdued.

ANOTHER ANGLE - The stage with the speaker, DR. TOUCHSTONE.

TOUCHSTONE

How often have we wondered why someone is so familiar, or why we feel so drawn to some people? Could it be possible, that we had an encounter on another level? An astral encounter, perhaps?

Our astral body, which is our emotional and desire nature, leaves our body during sleep, in a coma, or in other forms of unconscious state.

Once back in our physical body, the emotional experience stays with us. But because in our waking hour, it is our conscious mind that holds the control button, everything that the subconscious mind may have experienced through the astral body, remains mere feelings.

The conscious mind finds it difficult to accept the fact that through our astral body we can be in any place in a matter of minutes or an hour or two; because it is not logical; because it could not be explained within the parameter of time and space.

There are those, who can remember all, even when back in the physical body; those who transcend the restrictions of time and space. So, while one could only feel, the other could both feel and also know and say with conviction. "I was there. I saw you." The other could only say, "I have a feeling, a vague recollection. I was thinking of you." But indeed, they met and it was real.

APPLAUSE and REACTIONS of agreement among the audience.

ON MADIGAN, Chandler, and Brooke - amazed as realization hits.

BACK ON THE STAGE - FLAHERTY'S EYES survey the audience.

FLAHERTY

When twin souls are ready for each other, the Universe conspires for them to meet. The depth of their emotional desires inspires their spirits to cross space and time. But until then, they may by-pass one another, while they polish their rough edges through the many encounters with others; growing, developing, preparing for their ultimate meeting.

Their profound attraction no longer just manifests in that emotional deep look into each other's eyes, but in a commonality of purpose, an agreement of paths to tread, of values, ideals, and philosophies. So complementary, that they mirror each other, as twins.

WE SHOW BERNARD, who NODS with a SENSE OF CONFIRMATION.

FLAHERTY (CONT'D)

They thrive in cooperation, instead of competition; self-esteem, instead of insecurity; trust, instead of suspicion and jealousy; respect, instead of discourtesy and abuse. They feel for the feeling of the other. Their relationship is one of mutual support.

Let us all view relationships in all their human imperfections, as learning experiences; honing, tempering, polishing, so sparkling gems can emerge to become priceless jewels.

Tonight, let us bless and celebrate our experiences; be these painful, seemingly unnecessary and trivial, but most of all, let us appreciate the fulfilling, and the joyful.

STANDING OVATION. PAN TO BERNARD, smiling and hopeful as he turns to leave. CONTINUE PANNING to the Trio.

MADIGAN

(she mumbles; excitedly  
with relief)

I'm not crazy! (She laughs.) I'm not crazy.

BROOKE & CHANDLER

Who says you are?

MADIGAN

(with narrowed eyes fixed at  
a distant target)

Someone did. A long, long time ago.

INT. BRUNO & ANGELA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY, THE PRESENT

A rural hovel, its room in disarray. A serious-looking Madigan, glowers at BRUNO, middle-age, potbellied, drunk hulk of a man; slouching on a worn sofa, peering at her.

BRUNO

Who are you?

Madigan brushes back her hair, displaying a RED RAISED CROSS BIRTHMARK behind her right EAR. Bruno grins his pervert grin.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

MAD GUN? You're back! They locked you up? You escaped! (He yells.) ANGELA!

ANGELA

(O.S., nervously)

Lunch is almost done...dearr...

BRUNO

Sweetie Pie, look who's here. Its your loony niece, MAD GUN.

ANGELA, races INTO FRAME, disheveled and bruised; a ladle in hand, more shriveled than her already petite frame, older than her late 30's. She lights up, as she looks up at Madigan.

ANGELA  
Madigan? My goodness, you're SO TALL.

She hugs Madigan. Madigan hugs back more of pity than joy.

MADIGAN  
Auntie Angela, you don't have enough yet, of all this? You were not created to be a punching bag or a doormat, otherwise, God could have easily made both with no sweat. THIS THING here is NOT, what love is.

BRUNO  
(furiously)  
Don't puke your mashed-up brain all over my Sweetie.

Bruno stretches to his six-foot frame, from the rickety sofa, and glares, ready to hit Madigan. She kicks him in the groin, sending him back to the sofa, curled up and groaning. Angela hugs him, but he pushes her, sending her reeling on the floor.

MADIGAN  
Your kind is the lowest scum, that ever inhabit this earth. Someone has to grind you up, and liquefy you, and dump you down the deepest, darkest, malodorous, rat-infested gutter, that collects all the dirt and grime of this Universe. You WIMPY COWARD! Yes, I am Madigan, not MAD GUN, and I am NOT crazy. And you, Auntie Angela, I "shouldn't tell anyone," so you warned me. But you did. You gave this creature a pastime to ridicule and harass me. I grew up believing that I had something awful and shameful to hide.

Bruno and Angela are shocked. Madigan can rage.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
But there's a God, who's just and compassionate to little, helpless children. He helps them survive. I did not come to punish you, Bruno. We do that on our own, to ourselves, when we don't feel worthy inside.  
(Compassionately)  
But inside that shell of a man, a sick man, is still God's creation, who needs help.

(MORE)

MADIGAN (CONT'D)

I don't know what happened in your life but whatever it was gives you no right to take it on upon others, to degrade, abuse, and hurt another human being, including the one you profess to love. This endless succession of violence has to end.

BRUNO

(still nursing his groin;  
furiously)

No one came to help me from my father. Not even my mother. (shouts) ANGELA, I'm hungry!

Angela jumps up in obedience but Madigan holds her back.

MADIGAN

No more, Auntie Angela! If you love yourself, let go. This is your chance to be free. He needs help but not from you. You don't have to be afraid anymore. You will be helped.

(dials her cell phone)

You may come in now. I'll meet you at your office.

BRUNO

(grabs Madigan with his  
right arm)

Who did you call?

CLOSE SHOT of Bruno's right arm with a deep TEETH MARK SCAR.

REACTION SHOT of Madigan, puzzled and in disbelief.

TWO POLICEMEN and FEMALE and MALE SOCIAL WORKERS, BURST IN. Bruno curses and resists; Angela, cries in the arms of the Social Worker. Madigan hugs Angela and walks out.

EXT. OPEN RUSTIC PLAIN - SAME DAY

Madigan looks to the rustic field, gets in the top-down MBZ, and speeds away, leaving behind the pain of her childhood.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ESTATES IN SOUTH HAMPTON - DAY

A top-down MBZ driven by Chandler passes forested estates. The Trio is in good spirit, enjoying the sight; Madigan HUMMING the MELODY, that Bernard composed. Brooke WHISTLES along, joined by Chandler, who CROONS with gusto.

CHANDLER

Nice melody. Romantic and passionate.

BROOKE

It's kind of easy to remember, too.  
(a beat) Where did you hear it?

MADIGAN

Well, you may not believe this, but Pegasus played it on his violin.

BROOKE

In...your...dream.

CHANDLER

(gives a hint to stop  
the subject)

Yes, Brooke, in her dream. We do remember some of our dreams, don't we, huh, Brooke?

BROOKE

(changes the subject)

Aren't these properties, offensively extravagant?

CHANDLER

Wouldn't it be great buying an estate here and relocating the center?

BROOKE

Keep dreaming Chandler.

MADIGAN

If it's meant to happen, it will.  
(a beat) Look! Isn't that estate just gorgeous?

The Trio's P.O.V. - an imposing mansion surrounded by lush trees.

ANOTHER ANGLE - They all look up at the mansion, in awe as they drive by the electric gate with a nameplate that reads:

"THE BRADSWORTHS." They drive on without noticing the name.

CHANDLER

We're here.

INT. THE THORPE'S MANSION - SAME DAY

Felicia Thorpe STRUTS ACROSS her mansion, followed by the Trio, and stops by the grand staircase. They shake hands.

BROOKE

Our crew will commence work this weekend.

FELICIA

(hands an envelope to  
Brooke; sweetly)

I took the liberty of assessing your company for three \$2,000 tickets to the Int'l. Human Rights fund-raising concert this Saturday evening. It's for a worthy cause and it's tax deductible.

Brooke is unhappy at Felicia's arbitrariness, but Chandler winks at Brooke and takes over, graciously.

CHANDLER  
Of course, it's our pleasure.

MADIGAN  
Thank you for thinking of our company.

FELICIA  
I'll recommend your company to all my friends for all their floral needs. And I've placed additional food order with the wedding reception caterer, as my donation to your center.

CHANDLER  
We appreciate the referral and the food donation to the center, of course.

INT. THE THORPE'S MANSION GRAND STAIRCASE - DAY

Robin, in shorts and pony tail, skips down the grand staircase. Felicia emerges and calls after her.

FELICIA  
Don't leave Robin. Andre is coming for your wedding dress fitting.

ROBIN  
We're having our graduation rehearsal.

Felicia walks away. Robin stops and turns, feeling guilty.

INT. FELICIA'S BEDROOM - SAME DAY

Felicia is by the window. Robin approaches her, remorseful.

