

FADE IN:

Sepia tones as THE CAMERA glides upstream on the Little Conemaugh River towards Johnstown, Pennsylvania, circa 1889. On the left bank is the sprawling Cambria Iron Works, thick woods on the steeply rising right bank. Ahead is a wide and sturdy BRICK RAILWAY BRIDGE crossing the river. Beyond it, the main river turns ninety-degrees to the left while a smaller tributary comes in ahead. The river-valley town is on both banks now, rising steeply from the river on the left, more spread out on the right with bridges connecting the two sides. Ahead is a new gleaming bridge with traffic moving across it...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER -- DAY

...the sepia tones gone, in the present the new bridge of 1889 is just worn remnants as it is being taken down and replaced.

EXT. RIVER CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

A coffer dam has diverted a part of the river as a crane digs the wet soil with a work crew nearby. One of the men, LOU, walking on the upper edge of the excavation, stops when he notices something down in the mud. He stares then calls to JACK PATRICK, a handsome middle-aged man examining blueprints spread on the hood of a nearby pickup truck with discreet lettering on the door reading "PATRICK CONSTRUCTION - JOHNSTOWN, PA."

LOU

Jack, there's something down there.

Jack looks where Lou is pointing but sees nothing.

LOU (CONT'D)

Come look from here.

Jack comes over and Lou takes him by the shoulders and moves him right in front of where he's standing.

LOU (CONT'D)

See?

P.O.V. LOU AND JACK

A small, brilliant light glints in the mud of the river bottom.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack takes a walkie-talkie from his belt and speaks into it.

JACK  
Jilly, hold up, a minute. We see  
something down there.

The crane stops moving and Lou and Jack head to where the  
light was seen.

EXT. EXCAVATION -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Lou look at a four or five carat cut diamond just  
sticking up from the mud, a trickle of water running around  
it. Jack bends down to pick it up, but it won't come free.  
He pushes aside some mud and uncovers the ring setting that's  
holding the diamond. He digs a bit further and a skeletal  
finger appears.

JACK  
(muttering)  
More delays.

He straightens up and talks into the walkie-talkie again.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Emma, are you there?

EMMA (O.S.)  
Yes Jack, what is it?

JACK  
There's a skeleton. Find that  
anthropologist and have him come  
down.

EMMA (O.S.)  
Oh my. I'll get him right away.

JACK  
Try to hurry him up. Thanks Emma.

Jack puts the walkie-talkie back on his belt and the two men  
stare at the diamond and the skeletal finger.

LOU  
Must have been something horrible  
when that flood hit. She was wearing  
her engagement ring...a family that  
never happened

JACK  
Both of my great-grandparents on my  
father's side were caught in it.  
Either one didn't get out, I wouldn't  
be here.

LOU  
I wonder who she was.

They stare at the finger and the ring.

P.O.V. JACK AND LOU

The ring on the skeletal finger in the mud, a bit of water trickling around it.

CLOSE UP

The diamond, sparkling...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE CONEMAUGH -- DAY

CLOSE UP

The diamond, sparkling as water swirls about it.

PULL BACK to show it's on the delicate lefthand ring finger of a lovely young woman trailing her hand through cool clean water as a wooden rowboat moves across a forested mountain lake. She is VICTORIA "VICKIE" DONNELSON, the actress/singer daughter of the millionaire owner of the PITTSBURGH THEATRE. (NOTE: British spelling of "Theatre" is intentional.)

The rakishly good-looking young man rowing is GUY MANSLEY, an executive at her father's theatre and Vickie's fiancé of two weeks. They're dressed in elaborate Victorian clothing for play, Guy in a casual suit, Vickie wearing layers that leave only her arms bare. A picnic basket with a rolled blanket on top of it shows they're on their way to a picnic.

Lake Conemaugh is a pristine mountain lake formed by a dam on South Fork Creek in the forested hills of western Pennsylvania, twelve miles up a river valley from the town of Johnstown. Two miles long, a mile across at its widest with coves set in the winding shoreline, it's the private retreat of the wealthy members of the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club.

Vickie takes her hand from the water and sits back in the seat, enjoying the sunlight on her face. Guy mischievously splashes her with the oar blade, annoying her.

VICKIE

This is a silk blouse.

GUY

Maybe you should take it off.

VICKIE

Guy...

GUY

...so it doesn't get ruined.

Vickie gives him a reproving look, but he just grins. She looks away down the lake where in the distance the indistinct

figure of a man in work clothes paddles a wooden canoe towards them along the shoreline.

EXT. LAKE CONEMAUGH SHORELINE -- MOMENTS LATER

The rowboat grinds to a halt a short distance from where South Fork Creek empties into the lake. Guy gets out and Vickie hands him the basket and blanket and he then helps her out. He unfurls a long rope from the front of the boat and ties it to a tree back from the shoreline. Vickie picks up the rolled blanket, Guy takes the basket, and they start off up into the woods alongside the stream.

EXT. WOODS BY STREAM -- MOMENTS LATER

They walk along a twisting, rough path at the edge of the stream. Next to them, a fairly steep bank rises some thirty feet before leveling off with brush and woods. Ahead of them some twenty-five yards is a narrow, sharp man-made cut in the bank. Before reaching it, they stop at a wide point on the path to catch their breath and admire the view, Guy setting down the basket.

VICKIE

It's so beautiful.

GUY

You're beautiful.

She smiles shyly at him and he kisses her, Vickie awkwardly holding the rolled blanket between them. It is not a chaste kiss and Vickie is reluctant. Guy pulls back and gently forces her downward.

VICKIE

Guy, no...

He smiles and looms over her making her go to her knees, Guy dropping to join her.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

Please stop.

GUY

We're engaged.

VICKIE

Two weeks. I want us to be married first.

GUY

It's 1889 Vickie, not the medieval ages.

He kisses her again, Vickie reluctant, wanting him to stop.

Across the stream, there is a sound of SNAPPING branches and they both look to see a large and menacing BLACK BEAR emerging from the brush.

Guy pushes them flat before the bear is aware of them then gestures for Vickie to start crawling. Once under cover in the brush, they crouch and run up the bank away from the stream. At the top of the bank, they rush through the thick bushes. Guy slows to look back while Vickie keeps going until she breaks through the bushes and jerks to a halt, tottering on the edge of a small, narrow, long abandoned coal-seam quarry, the break in the stream bank that was ahead of them. She nearly keeps from falling until the edge gives way and she slips downward, CRYING OUT. Guy tries to grab her from behind but misses.

GUY (CONT'D)

Vickie!

EXT. QUARRY -- CONTINUOUS

Vickie lies stunned for a moment in the overgrown, rubble-strewn bottom of the narrow quarry, the only opening on the side of the stream. She raises up on her elbow and looks up to see Guy leaning over looking down at her from the edge twenty-five feet above.

GUY

Are you hurt?

She sits up and moves her arms and legs and everything works.

Suddenly, the bear appears at the end of the quarry apparently looking for fish in the stream. Vickie lowers herself to the ground again, barely hidden, and Guy pulls back not to be seen. The bear ambles out of sight for the moment. Guy reappears and WHISPERS:

GUY (CONT'D)

We're down-wind. Stay right there,  
don't try to get out by the stream.  
I'll get the rope from the boat to  
pull you out.

Vickie gestures in frustration at being unable to do anything but wait which is not her nature.

VICKIE

(whispering)

Hurry up!

Guy crawls back from the edge.

EXT. WOODS BY STREAM -- CONTINUOUS

Guy crouches and quietly moves through the brush. Far enough away, he begins plowing through the woods towards the lake.

EXT. STREAM -- MOMENTS LATER

The bear wanders along the stream up from the quarry then turns and heads back down.

EXT. QUARRY -- MOMENTS LATER

Vickie lies in her hiding spot anxiously. She looks up at the edge of the quarry but there's no hint of Guy. She leans up slightly and peeks through the brush towards the stream. There's no sign of the bear. She listens, but all she can hear is the GURGLING of the stream. She takes a breath and shifts to get a bit more comfortable. A gust of wind RUSTLES some leaves and blows them towards the stream. Vickie frowns. Maybe she's not down-wind as Guy had said.

EXT. LAKE CONEMAUGH SHORELINE -- CONTINUOUS

Guy comes running out of the woods to the boat. The canoe Vickie saw earlier down the lake is coming up, paddled by a handsome young man, SEAN PATRICK, dressed in work clothes. Guy begins frantically trying to untie the rope from the rowboat, yelling to Sean.

GUY

Help! Help! My fiancé is trapped.  
There's a bear.

Sean pulls the canoe to the shore and jumps out.

SEAN

Where is she?

GUY

There's a quarry...

Sean begins running up into the woods.

GUY (CONT'D)

I'm bringing this rope...

Sean disappears into the woods without looking back, Guy fumbling with the knot.

EXT. QUARRY -- CONTINUOUS

The bear comes back into view, SPLASHING through the stream. Vickie ducks, just able to see it through the brush. The bear stops and raises its nose, SNIFFING the wind, its head moving back and forth. Vickie swears silently to herself. Sure enough, the bear looks into the quarry and lumbers out of the stream into the opening, stopping and staring. Vickie tries to melt into the ground, hoping the beast will go away, but... The bear ambles forward, intent on investigating the tempting smell, heading right at Vickie. She jumps up, flaps her arms, and YELLS:

VICKIE  
Get out of here! Go! Shoo! Get  
away!

The bear is startled, stopping in its tracks. Then it throws  
back its head and ROARS.

VICKIE (CONT'D)  
Oh damn.

She looks around and grabs the longest branch she can find,  
brandishing it in front of her as the bear slowly advances.  
She backs up though there's almost no where to go. She tries  
angling to one side, thinking maybe she can get past the  
bear but the narrowness of the quarry makes it impossible.  
She keeps backing up, the end of the quarry far too near.  
She begins to SING in a loud and beautiful voice *DIE WALKURE*  
by Wagner. The bear is not impressed.

Suddenly, there's a shower of debris from the top of the  
quarry on the lake side and she looks expecting to see Guy.  
Instead, Sean is there hanging over the side then dropping  
down to land in a crouch and spring up again. Sean rushes  
up to her and grabs the branch from her hand, getting in  
front of her.

SEAN  
I'll get it to one side, you go past.

Vickie considers a moment but then shakes her head though he  
can't see it. She reaches down and picks up a rock and flings  
it at the bear, the rock bouncing off its back. She picks  
up more and throws them, hitting it every time though it  
seems to just make the bear madder.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Are you going to run?

VICKIE  
No.

Sean looks at her and she shrugs. The bear is getting closer  
and angrier. Sean looks at her blouse.

SEAN  
Is that blouse silk?

Vickie looks at him as if he's crazy.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
...Is it silk!

VICKIE  
Yes!

SEAN  
Take this.

He hands her the branch which she takes though puzzled. He then grabs her blouse in both hands and rips it off her. Despite everything, she looks at her breasts, but they're still modestly covered. As the bear advances, they back up slowly with Sean rubbing the silk furiously on itself.

SEAN (CONT'D)

When I stick this over its face, we run past. Try to get its head down with the branch.

VICKIE

Let's hope it's a circus escapee.

Sean moves towards the advancing bear with the blouse spread, Vickie right behind him poking the branch at the top of the bear's head. The bear ROARS menacingly but drops its head to avoid the branch and Sean jumps forward and half-drapes, half-flings the blouse over its eyes. The silk sticks to its fur, the bear shaking its head trying to get it off. Vickie drops the branch and Sean shields her as they squeeze past the beast.

EXT. WOODS BY STREAM -- CONTINUOUS

They break from the quarry and turn downstream towards the lake, running for all they're worth. They both glance back, but the bear doesn't appear.

EXT. LAKE CONEMAUGH -- MOMENTS LATER

They come running out of the woods to the lake, Sean's canoe beached next to the rowboat. Guy's not there, the rope from the boat gone. They catch their breath, looking at one another, then Vickie YELLS:

VICKIE

Guy! Guy!

GUY'S VOICE comes faintly from the woods:

GUY (O.S.)

Vickie!

VICKIE

(calling)

We're here -- at the lake!

She looks at Sean and smiles.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

Everyone's okay.

SEAN

(considers, then  
says...)

You should have run when I told you to.



VICKIE  
I figured two were better than one  
fighting a bear.

SEAN  
Where did you learn to throw like  
that?

VICKIE  
(amused)  
Don't think girls can throw?

SEAN  
Not any I know.

VICKIE  
I guess you don't know the right  
girls.  
(put out her hand to  
shake)  
Vickie Donnelson.

Sean shakes her hand then looks away shyly.

SEAN  
You're in the house next to the  
clubhouse.

VICKIE  
That's right. I'm sorry, I don't  
know you.

SEAN  
Sean Patrick. I work here on  
weekends. I've seen you, but...  
They don't like the help fraternizing.

VICKIE  
I'm glad you "fraternized" when you  
did or that bear would be digesting  
me right now.

SEAN  
That was incredible singing you were  
doing.

VICKIE  
(smiling)  
The bear didn't seem so impressed.

Guy comes running out of the woods with the rope and embraces  
Vickie who isn't as emotional.

GUY  
Thank god you're all right.

VICKIE  
Thank Sean. The bear found me and  
he showed up just in time.

GUY  
I was just a few seconds away. The  
knot was stuck.

Vickie knows from where he was in the woods that he would  
never have gotten to her in time.

VICKIE  
Sean, this is Guy Mansley.

SEAN  
(shaking hands)  
Sean Patrick.

GUY  
(not very graciously)  
I guess we owe you one there.

VICKIE  
I owe you more than one. You're my  
hero.

To Guy's annoyance, she gives Sean a kiss on the cheek.

GUY  
(to Vickie)  
What happened to your blouse?

VICKIE  
Sean used it to blind the bear.  
(to Sean)  
That static thing was inspired.

SEAN  
Pretty elementary.

VICKIE  
For you maybe.

Guy doesn't like the interchange between them. He takes off  
his coat and drapes it around her shoulders.

GUY  
Here, cover up.

VICKIE  
Thank you.

Without knowing he's doing it, Sean stares at her breasts as  
she adjusts Guy's coat. He then looks up to see her smiling  
at him and looks away embarrassed. Guy sees it, frowns and  
glances at the woods.

GUY

No sense hanging around here like this. It could follow us.

(to Vickie)

We'll go back.

VICKIE

(to Sean)

Well, thank you again. My knight in shining armor. Any favor you need, just ask.

SEAN

You want to be careful who you say such things to.

VICKIE

(smiling)

I was being careful.

An unsmiling Guy takes Vickie by the arm and guides her towards the rowboat. Sean gets in his canoe while Guy helps Vickie into the rowboat. They wave at one another as Sean pulls away, Guy noticing that Vickie keeps glancing at Sean.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE DOCK -- MOMENTS LATER

Sean pulls the canoe up against the dock and ties it up among other canoes and rowboats. Set back from the shoreline is a large Victorian clubhouse, more like a hotel, with elaborate "cottages" among the trees.

As Sean finishes tying up, he looks back at the rowboat still out in the lake, stares thoughtfully, then forces himself to look away and not imagine what can never be, moving off towards the clubhouse.

EXT. LAKE CONEMAUGH -- CONTINUOUS

In the rowboat, Vickie glances at Sean on the shoreline and Guy notices, not liking her interest in Sean.

EXT. DAM -- LATER

Sean, carrying a small shoulder pack, crosses the dam, the face going down seventy-five feet to his left, the lake on his right. The dam is 900 feet long with a dirt lane wide enough for two carriages to squeeze past one another. It is noticeable that it is lower in the center than at either end which a dam should never be. At the far end a 10-foot-long wooden bridge crosses the spillway then the road turns left and winds down the hill into the valley.

The middle-aged maintenance foreman BROWER is on the road at the spillway.

BROWER

You're late.

SEAN  
Yes, I'm sorry.

BROWER  
(gestures towards the  
spillway)  
We're going to have to do something  
about this fish problem.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP

A fish being sucked over the spillway.

BACK TO SCENE

BROWER (CONT'D)  
A dollar apiece. We keep losing  
them at this rate, Colonel Quiss  
will be sending me downstream. We'll  
have to put some kind of grate in  
the water.

Sean takes a piece of paper from his pocket and gives it to  
Brower.

SEAN  
Here's the count I made. There seem  
to be plenty.

BROWER  
Good. We get a grate in next weekend,  
we won't have to restock. The Colonel  
will like that.

SEAN  
I have to catch the train going  
through to Johnstown and it will be  
coming soon.

Brower takes two coins from his pocket and hands them to  
Sean.

BROWER  
Two dollars, there you are.

SEAN  
Thank you, Mr. Brower.

BROWER  
All right, don't be missing your  
train now. Give my regards to your  
mother.

SEAN  
I will, thank you.

BROWER  
See you next weekend.

Sean nods and trots off down the hill.

ANGLE ON

A sign reading: *South Fork Fishing & Hunting Club - Members Only - Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted.*

EXT. SOUTH FORK -- LATER

South Fork is a small community where the South Fork creek joins the Little Conemaugh River. The Pennsylvania railroad tracks run on the near side of the river at the village which features a small depot with a telegraph operator tower. A low railroad bridge crosses the river at the west end towards Johnstown. A train is at the depot about to depart for Johnstown.

EXT. TRAIN -- CONTINUOUS

The engineer, JAKE, looks down from the cab of the steam locomotive and smiles as Sean comes up.

JAKE  
Swing aboard, laddie.

Sean throws his pack up into the cab and climbs up.

INT. ENGINE CAB -- CONTINUOUS

SEAN  
I thought I might miss you.

JAKE  
I had to go onto the siding up the line for an express running late, lucky for you.

SEAN  
My mother will be putting dinner on the table soon.

JAKE  
Twelve miles downgrade, non-stop, throttle wide open -- you won't be going hungry and that's a promise.

