

FADE IN:

## ACT I

SCENE OVERTURE OPENING - INT. CHOCOLATIER - DAY

### SONG - MUSICAL OVERTURE

PAUL STEINER enters a crowded upscale Chocolate shop with a bouquet of white roses under one arm. A large sign "A TASTE OF HEAVEN" announces the shop's name. The chocolatier is entirely white ornate wood work with white marble floors. There are several marble display/tasting pedestals throughout the store, each holds clear domed serving platters with mirrored bases on which the small detailed colorful chocolates rest. Mirrors throughout the shop give the impression of infinite space while reflecting the patrons.

The MUSICAL OVERTURE plays as PAUL walks amongst the pedestals surveying the many colored highly crafted offerings.

PAUL'S wife, CARLY STEINER, is heard in voice over.

CARLY (V.O.)

There's new chocolatier on  
5th..everyone is raving about it.  
I'm not hinting PAUL, I had some at  
Margaret's and I think they'll  
really make a success of that  
business...I just detest it's so  
expensive.

PAUL lifts a dome, places it at the side of a pedestal, grabs a handful of small pink chocolates, eats them, and looks skyward.

PAUL

(closing his eyes,  
smiling)

So that's what heaven is? Worth  
every penny...

PAUL reaches for another handful but feels instead the glass dome. He open his eyes. A CHOCOLATE SALESMAN has replaced the dome and has his hand atop it, but then gently lifts the dome with a gesture of invitation.

CHOCOLATE SALESMAN

They are best taken one at a time.

CUT TO:

## SCENE 1.1 - INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

A TEACHER is smiling with great charisma wearing a white shirt, sleeves rolled up, and a black tie without a suit coat.

TEACHER  
Does anyone know the  
answer...Anyone?

The class of 12 yr.old students aren't raising their hands.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
I see...the students are often only  
as good as the teacher though,  
(hopefully)  
Ms. Bloom? Care to wager a  
guess?...Mr. Hall perhaps?

Beginning to walk between the desks, the TEACHER stops halfway back to marvel at a boy in the second to last row, young PAUL STEINER, who's stacked the entire contents of his pencil box into scaffolding. PAUL is attempting to place a final pencil into a balanced position as the teacher folds his arms in amusement. The class is all noticing the TEACHER has discovered PAUL who is focused and oblivious.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
(to PAUL)  
Mr. STEINER...do you know the  
answer? Mr. Steiner...if you can  
hear me, how do you propose to take  
notes when all of your pencils are  
consumed in that elegant  
configuration?

There is no response. The TEACHER walks towards PAUL who has finally placed the last pencil in balance and is beginning to take his hand away. The edifice crumbles and PAUL closes his hand quickly around the uppermost pencil as the other ones fall to the floor. The STUDENTS look to the TEACHER for his reaction at the mess and disruption.

PAUL  
(eyes and attention  
immediately to the  
teacher)  
I have one now Sir!

The classroom erupt in LAUGHTER.

TEACHER

I see you do Mr. Steiner. Okay kids, okay, Simmer down. Mr. Steiner it appears you may have been listening after all. It also appears you are disrupting my class.

PAUL

Yes Sir- the square root of five.

TEACHER

Excuse me?

PAUL

The answer sir - two squares atop each other with sides 1 unit each. The diagonal of the one square is the square root of 2 and of both squares then the square root of 5.

TEACHER

Extraordinary Mr. Steiner, good boy! Did you hear that class? At this point I'd like to affirm that the students are often only as good as the teacher!

The class erupts again the TEACHER walks back to his podium.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Mr. Steiner, if you'd be good enough to clean up your mess.

PAUL

Yes sir.

PAUL scurries to collect his things. A young girl, CARLY RHODES, who is sitting behind him in the last row, gets up as well and begins to assist him.

TEACHER

MS. RHODES- that I'll do. Mr. Steiner's mess is his own.

CARLY hands the pencils to PAUL.

PAUL

Thanks Carly.

CARLY

Sure PAUL.

PAUL smiles at her and she at him and then takes his seat.

TEACHER

Mr. Steiner you were asked to clean  
up - yes?

PAUL

Yes sir.

TEACHER

Were you asked to sit back down?

PAUL

No sir. Sorry sir.

TEACHER

Then...please join me.

PAUL

Up there?

TEACHER

Yes up here.

PAUL gets up and walks slowly towards the podium. The TEACHER pulls his own chair from the desk and places it under the chalkboard, picks up PAUL and places him on the chair facing the class. PAUL surveys the class and the teacher unsure of his punishment. The class is silent. The TEACHER gently places a piece of chalk in PAUL'S hand.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

(quietly to PAUL only)

PAUL (beat) Teach them.

PAUL

Me?

TEACHER

Yes you son- you may succeed where  
I have fallen short. You're goanna  
do big things. Leave the pencils -  
(motioning to the class)  
And build -them...But remember: the  
students are often only as good as  
the teacher - teach them.

**SONG - (sung by TEACHER): TEACH ME, TEACH THEM-** as PAUL goes on teaching the class and CARLY can be seen listening intently.

## SCENE 1.2 - EXT. BACK PORCH BURNHAM MANSION - NIGHT

yeahrs later, CARLY, now a young woman wearing formal gown, opens the French doors leading from the BURNHAM Estate to a patio which is glowing grey under the moon. CARLY finds PAUL alone at the far end of the patio looking out over the expansive lawns. CARLY walks quietly towards him pulling her gown up a few inches to protect it from the dew on the cold polished stone veranda. PAUL moves hearing the footsteps yet keeps his gaze far off over the moonlit fields.

CARLY

There you are. They'll be  
announcing the winner soon PAUL.

PAUL puts his hands in his pockets and begins rocking on the balls of his feet.

PAUL

Yeah.

CARLY

Sweetheart, you've been working on this for so long. No one can even come close to your work. There's no one going home with the first place prize but you - you know it.

PAUL

Do I?

CARLY

Yes you do. Maybe you've forgotten - so I'm here to remind you. We've been waiting for 4 long yeahrs - this is your night - this bridge design competition and award dinner are just a formality in my mind.

PAUL

Well that's your mind, not theirs. Maybe they're just not ready for it. I didn't take the safe route. My bridge may offend their sensibilities. The design jury is made of those old establishment crows who like wearing these silly clothes.

PAUL sticks his finger inside his rented tux collar as if to let some of the sweet night air and let out some of his own rare self doubt.

PAUL (CONT'D)

They decide my future tonight, not me.

CARLY

Nonsense - you decided it long ago PAUL, long before when we met.

PAUL

Look at this place Carly. This is the big time. Look at how far these people have come... What if...just what if, what if the name they announce isn't mine. Then what?

CARLY

Then we'll just take it one step at a time.

PAUL

I promised you I'd win this, we'd get married, I promised a lot of big things didn't I? Big things...I just never considered this would work out any other way.

CARLY

And that's because you shouldn't have considered anything else - they can't touch you.

CARLY moves behind PAUL and puts her hand on his shoulder.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Your dream is coming true tonight - and...and well...if...just if...some crazy group of silly old men don't open the door for you tonight - it doesn't mean there aren't other men - other doors - your dream needs to come true...and it will...its who you are PAUL  
(beat) My gosh PAUL you got to know you're that good.

CARLY moves around in front of him, taking his hand and pressing up against him, raising his fingers to her cheek as to not mess her lipstick.

PAUL

I know what they want to see. I could have played it safe Carly.  
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

I've got this damn grand vision though - they just might not be ready for my designs - my dreams...me. Most of what we accept today was initially a change that wasn't well received by the establishment...even reviled - you said it's my night? My time? Maybe it is my time...for that.

CARLY

They are ready for you Paul. They'll see what I see in the man before me - a genius.

PAUL

(turning away, distracted)  
They have to see it! It's incredibly beautiful, a new approach, a new way to distribute the structural loads; it's the most beautiful thing - the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

Carly tries to keep smiling, motoring though the unintentional put down gracefully. PAUL walks back to the short stone patio with his eyes on the shadows of the moon cast by the large oaks in the middle of the expansive open areas of the lawns and begins to rock on his feet again. He picks up the bottle of Champagne from the shadows and takes several large gulps and hands it to CARLY who refuses it with a smile. She takes the bottle from him and places it back in the shadow of the stone wall, then grabs both his hands. PAUL pulls back in preoccupation and sits upon the dewy stone wall, glancing up at the brightest stars, the only ones still visible in the substantial white glow of the full moon.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(skyward, to the stars not  
blotted out)  
Inextinguishable...even in the face  
of the silvery white deluge...

PAUL straightens his back placing his hands on his knees staring at the stars while CARLY looks of the strength of his full neck as he gazes upward. Very ordinary herself, CARLY marvels at the beauty bestowed upon her tall, symmetric man. PAUL'S chin lowers and his gaze returns to CARLY'S.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You are not to quieted like the lesser stars above, now hidden, and unlike them, who fight to be seen in the once a month torment of the moons waxing, yours is a consistent and constant endeavour.

CARLY

That's lovely PAUL. Where's that from?

PAUL

Its from right now - I love you.

CARLY

And right now its time. Come in with me to collect your destiny - I've always loved you Paul, and always will.

PAUL considers CARLY as if taking inventory.

PAUL

Carly...the hardest part of dreaming...the hardest part of dreaming...is getting the others to change their mind.

The music starts.

CARLY

No sweetheart. The hardest part of dreaming is believing...believing in what you were meant to be from the start.

**SONG (sung by CARLY) - THE DREAMER YOU BECOME**

CARLY (CONT'D)

(After the song, kissing)  
Now go in there and get what's yours.

## SCENE 1.3 - INT. BURNHAM'S STUDY - NIGHT

Later that night at the award dinner, John H. BURNHAM, of BURNHAM and Associates, who runs the annual Burnham Bridge Design Competition to attract new talent, and head of one of the most prestigious design and construction firms in the country, is seated in his wingback chair behind his desk in the living room of his estate surrounded by his firms inner circle and some other jury members. The sounds of the party crescendo as the door to the study opens and PAUL is ushered into the room backward, his attention on the revelers and a bottle of champagne from which he takes a large gulp.

VARIOUS PARTY GOERS (O.S.)  
 Congratulations Steiner! Another  
 toast! To the winner!

PAUL, his tuxedo tie undone and cumberbun disheveled, waves and turns around to see the stoic faces. PAUL realizes he is with the inner circle and in the presence of Mr. BURNHAM so he hands the champagne bottle to a man standing next to him. PAUL begins straightening his tie.

PAUL  
 (mildly drunk)  
 Excuse me everyone.

BURNHAM  
 Having fun Paul?

PAUL  
 Yes. Forgive me.

BURNHAM  
 PAUL - these are the associates  
 behind BURNHAM and Associates.

PAUL  
 Sir, associates - I can't begin to  
 express my gratitude for selecting  
 my bridge and\_\_

BURNHAM  
 (interrupting)  
 Well don't express it then because  
 we're not done and you'll have to  
 start over. You're hired Mr.  
 Steiner. Join us - all of us.

**SONG (sung by BURNAHAM and ENSEMBLE)- SURROUND YOURSELF**

## SCENE 1.4 - EXT. BACK PORCH BURNHAM MANSION - NIGHT

As the party is dissipating and the patrons spill from the front door to the driveway, PAUL grabs CARLY'S hand and takes her the other direction towards the now deserted areas near the back of the house and out the French doors to the quiet of the patio where she found him before.

PAUL  
Here we are again.

CARLY  
Yes PAUL...here we are.

PAUL  
I just want to tell you Carly, in quiet, away from them, away from the world, how grateful I am for what you've done for me tonight.

CARLY  
I did nothing PAUL - this is your night from what you alone did.

PAUL  
Untrue. You worked while I went to school and stuck with me. You allowed this Carly. You reminded me tonight, here - when I doubted myself. It... I... couldn't be without you.

CARLY  
PAUL you are a rare talent and it would have been. I just love you is all (beat) I am sorry for only one thing.

PAUL  
What is it?

CARLY  
That I am such a plain girl PAUL.

PAUL  
Nonsense!

CARLY  
Oh there's no use in pleasantries. You can't tell a girl about her own face. (beat) I can change the way I walk across the veranda,

She takes a few steps gracefully like on a catwalk.

CARLY (CONT'D)

A person can change what they know,

CARLY places her hand on her chin in mock thought.

CARLY (CONT'D)

the square root of five...

THEY laugh, but then CARLY takes her hands, palms facing her hips, and slowly brings them up across her midsection, chest, and then framing her face says:

CARLY (CONT'D)

But this, this comes with the territory, prepackaged, I dress it up the best I can, but its just a plain girl with average figure in lipstick - I can't change it PAUL.

PAUL

And I adore every inch of it - who wants change?

CARLY

I do - you are such a beautiful man - such a winner - a beautiful success - I want you to feel that when you look at me (beat) and I know you never could.

PAUL

Nonsense.

CARLY

No - common sense. Colors and grandeur in the kingdom. In a sea of color you got grey my friend.

PAUL

(pulling her close,  
kissing)

What does it take it convince a girl?

CARLY

I don't know. It's more than kisses.

PAUL

(kissing her)

Really?

CARLY

Really. This is sure nice though.

PAUL

I thought actions spoke louder than words. I'll try the words then: I love you Carly. We are together for a reason - you heart is more beautiful than the lot of them Carly - no one can touch you. They can't touch you. You have real beauty - the real kind not reflected in the mirror. What I love is in you - not on you.

CARLY

That's pretty good Paul, really good. I'll get over it - And look at me - on your special night I've made it somehow about me!..Let's just go be happy. I don't think words could fix this malaise my handsome doctor.

PAUL

Really?

CARLY

(nodding and smiling  
pleasantly)

Hmm hmm.

PAUL

Try these,  
(he kneels down )  
Will you marry me?

CARLY

What!?

PAUL

They're only words - but will you marry me?

CARLY

Oh PAUL! PAUL are you sure!? Oh yes  
PAUL!

PAUL takes CARY'S hand and places the ring on it and then rises to her kisses.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You planned this my crafty man. You had a ring. You really do love me don't you?

PAUL

I do.

CARLY

I do. Oh those words - every girl wants to hear those words - what more could there be tonight - who is the winner tonight - I thought it was you?

PAUL

We are! It's us. It's us now - just a couple of forgetful people who need reminding it appears. From time to time will remind each other.

CARLY

PAUL, I'll be as pretty as I can be for you - I promise, and what I can't achieve you'll see in your beautiful children. They'll take after you.

PAUL

My wife is fixated on beauty! Wife - I'll call you wife now - It sounds good.

CARLY

It does - do it again.

PAUL

Sparingly - Remind me later!

CARLY

OH You!

PAUL

(pulling her closer)  
Now come over here and get what's yours.

CARLY

Words..things...people...do some really last forever?

PAUL

Yes - like the brightest stars  
above - even when challenged by the  
bewitching moon.

CARLY

You look extra beautiful in the  
moonlight. I'm suddenly forgetful.  
I could use a reminder.

SCENE 1.5 - INT. DINNER CLUB ENTER THE HALLIER'S - DAY

BURNHAM, PAUL, and CARLY are being seated at a table in an  
upscale N.Y. Dinner club. BURNHAM pulls out CARLY'S chair at  
the table for her.

BURNHAM

You look lovely Mrs. STEINER - I  
take it married life agrees with  
you.

CARLY

Thank-you. It does. This shows me  
what a kind man you are - I'm  
exhausted and can't look any better  
than\_\_

PAUL

(Interrupting)

A woman radiant - in love - my  
wife.

CARLY

A woman in a wrinkled dress,  
freshly unpacked, jet lagged,  
catching up, behind\_\_

BURNHAM

(Interrupting)

And lovely, simply lovely.

The sommeliers are pouring champagne for all and PAUL raises  
his glass.

PAUL

To BURNHAM, my new boss, and it  
appears, my new friend.

CARLY

To BURNHAM.

BURNHAM

(raising his glass to  
toast again)

To the newly weds with their  
intoxicating youth I love to  
remember, and it appears, my newest  
star at the firm - Mr. PAUL STEINER  
- may you leave your mark PAUL, may  
we together build many fine  
testaments that last into future  
generations.

PAUL

Here, Here!

CARLY

Lovely, Mr. BURNHAM.

They touch glasses which are replenished immediately by the  
staff in short white coats.

BURNHAM

And speaking of lasting testaments,  
any plans to expand the STEINER's?

PAUL

We have, and are diligently  
pursuing those ends.

BURNHAM

Mrs. STEINER, a preference for boy,  
or, sweet little darling girl, who  
you dress in miniature versions of  
your own clothes, who everyone  
comments on how her curls are just  
like mommy and her eyes just as  
pretty?

CARLY

(nodding in agreement,  
smiling)

Exactly - no preference whatsoever.

PAUL

Oh look at you two getting on so  
well - conspirators in the midst!

BURNHAM

You know if it's not a pretty girl,  
it will be a handsome boy, and the  
old man here would like to remind  
you of the strength and biblical  
proportions of the fine name Peter.

PAUL

(smiling)

As in Peter BURNHAM - not only  
conspiracy in the midst I see.

BURNHAM

Just a fine name and you'll need to  
pick - a seed planted sometimes  
take root.

CARLY

Peter is a strong name of typically  
good looking men.

BURNHAM

Quite.

PAUL

Look at you two - a conspirator and  
a sycophant.

BURNHAM

Just an old lonely man who was too  
busy building in stone to build the  
greatest thing of which he was  
capable - unable to pass on,  
weasels into to your dreams with  
the power of suggestion - is it so  
unseemly?

PAUL

Quite.

CARLY

Understandable.

PAUL

Et Tu Brute - Oh brother - I see  
the future in the crystal ball of  
my champagne glass.

BURNHAM

Better raise it up again - to a  
little girl - or to a little Peter -  
oh the suggestions, oh the seeds.

PAUL

Oh the drollness.

CARLY

Oh the Champagne!  
(toasting)  
To my two favorite men!

BURNHAM

Here Here!

BURNHAM's attention gets diverted to something happening behind the couples backs. They notice.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

And there is one of my least favorite men....

The couple turns to look over their shoulders. An extremely well dressed man is handing his overcoat and gloves to the steward revealing an overweight yet impeccably dressed man with slicked back manicured hair. He is large in presence, only partly due his 6 foot height and considerable belly covered by cumber bun and tuxedo. His wife is likewise removing her fur to reveal a tall framed perfectly figured beautiful woman with elegant long neck, wearing a tight fitting white satin dress cut low in the back: her back and neck neither hidden by her shiny black straight hair which is neatly worn up in bun - Such a spectacle that a few patrons are turning heads as well.

CARLY

She's so beautiful - who is she?

BURNHAM

His wife - ILIANA.

PAUL is silent.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

ILIANA HALLIER.

PAUL

That HALLIER? - Of HALLIER & Hardcott?

BURNHAM

Yes - my rival - our rival PAUL.

CARLY

What bad luck on such a nice night.

BURNHAM

Luck has little to do with it...

The HALLIER's enter the main room via a short staircase, BURNHAM with his right arm bent, hand upturned at his side, ILIANA with her hand, fingers together neatly, gently, placed delicately on top of his hand - hardly supportive, and hers hardly requiring such. Some heads turn.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

What an outwardly elegant couple.

PAUL is bewitched by her beauty and watches her enter without adding any words.

CARLY

They are like Royalty....or Movie Stars.....

BURNHAM

He is a sharp man....in many ways....with an ego as big as his belly.

Reaching the main dining floor ILIANA stops and turns around to look over her right shoulder, pausing looking back while HALLIER pauses to tug at each of his white cuffs, the light sparkling off his cufflinks, as she, turns to the other side as if looking for someone or something. PATRONS can see the elegant form twisting and revealing her beautiful back and neck, the turn accentuating her full figured chest cradled in the shiny material.

CARLY

My word. - look at his beautiful shoes.

PAUL

Good God, Look at her extraordinary set of...

CARLY shoots him a look turning away from the spectacle momentarily.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Pearls.

CARLY

Good recovery darling.....she is extraordinary - eclipsing.

BURNHAM

Bewitching.....with emphasis on the later syllables.

CARLY smiles at BURNHAM who winks at her shoring up the young plain girl with the kindness of an ally. PAUL turns toward them both and smiles, now he and his wife both face BURNHAM.

CARLY

(confidently)

Well it's just calling it as it is - she is exceptionally beautiful.

BURNHAM

Quite..... He needed something really good looking in his life .....its as though after a long career of creating ugly buildings that future generation must be forced to endure - he needed her as a distraction - something beautiful in a sea of poor construction, and poorer ethics. Maybe she serves as restitution.

The STEINER'S notice a change in BURNHAM's face now.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

Good Lord - he's seen us and is coming over.

BURNHAM raises a hand and smiles in recognition. The HALLIERS' walk up, ILIANA's hips almost directly at PAUL's face level inches away, and CARLY one seat removed, does not notice PAUL's delight as she is entranced with ILIANA'S stately profile.

HALLIER

BURNHAM Old Boy!

HALLIER says jovially in booming loud deep voice without extending his hand but with wide white toothed smile as ILIANA turns to BURNHAM's two guests and smiles with mouth closed.