ROBIN  
Look Mom, you've been doing fine with this wedding preparation without me. What fits you, fits me. Just stand in for me. Besides, Bernard and I are not really into this show. It's your brain child, not ours. In fact, the entire rush wedding date is, of course, father's plan, as always. I love Bernard but I don't want this wedding to be part of Father's business agenda. And, as usual, you seem not to mind at all.

Felicia looks at Robin sadly then smiles wryly, struts to a divan, opens boxes from shopping bags, and flaunts items with a tinge of irony.

FELICIA

I've decided not to fight the current and I've learned to swim with it. Your father and I are like two addicts. He can't stop making money. I can't stop spending it.

ROBIN

So this is all about father? You surround yourself with these expensive things in excessive proportions...

(approaches Felicia and gently touches her face)  
... even this... why Mother?

FELICIA

(still with an arrogant front)

And why not? Who are we fooling? At Least, I am honest. I have money, I spend it and share with charities. I have clothes and jewelry, I wear them; I put make-up, I show it.

ROBIN

You're wearing, not make-up but mask, Mom. Where is all this coming from?

Felicia stops, goes to her bed, and sits on its edge. Robin approaches, kneels and cups Felicia's hands in hers.

FELICIA

You finally paused to ask why. I feel like a fixture in this house for so long. Why not be the most expensive fixture? Undertaking this preparation for your wedding is the best thing that ever happened in my life. It makes me feel useful and needed. (a beat) It gives me a thrill to envision you in your wedding gown, visualize the entourage, flowers, guests, music.

(She sadly mutters.)  
Everything I never had. (a beat)  
Your father and I started with nothing but ourselves and our love for each other. I was a Nursery School Teacher, sending a husband through college. As a young girl, I, too, had a dream.

ROBIN

I didn't know Mom. I'm truly sorry.

Robin hugs her mother, laying her face on her mother's lap.

EXT. THE TREASURES JEWELER - SAME DAY

Madigan walks past the window of Treasures Jeweler. Suddenly, she stops and looks back at the display window.

MADIGAN'S P.O.V. -

The "Sweetheart Ring" is gone.

C.U, Of Madigan, in disbelief then smiles looking hopeful.

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS APT., MADIGAN/BROOKE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Madigan is all dressed up in her long gown for a dinner date; Brooke and Chandler checking her over.

BROOKE  
This Mr. Millionaire, Theodore  
guy must mean business, huh?

MADIGAN  
It's just a dinner. I promised to go  
out with him before our trip to Paris.

Chandler gives Brooke a "hands-off, none-of-our-business" kind of look. But Brooke is not to be deterred.

BROOKE  
Yeah...yeah, but this long gown  
thing is kind of serious. (a beat)  
On the contrary, this is good ...  
very good. At least, you're going  
out with a real, three-dimensional  
entity, unlike our, "you know who."

CHANDLER  
The "you know who," my dear Brooke,  
may just be as real, depending on  
whose perspective it's coming from.  
Enjoy, love. Go with your instinct.

BROOKE  
Actually, whatever makes you happy is  
what we wish for you. (a beat) I  
shouldn't be clucking like some mother  
hen, huh? But, I care.

CHANDLER  
So does Daddy roaster.

Chandler flaps his arms and crows. LAUGHTER and KISSES.

MADIGAN  
Isn't it just wonderful to be one  
lovable baby chickadee? (a beat)  
Bye you two. Peace.

Madigan swings around and glides seductively towards the door, as Chandler wraps an arm around Brooke's shoulders, and like dotting parents, they follow Madigan with adoring look.

INT. SUPPER CLUB - SAME NIGHT

Madigan is escorted by a tuxedoed Theodore. An elegant pair. She is overwhelmed by what welcomes them.

P.O.V. Of Madigan - The plush club is theirs alone for tonight. It is turned into a virtual paradise; candlelights and all.

As Theodore guides Madigan to a lone table, VIOLIN SOLO with back-up from a STRING QUARTET fills the room. A WAITER sets on the table, a SILVER COVERED PLATTER and leaves.

MADIGAN  
This is amazing! It's magical...  
...enchanting!

THEODORE  
If you'll allow me, I want to give  
you all that I am, all that I have.

Theodore uncovers the platter and Madigan is aghast.

C.U. Of a 7 CARAT CANARY DIAMOND SOLITAIRE RING on a bed of roses inside the platter.

THEODORE (CONT'D)  
(kneels and offers the  
ring to Madigan)  
I love you and I need you. Please  
say you'll marry me.

MADIGAN  
(compassionately cups his  
hands)  
Please, get up Theodore. Let's  
talk.

Theodore, with anticipation, gets up and sits on his chair; Madigan, still cupping his hands. The MUSIC still PLAYS ON.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
You are a decent and caring  
gentleman. You deserve to be happy.  
I wish things were different. But  
it's not. For my heart is out there  
with someone. What I have, what I  
feel, and what I can offer you is  
my friendship, nothing more. And  
it's unfair to you. In fact it'll  
be unfair to both of us.

THEODORE  
Anything you give me is more than enough.

MADIGAN  
No, Theodore, you deserve more. No  
one has to settle for anything less,  
for I truly believe that someone out  
there can give you more.  
(MORE)

MADIGAN (CONT'D)

When the time is right for both of you,  
you'll find each other.

THEODORE

(tearing, the wound is  
still raw)

I've already found her, but I lost her.

MADIGAN

I know. In a plane crash six months  
ago. I'm very sorry for the loss of  
your wife.

The big hunk of a man suddenly looks so frail and helpless.

THEODORE

And I never sent her flowers, never  
told her how much she meant to me.  
I just didn't know how, then. It  
was uncomfortable for me expressing  
myself.

(tear inches out of  
Theodore's eyes)

I have so much love to give, yet we  
were allowed, just a few months...

MADIGAN

(gently brushes his tear  
with a finger)

Yes, Theodore, she came into your  
life, however brief, to help you  
realize that you have the capacity  
to extend yourself unabashedly, to  
someone you love. Her sudden  
departure is a reminder of how  
important it is to say what we want  
to say, and to do what we want to  
do, while we still can. Then, there  
will be no more, "if onlys." There  
will only be precious memories of  
time and love shared. You'll find  
love again. I know you're ready, for  
you've already shown me. Out there  
is someone just for you, who can  
share the person that you've become.  
(a beat) Please, dance with me.

They dance; wishing things were different, but it is good-bye.

INT. FLORAL WONDERS ATRIUM - DAY

Madigan works with Paul and Marie on a floral piece and some  
2 ft. sq. Orchids blankets, when Brooke drops in.

BROOKE

Hmm... Mrs. Thorpe's additional  
order?

MADIGAN

Uhum...Have you seen Chandler?

BROOKE

He left for the center. A new boy needs help.

MADIGAN

Good. Hopefully, he'll have an update, as well, on the eviction case. Caressa is very positive that she will get a visit from the developers.(a beat)  
I kind of feel it, too.

BROOKE

I wish. (a beat) Any plans for today?

MADIGAN

None so far. Be here most of the day.

BROOKE

(whispers teasingly)  
That CANARY DIAMOND RING still haunts me...Have fun. I'll be at the office.

EXT. CENTER GROUNDS - SAME DAY

Chandler walks with a distraught GLEN, the boy, who was hog-tied, and thrown from a car one evening, near the center.

GLEN

Caressa said, I was lucky the plastic bag over my head got torn. I don't know them. Why did they hate me?

CHANDLER

Perhaps you were in the wrong place at the wrong time. Or is it because you refuse to fight? Or you prefer music, art, dancing? You're gentle, courteous?

GLEN

Yes. (a beat) But how do you know?

CHANDLER

Sounds familiar, but nothing to be embarrassed about. Your interest and traits may not fall into the stereotype of what people think a man should be, however, that doesn't. make you any less of a human being.

GLEN

Is it my fault that I'm different?  
(a beat) I try to fit in.

CHANDLER

Just be true to yourself. And you know, instead of spending your energy worrying how to fit in, perhaps making the best of what you are, may be more productive.

(MORE)

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

(makes Glen face him squarely;)  
 Don't put on a face that's not yours.  
 Remember, you are just as worthy as I  
 and anybody else. We are all here for  
 a reason, man, woman, young or old, gay,  
 lesbian or straight, colored or white.  
 Each can make a difference, for even the  
 smallest pebble can create a ripple,  
 whether cast into the tiniest lake or  
 the biggest and deepest ocean.

GLEN

What really makes a man ... a man?

CHANDLER

Wouldn't you rather want to know  
 how one can be a positive force in  
 our Universe?

GLEN

Even I could be a positive force?

CHANDLER

Precisely! Being you, is a good  
 start.

Glen wipes his tears. He feels relieved and hopeful.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

CRAIG

North is putting the pressure on us.

BERNARD

Only if we allow him to. I've got  
 to be comfortable with the concept.  
 And have the inspiration to do it.

CRAIG

Doesn't sound like a good business  
 practice.