Sean grins, Jake looks back at the conductor who waves and climbs aboard. Jake TOOTS the whistle, moves the levers and the train gets underway, a starting steam locomotive one of the great beasts of the industrial age. Sean sits looking out the other window from Jake, taking in the scenery as the train crosses the bridge and moves through the steep-walled river valley, a dirt road generally following the tracks though periodically it's forced to go off on its own course as does the river.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- SOUTH FORK -- CONTINUOUS

The train moves off into the distance, the smoke from its stack rising...

EXT. CAMBRIA IRON PLANT -- YARD -- DAY

The smoke from the Cambria Iron Plant's stack rises.

Sean walks outside through the yard of the steel plant and into a new brick building, the electrical generator plant.

INT. CAMBRIA IRON PLANT -- ELECTRICAL PLANT -- CONTINUOUS

Sean enters the electrical generator plant, a steam engine connected by belts to a couple of large generators with wires leading outside. To one side is a fairly good-sized electric hoist with two men, SETH and WILL, at work on it.

SETH

This alternating current scares me,  
such high voltages.

WILL

Just don't be grabbing any bare wires  
and you'll stay rare meat.

SEAN

This is the future. Instead of having  
generators for each plant, they'll  
be central ones that send power  
hundreds of miles for lights and  
motors in businesses and houses.

SETH

Power from hundreds of miles away.  
You're a dreamer Sean.

SEAN

You have to have the dream before  
the reality.

As they work at the system, two older, well-dressed men enter the room, one of them the president of the plant, DANIEL STILTON, the other DAVID DONNELSON, millionaire owner of The Pittsburgh Theatre and Vickie's father. The workers straighten up and nod.

WILL

Mr. Stilton...

STILTON

Good afternoon, men. Sean, might we  
have a word with you?

Sean and the others look puzzled, maybe a bit concerned, Sean stepping to one side to join Stilton and Donnelson who he recognizes from the club.

STILTON (CONT'D)

Sean, this is Mr. Donnelson of the  
Pittsburgh Theatre.

Donnelson and he shake hands.

SEAN

I know you from the club, sir -- not  
personally, but I've seen you there.

Donnelson nods.

DONNELSON

The club president, Colonel Quiss,  
told me you worked down here during  
the week. I wanted to thank you for  
saving my daughter's life last  
weekend.

Will and Seth look at one another in amazement, never having  
heard of Sean's exploit.

SEAN

I don't know if I saved her or not.  
She was standing up to the bear pretty  
well on her own. She has a lot of  
spunk.

DONNELSON

That's putting the best face on it.  
At any rate, I'm in your debt.

SEAN

Really, it was nothing.

DONNELSON

Victoria tells me you used static  
electricity on her silk blouse to  
blind the bear. Very clever.

STILTON

Sean's a genius with electricity.  
He's designed this hoist and he's  
overseeing putting in electrical  
power throughout the plant. He's  
talked us into going with the new  
alternating current.

SEAN

Will here had a lot to do with it  
also.

Will smiles though the boss just glances at him. As Donnelson  
looks over the hoist...

DONNELSON

An electric hoist -- that would be useful for moving scenery in my theatre. George Westinghouse is a friend of mine. He's betting on this alternating current -- got quite the battle going on with Edison from what I hear.

SEAN

I think Edison's going to lose that one. They're already making plans for Niagra Falls. And with Tesla's AC motor like this one, electricity for power is going to take off.

DONNELSON

I've heard George mention this Tesla.

SEAN

He's a real genius. The motor for this hoist is just a copy from his design. We're going to owe him royalties.

DONNELSON

Impressive. Don't know anything about it myself.

(beat)

Sean, will you be up at the club this weekend?

SEAN

(nodding yes)

We're putting in a grate over the spillway so the fish stay in the lake.

DONNELSON

Would it be convenient for you to have dinner with us? Perhaps Saturday evening?

SEAN

That would be...fine...very nice. Thank you.

DONNELSON

Thank you -- for your bravery and your imagination. Both were a cut above the ordinary.

Seth mimics what he thinks a smarmy compliment, Will nudging him to cut it out.

SEAN

I'm glad I could help. Vickie's a lovely girl.



Donnelson glances at him.

DONNELSON

Well, saturday evening then. Shall we say about six?

SEAN

Fine. I won't be able to get too dressed up I'm afraid...

DONNELSON

(smiles)

We won't stand on ceremony for a hero.

Seth leans his head on Will's shoulder over that one, Will flicking him off. Donnelson shakes Sean's hand, Stilton doing the same.

STILTON

Good work, Sean.  
(looks at Will and Seth)  
You men also.

They nod and Stilton leads Donnelson out. Sean turns to his two friends.

SETH

...for a hero?

SEAN

Don't start.

SETH

Rescuing the rich beautiful star of the Pittsburgh Theatre and you think you can keep it secret?

WILL

Really, Sean, you are too bloody modest for your own good.

SETH

C'mon, spill...

Sean has to shake his head, knowing the endless ribbing he'll be getting.

EXT. DAM -- DAY

Sean is in the water at the bridge holding in place the grate to keep the stocked fish from going over the spillway. At the edge of the water two men are finishing up bolting the support rods to metal pylons driven into the bank. Brower stands above everything supervising. Sean tries to rattle the grate which doesn't move.

SEAN

We've got this so far into the bottom  
we don't even need those supports.

Vickie on a beautiful horse gallops across the dam to them,  
the men stopped in their tracks by the vision of her. She  
pulls up abruptly, her spirited horse ready to keep running.

VICKIE

Hi, men.  
(to Sean)  
Hello there, Lancelot.

The others look at Sean who is embarrassed.

WORKER

(to Sean)  
You're one of the three musketeers?

BROWER

Sean, come out of there and talk  
with Miss Donnelson.

VICKIE

Thank you, Mr. Brower.

BROWER

My pleasure, Miss Donnelson. I spoke  
with your father earlier.

Vickie swings out of the saddle holding the reins, admiring  
Sean's physique as he climbs shirtless out of the water.

BROWER (CONT'D)

I told Mr. Patrick it was fine with  
me that he leave early to get ready.

VICKIE

(staring at Sean)  
We're very appreciative.

Sean grabs his shirt and pulls it on as he comes up to Vickie.

SEAN

Hello, Miss Donnelson.

Vickie shakes her head.

VICKIE

No, it doesn't sound right. You  
have to call me Vickie.

Sean and then Vickie look at the others staring at them.

BROWER

(to the other workers)  
All right, get back to work.

They pretend to work again and Sean leads Vickie across the bridge to get some privacy.

SEAN  
This worries me.

VICKIE  
What worries you?

SEAN  
You, coming here like this. You're a member of the club and I'm hired help. I can't afford to lose this job.

VICKIE  
You can't lose your job, my father likes you.

She says it with such certainty and matter-of-factness that Sean is startled, unfamiliar with such power.

SEAN  
(beat)  
You ride well.

VICKIE  
I'm a champion rider. I've won trophies. When you come to our house in Pittsburgh I'll show you.

SEAN  
When I come to your house in Pittsburgh?

VICKIE  
I'd like to show you our gratitude. Maybe we could have a party for you.

SEAN  
(beat)  
You know you don't owe me anything.

VICKIE  
I think I do. You did save my life.

SEAN  
Having me to dinner tonight is more than enough. You don't have to throw me any parties in Pittsburgh for heaven's sake.

Vickie is suddenly irritated by his obtuseness.

VICKIE  
You don't have to come if you don't want to. I don't care.

Sean is puzzled why she seems almost angry.

SEAN

It just seems a bit much for what I did.

Suddenly she prepares to get on her horse again.

VICKIE

I've got to get back.

SEAN

I guess I'll see you tonight then.

Vickie mounts her horse and turns him around.

VICKIE

(cooly)  
Goodbye.

SEAN

Goodbye.

She spurs her horse and starts off back across the dam.

BROWER

Nice to see you, Miss Donnelson.  
Give my regards to your father.

VICKIE

I will Mr. Brower, thank you.

She spurs her horse and rides away fast. Sean stares after her wondering what that was all about as he heads back to the worksite, his fellow workers grinning at him. Sean pulls off his shirt and gets back in the water.

WORKER

Beautiful and rich. Does she have a sister for me?

SEAN

Please shut up.

BROWER

Watch yourself, Sean. That's David Donnelson's daughter -- and she's just gotten engaged.

SEAN

I'm not doing anything.

BROWER

I know. I'm just saying...

WORKER

(to Sean)

If you're too chicken, I'll take her.

BROWER

I'm sure you're all just what she's looking for. Shall we finish up here, gentlemen?

They go back to work, Sean glancing across the lake.

P.O.V. SEAN

Vickie on her horse rides fast along the shoreline.

EXT. DONNELSON SUMMER HOUSE -- EVENING

Sean walks up onto the porch of the Donnelson house carrying a covered pie tin, dressed as well as possible in freshly laundered work clothes that he straightens nervously, his hair slicked down. He KNOCKS the doorknocker, fidgeting further as he waits. The door is opened by the maid, JANE.

SEAN

I'm Sean Patrick.

JANE

Yes, Mr. Patrick. Please come in.

INT. DONNELSON SUMMER HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Sean waits while Jane closes the door.

SEAN

I hope I'm not too early-- or late.

JANE

No, sir, you're fine.

AMANDA DONNELSON, beautifully dressed and coiffed, lovely and regal, comes into the hallway and up to Sean offering her hand.

MRS. DONNELSON

Mr. Patrick -- I'm Amanda Donnelson. We're so pleased you could join us.

SEAN

Thank you for having me, Mrs. Donnelson.

(offering the pie)

I brought this for desert. It's from the cook in the clubhouse.

MRS. DONNELSON

How lovely. Jane, could you take that to the kitchen, please?

Jane takes the pie from Mrs. Donnelson who takes Sean by the arm and leads him towards the parlor.

MRS. DONNELSON (CONT'D)  
We are ever so grateful for what you did for Victoria, Mr. Patrick.

SEAN  
Please, call me Sean.

MRS. DONNELSON  
Sean then...

INT. DONNELSON SUMMER HOUSE -- PARLOR -- CONTINUOUS

As they enter the parlor, Mr. Donnelson stands and comes to shake hands with Sean.

DONNELSON  
Sean, glad you could make it.

SEAN  
Mr. Donnelson. Thank you for inviting me.

MRS. DONNELSON  
Excuse me, I'm just going to check on things.

She leaves the two men alone, Donnelson stepping over to a table with liquor bottles and glasses on it.

DONNELSON  
What's your pleasure?

SEAN  
I'll have whatever you're having, sir.

DONNELSON  
Brandy it is.

Donnelson takes a snifter from a setting on a table and pours a finger of brandy for Sean who follows Donnelson's lead as they sit, swirl the brandy and sip. Sean finds the taste interesting.

DONNELSON (CONT'D)  
So how are things progressing out at the dam?

SEAN  
We got the grate in. That should help keep the fish out of the spillway.

DONNELSON

You should hear the club president complain about the expense of those fish.

SEAN

Mr. Brower said they cost a dollar apiece.

DONNELSON

You'd think they were diamonds going downstream to listen to Quiss. I hope that grate keeps him happy.

SEAN

I've been checking the fish stock and it looks pretty healthy this year.

DONNELSON

Tell you the truth, I wouldn't care if there wasn't a damned fish in the lake. How anyone can stand the boredom of waiting on an idiot fish to bite is beyond me. Hope I'm not offending you.

SEAN

No, I never fish either. I'd rather see them in the water.

DONNELSON

Best place for them as far as I'm concerned. Sometimes I don't know why I joined this club.

SEAN

Well, it is pretty up here.

DONNELSON

Yeah, nice to get away from the grit and grime of Pittsburgh I guess.

Jane enters.

JANE

Dinner is served, gentlemen.

DONNELSON

(to Sean  
conspiratorially)  
Let's hope it's not fish.

Donnelson swigs down the rest of his brandy and rises, Sean following suit, finding the drink's already made him a bit dizzy.

INT. DONNELSON SUMMER HOUSE -- DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The table is set with formal china.

MRS. DONNELSON  
 (indicating where  
 Sean is to sit)  
 Sean...

SEAN  
 Thank you.

Sean remains standing while Vickie enters wearing casual clothes.

VICKIE  
 Hello, Mr. Patrick.

She has a knowing smile on her face and Sean follows her lead...

SEAN  
 Miss Donnelson.

MRS. DONNELSON  
 Victoria, is that what you intend to  
 wear to dinner?

VICKIE  
 I like to make our guests feel  
 comfortable, mother.

Her mother gets it and even feels a bit chagrined.

MRS. DONNELSON  
 Of course.

Sean holds the chair for Vickie, Mr. Donnelson doing the same for his wife before seating themselves.

DONNELSON  
 So tell us, Sean, was this bear really  
 fourteen feet high like Victoria  
 says?

VICKIE  
 I never said any such thing.

DONNELSON  
 (to Vickie with  
 affectionate kidding)  
 It was a giant grizzly the way you  
 made it sound.

VICKIE  
 You're the one who always exaggerates.



SEAN  
I guess it's like a fish -- it gets bigger in the retelling.

VICKIE  
It was big enough.

SEAN  
That's the truth.

DONNELSON  
Anyway, I've asked Vickie to keep her picnicking out of old quarries.

SEAN  
Mr. Brower says that was where they used to dig coal when they were first building the dam for the canal.

DONNELSON  
I remember how excited we were as kids about them putting in the canal. Then the railroad stopped it dead. Wasn't bad with the trains either, though.

SEAN  
I love trains. I ride the engine into Johnstown from the club here.

MRS. DONNELSON  
So you live in Johnstown, Sean. Tell us about your family.

SEAN  
It's just my mother and my two younger sisters, Gertrude and Suzanne -- Gertie and Soos we call them. They're fraternal twins, nine-years-old. Adorable.

MRS. DONNELSON  
I can imagine.

DONNELSON  
That's quite a spread in age between you and them.

SEAN  
My parents had me when they were young and when things got better... My father passed on a number of years ago.

MRS. DONNELSON  
We're so sorry.

DONNELSON

A tough break. What did he do?

SEAN

We had a horse ranch. His real love was steeplechase. He raised and trained them. One of his horses won Aintree.

DONNELSON

You don't say? That's impressive.

VICKIE

Have you ever done steeplechase?

SEAN

I've ridden almost before I could walk. I'd have a horse now, but we're in town and I can't afford a stable.

VICKIE

I think we should give you some reward.

MRS. DONNELSON

So Sean, you're being a father to your sisters. Commendable.

SEAN

It's easy, I love them more than anything. And my mother runs a seamstress business from the house so she's there most of the time.

VICKIE

We don't have anyone up here to do expert mending. I want to get your address in Johnstown so we can bring work to your mother.

(to her mother)

That's a good idea, don't you think?

Her mother smiles thinly. Jane enters to begin serving the meal.

MRS. DONNELSON

I hope you like lamb, Sean.

SEAN

Very nice.

DONNELSON

(softly to Sean)

We avoided the fishy fate.

Mrs. Donnelson wonders what that means as Sean and Donnelson chuckle.

INT. DONNELSON SUMMER HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- LATER

Sean, Vickie and the Donnelsons are leaving the dining room, satiated and pleasant if not totally relaxed.

SEAN

That was a lovely meal, thank you very much.

MRS. DONNELSON

Oh, you're welcome, Sean. Your pie was delicious.

VICKIE

(to Sean)

Would you like to take a walk by the lake?

DONNELSON

(putting his arm around Sean)

Sean and I are going to have a brandy in the library. We'll join you in a bit.

Donnelson steers him towards the library, Mrs. Donnelson leading the disappointed Vickie on towards the parlor.

INT. DONNELSON SUMMER HOUSE -- LIBRARY -- CONTINUOUS

DONNELSON

Have a seat, Sean. Do you like cigars?

SEAN

No, sorry, I don't smoke.

Donnelson hesitates then sticks his own cigar back in the humidor.

DONNELSON

Filthy habit, don't ever start.

He goes to the bar and pours two brandies, giving Sean one and then sitting in an armchair, Sean taking a seat next to him.

DONNELSON (CONT'D)

You know, I spoke with Mr. Stilton at some length about you. He's very complimentary.

SEAN

That's nice to hear.

DONNELSON

He's impressed with your work on the electrical system. He believes it's going to be a real boon to the plant.

SEAN

I think so too. Not just for the lighting but the motors. We can get a lot of work done at the plant with them. That hoist we built is so much more portable. We can move the stock around the yard and load it on the railcars.

DONNELSON

How do you come to know so much about electricity?

SEAN

I've just been interested in it since I was a boy.

Donnelson swirls his brandy and contemplates the reflections in the glass.

DONNELSON

Self-taught.

ANGLE ON

CLOSE UP

Donnelson's brandy glass with Sean's face reflected in it. Vickie appears in the doorway and smiles at Sean who doesn't see her.

SEAN (V.O.)

Pretty much. I read what's available and experiment.

BACK TO SCENE

SEAN (CONT'D)

Sometimes it goes right, sometimes it doesn't. But it's always interesting.

As Donnelson gets up, Vickie moves off and Donnelson closes the door.

DONNELSON

Ever consider going to college, studying engineering?

SEAN

It would be nice, but...the situation with my mother and sisters... Maybe down the road.

Donnelson sits back down.

DONNELSON

Sean, I think Vickie was right about you deserving some reward.

SEAN

No, really, that's not necessary...

DONNELSON

I have a proposition for you. It's not really a reward, but I think it could benefit the both of us. I want you to come to work for me.

Sean is surprised.

DONNELSON (CONT'D)

Gas lighting is the past. It's limited. This new electric lighting is the cutting edge and I want it in my theatre. I've seen it in New York and it's fantastic what can be done with colors and spotlighting. I need it and want it for my theatre and I think you may be just the one to do it for me.

Sean is astonished.

DONNELSON (CONT'D)

I'm impressed with your expertise. From what I saw at the Iron Works, you have a good grasp of the fundamentals, a vision for the future...