BURNHAM

Mr. and Mrs. HALLIER - what a pleasure to see you.

ILIANA

The pleasure is ours Peter. Good evening.

BURNHAM

Mrs. HALLIER - you look stunning as always.

ILIANA

Thank you.

HALLIER

And You Pete, isn't that the same  
tie again, HAH!!

HALLIER has the habit of this loud self punctuating syllable often to add emphasis to his delivery of a barb or quip, always accompanied by a smile.

BURNHAM

(self-consciously)

I suppose it is. Fine Fashion can't  
be counted as my best asset.

HALLIER

As my inherent honesty is my flaw.

BURNHAM

Honesty is no flaw.

HALLIER

Well... Who gives a damn what you  
think!

HALLIER surveys the group to see if they realize his quip.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

Ha! HAH!!!

The STEINER's can't help but laugh at HALLIER's wit but quickly settle their faces to not break ranks with their friend BURNHAM. The tables nearby look at the man whose voice booms past them. BURNHAM's right hand begins to tremble - his typical reaction to stress - a stuttering of sorts and he places his hand down in his lap but CARLY and HALLIER notice. PAUL is looking up at ILIANA and she at him.

ILIANA

Peter I think your tie is lovely -  
it's classic, Rex.

BURNHAM smiles at her. HALLIER smiles - eyebrows raising and rolling his eyes.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

Peter who are your lovely guests?

BURNHAM

(embarrassed)

Forgive me everyone, Mr. and Mrs.  
HALLIER; allow me to introduce my  
newest partner and his lovely wife,  
Paul and Carly Steiner.

PAUL's eyebrows rise at the word partner. He and CARLY begin to rise and offer their hands, he to HALLIER, she to ILIANA.

HALLIER  
 (shaking his hand)  
 Don't rise. Please don't rise.  
 Pleasure to meet you - is it THE  
 PAUL STEINER? - THE PAUL STEINER?

Then THEY shake the other partners hands.

HALLIER (CONT'D)  
 and Ma'am...my pleasure.

ILIANA  
 Lovely handbag...

CARLY  
 Thanks.

ILIANA  
 (to PAUL)  
 Mr. STEINER.

PAUL  
 Please - call me PAUL.

ILIANA  
 PAUL then.

HALLIER  
 So this is the - The PAUL STEINER -  
 the bridge builder - the wunderkind

PAUL  
 Thank you Sir.

HALLIER notices BURNHAM's hand trembling in his lap.

HALLIER  
 Peter - Mr. Vibrato - what you  
 playing down there? - a violin?- Or  
 worse -HAH!!

BURNHAM instead of hiding places his hand squarely on the table and covers it with his other.

BURNHAM  
 Some kind of muscular condition.

ILIANA  
 Oh poor thing - Peter.

BURNHAM  
It's nothing.

HALLIER  
Looks a little like a fish just off  
the hook flopping about. You better  
have some one look at that.

BURNHAM  
Well just getting old I guess.

HALLIER  
Maybe if we got a little bowl and  
you submersed the damn thing -  
HAH!?!?

ILIANA  
My husband's humor is often\_\_\_

HALLIER  
(interrupting)  
Inappropriate.

CARLY  
(pointing to a dish -  
trying to rescue BURNHAM)  
What's that?

BURNHAM  
Foie Gras.

HALLIER  
And in the glasses...wait, just a  
wild guess Mouton 79'.

PAUL  
Uncanny!

HALLIER  
Not really son - it's the same tie,  
same appetizer, same bubbles - same  
table - same Peter!

BURNHAM winks at PAUL - CARLY beams back.

BURNHAM  
Well you find something that works  
and you stick with it .

HALLIER  
(looks at ILIANA)  
Certainly.

HALLIER then looks at PAUL and CARLY.

HALLIER (CONT'D)  
 You must try something new  
 sometime....its not dirty...its  
 PROGRESS, evolution.

HALLIER motions to a WAITER hovering by and gives him instructions. The WAITER disappears quickly.

PAUL  
 Mr. HALLIER, congratulations on  
 breaking the current square footage  
 record with the Reddington  
 Corporate Tower.

HALLIER  
 Thank-you - RC Tower is a  
 spectacle. You are a bright young  
 man - researched - in touch- a  
 shining star - congratulations to  
 you son- on your meteoric ascent  
 and recent bridge competition  
 slaughter - we of course are aware  
 of each other it appears.

BURNHAM  
 Certainly appears that way Rex.  
 Would you like to join us?

The WAITERS appear with several appetizer dishes that Rex ordered up for them as the SOMMELIERS prep several bottles for tasting.

HALLIER  
 No, we wouldn't dream of spoiling  
 your evening. Allow me to offer you  
 these tastes of something new.

BURNHAM  
 Thank you Rex but you really didn't  
 have to\_\_\_\_\_

HALLIER  
 Don't be silly.

ILIANA drops one of her white gloves. She bends over to pick it up from her position immediately next to PAUL. PAUL is left with a view straight down her open back as she retrieves what's fallen at his feet.

ILIANA  
 Pardon Me.

PAUL  
Of course.

HALLIER  
Bon appetite. We must be going.  
Hope you'll find something new here  
that you like.

BURNHAM  
(looking at the STEINER's)  
Thanks Rex. It already seems I  
have.

HALLIER  
Yes...Yes.

HALLIER'S eyes takes inventory of PAUL.

HALLIER (CONT'D)  
(to PAUL) )  
Whatever you do - just don't let  
him dress you - HAH!!

ILIANA  
Come on darling.

BURNHAM  
Good Evening.

PAUL  
Good Evening.

CARLY  
Good Evening.

HALLIER  
See ya STEINER - Good riddens  
BURNHAM - HAH!!

SCENE 1.6 - INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

After settling in at Burnham's or a yeahr PAUL is restless  
and numbly going over blueprints spread on his desk.

PAUL  
(aloud)  
I just don't see the point of this.  
Burnham could get anyone to sort  
through these residential  
elevations and 3-bedroom...3-  
bedroom boredoms. What does he need  
me to this for?  
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

There was a time I thought he  
expected more from me - there was a  
time I expected more from me.

PAUL gets up from the desk and rolls the plans into a tight roll then walks around to the front of his desk and begins gently swinging them as if a baseball bat.

PAUL (CONT'D)

And there goes another one over the  
fence - Steiner hits another homer!

(Looks over the audience  
speaking aloud)

A boy dreams of the 9th inning with  
two outs and a full count - I did -  
Who didn't?

(assuming batting stance  
again)

Steiner eyes the pitch,  
(swinging in slow motion )

Steiner's gotten a hold of it!

(putting one hand in  
salute to shield his eyes  
from the sun )

its back, back - is it going to be  
enough? It's hung up in the wind -  
its!...it's!!...out of HERE!!!

Steiner's done it! Ladies and  
gentlemen Paul Steiner has done it!

The world series Champions!...and  
the crowd goes wild.

PAUL now bends over with the blueprints as though about to hit a putt and takes a stroke.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Who the heck teaches us to settle  
anyhow? I've settled pretty good.

With the rolled up plans as baseball bat, PAUL takes a swing and the music begins.

**SONG (SUNG BY PAUL) - TOE THE LINE**

Paul looks at the plans and sings the lines:

PAUL

(sung)

Maybe its time passing and  
forgetting to dare.

PAUL takes the plans over his shoulder like a javelin and launches them across the room at the trash can on the far side.

The phone RINGS on PAUL'S desk. He hits the speaker phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Yes?

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Mr. Steiner, Mr. Burnham is inquiring if the residential three bedroom plans are available.

PAUL

They are. They were literally just in hand.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Very well she says, he'd like you to prep them for final transmission.

PAUL

Oh certainly...They've...been transmitted.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Thank you She says hanging up.

PAUL slowly walks to the garbage can and picks up the plans and sings.

PAUL

(sung)

Just tell me where to sign. I'll toe, toe, toe the company line.

PAUL begins unbending the damaged corners but takes a big swing and remains in his fully swung pose when he hears three KNOCKS and immediately composes himself. BURNHAM walks in.

BURNHAM

Hello Paul.

PAUL

Mr. Burnham.

BURNHAM

What do you have there - is that my baby?

PAUL  
Yes, the residential plans for  
transmission.

BURNHAM  
Be careful with them Paul -those  
means a lot to us.

PAUL  
Treating them like ancient  
parchment sir.

BURNHAM  
Good, good...

BURNHAM starts walking around the office - his hands behind his back, looks at some books in the case, and then goes to the window. PAUL watches the odd behavior quietly. BURNHAM goes to Paul's desk and thumbs through some papers, then puts his palms flat on Paul's desk while looking down, then looks up at Paul's from his slouching posture.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)  
(seriously)  
Paul, I really don't know how to  
begin...I've given it a lot of  
thought... You're a capable man,  
yes?

PAUL  
I believe it sir.

BURNHAM  
And you have talent?

PAUL  
Some say so sir.

BURNHAM  
Hmm...do men win wars alone, Paul?

PAUL  
No sir.

BURNHAM  
It takes a coordinated effort of  
many men, yes, or yes?

PAUL  
Yes.

BURNHAM

For pete's sake why would you change those plans without consultation? What gives you the right to alter a team's collective effort without consulting them...or consulting me?

PAUL

I understand sir - I broke ranks.

BURNHAM

You did...yes, you did -Talented men are given a gift. They are the builders, the shapers, they must lead other men - given a gift AND a responsibility. We are Burnham & Associates, not just Burnham. I've thought a lot about this Paul..

PAUL

Sir I am sorry...Now what?

BURNHAM

You call your wife.

BURNHAM hands PAUL the phone.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

Tell her changes are a foot. Tell her: her husband is the kind of man comfortable making decisions on his own, that he has detriments that I personally find unacceptable and I'm not sure if he can change them.

BURNHAM moves toward PAUL stopping on the other side of the desk.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

And that he's got the stuff that leaders are made of and that I'm moving him up, that I take it upon myself to teach him the art of coordination - because I believe in him - tell her all that Paul - and tell her to get dressed - because you're both coming to my house tonight for dinner at 7pm.

PAUL stands in shock. THEY look at each.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)  
 (smilikng, shaking both  
 PAUL's hands)

Congratulations boy! - you've  
 arrived - in 1 yeahr you've gone  
 where only a few go in 10 here -  
 and you're now going somewhere none  
 have gone before - Congratulations!

PAUL  
 What? You're not angry?

BURNHAM  
 I was - you must coordinate to keep  
 the troops in step with you Paul -  
 Wynans brought these changes to my  
 attention. I looked at them. They  
 were...they were... elegant..  
 absolutely elegant, brilliant. Once  
 seeing the plan your way, all other  
 solutions were inferior, you took  
 disjoint components and made  
 them... communal. They are what we  
 are about here - function -  
 community - beauty - you are fully  
 capable my boy - I've seen it.

PAUL  
 Thank-you sir.

BURNHAM  
 You did what a whole team of  
 talents couldn't. Let's stop the  
 sir...say "Peter". Try it.

PAUL  
 Thank you- Peter.

BURNAHAM  
 No - thank you Paul - now go home  
 early. Go buy your wife some  
 flowers. It's her I really can't  
 wait to see at my table - you I see  
 everyday - her once in a blue moon -  
 it must be a blue moon.

SCENE 1.7 - EXT. SHOPS/RC TOWER Flowers, Chocolate & Her- DAY

(*Replay of the overture scene without the music*). PAUL enters  
 a crowded upscale Chocolate shop with a large bouquet of  
 white roses under one arm. A large sign "A TASTE OF HEAVEN"  
 announces its name.

CARLY (V.O.)

There's new chocolatier on  
5th..everyone is raving about it.  
I'm not hinting PAUL, I had some at  
Margaret's and I think they'll  
really make a success of that  
business - I just detest it's so  
expensive.

PAUL mills about looking at the chocolates under glass, his reflection is seen in the mirrored bases and on the thin full length mirrors on the walls. He lifts a dome, places it at the side of a pedestal, grabs a handful of small pink chocolates, eats them, and looks skyward.

PAUL

(closing his eyes,  
smiling)

So that's what heaven is? Worth  
every penny...

He reaches for another handful but feels instead the glass dome. He open his eyes. A CHOCOLATE SLAEMAN has replaced the dome and has his hand atop and then gently lifts his the dome with a gesture of invitation.

CHOCOLATE SALESMAN

They are best taken one at a time.

PAUL

Unless you are buying them.

PAUL motions to the large lines at the register, grabs a very large gift box and places it under his arm with the flowers.

CHOCOLATE SALESMAN

Certainly sir, but they are best  
enjoyed individually though.

PAUL

Lets make them more expensive -  
individually. I'm late.

PAUL reaches for a large bill from his wallet, hands it to the SALESMAN, and walks out of the shop into a large crowd of people forcing his way towards the street corner where the traffic is heavy. PAUL asks a MAN waiting at the corner:

PAUL (CONT'D)

What is all this?

MAN

Reddington Corporation - The RC Tower. Some VIP's visiting for the opening.

PAUL

Good God I have to look up every now and then - I hadn't even noticed it was across from me. The high rent district, of course - no wonder the chocolate is so steep.

The chocolatier and RC occupy respective adjacent corner positions, a bus at the red light obscures PAUL's view of the building's lower levels; his eyes slowly follow the building's lines upward as they bend and merge.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Been so busy with the low risers I haven't even come to watch any of the construction - now its done.

PAUL'S eyes continue skyward to its 2 large antennae.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(slowly descending the shape with his eyes)

As if a giant child had played with a toy placing concentric rings on a wooden spire. Incredible... BURNHAM is right though- not pleasing, black...almost... gothic, squat buttresses elongated and too curved...dark glass sheathed in black steel, Mammoth... almost...menacing, and...

(eyes going lower to the wider base area)

...boxlike...indifferent...cold.

His self conducted tour and criticism is cut short by a BUS blocking the structures connection with the earth. The light changes GREEN. The BUS pulls forward. In the sea of grey and black business attire on the other side of the street now visible, PAUL'S eye captures a splash of color and form: a creamy YELLOW women's business suit and skirt under a large wide brimmed YELLOW hat, HER elegant arm waving a white gloved hand hailing a cab while a white silk shirt's glamorous collars flutters in the wind in sympathetic rhythm with the hat brim.

HER other gloved hand rests on her hip trapping a small black handbag's handles and so hanging it atop her thigh, the arm creating a triangle to her long thin frame.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Form...line...color...the right  
way...

At that instant the WOMAN, whose face is hidden by substantial radius of the brim, stops hailing, puts both hands to her hips as HER head turns from looking up 5th avenue to directly across the street, directly toward PAUL.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I know her - the most beautiful  
creature I've ever seen. ILIANA,  
Iliana Hallier.

ILIANA suddenly beams a wide smile in recognition of him, raising a hand from one hip offering a slow wave. PAUL simply smiles back unsure as if she might be looking at someone directly behind him. The light changes green. PAUL begins across the street towards her, never looking away from her, and she from him, until they stand opposite each other.

ILIANA  
PAUL? Paul Steiner?

PAUL  
(extending his hand)  
Mrs. Hallier, Iliana. I see we both  
have a talent for faces and names.

ILIANA  
Hardly...only those not typical.

PAUL  
Your name is surely uncommon, very  
memorable.

ILIANA  
(raising her chin higher)  
And yours PAUL, is typical.

PAUL, sensing his gaff at the receipt of a subtle endearment, stops shaking her hand. ILIANA'S returns to her hip. PAUL crosses his arms in front of his chest as he looks at her deeply; both are still smiling.

PAUL  
(deliberately)  
And if your name had been Mary...  
I'd surely have remembered it.

ILIANA

It's obvious PAUL, really, white roses and chocolates from 'Heaven' of all places.

PAUL laughs.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

Entirely inappropriate humor- my husband says he's rubbed off on me over the yeahrs- I contend it was the other way around. How is the lovely Mrs. Steiner?

PAUL

She is doing well.

ILIANA places her arms above her head atop her hat to protect it from the wind which begins to blow.

ILIANA

Mr. Steiner, I have extorted you, best check your wallet.

PAUL remains still, not shifting his eyes from her impeccable beauty framed now in the white brim held at bay by her hands.

PAUL

I can't say I see how.

ILIANA

The truth is: what girl doesn't like a compliment and I extorted one from you keenly. My husband HALLIER, truth be told, spoke little of anything else but that Steiner, that PAUL Steiner: PAUL this and PAUL that, your name was ingrained in my head until his focus finally shifted after several days. I'd say you had him under a spell. Are you a shaman?

PAUL

Oh really...me...an upstart neophyte. And he...

(looks away upward towards the top of RC)

...this?

ILIANA

A Neophyte? How about immediate  
'partner', runaway winner of the  
BURNHAM bridge competition...a  
rising star as he put it...

(shifting her attention  
upward)

it is magnificent isn't it - really  
is something quite extraordinary.

PAUL

(still looking at her)  
...hard to take my eyes off.

As ILIANA turns back PAUL quickly moves his gaze from her  
face to the building.

ILIANA

PAUL, I just met old REXY for  
lunch, he's finished moving his  
offices into the tower just today.  
If I tell him I ran into the  
amazing PAUL Steiner and did not  
bring him upstairs to say hello -  
you'll be committing me to another  
week of sheer hell - you mustn't  
say no- you must allow the overt  
extortion entirely for me.

PAUL

You are an incredibly gracious of  
couple, how could I refuse? But I  
must. I'm late to get back.

ILIANA

I see. They aren't for me after all  
those lovely flowers?

They both laugh.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

Pity. Your lovely lucky wife, some  
don't get flowers for Valentine's  
Day - I know she does because she  
gets them on Independence Day!  
Hey...That's right PAUL - it was  
almost exactly a year ago when we  
met at the supper club - it was the  
day before the 4th! The whole  
entrance was done up in flags and  
stars - remember?

PAUL

I do - that is extraordinary -  
nearly a year to the date.

ILIANA

Really now PAUL - providence - I  
believe in it. It's a sign-you must  
come up and see Rex.

PAUL

Mrs. Hallier, I would love to - but  
this is not the best time.

ILIANA

Oh yes - of course - the industry  
is tight knit - spies everywhere  
you know, people talk, people see\_\_

PAUL

(interrupting)  
Of course not, just timing is all.

ILIANA

You'd be surprised PAUL - with so  
much at stake. Often the underbelly  
of this business is more  
interesting to me than the  
monuments.

(placing both hands atop  
her hat again)

Do you know where City front  
Harbor's entrance is?

PAUL

I do.

ILIANA

Then it's settled.

ILIANA starts hailing for a cab again.

PAUL

(anxiously)  
What's settled? Nothings settled\_\_

ILIANA

(interrupting)  
You have to go - so do I - Rex and  
I spend the weekends on the boat  
this time of year. We'll be  
expecting you this Saturday.

A CAB pulls up.

PAUL  
Nothings settled.  
(rushing, nervously)  
Which boat, when?

ILIANA climbs in the cab and looks up at him. PAUL holds the door handle to not let her leave without finishing.

ILIANA  
It's that atypical name again - my  
own - you'll remember.

PAUL  
How will I know it?

ILIANA  
PAUL dear, look behind you. It is  
Rex Hallier's - it will be the  
biggest one there - it has to be.

ILIANA blows him a kiss. The cab disappears into traffic.

SCENE 1.8 - INT. BURNHAM'S HOME - DAY

BURNHAM is leading PAUL and CARLY to his study after an elegant meal in his estate.

CARLY  
Mr. Burnham, I can't say when I  
have had a more delicious meal. It  
is as though the Cordon Bleu is  
catered from your kitchen.

BURNHAM  
You know Carly, when you find the  
right people things just work -  
don't they? Everything looks better  
- tastes better.

PAUL  
Mr. Burnham, you treat us so well -  
it's unexpected. You've done so  
much for us - thank-you.

BURNHAM  
No...thank-you. Now come into the  
living room. Let's all talk.

BURNHAM leads them to the study and sits on the couch patting the area next to him.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

Mrs. Steiner, come join me. You see Paul, its not you I'm after - it's your delicious wife.

PAUL

Sorry Peter, that ship may not come in.

BURNHAM

Yes, that ship has not only sailed but moored across the ocean. (beat) Time is an ocean isn't it? But there still is the matter of the child. This is the news I await back in port - news of the far away lands I see through those infrequent postcards. Carly dear, you are my postcard.

CARLY

Thank you Mr. Burnham.

BURNHAM

Peter.

CARLY

Peter then.

BURNHAM

(to PAUL)

And you my boy, are an hourglass freshly turned over. You are the sands of the future...I have built a fair ship and crossed great seas. Lately I wonder what it would have been like to be a passenger, instead of Captain, and reveling in the glorious scenes along the way.

BURNHAM gets up from the couch and stands alone.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

I do know this: that life catches us like some warm still water - lulling a person. Then suddenly comes the rush of the great falls before you know it - sure you hear the approaching sound - you know something is coming -

(making fast hand motion)

(MORE)

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

suddenly you're swept away into a torrent and the scene passes too quickly to take in fully...or the spray obscures the view, before you even knew it began, you are at the end of the ride.....wishing another chance - another chance to position better - get so your eyes would be open for the precious moments - not closed in fear.