BERNARD

Maybe. However, to me, the best way  
 to do business is to do away with  
 all the business mumbo-jumbo and  
 just go for what works.

CRAIG

I couldn't agree more. Even back in  
 college, you've always been for  
 what is fair and just, instead of  
 what is legal, and even right.

BERNARD

You know as well as I do that legal  
 isn't always right, just, or fair.  
 Even right, if it doesn't work is  
 counter-productive, especially if it  
 is without compassion. Reasons, why  
 North's modi operandi bother me.

CRAIG  
 North is all business, I agree, but he seems to have the savvy to deal with the real world. Idealism isn't always the answer; just most of the time.

BERNARD  
 Compassion is the ONLY answer, ALWAYS.

Craig waves goodbye. As he turns, Bernard calls after him.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
 I suddenly get this inspiration. I'll visit that Bronx property. Right now!

Craig gives Bernard a thumbs-up sign and skips out of the room.

INT. FLORAL WONDERS ATRIUM - SAME DAY

Madigan works with Paul and Marie. Suddenly she FREEZES in FEAR and PANIC; hurries to the office; leaving them amazed.

INT. BROOKE'S OFFICE - FLORAL WONDERS, INC. - SAME DAY

Madigan barges in, in distress, which startles Brooke.

MADIGAN  
 Is there a car I can use?

BROOKE  
 Chandler took one of the wagons, but...

MADIGAN  
 Whatever is available. I need the key.

BROOKE  
 Sure. Here's the Mercedes'. Where are you going?

Madigan grabs the key and hurries to the door.

MADIGAN  
 To the center.

She slams the door behind her. Stunned and concerned, Brooke grabs her back-pack and hurries out.

EXT. CENTER GROUNDS - SAME DAY

Madigan drives the top-down Mercedes, in panic. And a short distance before the center gate, she abruptly swerves the car off the road, and hurries inland through the woods.

Brooke's Floral Wonders van speeds past Madigan's turn, worry and concern visibly etched on her face.

MOVING SHOT of Madigan running through debris in the woods.

ZOOM IN to TWO GROUPS OF CHILDREN; boys and girls ages 9 to 12, in confrontation; each leader with a hand gun. The leaders are: LEON, 12, and CLAY, 13. Each group has trade mark head band and cap; weapons as knives, bats, crow bars, etc.

MADIGAN

STOP...!

The two groups are aghast, when she stands firmly between them.

LEON

(angrily)

What's your problem?

MADIGAN

If you don't stop this, something terribly dreadful will happen; an awful, awful tragedy.

CLAY

Get out of the way!

MADIGAN

Many of you will die, you hear me? It could be you...and you...and you...

LEON

Crap! What are you, psychic or psycho?

MADIGAN

Listen to me. I will do everything to stop this craziness. Not you, or you, will stop me from acting on what I feel, and what I know. I am no longer a child, scared that no one will believe me. That fear cost me my father, mother, and baby brother.

LEON

Who cares? None of our business.

CLAY

Get lost!

MADIGAN

After I've said what I need to say.

Reactions of RUMBLINGS. Leon and Clay subdue their groups.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)

Many years ago, my whole family went on a trip for a relative's funeral. I was not with them. I was sick. But something was wrong. I felt it. I wanted to stop them but I got scared. (a beat) Who would believe a child of eight? (a beat) On their way, my father made a wrong turn to a dead end that dark night. Their car got riddled with bullets from rival gangs. The killers were children, just like you, and prison stole their childhood.

LEON

Don't listen to her! You've said your piece.  
Leave! We've territories to reclaim.

MADIGAN

This is no one's territory; not yours,  
not the center's, but we can all be  
here. We can coexist, help each other.

LEON

Crap! This is about revenge, an eye  
for an eye. They kill one of us, we  
kill back. Get it?

MADIGAN

Oh yes, I know about revenge. That rage  
inside that digs down deep into your guts  
and grinds until you choke in your own  
bile. It consumed me, until I remembered  
what a wise old woman once said. "We hate  
because no one cares to understand where  
we're coming from; how we feel. We resort  
to violence out of frustration that no  
one cares to listen. We condemn because  
we are sure that we're right and they're  
wrong." (a beat) It's not too late to  
believe that living with hate only kills  
the good in us. Hate could have destroyed  
me. To forgive is difficult, but I did.  
For what did I have to lose but my  
hatred? (a beat) You want revenge? When  
will the hate and the killings stop?  
There's no end to revenge until no one  
related to anyone of you is left. Is that  
what you want to do with your lives?  
Because if it is, then go ahead and KILL  
until no one is left to kill.

Clay and Leon raise their guns; others, knives, crowbars, etc.

EXT. ENTER GROUNDS - SAME DAY

Brooke anxiously approaches Chandler, who is with Glen.

BROOKE

Have you seen Madigan?

CHANDLER

No. Why?

O.S. SOUND of GUNSHOTS is HEARD. The grounds activities FREEZE.

BROOKE

MADIGAN!

Brooke and Chandler run towards the direction of the gunshots.  
Fred, Bob, and Tess, coming from the center, follow; so does Glen.

EXT. CENTER'S GATE - SAME DAY

Bernard's four-wheeler SCREECHES to a stop by the center gate. He jumps out and runs towards the direction of the gunshots.

EXT. SHOOTING SITE - SAME DAY

Madigan stands petrified between the two groups; weapons piled before her. Chandler and Brooke arrive, panting and anxious.

BROOKE  
Are you all right?

Madigan nods, "YES" - immobile, unfeeling, and in shock.

CHANDLER  
What happened?

MADIGAN  
(to groups, unemotionally)  
Go, leave, all of you; right now.  
Go!

They hesitate; Leon and Clay grasp hands in reconciliation; walk away together, and disperse in different directions. Fred, Bob, Tess and Glen arrive; anxious and confused.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
Nothing happened here.

CHANDLER  
(nods and pockets the guns)  
Sure, we found these in the clean-up.

BROOKE  
And the guns accidentally fired.

They nod and pick up the weapons. GLEN STOPS, REGARDS Madigan, WONDERING, and proceeds to help in the clean-up.

MADIGAN FREEZES at seeing Glen. Is it really possible? Tears well in her eyes.

MADIGAN  
(mutters in disbelief  
and relief)  
He is alive!

Madigan, as if in a trance, hurries towards the direction of her car. Chandler and Brooke go after her, concerned.

Bernard arrives, catches a fleeing glimpse of Chandler and Brooke's back, but not of Madigan's. He turns to Bob.

BERNARD  
What happened? Is anyone hurt?

BOB  
Nothing. No! We're just cleaning up.

Altho not convinced, Bernard nods, turns to retrace his path.

EXT. OUTLOOK TO EAST RIVER - SAME DAY

MOVING SHOT FOLLOW Madigan, who hyperventilating, drives the top-down MBZ to an outlook, stops the car, exits, runs to its top; LAUGHING till realization sets in, and LAUGHTER turns to SOBS. She falls on her knees, HYSTERICALLY CRYING.

EXT. CENTER GROUNDS - SAME DAY

Bernard observes with interest as he and Caressa tour the grounds, where Seniors and Youths are in various activities.

CARESSA

I just arrived in this country, when I came to this place. It was occupied by a few homeless. I stayed, worked, and went to night school. Soon, more homeless and runaways joined us. This is how we started the center, pairing youths and seniors, helping homeless back on their feet. Those we helped, returned as volunteers.

BERNARD

But why this particular place?

From her pocket, Caressa brings out a YELLOWED ENVELOPE and hands it to Bernard. The return address baffles him.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

This letter came from this address?

CARESSA

Yes. This is how I found this place.

BERNARD

Records show that a Mlle. Elsa Grouchier from Paris, owns this property.

C.U. Of CARESSA, looking confused.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Do you know her?

CARESSA

After the war, I heard, that she died before she could leave for America. No one knew that she owned a property here.

BERNARD

(kindly)

Please come with me. We're going to see the developer.

INT. BRADSWORTH COVERED BALCONY - SAME DAY

At the library balcony, Grant is asleep in his wheelchair; Miss Wilson and Bernard by the open door, looking at him.

MISS WILSON  
Your grandfather was asking for you  
earlier. I'll leave you two.

CHANGE ANGLE - Miss Wilson walks to the library, passing Caressa, who sits serenely on a sofa.

Bernard goes to Grant who stirs, hands Bernard a LETTER, MOTIONS, and PRODS Bernard to read aloud.

BERNARD  
(reads the letter aloud)

"My dear Bernard,

I loved your Grandma. She was a decent lady, who did not deserve to be hurt, so I kept this to myself. But, all along, she knew, yet allowed me my sense of dignity.

GRANT (V.O.)

I was a young soldier in Paris toward the end of the Second World War, when we met. We had passion. We burned when we touched. That very instant, we knew that we were meant to be together, forever; that no distance, time, or death could come between us. All this time, I feel her. After the war, we were shipped home. We did not have the chance to say goodbye. I wrote but later lost contact. Meanwhile, Eloise, patiently waited for me to marry her. We were childhood friends.