SEAN

Thank you.

DONNELSON

One thing I've learned in business -- the people working with you are what's important. You hire good men, set guidelines and then let them run with it. I think you're someone who can get the job done working that way.

SEAN

I'm flattered, but I've already got a job -- two jobs.

Donnelson leans in close to Sean.

DONNELSON

You're a young man, Sean -- I'm not, I've learned certain things.

(beat)

There are moments of opportunity in life. Not many, it can be difficult to recognize them sometimes. But these moments can change your life. You don't want to let them just pass by you.

Sean swirls his drink then looks at Donnelson.

SEAN

And this is one of those moments.

DONNELSON

Look, I'll make it easy for you. I'll double the salary you're getting at Cambria. You'll be in charge of the installation of the electric system and keeping it running. You'll have all the help you need. You'll report to my son, Tom, who will keep me informed.

SEAN

(beat)

Mr. Stilton has been very good to me. He allowed me to handle the electric project pretty much on my own...

DONNELSON

It's good you have loyalty, Sean, but Stilton will understand. I'll speak with him personally. Believe me, he didn't get where he is by letting opportunities pass him by.

SEAN

No, I understand that. But...well, there's my mother too.

DONNELSON

And your sisters.

SEAN

Yes.

DONNELSON

I'll move them to Pittsburgh with you, get all of you a house.

Sean is stunned by the offer.

DONNELSON (CONT'D)

There aren't that many young men of promise, believe me. You saved my daughter's life, you have courage. Beyond that, you're on the cutting edge of the newest technology and you're self-taught. You're a go-getter. Don't think it's charity. To keep my theatre at the forefront, I need good people. It's as simple as that.

Sean and he sit quietly for a moment.

DONNELSON (CONT'D)

If you need time to think about it...

SEAN

No. I'll do it. Of course I'll do it. I'm not a fool. Carpe diem.

DONNELSON

Seize the day, that's right.

He offers his hand, Sean shakes it and they seal the deal.

INT. DONNELSON SUMMER HOUSE -- PARLOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Sean and Donnelson come into the parlor where Vickie and her mother are having tea and elaborate pastries with bone china and a silver service.

MRS. DONNELSON

Mr. Patrick, do you prefer Oolong tea or something else?

Sean is so lost in thought he barely comprehends what she's talking about.

DONNELSON

Well, we have some news. Sean's coming to work for us. He's agreed to accept a position at the theatre to oversee a new electric system -- lights and power.

MRS. DONNELSON

My goodness, that is news.

VICKIE

So you are going to come to Pittsburgh. And now you can come to the party.

DONNELSON

I think I'm going to keep him a little busy for parties, dear.

(MORE)

DONNELSON (CONT'D)

(to Sean)

We may as well get started right away. I'll have John, my steward, take you back into Johnstown on my private train, you can arrange your affairs. Sunday night you ride into Pittsburgh with us, I'll have my people find lodgings for you until we can get your family moved.

SEAN

I can't really leave that quickly, Mr. Donnelson. Mr. Brower has a project for me.

DONNELSON

Let me take care of that.

SEAN

I really think I should talk with him myself. Mr. Brower has been very fair with me and I don't want to leave him high and dry so to speak. If he doesn't need me, then I'll go into Johnstown and I'll have to get Mr. Stilton's okay to leave the project. I don't think it will be a problem though. Will -- William Jameson -- and I were working on it together. He can take over to finish it.

DONNELSON

All right, you let me know. I like your loyalty. I know I made the right decision about you.

SEAN

I hope I don't disappoint you.

VICKIE

I don't see how you could.

Sean looks at Vickie as she beams, her mother looking concerned.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -- PARLOR -- NIGHT

Sean is sitting in the parlor of his house with his mother, HELEN, an attractive middle-aged, slightly worn, woman and his two nine year-old sisters, GERTIE and SOOS, who have a countless number of dolls seated around a play tea-table, the girls hosting a soiree.

GERTIE

I don't want to go to Pittsburgh. I'll miss my school.



SEAN  
You'll have a new school there. It  
will be a wonderful school.

GERTIE  
I like the one I've got.

SEAN  
We get to ride there on a private  
train.

GERTIE  
I don't like trains. I don't want  
to ride on one even if it is private.

SOOS  
I like ships. Could we ride there  
on a private ship?

HELEN  
Sean...  
(she gestures for him  
to follow her)  
Excuse us, girls.

The girls go back to serving tea to the dolls while Helen  
leads Sean out into the hallway.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -- SEWING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She and Sean enter her sewing work room, orderly piles of  
clothing marked with slips of paper, a Singer sewing  
machine...

HELEN  
Sean, this is a really wonderful  
opportunity for you and I couldn't  
be more thrilled. Someone like David  
Donnelson taking a personal interest  
in you. I always knew you would  
succeed...

She searches for the right words, but Sean's ahead of her.

SEAN  
But..

She nods her head. Sean considers.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
I don't know if I can go then.

HELEN  
Of course you can. You're a man,  
why wouldn't you go?

SEAN  
And leave you and Gertie and Soos?

HELEN

Sean darling, that's what your father and I raised you to do. When you have your children, you'll understand.

SEAN

But I won't be around to...help you.

HELEN

We'll be all right, darling, don't worry. It isn't as if Pittsburgh is a million miles away.

SEAN

With my new salary we'll have a lot more money.

She hugs Sean.

HELEN

I couldn't be happier for you.

Sean hugs her tightly, reluctant to let go.

EXT. RAILROAD STATION -- PITTSBURGH -- DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of Donnelson's private train pulling into the Pittsburgh station with an eager Vickie waiting for it. The train is two sumptuous cars pulled by a gleaming tender and engine. The rear car is the parlor car, the steward, JOHN, descending virtually the moment the train stops, carrying a large suitcase. Sean, dressed in a new work suit, follows him off, Vickie hurrying up to him.

VICKIE

I can't believe you're here.

JOHN

Is the carriage waiting, Miss Donnelson?

VICKIE

Right out front.

John leads the way.

SEAN

I can carry the bag, John.

JOHN

It's quite all right sir, I have it.

Vickie, more used to hired help, takes Sean's arm and they all move down the platform.

VICKIE

Did you have a nice trip?

SEAN

I felt like I should have been waving to my subjects as I passed.

VICKIE

It's so exciting that you're going to live here. There are so many places I want to show you. I think you're going to love Mrs. Willey's.

SEAN

Mrs. Willey's?

VICKIE

She runs the boarding house where we reserved a room for you when you told us you'd be coming alone. Mrs. Willey is so sweet. She used to be my nanny. Quite a few of the single at my father's theatre live there. They just love her and she's like a mother to them so maybe you won't miss your mother or your sisters too much.

They reach the front of the station and John opens the door of the finest carriage waiting at the curb, Sean assisting Vickie in, John holding the door for Sean.

SEAN

(to John)

Thank you.

JOHN

You're quite welcome, sir.

INT. DONNELSON CARRIAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Sean sits next to Vickie in the sumptuous interior, flowers in vase-holders by the windows, John disappearing up top with the driver, WALLACE.

SEAN

I'm beginning to feel like Cinderella at the ball. At midnight, it all goes back to pumpkins.

VICKIE

Then we'll make pumpkin pie.

Sean looks at her, liking her positive attitude and pretty much everything about her. The carriage starts.

EXT. RAILROAD STATION -- PITTSBURGH -- CONTINUOUS

The carriage heads down the street in traffic.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE -- LATER

MRS. WILLEY is a warm, ebullient well-dressed woman who runs a tight ship. She is leading the way up the stairs, Vickie behind her, Sean carrying his own bag to John's chagrin.

MRS. WILLEY

Your room has a lovely view of the river, Mr. Patrick, but if it doesn't please you we can switch things around so you let me know.

SEAN

I'm sure it will be fine.

JOHN

Let me help you with the bag, sir.

Sean ignores him this time.

MRS. WILLEY

There's buffet breakfast from six to seven, dinner is at six-thirty, and if you need a lunch, we can make one up for you to take to the theatre.

SEAN

That's very nice.

MRS. WILLEY

Do you play whist Mr. Patrick?

SEAN

What's whist?

MRS. WILLEY

Oh, it's a wonderful card game. If you'd like, I'd be happy to teach you.

SEAN

That sounds like it would be fun.

Vickie nudges Sean with her elbow and winks.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

In Sean's comfortable bedroom, Mrs. Willey pulls back the drapes while the others look around, John picking up Sean's suitcase and moving it slightly after Sean sets it down.

MRS. WILLEY

I hope this agrees with you.

SEAN

Very nice, fine.

Vickie sits on the bed and bounces.

VICKIE

Oh, this is so comfortable.

They all look at her with different expressions while she smiles with innocence.

EXT. THEATRE -- LATER

ESTABLISHING SHOT of an imposing theatre building.

INT. THEATRE OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Sean is in Donnelson's elegant office having TOM DONNELSON show him photographs on the wall illustrating the different eras of the theatre. NOTE: Sean and Tom are the same size.

TOM

My father got his start in fifty-one with Miss Jenny Lind. He talks about her so much, my sister got jealous and began singing herself. I can't sing a lick, but she's phenomenal.

SEAN

She is.

David Donnelson strides in, Sean surprised to see Guy Mansley following him.

DONNELSON

Sean, good to see you, how was your journey?

SEAN

Thank you for sending your train, Mr. Donnelson. It was a lot more than I'm used to. John was very accommodating.

DONNELSON

My pleasure. I see you've met my son Tom. And you know Guy Mansley.

GUY

(brusquely shaking hands)  
Patrick.

SEAN

I didn't realize you worked here.

GUY

Administrative Executive.

SEAN

(unimpressed)  
Huh.

DONNELSON

Tom will take you around and introduce you to whomever you need to know. Anything you require, Tom can see to it.

SEAN

Sounds good.

DONNELSON

How are your lodgings?

SEAN

Fine, very comfortable. I'm going to learn whist, evidently.

DONNELSON

(smiling)

Mrs. Willey, I know. She's a lovely woman. Has her own style.

(beat)

Well, no time like the present to get started. I have a meeting -- so Tom, why don't you show Sean his office and help him settle in. Sean, feel free to poke around wherever you need, ask questions and expect answers. I'd like to see a preliminary outline of how you plan to proceed with the installation say by Friday? Do you think that's a reasonable timeframe?

SEAN

I believe so.

DONNELSON

Good. Sean, I'll be expecting your plan.

SEAN

By friday, sir.

Tom leads the way out through the outer office and into the hallway, Guy going with them.

INT. THEATRE HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

TOM

So, what do you think so far?

SEAN

It's kind of overwhelming. Ten days ago... You just never know what's around the corner, I guess.

TOM

(laughs)

Bears and new jobs. You'd have to be a wizard to see that coming. That was some adventure you had with my sister. She can't stop talking about you.

SEAN

She may be making more of it than it was.

GUY

Made the most of your moment in the sun though, didn't you?

Sean takes note of Guy's less than friendly tone.

GUY (CONT'D)

Tom, I've got to get back to work. We're on for lunch?

TOM

I'll meet you at Mosca's.

Guy shakes Sean's hand.

GUY

Try not to blow us up, Patrick.

SEAN

I think I can manage to avoid that.

GUY

We'll see.

Guy heads off.

TOM

C'mon, I'll show you your office and introduce you to everyone you need to know.

They start walking and Sean glances back to see Guy looking at him before he turns into a stairway and disappears.

EXT. STREET OF BOARDING HOUSE -- LATER

In the early evening Sean is walking on the street coming up on Mrs. Willey's. The day's job is over and his tie is loosened, he's lost in thought.

Vickie's carriage with Wallace driving turns the corner just a short ways behind him and as it comes up Vickie leans out and calls:.

VICKIE

Hi there stranger.

Sean looks and smiles. The carriage stops and Vickie gets out and comes across to join Sean, taking his arm and leading the way towards the boardinghouse.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

So how did your first day go?

SEAN

Fine, everyone's very pleasant...helpful.

VICKIE

Did my father give you a nice office?

SEAN

Beautiful. I just hope I can live up to it.

VICKIE

Don't worry, you'll do wonderfully.

SEAN

I'll settle for satisfactory.

VICKIE

I think you're the sort who will never just settle for anything.

SEAN

I think maybe you're talking about yourself.

They walk quietly for a few moments.

VICKIE

It's funny how things work out, isn't it?

SEAN

It is. I was talking to your brother about that today. I like him.

VICKIE

Tom's nice. A bit of a bother as an older brother, but he could have been worse. Listen, I want to invite you to the house Saturday afternoon. We're having a hunt party and I'm really hoping you can be there.

SEAN

A hunt party?

VICKIE

Yes, fox hunting.

SEAN

Well, I'm working Saturday...



VICKIE

In the morning. This is later in the day, around two. It's nothing fancy, you'll enjoy it.

INT. CABRIOLET -- CONTINUOUS

Down at the corner, Guy in a cabriolet he is driving is stopped just back from the corner watching Vickie and Sean with a frown on his face.

EXT. STREET OF BOARDING HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

VICKIE

C'mon, you're going to have to let me give you some kind of party and this will be the most painless since everyone's thinking about the fox.

SEAN

What should I wear? Do I need white breeches and one of those long red coats and a top hat?

VICKIE

And a bugle. A gleaming brass one.

Sean laughs and Vickie leans in against him. They reach the boarding house and Mrs. Willey comes out to the porch with a watering can to sprinkle the flowers in the pots.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

Hello, Mrs. Willey.

MRS. WILLEY

Victoria, hello love. Hello, Sean. Are we on for whist tonight or maybe you two have plans?

Vickie smiles while Sean is kind of embarrassed.

INT. CABRIOLET -- CONTINUOUS

Guy scowls as Vickie dances across the street and into her carriage, waving to Sean as it clops away, Sean staring after her until the carriage turns the far corner and disappears. He goes up the walk and Mrs. Willey goes inside with him. Guy is clearly not happy as he angrily snaps the reins to get his horse moving.

EXT. STREET NEAR BOARDING HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The cabriolet heads off down the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- AFTERNOON

An open hackney carriage carrying Sean, the DRIVER up top, comes down the well maintained dirt road flanked by trees

and fields. They reach a brick-pillored gate fitted with a brass plate reading JENNY LIND FARM, the hackney carriage turning in the opened gate and driving up the winding, tree-lined drive.

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- MOMENTS LATER

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the Donnelson's country estate, a mansion with the drive making a loop in front with a parking area with hitching rails, a drive leading to distant barns.

The hackney carriage pulls up in front, Sean and the driver both staring.

DIVER  
Lords and Ladies!

Sean takes a breath, gets out and pays him.

DIVER (CONT'D)  
Thank you sir.  
(beat)  
And if I might say, good luck.

SEAN  
Thanks, I may need it. I think I'm  
over my head here.

DIVER  
To hell with the rich. You'll do  
fine sir.

The driver winks and pulls away.

Sean goes up the steps to the door and takes a deep breath then lifts the doorknocker which is a horse's head.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- FIELDS -- LATER

CLOSE UP

A live horse's head, resembling the doorknocker.

PULL BACK

Vickie on the horse, a CROWD gathered for the fox hunt. The huntsman handles the hounds in conjunction with the FIELD MASTER who runs the hunt, these two in the red coats. The riders are on their horses in their black and beige riding outfits, Vickie looking beautiful as she talks to her brother and Guy. From the direction of the barn, Sean comes riding up to join Vickie's group, dressed in riding clothes including the long coat, a bemused expression on his face.

VICKIE  
You look wonderful.

TOM

My clothes seem to fit you pretty well.

SEAN

Thanks for the loan. This isn't an outfit I've exactly needed before.

GUY

Think you'll be able to stay on that horse?

SEAN

I haven't fallen off yet.

GUY

You get in with the hilltoppers, the second field. You don't take the jumps, you go through the gates. Just stay to the back, you'll be all right.

VICKIE

Oh Guy, Sean's father...

SEAN

(interrupting)

This is a beautiful horse. I think he'll take good care of me.

GUY

Balthasar can get pretty spirited. If he gets to be too much, just dismount and lead him. Nobody will think the worse of you for it.

Balthasar suddenly rears up and spins, Sean holding his seat perfectly.

SEAN

Whoa.. I see what you mean.

He glances at Vickie who gets the joke, realizing he made the horse do the trick but doesn't want to say anything to Guy about his skill. She smiles knowingly.

VICKIE

I don't think you'll be needing to lead him.

GUY

(irritated)

What's keeping those holestoppers?

SEAN

The who?

VICKIE  
The holestoppers. They go out and  
plug the fox holes so they can't get  
away.

SEAN  
That doesn't sound very fair.

TOM  
We'd never catch them otherwise.

SEAN  
Wouldn't that be a shame.

GUY  
Maybe this is all too much for you,  
Patrick.

SEAN  
We'll see -- Mansley.

Vickie is beginning to notice the head-butting.

FIELD MASTER  
(standing in his  
stirrups to call out)  
Ladies and gentlemen -- the hunt  
begins!

The dogs are released by the handlers and they take off, the  
Field Master leading the way as the others spread out and  
follow. Guy quickly forges to the front, Vickie spurring  
her horse on while Sean, a bemused smile on his face, trots  
along in back. Vickie sees him and comes back.

VICKIE  
You can come up with us.

SEAN  
I think you're more interested in  
this than I am. I'm just going to  
enjoy my ride.

The dogs begin to HOWL AND BARK.

VICKIE  
The hounds have a hit. This is the  
opening.

GUY  
(calling back)  
Victoria. Are you coming?

VICKIE  
(to Sean)  
Do you want me to ride with you?

SEAN  
Don't worry about me, I'll catch up.

VICKIE  
Are you sure?

She clearly wants to join the hunt which is taking off after the dogs.

SEAN  
(softly)  
Between you and me -- I don't want to catch a fox.

VICKIE  
It's more about the ride.

GUY  
Victoria!

SEAN  
Go. Have fun.