(tears in his eyes)

I've ridden the falls. I'm in the calm below shouting up to you, but I fear you won't hear me in the beginning roar. Is there a way to get through to people? To teach them what to watch over the falls?

BURNHAM closes his eyes - tears fall onto his cheek.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

Some have their eyes shut the whole way. Then they're gone. I'll be gone soon.

CARLY

Peter, you're going nowhere. You just relax a while and I'll sing to you all the way down.

BURNHAM

You will and I'll hear you. I intend on keeping my postcards close and dry and requesting more. That's why you're here. Lets get down to it shall we?

Burnham pulls the curtains back and points out the window.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

There's something here that's yours if you want it. Brentwood is the place of those who have arrived. Out there is the calm water after the ride. What if called up to you on the precipice before your journey and you heard? What if you could be both there and here?... I've been thinking about this.

CARLY

But Peter, this is not our domain.

BURNHAM

(to CARLY)

Isn't it?

(to PAUL)

Paul, I have no family when I'm gone. I've been too busy making all of this. What is it all for? The calm of the waters below are not comfortable for me - not hallowed - but hollow. I've been looking for the right person for the last ten years with the Bridge Competition - someone new that I could teach - yet capable and strong enough to command the ship. I think I've found that person Mr. Steiner. (beat) I want you to go over the falls eyes wide open and I'll tell you what not to miss.

BURNHAM approaches PAUL and puts his hand on his shoulder.

We're in the same room again. You won again due to your considerable talent. Others will want you to. I need to make the pot sweet enough to keep you... I need a helmsman.

PAUL

Peter I'm speechless...What is your plan? What can I expect?

BURNHAM

I'm doubling your salary and making you head of the residential division you've mastered. You are the new Vice President of Burnham and Associates - and partner.

CARLY beams at PAUL, but he remains unmoved.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

And I know Paul - that's not what you want - nor is it what you deserve - the pot isn't sweet enough yet - so there's more. To head Burnham's Residential, which is the finest and most beautiful amongst the competition, you need the proper surroundings.

BURNHAM pulls back the curtain again and points to the YELLOW LIGHTS far across the field of the estate.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

(pointing to lights)

That...was once my fathers. As I came up through the ranks he gave it to me. I lived there in my yeahrs of climbing until I amassed enough to buy this estate. I want you to hear my words over the roar.  
(beat)

(smiling, teary eyed)

Come live there Paul and Carly. Its unused and it is gorgeous. It is Brentwood. If you stay with me Paul, when the time is right, it will become under your ownership.

(opening the window)

You can live in Brentwood now.

(breathing in the breeze)

Taste it - with me. If you want to talk, to dine, to be my friends, you are close. I want it that way. If you want your privacy. You will of course have it.

BURNHAM walks back to the couch and sits next to CARLY.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

My finest dream Paul and Carly...is that you let an old man share in his autumn what he never saw going over the falls. Paul I'll teach you to run Burnham & Associates - and when you're ready...you will - that is pretty sweet isn't it?

CARLY looks at PAUL but he turns to look out the open window.

PAUL

Yes, I'm indebted to you for your faith. Thank you Peter. I'm just not sure my life's thrust is in residential design and development. It is not that I'm ungrateful, I'm not sure I'm the man for that focus Mr. Burnham. I want to work in the corporate large scale design. It's always been my dream. I'm not so interested in Brentwood...or creating others. Sure, if under my control the division would thrive because I have my standards - but I've other aspirations.

BURNHAM

And those will fulfill themselves  
my boy, listen, my dad started with  
a fruit stand. By the time he was  
done he had 7 restaurants - made a  
fortune. He groomed me from the  
ground up - I thought I'd wear a  
suit, he handed me an apron - after  
4 yeahrs I had done every job  
across the board and he told me I  
now could manage people

because I had walked a mile in  
their shoes, that I was able to  
understand the jobs to make them  
more efficient - to appreciate  
intuitively when subordinates came  
with suggestions, or complaints.  
Dad was right. I was ready.

PAUL

But sir, you build homes. You left.

BURNHAM

It made me the man I am - but it  
was not my calling Paul, obviously.  
I am a builder - not a gourmand-  
you are a builder - this is your  
calling - and I focus on serving  
families while the bombasts like  
Hallier forge sterile megaliths  
serving egos.

(MORE)

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

(beat) Paul your focus may lead you elsewhere eventually - it is the ethic though - beauty - form - function - love of craftsmanship - the Burnham aesthetic: That must remain. If you find ways to express those qualities in *other projects* - and I trust you will - armed with the business acumen from the ground up as dad armed me - we will each have our immortality no?

PAUL

I would like to know what is your plan for me after residential. When can I move on to *other projects*?

BURNHAM

Dad kept me in areas a week - but it was mundane tasks compared to the complexities of our business. I'll require a year helming the division, then I'll put you in real estate acquisition for another, and then move you to the commercial smaller scale projects. I'd say by the time your 35 you'll be\_\_

PAUL

(interrupting)

And if my focus is to make larger projects Peter - the stadiums, towers, airports\_\_

CARLY

(interrupting)

Paul Mr. Burnham is practically offering us the world!

BURNHAM

(interjecting immediately)

No. No. No. Carly. A man at the helm is not a fool caught up in facades of money, titles, power - he asks questions - he tests - makes tough decisions - if Paul was fawning over this now without healthy skepticism and measure I'd be losing my faith in my choice - he's only reaffirming my insight - this man is a helmsman.

(To PAUL)

Paul, we don't specialize in megaliths for a reason.

(MORE)

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

My ship is large yet not Titanic.  
With the large comes a cost of -  
just look at Hallier. Yes, there  
are beautiful megalithic projects -  
but they are corporate homes - we  
focus on family homes.

(puts his arm around PAUL)

The Chicago Board of trade Building  
- when it was built - tiny by  
today's standards - the upper  
floors were so high that the statue  
of the Goddess CERES placed atop -  
is faceless - because no one would  
see her features.

BURNHAM smiles and faces PAUL.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

I love that what we do is consumed  
by real men and women - all of it -  
they live in our product - they  
love and build their dreams there-  
anything but faceless.

BURNHAM motions to CARLY who rises and joins them. THEY walk  
to go out of the study, BOTH cradled in his arms.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

This old man some how never had his  
features carved like Ceres. I want  
to change that. I want to be known -  
by people like you.

SERVANT MARTIN enters.

MARTIN

Mr. Burnham sir, telephone call  
from Miami, insisting its urgent.

BURNHAM

Oh duty. I'll take it in the  
office, Martin please bring the  
Steiner's dessert on the veranda  
and make sure they are comfortable.

PAUL and CARLY walk into the living areas and through the  
French doors to the veranda where SERVANTS are already  
setting a table for three with full array of desserts.

CARLY

(to MARTIN as if a friend)

Thank you Martin - the table looks  
lovely!

Drinks are poured and the couple is left alone. CARLY grabs PAUL'S hand and quickly pulls him past the table right to the stone wall over which the expansive lawn unfolds in twilight; In the distance are the orange-yellow lights of the home Burnham has offered. CARLY kisses and hugs PAUL, then puts her head on his chest.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I love you so much. You did  
everything you ever said you would  
and 100 times more -how many men do  
what you have? Is it a wonder I  
love you so?

PAUL is smiling and quiet.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Paul we stood here about a yeah  
ago. You wondering what would  
happen if you didn't win. You won.  
We married. You are a Vice  
President now! Those lights over  
there - that's our house - here in  
Brentwood! - and this dear, dear  
man - he loves you. You are like  
his son Paul. This is our life - my  
gosh Paul, you do go big don't you!

CARLY leans up against him and kisses him again her face resting then on his shoulder. PAUL'S eyes are locked on the yellow windows across the estate.

CARLY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Say something, it doesn't have to  
be profound - 'I love you' will do.

PAUL

I love you, will do.

CARLY

You are a terrible man!

CARLY (CONT'D)

Oh Paul hold me tight. Never let  
this moment end. Is it a dream?  
Is all this real? ...Am I asleep?  
I like how this feels.

**SONG (sung by CARLY) - I LIKE HOW THIS FEELS**

PAUL is expressionless -not sharing her elation.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
 What's wrong Paul? There something.  
 Those eyes. This veranda.

PAUL  
 Its nothing - it's getting dark -  
 you're mistaken in the shadows.

CARLY  
 What is turning around in that  
 little head of yours? We've been  
 through this: This consternation on  
 the eve. You won last time. This  
 time you've won already - All you  
 have to do is say yes - go get  
 what's yours sweetheart.

PAUL is quiet rubbing her shoulder. CARLY moves quickly to  
 the table. On the way twirls and dances.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
 Look at me Paul - I'm a gypsy!  
 (holds a water glass up  
 and peers into it)  
 I can tell the future!

PAUL puts his hands in his pockets and looks over the lawns.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
 (as if in a trance, back  
 to PAUL)  
 You will begin rocking.

PAUL, not paying attention, begins rolling gently back and  
 forth on the balls of his feet.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
 (in mock mystic's voice)  
 You will move a hand and wipe each  
 brow again.

PAUL, doing so, becomes aware of the silly voice, and looks  
 over his shoulder - CARLY is peering into the glass. PAUL  
 darts his hand back into his pocket.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
 You will be the father of a  
 daughter. She will play in these  
 expansive lawns. She will be  
 beautiful with the traits of her  
 father's lovely face and the heart  
 of her mother. Look for her Paul.  
 Hear her laughter in the field.  
 (MORE)

CARLY (CONT'D)

She will walk on this very stone,  
where we sit alone now, you will  
love her with all your heart.

PAUL

Carly are you trying to tell me  
something?

CARLY

(in normal voice)

Yes Paul - the future. Come and  
have some cookies my powers are as  
seer only - I cannot will the  
present.

PAUL

Listen, I'm...I'm not in the mood  
for dessert yet.

CARLY

Ring the the servants and get  
yourself some roast beef then! -  
our dreams came true Paul - let's  
celebrate - get some champagne!

PAUL approaches the table but doesn't sit down.

PAUL

I wish I could see the future so  
clearly oracle.

CARLY takes his hand.

CARLY

One seers enough in the family.  
What we need isn't a seer - it's a  
listener.

PAUL

Everybody's shouting at me at the  
top of the falls (beat) but all I  
hear is rushing water.

BURNHAM comes through the French doors.

BURNHAM

Oh those draftsman who think they  
are businessmen - what a mess...hey  
you didn't touch dessert?

CARLY, holding PAUL'S hand, reaches out for BURNHAM'S.

CARLY

No Peter, we both were waiting for you. It took great will power! Join us.

SCENE 1.9 - EXT. HALLIER'S BOAT The Boat Show- DAY

The window opens at the guard gate to CityFront Harbor.

PAUL

Paul Steiner - here to see Rex Hallier aboard the Iliana.

The gate opens and he walks onto the prime real estate docks of the harbor near the entrance and club where the largest vessel is berthed -on the stern is painted in Gold cursive - ILIANA. PAUL approaches the three-leveled ship noticing a few workers in white service coats. At the gangway there is a small intercom Paul pushes, but there is no response. A woman appears from the front deck rising as if laying down sunning. It is the tall elegant jet black pony-tailed ILIANA in black bikini.

ILIANA

Paul!

PAUL raises a hand in greeting and from behind his sunglasses follows her form as her long legs gracefully stride towards the living rooms under the bridgedeck; ILIANA disappears. PAUL hears the buzzer granting entry to the large iron gate and he walks up the gangway. ILIANA appears at the other end - hands on hips as before - but this time almost entirely exposed, perfectly formed as a tall runway model.

PAUL

Permission to come aboard?

PAUL reaches her and presents her with a bottle of fine champagne. ILIANA kisses his cheek taking the bottle.

ILIANA

How entirely divine, you look smashing Paul - I could only picture you in a suit. My! How handsome you are!

PAUL

(affected, trying not to gawk)

Thank you - Thank you for having me - its really wonderful - The Iliana - your husband has the most extraordinary sense\_\_\_\_\_

ILIANA

Husband? I decorate the ship and house Paul - don't sell me short - Follow me- Rex got called away - I'm so sorry he isn't here right now.

ILIANA turns her back to him and walks inside into the expansive living room area as PAUL follows amused at the backside view of her as she walks. Striding, ILIANA turns her head back towards him swinging her long ponytail.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

This is the main living entertaining area - isn't it divine?

PAUL

(focusing on her)  
Divine. The best I've ever seen.

ILIANA, not stopping, continues through the French doors to the sheltered part of the main deck.

ILIANA

Now you can see it all!

PAUL

(Under his breath)  
I couldn't take seeing any more.

Out on the teak wooden semi enclosed area off the living room she finally stopped and pushed a small white BUTTON that summons the SERVANT JULIA.

JULIA (O.S.)

(on the interphone)  
Yes Mam.

ILIANA

Julia. We have a guest forward. Please bring two Mojitos and some sandwiches quickly  
(to PAUL)  
Paul - hungry?

PAUL

No - couldn't eat a thing.

ILIANA

(smiling with a wink)

Julia, Bring some appetizers, crab salad, and full luncheon for our guest.

JULIA (O.S.)

Yes Mam.

ILIANA places her hands on the railing behind her and leaning back slightly elongating her already sleek body, her legs together leading into a flat tanned stomach and then her chest, looks at Paul for a moment.

ILIANA

Men are all liars...you're famished  
- lets eat. Come with me; I'm cold  
and need to be in the sun.

ILIANA walks out onto the deck taking PAUL'S hand and drags a chair for him to face her chaise lounge, sitting down on its edge inches from him. Her position on the low chaises brings her under PAUL, her head about the level of his lap, elbows on her knees like a catcher. Paul can see directly down the tan oiled cleavage glistening in the sun. PAUL sits.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

I want some sun on my shoulders too  
much laying around in the sun  
neglects the shoulder tops.

SERVANT JULIA appears and PAUL takes the Mojito from a silver service tray, and lifts it in toast.

PAUL

(leaning forward, their  
faces rather close)

To the Iliana, may she sail the  
seven seas unfettered.

ILIANA

To the shining stars - the rising  
stars.

THEY drink. PAUL reclines back in the chair. ILIANA reclines on the chaise and closes her eyes. PAUL looks over her body.

PAUL

You live a charmed life- you and  
Rex- he is an amazing man, I was  
interested in meeting him today.  
When's he returning?

ILIANA

I'm not sure. He gets these fires about twice a day, I kid you not Paul, he is more firefighter than builder- constant problems- zoning, overruns, unions, you name it. I'll enjoy his rising stars company until he returns though. We'll lunch and if he's not returned I'll ask you to swim, and if you decline, I'll send you on your way until next time.

PAUL

Swim? In khaki pants?

ILIANA

No silly. (beat) Entertaining is a must for me: a ship like this, as a fine home, must be prepared to accommodate. There are swim trunks and full assortments of clothes in many sizes in the cabins.

Three STEWARDS appear with the luncheon and set the table. PAUL rises; ILIANA sits up, her face directly opposite his crotch, PAUL looks down her shining black pony tail onto her back offering her his hand to help her rise. ILIANA leads to the table, PAUL pulls her chair out and they sit.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

Paul, Mojitos in the sun, but champagne with the luncheon.

ILIANA pours his class and returns the bottle to the bucket. PAUL grabs it and returns the grace upon her.

PAUL

Rex, how did you meet him?

ILIANA

Rexy and I, twos peas in a pod. I met him in Columbia when he was just starting out. He was a young rising star, like you Paul, that must be his attraction to you; he sees something of himself in you.

PAUL

I should think we're different.

ILIANA

Outwardly yes, he the tough, you the male model glamour boy, he the muscle, you the charm, yet Paul, you are the same in that he the wunderkind, you the prodigy. That puts you both in a special fraternity with limited members.

PAUL

You said you met him in Columbia - your family from there?

ILIANA

Yes, my father has done extremely well. I'm the rich girl; Rex was the startup needing backing. The boat is from my father- a wedding present.

PAUL

Really?

ILIANA

Incredible isn't it? Rexy and he get along stupendously. He gave dad the foothold in America he needed. In return, dad gave him his ability to go on his own. Rex never looked back. Both my men are empire builders. And you...you Paul, you chomp at their heels.

PAUL

You flatter me. I have done nothing...yet.

ILIANA

You will.

PAUL

Rex and ...Peter, tell me of them, are they rivals in business only or is there more?

ILIANA

More.

PAUL

I sensed so much.

ILIANA

You're a smart man- intuitive.  
Cerebral men are dull, intuitive  
men often passionate- are you  
passionate Mr. Steiner?

PAUL

About the things important to me.

ILIANA

(raising her hand to Julia  
in a motion with 2  
fingers pointing upward)  
What is important to you Mr.  
Steiner?

PAUL

Well, potential...  
form...family...beauty

ILIANA

Beauty?

SERVANT JULIA appears with a waste length light blue cotton  
shirt that ILIANA slowly twists into, buttoning from the  
bottom, her hands moving slowly upward, BUTTON by BUTTON  
until her cleavage where she stops and sits again.

PAUL

And color.

ILIANA

Color?

PAUL

Yes- integration of line and color,  
form and function that creates true  
beauty in nature, in building.

ILIANA

In women too, I'll suppose.

PAUL

(cautiously)  
Certainly...in life in general.  
Beauty is after all mathematics.  
Portraiture is the resolving of the  
key lines and angles of the face,  
and those most appealing are in  
symmetric and certain ratios. Is  
architecture any different?

ILIANA

And what you see across the table  
from you, are my numbers in line?

PAUL pauses, smiles, lifts his sunglasses to atop his head,  
and sips champagne.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

Don't be bashful Mr. Steiner; you  
came over at our invitation to talk  
shop. That's what we're doing. I'll  
break the ice for you. It is not  
dirty. I love fine things,  
beautiful things: I see a vase and  
it is right- I buy it and display  
it. I see a painting that appeals  
to me, its beauty, I know nothing  
of the numbers of which you speak-  
only what is attractive. You Mr.  
Steiner are a beautiful man. I  
don't know what your numbers are -  
but you are a classic beauty for a  
man. I have no shame in sharing  
that. I'd say the same if Rex was  
seated here. He'd agree, and make  
some joke. I enjoy our friendship,  
new friendship, I hope it  
continues. I love the painting in  
my stateroom as well, and marvel at  
it- is that a threat to anyone?

PAUL

No it is not alive.

ILIANA

Are you a threat to anyone?

PAUL

No!...and I'm very much alive.

ILIANA

You see!

PAUL

Okay...you numbers are impeccable.  
Your design not capable by men- the  
numbers... only approachable by the  
divine.

ILIANA

Paul you are a beautiful man-  
inside and out.

ILIANA raises up her glass and finishes the champagne as PAUL replenishes it for her while his other hand was raising his glass to his lips finishing it. She returns his glass to full symmetrically, then continued raising hers in toast.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
Two peas in a pod! I like you Paul  
Steiner, may we become better  
friends, I knew the moment I saw  
you would be my ally.

PAUL smiles at her and then looks down into the pink and white crab salad and colorful vegetables.

PAUL  
(To himself)  
Every color on the world seems to  
be on my plate.

SCENE 1.10 - INT. STEINER'S HOME Tower Birth - NIGHT

PAUL is at his kitchen table erecting an intricate tower with small interconnected pieces of Plexiglas, constantly referring to some drawings, occasionally stopping to make notes while considering placement. The model stands about 1 1/2 feet tall. CARLY comes down the stairs.

CARLY  
Paul? Do you know what time it is?

PAUL is transfixed and quiet.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Paul?

PAUL writes down a note. CARLY walks behind him and gently kisses his neck. He turns to look at her behind him.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Hi.

PAUL  
Hi.

CARLY  
Paul it's after midnight. You'll be  
a wreck tomorrow.

PAUL  
I'll be okay.

CARLY  
Paul there's always tomorrow too...

PAUL is concentrating as places another small piece. CARLY spins his chair around a quarter turn from the table and straddles him opening her robe in the front a little.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Do I have you attention now?

PAUL

Undivided.

CARLY

Good, what are you doing. What is it...and why is it?

PAUL

I've been playing with this in my head for over a yeahr now.

CARLY

Really? And it needs to been done now? Tonight suddenly?

PAUL

Yes...I mean its something that I keep coming back to. Burnham's got me doing the silliest neophyte draftsman duties a monkey could do - these are the lines my mind is drawing, wants to draw, but they're somehow turned into a kitchenette instead by some corporate magic by the time my pen touches down.

CARLY

What is it?

PAUL

A Tower.

CARLY

Paul, it makes fine sense to me: you designed that wonderful bridge; Everyone is crazy for it - it only makes sense there's a void.

PAUL

Its no void Carly - it's like everything's missing - like I'm walking and my feet don't touch the ground.

CARLY  
 (suggestively)  
 It's my feet not touching the  
 ground right now Paul.

PAUL bends a little forward and kisses her open neck area.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
 Now come to bed. Work on it  
 tomorrow.

CARLY gets up taking his hand but he doesn't move.