I never thought that I could have any love left to give to another. Yet, I found that I also had enough love for your Grandma, who showed me how to care and love selflessly.

One day, I received a letter from a midwife in Paris, who claimed to have my son in her care, when his mother died in childbirth. She had my letters and she knew all about us.

I went to Paris to claim my son, but the midwife wanted more, besides money, for she planned to come to America. At the time, we already moved to this house, so I transferred the title of the Bronx property, that my father gave me as a gift, to the midwife, Elsa Duroucher.

BERNARD  
(reads the letter aloud)

Your grandmother couldn't have children, so I arranged for the adoption of my son, without her knowing that he was mine. My son, was your father. Eloise loved him like her own and loved you even more. That is why I did not want you to see the owner of the Bronx property, in Paris. I could not bear to hurt your Grandma. I'm sorry, I kept this from you all this years. I'm sorry she had to die to give me our son. Please forgive me.....your Grandfather."

CARESSA (O.C.)  
The midwife, Elsa Duroucher, told me...

SHOCK SHOT OF CARESSA, standing by the open library door.

CARESSA (CONT'D)  
...that my son...died...at birth...

SHOCK SHOT of GRANT, eyes brimming with tears, lips quivering. He struggles to stand, and does, but weakly sits back.

SHOCK SHOT of BERNARD, SPEECHLESS.

As Caressa rushes towards Grant -- FLASH BACK: INTERCUT A FOGGY SCENE of the YOUNG GRANT in SOLDIER UNIFORM, and a YOUNG CARESSA. From afar, they wave goodbye. And in SLOW MOTION, they run back toward each other. MUSICAL INTERLUDE - "WE'LL MEET AGAIN" - "I'LL BE SEEING YOU" MEDLEY. As they embrace --

MERGE TO PRESENT: Caressa kneeling before Grant, hugging him.

CARESSA (CONT'D)  
Grant, mon amour. My heart, my life,  
my soul, always yours, avec mon amour.

ANGLE - Bernard kneels beside Caressa and kisses her and Grant.

BERNARD  
Grand mama, ma grand'mere. (a beat)  
Thank you, Grandpa.

CARESSA  
Mon petit-fils, mon amour.

Grant gives out SOBBING SOUNDS, but the life is back in his eyes. Bernard leaves his grandparents alone to themselves. MUSIC UP AND UNDER AND OUT -

EXT. BRADSWORTH GARDENS - SUNRISE

Grant and Caressa sit on a garden bench, a wheelchair beside it. They relish their first sunrise together. A few butterflies flutter among the flowers. From behind, Bernard walks in, kisses his grandparents and hands each a red rose.

BERNARD  
Good morning Grand mama...Grandpa.

CARESSA  
Isn't it a glorious day, Bernard...  
my dear grandson?  
(smells the rose)  
Life is so wonderful.

GRANT  
(with a slight effort)  
It's time you take over the company,  
Bernard. Craig has all the documents  
I've signed. You're ready, grandson.  
(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

Besides, your grand mama and I have a lifetime of catching up.

BERNARD

I promise you, Grandpa, that all your wishes and all that you believe in, will live on. And Grand mama, your center has our full support.

CARESSA

Thank you. Merci. I know. It's clear that your heart beats to the same tempo as your Grand pere and mine.

(with a naughty smile)

Right now, our hearts are bursting with so much love, so let's spread it around.

BERNARD

Not only shall you have your permanent Center - with all your visions in it, but you'll have it in a place that will serve the most number and be a beacon to all. As you've eloquently and beautifully expressed yesterday - "Love is just like the butterfly ...

Grant and Caressa join in -

BERNARD, CARESSA, & GRANT

... it flits from blossom to blossom, whispering its song till the world stills to listen and sing in unison.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - AFTERNOON, SAME DAY

After an outdoor graduation ceremony, the GRADUATES converge. ROB, 23, a clean-cut, free-spirited graduate, hugs Robin.

ROB

Come on, Chirpee, everyone's going to the party. It would be fun.

ROBIN

(acting so maturely, but dispiritedly)

Rob, it's Robin...no longer Chirpee, or Roby. (a beat) I can't go. Mother made dinner reservation.

ROB

No problem, Chirp. Pick you up in an hour? You'll be home before dinner.

Rob leaves before she could answer. Bernard and Felicia join Robin. A hug from Felicia, a kiss and bouquet from Bernard.

ROBIN

Thank you, darling. Thank you, Mother.

(dejectedly)

Father is busy as usual.

FELICIA

You know your father. Get used to it.  
See you both for dinner tonight.

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - SAME AFTERNOON

Bernard and Robin walk towards the cliff, hand in hand. She has taken off her cap and gown, and is in a classic suit.

ROBIN

Why are we here?

BERNARD

To have time together. Congratulations.  
You deserve it. Be proud and be happy.

ROBIN

But, why don't I feel that?

BERNARD

Because you equate success with  
your father's approval?

ROBIN

It's not easy when one hungers for it,  
for so long, but gets hurt, so often.  
Remember the time I barged into my  
father's meeting with you, your grand-  
father, and some businessmen, to show  
Daddy, the ribbon I won in the Father's  
Day Poetry contest? All he said was,  
"good," without even looking at me.  
And before I closed the door as I left,  
he said, that "ribbons do not produce  
profit, this contract, does.

BERNARD

I'm sorry you heard it.

ROBIN

But you left his meeting, joined me  
for a milk shake in the kitchen, to  
celebrate my "poetry," you said. I  
was so happy, I cried myself to  
sleep, for I found my Hero. And for  
once, I felt worthy to be loved.

BERNARD

Of course, you are. And yes, you  
had been hurt very deeply by your  
father, but you have it in you, to  
rise from your past, and move on.  
It's time you decide, what you, Robin  
Thorpe, really want for yourself; not  
for your father, not for me. Shall we  
go thru with this wedding because your  
father needs it to seal his joint-venture  
with my grandfather, knowing that  
Grandfather never turns his back on  
family?

(MORE)

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Or because your mother has completely immersed herself into this, her dream wedding project?

ROBIN

I'm so sorry we allowed them to manipulate us. But I love you.

BERNARD

You love the person, who showed you kindness, where there was none; love when you needed it most. That was then, but, what you want now, may not be what you'll want later. We grow, we change. I'm set in my ways; you are just finding yours. Let's not be trapped by the circumstance we find ourselves in. You have your youth, brains, beauty. You've triumphed over those years of growing up. Go out and enjoy; challenge opportunities.

ROBIN

With you, my hero, by my side, I can do anything. I'm forever grateful to you for always looking out for me.

BERNARD

Please don't put me up there. I do not want to be worshipped. I can't watch you be enrapt in this, for you can lose yourself. A relationship based on idolatry, or gratitude is not love, not the kind marriage is built on.

ROBIN

You are... really worried.

BERNARD

Yes, for both of us. Wanting to see you happy became my obsession, but I am not helping, not this way. I know this now. Robin, someone out there is calling me. I'll never forgive myself, if I allow this once-in-a-lifetime part of me, pass me by.

ROBIN

So how...what...what do we do now?

BERNARD

Let's not lose what we have. It's rare. I have faith in you to know what feels right. We'll both face your parents. You won't be alone.

ROBIN

You helped me fly, go soar and reach for her. I think I can handle this by myself, for the child has just grown up. A floodgate has just opened.

BERNARD

Now, don't drown anyone.

ROBIN

No, I won't do that. On the contrary, I'll just extricate all the stones and rocks that have remained imbedded all this years, and wash them off from the strangling, slimy moss and mire.

BERNARD

You amaze me. Do you realize how strong and wise you are? Oh, Robin, you're worth much, much more.

Bernard hugs Robin, kisses her forehead. Robin sobs, whispers.

ROBIN

Thank you, my hero. I love you.

INT. THORPE ESTATE LIBRARY - SAME AFTERNOON

Robin excitedly enters the library in her cap and gown, and kisses North, who is behind his desk, screaming on the phone.

NORTH (ON PHONE)

I don't care how you do it, just do it! (a beat) What time is your graduation?

ROBIN

(victoriously puts her diploma before him)  
It's over, Father. I did it!

NORTH

Your mother wanted one, too. But you both don't need this sheepskin. Bernard will provide for you, as I did for your mother.

ROBIN

You don't get it. You're too myopic to see what's staring at your face.

NORTH

Ah women! Always so melodramatic.

ROBIN

Have you never thought even in an iota of a second that Mother and I need something else besides money? We need our self-esteem. Ever since I can remember, you've made it a habit of cutting me down at every opportunity.

NORTH

(slams down his papers and her diploma)  
Damn it. You bring home this, measly  
(MORE)

NORTH (CONT'D)

piece of crap, suddenly you think you have stepped on top of a pedestal. Listen to me, girl. No pedestal is tall enough for you to stand on, to see me at eye level. And if thru luck you do, the slightest air I exhale will send you crumbling down.