She hesitates a moment, then touches his thigh lightly and takes off to join Guy.

In a moment, Sean is alone at the back of the hunt and instead of following, he turns to head down towards a pond at the edge of a woods, getting Balthasar in a rhythmic canter. With expert ease, they jump a fence.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Good boy, beautiful jump.

CLOSE UP

Balthasar's face shows the enjoyment he's feeling.

BACK TO SCENE

SEAN (CONT'D)  
You are a champion.

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- POND -- MOMENTS LATER

Sean circles the water admiring the scenery, then heads up a path into the woods.

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- WOODS -- MOMENTS LATER

Sean lopes along just enjoying himself. In the distance he can hear the BAYING DOGS apparently coming his way. Suddenly, there is a RUSTLING in the brush and a panting, exhausted, frantic FOX appears on the path and stops, looking at Sean. It then turns and scurries up the edge of the path, Sean spurring Balthasar to chase it.

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- MEADOW -- CONTINUOUS

The woods suddenly give way to a meadow and the fox wants to stay in the woods, but Sean gets between it and the trees and the fox has to take off across the open grass. Sean gallops after it, taking off his coat as Balthasar gains ground on the exhausted animal which tries to dodge. Sean expertly stays with it, keeping it from escaping back into the trees as he takes off his long coat and holds it. The dogs break from the woods HOWLING as they make a beeline for the fox. The fox tumbles as it tries a quick turn and Sean leaps from the saddle holding the long coat, pinning the fox beneath it. He wraps the animal quickly so it can't bite him and gets back in the saddle with the wrapped fox as the dogs are almost on him. He gallops off.

Other riders appear with Guy near the front and they see the dogs milling around in confusion where they lost the scent. While the main hunt goes towards the dogs, Guy takes off to intercept Sean, his angle getting him close. Vickie and Tom trail after them.

GUY

(calling)

Patrick, are you after the fox?

Sean points forward as if the fox is up there and goes even faster. The chase is on. They are in a field of obstacles: wood and stone fences, ditches, ideal steeplechase country. Guy thinks he'll easily run down Sean but quickly is disavowed of that belief. Sean, even while riding with one arm holding the fox, takes the various jumps with consummate ease and maximum speed, Guy startled by his skill. Guy becomes more reckless in his determination to catch Sean and finally takes a terrific tumble. As Vickie and Tom reach Guy and dismount to help him, Sean is disappearing in a distant wood.

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- WOODS -- MOMENTS LATER

Sean moves slowly through the woods until he sees a fox-size hole going down into the earth. He dismounts and places his coat into the entrance, carefully opening it so the fox is forced to go down in the hole. As Sean lifts the coat, the fox's tail is just visible disappearing into its sanctuary. Sean gets back on Balthasar and starts back the way he came. He sees some pretty flowers and stops, considering.

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- MEADOW -- MOMENTS LATER

Tom and Vickie are with Guy who is painfully hobbling around, his shoulder in particular pain. Sean comes out of the woods with his coat bundled in his lap and rides up.

TOM

It got away?

SEAN

In the woods.

GUY  
You're supposed to yell Tally Ho if  
you see the fox.

SEAN  
Is that what that means? Well, next  
time I'll know.

TOM  
(to Sean)  
Where did you learn to ride like  
that?

VICKIE  
His father raised steeplechase horses.  
He's been riding before he could  
walk.

Guy finds the news almost as painful as his body, unable to raise his arm far enough to get back on his horse, Tom having to assist him up in the saddle.

TOM  
We're going to have to get you to a  
doctor to check that shoulder when  
we get back.

GUY  
I can't understand why the dogs lost  
the scent that way.  
(to Sean)  
What have you been carrying in your  
coat?

Sean looks sheepish. He opens it to reveal a lovely bouquet of wildflowers, pulling next to Vickie and handing it to her.

VICKIE  
Oh Sean, they're lovely. Thank you  
so much.

She raises them to her face and sniffs.

SEAN  
Tom, I'm sorry about your coat. I  
fell earlier and...

TOM  
Don't worry about it.

Vickie sniffles.

VICKIE  
(to Sean)  
Do you know what these are?

SEAN

The violet ones are magic thistle.  
 You make a wish on one and cast it  
 into the wind and your wish must  
 come true.

Vickie smiles at Sean then throws one up and watches it float  
 to the ground. Guy is vastly irritated. Vickie sneezes.

TOM

We should be getting back to the  
 others.

Guy looks at Vickie, but she and Sean are close together and  
 in a snit he rides off with Tom, holding his injured arm  
 close against his body. Sean and Vickie follow together.  
 Vickie sneezes again.

SEAN

Maybe you're allergic to magic  
 thistle.

VICKIE

No, I think it's this.

She plucks a tuft of red fur from among the flowers.

SEAN

(innocently)  
 What could that be?

Vickie laughs and impulsively leans across and gives Sean a  
 kiss on the cheek.

VICKIE

My brave hunter hero.

She spurs her horse and pulls ahead. Sean grins then lopes  
 to catch up.

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- PATIO -- LATER

The hunt has become a garden party with a buffet at the back  
 of the house, the guests milling about chatting (Vickie, Tom  
 and Guy not among them). Large doors from a rear stone patio  
 open onto a living room in the house, people moving in and  
 out and down into the gardens. Sean is standing on the patio  
 holding a plate smiling gamely as an OLDER WOMAN talks to  
 him.

OLDER WOMAN

I'm just so disappointed my  
 granddaughter Amber isn't here to  
 meet you. I just know you two young  
 people would hit it off so well.  
 She loves canoeing.

(MORE)



OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)

I don't know where she learned, but when we visit at the club, I'll make certain you two get together.

SEAN

I'm not a member, I worked there.

OLDER WOMAN

Worked there? Oh. Doing what?

SEAN

Maintenance.

OLDER WOMAN

Isn't that nice. Oh, I see someone I must talk with. It was so pleasant meeting you.

SEAN

(amused)

Nice meeting you. Bye-bye.

Vickie comes out of the house and up to him.

VICKIE

Tom took Guy to the doctor.

SEAN

I hope he's all right.

VICKIE

He always makes it sound worse than it is, he'll be okay. I see you were talking with Mrs. Leonard.

SEAN

She wanted me to meet her granddaughter, Amber.

VICKIE

Terrifically pretentious. You wouldn't like her.

SEAN

Maybe I like pretentious.

Vickie shrugs.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, Mrs. Leonard found out I'm a peasant. I don't think she'll be introducing me to Amber.

VICKIE

The whole family is like that.

SEAN  
Poor breeding.

VICKIE  
Would you like to go for a walk?  
I'll show you the gardens.

Sean sets down his plate and they start off.

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- GARDEN -- MOMENTS LATER

They're alone further from the house.

SEAN  
You really have a lovely home.

VICKIE  
I've been very lucky. But I don't  
know if it makes as much difference  
as some people think, especially if  
you want to accomplish something on  
your own, not just take what's given.

SEAN  
You're a fabulous singer.

VICKIE  
I've been working on how to become  
the first Queen of America.

SEAN  
(laughing)  
That would be a memorable feat.

VICKIE  
I love singing, but I might like to  
do something more serious as well.  
I've been looking into doing some  
work with orphans. Of course, I'd  
like to have children of my own  
someday. How about you?

SEAN  
I'd like to establish myself first  
so I can take care of them. Your  
father's been generous with me.

VICKIE  
You impress him. You're impressive.  
You've got all sorts of good  
qualities.

Sean looks at her and wonders.

SEAN  
I'm a bit confused.

VICKIE  
About what?

SEAN  
You've been really friendly, coming  
to visit, inviting me places. Plus,  
you got mad at me for no reason...

VICKIE  
When?

SEAN  
At the dam.

VICKIE  
Oh, that.

Vickie waits and when Sean says nothing more...

VICKIE (CONT'D)  
So what's so confusing?

SEAN  
You're engaged.

VICKIE  
(almost to herself)  
Only for a month.  
(more aggressively)  
And you saved my life, you work for  
my father, you don't know anyone  
else in town. It's just good manners.  
I'm not hiding anything.

Sean sees she's getting mad again but isn't sure what to do,  
the two of them walking quietly for a moment, Vickie fingering  
the diamond ring.

VICKIE (CONT'D)  
You think it's wrong?

Before Sean can say anything -- not that he knows what to  
say -- a voice suddenly CALLS:

DONNELSON (O.S.)  
Sean! Vickie!

They turn to see Vickie's father gesturing at them from near  
the house, waving for them to come back.

VICKIE  
He calls you before me.

They head back, Sean looking preoccupied.

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- PATIO -- MOMENTS LATER

Donnelson guides Sean with an arm on his shoulder as Vickie stops to talk with other guests.

DONNELSON

I wasn't expecting him, but since he's stopped by I want to introduce you.

(joking)

If he makes you a job offer you're to say you absolutely wouldn't think of it, understand?

SEAN

He couldn't entice me with a million a year.

DONNELSON

If you're that big a fool, I may have to reconsider having you work for me.

They go up to a large, bulky man with a walrus mustache and muttonchops, dressed in an expensive suit, GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE.

DONNELSON (CONT'D)

George, this is the young man I was telling you about -- Sean Patrick. Sean -- George Westinghouse.

SEAN

(shaking hands)

Of course, what an honor to meet you sir.

WESTINGHOUSE

Mr. Patrick. I hear you're interested in electricity.

SEAN

Very much, Mr. Westinghouse. And alternating current. I couldn't agree with you more about its superiority to direct current. I think Mr. Edison is just flat out wrong staying with it. For central stations, I just don't see how it can compete.

WESTINGHOUSE

Exactly. Very perceptive. Just watch, there are big things coming.

SEAN

And the safety issue, it's a canard.

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

AC can be just as safe as DC. You have to take care with both of them.

WESTINGHOUSE

Right again. I understand we're supplying your generator.

SEAN

I gave Mr. Donnelson my preliminary plan yesterday and I'm hoping to get your generator next week.

WESTINGHOUSE

I'll make sure it's expedited, get one shipped over to you right away.

DONNELSON

Thank you, George. The plan looks good on paper, I want to get it done as quickly as possible.

WESTINGHOUSE

Wonderful. If Pittsburgh is going to keep up, we have to stay on the edge of the new technologies or we'll get run over. There's so much change going on.

DONNELSON

That's the truth.

SEAN

Changes for the better.

WESTINGHOUSE

Absolutely. You know, Sean, David and I are are putting together a partnership for a new electric company to supply power for the city. You could play a big part in that.

DONNELSON

Absolutely. We'll talk about it.

Sean looks suitably embarrassed and discreetly pleased by the praise.

DONNELSON (CONT'D)

(looking at Vickie)

We'll let you two get back to your tete-a-tete.

WESTINGHOUSE

(shaking hands again)

Very nice meeting you, Mr. Patrick.

SEAN  
It was my honor, sir.

Sean walks over to where Vickie is talking and as she sees him coming, she excuses herself and comes to him. He isn't as confident as earlier. Vickie seems a little awkward also.

VICKIE  
You seem to be impressing everyone.

SEAN  
(subdued)  
Lucky at business anyway.

She looks around at the guests around them and takes his arm and leads him off.

VICKIE  
I'm afraid I have another invitation for you. My father is having a get-together at the theatre for Madam Polazna, the European opera star. Guy insists on going home to see his parents this weekend and I need someone to attend with.

They walk silently for a few moments.

VICKIE (CONT'D)  
You can say no. I can just go alone.

SEAN  
Should I meet you there?

She looks at him, he smiles, and she looks away, smiling, both feeling a little wicked and enjoying it.

INT. THEATRE BASEMENT -- AFTERNOON

Tom and Guy enter a basement room where they find Sean perched on a ladder in one corner pulling wires through a fairly large hole where a pipe for the gas lighting comes through the wall from another room.

TOM  
How are things progressing?

SEAN  
(calling through the hole)  
Hold up a minute.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Everything okay?

SEAN  
Fine, fine. I'll be right with you.

He climbs down from the ladder.

SEAN (CONT'D)

It's going faster than I expected. The generator from Westinghouse arrived and the steam engine we've got is perfect. We're running the electric lines along the gas pipes, putting in the fixtures next to the burners. I'm shooting for a test a week from Saturday.

TOM

That sounds good.

SEAN

I don't see any problems so far. It should go well.

TOM

Good, good.

GUY

I hope your date with Victoria goes well.

TOM

You're taking my sister on a date?

SEAN

No, it's nothing like that.

GUY

Really? What is it do you think?

SEAN

She said she needed someone for this thing with the opera star because you're going to visit your parents.

Guy frowns.

SEAN (CONT'D)

She asked me because she knows I don't know anybody here. I'd just be sitting in that rooming house playing whist with Mrs. Willey.

GUY

That's an idea.

TOM

Cut him some slack, Guy.

GUY

Vickie does like charity cases.

Sean lets that go by.

TOM  
 (to Sean, kidding)  
 You be careful with my little sister  
 now.

GUY  
 Tom, he's a hero -- he stood up to a  
 bear, saved her life. We know he's  
 got character.  
 (to Sean)  
 Despite your background, I'm sure we  
 can trust you. Isn't that right,  
 Patrick?

Sean would like to belt Mansley in the face, but...

SEAN  
 I'm the hero.

They smile at one another with wonderful sincerity.

GUY  
 Enjoy it while it lasts.

TOM  
 Anyway, it's good the work is going  
 well.

As Sean looks at Tom, Guy looks with intense interest where  
 Sean had been working.

P.O.V. GUY

The pipe coming through the wall with the wires running along  
 it, an open space up into the wall above it.

BACK TO SCENE

Guy looks at Sean with hooded eyes.

TOM  
 We'll let you get back to it.

Tom starts out while Guy stares at Sean who turns back to  
 his work. Once they've left, he glances at the door, his  
 mind not on the work at hand.

EXT. THEATRE -- NIGHT

Vickie and Madam Polazna are SINGING a duet for the spellbound  
 group, Vickie's voice more beautiful than the renowned  
 international star.

When they finish and hug, the audience applauds  
 enthusiastically.

The star is congratulated, Vickie as well as she moves through  
 the crowd to Sean.



SEAN  
I am so impressed.

VICKIE  
With just my singing?

Sean smiles shyly.

SEAN  
Beautiful.

Vickie smiles broadly then looks around.

VICKIE  
They're taken with her and this is  
getting a bit boring. Are you up  
for something different?

Sean looks at her wondering what she has in mind. She glances around then takes him by the hand and leads him out.

EXT. PARK -- LATER

Sean and Vickie are on bikes riding through the park in the gaslight next to a duck pond. The bikes are the old ones with a seat high in the air with a single huge wheel and little wheel at the back. Neither of them are very stable riders.

VICKIE  
This is thrilling.

SEAN  
Almost as good as a fox hunt.

Suddenly Vickie's bike wobbles and she veers off the path and down the bank straight into the duck pond, keeling over with a big splash.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Vickie!

He dumps his bike and scrambles down the hill and dives into the pond. In a moment, he comes up with Vickie in his arms, both of them shaking off water.

VICKIE  
That was a thrill I could have done  
without.

Sean suddenly realizes she's in his arms and shyly lets go. Vickie smiles and puts her arms around him and leans in close to Sean who finally braves it and kisses her, the two of them holding it for quite a time. They look at one another and smile.

EXT. PARK -- LATER

They are leaving the bike rental stand, heading out on the pathways in the gaslight, the two of them still squishing from their swim.

VICKIE

I don't know who was more surprised,  
me or the fish.

SEAN

Turning out to be an evening of  
surprises - and thrills of all sorts.

VICKIE

(beat)

It's pretty here with the gaslights.

SEAN

It won't be long before those will  
be electric lights.

VICKIE

I like this light.

SEAN

It's awfully dim.

VICKIE

I like it dim.

She stops and steps in front of him and kisses him, both more lost in it this time. When they break, they hold on and look at one another, both wondering. When they resume walking, they're quiet and closer. Sean glances at a gas lamp and smiles.

SEAN

I do like this light.

CLOSE UP

The gaslight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BROTHEL -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

CLOSE UP

The gaslight on the bedstand.

PULL BACK

Guy in bed with a whore, DELORES, sexy but not so young.

DELORES

That's all I have to do?

GUY

That's all you have to do, but you have to do it right.

DELORES

Why don't you forget this little rich bitch. She's never going to let you do to her the things you like.

She fondles him beneath the sheet.

GUY

Your father have a couple of million? You even know who your father is?

Delores is offended and rolls away. Guy pulls her to him.

GUY (CONT'D)

Come here. Once I'm married to her, we're home free. I'll get you out of this whorehouse and set you up in your own apartment.

DELORES

(beat)

Are you sure we won't have any trouble with this guy?

GUY

The bartender is ready to roll. The mick will never know what hit him.

DELORES

(beat)

Will you get me an apartment in the Sutton? I love that building.

GUY

I'll get you the damned penthouse if this works. Now run and get me a drink. You wear me out, I need something.

She rolls out of bed not very well covered.

GUY (CONT'D)

Bring that new girl, Jonquil, back with you.

DELORES

Jonquil? Why?

GUY

It'll be fun. And you're going to need help with Patrick and she looks strong.

DELORES  
She looks something.

GUY  
Hungry. She'll like the money.  
I'll give you an extra fifty, you  
take care of her for whatever, keep  
the rest. How does that sound?

DELORES  
Not as good as the apartment.

GUY  
Do this right, it'll happen. I  
promise.

Delores sashays out thinking Guy must be watching her go, but when she glances back with an amused look, she sees he's not even watching her, his arms behind his head as he stares at the ceiling with a satisfied smile. She's annoyed, but he's a banquet meal-ticket.

INT. THEATRE -- POWER PLANT -- AFTERNOON

Sean is examining the hookup from the steam engine to the generator in the power plant behind the theatre when Guy comes in.

GUY  
Sean.

SEAN  
Mansley.

GUY  
Guy. We should get on a first name  
basis. Call me Guy.