PAUL  
 I can't.

CARLY  
 (dejected at her inability  
 to hold his attention)  
 Oh...I see.

PAUL  
 Sweetheart - Its not you - I'm on  
 to something big. This is it. Like  
 my bridge, it's revolutionary - I  
 feel like I'm slowly falling asleep  
 at the wheel, like I'm wasting my  
 potential. Sex isn't goanna help  
 except just temporarily.

CARLY  
 (twirling her finger in  
 her hair)  
 Sure?.

PAUL  
 (laughing)  
 Well...no...Look, I have to do  
 something about this now or it'll  
 fester. I'm upset with myself.

CARLY  
 Why sweetheart? You've got a great  
 job so many would envy, would never  
 get - because you won. YOU WON  
 Paul.

PAUL  
 That darn bridge is haunting me.  
 All that workaand success. All that  
 possibility.  
 (MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

IT'S A BRIDGE TO NOWHERE CARLY - a  
bridge to nowhere - for no one.  
It'll never be built. It's not  
real.

CARLY

It was a bridge to here. A ticket  
to ride.

PAUL

I'm riding alright - into  
complacency becoming a middle aged  
cog, rusting, turning slowly in  
someone else's dream.

PAUL precisely places another piece while CARLY slips away to  
return upstairs. She stops on the stairs but says nothing.

TEACHER FROM SCENE 1 (V.O. )

That will do Ms. Rhodes - MR.  
Steiner's Mess is his own.....

## ACT II

SCENE 2.1 - INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

BURNHAM sticks his head into PAUL'S Office.

BURNHAM

Paul do you have a minute?

PAUL

Yes sir.

BURNHAM

(entering)

It appears more changes are a foot.

PAUL

Great, the last time you said that  
about 6 months ago it meant a  
promotion so don't let me down.

BURNHAM

Very well then, you're promoted.

PAUL

That was easy. I should have tried  
for partner.

BURNHAM

That's what you are trying for-  
listen, you're a fast study boy -  
I'm speeding up your track- Monday  
I'm bringing you into real estate  
acquisitions. You'll find it's  
instrumental in your progression my  
boy and really quite interesting.

PAUL

(sarcastically)  
Indeed.

BURNHAM

No really, without the land nothing  
gets built.

PAUL

So if I get some land can something  
get built?

BURNHAM

Lots of things, fine homes, malls\_\_

PAUL

(interrupting)  
What about a tower?

BURNHAM

A tower?

PAUL pulls some plans out of his bureau and spreads them on  
the desk.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

It's extraordinary Paul. It's  
really new. It's really... Paul  
Steiner. It's a match to your  
gorgeous bridge... how did you  
find time to work on this? It's  
really come a long way.

PAUL

I knew you'd like it Peter. Look,  
the load is internalized and the  
glass forms - not one shaped piece,  
give the illusion of elegant  
curvature. It's a flying buttress  
in glass.

BURNHAM

Incredible!

PAUL

This is what I can do Peter. This is what I can do - for you.

BURNHAM

I've never entertained the slightest doubt in your prolific abilities Paul.

PAUL

So were coming together I feel.

BURNHAM

Paul we've been together- look, we don't just build something, you know that- we are told by clients to build something. Our clientele is commercial storefront and residential. We'd have to sell it boy. Now the future has many roads and you'll take us down some new ones but now it's too soon. You can get those clients once you understand the markets better- the financing, acquisition and labor sides- you're coming along Boy- you'll get what you want trust me.

PAUL

Peter - it is residential. It's ultra high end and fits our business now.

BURNHAM

Let me see it again. Do you have the interior plans?

PAUL

Some mock ups- here.

BURNHAM

Incredible Paul- challenging to build.

PAUL

Sure - I need an engineering study on the composites.

BURNHAM

The focus is all wrong boy- you need a market study on the financials- the occupancy projections and cash flows- it's huge Paul- that's the challenge- the engineering problems can be solved by smart men and women.

PAUL

And smart men and women can solve the other issues.

BURNHAM

Likely- let me groom you to become that kind of problem solver - this next 6 months will get you closer to the realities behind the projects- besides the pot is sweeter and will be nice for the Mrs. as well.

PAUL

How so?

BURNHAM

The demographics have the aging residential market's population shifting to the south. You my boy are about to spend the next 6 months in and out of Florida, out of the office- take the Mrs., enjoy, within reason, your expense account Paul- find the beauty in that part of the world- there's plenty; share it with Carly, find us some properties and have your division build some of the best upper scale and middles incomes homes with distinction.

The inter phone rings.

SECRETARY WILLIAMS (O.S.)

Excuse me sir.

PAUL

Yes Ms. Williams.

SECRETARY WILLIAMS (O.S.)

Sir there is a Ms. Juliana on the line from Taste of Heaven regarding your special order.

PAUL  
My special order?

BURNHAM  
Ah the young romantic -special  
order Chocolate for Carly?

PAUL  
Ah...tell her to hold on a second.

SECRETARY WILLIAMS (O.S.)  
Yes Sir, She says she was sorry to  
not get the white chocolate roses,  
but would like to offer more of  
those cream yellow hats you fell in  
love with the other day.

BURNHAM  
(laughing)  
Okay then Paul, forget these multi-  
million dollar lots in Florida,  
you've got bigger things to sort  
out now - no more white chocolate  
roses.

PAUL  
(annoyed)  
Tell her to hold on Ms. Williams!

BURNHAM  
(addressing SECRETARY  
WILLIAMS over the  
speaker)  
Ah Ms. Williams it's Burnham here,  
bring that envelope in please.

WILLIAMS brings the envelope to Burnham as PAUL fidgets.

PAUL  
(Anxiously, to WILLIAMS)  
Is she still on the line?

BURNHAM  
Oh my, Paul I see these yellow  
cream hats are where you priorities  
lay. I'll be looking for this  
heaven place all over your expense  
account huh?

BURNHAM opens the envelope and pulls out a travel itinerary.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

Here - you're booked on a flight Monday morning. Meet the boys in the Miami shop - I'll let them know you're coming. Get acclimated and next time take your wife...and her chocolate hats.

PAUL

Peter - ah, hats, they're a surprise - don't spill the beans.

BURNHAM

Locker Room talk my boy - locker room talk. You secrets safe with me. When she gets them though, tell her to bring them up to the house - I love chocolate and since 'you fell in love with them' I'm sure waiting anxiously\_\_

PAUL

(interrupting, anxious)  
Peter are you done yet.

BURNHAM

Ah young love - priorities - priorities...  
(while walking out, to Ms. Williams)  
Heaven CAN'T WAIT on line 1 - transfer that call in to Paul please.

PAUL'S phone RINGS again.

PAUL

Hello?

ILIANA

(in false voice)  
Mr. Steiner, its Juliana from heaven\_\_

PAUL

(interrupting)  
You can stop the clever charade 'Juliana' - I'm alone.

ILIANA

(in her normal voice)  
Paul darling - had to protect you if you were on the speaker.

(MORE)

ILIANA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to call you like this but something's come up - we left it that you drop by again this Saturday to meet my better half - but he's been called to Singapore - I didn't want you to show up and it'd be just me again - you'd get to thinking.

PAUL

No...clever game, clever girl - how are you?

ILIANA

I'm good. How've you been? - I'm thinking of you...you know I really had a favor I needed, so I was glad when this came up to provide me with an excellent excuse to call.

PAUL

Oh...a favor...

ILIANA

First of all, see my number on your phone? Its my cell - now you can memorize it Paul, and call me from your cell - so I can ask you endless favors.

PAUL

(laughing)

Endless -sounds...really..horrible.

ILIANA

Oh hush now - and just say yes to helping me.

PAUL

I've limited time but I'll try.

ILIANA

Oh no, you've plenty of time - you said at our little luncheon that your physical fitness is a priority and Mondays and Thursdays was your chance to go to the club. Today's Thursday and I'm not taking no for an answer. I lost my tennis partner for tonight's match - I need you to sub - this is friend stuff Paul - I'd do it for you.

PAUL  
You called me during a meeting to  
play tennis! To talk chocolate  
hats!?

ILIANA  
Yes I did. Isn't it divine!?

PAUL  
No! You are out of control!

ILIANA  
True...isn't that just divine too?

PAUL  
(with a smile he's trying  
hard to contain )  
Devilish!

ILIANA  
Well they both start with the  
letter D.

PAUL  
Who cares?

ILIANA  
You do - now write this address  
down and put it into your little  
GPS - our match starts at 6pm.  
There - I just texted you.

PAUL  
Hey, of course just the details - I  
don't have tennis clothes with me.

ILIANA  
I've sized you up Mr. Steiner -  
I'll bring them.

PAUL  
All covered then - but how do know  
if I play tennis or not?

ILIANA  
I've sized you up Steiner.

PAUL  
Really? And there is just the  
awkwardness of being recognized  
together in public - just a detail.

ILIANA

No. The courts are not at my club. They are somewhere no one will know either of us. Really Paul - I have all the bases covered. It's settled then - got to go - see you at 6.

PAUL

Hey wait - I didn't agree to this yet!

ILIANA

I know. Bye!

SCENE 2.2 - EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - DAY

Driving for an hour, PAUL stops when the GPS signals arrival.

PAUL

(aloud, to himself)

She's a crazy woman. Where in the heck is this club? This looks like a subdivision. This GPS can't be right- She probably gave me the wrong address and I'm driving around now all night - gym night.

ILIANA appears at his passenger side door carrying 2 rackets, a small gym bag, and dressed in a pink tennis shirt, her ponytail has been pulled through the opening of a white baseball cap. Her eyes hide behind dark oversized sunglasses. PAUL rolls the passenger window down.

ILIANA

Permission to come aboard?

ILIANA tosses the rackets into the back seat, climbs in, plants a friendly kiss on his cheek, and then turns side saddle to the seat, her back against where the door handle is to face Paul, her left leg in a half Indian style pose on the seat with the gym bag in her lap. PAUL can smell her perfume. ILIANA'S hands are folded gently atop the bag, pink nails to match the shirt and diamond bracelets for the occasion.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

Are you ready to play?

PAUL

You look lovely as usual.

ILIANA

Yes Paul, and of course you are delicious- are you ready to play?

PAUL

Hardly, in a tie - Good God woman this was nearly an hour drive, I won't get home for hours - Let's go - I'm ready to play.

PAUL puts the car into reverse and looks over his shoulder.

ILIANA

Put it in park. We're here - lets play here.

PAUL complies, looks at her, his smile hiding the unsettled certain uneasiness growing in close quarters amid innuendo. He turns side saddle in his seat facing her to slightly increase his distance.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

(pointing beyond the playground)

See that over there? That is where you meet your demise today.

PAUL

You made me drive an hour to a subdivision public tennis court?

ILIANA

Yes silly - I want discretion and privacy. People talk downtown - they don't understand. Our firms are rivals Paul. They'd think we're lovers. Besides, because we aren't, and simply the very best of friends, and...I want no distractions...no excuses when you loose!

PAUL

Nice..except - the shower, is what - that water fountain?

ILIANA

Exactly - we'll rough it - I brought drinks and towels in my car.

PAUL

And that outhouse the locker room?

ILIANA

Disgusting.

PAUL  
Great I'll change out of my suit in  
front of the mothers and children.

ILIANA  
Equally disgusting - here.

ILIANA opens the gym bag and places tennis shoes on the  
dashboard removing neatly folded new shirt shorts and socks.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
Strip.

PAUL  
Strip?

ILIANA  
Right here - right now.

ILIANA is amused, settling in against the glass as if  
interested in the curtain rising on a fine new show.

PAUL  
You're crazy.

ILIANA  
Paul I don't understand the  
silliness of it all. You've seen my  
body on the boat. You are a  
beautiful man in great shape.  
Nothing to be ashamed of. Did you  
jump me on the boat?

PAUL  
Jump you - of course not.

ILIANA  
And I'll return the graces - we're  
married - we're friends - we're  
about to play, and you my  
friend...are about to loose.

PAUL  
I'll say.

ILIANA  
You strip down at the club and  
shower with other men. You know in  
other countries men and women spa  
together naked. Expand your world  
young Steiner. It's not dirty.

PAUL loosens his tie confidently, looking her in the eyes as ILIANA smiles like a devious little girl who stirred the pot. PAUL pulls his pants and socks off, folding them on the dash.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

There you go Steiner. A real man -  
no backing away from a challenge.

PAUL pulls of his shirt and leans back against the door with his hands out to receive the close.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

(affected, struggling to  
maintain a carefree  
smile)

With...a real man's body.

PAUL slips on the shorts bowing his body towards the front of the car to pull them up over his legs, in profile to her; ILIANA gawks, used to teasing men, now resisting her own compulsion. She hands him the shirt.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

PAUL dear, you could make underwear  
commercials, you really take care  
of yourself - I love that in a man.

PAUL

(slipping the shirt on and  
elongating himself again  
to tuck it in)

Two peas in a pod. It all fits. How  
could you possibly know my size?

ILIANA

I've sized you up Steiner. I know  
clothes. And a little about men too.

PAUL

(demanding )

Socks.

ILIANA hands them to him.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Shoes.

Again she complies.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Racket.

ILIANA obeys, bestowing it upon him as if a scepter.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (ironically, smiling)  
 Bring your balls...Its game time.

ILIANA  
 Quite a show Paul. I'm happy to be  
 out of there - it was getting warm.

CUT TO:

Tennis court where THEY are stretching. Each with purpose of  
 limbering and titliation.

PAUL  
 It's only fair to alert you Mrs.  
 Hallier that I was on the tennis  
 team in high school. Are we keeping  
 score then, or just exercising?

ILIANA  
 Keeping score - impeccably.

ILIANA bounces the ball a few times at her feet, looks across  
 at him, very slowly and deliberately she bows her body in an  
 elegant ballet toss up slowly coiling, then releases full  
 force upon the ball which fires past Steiner as he wildly  
 attempts to reach it in vain caught unaware of her skills.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
 That Mr. Steiner is an ace - Its  
 only fair to tell you that I am a  
 woman with time on her hands - time  
 for many lessons - that's 15  
 LOVE... love.

PAUL says nothing returning the ball over the net to her and  
 setting himself to be ready, fully ready this time. For an  
 hour the two matched both skills in athletics and eloquence  
 with well formed taunts and barbs.

CUT TO:

By the fountain after the match, THEY use its water and fresh  
 white towels for Iliana's car to rehabilitate.

PAUL  
 (sincerly)  
 I've got to say champ, you gave me  
 a run for my money - as good as any  
 of the boys at the club. I could  
 get used to this.

ILIANA

Me too. Do you like to run?

PAUL

Yes - it's like there isn't time enough anymore for all this - it really makes you feel alive! - I need to do it more.

ILIANA

Yes you do...Give up the boys at the club Paul. Play with me. Two peas in a pod. The best of friends. Let's run on Monday.

PAUL

Can't. Burnham's got me off to Florida. I'm in real estate acquisitions now. Be spending quite a lot of time there.

ILIANA

What a coincidence! Paul while Remy is in Singapore for about another month I planned to tend to our home in Palm Beach. We are well known there but why couldn't we join up for a little running on MIAMI beach? There are plenty of public courts for our rematch; you owe me that as a sportsman Paul - you can't deny me!

PAUL

Settled - I'll call you when I'm there - be in Miami from Monday to Friday next week. If you're there\_\_

ILIANA

Date...give me your phone.

PAUL

My phone?

ILIANA

Yes.

ILIANA starts rifling through the contacts.

PAUL

What in the heck are you doing?

ILIANA continues without replying, instead handing him her phone without looking at him.

ILIANA

Look up the contact 'Paulson Beauty Supplies'.

PAUL

It's my number.

ILIANA hands him back his phone.

ILIANA

Now on yours look up 'Brighton Real Estate Investment'.

PAUL

Your number...crafty - something tells me you've done this before.

ILIANA

Hardly Paul- lets just keep it all straight: we know who we are...we are friends only...but our companies might not see it that way building into all sorts of torrid implications, your wife, your lucky wife - Paul she'd think we are having an affair - she can't think that because we aren't. It's just better this way - discretion - it's not dirty - its evolution.

PAUL

Its hiding something from my wife.

ILIANA

And why should you have to? Ask yourself. Isn't it silly? Why can't Rexy and I have you both out to dinner as friends - normal couple friends? Why can't you and I play tennis as you would with another boy? Why must we use the discretion of lovers to just cherish each others as pals - who makes it dirty us - Or Them?

PAUL

It is messy isn't it.

ILIANA

It is. A delicious, lovely chocolate mess.

SCENE 2.3 - INT. RC TOWER OBS DECK - NIGHT

PAUL and CARLY are on top of the Redington Corporate Tower in the public observation deck.

CARLY

Paul it's breathtaking. You can see the entire city in one view. The tall buildings even look small. Do birds fly this high?

PAUL

They do. And so do men.

CARLY

Oh really - superheroes you mean?

PAUL

No mortals. Me. Hallier.

CARLY

Odd...to hear those same names in the same sentence.

PAUL

He built this - Hallier & Hardcott. Someone like me dreamt it. It does happen Carly. It's someone's bridge - to somewhere.

CARLY

Right now it's our bridge to the sky Paul. I don't care who built. I care about being here with you.

PAUL

You're right. Sorry. Our anniversary and I'm talking shop. I promised you a trip to the top of the world tonight, and dinner to boot.

CARLY

Well this is the top. Now where my grub!

PAUL

(taking her in his arms)  
Not so fast Mrs. Steiner. You got bills to pay.

CARLY  
(kissing)  
These are sweet debts. I want to  
owe more.

PAUL  
You do owe me more.

CARLY  
Then I'll just have to pay.

CARLY puts her head on his shoulder looking over the city.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
So this nice walk and breathtaking  
view, dinner, your entire plan -  
all for me - what is it you want?

PAUL  
I'll have the usual.

CARLY  
It's called the usual for a reason -  
it's not the 'unusual' - today's a  
special day - don't you want  
something other than the usual, or  
in addition to the usual.

PAUL  
Is there more to it? I thought we  
pretty much got all the bases  
covered.

CARLY  
Ah...yeah...I'll say.

PAUL  
Well you'll just have to think of  
something.

CARLY breaks away from him and walks a feet down the glass  
windows staring out with her back to him.

CARLY  
Okay - I got it.

PAUL  
That quick? Can't be so special.

CARLY  
It is. I actually knew before we  
came here - I cheated - actually  
brought it with me.

PAUL  
Well, can't be too big. Let's have  
it.

CARLY  
(turning to face him)  
I'm pregnant Paul.

CARLY searches his face for his reaction unsure of it.

PAUL  
(stoically)  
Really?

CARLY  
Really - I found out today.

PAUL  
(with a great smile)  
You scoundrel! How did you not tell  
me all day?

CARLY  
I knew we'd be coming here. I  
wanted you to meet your daughter  
here...on top of the world Paul -  
are you happy?

PAUL  
(kissing her)  
Oh god yes. We'll climb back down  
to earth as three! Wait...daughter?  
How could you possibly know?

CARLY  
If it's a boy Burnham wants 'Peter'  
- it's just got to be a girl Paul  
or will offend the guy! Its like  
were his last hope at immortality!

PAUL  
Some men want to live forever.

CARLY  
And now you will!

**SONG - HEAVEN HERE ON EARTH**

SCENE 2.4 - EXT. OCEAN BLVD. CAFE, MIAMI - DAY

After a long run on the beach PAUL and ILIANA and seek shade  
under the awning of a cafe.

ILIANA

(pulling her shirt up to  
dab her face exposing her  
stomach)

It is blistering down here in the  
summer.

PAUL

Yeah. Four miles. Pretty good for a  
middle aged woman.

ILIANA

Oh shut up - all that means Paul is  
that I, slightly, only slightly,  
older than you, and, a woman, can  
not only keep up - but can give you  
a run for your money.

PAUL

Yes, you can.

ILIANA

It means something else,  
(grabbing his shirt and  
wiping her face with it  
exposing his stomach)  
mine is all wet, thanks...that it  
is I...little old me, who is  
actually in the better shape of the  
two, you see?

PAUL

In some convoluted way.

ILIANA

Hey, let's go inside and get a  
drink - we earned it.

They sit at a table. ILIANA dons sunglasses in discretion.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

You're not as talkative today Paul.  
Feeling alright?

PAUL

Yeah, sure -worn out. Between  
Burnham's real estate deals and  
your athletic prowess.

ILIANA

You see - look at me - alive -  
straight posture - ready for  
another 5 miles - I am the  
superiorly conditioned of the two.

PAUL

You are superior.

ILIANA

That's settled - now how's it going  
with the Burnham stuff. Are you  
enjoying your high finance duties?

PAUL

Well I...well...no. The man's given  
me the world Iliana. He is a  
wonderful man. You must know that -  
you seemed to know him when we met.

ILIANA

Just as a player in our circle.

PAUL

He's really a special man. I just  
...I am not in love with this  
business. I'm in love with making  
beautiful things. I'm in love with  
looking at them. Fashioning them.  
Who loves this entire process  
though? Someone does. Burnham does.  
I just don't. I want to build  
towers and bridges - leave a mark,  
and leave the other stuff to those  
who love it - the financiers - the  
lawyers - let them love their thing  
and me, mine - I don't need much  
professionally - paper and pencils.