ROBIN

I just found one. Me. And not even your hurricane can topple me down. Not anymore, Father. You've already done all the damage you can ever do to me, And you know what I just realized? I can stand on my own pedestal instead of inching myself precariously on the ledge of yours, only to fall, and break to pieces at your whim. I don't need your approval anymore to make me feel worthy, nor can you use me to further your business venture.

NORTH

Use you? You're NOTHING without me.

ROBIN

It's you who'll be nothing without us who kowtow to you. You see NO SLAVES, NO MASTERS! It'll be a new world from now on, Father.

NORTH

Enough with this emotional rantings. Get out and forget this ever happened.

ROBIN

What is sad, Daddy, is, Mommy and I really love you. Isn't it ironic that with all your money, you and Mommy can't be happy? Have you forgotten how it was when you were just starting? Can't you see that there's a little girl in her, that's hurting, because she misses how you were, and can't even have her simplest dream? I wonder what your dream is, Daddy. The real one. I know what mine is. (a beat) It's not my fault if North, Jr., My dear brother, died in that accident, and I live. I wish you could appreciate what you have, and not be so damn angry at what you lost; for you will end up losing all.

Robin kisses North, picks up her diploma, and strides away. North is left in shock. Sadly, he gazes at a desk photo.

INSERT SHOT - THE PRESENT FAMILY PHOTO - of Robin, a sad young lady; of Felicia, over-made-up, over-dressed, and insecure; and of a domineering North.

Back on North, who sadly pulls out another photo underneath the picture frame. He stares at it with nostalgia.

INSERT SHOT - THE OLD FAMILY PHOTO of young, simple, smiling Felicia, and grinning North; both hugging two happy children. A little innocent girl, ROBIN; and a younger boy, NORTH, JR.

INT. THORPE ESTATE GRAND STAIRCASE - SAME AFTERNOON

Robin closes the door above the grand staircase, takes off her cap and gown, dumps both on the settee, and strides down the staircase. WALTER, the butler, 60, meets her below.

WALTER  
Master Roby just left.

FOLLOW Robin as she runs and opens the front door.

ROBIN  
(calls)  
Roby, wait!

ANGLE - Rob in casuals, leaps out of his top-down Jaguar and opens the door, amazed at a spirited Robin, who hops in.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Drive Roby. We can't miss the party!

ROB  
You got it Chirpee!

Robin stands, takes off her jacket and lets down her hair, which the wind blows in disarray, as Rob speeds away. They laugh jubilantly. Finally, she feels -- so free!

ANOTHER ANGLE - An oncoming ROLLS ROYCE avoids a swift passing swarm of BUTTERFLIES and SWERVES in front of Rob's Jaguar. Rob maneuvers out of the way. LOUD SCREECHING OF TIRES.

Both cars SPIN out of control and end up by the roadside. INCESSANT BLURRING OF CAR HORNS.

CHANGE ANGLE - Walter with FIVE THORPE HOUSEHOLD STAFF, followed by North, run to the scene.

FOLLOW NORTH rush to a BLOODY ROBIN and in agony, HUGS her.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Seeing an INJURED FELICIA, Rob helps up Robin and with North, the three STAGGER to her. North, in anguish, ROCKS Felicia. Felicia sees a remorseful North.

ON NORTH SOBBING as he EMBRACES Robin and Felicia.

EXT. COMMERCIAL MULTI-PLEX - DAY

LONG SHOT of a TOP-DOWN RED MBZ driving toward a commercial establishment.

ON CHANDLER at the wheel with Brooke beside him. At the back seat, is Madigan, DOZING OFF. The breeze CARESSES their faces; PLAYING on the CD is YOYO MA'S CELLO SELECTION.

BROOKE  
Soft breeze plus cello serenade equals  
dreamland. Ah...what a restful day.

CHANDLER  
Right. But wait till you're caught in  
the frenzy of the giant "White Sale."  
Love the linens!

C.U. OF MADIGAN'S FACE. FLASH CUT -

INT. MALL - (IC/PT) - SAME DAY

Wading through the crowd of linen shoppers, a MIDDLE-AGED MAN, in blue suit, TAGS ALONG a FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL. Madigan BUMPS against them.

MADIGAN  
I'm sorry. Are you all right?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
Yes...yes. We're in a hurry. My  
daughter here needs to go to the  
little girl's room.

The Middle-Aged Man looks uneasy and the Girl, confused.

MADIGAN  
Well, sir, you're in luck. I'm on my  
way there, too. I'll take her there.

Madigan takes the Girl's hand but the Middle-Aged Man holds on. Madigan notices something.

MADIGAN'S P.O.V. - the HAPPY FACE TATTOO on the back of the Man's right hand holding the Girl.

ANGLE - The Girl stands FROZEN, her eyes, pleading.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
Thank you, Miss, but we're fine.

The Middle-Aged Man hurries away with the Girl, who looks back at Madigan. Madigan goes after them.

MADIGAN  
Sir, you're going the wrong way.  
Don't worry, I'll take her in. You  
can wait outside. (jokingly) sorry,  
no men allowed in there.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Madigan takes the Girl from the Middle-Aged Man and hurries to the direction of the restroom and gets lost among the shoppers. The Man goes after them, scanning the crowd.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - SAME DAY

Chandler and Brooke get out of their parked car. Madigan, at the back seat, still sound asleep.

BROOKE  
Hey, Madigan, we 're here.

MADIGAN  
(jumps up)  
Already?

INT. MALL - SAME DAY

There is a commotion with shoppers surrounding the four-Year-Old Girl. Her MOTHER, 20's, is CRYING as she HUGS her. A LADY SECURITY questions the Girl.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL  
A beautiful lady took me away from him, then she called in the phone by the wall over there and said that the man was wearing a blue suit and had a happy face tattoo on his hand.

LADY SECURITY  
I'm glad you're all right, sweetie. Thank God for her.  
(To Mother)  
But as soon as she handed your daughter to me, she kind of just disappeared.

MOTHER  
I wish I could thank her for saving my baby.

LADY SECURITY  
Maybe, she didn't want the publicity.

Just then TWO SECURITY MEN HUSTLE through the crowd, holding on to the Middle-Aged Man.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL  
(screams)  
That's him, Mommy! He said you were waiting for me with my ice cream.  
(To Man)  
You're not my Mommy's friend.

ON THE TRIO, CRANING behind the crowd.

BROOKE  
Lucky girl!

CHANDLER  
She must have an Angel watching over her. We'd never know which ones are in this crowd.

ON MADIGAN, who tries to hold back her tears, as she smiles with gratitude.

INT. CONCERT HALL IN MANHATTAN, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Tuxedoed and Gowned GUESTS fill the hall. The Trio is in mid-center section; North between Felicia and Robin, in the front row. There is a SWEETNESS between all three.

APPLAUSE FOLLOWS a MUSICAL GROUP'S performance.

Madigan, CELL PHONE in hand, whispers to Brooke, sidles to the aisle, walks up to the entrance door behind the audience.

The EMCEE, 50, a dignified man takes the stage.

Madigan REENTERS, but remains at the top of the back aisle.

EMCEE

It is my honor to present to you, the  
Chairman of the Int'l. Human Rights  
Org., Mr. Bernard Bradsworth.

APPLAUSE. Bernard, in coat and tails, ENTERS with his violin.

ON MADIGAN, who is flabbergasted at the sight of Bernard.

BERNARD

Good evening. As a way of thanking you,  
for your support to this very worthy  
cause, the protection and preservation  
of human rights of people all over the  
world, I give you my music.

MORE APPLAUSE. CHANGE ANGLE -

Bernard looks appreciatively to the stage wing, where Grant, in tux, Caressa in, gown, sit. They beam with pride, as they acknowledge Bernard's gesture..

Bernard plays passionately, with full orchestration, what he composed for his "deliciously heavenly" vision.

ZOOM IN TO MADIGAN, who is entranced by Bernard's music.

ON BROOKE and CHANDLER. They recognize the melody; look at each other in amazement; mesmerized by Bernard's rendition.

ON THE AUDIENCE, completely captivated and engulfed in the music; Felicia and Robin, both emotionally affected.

GRANT and CARESSA, deeply touched; their spirits transported back to the Paris of their youth.

BACK TO BERNARD, playing his violin with passion.

ANGLE ON MADIGAN, who walks down the aisle, eyes fixed at Bernard. She stops past her seat, but remains standing.

The PLAYING ends. APPLAUSE and exuberant STANDING OVATION.

ON MADIGAN, who applauds jubilantly with tears of joy.

GUESTS ARTISTS join Bernard on stage. Sustained APPLAUSE.

LIGHTS ON. Madigan walks towards the stage, wading against the flow of the exiting audience.

ANGLE ON BERNARD kissing Grant and Caressa goodbye as Miss Wilson and Grant's chauffeur prepare Grant's wheelchair.

INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME NIGHT

WELL-WISHERS, COMMITTEE MEMBERS, and Guest Artists congratulate Bernard, as he joins them.