Sean nods noncommittally.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Can you meet me after work, sit down  
have a drink?

Sean doesn't really want to have a drink with Guy.

SEAN  
Oh, I don't know. With the test run  
tomorrow...

GUY  
You look ready for that. And this  
thing with Vickie...we should talk.

Sean's reluctance is apparent.

GUY (CONT'D)  
 (looking and sounding  
 defeated)  
 Look, I know she prefers you. Our  
 engagement just isn't... I'm ready  
 to... Well, this isn't the time and  
 place for that. Let me tell you  
 over a drink.

Sean relents.

GUY (CONT'D)  
 At Mosca's, Stryker street just off  
 Broad. Do you know where that is?

SEAN  
 I'll find it.

GUY  
 Around six?

Sean nods and Guy leaves, Sean watching him go out before  
 returning to work.

EXT. MOSCA'S BAR -- LATER

ESTABLISHING SHOT of Mosca's, a nondescript bar on a  
 commercial sidestreet in a stand-alone building with an  
 alleyway to one side.

Sean walks down the street looking for the right place, finds  
 it and enters.

INT. MOSCA'S BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Sean looks around and sees Guy in a booth and sits down across  
 from him. Nearby sit Delores and Jonquil, a younger more  
 beautiful whore who doesn't look particularly strong despite  
 what Guy said -- just sexy. Guy has a drink already and  
 gestures to a WAITRESS who comes over.

GUY  
 (to Sean)  
 You like brandy, right?

SEAN  
 I'm all right.

GUY  
 Oh c'mon, we can't sit here talking  
 about what we have to talk about  
 without having something to drink.  
 (to the waitress)  
 Bring him a brandy, the good stuff.

She goes to the bar to give the order to the BARTENDER.

GUY (CONT'D)  
So -- Victoria Donnelson. Beautiful woman.

Sean says nothing. Guy glances at the bartender who is fixing the drink, the bartender catching his eye as he fiddles out of sight, then puts the brandy up on the bar.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Strong-willed. She knows what she wants and she goes after it.

SEAN  
I don't know if I'm comfortable talking about her like this.

GUY  
It's nothing she couldn't hear if she was with us. Believe me, she can take care of herself.

Sean's expression indicates he agrees with that.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Yeah, you know a little about her already.

The waitress arrives with Sean's drink.

GUY (CONT'D)  
(to the waitress)  
Bring us another round when you see we're almost finished.

Sean starts to protest but Guy cuts him off, raising his glass in a toast, the waitress leaving.

GUY (CONT'D)  
To the fairer but maybe not really the weaker sex.

Sean drinks, noticing nothing odd about his brandy.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Well -- much as I hate to admit it, I believe I've lost her.

That gets Sean's attention and he takes another drink.

GUY (CONT'D)  
We're going out to dinner tonight and I think we'll have to talk about you. Are you two getting serious?

SEAN  
No, nothing like that. I like her...

He thinks he shouldn't have said that.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I don't know.

GUY

Well, I just have to deal with it. Maybe it wasn't meant to be between us.

(beat)

I admit I was jealous of you. I've been nasty. I don't like the way I've been behaving, but... Maybe you can understand.

SEAN

I wouldn't be here if it weren't for her father and the job. It was an opportunity -- the job -- I couldn't afford to turn it down.

GUY

Anyone turns down David Donnelson would be a fool. You're not a fool.

Guy holds up his glass again for a toast. Sean clinks his glass and as they finish their drinks the waitress brings their second round.

GUY (CONT'D)

(to the waitress)

Thanks darling.

She leaves and Guy takes another sip, Sean following his lead.

GUY (CONT'D)

I'm thinking that at dinner tonight I'll see if she wants to break it off with me. I'll leave it up to her but give her the opportunity if she wants to take it. I don't want her to feel uncomfortable. It seems like the right thing to do.

SEAN

You don't have to. She's going to make up her own mind no matter what we do.

GUY

She'll do that all right.

(beat)

So you are interested.

SEAN

I guess so.

GUY

Why wouldn't you be? She's beautiful,  
talented, has great spirit.

Nervously, Sean takes a hefty sip of his drink. Guy watches him and smiles ever so slightly.

GUY (CONT'D)

Here's to an exceptional woman.

Sean clinks the glass Guy proffers and they both drink. Guy knows he has him now.

GUY (CONT'D)

On top of that, she's rich.

SEAN

Doesn't have anything to do with it.

GUY

Doesn't take away from her attraction  
either.

He stares at Sean who nervously drinks some more.

SEAN

I'm concentrating on the job, that's  
the important thing. I enjoy seeing  
Vickie. I don't know what will  
happen.

GUY

In the end, you've may have done  
everyone a favor. I don't want to  
marry someone who doesn't really  
love me and I don't want Vickie to  
marry someone she doesn't really  
love. If you exposed her real  
emotions, you saved both of us a lot  
of heartache.

Sean stretches and shakes his head. Guy raises his glass  
for another toast.

GUY (CONT'D)

Here's to the young woman we both  
admire. May the Lord protect her.

Sean wonders if he's getting drunk, clinking glasses and  
drinking with the ridiculous Guy who is smiling at him.

GUY (CONT'D)

This electricity thing you're working  
on -- it's fascinating. For lighting  
it's unbelievable. You don't think  
it's too dangerous?



SEAN  
All forms of power have their dangers.  
You just have to plan for them.

GUY  
I read that New York is going to use  
electricity for an execution.

SEAN  
They're thinking about it.

GUY  
That would be something to see.

SEAN  
Here's hoping we never do.

Guy laughs and offers another toast, Sean setting his glass down heavily.

GUY  
(pointing to Sean's  
glass)  
Finish up. You want another?

Sean shakes his head more to clear it than say no.

SEAN  
I need to use the water closet.

GUY  
It's in the back there, on the right.

Sean gets up and has to hold onto the table, then wobbles towards the hallway at the back of the bar. Guy watches him, finishes his drink and then follows, gesturing at Delores to stay where she is.

EXT. STREET -- EVENING

Guy's cabriolet clip-clops down the street.

INT. CABRIOLET -- EVENING

Guy is driving, Vickie next to him. Guy turns down the street that contains Mosca's.

VICKIE  
Madam Polazna has an incredible voice.  
I'm really looking forward to  
performing with her.

GUY  
I can still taste that meal. We're  
running out of restaurants. We'll  
have to start taking your father's  
train to New York and Chicago.

VICKIE  
 I'm sure he'd love that.  
 (looking around)  
 Where are we going anyway?

GUY  
 I'd thought we'd ride along the river.  
 It's a bit out of the way, but...

VICKIE  
 Are you sure you're not heading for  
 lover's lane?

GUY  
 That's a better idea.

VICKIE  
 Always the same Guy...

As they approach Mosca's, Delores and Marie appear out of the alley with Sean between them, the two whores laughing wildly. Guy slows down.

GUY  
 Oh, I've heard this is where workers  
 from the steel plant pick up  
 prostitutes.

Vickie looks. Delores and Jonquil turn Sean so that he's facing the cabriolet and Delores WHOOPS, laughs, and slaps at Sean's hand as if he's done something to her. In reality, he's unconscious.

GUY (CONT'D)  
 Is that Patrick with those two  
 harlots?

Vickie has already recognized him and is stunned. Guy pulls up by Delores and Jonquil who are laughing and then sort of tumble to the street as if Sean pulled them down. Delores rolls over and kisses Sean.

DELORES  
 You are a naughty boy!

GUY  
 I can't believe it.

Vickie suddenly jumps down from the cabriolet.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MOSCA'S -- CONTINUOUS

She runs to Sean, Guy following.

VICKIE  
 Sean, Sean!

DELORES

Hey honey, you've got your boyfriend,  
go with him.

VICKIE

He's a friend of mine.

DELORES

Friend of yours? You don't look the  
sort to like your bum ridden.

Vickie is suitably shocked. Delores and Jonquil struggle to  
get up with Sean, Guy helping them.

GUY

My god, he's soaked in liquor.

VICKIE

We've got to get him home.

DELORES

Honey, he's our best customer and  
he's going where he pays to go --  
our place.

VICKIE

He's been with you before?

DELORES

Every night. He likes to get liquored  
up and pass out, but he comes around  
quick enough when we get to playing  
with him the way he likes.

VICKIE

Both of you?

DELORES

(smiling)

The more the merrier. You're real  
pretty, maybe you want to come with  
us and try it. Bring your other  
boyfriend here and when Sean-boy  
comes to you can have both at once.

VICKIE

You know his name.

DELORES

That's not all I know, honey.

Vickie looks at Sean, his head lolling.

VICKIE

Enjoy him, he's yours.

She turns on her heel and heads back to the cabriolet. With her back turned, she can't see Guy smiling at Delores and Jonquil.

GUY  
 (to Vickie)  
 You think we should leave him?

She doesn't answer, just getting in the cabriolet.

GUY (CONT'D)  
 (to Delores, loudly)  
 You take care of him. He's a friend of mine and I don't want anything to happen to him, you understand?

DELORES  
 Mister, he always leaves us with a smile on his face.

Guy mouths the words, "You were great," then goes back to the cabriolet. Delores and Jonquil start laughing again as they hold Sean between them.

INT. CABRIOLET -- CONTINUOUS

Vickie is silently furious, sitting with her arms crossed staring straight ahead. Guy looks at her but keeps quiet, getting the cabriolet started.

DELORES  
 (calling as they pass)  
 You ever want to play, sweetheart, just ask for Delores in Mosca's here.

Guy wishes she hadn't given out the information and speaks hurriedly to cover Delores's gaff:

GUY  
 It's good we found out. It's better we know as soon as possible what he's really like. Who knows what would have happened if he was able to get away with living a lie the way he has.

Vickie wipes away a tear then is composed, quiet and cold. Guy is hiding his glee well.

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- LATER

The cabriolet rolls up to the doorway. Guy hops down and goes around to assist Vickie out, then escorts her to the door.

GUY  
 Well, that was quite an evening.  
 (MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

Patrick's test demonstration is tomorrow. I don't know if he's going to be in any shape to show up.

VICKIE

Thank you for dinner, Guy. I'm sorry, I'm tired. Good night.

He gives her a light kiss and she goes right inside. Guy gets back in his cabriolet and pulls away, gloating.

EXT. THEATRE -- LATER

Guy drives up to the back of the darkened theatre and gets out of the cabriolet, glancing around as he takes a small satchel from the storage area. He goes to the back door and unlocks it with a key from his ring and goes inside.

INT. THEATRE BASEMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Guy enters the basement room where he saw Sean installing the electric lines and closes the door behind him. He sets down the satchel and takes from it a small lantern that he lights then brings out newspaper and a jar of liquid. He pulls a chair over to the wall and stands on it.

CLOSE UP

The new electric light wires coming through the wall on a pipe with a space above it.

BACK TO SCENE

Guy hooks the lamp to keep the wires lighted then gets out a small penknife and cuts away the insulation on the two wires and crosses them over one another, making certain they're tight. He then gets down and crumples the newspaper, opens the jar and pours the fluid over the newspaper, soaking it. He climbs back on the chair and stuffs the newspaper up through the space on top of the pipe and into the wall above. He wraps one end of the paper around the wires then carefully pushes the cut wires back into the wall. Satisfied, he gets down and replaces the chair, closes up the jar and takes out a handkerchief to clean up some of the fluid spilled on the floor. He looks around for a final check, puts out the lantern and the things back in the satchel and goes out.

INT. THEATRE -- POWER PLANT -- MORNING

David Donnelson, Tom, Guy and a few other executives are in the power plant behind the theatre, an engineer watching over the steam engine which is running although the belt drive is not turning the nearby generator which has an unlit lamp in a socket hooked to the wires running out and into the theatre. Donnelson impatiently checks his pocket watch and, as he closes it, Sean hurries in looking the worse for wear.

SEAN  
 Mr. Donnelson, I'm so sorry. I don't  
 know what happened. I had a  
 weird...unbelievable evening.  
 I...just don't know.

He looks at Guy, but there's no time for questions.

DONNELSON  
 (coldly)  
 Personal affairs shouldn't interfere  
 with business.

SEAN  
 I know, I'm sorry. I'm mystified  
 about the whole thing.

DONNELSON  
 Are we ready here?

SEAN  
 Absolutely. The whole system is set  
 to go.

DONNELSON  
 Let's not waste any more time then.

Sean walks to the generator hooked to the steam engine and  
 engages the belt driving the generator. It starts to HUM  
 and the lamp gradually brightens. Everyone stares at it,  
 suitably impressed.

DONNELSON (CONT'D)  
 Let's go see the system in full  
 operation.

The boss leads the way out.

EXT. THEATRE -- YARD -- CONTINUOUS

As they cross to the theatre, Sean pulls Guy to one side.

SEAN  
 What happened last night? I was  
 with you in that place, I went in  
 the water closet, I wake up twelve  
 hours later lying in the gutter.

GUY  
 Your two whore friends left you in  
 the gutter?

SEAN  
 Two whore friends?

GUY

Those prostitutes you were with when Vickie and I ran into you on the way home from the restaurant. She wasn't amused. I wanted to bring you home, but she just wanted to get away from you.

Sean is so stunned he can't reply.

GUY (CONT'D)

I don't know how you got with them. You were fine when I left you, a bit drunk maybe, but... You'd better hope Vickie keeps your little dalliance to herself or you'll see a different side of Donnelson.

He veers off to join Donnelson and those around him, the group going up the rear steps into the building, Sean completely distracted.

INT. THEATRE -- LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

The lamps in the lobby aren't lit.

DONNELSON

Sean, what's going on?

SEAN

I don't know.

He checks the connection at one socket which allows each lamp to be independently controlled and finds nothing wrong.

SEAN (CONT'D)

They were working fine. I did the dressing rooms last, maybe something shorted out there. Let me take a look.

Donnelson and the others mill about in the lobby while Sean hurries off.

INT. THEATRE DRESSING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

None of the lamps lit, nothing obviously wrong.

SEAN

(to himself)

It must be between the generator and the building.

He turns around to head back and suddenly Tom appears.

TOM

Fire! The building's on fire. Get out, get out!

SEAN

What?

TOM

Hurry, there are flames in the  
basement!

Tom turns and runs, Sean following incredulous.

EXT. THEATRE -- MOMENTS LATER

Out on the street everyone gathers in front of the building where flames lick from the basement windows while smoke pours out of the downstairs.

DONNELSON

Where in blazes is the fire brigade!

GUY

(amused)

Where in blazes...

Donnelson glares. They watch for a few moments helpless as the fire spreads. BELLS are heard and the horse-drawn fire wagons pull up. Some of the men rush to help with the hoses, others joining the firemen at the pumper. Guy goes by Sean on his way to help.

GUY (CONT'D)

Cavorting with whores to burning  
down the theatre. Even wild bears  
won't be enough to get you through  
this.

Sean follows to help pump, scarcely able to believe what is happening. Guy watches with barely concealed satisfaction.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE -- LATER

Sean is sitting on the porch steps of Mrs. Willey's boarding house, lost in thought, still dirty from the fire. A worried Mrs. Willey comes out.

MRS. WILLEY

Sean -- maybe you'd like to get  
cleaned up and play some whist?

He shakes his head, then looks at her with a forced smile.

SEAN

Thank you, no, Mrs. Willey. I...

He shrugs and she understands he needs to be alone. She smiles at him and goes back inside. In a moment he straightens his back, gets up and strides away up the street.



EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- LATER

Sean walks up the drive to the door of the Donnelson's house and knocks the horsehead doorknocker. The door is opened by a SERVANT.

SERVANT  
May I help you, sir?

SEAN  
I'd like to speak with Victoria,  
please.

SERVANT  
(eyeing his dishevelled  
appearance)  
Whom shall I say is calling, sir?

SEAN  
Sean Patrick.

SERVANT  
One moment, please.

He closes the door and Sean paces nervously. In a moment, the servant opens the door.

SERVANT (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, sir, Miss Donnelson is  
not at home.

SEAN  
I really need to talk with her.  
Just a few minutes. Please.

SERVANT  
I'm sorry, sir.

He closes the door. Sean reaches for the doorknocker again then thinks better of it. He goes down the stairs and stands a moment before heading around the house.

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- PATIO -- CONTINUOUS

Sean goes up on the patio to the rear windowed doors and sees Vickie sitting on a couch with her head down. He bangs on the glass.

INT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Vickie looks up startled.

SEAN  
(through the glass  
door)  
Vickie! I need to talk with you.

Sean tries the door handle, but the door is locked. Vickie stands up.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 Let me in. I need to tell you what happened. I don't know what happened. Let me talk to you.

She hesitates.

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- PATIO -- CONTINUOUS

SEAN  
 Vickie, please open the door.

She turns and goes out of the room, Sean rattling the door. The servant appears in the doorway and looks out at him then hurries away. Sean peers into the empty room a few moments then turns and stares into the gardens. As he goes down the stairs, the servant and a BURLY MAN in working clothes come around the side of the house and up to him.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 I just need to talk with Vickie and try to explain.

SERVANT  
 I understand.

They take him by the arms and start marching him towards the front.

SEAN  
 I work for Mr. Donnelson. I'm a friend of Vickie's.

SERVANT  
 Yes sir.

SEAN  
 I know it looks strange, but I'm just trying to talk with Miss Donnelson.

They pay no attention.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

They shove him out into the road.

BURLY MAN  
 Get going. We see you anywhere around here again, you'll be lucky to be locked up.

Sean gives up and starts walking, looking back to see the men standing watching him go.

The sky is filled with angry clouds and there's a distant  
PEAL OF THUNDER.

EXT. STREAM -- EVENING

Lightning streaks across the darkened sky. South Fork Creek at the spot where Vickie and Sean first met is hugely swollen by the heavy rain falling. The bear lumbers up to it, sways looking at the fast running water, GROWLS, then turns around and heads back the way it came.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -- PARLOR -- MORNING

Sean is sitting staring out the front window of his house at the heavy rain. Behind him, Gertie and Soos have draped blankets over furniture to make a cave and they throw back the doorway.