ILIANA

Yes I understand - my husband is  
that man - he loves the whole  
process Paul - the underbelly too.

PAUL

That's why you married him - he's  
extraordinary. He's done it all.

ILIANA

Oh yes - he's done it all - and  
then just a little more - cheers.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

I don't want to incite a riot Paul - but why don't you talk to him. He's been wanting to meet with you. Maybe it's time now. Maybe your potential is better suited elsewhere - but listen - that's just me talking and I'll play open faced -it would be delicious to have you around working with us - no more sunglasses. But Burnham's given you a great future Paul. Who can decide these things but you?

PAUL

Exactly. Me and my wife.

ILIANA

Is she a big part of your career path Paul? Some woman are - and some aren't - which is she?

PAUL

She's....She's pregnant.

ILIANA smiles, determined to show only congratulations, puts the glasses atop her head, leans in, and grabs his hands.

ILIANA

Oh Paul that's wonderful! You both must be so excited!

PAUL

Thanks we are, we are.

ILIANA

Oh what lucky woman! - do you know how gorgeous that child will be. Delicious like her father!

PAUL

Yes - you see...she's quite close to Burnham. He's given us property close to his. He's kind of in a position now to be a bloody nanny of sorts - servants, proximity - indebtedness - I don't know how it all happened really.

ILIANA

(joking - acting)

The pregnancy? Oh little boy let me tell you about a man and a woman.

PAUL

No Ily, the whole progression I mean. (beat) Ily - E-LEE, I like that.

ILIANA

Me too - continue to use it and continue your thoughts my hemmed in troubled wunderkind.

PAUL

I got a boss; but I got much more. Somehow he's become my neighbor. Worse he's become my wife's hero. No, worse than that, he's become...my father in law!

ILIANA

Oh my - how deliciously intricate! Are you sure they're not the ones having an affair? Are you sure it's your child!?

PAUL

Oh shut up- that isn't funny.

ILIANA pulls her glasses down over her eyes again, smiling, but now returning her lips to a sarcastic serious purse.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The only thing that is mine is the child! - the job is out of control, my wife entangled hopelessly in this. My tower, my tower is never goanna see the light of day.

ILIANA

Oh my Paul I've seen into you problem - that gorgeous 'tower' of yours - not getting much attention during this pregnancy phase. I hear it only gets worse.

PAUL

You are so irritating when you get silly.

ILIANA is playfully leaning back into the chair so her midriff pulls up exposing her stomach.

ILIANA

I guess Paul - every tower yearns for the light of day.

(MORE)

ILIANA (CONT'D)

What does a Steiner do when his  
best friend is so lovely?

PAUL

Get irritated.

ILIANA

(licking the dew that's  
forming on her glass)  
Is that all?

PAUL

Yes that's all.

ILIANA

I agree. The physical tension is  
like a walk into a fine pâtisserie.  
So many treats- your mouth waters.  
It's best sometimes to see them and  
then walk out without choosing.

PAUL

I disagree. Because I'm  
disagreeable now. I'm hungry and I  
want to buy them all and eat them?

ILIANA

Do you Paul?

PAUL

Not all, just the one that is looks  
like the beautiful tower.

ILIANA

Do you really Paul, I had no idea  
you were that way?

PAUL

Ily you have the most twisted  
humor.

ILIANA

Innuendo as delicious as an éclair -  
full of cream - see I did it again!  
- Rex - I rubbed off on him!

PAUL

You don't get any of this do you?  
Ily, I've designed a tower -  
revolutionary - I think - oh the  
heck with the humble pleasantries -  
I know it.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's not going to be built by Burnham - it's not for our clientele...for the time being. The mock-up is in my home.

ILIANA

(pointing to her head)

Where are the plans Paul, up here?

PAUL

In my office.

ILIANA

You've got working drafts, engineering proofs, everything?

PAUL

Yes and no: the engineering study is left undone- unfunded. I've been working on it a while Burnham's grooming me to be his son. What a mess I've made. I don't want to be king - just his designer.

ILIANA

Sounds like you want immortality Paul. Maybe you forget I know a thing or two about men in this business. You don't want to be king do you? You do want to live forever making towers like that - you forget Paul - I'm married to the pharaoh - the pharaoh's wife. Rex builds things like yours - his new office is in the pyramid - where you and I found each other.

PAUL

It's a mess.

ILIANA

Why Paul? What's so messy? Rex is coming home soon. He told me to come to Singapore but I complained about the humidity and...some of his sweaty friends- he's coming next week. Meet him.

PAUL

I asked you if there was more than rivalry between him and Burnham while we were on the boat - you dashed it under the rug - pull up the corner and show it to me. What happened between them?

ILIANA

Oh Paul its just business - rivalry egos - competition - we're athletes we understand.

PAUL

Ily, there's more you crafty woman.

ILIANA

Okay its settled - we'll meet him when he comes back - down here - away from the spies in New York.

PAUL

I'm not falling for that one again - nothings settled...by the way what makes me so sure you're not one of...the spies?

ILIANA

Exactly Paul. More tangles and twists in your knotted head. You know what clears the mind almost as good as sex?

PAUL

Exercise.

ILIANA

Exactly my tangled friend - let's go untangle the wholesome way. The beach is there and we've got four miles back.

PAUL

You're right. I love this about you - really. You're a crafty women with a lovely clean side.

ILIANA

Don't kid yourself I'm a dirty woman who loves physical activity.  
(MORE)

ILIANA (CONT'D)

Let's go run together - really fast  
 - lets make it hurt -you can cry  
 about your tower and I can pry you  
 away selfishly to Hallier &  
 Hardcott, where you,  
     (leaning forward swiveling  
     her sunglasses upward)  
 can look into my eyes directly  
 without these,  
     (swiveling her glasses  
     back in place)  
 And I,  
     (pullin an ice cube from  
     her glass and licking it)  
 ...I will get to see your gorgeous  
 tower.

SCENE 2.5 - INT. STEINER HOME Beef Jerky tumble - NIGHT

PAUL

I'm Home.

CARLY (O.S.)

Hi dear. I made you roast - hungry?

PAUL

Famished.

CARLY (O.S.)

Some call it pork roast. I call it  
 'shoe' roast. It's been sitting for  
 so long it - its dried leather now.

PAUL

(distracted looking at  
 papers he's unloading)  
 Uh-huh.

CARLY (O.S.)

You're usually home by 8pm.

This registers with PAUL he drops the papers and moves to the  
 sofa loosening his tie.

PAUL

Yeah - gym night you know that.

CARLY appears from the kitchen with a martini. Her pregnancy  
 is advanced, movements constricted and stiff.

CARLY

The roast is re-heating, or should  
 I say further drying. You're  
 usually home by 8...

PAUL

Yeah, Burnham's got me swamped in...swamps, wading through the good and the bad in Florida. It's maddening. Ran late at the office. Gym late. Got to go - without that release I think I'd explode.

CARLY

I know - you're working so hard I hardly see you. Thanks for working like this Paul. I can barely walk 20 steps; I'm no help to you in the exercise department.

PAUL

It's to be expected.

CARLY

I know. I just feel so darn fat, so ugly.

PAUL

Oh Carly come on - you're the same Carly you've always been.

CARLY

Yeah I'm her - 40 lbs. more of her. It's horrifying to step on the scale. I stopped. The doctor's office is the only place I will.

PAUL

(downing the martini)  
Well you've heard men like curves haven't you?

CARLY

Yeah - that's how the saying goes - there is no 'fat' in it. Thirsty?

PAUL

Thirsty, hungry, frustrated.

CARLY

I'll get you one more. It'll take the edge off.

PAUL

You know Carly, curves...  
(looking at her bosoms  
considerably swelled with  
the pregnancy)  
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

there is a lot more to you - in a good way - a very good way.

CARLY

The darn things don't fit in my bras or clothes anymore. I've been meaning to buy some new things - wearing a robe is easier.

PAUL

You mean they are unbridled in there?

PAUL moves to peek in her robe. CARLY slaps his hand.

CARLY

I'll get you another drink - it'll take the edge off - hopefully.

PAUL

Seems no time for anything anymore.  
(looking at the tower)  
The things I love to do...are now the things I *loved* to do.

CARLY

(appearing with martini)  
No, they are the things you'll love to do - *again*...when the time is right. Try this. You still love *it* - and it's a double - heaven help us.

PAUL takes it downing half of it then stretching his back.

PAUL

Edge...coming off, kinda.

PAUL rises and moves to the book shelves.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So many books I meant to read.

PAUL is now behind her as she faces forward. CARLY'S face changes in response to pain inside her body as she puts her hands on her belly. PAUL is looking through the shelves. CARLY'S pain settles and she puts one hand onto the table where the model is in relief. Both she and the model are bathed in the same light. PAUL turns around and comes up behind his wife and places his hand on her belly from behind. CARLY covers them with her own hands, on her face is relief.

CARLY

The baby kicked today.

PAUL  
(gently kissing her neck)  
Really - kicked you after all  
you've done.

PAUL'S hands slide from her stomach up over her breasts.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I don't know about curves - but  
this man likes soft. How soft you  
are.

CARLY is visibly queasy, breaks free, grabs a pillow off the sofa to keep the situation from tipping, immediately returns in position with her back to him raising the pillow above her breast and placing his hand on it.

CARLY  
Here try this - it's really soft.

PAUL comes out from behind her and picks up the martini.

PAUL  
Or this.

PAUL drinks it and sits at the table looking up at the tower.

CARLY  
Honey I'm sorry - this pregnancy  
thing is really a lot of stress for  
both of us. You know what though?  
(coming behind him, her  
hands on his shoulders)  
it doesn't last forever - like your  
real estate papers. We'll manage.

PAUL  
And tomorrow Burnham will have me  
in another division. Tomorrow  
you'll be pregnant again. Where  
does it all end? When do we get  
back to us and what we intended?

CARLY  
Look at Burnham Paul - he's trying  
now isn't he - an old man. This is  
what it is to grow up maybe. Duty's  
burden gets awfully heavy. But you  
know what?

PAUL  
No. Obviously no.

CARLY

You're in good company Paul. You've a lot to offer.

PAUL

What if I dry up in the mean time?

CARLY

Oh! Speaking of dried up - your beef jerky!

CARLY rushes into the kitchen and there are SOUNDS of pans flung about. She appears with another martini.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Here - take this dear - this and a chain saw will get you through dinner.

(going back for the meal)

Well at least we won't have to refrigerate the left overs!

PAUL sits staring at the tower. He grabs a paper, scribbling down a note as if fleeting and in danger of being forgotten, then grabs the calipers, measures, and jots another. CARLY appears in the kitchen doorway LOOKING ILL stops, both hands full of plates, she leans against the doorway for support.

PAUL begins rifling off calculations into his handheld.

PAUL

I don't know why I never thought of this before. There is brilliance at the bottom of a cone shaped glass. I've solved it! I know how now!

CARLY

(faint, losing strength)

Paul...

PAUL

Or maybe it's in the olives. Damn Greeks and there olives.

CARLY

Paul...Paul.

CARLY begins to not be able to keep the plates steady as she looks up for strength not wanting to let go.

PAUL

Or Mead - maybe mead: mead indeed!  
Mead me thinks- Lake Meade!

CARLY  
 (no longer able to hold  
 on, the plates fall)  
 Paul!

PAUL comes to at the CRASHING PLATES sound and rushes round the corner to the sight of CARLY ready to collapse, the meal and broken dishes already at her feet; he reaches out as CARLY crumbles in his arms. He gets her to the couch.

PAUL  
 My God Carly! I'll call a doctor!

CARLY  
 No Paul...no...I'm okay.

PAUL  
 No your not!

CARLY  
 Yes. It was just so hot in the kitchen. The oven... and this extra weight - like wearing 3 coats.

PAUL  
 I'm calling a doctor.

CARLY  
 I'm okay Paul. Oh what a mess all that food on the carpet.

PAUL  
 Who gives a damn about carpet! Has this happened before? Are you feeling sick?

CARLY  
 Paul I'm pregnant. Everything's hot, cold, whatever. I'll be fine. I feel good now. Good - really.  
 (moving her arms as if in calisthenics)  
 See! Good enough to clean that mess.

PAUL  
 (holding her)  
 Stop moving - damn the mess.

CARLY  
 I'm so sorry Paul - I'm the mess.

## SCENE 2.6 - INT. BURNHAMS MANSION - NIGHT

CARLY is holding up some baby clothes, some pink, some blue, laughing, unopened boxes all around.

CARLY (CONT'D)

This is the most ridiculous thing I've ever seen! It's like a baby store exploded and everything landed in this room.

BURNHAM

Or it's like an old man walked into a baby store and had no idea what to buy. So he took it all.

CARLY

Peter you doll, what if it's a boy?

BURNHAM

You mean what if it's a Peter?

CARLY

What about all the girl clothes!

BURNHAM

We'll just have to save them for the next one - or better yet donate them to the poor.

CARLY

And what if it's not a...Peter?

BURNHAM

Like wise...except one an old man will need a little consoling after your convalescence...

(putting his hand to chin  
with mock seriousness)

You haven't considered - what if it... is a they - twins? Now you have all the bases covered. I'm not being excessive - only practical.

CARLY

You are ridiculous...and so extremely generous.

(walking over to him and  
kissing his cheek)

Peter, I love you.

BURNHAM

I love you to Carly. You and Paul have made my life so happy. How are you feeling today?

CARLY

Pretty good. Not so weak.

BURNHAM

I'm glad you took my advice and saw my friend. She is one of the finest specialists the country. What did she find Carly? Please tell me.

CARLY

It's just a mystery. She thinks maybe my blood pressure gets unstable when I get too active and it makes me dizzy. The tests show nothing detectable.

BURNHAM

Listen Carly, while Paul is away I don't like you alone in that house. I want you to stay here when he's out of town. He's really diving in to the Florida work. I feel guilty.

CARLY

Peter my husband is that way. He fixates on certain things till they reach fruition. I think it's probably a trait innovators.

BURNHAM

I think so Carly. Has he shared his ideas for the tower with you?

CARLY

Shared them? I live with them. They are literally in the room with us.

BURNHAM

Well anyhow. I want you to stay here until he comes back. And I want you to stay here whenever he leaves town again. I want you to promise Carly - just until the baby is safely delivered.

CARLY

Peter I couldn't.

BURNHAM

Why couldn't you dear? Why wouldn't you be more prudent: If you fell in that house all alone we could have a disaster. I've built this giant home for whom? The servants are always available to tend to you while Paul is away, while I'm away.

CARLY

Peter you dear soul - Paul...what about Paul? He'll feel odd\_\_

BURNHAM

He may - but I've given him the duties that take him away from you - I'm at the heart of this Carly. If something were to happen to your and Paul's child I would never forgive myself - it will ruin all our lives. If he feels funny, we'll have to help him to understand.

CARLY

Peter you're guilting me into a corner aren't you? Aren't you now?

BURNHAM

Yes I am dear - so what? You make me alive - I think the world of you - so practical - so devoted -so clean hearted. You are my air freshener - a potpourri.

CARLY

Potpourri!? Oh brother! You called me a postcard before! Are you becoming a businessman poet? Shall I call you Mr. Sensitive?

BURNHAM

Oh definitely. I think we should spend the afternoon making doilies!

THEY laugh hysterically.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

(wiping tears from eyes)  
A pipe. I need to buy a pipe.

CARLY

What forever for?

BURNHAM

A cardigan sweater goes with a pipe  
goes with an old man - a grandpa.

CARLY

Sorry gramps - no smoking around my  
child.

BURNHAM

Gosh you're right - the times have  
changed and I'm behind.

CARLY

Other than the smoking idea you're  
perfect - classic grandpa through  
and through - a real preppy.

BURNHAM

(with mock hysteria)

So what's today's image of a  
grandpa? Gramps has got to have  
something to do with his hands. If  
it's not packing sweet smelling  
tobacco into a meerschaum pipe - my  
gosh what am I to do!?

CARLY

Take a lesson from the youth?

BURNHAM

Yes...yes...go ahead younger  
generation.

CARLY

Take up texting. Sit in your  
wingback chair and text.

BURNHAM

Never!

CARLY

You asked grandpa Peter. Just a  
suggestion. You can smoke your pipe  
on the veranda then.

BURNHAM

No, its loss its charm...knowing  
you disapprove - plus I have to set  
an example for the kids.

CARLY

That's right...and I'm pointing out  
you said kids - plural.

BURNHAM

The power of suggestion -  
devastatingly significant.

CARLY

Devastating....

BURNHAM

Carly...I have a lot to learn yet  
as an old man.

CARLY

You think?

BURNHAM

I'm just a little in  
awe...nervous...it's my...it's my  
first...it's my first child.

CARLY

Oh brother! Over to the doily table  
gramps, button your cardigan and  
don't start a fire with your pipe.

BURNHAM

Oh make fun of the old man, the  
easy target. The elderly: the  
indignities we suffer.

SCENE 2.7 - INT. PALM BEACH PAUL'S CAR - DAY

PAUL is driving alone in Palm Beach among American castles.  
The GPS shows a small trail left to be traversed to reach  
Hallier's Summer home. PAUL'S phone rings - he answers it  
without looking craning to catch a glimpse of the  
architecture purposefully hidden.

PAUL

Hullo, this is Paul.

CARLY (V.O.)

(Imitating his voice)  
Hullo then...this is Carly.

PAUL

Carly...Hi, I'm driving.

CARLY (V.O.)

Traffic must be incredible now.

PAUL  
 (peering between the  
 openings while passing  
 another gate)  
 No...there's no one on the road.

CARLY (V.O.)  
 Nobody! Good one - sarcasm helps  
 you get through it. I detest  
 traffic. Are you stuck?

PAUL  
 No.

CARLY (V.O.)  
 Will you make it on time?

PAUL  
 (looking at watch)  
 Yeah maybe a few minutes early.

CARLY (V.O.)  
 You are silly today - you're over  
 an hour late. How much more time do  
 you think? Everyone's waiting.

PAUL  
 There's not anyone there.

CARLY (V.O.)  
 What do you mean; he's got nearly  
 every girl in the office here.  
 They've all brought gifts.

The diversion of expectations makes PAUL realize he's not  
 even listening, so he pulls the car over.

PAUL  
 What in the hell are you saying?

CARLY (V.O.)  
 Paul there's no need to swear -  
 gifts - gifts Paul. All the office  
 staff is here and waiting.  
 Burnham's gone to a lot of trouble  
 for us - the house is full. Please  
 don't joke. When are you going to  
 be here - is the traffic bad?

PAUL  
 Dammit Carly -showers. I'm in  
 Florida still.

CARLY (V.O.)  
Florida? You said you'd be on the  
early flight today.

PAUL  
Well there's a lot going on down  
here for Pete's sake. An important  
meeting came up last minute and  
I've been...just crazy trying to  
figure out my position, our  
position. I got side tracked.

CARLY (V.O.)  
Burnham's just in the other room.  
Should I get him to review the  
firm's position on something?

PAUL  
No! I mean our position - us.

CARLY (V.O.)  
Paul you're all over the place  
today - what do I have to do with  
your real estate deals?

PAUL  
Oh nothing I guess...nothing.

CARLY (V.O.)  
What?

PAUL  
Never mind. I'm...Burnham's got a  
lot of time on his hands now huh,  
planning baby showers, parties,  
spending a lot of time with my wife  
- while he's got me doing his work.  
I'm just a little frazzled.

CARLY (V.O.)  
Honey its okay. You've got really  
important stuff - I'm sorry.

PAUL  
Aren't these damn things for girls?

CARLY (V.O.)  
Well Paul they're actually  
wonderful and not damned - and yes  
primarily - at least traditionally.

PAUL

So Burnham's getting all in with the girls?

CARLY (V.O.)

Peter is doing a wonderful thing for -US - done wonderful things for us. Don't say bad things about the man Paul. He's trying to be our friend above all else.

PAUL

Friends? - really good friends to another mans wife while he's got the husband running around.

CARLY (V.O.)

That's not fair Paul. We talked about it. He told you to take a little time off. He wanted you to take some time off when I went to the doctor. He told you he'd put Wynans on the Florida thing during the pregnancy.

PAUL

Well he's got me in a position now down here I can't just walk away from...I'm in a position here! I'm on to things here!...I'm not sure of the future and what I'm working on isn't for Wynans!

PAUL pulls from the curb and watches the addresses pass.

CARLY (V.O.)

Paul I understand.

Heard through the receiver is a FEMALE FRIEND.

FEMALE FREIND (O.S.)

Carly? Carly where are you?

CARLY (V.O.)

(to her FRIEND)

I'm in here. I'm coming.

(To PAUL)

Paul we're both making people wait now - go. Call me after you meeting. It's loud here.

PAUL

Okay...okay - I'm sorry too. Have fun. Bye.

GPS FEMALE VOICE

The destination is on your right.  
Arriving at destination.