ON MADIGAN - Unable to get to Bernard, she steps aside, takes out from her purse the "Pegasus" PEN and puts in an ENVELOPE. She requests a SECURITY GUARD nearby, to hand the envelope to Bernard. The guard nods and walks through the crowd.

ANOTHER ANGLE - The Security gives the envelope to Bernard, who pockets it, when more guests converge around him.

ON MADIGAN, who waves at Bernard to call his attention. Her smile and excitement are dampened by the scene she sees. Brooke and Chandler excitedly join her to share the news about her melody, but stumped as they follow her sight.

BROOKE

Ssshit...! Double ssshit...!

THEIR P.O.V. - Robin and Felicia kiss Bernard; North gives him a pat on the back.

Madigan, Brooke, and Chandler are shocked at what they see.

A PHOTOGRAPHER is blocked by the Security, but Bernard allows him to take pictures. Bernard excludes himself. He recoils from the FLASHBULBS.

MONTAGE OF FLASH CUTS: a 7- year old Bernard, cowers from the flashbulbs; his Dad shielding him, his Mom posing. All in formal attire.

BERNARD, 7, in pajamas, witnesses from behind their bannister, the shooting of his parents coming from a gala affair. The TWO MASKED MEN, are in turn shot by their HOME SECURITY GUARDS.

BERNARD, 7, still in pajamas, still behind the bannister, is blinded by the FLASHBULBS as photos are taken of his dead parents in a pool of blood in their living room.

BACK TO THE PRESENT - MORE FLASHBULBS. Bernard is still affected by the memory.

Robin clings to Bernard as they leave with Felicia and North.

C.U. Of MADIGAN, devastated and utterly defeated.

EXT. CONCERT HALL - SAME NIGHT

Bernard gets in his limo and Ralph drives away. Other cars leave; among these, the MBZ of Chandler, Madigan, and Brooke.

INT. BERNARD'S LIMOUSINE - SAME NIGHT

Bernard remembers the envelope and is excited to find his pen.

BERNARD

Ralph, drive back to the concert hall.

INT. CONCERT HALL - SAME NIGHT

Bernard talks to the Security, who seems to describe Madigan.

EXT. CONCERT HALL - SAME NIGHT

Bernard looks around. Back to his limo. Limo drives away.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - SAME NIGHT

Bernard, direct from his concert, scans the computer for the concert guest list, checking off female names. O.S. KNOCK and OPENING OF DOOR. Craig, in his concert tux ENTERS FRAME.

CRAIG

I came to pick up some files and saw your lights. What's up?

BERNARD

She must be in this concert guest list.

CRAIG

Come on Bernard, it's a hopeless search. If she's that "deliciously heavenly," she must be either engaged, married, or unreal. Robin is real. You're marrying her. Let go.

BERNARD

She's real. She heard me play for her. She returned my pen. And per the Security, she's blindingly stunning. And yes, "deliciously heavenly." I have to find her. When you meet your twin soul, you just don't let go. You search for her. To the end of the world.

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS APTS., MADIGAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY DAWN

Madigan sits up on her bed, in a panic. Brooke shakes her back to her senses. Chandler barges in.

CHANDLER

What's wrong?

BROOKE  
I heard her scream. I had to call you.

MADIGAN  
(hyperventilating;  
inconsolably agitated)  
Something...something horrible is going to  
happen. We've got to save everybody -  
people ... seniors...children..pets...

BROOKE  
You're freaking me out. Yeah... yeah,  
we'll save them! But where are they?

CHANDLER  
All right, Madigan, love, breathe.  
Now, start from the beginning.

MADIGAN  
A building complex... evacuate the  
building before it's too late.

BROOKE  
Which building? Is it ours?

CHANDLER  
Tell us about the building, its  
architecture, period, location...

BROOKE  
Stop it, Chandler. It's just a nightmare.

MADIGAN  
NO! It's real. The building...I've seen  
it before. There's a pet shop on the  
ground floor...it's where I got Pegasus.

BROOKE  
The "Love You Back" Pet Shop.

CHANDLER  
I know the structure. The Shangrila.

MADIGAN  
Yes...yes. We have to warn them.

BROOKE  
What? And tell them what? That  
there'll be an alien invasion?

CHANDLER  
Why don't we all the Manager?

BROOKE  
Are you crazy, Chandler Rains?

INT. THE SHANGRILA - MANAGER'S BEDROOM - SAME EARLY DAWN

A half-awake middle-aged MALE MANAGER, angrily answers the  
phone, his WIFE, who is SNORING beside him, JUMPS UP,

MANAGER (ON PHONE)

Are you crazy? You want everyone to evacuate the building? What? Someone had a dream? Hey, it's two in the morning. We've no problem here. Get a life. Go back to sleep. Wacko!

The Wife DROPS BACK on bed and instantly SNORES.

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS APTS. - MADIGAN'S BEDROOM - SAME EARLY DAWN

CHANDLER

He called me crazy. I tried. Sorry.

BROOKE

Yeah, yeah, me, too. We'll sleep with you. It's just a dream. Tomorrow will be fine, you'll see.

INT. THE SHANGRILA, HALLWAYS - (IC/PT) - SAME EARLY DAWN

Madigan, in the same nightwear, runs in a panic, setting off one FIRE ALARM after another at hallways from floor to floor.

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT - SAME EARLY DAWN

An ELDERLY MALE PILOT suddenly clutches his chest and slump against the plane instrument panel.

INT. FLEUR-DE-LIS APTS., MADIGAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

O.C. CROWING OF A ROASTER (alarm clock). Pegasus jumps up on Madigan's bed. Brooke and Chandler, who cuddle Madigan between them, leap up in unison.

BROOKE

SSHIT! Now what...what?

CHANDLER

Good morning, Pegasus darling.

Madigan turns off the alarm clock and goes back to sleep. Brooke jumps down from he bed, does her defensive karate move. Chandler tangos with Pegasus and draws open the drapes with a flourish.

Brooke and Chandler, with Pegasus, jump back to bed. Brooke shakes Madigan up.

BROOKE

Time to get up, Madigan!

CHANDLER

Rise and shine, sleeping beauty!

BROOKE

What have you done now, jog around Manhattan?

CHANDLER

Let her sleep. She looks pretty pooped.

Brooke reaches for the TV REMOTE and turns on the TV on MUTE. Almost as one, Brooke and Chandler sit up in disbelief.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Turn on the sound. Quick. Fast. Pronto!

Brooke panics for the button. The sound BOOMS FULL VOLUME. Madigan jumps up. SHOCK and DISBELIEF on their faces.

ON TV SCREEN;

FIRE RAGES from a building complex - The Shangrila. A PLANE'S TAIL DANGLES from its wall; the plane's fuselage on the ground.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - FIRE TRUCKS, FIREMEN, TENANTS (SENIORS, ADULTS, CHILDREN, still in their sleepwear), BIRDS, CATS, DOGS, FISH, etc., etc., rescued from the Pet Shop, crowd near the burning inferno. Shocked faces surround a TV REPORTER.

REPORTER

(in disbelief )

What we are witnessing here is nothing short of a miracle. (to crowd) Why did you evacuate the building before the plane crash?

CROWD

All the fire alarms went off at the same time. We thought there was a fire.

REPORTER

You are the Manager. Tell us what happened. You're a hero. Why did you set off all the alarm?

MANAGER

(basking on his  
celebrity)

Well ...

REACTION SHOT of Brooke, Chandler, and Madigan.

BROOKE

He changed his mind. Your call did it, Chandler.

BACK TO TV SCREEN - Warning look from Manager's Wife humbled him.

MANAGER

No, I didn't do anything. (mumbles)  
I didn't do anything. It was a miracle.

REPORTER

There you heard it. A MIRACLE? Did something or someone trigger off the alarm? We'll never know.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)  
 But we thank the New York Fire  
 Dept. Their quick response and  
 heroism saved everyone on the  
 ground and those from the plane.

On Chandler and Brooke - numbed. Madigan emotionally grateful,  
 pulls the two to her. They hug, in disbelief and joy.

EXT. THORPE ESTATE GROUNDS - LATE AFTERNOON

FULL SHOT - The HUGE WEDDING GAZEBO by the water edge, its  
 dome and columns covered with roses and fuchsia orchids.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a long aisle between rows of some two  
 hundred floral-decorated chairs. Elegantly-dressed GUESTS are  
 seated by gentlemen USHERS in tuxedos.

REVERSE LONG SHOT of the gazebo, to the flower-covered  
 pergola, which extends from the aisle's end to the back of  
 the mansion and to the reception site, rich with flowers.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MUSICIANS PLAY Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata"

ANGLE to an open floral-bedecked fenced area by the reception  
 site, where adorned DOG-GUESTS are left to the ATTENDANTS.

MATRONLY GUEST 1  
 CIAO, Princepessa. Mama will miss you.

YOUNG LADY GUEST 2  
 Enjoy, Leonardo. Remember, you're  
 King of the world. Ta...ta...