GERTIE

Sean, do you want to visit our cave?

Sean is lost in thought and doesn't answer.

SOOS

It's a magic cave in the woods.

Sean comes back slightly and looks at his sisters, smiles weakly then turns back to the rain.

His sisters look at one another then with concern at their beloved brother just staring at the rain.

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The rain falls heavily, the SOUND OF THE RAIN rising.

FADE TO BLACK:

The SOUND OF RAIN drums in the blackness.

Fade In:

INT. DONNELSON CARRIAGE -- MORNING

Victoria is riding on a street in Pittsburgh in her covered carriage, the RAIN BEATING on the roof. She looks as disconsolate as Sean. As the carriage moves along, she sees Mrs. Willey walking hurriedly in the rain, her umbrella turned inside out. Vickie CALLS to the carriage driver, Wallace.

VICKIE

Wallace, pull up by this woman walking, please.

WALLACE

Yes, Miss Donnelson.

The carriage angles in next to Mrs. Willey and stops.

VICKIE  
Mrs. Willey. Come, we'll give you a  
ride.

MRS. WILLEY  
Oh, thank you dear.

Mrs. Willey climbs into the carriage, trying to close the  
broken umbrella then giving up.

VICKIE  
(to Wallace)  
Mrs. Willey lives on Millar Place,  
Wallace.

MRS. WILLEY  
One-o-eight.

WALLACE  
Yes, I'm familiar, madam.

The carriage starts.

MRS. WILLEY  
Thank you so much, dear. My goodness,  
is it ever going to stop raining?

VICKIE  
Yes, it's...rainy.

Mrs. Willey notices her depression.

MRS. WILLEY  
What a pity about that nice Mr.  
Patrick. It's such a shame things  
didn't work out.

VICKIE  
(unenthusiastically)  
Umm.

MRS. WILLEY  
I miss our nightly whist matches.  
He was such a quick learner, he was  
already getting skilled.

Vickie appears distracted.

MRS. WILLEY (CONT'D)  
Well, the whole thing was a shock.  
How is the theatre?

VICKIE  
A lot of damage.

MRS. WILLEY  
Oh, what a shame.  
(MORE)

MRS. WILLEY (CONT'D)  
But thank goodness no one was hurt.  
It could have been so much worse.

VICKIE  
(beat)  
Mrs. Willey, you just said something  
about nightly whist matches with  
Sean?

MRS. WILLEY  
Yes, I enjoyed playing with him so  
much.

VICKIE  
But you wouldn't play every night.

MRS. WILLEY  
Well, not on the nights he went with  
you. I should tell you, he was very  
excited about seeing you. He asked  
me if his clothes looked right.  
Very sweet, really.

VICKIE  
But the other nights he'd play whist  
with you and then go out.

MRS. WILLEY  
No, we'd play until he went to bed.  
You know, I'm a nightowl, so...

VICKIE  
(interrupting)  
He didn't go out afterwards?

MRS. WILLEY  
No. The only night he didn't stay  
in was when he saw you. I was so  
glad you were giving him some social  
life. He was too new here to have  
any other friends, but we enjoyed  
each other's company. The night  
before the fire he never came home  
though. It was odd. I was worried  
because he hadn't done anything like  
that before. I thought he must be  
with you, but it got so late and I  
didn't think that you and he...  
Well...

Vickie is stunned.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE -- PARLOR -- DAY

Sean is still staring at the rain when his mother comes into  
the doorway.

HELEN

Sean?  
 (no response)  
 Sean!

He comes to and looks at his mother. She says nothing, but he gets her meaning.

SEAN

All right, I'll go up to the lake.

The girls throw back the door to their cave as he gets up.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Maybe Mr. Brower will give me my job back.

HELEN

Will Vickie be up there?

SEAN

Sooner or later.

His mother nods, understanding.

GERTIE

It's quite stormy outside.

SEAN

It matches my mood.

SOOS

You could swim there.

SEAN

I'd have to wear my bathing suit. I think I'll just walk.

EXT. MOSCA'S BAR -- DAY

Vickie is walking quickly on the street with an umbrella, delicate fingerless lace gloves covering her hands. She turns into Mosca's.

INT. MOSCA'S BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Vickie folds up her umbrella as she looks around. She goes to the bartender.

VICKIE

Delores told me I could find her here.

BARTENDER

She's not here just now.

VICKIE

Where can I find her?

BARTENDER

Who are you?

VICKIE

Amber, her friend from Chicago. She said I can get work.

BARTENDER

What kind of work do you do?

She puts a ten dollar gold piece on the bar.

VICKIE

I get three times that for a night, so you save up two more and you and I can have some fun. Now where do I find Delores?

The bartender considers then pockets the gold piece.

EXT. BROTHEL -- LATER

ESTABLISHING SHOT of an understated, elegant corner townhouse on a quiet street. Vickie pauses in front, then goes up and through the front doors into the foyer.

INT. BROTHEL -- FOYER -- CONTINUOUS

She takes a breath and rings the bell. In a moment, an expensively dressed, middle-aged, once attractive but now sort of blowzy, woman, THE MADAM, opens the door and eyes Vickie with a smile.

THE MADAM

(puzzled)  
Yes?

VICKIE

I need to see Delores.

THE MADAM

(beat)  
She's not available.

VICKIE

Look, I'll pay for her time.

Opens her purse and gets out her wallet.

THE MADAM

No, that won't be necessary. I'm sorry, you just won't be able to see her.

VICKIE

I'm not here to make any trouble.  
(MORE)

VICKIE (CONT'D)

I just need to speak with her for a few moments on a personal matter and then I'll be gone.

THE MADAM

I'm sorry.

She tries to close the door, but Vickie won't move.

VICKIE

I'm Victoria Donnelson. My father is David Donnelson, owner of the Pittsburgh Theatre. If I don't get to speak to Delores, I'll have my father go to Mayor Peters who will call in Police Chief Kelly who will then be visiting you.

THE MADAM

(amused)

Darling, you don't know the half of it.

She tries closing the door again, but Vickie stands her ground.

VICKIE

I'm not leaving until I talk to her.

THE MADAM

(impressed)

I don't think you'd back off from Jack the Ripper, would you?

(beat)

Ah, what the hell, she's quitting me anyway.

She opens the door and Vickie goes in

INT. BROTHEL ENTRANCEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The madam closes the door behind her.

THE MADAM

You can use the library.

She opens another door and Vickie goes in.

INT. BROTHEL -- LIBRARY -- CONTINUOUS

It's a Victorian library that is just a prop, unread classic works in leather bindings, overstuffed furniture.

THE MADAM

Wait here.



The madam closes the door leaving Vickie alone. She picks up a stereoptican and looks at some racy cards on the table, putting one in the viewer and looking at it until she hears the side door open. Delores enters, obviously dressed for work but covered up a bit for modesty. Vickie immediately confronts her.

VICKIE

That night, that boy you were with, Sean -- you said he was with you every night and I found out that isn't true. I want to know what was going on -- the truth.

DELORES

I've seen you sing. You're good. But you are something. Rich and pampered and spoiled. You've had every break in life and barely know it. I should hate you. So why do I feel sorry for you?

VICKIE

Feel sorry for me?

DELORES

Yeah, and I'll tell you why. Because you're mixed up with that no-good, low-life, back-stabbing, lying scum Guy Mansley. And you don't have a clue what he is. But I can tell you -- and I will. He wants Jonquil? Let him have her. He wants you? No goddamn way, excuse my French -- unless you don't really want to hear the truth.

Vickie looks slightly scared but resolute. She takes a breath and says:

VICKIE

Which is...

INT. MAKESHIFT OFFICE -- DAY

Guy is working at a table in a makeshift office. Donnelson comes in and closes the door.

DONNELSON

Guy, what the deuce is going on with my daughter?

GUY

(alarmed)  
Sir?

DONNELSON

My wife just rang me and said Vickie is on her way to Johnstown to bring this Patrick back here. She told her mother that thing with the prostitutes wasn't his fault, he's completely innocent, and that you know about it.

Guy just stares.

DONNELSON (CONT'D)

What's the meaning of this?

GUY

(looking befuddled)

I... Is that all she said?

DONNELSON

Yes. What is going on?

Guy is relieved Donnelson doesn't know more, leaning back.

GUY

I should have realized this would happen. Patrick boasted he could make her believe whatever he wanted. I thought Vickie would see through him, but he's clever. He lies with that air of complete innocence. God knows what he's got her believing.

DONNELSON

What did she mean that you know about it?

GUY

(looking contrite)

I knew he was going with prostitutes. I should have said something, but I knew you wanted to get this electrical thing done and I never imagined Patrick's perversity would affect his work the way it did. It was my mistake and I apologize.

DONNELSON

How could I have been so wrong about this boy?

GUY

It's a devilish talent he's got for deception. With me, he didn't bother covering up so thoroughly. He could be a first-rate actor, believe me. I'm worried about Vickie though.

DONNELSON

What is that girl thinking.

GUY

Anything could happen with a con-man like him. I should try to get to her and make her see this Patrick for the monster he is.

DONNELSON

She's on the local to Johnstown. How about you take my private train and chase her down. I'll telephone the president of the line and get him to clear you through. I'll get Patrick's home address from the Cambria works and have a carriage waiting to take you there.

GUY

(standing up)

I'm on my way.

DONNELSON

I'm counting on you, Guy.

GUY

I won't let you down, sir.

Donnelson claps him on the back and they both head out.

EXT. DAM -- DAY

Sean comes up the road and onto the top of the dam where he finds Brower supervising a group of workers who are in the water under the bridge trying to clear debris clogging the fish-saver screen. In the middle of the dam another group is shoveling dirt trying to raise the level of the dam while at the far end men are working to shovel a new spillway through the rocky, unyielding soil. The lake is within a foot of the top of the dam. COLONEL QUISS, the club president, rides his horse from the far group across the dam to Brower at the near side of the bridge.

QUISS

(to Brower)

That soil is all shale, they'll never get enough cut to make a difference. We've got to get that screen cleared.

BROWER

The debris is all tangled in it. The water's too strong. The big mistake was taking out the drainage pipes when the dam was reconstructed for the club. The center should have been raised then, too.

QUISS

Well, that's all...water under the bridge, unfortunate metaphor.

Quiss looks where the workers are trying to shovel the packed dirt into the berm.

QUISS (CONT'D)

I guess that screen will have to come out.

BROWER

If we take out the bridge, we'll have better access.

QUISS

I don't want to destroy the bridge needlessly. Keep at it and we'll see.

BROWER

(to Sean)

Sean, come in and help us.

QUISS

Mr. Patrick, what are you doing here?

SEAN

I came up to see if I can get my job back.

QUISS

I don't know if that would be advisable -- with Mr. Donnelson a member.

Sean looks at the lake and the screen, then pulls off his poncho and shirt.

SEAN

Hire me or not, that screen has to come out.

He hops in the water to help with the screen.

EXT. TRAIN -- DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the passenger train coming across the sturdy brick bridge near the Cambria Iron Works into the far end of Johnstown.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN TRAIN STATION -- DAY

As the train pulls up, Vickie is the first off after the CONDUCTOR, putting up her umbrella. She approaches the conductor.

VICKIE  
Can you tell me where Coeyman Avenue  
is?

CONDUCTOR  
Coeyman? It's across the river and  
up the hill off Franklin which runs  
right from the end of the bridge.

VICKIE  
Thank you.

She starts off, the conductor watching her appreciatively.

INT. PRIVATE TRAIN CAR -- DAY

Guy smokes a cigar and swigs a drink, his feet up on the  
chair opposite, flipping ashes onto a sloppily eaten shrimp  
cocktail on the table next to him as he watches the  
countryside go by. John glances at him with distaste.

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE -- DAY

Vickie rings the bell and Soos opens the door.

VICKIE  
Hello. Is your brother here?

SOOS  
I'm not to talk to strangers.

VICKIE  
That's a good idea.

Helen comes to the door.

HELEN  
May I help you?

VICKIE  
I'm Victoria Donnelson. I need to  
speak to Sean.

HELEN  
Oh. Come in, come in.

SOOS  
Are you my brother's girlfriend?

HELEN  
Suzanne!

VICKIE  
(to Soos)  
Well, I am a girl and I'm his friend.

Helen looks surprised and slightly pleased as Vickie enters.

EXT. DAM -- DAY

The men in the water trying to remove the screen are discouraged, those building the berm making little headway, the laborers trying to cut the emergency spillway having largely given up. Quiss on his horse is getting frantic. The lake is within inches of the top of the dam.

BROWER

(to Quiss)

This is a disaster. When that water starts over the center, it will cut through and blow out the whole face. This lake will be going to Johnstown.

QUISS

All right, take out the bridge then.

BROWER

(to the workmen)

Get the bridge out. Quick!

The workmen move.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN TRAIN STATION -- DAY

Donnelson's private train is stopped on a siding at the station, Guy getting off. A CARRIAGE DRIVER approaches him.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Mr. Mansley?

GUY

Yes.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

I was sent by Mr. Stilton at Cambria Iron Works to drive you to Mr. Patrick's house.

GUY

Excellent. Let's go.

The driver leads the way to Stilton's waiting carriage.

EXT. DAM -- DAY

The bridge has been torn out with Sean and others in the water secured by ropes to keep them from being swept away when the screen comes out -- except that it is not budging. Quiss, off his horse, and Brower are watching. The lake has begun spilling over the center of the dam.

SEAN

This is hopeless. We'll never pull it out.

Sean climbs out followed by the others, putting on his shirt and poncho.

QUISS  
We'll have to use dynamite.

BROWER  
We don't have any dynamite up here.

QUISS  
Then we'll have to get some.

SEAN  
It's too late. The dam won't hold long with that water cutting into it.

QUISS  
If it goes slowly, the river may be able to carry it away with just some flooding.

The others look at him with something beyond skepticism.

SEAN  
We have to warn Johnstown.

QUISS  
Now we don't want to create any panic.

SEAN  
If a panic gets people out of danger, it's exactly what we want.

QUISS  
Why don't you keep working on the screen. Maybe it will come out yet. We'll send someone down to get the dynamite and word of what's happening up here.

BROWER  
With the bridge out, they'll have to go the long way round.

SEAN  
I don't think so.

He grabs the reins of Quiss's horse and climbs on it.

QUISS  
What do you think you're doing?

Sean lopes the horse towards the center of the dam, splashing through the water running across it.

QUISS (CONT'D)  
Stop! Bring that horse back.

Sean wheels and gallops towards the gap across the spillway. Quiss gets in the way waving his arms but jumps aside as it becomes obvious Sean isn't going to stop. Sean urges the horse up and across, the men CHEERING when he makes it. He disappears down the road.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN STREETS -- DAY

As Guy's carriage goes up the hill towards Sean's home, he passes Vickie who's just reaching the bottom on foot hidden by her umbrella. She crosses the bridge towards the depot, the water in the river nearly level with the bridge.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN TRAIN STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

As Vickie walks along the platform towards the doors to the depot, she's startled to see her father's train parked on a siding. She's goes to it and climbs aboard.

INT. PRIVATE TRAIN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

John is straightening up Guy's mess, frowning, but brightening when he looks up to see Vickie enter.

JOHN

Miss Donnelson. Did Mr. Mansley find you?

VICKIE

Mansley? Is he here?

JOHN

Yes miss, he was sent to find you.

VICKIE

Where's my father?

JOHN

He's in Pittsburgh, Miss Donnelson.

VICKIE

It doesn't matter. I need to go to the club. Right now.

JOHN

On the train?

VICKIE

Yes. Let's get started.

JOHN

Your father wanted to get Mr. Mansley here as fast as possible.

VICKIE

Fine. You did that, now let's get going.



JOHN

But Mr. Mansley isn't here.

VICKIE

You have no idea how good that is, John. He's not going to be working for my father as soon as I get back to Pittsburgh, believe me. And I need to bring Mr. Patrick with me and he's at the club, so please, let's get started right now.

John smiles slightly.

JOHN

Very good, miss. I'll alert the engineer and get clearance from the depot. Would you care for a refreshment?

VICKIE

No, thank you, John. I want to be out of here before Mansley returns.

JOHN

I'll see to it, Miss Donnelson. And I hope I'm not offending you by saying that I think you'll be well rid of Mr. Mansley. I don't believe he's a gentleman.

VICKIE

He's something a lot worse than that. I only wish I had realized it sooner.

JOHN

It's an old saying, but often true miss -- better late than never.

He goes out and Vickie sits down and stares out the window.

EXT. SOUTH FORK -- DAY

As Sean gallops into South Fork where the creek joins the Little Conemaugh River, both of them bloated with the rain, he pulls up at the Western Union tower and rushes up the outside stairway.

INT. SOUTH FORK -- WESTERN UNION OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

It's a small office with a single clerk, EDNA.

SEAN

The South Fork dam is about to give way. You've got to get the message to Johnstown.

EDNA  
Oh my, are you certain?

SEAN  
Yes, I'm certain. I was just there.  
It's not going to last much longer.

EDNA  
I can't do it.

SEAN  
You've got to.

EDNA  
No, the lines are down beyond Mineral  
Point. One of the poles collapsed  
in a mudslide.

SEAN  
Send word to Mineral Point then and  
tell them to get someone to carry it  
down the line.

EDNA  
I'll do that, but I don't know if  
there's anyone available.

Sean has stopped listening as he hears the WHISTLE of the  
local pulling out of the station.

SEAN  
Get everyone here up on the hills.  
When the water hits it will take  
everything with it.

She looks scared and nods. He runs out.

EXT. SOUTH FORK -- CONTINUOUS

He looks down the track where the train is getting up steam  
as it heads east, away from Johnstown. He jumps on his horse  
and gallops after it.