SCENE 2.8 - INT. HALLIER'S W. PALM BEACH HOME - DAY

PAUL is dressed in expensive cream suit and blue shirt. He passes the security gates and rounds the sharp turn in the dense foliage. The car emerges from the thicket to expansive lime green lawns of the massive Hallier summer home.

PAUL

(aloud)

My God! The Taj Mahal - for himself.

The home is an imposing white marbled three story with flat roof and elegant turrets. By the entrance a large circular fountain bathes a CONQUISTADOR STATUE in an eternal rain.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(To himself)

The imposers of God's Will - slaughtering in the name of empire...What redundancy: a fountain during the often afternoon showers. Redundancies: a design ethic, more, grander, and than more still. No - a life ethic, a focus.

The stone steps are flanked on both side by two enormous LIONS whose spines had been removed - with basins now in place - to hold the overflowing wealth of flower arrangements of both texture and color. The home sits upon the relative high ground well above the beaches. Off to either side beyond the home is the sprawling Atlantic.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(looking at the Atlantic)

Gorgeous & inspiring... yet undrinkable.

(climbing the steps)

She walks these steps after running with me; she walks these steps with him. She'll answer the door and we'll pretend we just met.

PAUL rings the bell. HALLIER opens the door.

HALLIER

(smiling)

Steiner! What the hell did you dress up for?

PAUL

These old rags? How are you Mr. Hallier?

HALLIER

For Gods sakes, what do you think you're here applying for a job?

PAUL

Of course.

HALLIER

Good - I like that - HAH! We see eye to eye I can tell. You look good son - really - I like the outfit - glad to see you're your own man and not letting my pal Burnham get near your closet. Don't let him get near your wife either. How is she?

PAUL

(taken by Hallier's comment)

She's...fine...pregnant.

HALLIER dwarfs PAUL as he puts his arm around him.

HALLIER

Oh dear boy that calls for medicine...I've got just the stuff.

HALLIER stops in the middle of the expansive marble foyer with ringed circular stair cases to the next two levels. In front of them the rotunda gives way to a great room sunken downward a few steps, all sand colored marble and oriental rugs - the far wall all glass rising the length of the first and second floors with long sheer curtains - beyond which is the panorama of the Atlantic.

PAUL

Incredible. Who designed it?

HALLIER

Paul, Paul, Paul - I've got the best minds in the business, the best spies - we don't just do towers son.

PAUL  
It's amazing really.

HALLIER as he puts his fingers on a switch and 20 foot curtains spread across the Atlantic windows and then cycle to the open position again. PAUL marvels at the effect of completely cutting the sun's heat and glare - without changing the view. THEY approach the bar where sits HALLIER'S ever present rock glass of straight bourbon already nearly consumed. HALLIER picks it up and finishes it.

HALLIER  
What's your medicine Steiner?

PAUL  
Martini.

HALLIER  
I make a beauty.

PAUL  
I'm surprised.

HALLIER  
About what - how damn cute I am in person? HAH!

PAUL  
No. No. There aren't servants buzzing about in such a palace.

HALLIER  
Paul you don't know the man yet. I do what ever I can myself. That's half the secret to my success. You know what the other half is? What ever I can't do - I get the very best - I mean the god damned best - to do it for me. I can open a door and make a cocktail, and a whole lot more. I don't love alone though. I don't build alone either. Loving, building - the same damned thing don't you think?

PAUL  
Yes.

HALLIER  
I like you Steiner - you the best?

PAUL  
 (With forced bravado)  
 The god dammed best Rex.

HALLIER  
 (handing the martini)  
 I know son - I know - here. I've  
 got the best spies remember?

PAUL follows HALLIER to the wide opening in the far glass wall overlooking the Atlantic. The breeze is coming in and ruffling the curtains. THEY go out onto a patio which runs the expanse of the exterior of this floor, PAUL peers over to see its actually a second level, the real first floor underneath them. Also below is a large resort-like irregular pool amid palm trees. PAUL sees an empty chaise with a towel and looks away from it quickly up the back of the home.

PAUL  
 Craftsmanship is as good as ours.

HALLIER  
 As good as yours huh?

PAUL  
 I head the division -residential -  
 we do with it what you do with  
 large scale projects. No offense  
 meant.

HALLIER  
 No offense taken.  
 (pointing to his home)  
 But can you do this?

PAUL  
 Yes. I can. But we can't do some  
 things that you can. That's why I'm  
 here.

HALLIER  
 I know . Lets get down to it son.  
 I need a splash I'll be right back.

As HALLIER goes in to his bar PAUL sees a tennis court in the distance. ILIANA is there talking to a pro giving her a lesson.

HALLIER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (from the other room)  
 Look Paul, you should try something  
 new - how about bourbon.

PAUL finishes his martini and stands in the doorway framed by the Atlantic.

HALLIER (CONT'D)  
Oh Paul - dam you look like little  
boy blue over there - my eyes are  
half blind from the sun.

HALLIER approaches PAUL and hands him a double bourbon.

HALLIER (CONT'D)  
Try something new - its evolution.

PAUL takes a large gulp of the raw liquor.

HALLIER (CONT'D)  
Boy Blue,  
(motioning over to the  
courts)  
...and little Bo Peep.

PAUL smiles and drinks looking HALLIER squarely in the eyes.

HALLIER (CONT'D)  
(motioning to the pro)  
Do you think she screws him?

PAUL  
(takes a sip)  
Bourbon...it is pretty good Rex.

HALLIER  
You bet it is. Some of my best work  
was found inside these. Okay son -  
bourbons in hand - dancing around  
the ring a little - lets get to it -  
what can I do for you - and what  
can you do for me?

PAUL  
I don't know yet. I do know that my  
boss is aging and will step aside  
sometime. I do know that the time  
will come that you and I will see  
each other at the supper clubs, and  
in court, like you and he. We best  
know each other - we might have a  
healthy rivalry rather than a  
destructive one.

HALLIER  
But I like building...as much as I  
like destroying.

PAUL

I like building, you can have a monopoly on the other.

HALLIER

So you like building Paul? Do you like building homes Paul? My focus is never the residential - so you can have your monopoly there - I don't want it.

PAUL

Well that's good - we do.

HALLIER

You'll be a rich man Paul and your wife very proud and your friends envious. (beat)

(almost yelling)

Stop jerking yourself around! You aren't here for any alliance or fence mending bull - what does Paul Steiner really want and why does Paul Steiner come here!

HALLIER smiles and puts his arm around PAUL and leads them to two small reclining chairs further down the patio.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

Listen son, you don't know me yet. When I talk harsh I'm doing business - impersonal mans business - don't you ever take offense. I got no time for little girl pleasantries and beating around the bush; that's me. Who are you?

PAUL

I'm a designer of towers and bridges - I'll make stadiums. I make large scale wonders on paper for others to make out of glass, stone and steel.

HALLIER

Now you're talking kid. Talk more like that - don't jerk around with me life's too short. What do want kid? You want to live for ever - you want everyone to see your work, you want people to see pictures of your stuff in books - you want some of it to live for ages?

PAUL

My homes are impressive and some  
are in books!

HALLIER

(Standing up over Paul,  
yelling)

Listen you little prick! Stop  
playing with your marbles and stand  
up. You want to do big things or  
small ones! You got one life and  
you got talent - both are blazing  
by leaving you behind - you want to  
do what other people want you to?!  
You want to take the safe route so  
your hairdo doesn't get messed up -  
you want build strip malls or  
towers! Out with it Nancy!

PAUL

(jumping up, yelling)

Towers! And screw You! I don't care  
how big you are. You don't talk to  
me like that- You may take me down  
but not before you loose those two  
front teeth.

HALLIER bear hugs PAUL who is pinned in his powerful arms.

HALLIER

Okay son...Okay. Now you know the  
man. That's how we do it round  
here. Right to the bottom of the  
pool and know each other.

The releasing him, HALLIER brushes off Paul's white blazer  
rather delicately and lovingly.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

And now I know the man too - the  
real Steiner - what he wants. I  
like him. You're goanna do big  
things son. You come work for me.  
You're goanna get what you want.

PAUL

Rex...God your strong.

HALLIER

And your pretty tough kid - more  
pretty though. HAH! What's holding  
you up? Something or you'd have  
come over here demanding a job.

PAUL

It's complicated now. It's not as easy...Burnham - he's just too deep into my closet now. He gave me my start. He's given me a lot.

HALLIER

Bullcrap - you've given yourself your start. Listen to those words: you, you, and you...Me, I expect allegiance, but in return, I give you what you want...to get what I want. That's the difference. That's Hallier business. The only hard part is figuring out what we each want - than we agree...then it begins...then its over.

(looking off over the tennis courts, then back to PAUL)

I know what I want - I want the best. I want you on my team fighting for my team. That's what I want. You figure out what you want and we'll make a deal.

PAUL

I got other people to consid\_

HALLIER

(Interrupting, yelling)

To hell with them! - they're either behind Paul Steiner or they are against Paul Steiner.

(quietly, gently)

What does Steiner want - he's the one with the talent- he's the one with the magic.

HALLIER gently straightens PAUL'S collar. PAUL says nothing.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

Now a little more honesty and you get out of here. What's holding this tower back Paul. Why aren't you selling me the designs if you don't want to come here? Something wrong with it? Something's not right, a problem, something doesn't work. You screwed it up.

PAUL

NO! It's revolutionary. It's new. I don't have engineering proofs. I can't fund it. Burnham wont invest in something he's not ready to sell. I'm telling you I can internalize the loads in a new way - its tomorrow today - forever - but I'm...I'm dead in the water.

HALLIER

HAH! A fish flopping on the deck - like Burnhams silly hand.

(Jovially, smiling)

You know how much time you just wasted Boy Blue? You go home today and think about directness and don't pussy foot around me again. You could have come over hear and sat at that bar, poured a bourbon, and said "Rex, I've got something you want. I want it built. I need engineering proofs out of your pocket. I want my name on the design. I want 2 million in design fees if you buy it. If you don't. Watch it get built by someone else"

(looking deeply into

PAUL'S eyes, softly)

What was that 3 sentences - 4? No yelling. No crying. Business. Someone's teaching you to waste too much time. Leave the pleasantries and circumstance to the Japanese tea ceremonies. Those words over bourbon - all 20 seconds of them. Is that what you want? (beat)

(yelling)

Is that what you want -out with it!

PAUL

Yes!

HALLIER

Okay then. Stick with me and I'll teach you the right way. I'll also make you live forever. DONE.

(going to pour drinks)

The proofs will be done out of the country to keep it quiet. In return for my investment I'll own the process if you decide not to option the building to me.

(MORE)

HALLIER (CONT'D)

That's my condition. You'll still have your design but give up the load process if you don't come through - a steep condition but not really - who the hell else is goanna do the engineering tests and who the hell else is goanna build it Paul. You're at my bar. Immortality, 2 million -sound good?

PAUL

Yes. Deal. I'll get you the engineering drafts for testing and the composite material specs. The design I'll retain for later.

HALLIER

Deal. Look at this now - real business - Cheers -Toast em up - to building! To building: buildings!!

SCENE 2.9 - INT. BURNHAM HOME Last Pleadings for Echelon Row-DAY

In BURNHAM'S foyer after dinner, CARLY, looking exhausted and very pregnant, ascends the stairs to lie down. PAUL and BURNHAM retire into the drawing room just off the foyer for an after dinner drink. BURNHAM takes a cordial, PAUL straight bourbon.

PAUL

Peter a beautiful meal as always - so generous - to me - to my wife, and now with showers and gifts - to our baby...why?

BURNHAM

Why Paul? Does there have to be a why? Why...the word itself conjures purpose, motive.

PAUL

Exactly Peter - be direct with me. No need for pleasantries. Two men talking. Why are you doing this?

BURNHAM

Because Paul - I want to.

PAUL

Why do you want to?

BURNHAM looks at PAUL curiously.

BURNHAM

I guess my boy...because it feels good. Isn't that why we do most things?

PAUL

No - What I'm doing for you doesn't feel good. You know I don't enjoy these duties. You know what I want. We have to confront the gorilla in the room.

BURNHAM

Let me ask you the same. Why are you doing it then if it doesn't feel good?

PAUL

For Carly really and for you - I owe you.

BURNHAM

As for me - you owe me nothing; as for her, you owe her- everything. You asked her to marry you - you owe her stability. Your child is inside her. You owe the child most Paul. Maybe you just can't see it. You're working for them and that probably makes you feel really good...except...the little voice inside of you isn't easy to quiet - it is you - always been there - used to tending to your needs. It's not a very mature voice in us: kind of like a child living in our skin - it wants what is want -and it wants it now.

PAUL

Peter why don't you give me what I want and I'll give you what you want - that's business - everyone's happy - Carly is well provided for - your firm thrives - you retire - I steward it and grow it.

BURNHAM

That's exactly what we're doing? What am I missing Paul?

PAUL

My potential.

BURNHAM

No I think that's recognized isn't it. You are in my home. You are living in the house I once did. You are being educated on the firm. You will helm it. There are 275 employees Paul and I chose you. There's been countless more over the years.

PAUL

Peter my potential goes beyond that - it's what makes me tick - that tick's not even being heard dammit.

BURNHAM

Paul settle down. Carly is sleeping. There's no need to swear, ever...it is the sign of a small mind trying to make a big point. I know your mind is superior to that. Its about those plans in your office Paul. Is that it?

PAUL

Exactly.

BURNHAM

Paul they're truly great I told you that. It's not our clientele or focus. You my boy can take us there. Hallier owns that market and I'm sure he's afraid of you. I would be too. You could take us there Paul. In Time.

PAUL

You act as if your dead or something - lets go there now!

BURNHAM

It doesn't add up Paul - its sounds like the little child more than the adult reasoning.

PAUL

Echelon Row. Peter. That what I call it. The elite's place to live. The influential - they are our market. A market you are educating me in. I've put it together Peter. Florida. Miami. Not one really large scale building there.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

One of the few cities left. A huge international presence but lacking the towers of New York because the floor space isn't in demand in Miami. That's why Echelon Row is residential. Echelon Row. Store fronts flanking left and right to attract the anchors of the greatest in Miami - huge retail markets - cruise ship and tourist upscale buying. We sell the flanks to the most exclusive and the side grounds to the more accessible retailers. The thin elegant show piece is just upscale residential. Status symbol stuff - echelon stuff. The people will buy it for the bragging rights using the dwelling as a corporate perk - hardly ever occupied in many cases - snowbirds - investments - get aways. This is our business.

BURNHAM

Paul I love this passion - that's why your designs have a heart feeling - beauty. I agree...almost. I'm not sold on one facet. Maybe New York...Miami? I can't compete in New York and I don't think it's viable in Miami.

PAUL

Why can't you compete in New York?

BURNHAM

Hallier owns people Paul - you don't see it yet - he's connected - he owns them - zoners, labor unions - they probably own a piece of him. He wins in that world. He stacks the deck.

PAUL

The underbelly. Why not Miami? - that's our town!

BURNHAM

Your building is beautiful Paul isn't it? When you are in you building do you see it?

PAUL

No but that argument can be used about our homes - inside you don't see the stone work.

BURNHAM

But its integrated Paul - you feel the property - that's what I've been teaching you - like Japanese Gardens...

PAUL

Like Japanese tea ceremonies.

BURNHAM

What?

PAUL

Nothing.

BURNHAM

Like Japanese Gardens - integrated - a union - you feel a stone beauty on its lot. You catch its harmony. Different rooms allow for the view of parts of the exterior. The moldings and trim integrate with the outside - and most importantly - the building integrates with the garden - Versailles Paul. Think of it- It's what we do best. Beauty and integration for real people who really live there.

PAUL

These Homes I've been studying Peter, they are status symbols to show off his prime property right on the ocean and to feel you own a piece of the Atlantic.

BURNHAM

Yes Paul Yes! YES! Now you got it.

PAUL

No I don't.

BURNHAM

You do boy but can't admit it to yourself because you're so vested in now. INTEGRATION and BEAUTY.

(MORE)

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

The charm of the ocean - the smells  
the views - the integration - where  
is that on the 50th floor?

Paul walks around - considering.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

A home on the ocean at night has  
just a black wall where the view of  
the day was - maybe a light of a  
passing ship - where is the beauty -  
where is the integration with the  
environment? I'll tell you: in the  
ocean breeze coming off the water  
past your curtains into your  
bedroom as you lay with your wife -  
the sounds of the waves - the charm  
of a boat horn the nearby revelers -  
all that beauty we can sell and  
marry to our homes is gone in the  
sterile rarified air of the status  
high floors. New York has lights  
and a billion things competing for  
attention. The sea that high has  
nothing except impotence - and the  
fresh night breeze howls at those  
altitudes, could lift a person  
right off the balcony...

BURNHAM pauses as if he hears something, listens, but  
continues:

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

Windows will be closed and  
balconies rendered useless.

BURNHAM stops again but Paul hears nothing, BURNHAM moves  
closer to the foyer side of the room, but PAUL is not  
interested in noise and moves further into the rooms  
interior. BURNHAM stops talking and moves quietly almost at  
the door to the foyer hall, as if to be able to sense the  
sound again.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

You may sell it boy - there are  
plenty of status seekers - but we  
don't seek - them - we seek the  
appreciators - we are Burnham and  
Associates. You are my associate.

Now at the doorway BURNHAM looks into the foyer. On the stairway BURNHAM sees CARLY wobbling mid way up, PAUL, distancing himself from BURNHAM, is looking at books on the far end of the room.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)  
 (screaming)  
 CARLY!

PAUL turns to see BURNHAM take off as a youngster in full bore, but by the time PAUL gets to the foyer BURNHAM is nearly up the stairs to CARLY as she collapses, and in her last moment of consciousness aware of her fall SCREAMS. CARLY begins the slow tumble forward but BURNHAM catches her.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)  
 (hysterically)  
 I've got you - I got you!

CARLY falls into BURNHAM'S arms and he pivots to the side - and old man using the wall as his lost strength.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)  
 My God in heaven THANKYOU! We  
 almost lost the baby.

Paul rushes to the stairs where CARLY is cradled in BURNHAM'S arm who's crying hysterically.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)  
 (crying)  
 My God the baby!

SCENE 2.10 - INT. STEINER HOME- DAY

PAUL enters the front door of his home.

PAUL  
 I'm Home! Carly - I'm back!  
 (listening)  
 Silence and a clock ticking is my  
 greeting...odd, never even heard it  
 before...I told her I agreed the  
 servants were welcome watching  
 eyes.(beat) I also told her he was  
 due home today and she always met  
 me. She is not in our home though.  
 She is in his home. (beat) Idiot...  
 Go on Paul... idiot...make the  
 painful admission- they are both  
 HIS homes.

PAUL calls the estate.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Martin it's Paul. Let me speak to my wife.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Hello Mr. Steiner. I'm sorry but Mrs. Steiner and Mr. Burnham aren't back from shopping.

PAUL

Shopping? What the hell for?

MARTIN (O.S.)

I wouldn't know sir. They said to expect them back at about 11 a.m. and MR. Burnham ordered lunch for 3 people sir.

PAUL

Its bloody noon now Martin.

MARTIN (O.S.)

It is sir.

PAUL

How the hell did he know I'd be interested in lunching anyhow - I'm just getting home for God's sake...sorry Martin...sorry.

PAUL hangs up and looks over at the tower now nearly complete. He dials another number.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(Speaking into the phone)

Yes...I'm ready...

I'll bring the engineering mock-ups and composite specs...yes...I understand...how long will it take?...yes...I remember our deal...where?...Cuba?...for God's sake I just got back fro the airport...no way...No! They don't leave my sight. I'll take them directly - myself - tell me where to go - I want to meet the engineers directly..wait I'll write it down...yes...yes...now listen god dammit I don't want any surprises or the deal is off. You want this process? Good - heres what I want: Book me a flight and a hotel, the best hotel down there.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

I want them to come to me tomorrow morning. I want a car waiting at the airport. I want tonight free. I want tomorrow all business 9 a.m. sharp no wasting time...I want to see their facilities and testing capabilities want a plane back tomorrow evening...yes...that's what you wanted HALLIER - no bullcrap...thank you...yes...I'll sign the papers - what you want...you got a deal...the designs stay with me - just the engineering mock-ups to you now - are we eye to eye?....fine...no...no pleasure doing business with you.

PAUL grabs a piece of paper and begins writing a note.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(Writing, speaking aloud)

Be back soon. Sorry I missed you.

(Thinking aloud)

It doesn't matter if it isn't believable or even rational...

PAUL looks at the tower again.

PAUL (CONT'D)

My process: it could be patented if successful, now given away to gain access to what I really want...but its solely mine though - a product of my mind alone - birthed right here in this room - Burnham's home where he lived while coming up under his father. He left his father. (beat) This place...is a place of birth... and beseech, burden...and bequeath.

**SONG- BIRTH, BESEECH, BURDEN AND BEQUEATH**

SCENE 2.11 - INT./EXT. CUBA (HOTEL/NIGHT CLUB)  
DUSK/NIGHT/MORNING

Bourbon in hand, PAUL strolls out of the bar off the hotel lobby and on the patio by the ocean, onto the back areas of the hotel by the pool which was still - glowing as a sapphire stone illuminated from beneath. On a point, the ocean spreads before him both east and west as if on a bow of a ship.