Chandler is in tux; Brooke and Madigan, in long gowns; Madigan in  
 Lilac. They leave a floral-adorned Pegasus with the Attendant.

MADIGAN, BROOKE, CHANDLER  
 See you soon, Pegasus. Cheer up!

BROOKE  
 I think congratulations are in order,  
 to the Floral Wonders, Inc. As always,  
 our creations are fabulous. Love it!

- on to the wedding site. Madigan is bothered; fidgets.

CHANDLER  
 I'm sure this one you'd love to hear.  
 Caressa wants to see us tomorrow.  
 Something about an exciting surprise.

Brooke and Chandler regard Madigan with concern.

BROOKE  
 Your attendance is a bad idea, huh?

CHANDLER  
 Are you positive you can handler this?

MADIGAN

We're here on business, right?  
 (Mutters)  
 We promised to find each other.  
 When I returned his pen, he should  
 have known that I was there.

BROOKE

Maybe the pen wasn't even his.  
 Maybe it was just all a dream.  
 Otherwise, why in the world would  
 he do this to you when he's  
 marrying Robin? He doesn't look  
 like one of those guys. Or does he?  
 I give up. Hey, just walk right up  
 to him and settle this huge mystery  
 once and for all.

MADIGAN

No, I won't do that. Not at the  
 expense of another. He is getting  
 married to Robin.

CHANDLER

Precisely. Besides, we can't force a  
 thing on the Universe before its time.

BROOKE

Oh yeah? And when is that time? After  
 the "I do's" had been exchanged?

CHANDLER

Nothing that's meant for you could  
 others take.

BROOKE

Yeah...yeah. All right, then be  
 prepared to settle as his mistress.  
 Because if he's truly yours,  
 there's no stopping for the two of  
 you to be together.

MADIGAN

I have to check the reception florals.

Near tears, Madigan leaves Brooke and Chandler.

BROOKE

She's falling apart. This is a  
 total disaster. I told you she  
 shouldn't have come. And stop  
 feeding her with your...your...

CHANDLER

With what I feel and know, exist?

BROOKE

I wish I could just believe, like  
 you two.

(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)

I can't understand why she had to come witness his wedding and torture herself. What is she, a masochist?

CHANDLER

We were hired. She's a professional. But as they say, this, too, will pass.

MOVING SHOT of Madigan in anguish, nearing the reception.

MADIGAN

(to self, in pain)  
Pegasus, Bernard, I'm here. I love you.

EXT. AN ANCIENT TREE BY THE WATERS - SAME LATE AFTERNOON

Bernard in tux, a solitary figure under the tree.

BERNARD (ON PHONE)

(animatedly)  
Hi, Robin, is everything going well?

EXT. RECEPTION SITE, THORPE GROUNDS - SAME LATE AFTERNOON

Madigan surveys the site with CLAUDE, 30, refined; Paul and Brad, all in tux; Marie and Christie, in gowns.

CLAUDE & CO.

Well, Madigan, everything's perfect. Time to relax and enjoy the moment.

MADIGAN

Thanks. You're all great. (a beat)  
Go ahead.

Massenet's "MEDITATION" is PLAYED. Madigan feels hopeless. Claude and Co. starts for the wedding site.

Madigan lags behind and motions them to go ahead.

SHOT OF PEGASUS, looking thru the slat fence. He sees Madigan, slips out, and runs to her; an Attendant after him.

ANGLE ON MADIGAN, jolted from her reverie, as Pegasus jumps into her arms. She waves the Attendant away. Pegasus slips down and playfully lures her toward the direction of the adjacent property. Paul and Marie notice, but walk on.

ANGLE ON the bridal procession. The Thorpe's SIX LABRADORS, each one sporting a floral coronet and a floral blanket over its back, emerge from the pergola to the aisle.

PAN SHOT OF GUESTS with REACTIONS of "ahs" and "ohs."

FOLLOW MADIGAN who chases Pegasus as he runs out of the side gate of the property to the street. As the gate closes after Madigan, WE HEAR LOUD SCREECHING of TIRES, a SCREAM from Madigan and a SHRILL YELP from Pegasus.

EXT. FORESTED BRADSWORTH ESTATE -(IC/PT)- SAME LATE AFTERNOON

PEGASUS emerges from the gate and barks at Madigan behind him. Pegasus runs to the adjacent estate; Madigan chasing. O.S. BRIDAL MARCH is PLAYED. She sinks to her knees. Pegasus comforts her.

ATMOSPHERIC SHOT - Pegasus leads Madigan with his STOP-GO antics. As if in a trance, she staggers toward a TUNNEL of two long rows of mature trees, their branches forming a solid arch; its path, a carpet of grass and flowers.

MOVING SHOT of Madigan, who looks up and around, bewildered. The rays of the sun pierce the foggy and seemingly endless green tunnel. Then the clear blue sky. She stops, amazed.

P.O.V. OF MADIGAN - The green rolling hill with a gazebo on top, dripping with abundance of purple wisteria blooms.

REVERSE MOVING SHOT of Madigan, as she slowly walks up the hill and stops at the gazebo, in awe; a breeze whizzing by.

MADIGAN'S P.O.V. - The tranquil waters beyond, seagulls freely flying, dazzling sun on the horizon.

Madigan scans the wisteria above her, and is INCREDULOUS. ZOOM IN to the BRAIDED VINES and a CUT TWIG where the TENDRIL RING that Bernard made is caught in it.

Madigan SMILES as she retrieves the ring and wears it.

The SOUND of the O.S. THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE and the CHEERING from the Thorpe grounds, is HEARD. Madigan freezes and in pain, knowing that the wedding ceremony is finally over.

CHANGE ANGLE - Madigan looks out at the waters and scans the surroundings, which all seems so familiar.

She catches sight of the top portion of a life-size hedge-sculptured Pegasus, just below the gazebo; its head proudly looking far, its wings raised up in flight.

EXT. WEDDING CEREMONY SITE - SAME LATE AFTERNOON

ANGLE FAVORING CHANDLER and BROOKE with Paul, Christie, Marie, Claude, and Brad. The guests APPLAUD and CHEER.

BROOKE  
(whispers to Chandler,  
breathlessly)  
We have to find Madigan, immediately.

CHANDLER  
Has anyone seen Madigan?

PAUL & MARIE  
She went after Pegasus toward that adjacent estate.

Chandler and Brooke quietly leave and hurry to the direction of the adjacent estate.

EXT. GAZEBO ATOP A ROLLING HILL - SAME LATE AFTERNOON

Pegasus leaves Madigan and instinctively runs down the hill.

MADIGAN  
(calls)  
PEGASUS...

Madigan cranes to look down at the Pegasus hedge sculpture. Someone in tux, by the Pegasus hedge, looks to the horizon.

ON BERNARD who stiffens without turning. He feels something inexplicable, but dismisses it; stands and pensively runs his hand on the Pegasus' mane and whispers.

BERNARD  
Someone's calling you, my friend.

MADIGAN  
(calls again, guardedly)  
Pegasus?

SILENCE. Pegasus barks and sniffs Bernard. Now Bernard feels it strongly, as he looks at Pegasus. He turns and there, MADIGAN is, enchantingly beautiful and statuesque. THEME MUSIC.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Bernard runs up to the gazebo, picks up, and twirls Madigan around; both laughing emotionally; Pegasus joyfully celebrating.

BERNARD  
It's you! I'd been searching for you.

MADIGAN  
Yes, and we found each other, Pegasus.

Bernard FREEZES, slowly brings down Madigan, and searches into her eyes. Madigan's smile fades, as she looks at Bernard, anxiously... uncomprehendingly.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
You're not...PEGASUS?

Bernard SHAKES HIS HEAD, "NO," afraid to take his eyes off from gazing into Madigan's face.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
Are you real?

Bernard happily NODS, "yes."

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
 Then...then you just got...  
 married.

CUT AWAY TO

EXT. THE RECEPTION - SAME LATE AFTERNOON

Under the floral cage, stands North, in white tux, and Felicia, in Robin's BRIDAL GOWN; both holding the string that trails down the cage. Felicia, now without her customary HEAVY MAKE-UP, is REFRESHINGLY lovely.

ROBIN  
 Pull the string, Mom, Dad!

ANGLE ON THE COUPLE. They pull the string and WHITE DOVES burst out. The guests applaud and incessantly beat spoons against glasses, urging the groom to kiss his bride.

ANGLE ON ROBIN, who cries with joy for her parents, and especially for her mother's fulfilled childhood dream.

Robin turns to Rob, in tux, beside her, and like two free-spirited children, high-five and burst into laughter.

ZOOM OUT TO INCLUDE Felicia and North, blissfully happy, and ZOOM OUT FURTHER to the applauding guests, as both kiss.

EXT. GAZEBO - SAME LATE AFTERNOON

MADIGAN  
 You ...DID NOT...get married?

Bernard happily SHAKES HIS HEAD, "NO." Madigan embraces him.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)  
 You really did not get married?