EXT. SOUTH FORK -- COUNTRYSIDE -- MOMENTS LATER

Sean gallops alongside the train, gaining ground on the  
engine.

INT. ENGINE CAB -- CONTINUOUS

Jake is at the controls. He is amazed to see Sean pull  
alongside and then swing off the horse and onto the engine,  
the horse slowing and heading off.

JAKE  
Sean, what in the Sam Hill...

SEAN

We've got to go back. The dam at the South Fork club is about to let go. Johnstown will be flooded. The telegraph is down. We've got to go back and warn them.

JAKE

Sean, I can't do that. They'll have my head if I run the wrong way without authorization. At Cresson I can wire Pittsburgh and get the okay.

SEAN

Yeah, yeah, that's an idea.

(beat)

Hey Jake, look there!

Jake looks where Sean is pointing, a grassy hillside down towards the river. Sean grabs him by the seat of his pants and his collar, lifts him onto his toes and heaves him from the cab down the bank.

EXT. SOUTH FORK -- COUNTRYSIDE -- CONTINUOUS

Jake tumbles down and rolls to a stop as the train chugs away, rising to see Sean watching and CALLING:

SEAN

Sorry!

Jake just shakes his head as he brushes himself off.

INT. ENGINE CAB -- MOMENTS LATER

Sean looks grim as he runs the controls and stares up the line.

EXT. TRAIN SIDING -- CONTINUOUS

The train shudders to a halt just before the siding. Sean jumps down and throws the switch. A CONDUCTOR from the passenger car steps out and CALLS to Sean:

CONDUCTOR

Hey! What's going on?

Sean ignores him as he hurriedly climbs back in the engine. As the train begins moving onto the siding, the conductor jumps back onto the train.

INT. ENGINE CAB -- CONTINUOUS

As soon as the last car is on the siding, Sean stops again.

EXT. TRAIN SIDING -- CONTINUOUS

Sean hurries to uncouple the engine and tender from the passenger cars. The conductor appears again.

CONDUCTOR

What do you think you're doing? You can't do this.

SEAN

A flood is about to hit Johnstown. I'm taking the engine back to warn them.

CONDUCTOR

(beat)

Where's Jake?

SEAN

He'll catch up with you. I have no time.

The conductor stares as Sean gets back in the engine and pulls ahead onto the main track and stops. As he starts to get out, the conductor runs and changes the switch for him.

INT. ENGINE CAB -- CONTINUOUS

Sean is pleasantly surprised. He opens up the throttle and the engine starts backward picking up speed, the conductor CALLING as he passes:

CONDUCTOR

Be careful near East Conemaugh. The tracks were being undercut.

Sean waves at the conductor who gives him a thumbs up.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN TRAIN STATION -- DAY

The carriage carrying Guy pulls up at the station, Guy looking puzzled as he can't find Donnelson's train. He goes into the depot.

INT. JOHNSTOWN TRAIN STATION -- CONTINUOUS

He goes to a CLERK at the ticket window.

GUY

The Donnelson private train was on the siding there and it's gone. Where was it moved to?

CLERK

It departed for South Fork, sir.

GUY

That train was for me. Who took it to South Fork?

CLERK

An employee of the train named John Ross requested the move and it was authorized by Mr. Pitcairn, president of the Pennsylvania railroad.

GUY

Ross is the steward. He serves food and carries bags.

The clerk doesn't know what to make of that.

GUY (CONT'D)

Was there a young woman with him?

The clerk shakes his head. Guy quivers with annoyance then turns and stomps out.

CLERK

(to himself)

Moron.

INT. STILTON'S CARRIAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Guy gets in the carriage and tells the driver:

GUY

We're going to South Fork. Do you know where that is?

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Twelve to fifteen miles up-river. Are we going to the village, sir?

GUY

We're going to find the train. That peasant of a steward took off with it.

The driver guesses how Guy views him.

GUY (CONT'D)

He may have gone to the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club. Let's get going.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Very good sir.

He pulls away quickly, throwing Guy back in the seat.

ANGLE ON

The rain beats down on the swollen river, the water rushing past.

INT. PRIVATE TRAIN CAR -- DAY

Vickie looks up in surprise as the train pulls to a stop, moving onto a siding in the railroad marshalling yard at East Conemaugh, a couple of freight trains and an express passenger train also stopped. John comes in.

JOHN

Miss Donnelson, the line is closed temporarily. Evidently, the track has collapsed by the river and all traffic is being held here until it's repaired.

VICKIE

How long will that be?

JOHN

I'm not certain, Miss.

VICKIE

All right. Thank you, John.

He goes back out and Vickie stares at the river.

P.O.V. VICKIE -- CONTINUOUS

The river is more swollen and moving faster than it is in Johnstown.

BACK TO SCENE

Vickie is distraught.

EXT. DAM -- DAY

The men are on the far side of the dam, out of danger, the water cutting a deep channel through the center.

QUISS

I'm still hopeful it will just cut through and empty slowly.

At that moment, the entire face gives way, moving outward so that the lake front cascades down into the valley below. Quiss hangs his head, the men in awe. They watch as the water churns and crashes, a magnificent chaos. At this point, it is still clean and frothy even as it rips out trees and tumbles boulders with ominous ease. They watch as the cataract hits the bottom of the valley and pushes up the far side, then sloshes backwards, turns and heads downstream inundating everything in its path even as the lake continues to empty.

Brower looks backwards at the huge lake rushing out so fast that the level of the water is depressed to a depth of ten feet for 150 feet back into the lake.

BROWER

Let's pray that Sean got through  
with the warning.

INT. ENGINE CAB -- DAY

Sean is BLOWING THE WHISTLE as he barrels into South Fork, the villagers up on the hillside looking back up the creek. He sees the onrushing wall of water and HOLDS DOWN THE WHISTLE as he blows through the village and crosses the bridge to the far side of the Little Conemaugh.

EXT. SOUTH FORK -- CONTINUOUS

The flood sweeps down from the South Fork Creek exploding the few buildings in its way. The water blasts across the river and up the hillside opposite, pushing up higher and higher, slowing, then crashing backward to head down the river taking the bridge with it, the face of the flood higher and growing darker with flotsam which is being tumbled by the water pushing it along.

INT. ENGINE CAB -- CONTINUOUS

Sean rounds a curve and the view is cut off. He leans out to see past the tender, continuing to BLOW THE WHISTLE as he looks back and forward. The flood comes around the bend behind in such a short time he's shocked, scared by its speed and height (which varies according to the width of the valley). Ahead of him is a single-arch brick bridge that cuts across the top of an oxbow where the river swings off in a two mile loop. The bridge is twenty feet above the river at the near end, seventy feet at the far end. Sean crosses the bridge and looks backward as the flood reaches it.

EXT. COUNTRY BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

The front of the flood, a mass of debris, is pushed right across the neck of the oxbow and cascades down into the river below the bridge, the debris piling against it forming a makeshift dam that immediately starts to back up the river. The main body of the flood curves away following the course of the river on its two-mile loop.

INT. ENGINE CAB -- CONTINUOUS

Sean looks back to see the flood following the river, relieved to have a brief lead on it. He looks out forward as he speeds through the empty countryside, still blowing the whistle.

INT. STILTON'S CARRIAGE -- DAY

Guy sees Donnelson's train pulled up in the yards at East Conemaugh and bangs on the side of the carriage door.

GUY  
Stop here. Stop!

The carriage pulls up and Guy hops out.

EXT. EAST CONEMAUGH -- CONTINUOUS

Guy cuts across the tracks towards the train.

INT. PRIVATE TRAIN CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Guy comes in, startling Vickie.

VICKIE  
I don't want you here. Leave.

GUY  
Vickie, what is this all about?  
What is going on?

VICKIE  
I know about you and Delores and  
(foreign accent on  
the name)  
*Jonguil*. And I know what you did to  
Sean. You're despicable. You disgust  
me. Now get out.

GUY  
Vickie -- I don't know who told you  
what, but I don't know any Delores  
or...whatever her name is. Someone  
has been telling you stories and I  
think Sean Patrick put them up to  
it. He warned me he'd do whatever  
he had to do to get you. He's  
absolutely crazy for money.

VICKIE  
No, I don't believe you.

She starts to take the engagement ring off her finger.

VICKIE (CONT'D)  
And you can take this. I certainly  
don't want it.

He puts his hands over hers to stop her.

GUY  
No, don't do that. You know there  
are two sides to every story, wait  
until you hear both.



She pulls her hands away and crosses her arms.

GUY (CONT'D)

Tell me what happened so I can find  
a way to prove to you I'm telling  
the truth. Talk to me. That's all  
I'm asking.

She glares angrily, turning away from him.

EXT. COUNTRY BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

The main body of the flood reaches the bridge pushing a mass  
of debris to join the jam already there.

As the main flood reaches the makeshift dam where it's bottled  
up for a few moments, the rising water inexorably increasing  
the pressure on the bridge which holds, holds...then explodes  
in a shower of brick, the flood jumping ahead with greater  
speed than ever.

INT. ENGINE CAB -- CONTINUOUS

Just above the East Conemaugh yards, Sean sees the track  
ahead has been washed out, tipped over above the rushing  
water. He barely stops the train in time, the workers  
staring. He starts the whistle and ties it down so it keeps  
blasting.

EXT. EAST CONEMAUGH -- CONTINUOUS

Sean hops down and sprints towards the workers.

SEAN

The South Fork dam has broken! The  
flood is coming! Get out of here!

They look puzzled and don't move then there's a RUMBLE from  
around the bend and they look.

ANGLE ON

The tree tops beyond the bend whip back and forth as a misty  
dark cloud rises to envelop them before they snap and  
disappear.

BACK TO SCENE

SEAN (CONT'D)

Run! Spread the warning!

Suddenly they all look as the flood comes into sight.

P.O.V. SEAN AND WORKMEN -- CONTINUOUS

The flood is a dark rolling malevolent mass not recognizable  
as water but simply a roiling black force sweeping all before  
it.

The top of the flood is able to move more quickly than the bottom which is retarded by the friction of the ground so that the front is an advancing waterfall of falling debris pounding the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

The workmen scatter while Sean runs full tilt towards the yard filled with trains, yelling at everyone he sees.

SEAN

Flood! Flood! Get up the hill!

People begin running, the express passenger train beginning to empty as the engineers blow the whistles and the passengers see the flood. Suddenly, Sean sees Donnelson's train at the far end of the yard and slows in shock then sprints for it.

INT. PRIVATE TRAIN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

GUY

I am telling you the truth. I can't believe you're being so naive. They're pulling the wool over your eyes.

She shakes her head slightly, not buying his story.

The door BANGS open and a wild-eyed Sean runs in out of breath.

VICKIE

Sean!

She starts towards him while Guy glares.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

I found the prostitute. I know it wasn't you.

Sean gasps for breath.

SEAN

Flood! We've got to get out.

VICKIE

What?

They can all hear the RUMBLE. Guy looks out the window.

P.O.V. GUY -- CONTINUOUS

The flood is closing on them.

BACK TO SCENE

GUY

God!

Guy pushes past them to reach the exit door.

SEAN

Too late. Get down, get down!

Sean grabs Vickie and pulls her down on the floor with him. He puts his arms around her and grasps one of the tables bolted to the floor.

VICKIE

Guy drugged you and hired the prostitutes. I found one of them.

SEAN

Don't let go.

VICKIE

I'll never let go.

EXT. EAST CONEMAUGH -- CONTINUOUS

Guy stops on the steps of the car.

P.O.V. GUY

The rushing flood explodes a building and tosses up an engine like a matchstick.

BACK TO SCENE

Terrified, Guy stumbles back up the steps into the car, slamming the door.

INT. PRIVATE TRAIN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

As Guy runs for the far end, he's sent tumbling as the car jolts backward then tilts to one side and flips over, Vickie screaming, Sean holding onto her with all his might.

EXT. EAST CONEMAUGH -- CONTINUOUS

The flood tumbles Donnelson's train with the other debris, the front rumbling on destroying everything in its path, not so high now but wider on the flats. People are holding onto all kinds of things trying to keep alive, some disappearing beneath the water, others being hit by objects, some lucky few getting to the side where people on the hillside pull them to safety. The water keeps coming and coming, inundating everything.

INT. PRIVATE TRAIN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

It's chaos, but it steadies momentarily, the car upside down.

GUY

(panicked)

We've got to get out of here!

He staggers to his feet, stumbling across the ceiling.

SEAN  
There's no where to go. Grab on to something.

Suddenly, the car splits open, the far end breaking off, the end they're on having the top ripped away.

EXT. RAFT -- CONTINUOUS

Sean and Vickie find themselves riding a piece of the car as a large raft in the churning flood. Guy is in the water grasping the edge of the raft.

GUY  
Help! Help!

SEAN  
Hold on, I'll get you!  
(to Vickie)  
Can you hang on?

She nods, clinging to a fixture on the ceiling. Sean crawls down to Guy and grabs him by the collar, pulling him back up onto the raft which is awash. As Guy frantically climbs over him and grabs onto another fixture, a violent wrench tosses Sean out of the car into the water. In a moment, he bursts to the surface a few feet from the raft, floundering.

VICKIE  
Sean, Sean!  
(to Guy)  
Help him. Go and grab him!

Guy ignores her, clinging to his handhold. She crawls down to the end of the raft.

SEAN  
(to Vickie)  
Get back. Don't try it. Hold on to something.

She ignores him and holds out her right hand for Sean to grab onto.

VICKIE  
You can reach it.

She has a precarious perch, trying to hold on with her free hand while she stretches to Sean. The water pushes him closer and he grabs her wrist.

VICKIE (CONT'D)  
(to Guy)  
I've got him. Grab my hand and pull us in!

Guy doesn't move.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

Pull us in!

Guy carefully moves down and as he cautiously takes Vickie's left wrist in one hand, she lets go of her hold, relying on Guy to hold her.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

That's it.  
(to Sean)  
We've got you.

Guy is just holding her arm.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

Pull me, I can't get him in.

GUY

Why did you go looking for that whore?  
She should have kept her mouth shut.

VICKIE

What? Pull, will you!

Guy braces himself with his feet and while holding her wrist with one hand, he slips off the diamond engagement ring from her finger.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Pull us!

GUY

I can't let you ruin me with your  
father.

He lets go of her wrist, Vickie instantly falling into the swirling water with Sean.

EXT. FLOOD WATERS -- CONTINUOUS

Sean grabs Vickie and holds her as they're carried along swiftly, watching the raft float away from them towards the bridge seen at the beginning of the film.

EXT. RAFT -- CONTINUOUS

Guy stares at them with an anguished expression.

GUY

(calling)  
I had to do it. It's my life.

Guy looks at the ring and slides it on his pinkie to keep it safe.

Suddenly, out of the water next to the bridge support, Donnelson's locomotive shoots up like a rocket and arcs over the car, Guy looking up in horror and uselessly putting up his hands as if he can fend it off, the ring prominent.

P.O.V. GUY

The black mass of metal descends on him and Guy's SCREAM is abruptly CUT OFF.

EXT. FLOOD WATERS -- CONTINUOUS

Guy and the raft are obliterated, vanishing in a geyser of water.

VICKIE

Oh my god!

As the water falls back, it raises a wave that catches Sean and Vickie and propels them out of the main current of the flood towards the shoreline.

SEAN

Kick for the shore! We can make it.

With one arm linked to keep them together, they kick and paddle for the shoreline. All around them in the chaos, living people and animals struggle while the peaceful dead are tossed aimlessly. Crowds up on the hill thrust all kinds of objects into the flood for people near the shoreline to grab onto, pulling the lucky few to safety.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN SHORELINE -- CONTINUOUS

A MAN with a rope runs alongside where Sean and Vickie are being carried next to the shore and manages to throw it ahead of them. Using one hand each while they keep holding one another, they grab it and the man pulls them into shore, helping them up out of danger where they lay gasping with exhaustion.

VICKIE

(to the man)

You saved our lives.

MAN

I've got to help others.

SEAN

Go, thank you.

The man runs down the bank to help more people. Sean wipes Vickie's hair away from her face and tears come to her eyes. They sit up, breathing hard. They look at one another and embrace, suddenly laughing, made slightly hysterical from their ordeal, quickly stopping. They break and look at one another.

VICKIE  
Are you ever going to stop saving my  
life?

SEAN  
(beat)  
You came for me.

VICKIE  
I found one of the prostitutes and  
she told me everything. Guy hired  
them and paid the bartender to drug  
you. She thinks he did the fire,  
too.

She looks out into the raging water.

VICKIE (CONT'D)  
He was evil. Truly evil.

SEAN  
Trying to kill us, he saved our lives.

Vickie puts her arms around Sean, breathing hard. Sean  
comforts her.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
We're all right, everything's okay.

They break apart, Vickie wiping her eyes and straining to  
smile. They look out at the terrible flood.

P.O.V. SEAN AND VICKIE

The wall of water is bursting innumerable buildings, some  
shattering, others being lifted off their foundations to go  
swirling along in the flood, a few of the sturdier brick  
ones withstanding the onslaught.

BACK TO SCENE

VICKIE  
The poor people. It's horrible.

They rise to their feet. As they look, a WOMAN holding on  
to two small children, a crying boy TODDLER and a little  
GIRL mute with terror, head towards them riding a portion of  
a roof. Sean is instantly galvanized, looking for something  
to stick out to have her grab. He picks up a board and gets  
down at the water's edge sticking it out.

SEAN  
(to the woman)  
Grab it, grab it!

She's close to the shoreline but is unwilling to let go of  
her children.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
You can do it. Grab on.

The woman is frozen with fear and suddenly the wood they're on hits something and tips, throwing the three of them into the flood. Sean instantly leaps in the water and swims to intercept them.

EXT. FLOOD WATERS -- CONTINUOUS

Sean grabs the woman who is clutching the toddler, the little girl being carried away faster, helpless to fight the current but still unwilling to cry out. Sean holds onto the woman and the child and kicks for shore.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN SHORELINE -- CONTINUOUS

Vickie runs along the bank next to the little girl. Vickie looks back to where Sean is getting close to shore. The little girl disappears beneath the water then suddenly pops up gagging and flailing. Vickie jumps into the water.