PAUL

(mildly slurred)

Airplanes and airports, they all look the same. Hotels, HAH!... you can't even tell what city you're in anymore, or even what country, everythings standardized to anonymity.

PAUL holds up his glass in toast to the orange and brown sunrise.

PAUL (CONT'D)

To you - horrible day - good riddens. Sunset in a glass - I've caught you - like a thin honey - like a thousand tiny razors... liquid sunset...liquid twilight... bottled patience, poured calm. Four doubles worth...

PAUL spills the remaining bourbon down his throat and holds the empty glass upside down at his side staring out over the black ocean. He is finding it difficult to focus on the moon which is already rising in the east and his balance fleeting.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The moon - rising on me -and on her - the same moon coming up through those tall windows in Palm Beach. Does she see it? She has too...she's always in the right place at the right time isn't she Paul? A shiny lure?...for the stupid hungry mouths like me.

Above Paul the stars had begun their waking as if slowly being turned on by some master keeper; he stood with the empty upside down glass at his side staring up at them through the bristling canopy of majestic palms. The brightest were out ready to challenge the moon as it ascended. The lesser had their moments of glory now before the full disc rose and bathed the sky washing them away.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Carly did burn so steady. Carly is being washed away.

The sky rapidly darkening, above PAUL the constellation ORION is now, prominent with its 3 aligned 'BELT STARS'. PAUL stares at them.

The brightest of the stars above framed an area where Paul knew that countless ages ago men looked up and noticed these very ones, in their pattern of 3 aligned. He looked

PAUL (CONT'D)

The three stars - in a region we call 'Orion', the three stars 'Orion's belt', but the Egyptians knew this constellation as Osiris, their god of immortality- the afterlife. These three were the blueprint for the Giza Plateau and layout of the great pyramid, and it's two other counter parts, in the ancient's...attempted to create heaven on earth... Pyramids... and... Pharaohs...there's nothing new under the sun....or The moon...

PAUL looks from the stars to the moon now risen.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Watch the moon rise with me Iliana. While I watch the same stars the pyramid builders stared at- that's why I'm here...to join them...make heaven here...taste it...

PAUL brings the glass to his lips forgetting its empty. He dejectedly returns it to his side and wobbles - the previous alcohol now taking full effect.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(drunk - to the 3 STARS)

Everything is perfectly in line - and everything is completely undone all at the same time. Enough of the stars and the pharaohs. Enough of the sea, the moon.....me - damn you anyhow.

PAUL shifts his eyes from the focus skyward to the still sapphire glowing pool before him.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm staring into a powder blue cloudless sky - but its underneath me! Everything is completely in line - and upside down all at the same damn time...

(wobbling, drunken)

...I need another drink.

The GLASS accidently falls from PAUL'S hand and SHATTERS on the pool deck.

ILIANA

No...you don't need another.

The voice speaks standing close enough to hear his open thoughts spoken, yet framed in the blaring lights of the casino coming through the palms onto the dark area here by the pool makes the figure a visage, indiscernible except for the outline alone. PAUL, after looking at the stars, his eyes now confront the harsh profusion of lights making the figure looks to him like a dark cutout so that the lights behind it, give the appearance of a glowing aura.

PAUL realizes it is ILIANA as she approaches him and kisses his cheek.

PAUL

(drunken -in disbelief)

Ily...I was just thinking of you...I'm awake and dreaming....is it you?....and a kiss, sealed with a kiss.....

ILIANA

Oh my tangled mess. Paul you drank too much.

PAUL

You...you...you're sent to reel me in aren't you? Live one on the line.... You spy. A beautiful pawn.

ILIANA

Paul lets get some water. Put your arm around me.

PAUL

Why Ily...why did you do it...what the hell are you doing here? How could you have found me? ....How could you have found me?...How? Damn the moon, and -you - the god dammed ocean.

ILIANA

You big old fool Paul.

PAUL

How long you been on following me? Got an open got an open line to Rex?

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

You're goanna get my sacred process tomorrow. Don't get me a water - be a good servant girl and get me another drink.

ILIANA

You're done drinking bourbon.

PAUL

Well you really reeled me in. Rex's quite the fisherman with you adorning the hook. Any good fish stories? Fish here often Mrs. Hallier?

ILIANA SLAPS him.

ILIANA

You listen to me Steiner. Straighten up!

PAUL looks as though some of the fog has shaken away with her palm.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

No one...no one knows I'm here.

PAUL looks at her smiling in disbelief.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

Use your head Paul. You said it yourself. Whether or not I'm here you've made up your mind - you said you're giving the process tomorrow. Why send me to spy on you? A less familiar face might be a tad more practical don't you think?

PAUL

I don't know anymore.

ILIANA

Whose idea was it to make a deal with Rex Paul, mine?...his?...or yours?

PAUL

I can't tell anymore.

PAUL turns his back on her and begins walking off into the dark regions beyond the pool, laying on a chaise lounge to reacquire the stars through the palm fronds.

Directly above him are the THREE PYRAMID STARS in Orion- the belt stars - and a little lower left of them is the brightest in the sky - SIRIUS.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hello friends...and to you Sirius,  
now rising....Egyptians knew Sirius  
as Isis - the goddess of  
reanimation, friend of the slaves  
and artisans - the lover...the  
lover of the immortality god Osiris  
- the lover of the god behind the  
three stars of the pyramids...

(Laughing)

She can't be Sirius!

(yelling off to ILIANA in  
a synonym)

You can't be *SERIOUS!*

(involuntarily, naturally)

Hah!...Hah!!

ILIANA quietly walks from the shadows and sits at Paul's feet, her white skirt covering a white camisole, all glowing as if under a blacklight, capturing the light of the moon and casting it off as if it were her own. PAUL tries not to look at her.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Eight months without passion makes  
a hole in a man a truck could drive  
through, a hole someone could  
exploit. You...who needs an....  
Iliana to twist his mind - you're  
overkill to a weakened mind missing  
being with a woman. Any pretty girl  
would do, but they send the big  
guns though don't they - the  
goddess - Iliana an Isis - any man  
would want her...let alone a man in  
the desert drought.

(thoughtfully)

You are redundant - like the  
conquistador fountain during the  
rains at you house - overkill -  
like the conquistador himself.

ILIANA takes his hand.

ILIANA

Eight months Paul?...I understand  
how it feels. I do. Eight years  
Paul.

(MORE)

ILIANA (CONT'D)

I've been married eight years.  
Nothing is what it seems Paul,  
nothing.

ILIANA rubs his hand with both of hers.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

The alcohol won't do anything but  
make it all worse. I want you to  
get up Paul Steiner. I want you to  
get up and come somewhere with me.

PAUL doesn't move but looks at her.

PAUL

The moon shines on your tightly  
pulled back shiny hair just as it  
does on the ocean, leaving a long  
creamed smear, as if cut open and  
bleeding out its glory.

ILIANA

I am many things....one of  
those...one of the good parts...is  
your friend. I came here to find my  
friend and I found him. Don't sit  
in the shadows...be my friend...I  
looked for you Paul because you  
need a one...I looked for you  
tonight Paul...because I do too.  
Follow me, not the bourbon, there's  
a place I want you to see.

PAUL gets up still holding her hand. They stand there a  
minute, quietly.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Like a pair climbing a mountain  
into the regions of diminishing air  
- stopping - to gain strength for  
further reaching. (beat)

(to PAUL)

Some people know me here. It isn't  
safe. Follow me away from the  
hotel. Please. They know Rex here.  
I risked a lot to find you - now we  
need to leave.

ILIANA takes PAUL down the path past the pool onto the beach  
where the sounds of the waves come forth as the sounds of the  
hotel nightlife recede.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

We run on beaches like this - do you want to run?

PAUL

No.

ILIANA

Good - I'm not dressed for it. I know the next best thing.

PAUL

I'm sure you do.

ILIANA

Yeah - I have a plan to.

ILIANA leads him around the side of the hotel to the neighboring resort where she seems to be comforted in anonymity. She begins smiling again and takes his hand pulling him quickly through the crowded casino, around the far sides by the less frequented slot machines and out its door onto the busy street, hails a cab and THEY jumped in.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

La Casa de Promesas - Por favor.

The DRIVER and ILIANA have a short exchange in spanish and then the DRIVER pulls into the busy Havana street.

PAUL sits quietly looking at the lights and people. When ILIANA looks out the window, her attention caught by something, PAUL looks at the side of her face and how the hair flawlessly pulled up into a tight bun left her skin so perfectly not one hair recalcitrant. The streets thin as they leave the main strip and travel to the more residential areas - dark - hilly - winding - climbing. At the top of a hill about 25 minutes away the cab pulled up to a night club with pink neon splashing off the letters 'Casa del Promesas'.

ILIANA pulls a generous amount of cash from her wallet and pays the driver then opens the door and pulls PAUL out by the hand. A line of well dressed, predominately upper class locals has formed at the door awaiting entry.

ILIANA walks directly to the front, places a hundred U.S. Dollars in the man's hand and continues not even looking him in the eye or considering his acknowledgment.

Inside she slaps another 100 dollar bill into the maitre d's hand while he is in mid sentence with another patron.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
 (commanding, in Spanish)  
 With a view.

PAUL  
 (To himself)  
 It's as if she were a queen or  
 goddess. She holds herself - men  
 melt into mere minions.

THEY are seated in a two top table overlooking the city lights below. The lights of the cruise ships dot the areas offshore, and the moon, now risen 1/3 through the night, traces streaks of itself again: on the ocean, and her hair.

A WAITER appears and she orders something PAUL can not understand.

When the WAITER re-appears  
 ILIANA motions for him to wait, then picks up her glass, and while looking squarely at Paul, downs the whole thing without stopping. PAUL challenged is obliged to follow and does. ILIANA motions to the WAITER with water carafe in hand to refill both glasses. THEY repeat the challenge.

ILIANA  
 (To the BOY - in spanish)  
 Fill them again and leave.  
 (to PAUL)  
 Feeling better?

PAUL  
 A little.

ILIANA  
 Good - cause were just getting  
 started.

PAUL  
 How interesting. I haven't done a  
 chug-a-lug since college. But that  
 was beer. An adult version? - A  
 water chugging contest? This is  
 your plan?

ILIANA  
 No you goof.

PAUL  
 Are we going to beer bong cool  
 water and get silly in Cuba?

ILIANA

Looks like were gonna get silly -  
doesn't it Paul - see - see! -  
you're coming back to me - That's  
the Paul,

(stopping herself)

I like. Are you ready?

PAUL

For?

ILIANA

Me.

PAUL

No.

ILIANA

Yes you are.

ILIANA takes PAUL by the hand and leads him to the dance floor. It is open aired with strung PINK CHRISTMAS STRANDS surrounding its perimeters strung up by poles. The band plays very slow sweet BOSSA NOVA. A YOUNGER GIRL sings in Brazilian. A man sings too, but not with words, through the slow flutter of a breathy baritone SAXAPHONE. THEY stand at the perimeter of the dance floor and look over the city below, backs to the slow twirling pairs.

PAUL

This is a night club for couples  
and quiet lovers - I like it here.

ILIANA

I knew you would. I found it by  
chance driving around one day while  
Rex did business. I stopped in for  
a drink. They weren't open. I  
talked to the girls setting the  
tables. I planned to come here  
again one day. This...is that day.

PAUL

Yes - you taste never falters.

ILIANA

I know.

PAUL takes a deep breath of evening air.

PAUL

I'll marry the air to the water -  
in with the new and out with the  
old...I just don't know what to  
make of you, or I do and don't want  
to admit it.

ILIANA

Maybe you should.

PAUL

If I was sure.

ILIANA

Well if it's bad- you're unsure  
because you are standing with me  
here, and if it's good - you are  
unsure because you can't speak it.

PAUL

You are most likely not what you  
seem.

ILIANA

True.

PAUL

You likely made a mistake.

ILIANA

True.

PAUL

I likely made a mistake.

ILIANA

(deliberately)

That is as yet undecided.

PAUL

I think a heavy ball has been set  
in motion down a subtle slope, Paul  
said, and now it's started it  
won't stop.

ILIANA

True.

PAUL

Until it hits something and a lot  
of people are going to get hurt.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

I know at least three, how bout you Iliana? Are you one who's gonna get hurt?

ILIANA

I'm almost sure of it. I thought you were going to call me Ily?

PAUL

(sincerely after long  
pause)

You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. You have the most beautiful name. Why change a thing about you?

ILIANA

I'm suddenly less certain...and there is enough in me to change to fill the truck you said could drive through the hole in you.

PAUL

So a couple of jousts with a couple of holes- clear through, I'm sorry.

ILIANA

Paul- you can't think you are the only one with dreams and potential being stamped out. You can't be the only one betting on the long shot- you can't be the only one hurting other people pursuing your crazy pie in the sky.

PAUL

I'm not alone.

ILIANA

No....you're not....I'm with you.

PAUL

So much being said, and so little being said. Everything so in line and everything so messed up- all in the same pie.

ILIANA'S white camisole is now lit up all pink by the Christmas strands.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Pretty as the sweet little pink  
tastes of heaven on the mirrored  
pedestals - under glass.

ILIANA

Are you ready then?

PAUL

For you?

ILIANA

No...to dance

After an evening of being pulled and led, PAUL takes her's and leads her onto the parquet square and puts his hand on the small of her back as she takes his other hand. THEY DANCE a slow formal stepping spin, a few inches apart, under the stars looking at each other without any words passing.

The MUSIC stops and THEY STAND, still in the posture of the social dancer, staring at each other, both making quick minuscule movements with THEIR EYES- back and forth - searching, then break and walk off the floor to the table that is by the ledge. THEY BOTH SIT on the ledge with a far drop below, next to each other, arms touching, legs against one and other.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

I think that blasted bourbon is  
washed clean don't you?

PAUL

Yes.

ILIANA

Then let's start over. Let's have a  
glass of cool crisp champagne to  
celebrate. Together. Not bourbon in  
the dark alone.

PAUL

Celebrate?...What?

ILIANA

Being together...not alone.

PAUL

I think that's okay.

ILIANA

I know.

The WAITER comes and the champagne is poured.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
 (motioning to the  
 appetizer plate)  
 First you have to try this.

PAUL  
 What is it?

ILIANA  
 (leaning over and putting  
 her lips by his ear)  
 I don't know - I've never eaten  
 here - so I'm trying to get you to  
 test it in case it's horrible.

ILIANA comes out from behind his ear and sees PAUL smiling.  
 THEY both laugh.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
 Cheers!

PAUL  
 Cheers!

ILIANA  
 I think Paul - its....well what do  
 you think?

PAUL  
 I'm thinking what you are.

ILIANA  
 What's that?

PAUL  
 It's the cheapest champagne I've  
 ever tasted.

ILIANA  
 Isn't it?

PAUL  
 It's...swill!...The swill isn't  
 swell!

ILIANA  
 Swill is Hell!

ILIANA animatedly stands up and then straddles the wall  
 facing Paul with her hands on his thighs.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
You know what?

PAUL  
No.

ILIANA  
It's nice to not wear sunglasses.

PAUL  
You look good either way.

ILIANA  
I know.

PAUL  
I know you know.

ILIANA  
Yeah but you don't look good either way Paul - I like seeing you without looking through something.

PAUL  
I know.

ILIANA  
Don't you dare start stealing my lines! You make your own clever designer - design some.

PAUL  
Okay...everything's... a bloody mess.

ILIANA  
Chocolate mess.

PAUL  
Everything's a mess...And (beat)... I don't know what to do about it.

ILIANA  
That! That's your lines?

PAUL  
Ye-up.

ILIANA  
(In mock Texan accent)  
Ye-up?? Well okay then pard-ner. Ye-up it is- good thing you draw things and don't write.

(MORE)

ILIANA (CONT'D)

No poet has ever wed the inelegance  
of 'Ye-up' to any other word in  
sonnet...or song.

PAUL

Ye-up,  
(he smiles, and adds)  
pup.

ILIANA

(pretending anger)  
Oh wait - here's one poet boy -  
UP...as in shut up and test that  
other appetizer- I hope it's  
undercooked fish.

PAUL

Be careful what you wish for.

ILIANA

I think we seldom are. That's maybe  
the source of it... The mess....

PAUL

Your turn.

ILIANA

Me? I've been both beauty and  
brains all night...always....the  
only eloquence has come from me  
tonight...and you want more?

PAUL

Ye-up - it's your turn.

ILIANA

Okay...I came to this place by  
accident...I knew I liked it...I  
knew it would be important to me.

PAUL

That is worse Iliana because I was  
joking!... and you're trying!

ILIANA

(wildly like a child  
interrupted)  
I'm not done!

ILIANA pauses, gets serious, and quietly with her hands  
subconsciously kneading at his thigh:

ILIANA (CONT'D)

I....I...came to you by  
accident....I knew I liked you. I  
knew you'd be important to me.

PAUL

(mocking her typical quip)  
I know.

ILIANA

You are a fool Paul Steiner!

PAUL

Ye-up.

ILIANA

I'm going home and leaving you here-  
got cab fare big shot?

PAUL

Okay enough...okay, I don't want  
you to cry or anything...okay I'm  
ready to redeem myself with a poem.

ILIANA

No second chances - the redemption  
window is closed!

PAUL

No everyone deserves a second  
chance.

PAUL takes her hand and leads her back to the interlocking  
parquet squares and soft pink glow, putting his other hand in  
the small of her back, except this time PAUL pulls her into  
him, their hips flush and her chest against his..

In ILIANA'S hair now are trails of the Christmas LIGHTS.  
PAUL'S hand slides from her lower back further down to the  
softness beneath and pulls her even closer into him, than  
releasing that pressure brings it up beyond the fabric of her  
camisole to where the skin of her back was exposed- he feels  
her. A SAXOPHONE plays Cupid in a subtle assault of a dark  
velour wind, winding in and around, them like silk ribbon  
pulled by its player.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(Whispering, looking at  
the lights of the cruise  
ships)

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

So many people going so many places: Some are destined for a pedestal, yours has a mirrored base, so the sky is always above and underfoot - our previous choices capture us though - the glass domes of marriages.

PAUL breaks away but does not let go of her hand and begins pulling it up to his mouth to kiss it but stops, then just stands holding it there. ILIANA lifts both their hands to her face, rubbing the back of his against her cheek while closing her eyes.

ILIANA

That was nice poem Paul...you've been redeemed, don't you dare ruin this by saying 'I know'.

PAUL smiles in silence leading her back to the chairs at the ledge, but instead of sitting, ILIANA moves past him taking the lead and pulling him out through the front doors to leave.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

It's everything I dreamt it could be, the 'Casa del Promesas' - I can't take another dance. On to another place tonight.

PAUL

Iliana, the whole world in one night...we can't stop?

ILIANA

No we can't. Tomorrow you leave. Tomorrow I leave. Paul we never know tomorrow. I've pulled down a rising star and probably can't hold on for long. Come with me to one more place I love in my dream. Now...we will never be here again.

A cab winds them down the hill towards the city lights a little further from heaven. At the row of hotels they pass PAUL'S and stop at another. ILIANA leads them through the casino to the back portico, then beyond on to the beach, and then by the ocean. There was a long breakwater that they walked out - walking as far into that ocean as possible and then returning to the darkened beach. With the sunset had gone some of the stirring of the wind and the mighty ocean just lapped gently onto the shore.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

I want to feel the ocean on me now.

ILIANA pulls off her shoes and skirt revealing the white camisole body suit perfectly ready to swim as in a one piece.

PAUL

Do you want to swim?

ILIANA

No. I want to walk to bask in it. I want you to come.

PAUL'S straight leg pants will not climb high enough on his shin so he removes them. PAUL stands in his blue oxford boxers, ILIANA in her one piece. They stand in the Atlantic feeling the melting of the sand between their toes and the gentle ebb and flow a fiction of the same moon casting again its streaks on it and her.

ILIANA raises both arms above and behind her head, as she had beneath RC Tower to hold her hat, instead now closing her eyes as she worked at the pins in her hair slowly and then finally releasing it flowing down like a gentle curtain. PAUL had never seen her with her hair not up.

PAUL

(To himself)

I can't even consider not touching it...

(taking some in his hand)

as a woman might the finest of fabric on a rack she couldn't take home, just to sense the luxury of whats not hers, just for a moment.

(To ILIANA)

Your face seems different framed like this. How is it you could even attain another level of beauty beyond the paramount? The sea licks at your legs as if jealous.

PAUL takes his other hand and gently grabs onto the other side of her hair now holding her by it with both and pulls at it in a slow increasing pressure, downward till his hand are setting like the sun beyond her shoulders, with that her chin has to rise up and his wrists rests on her shoulders. Still more PAUL reeled at her, until ILIANA'S eyes closed and her neck was fully stretched before him. PAUL puts his mouth to the perfect smoothness of her neck and tastes her, momentarily jumping through the glass dome she was displayed under too long separating them.