BERNARD  
 How could I? That moment at the escalator never left me. It was indelibly etched in the very core of my being. As if a shimmering cord connected us forever. (a beat) I'm Bernard...Bernard Bradsworth. Thank you for finding my pen and for finding me.

MADIGAN  
 I knew it belonged to you. Oh, I'm Madigan...Bloom.

BERNARD  
 Your eyes are so beautiful, Madigan (a beat) By the way, I still have your contact lenses.

MADIGAN  
 But...I've never worn contacts.

Wondering smile from Bernard -- the Universe conspires, indeed.

BERNARD

I love you, Madigan. You had been in every minute and in every second of my waking and sleeping hours. Something indescribable... almost ethereal happened that first instant I looked into your eyes.

MADIGAN

Yes. Music...heavenly music. And then those magical moments and wonders we were so privileged to experience...to share...to feel.

Madigan reaches for the braided wisteria vines.

MADIGAN (CONT'D)

Remember this?

BERNARD

(thinks, smiles, SHAKES his head, "NO")  
...but there are a million and one wonders I feel and I know about you.

Bernard brings out from his breast pocket a ring -

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I've waited for you for eons and eons of years.

INSERT SHOT of the SWEETHEART RING between Bernard's fingers.

C.U. OF MADIGAN, who is ecstatic, as she gazes at the ring, that has since, touched her, so deeply.

WIDER SHOT - Bernard puts the ring in Madigan's left ring finger, next to the TENDRIL RING, which he admires.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

This is ingenious. You made this?

Madigan does not answer, but snaps a tendril, fashions it into a ring, and puts it in Bernard's left ring finger.

MADIGAN

Yes...this one.

BERNARD

I love it. Do you know that in my dreams, I search for you? And just the vision of you, lifts my spirit and comforts my heart.

MADIGAN

Isn't this just magical? I feel you  
and see you and I sense you  
everywhere...everyday...every  
moment...

BERNARD

I have always believed that "when  
we find our twin souls..."

MADIGAN

"...we will know. For once found,  
there'll be no more restlessness..."

BERNARD

"...and no more far away look. For  
once found, we never, ever let go."  
(Kneels before Madigan)  
I've waited for this moment all my life.

LOW ANGLE - Brooke and Chandler just arrive below the rolling  
hill, look up and find Bernard kneeling before Madigan.  
Bernard stands and kisses Madigan, ever so tenderly.

ANOTHER ANGLE -

BROOKE

SSSHHIII....

She stops as she sees Chandler's eyebrow-raising reaction.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

...SSSHHHOOT...TING STARS...!

CHANDLER

(looks down at Brooke  
happily victorious)  
TOUCHE'...!

Brooke looks up at Chandler, like a meek child. He puts his  
arm around her shoulders brushing the back of his palm  
against her cheek; both tearfully smiling. They walk away.

CHANGE ANGLE - Bernard's VIOLIN COMPOSITION SNEAKS in --

Bernard lifts Madigan exultantly and swings her around PURPLE  
BUTTERFLY flies INTO FRAME and hovers above them. And the  
MOST COLORFUL BUTTERFLY of all, SWOOPS in and FLAPS its  
gossamer wings. From everywhere, MYRIADS butterflies JOIN IN  
and FLUTTER in celebration.

The MUSIC builds up to a CRESCENDO -- with the SWIRLING SHOT  
of Madigan and Bernard laughing with exuberance as they  
continue to hug and twirl around.

PEGASUS BARKS and relentlessly tries to get their attention.  
He TUGS at Bernard's leg and pulls him down the hill, barking  
even more vehemently.

BERNARD looks back helplessly at Madigan for assistance.

MADIGAN  
Go. I'll be waiting.

As if on cue, PEGASUS RUNS AWAY as fast as he can, Bernard running after him.

FOLLOW PEGASUS and Bernard through the green tunnel to the property side gate and out to the street, through the crowd of limo drivers and some guests from the Thorpe estate.

HIGH ANGLE - a GLARE of LIGHTS hits the scene.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Madigan, crumpled in a prone position, lies unconscious on the street. Bernard cuddles Madigan, in her bloody gown.

BERNARD  
NO...no...you can't leave me. I  
just found you. No...no...please  
God...NOOOO!

ON CRAIG among the crowd, in utter disbelief.

Brooke and Chandler arrive - in shock as they kneel down beside Madigan and uncomprehendingly look at Bernard then stand back.

O.S SCREAMING of AMBULANCE SIREN.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
(tearing and in anguish)  
Please, wake up...live...please, live...

MADIGAN  
(opens her eyes and  
whispers)  
Bernard. Thank you for finding me.  
I'm Madigan...Bloom.

BERNARD  
I know, Madigan. (a beat) Thank you God.  
I'm here now. I'll never leave you. You  
have me for life, forever, for eternity.

Bernard kisses Madigan's blood-stained left hand.

E.C.U. Of Madigan's left hand with the "sweetheart" and tendril rings and of Bernard's finger, also with the tendril ring.

REACTION SHOTS of disbelief from Mr. Gerald, Craig, Brooke, and Chandler, who are among the crowd.

MADIGAN  
(in a panic)  
Pegasus? Where's Pegasus? Pegasus?

Madigan retrieves a limp and bloody Pegasus from beneath her gown.

The horrified crowd GASP IN UNISON.

Madigan cradles Pegasus and desperately BLOWS AIR into his mouth.

SUPER OVER THE SCENE-

The CHILD MADIGAN desperately blowing air into the baby bird's beak.

BACK TO PREVIOUS SCENE-

Bernard hugs Madigan and looks up in fervent prayer.

The CROWD intensely PRAY in silence. STREAMS of LIGHT emanate from the crowd and SHOOT toward Pegasus.

The Purple Butterfly SWOOPS DOWN and BATHES the scene with brilliant light.

SUDDENLY - a WHIMPER from Pegasus delightedly astounds Madigan and Bernard.

SUPER OVER THE SCENE -

The lifeless baby Bird, in the CHILD MADIGAN's hands, turns pink and like an ethereal beam of light flies up to the Heavens.

The crowd stand in awe and BURST into jubilant cheering and applause.

From the Heavens, a CANOPY OF BUTTERFLIES joyfully descends.

VIOLIN COMPOSITION FADES OUT and THEME VOCAL MUSIC STARTS.

SUPER CLOSING TITLES and CREDITS on the following FROZEN SCENES at the END of EVERY SCENE:

EXT. GATE, "THE POWER OF LOVE" CENTER - DAY

The place is restored. Bernard, in white tux, helps down the giggling Madigan, in an elegant Pierre Du Bon wedding gown, from the floral-decorated open carriage driven by a pair of white horses. Pierre fusses around Madigan and his creation.

The exultant APPLAUSE and CHEERS from the CENTER POPULATION, all dressed for the festivity, welcome them.

EXT. "THE POWER OF LOVE" TWO-STORY RESIDENCE - SAME DAY

LONG SHOT of the renovated building. CHEERINGS, as rice and petals shower upon the bride and groom.

At the door, with the motto - "LOVE CONQUERS ALL" - Caressa, and Grant lead the reception with Chandler, Brooke with Pegasus, Robin, Rob, Felicia, and North.

EXT. CENTER GROUNDS - SAME DAY

HIGH ANGLE MOVING SHOT - OVERVIEW of the festivity at the newly-developed grounds. SHOW a GAZEBO and a PEGASUS-SHAPED HEDGE.

ANOTHER ANGLE - PAN AROUND TO REVEAL the RAPPING led by Duke and his Alley Homeless; Clay and Leon and their Groups.

The LONG LINE around the sumptuously-filled, long buffet table supervised by Bob, Fred, Tess, Anton, and Ray.

AT THE GAZEBO, are Grant and Caressa, slow-dancing.

The FLORAL-DECORATED BASKETBALL COURT - As Madigan and Bernard dance, family, friends, Floral Wonders Staff, Seniors, Youths, and Volunteers, CHEER; Pegasus twirling at the center, barks at the couple; Pierre dances and hovers around his creation.

AUNTIE ANGELA, joyfully hugs Madigan. A YOUNG MAN with her.

THEODORE and CERISE, 30's congratulate Madigan and Bernard.

THE THREE CLASSMATES, Craig, Mr. Gerard, and Bernard, high-five and hug one another. Together, they kiss Madigan.

HIGH ANGLE - THE FLOWER GARDEN - Every one cheer and wave at Madigan and Bernard, who scamper away; Pegasus chasing. A BEVY OF BUTTERFLIES FLUTTER all over, and --

As WE ZOOM IN on the JOYFUL FACES of Madigan and Bernard, the butterflies CONVERGE into formation that READS:

"WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN!"

END OF CREDITS.

ZOOM OUT through the Center Gate with its NAME and MOTTO:

THE POWER OF LOVE  
"Love Conquers All!"

CONTINUE ZOOMING OUT through the TOWERING TWIN LIGHTS that once were the TWIN TOWERS.

THEME VOCAL MUSIC UP AND OUT.

FADE OUT.