EXT. FLOOD WATERS -- CONTINUOUS

Vickie swims to the little girl who grabs around Vickie's neck up on her back while Vickie tries to direct their movement back to shore through the powerful current.

VICKIE  
Hang on to me, don't let go. Keep  
your arms around my neck.

It's hopeless and they're swiftly carried farther out into the flood being swept away.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN SHORELINE -- CONTINUOUS

Sean manages to get on shore, pulling out the woman and the child, people coming with blankets to care for them. Sean runs downstream looking for Vickie. The flood is filled with its cargo, but he sees no sign of Vickie or the girl.

SEAN  
Vickie! Vickie! Vickie!

There's no answer and he frantically continues to scan the waters and CALL, but there's no one to answer.

EXT. FLOOD WATERS -- CONTINUOUS

THE CAMERA slides away from him on the water, his figure growing smaller as he continues to search desperately for Vickie who is nowhere to be seen. His wounded CALLS BECOME MUFFLED and then the SOUND GROWS SILENT as THE CAMERA moves away serenely in the midst of the flood.



FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. FLOOD DEBRIS -- LATER

The flood has passed, the low-lying part of town destroyed, grim crowds moving among the soggy debris looking for survivors but finding mostly the dead.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN SHORELINE -- CONTINUOUS

Sean trudges along the shoreline looking everywhere for his lost love, heartbroken and terrified. Back from the shoreline, rescuers have set up a makeshift medical station and Sean scans the mix of badly injured and not so injured, all of them traumatized, none of them Vickie. He sees the woman and toddler he saved being taken care of at a medical station, but he's too wrought-up to stop, heading down the shore constantly scanning for Vickie, getting near the bridge which has remained intact with a huge pile of wood and junk piled against it, smoke drifting out from various spots, people working on it to pull out survivors trapped in the wreckage. As Sean moves disconsolately, he sees a WOMAN leading the girl that Vickie jumped in to save and he runs to them.

SEAN  
(to the girl)  
You're alive!

WOMAN  
Are you her father?

SEAN  
No, I was in the water with her. I  
was with her mother and little  
brother.

GIRL  
(scared)  
Are they...

Her lip trembles, unable to say what she's thinking. Sean puts a hand on her shoulder and crouches in front of her.

SEAN  
No, no, we got to shore. They're  
fine. Don't worry, they're just  
fine.

WOMAN  
Where are they, do you know?

SEAN  
They're up the river at that first  
medical station.  
(to the girl)  
The woman who was with you -- what  
happened to her?

WOMAN

Oh my. Are you a friend of hers?

Sean gets up.

SEAN

She's my... Where is she?

The little girl points towards the bridge.

WOMAN

I'm so sorry.

Sean feels himself dropping.

SEAN

She's dead...

WOMAN

Oh no, not that. I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. But...

(pointing to the bridge)

Do you see the men there, by the near end? They're trying to get her out.

Sean starts moving away.

SEAN

Thank you, thank you.

(to the girl)

I'm so glad you're all right, but I've got to go.

(to the woman)

You'll get her to her mother?

The woman nods, holding the little girl's hand.

GIRL

Mister, tell her again thank you for saving my life. Tell her I'm praying for her.

Sean is alarmed, nods and begins running.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN BRIDGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Sean runs out on the bridge stopping where a small group of men are standing on the pile of debris peering downward. The smoke from the far end of the pile is thicker, most of the rescuers working on that end. The track is twisted with wreckage strewn across it. Sean sees Will, his buddy from the Cambria plant.

SEAN

(calling)

Will!

WILL

Sean.

Sean vaults the wall and starts out on the pile and Will cautions him.

WILL (CONT'D)

(putting up his hand)

Stay back, it's dangerous.

He keeps coming, walking cautiously.

SEAN

The girl down there is a friend of mine.

Will nods.

WILL

Vickie Donnelson.

Sean bends down.

SEAN

Vickie! Vickie!

INT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

Vickie, bedraggled and scared, is buried deep in the pile, an angled steel beam across her midsection pinning her in place against a large piece of wood. Looking up, she sees a jumble of debris with small patches of sky. She hears Sean CALLING her name.

VICKIE

Sean, is that you?

EXT. JOHNSTOWN BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

SEAN

Vickie, yes, I'm here. I'll get you out.

VICKIE (O.S.)

Sean, please hurry.

SEAN

I will, I will. Hang on.

He stands up and Will looks grim.

WILL

(quietly)

I went down there to bring up the little girl she saved.

(beat)

She's pinned in by a steel beam.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

I don't think she's injured, but there's no way to get her out in time. The pile's on fire down that end. There's just nothing we can do for her.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Sean. We have to save as many as we can.

(to the other rescuers)

Let's move down to that end.

They start off, but Sean stops Will.

SEAN

I can't leave her.

WILL

I understand. Good luck.

SEAN

I need someone to help me -- stay.

Will looks at the others carefully moving off the pile onto the bridge. He doesn't want to stay.

WILL

Sean -- it's hopeless.

SEAN

We don't know. We may be able to shift something under her, take her out from the bottom.

WILL

(shaking his head)

It's solid below her. You'd have to cut the beam on top of her and there's no way. If we had everyone out here, we still might not be able to get it off her. And we couldn't get more than two or three down there without risking having this whole thing collapse on her. It's impossible. I'm sorry.

SEAN

It's not impossible, it can't be. She risked her life to save that little girl. We've got to try something.

WILL

There are a lot of people trapped here, Sean. We've got to save who we can.

SEAN  
What about getting one of the engines  
out here and using it to lift the  
beam?

WILL  
The track is wrecked, the engines  
are derailed...

Sean is lost in thought.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Sean, there's just no way.

SEAN  
What about the motor?

WILL  
I told you, the engines are...

SEAN  
No, I mean the electric hoist.

WILL  
The hoist?

SEAN  
It's got enough power to lift a beam.  
That's what we designed it for. If  
we can get it out here and run  
lines...

WILL  
That might work.

Sean bends down to talk to Vickie down below.

SEAN  
Vickie, we're getting the electric  
hoist from Cambria to lift that beam  
off you.

INT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

VICKIE  
Sean, I smell smoke. How can there  
be smoke in this mess?

EXT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

SEAN  
(lying to keep her  
calm)  
Don't worry about that, it's just  
some charcoal smoldering down at the  
far end. Will and I are going right  
now to get the hoist. You'll be all  
right?

VICKIE (O.S.)  
Do you have anything I could read?

Sean is shocked by her question.

VICKIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It was a joke.

He's relieved she's calm enough to joke.

SEAN  
I'm glad you're so calm.

INT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

VICKIE  
I'm not calm, I'm going crazy.

SEAN (O.S.)  
Just hang on, we'll get you out.

VICKIE  
Then get going.

EXT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

SEAN  
Vickie, I...  
(he wants to tell her  
he loves her, but...)  
I'll get you out.

VICKIE (O.S.)  
Not if you're standing there. Go,  
will you.

Sean stands up and starts off the pile, Will following.

WILL  
That's one gritty girl.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

When they reach the tracks, Sean takes the lead in the sprint for the Cambria Iron plant, Will trying to keep up.

EXT. CAMBRIA IRON PLANT -- YARD -- MOMENTS LATER

The plant beyond the bridge is relatively untouched.

SEAN  
Will -- find a horse and a cart and  
I'll meet you at the electric plant.

Will veers off while Sean heads for the main offices.

INT. CAMBRIA IRON PLANT -- LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Sean comes into the main office building and begins unstringing the wiring connecting the electrical lamps running along the gas piping just as it did in the theatre.

EXT. CAMBRIA IRON PLANT -- YARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Will has a horse and a wagon at the electric plant as Sean arrives with two huge spools of wire over each shoulder.

WILL  
Where'd you get all that?

SEAN  
In the offices.

WILL  
They didn't need electric lights  
anyway.

Sean drops the wire.

SEAN  
Let's get the hoist.

EXT. CAMBRIA IRON PLANT -- YARD -- MOMENTS LATER

They strain to carry the hoist to the wagon, the drum with thick wire cable wrapped around it, a large hook on the end. With a mighty heave they get it in the wagon.

SEAN  
Can you get this out there yourself?

Will nods.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
I'll run the wiring.

Sean picks up the wiring and heads back inside the electrical plant while Will climbs in the wagon and gets the horse moving.

INT. CAMBRIA IRON PLANT -- ELECTRICAL PLANT -- MOMENTS LATER

Sean has the steam engine running and then goes to the generator which is whirring as the belt from the steam engine turns it. He strips one end of the wiring from one spool and connects it to the generator then does the same with the other spool. He finds the other ends of the two huge spools and carefully brings them close to one another, a SPARK arcing between them. Satisfied, he carefully picks up each spool on a shoulder and, walking backwards awkwardly, begins unwinding them as he goes out of the plant.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN BRIDGE -- MOMENTS LATER

The smoke is much closer to Vickie, the rescuers working frantically to get out anyone they can. Will has the wagon backed up to the edge of the bridge and Sean attaches the wires to the hoist, glancing at the fire.

SEAN

We've got to hurry.

He turns the control lever and the cable begins to unwind.

WILL

We have to secure it somehow.

SEAN

Get it out of the wagon and we'll use some of the rail spikes to nail it to a tie.

Letting it half fall, they get it out and Sean runs down to where the track has been twisted and gets a number of spikes, picking up a length of two-by-four and bringing them back. They put spikes through the bolt holes in the base and Sean uses the piece of wood to drive them down into the tie. It seems firm. Sean takes the end of the cable and wraps it over a shoulder and across his chest and holds it in place with the hook.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You've got the controls?

WILL

I'm set.

Sean climbs over the railing onto the pile.

EXT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

He carefully makes his way out to the hole where he was talking to Vickie and he hears her CALLING:

VICKIE (O.S.)

Sean, is that you?

He bends down by the hole.

SEAN

We've got the hoist. I'm coming down.

INT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

VICKIE

I can see flames, Sean.



SEAN (O.S.)  
I'll have you out in a minute. Don't  
worry.

VICKIE  
Be careful. The whole thing is  
creaking.

EXT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

Sean eases into the hole as Will slowly lets the cable unwind.

INT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

Sean weaves his way down through the piles of debris CALLING:

SEAN  
Vickie!

VICKIE (O.S.)  
Here, I'm over here.

He keeps on downward until he can see her, the long steel  
beam angled across her, one end disappearing in the depths,  
the other jutting up some fifteen feet from where she is.  
He heads to her first. She reaches up and they grasp hands.

VICKIE (CONT'D)  
My hero -- again.

The FLAMES CRACKLE near them, visible through the pile.

SEAN  
Let's get to it.

He tries to pull away, but she holds his hand.

VICKIE  
Sean -- if this doesn't work...

SEAN  
It will work, don't worry.

VICKIE  
Kiss me.

Sean bends and they kiss, holding on. Slowly, they break,  
holding hands.

VICKIE (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

SEAN  
Vickie -- I love you.

VICKIE  
I love you, too. I've loved you  
from the moment I saw you.

SEAN  
I'll get you out.

He kisses her again, quickly, they smile, and reluctantly let go of each other's hand.

Sean worms through the debris to the end of the beam. He wraps the cable around the beam and fixes it with the hook, checking it as well as possible.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
(calling)  
Will, are you ready?

WILL (O.S.)  
I'm set.

SEAN  
Slowly now, not too fast.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Will moves the knob and the drum begins turning, the cable going taut, the hoist beginning to strain, Will worried about it breaking loose from the tie.

INT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

The cable TWANGS as it pulls, the beam beginning to inch up, CREAKS AND GROANS from the pile beginning. The CRACKLE of flames is louder and Sean looks towards Vickie.

She struggles to slide out, moving a bit but still trapped.

Sean pushes at the beam end to help the hoist, the beam moving up, the protests from the debris pile at the other end getting louder. Sean pushes harder and the beam goes upward. Something CRASHES downward at the far end of the beam which tilts up more.

Vickie twists and turns to force herself out from under the beam, squeezing free and scrambling away from it.

VICKIE  
I'm out! I'm free!

An elated Sean stands and takes a step towards her. Suddenly the entire pile shudders and then drops a few feet, Sean and Vickie trying to keep on their feet.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Will watches the pile subsiding, pulling on the cable. Suddenly, the hoist breaks free from the rail spikes holding it and is pulled up over the side of the bridge to crash into the pile, Will ducking to not be hit.

INT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

The beam begins sliding and the cable catches Sean in the back, knocking him forward with the beam as it slides downward into a hole that's opened into the blackness below.

Vickie is horrified to see Sean falling.

VICKIE

Sean!

She reaches towards him and he puts out his hand but there's no chance of their reaching one another. Sean grabs helplessly at the junk as the beam, slipped free of the cable to take other debris with it, falls into the hole and disappears, carrying Sean down with it.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

Sean! Sean!

From below, there are CRASHES of junk, ending in a distant SPLASH.

EXT. JOHNSTOWN BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

On the bridge, Will vaults onto the pile heedless of the danger, making his way towards where the cable goes down.

WILL

Sean! Vickie!

INT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

Vickie glances up as Will's muffled voice comes through

WILL (O.S.)

Sean! Vickie! Where are you? Where are you!

She doesn't know what to say or do, staring downward where Sean disappeared. The hole is blackness. She moves to the edge, steels herself, then drops into the hole, vanishing downward.

EXT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

The pile is a rickety mess around Will as he begins pulling at the debris around the cable, frantic to find Sean and Vickie. He struggles with the tangled pile of junk, more compacted than ever. Suddenly, hope leaves him and he sits down.

WILL

Sean... Vickie...

INT. RIVER -- CONTINUOUS

Dark swirling water, something primeval, nearly impenetrable, but then a faint light, a growing brightness, rising upward towards the light, faster, faster...

EXT. RIVER -- CONTINUOUS

Vickie bursts to the surface of the foul water, gasping, holding onto an unconscious Sean, swimming for the shore with one arm while holding his head out of the water.

EXT. DEBRIS PILE -- CONTINUOUS

Will jumps to his feet as he sees her below in the river.

WILL

Vickie!

He hurries from the debris pile to get to her on the bank.

EXT. RIVERBANK -- CONTINUOUS

Resolutely, Vickie pulls an unconscious Sean the last few yards to the riverbank and collapses in exhaustion as Will hurries towards them. He splashes into the water and pulls Sean up onto dry land then helps Vickie as she staggers out and reaches Sean. She puts her ear against his chest to listen for a heartbeat then puts her mouth against his and blows. Will jumps in and pushes on his stomach.

VICKIE

Sean, Sean, please wake up. Please!

They repeat the process several times, and then suddenly a GURGLING comes from Sean who rolls his head sideways as he coughs up some river water.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

(happily)

Sean! Sean!

His eyes open and he lies there dazed.

VICKIE (CONT'D)

Can you hear me? Sean!

SEAN

(dreamily)

Vickie? Victoria Donnelson?

She hugs him ecstatically.

WILL

I am so glad...

Sean awkwardly sits up, Vickie letting go for the moment as he comes back to himself, putting a hand to his head, wincing as he touches a bump. He looks at them, almost puzzled.

SEAN  
Was that real?

Vickie laughs with happiness.

WILL  
She saved your life, bud.

SEAN  
(smiling at Vickie)  
You saved my life?

VICKIE  
(smiling back)  
A few more times and we'll be even.

He puts his arms around her and they kiss, Will smiling as he looks away then back to them kissing...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DONNELSON ESTATE -- GARDEN -- DAY

...Sean and Vickie are locked in a kiss, finally breaking to stare at one another rapturously, holding each other's hands.

PULL BACK to the finale of their wedding in the gardens of the Donnelson estate. Vickie is beautiful in resplendent white; Sean beams in his formal tux; Will is the best man; Sean's mother wipes her eyes; Soos and Gertie are ring bearers, Gertie whispering something to Soos to make her laugh; David Donnelson and his wife are happy enough; brother Tom sits with a beautiful girl holding his arm; John for once can't serve, sitting on an aisle seat so he can stretch out his leg set in a cast; Mrs. Willey claps delightedly. The newlyweds come down the aisle as a string quartet to one side plays. Everyone gets up to follow, happy, laughing...

There is a distant RUMBLE of thunder and the mood of the entire party instantly changes as everyone looks at the sky with apprehension. Like an aroused beehive, everyone begins moving quickly, Sean and Vickie leading the way as the entire party hurries across the patio and into the house.

The people get inside, the doors are SLAMMED shut, there's a FLASH of lightning, a loud CRASH of thunder, and the rain begins to fall.

The water pools and a small trickle begins running through the soil...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EXCAVATION -- DAY

...a trickle of water runs through the mud around the ring and skeletal finger at the river excavation site.

Others have joined Jack and Lou, one of them an ANTHROPOLOGIST who is beginning to uncover the whole hand of the skeleton with a small trowel.

ANTHROPOLOGIST

It's definitely from the flood. The skeleton is in such good condition because it was kept from the air in the mud.

As he carefully uncovers the whole hand, it becomes obvious that the ring is on the skeleton's pinkie, not the ring finger.

LOU

Huh. I guess it's not an engagement ring.

ANTHROPOLOGIST

Certainly looks like one.

JACK

(to the anthropologist)

We want to do the right thing here, but time is money. Can you get it wrapped up in a couple of hours if I get you a crew?

ANTHROPOLOGIST

Shouldn't be a problem. I'll let you know as soon as we have it out, Mr. Patrick.

The great-grandson of Sean and Vickie contemplates the hand of Guy Mansley reduced to bone, the diamond fresh and vibrant in the mud, then...

JACK

Life goes on. Let's find some work to do.

They move off.

CLOSE UP

The diamond, down into its engulfing brilliance that expands to become the impenetrable...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END