PAUL then releases her and her chin returns down, then a little lower still by her own accord- until she looks up through her hair at him, walking away, up on to the wet compressed sand of the shore. PAUL walks on further still to the life guard tower scaling it and sitting in the seat looking out over a dark moon brushed ocean with not a soul in distress.

ILIANA drags her toes in the sand slowly, alone and looking down, her hair falling from her head straight down, shiny, obscuring her face, her long graceful legs like Paul's drafting compass tracing arcs with pointed toes.

She then walks up to the guard tower and shakes her hair out taking a position, after turning around, between his legs to also face the sea, resting the back of her head and lovely hair directly on his crotch as they BOTH survey the Atlantic.

ILIANA turns around looking up at PAUL and rests her head against his left thigh. PAUL looks down at her as she pulls her hair up so her cheek could feel his thigh directly, as if looking at him without the sunglasses, letting her hair fall now, cascading over the outside of his leg. PAUL reaches down to feel it once more, slowly running his hand down its length and then returning it to the arm rest. ILIANA looks up and without moving from his eyes, turns her head, until it traverses far enough eye contact cannot be maintained, but instead her aquiline profile was there, her mouth now against his thigh, where she kissed him as he had her, soft and fleeting, she jumping monetarily through the glass to taste her dream. And so her two favorite spots, the Casa and this beach by the pier, achieved their moment of almost being, like a dream itself, almost real, seeming so, until the waking moment.

ILIANA

We can't go back to your hotel  
together. I can't go to my hotel  
alone.

THEY walk from the beach tower to her hotel.

When the door shuts beyond them they move into the dark room separately, ILIANA to the glass sliding doors, PAUL to the table that has small flowers under a glass dome. ILIANA is seen from outside the room, her face behind the glass as she hesitates and then opens it. PAUL lifts the dome and places it face up next to the flowers. PAUL and ILIANA come together in the room. The bed is directly behind them. PAUL leads ILIANA away from the bed and they sit together on her couch in her dark hotel room with the open sliding door letting in the nights whispers. He pulls her tightly under his arm. They fall into sleep together and wake in the same way as if neither dared move and upset another rapidly depleting dream.

It isn't the complaints of the morning gulls that rouses them but instead the RINGING of PAUL'S cell phone. PAUL removes his arm from its place around her to reach it.

PAUL

What's wrong - it's the middle of the night?

ILIANA sits up immediately to listen.

BURNHAM (O.S.)

(Over the phone)

It's Carly Paul. She had another fainting spell. But this was different.....she didn't wake.

PAUL

Oh Christ.

BURNHAM (O.S.)

She's okay Paul. I had the paramedics here quickly. We're at the hospital. She's conscious -

PAUL

Oh my God Peter...Thank you Peter for being there.

BURNHAM (O.S.)

That's not all Paul...the baby.

PAUL says nothing sitting in shock anticipating.

BURNHAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The baby's okay. The baby's good...they are gonna Cesarean the baby now. You should be here.

PAUL

Oh crap Peter. I'm far... so far.

BURNHAM (O.S.)

You do your best my boy. I'm not going anywhere. She needs you Paul.

PAUL

Peter...god dammit you tell me the truth. The baby Peter.

BURNHAM (O.S.)

Paul it's goanna be okay. It's really pretty good...There's been some bleeding.

(MORE)

BURNHAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Come as soon as you can. Do you  
want me to tell her we spoke?

PAUL  
Of course I want you to - Christ!

PAUL hangs up the phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(frantically fumbling his  
phone- checking)  
I'll never make it: airlines - cab.

ILIANA calmly gets up from the couch and picks up her phone  
while PAUL is still trying to locate the numbers to dial.

ILIANA  
Jason, its Iliana. Get the plane  
ready. You're taking a VIP to NY.  
He'll be there in 20 minutes - you  
be ready and you get there fast do  
you here me?

PAUL still trying to feign sufficiency fumbles more. ILIANA  
makes another call.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
Dan, get up, get the car ready. Be  
here in 5 minutes or Rex is going  
to break your neck. You're to take  
a VIP to the plane and be there in  
less than 20.

ILIANA hangs up on him not even awaiting a reply. PAUL, still  
in a mess ineffectively jostling his phone, sits on the  
couch.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
(Commanding, yet sweetly)  
Put it away Paul. Give me your room  
key. Tell me what you need from  
there. I'll have them delivered to  
you.

PAUL  
Iliana....Iliana....how...

ILIANA  
Shhhh. Your wife needs you. You go  
to her Paul. Your child needs you.  
I'm going to get you there as fast  
as any human could - the rest is  
beyond either of us.

PAUL

But the damned meeting... Rex...Rex will know you helped me to not be here. He'll break your neck.

ILIANA

Rex doesn't know anything about anything. Get ready the driver is probably downstairs whimpering. Do you want me to make the meeting for you Paul or ship your process stuff with your clothes?

PAUL

Do it.

ILIANA

I will. Paul...I won't see you for a while...maybe never...that ball is rolling very fast. Get up and go out that door. GO! I'm counting on you to go. They are counting on you to come. Everyone's counting on you so move it!

PAUL gets up and heads to the door, but walks back to her and holds her, looking, and then kisses her for the first time.

PAUL

If he hurts you I'll kill him....

ILIANA

He wont.

PAUL

I don't believe you, because he already has....

(holding her as on the  
dancefloor)

I love you Iliana.

PAUL walks quickly through the door without looking back. Iliana replaces the dome over her flowers on the table.

SCENE 2.12 - EXT. FLORIDA BEACH - DAY

There is a strong wind from north visibly stirring and picking up the sand making the beaches nearly uninhabitable and empty. The ocean slides by parallel to the shore due to the strong flow and the tankers moored far off were seen at profile. PAUL sits in a beach chair holding the THEIR BABY while CARLY lays on an adjacent chaise.

PAUL gets up yet again to retrieve CARLY'S sandal cascading down the beach with the wind.

PAUL

For gods sakes put a rock on the damn things!

(to himself)

I can't seem to just enjoy the moments of warm sun with my child in arms. Its as though shes been allowing the errant sandals so the hand off of the child is inevitable.

BURNHAM

Well okay then sweetheart...

PAUL passes his daughter to BURNHAM as CARLY, appearing exhausted, thumbs a magazine.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

I'll hold you a while.

BURNHAM gently pulls the swaddle higher to protect the fresh skin from the stinging sand. PAUL puts down his double bourbon.

Upon fetching the errant slipper, PAUL picks up the other and instead of stuffing them in her beach bag, lets them lie on the sand again.

PAUL

(To himself)

As a dog, in company not granted much eloquence, uses mundane physical activity to cut the boredom. And of course there is the great medicine - bourbon.

PAUL picks up his glass aware of the sand that has invaded it during the last few gusts, swallows the contents entirely, playing with the pebbles in his mouth before swallowing them. He motions the BEACH STEWARD, who's seeking shelter, to bring more.

BURNHAM

Shame Paul, a couple of bad days here, so blooming cold...bad luck.

CARLY smiles and puts the magazine to her chest.

CARLY

I rather think its okay Peter. I'm just thrilled to have my two favorite men on vacation. Paul this is our first really, well other than the honeymoon. That's all a blur to me- I think I was terrified at my inexperience and that infects my remembering.

PAUL

Terrified? Blur? Terrified of what?

CARLY

(motioning to BURNHAM with her eyes)  
Well...nothing.

BURNHAM

(Sensing)  
I can tell when it's time to exit.

BURNHAM walks towards the shore with the child and begins stamping his feet in the water to amuse her.

PAUL

(under his breath to BURNHAM)  
No you can't tell obviously.

CARLY

Oh Paul, be nice, he loves our girl so much. Grant him some happiness- he's old.

PAUL

You know what? We're aging to. Besides what I say to you, and you say to me, can be said in front of the nanny.

CARLY

Paul don't be so mean. You act as though he hasn't given us the world on a platter. You act as though he invited himself.

PAUL

All true.

CARLY

No. I invited him. We are becoming a family Paul.

(MORE)

CARLY (CONT'D)

Our parents are no longer with us.  
Other couples endure in laws, why  
can't we just be a little kinder?

PAUL isn't even looking at her, nor her at him. CARLY has  
returned to thumbing the magazine and he to his sandy glass.

CARLY (CONT'D)

It was terrifying Paul. Not for you  
or other men, but for us women the  
first time is hard. You are a  
wonderful lover and you were very  
good to me, but ....that's all I  
was saying.

PAUL

You mean all women blotted out  
their honeymoon?

CARLY

Well I'm sure of it Paul. Sex is  
different for men. It's your food,  
it's our expression of love to make  
ourselves go on...for our children.  
Women don't feel the same way about  
it.

PAUL

You speak confidently for all the  
girls.

CARLY

I'm sure of it. There are some who  
are corrupted by the pleasure and  
are dirty. I'm not considering  
them. Sex is for children. Men and  
dirty girls have ruined it in a  
way. Look he's returning. No sex  
talk in front of Peter please. Paul  
I'm sure the desire will return to  
us. It's just normal you I now  
during this phase. We'll need  
patience.

PAUL

(holding up his glass -  
yelling to the STEWARD)  
Boy - bring me some more patience!

BURNHAM

Well I'm back. You kids need your  
privacy and you know you can count  
on me.

PAUL  
Surely, Peter I'll take the child.

BURNHAM  
Oh it's okay Paul. You know I'm so grateful you are both sharing this time with me I feel I must throw in a bit of work.

PAUL  
Speaking of work, both of us out for 3 days. I'm going to have to get back soon.

BURNHAM pulls a chaise from another grouping to be at CARLY and PAUL'S feet and sits down with the baby in arms.

BURNHAM  
Let's talk about that... together...while we're all together.

CARLY remains silent waiting for PAUL to acknowledge but he too stays still.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)  
This baby...this baby changes everything...you both have been angels to allow me to share in her...in this time here...in time with you back home...you made my dream come true.  
(holding back tears)  
I knew when I met you Paul you were special and going to change everything at Burnham and Associates, but you've done more...you've changed me too. I've decided to move boldly for both of you. (beat) Paul I'm turning the helm over to you. We are a family now. I'm stepping down. You're ready.

PAUL  
I not ready.

BURNHAM  
Oh Paul, you are next in line. We never feel ready when the opportunity comes with big responsibilities.

PAUL

I mean I just had a child- I'm not ready to go head long into this.

BURNHAM

It's your dream boy. You need to now more than ever. Life is short. I'll tell you that. It's your time to take us into the next generation. You need to wrap yourself in it Paul and build a team that will take it on after you....you see...it's a big circle...like a family...new blood...always...never stopping until you're an old man and the music stops and you're just to slow to get the empty chair. I'm too slow Paul.

PAUL drinks the entire glass and says nothing.

BURNHAM (CONT'D)

Paul I'm drafting the papers now. You'll be 49% to my 51%, that way I return final say until death or incapacitation, upon such you'll extend to 100%. I'm giving it you Paul and Carly. It's all yours.

CARLY begins crying.

PAUL fakes a cell phone incoming call to break the momentum and walks away in an act - then changes the subject.

PAUL

Theres a small fire that needs extinguishing in New York. My duties expand - they call. I've got this. I've gotta go - but you two stay - I've heard tomorrow would be warmer.

SCENE 2.13 - INT. Maxim Bar - NIGHT

PAUL sits at the Maxim Bar awaiting his meeting with HALLIER. He is early and drinking heavily. In his mind he FLASHBACKS to his conversation earlier that day:

HALLIER (V.O.)

(booming on speakerphone)  
You son of a bitch! Your process Paul - it passed certification!

PAUL (V.O.)

Looks like you got a new toy, a new tool.

HALLIER (V.O.)

And you, you little genius, are about to be a 2 million richer. Lets have those plans Paul. It's a pleasure doing business without the idiots who talk big and don't deliver...or the jerks who deliver the wrong stuff...or the...oh the hell with it - you deliver son. People who deliver go a long way with Rex Hallier. You ready to build up to the stars?

PAUL (V.O.)

No - I'm ready to bring them...down to us.

HALLIER (V.O.)

Whatever you want - pick the cheaper option you bastard's ass! HAH! I like you Steiner. Now you're meeting me for dinner so if Burnham's got you playing residential home sales tell him your babies sick - oh yeah - congratulations on that by the way.

PAUL (V.O.)

I don't do residential anymore and I think the baby thing won't quite work with him... I'm 49% Burnham and Associates.

HALLIER (V.O.)

Crap, your stationary, logo, everything's a loss....that idiot. Burnham and 'Associate' - one little 's' screwed you.

PAUL (V.O.)

Yes...yes it did...one little 's'.

HALLIER (V.O.)

Well all it means to me is I gotta buy a better dinner.

(MORE)

HALLIER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Have'nt seen you in six months you  
little prick - don't you know how  
to call me, play golf, don't you  
keep in touch with friends? Don't  
you share medicine with friends?

PAUL (V.O.)  
I've lost touch with a friend or  
two.... And I have plenty of  
Bourbon.

HALLIER (V.O.)  
No you jerk, I meant the other kind  
of medicine- the better kind -  
women.

PAUL (V.O.)  
Speaking of women,  
(With deliberatle calm,  
hopefully)  
are we bringing the wives to  
dinner.

HALLIER (V.O.)  
Hell no - this is man talk they'll  
just pretty it up with pleasantries  
and...they eat too damn slow - HAH?

PAUL (V.O.)  
I'll come alone then, - we got some  
things that need some pretty good  
attention Rex - no hand bag talk  
tonight.

HALLIER (V.O.)  
My god... I'm looking in a mirror -  
I hate those damn handbags too-  
especially those small ones that  
look good for nothing - crap I'm  
tempted to put a hot dog in my  
wife's and tell her 'there's the  
real use - they made it the perfect  
size - idiot designers - yeah you  
too boy blue - all of you! No, not  
you - you son, you're goanna do big  
things - the right things - don't  
you ever use a pencil to make a  
handbag when you work for me or  
I'll stick it in your eye - you're  
coming over to the bright side son -  
stepping out of the shadows with  
Rex Hallier! See you at Maxim's on  
24th at 6 sharp. Bring your money  
bag Mr. 49'er.

The conversation in his mind over, PAUL takes another large gulp of a freshly replenished bourbon.

PAUL

(Aloud, to himself)

HALLIER has the best woman in the world and couldn't care - I'm offered the dream position, one of the best in his world, and I don't care. Why is it people often are so lucky to acquire things they cared little for? (beat) And the things they want, become like diamond bricks - impossible to find - and harder to hold than water.

PAUL turns his stool from the bar to stretch. He is facing a part of a bar where a waitress is taking an order.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(Aloud, to himself)

I could complain - that's it - about my wife - he then might speak of his - I just want something - some words - some fresh thoughts to hold onto - of her. I could talk about how mine spends money - that might get him going. Something - I want just a new thought...

PAUL (CONT'D)

(Subconsciously, overheard now by the approaching BARTENDER)

God I love her.

BARTENDER

(Mistakenly)

Yeah she's our most popular girl, Nina. A gem.

HALLIER (V.O.)

(recapitulated)

....idiot designers - yeah you too boy blue - all of you! But you - you son, you're gonna do big things - the right things - You're gonna do big things.....

PAUL is drunk. He watches the waitress. As if dreaming she begins to climb atop the table and dance. The bartender comes around from behind the bar to join her in front of Paul. Music starts. Patrons stand up and begin the dance.

HALLIER walks in and begins singing the song - "You're Goanna do Big Things". Others join him in ensemble round.

**SONG - YOU'RE GOANNA DO BIG THINGS**

The song over, the scene winds back exactly to how it was before the sequence. HALLIER actually does walk in now, this time he comes directly to PAUL.

HALLIER (CONT'D)  
Pauly - you look rocked!

PAUL  
(drunk)  
I'm good.

HALLIER  
Yeah - you need fresh air more than a steak numb nuts. I know just the place. You got out in front of me.  
(to the bartender)  
BARTENDER get me a quad of my private reserve to go - wait, one immediately and one to go.

The BARTENDER pours a large glass of boubon and HALLIER downs it entirely and then takes his to go cup with him, PAUL under his arm.

SCENE 2.14 - INT/EXT. MAXIM'S/RC TOWER - DAY

PAUL, not fit to drive, ride's to RC Tower in HALLIER'S limousine. They do not go to the main entrance but instead beneath the city, like his trip to the boat Iliana. PAUL looks out at the orange lights passing by.

PAUL  
(aloud, heard by HALLIER)  
Diamond bricks - impossible as pink chocolates.

PAUL'S face turns disgusted. He opens the window to let the dank underbelly air in to relieve the interior of the stench.

HALLIER  
I was hoping you'd get your second wind. I guess you got mine! HAH!

PAUL  
You are a disgusting man Hallier.

HALLIER  
I know! HAH!

The limo stops at a small dock entrance where his DRIVER gets out and opens the heavy door with keypad entry.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

So you watch as the secrets are revealed to you son. I'm letting you into my world and this gets revealed to no one - none of it - do you understand me?

PAUL

(ironically)  
Ye-up.

HALLIER

No attendant...no security cam...my private entrance - that's the perk of designing the damn buildings - even to the customer's specs, it's to my specs ultimately! I can bring people or things in and out of here with out the spies. Many a fine woman has pressed this BUTTON.

HALLIER holds his middle finger distastefully pointing at his crotch but swivels it smiling to the little black elevator BUTTON partially obscured. The elevator door opens. They enter.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

(To the DRIVER)  
Wash the car - it stinks!

The elevator's panel only has 3 BUTTONS for such a massive building: G, 87, and X. HALLIER pushes the 87 and the elevator quickly ascends, its doors open into an expansive office.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

This is my place dancing girl - do you want to dance?

PAUL

No. You told me before to cut to the chase. A private elevator. A grand office. I don't care unless you're making it mine. What is it you want - out with it HALLIER - maybe you and I are two peas in a pod.

HALLIER

Yeah - maybe you jerk - you know my silly wife says that - used to say that - she doesn't know what she's saying - let her think it - she's not in this pod. She's just another pea Paul. They all are unless they work for you. You marry em and they work for themselves.

PAUL

I know.

HALLIER

Okay - you are no 49er here - not even close - you're a nothing Paul - I run this - I do it my way - do you know what you are then?

PAUL

No - this job interview style is not something they prep you for in Harvard.

HALLIER

To hell with them - those people think they run the word - people like me actually do - we let them think it - the only important ones who know the truth are ourselves and the people who work for us - so you got it Mr. 0%? You're gonna make you buildings and your name goes into the cornerstone and into the books - money flows all over you like your in a god dammed shower - and you do as I say - no votes - no political correctness....and above all...no breaking ranks - you lock step right with your counterparts or you get stepped on - understood?

PAUL

Yes.

HALLIER

Good. That's the rule part. That's why were in my office. You ever screw me

(pointing to the elevator)

(MORE)

HALLIER (CONT'D)

and you'll end up in there -  
without the god dammed car - 87 is  
a long number of floors to pass in  
the dark - or bounce off - on the  
way down - you won't see a thing.

PAUL

(unshaken)

And I thought it was mainly for  
girls.

HALLIER

It is HAH! But a couple of stupid  
jerks stepped into the damn thing  
could you believe it! Right in  
front of me! That silly car doesn't  
always need to be in place before  
the doors open I suppose. We got a  
safety inspection problem? Yes? I  
don't see the little certificate in  
there - this is my god dammed  
elevator!

PAUL

It is.

HALLIER walks to the glass cabinets behind his desk and flips  
on the lights that shine down through them and their elegant  
contents. In a prime position amid the artifacts and treasure  
are his bottles. He pulls out two glasses and fills them.

HALLIER

A toast.

PAUL

To what?

HALLIER

To you - you jerk off - I'm the  
boss - we established that - but  
you're part of my team - my team is  
very important to me.

PAUL

Who said I was part of your team?

HALLIER

You did.

PAUL

No I didn't.

HALLIER

You did - later ... I'm just running the clock ahead and backward - it's all already cast son.

PAUL

(To himself, interested)  
Rex Hallier - a man who plays with time - a god - big fat genie in an Armani suit.

(To HALLIER)

To me then.

THEY touch glasses and drink - PAUL not leaving his eyes down the entire double in tribute to ILIANA'S challenge. HALLIER obliges and does the same and returns the glasses to full.

HALLIER

Alright tough guy - you don't blow through this one - this is the best crap made in the entire world - you want to go fast I take out another bottle.

PAUL

I was thirsty - It's all the same to me HALLIER.

HALLIER

My crass counterpart - something new in him from the last time - disengaged, no fear... The greatest potentials of all!

THEY drink again and HALLIER tops the glasses off.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

Smoke?

PAUL

No.

HALLIER

Good - more for me HAH!

HALLIER lights a cigar and motions towards the elevator. PAUL deliberately stands facing the doors, vulnerable with Hallier behind him, in a show of no fear or intimidation.

In the elevator HALLIER excessively puffs on his cigar and presses the "X" BUTTON. The elevator opens into a small white room with another door and a keypad.

HALLIER (CONT'D)  
More secrets son....Do you know my  
entry code?

Paul stands expressionless.

HALLIER (CONT'D)  
Well - out with it needle dick!

PAUL  
(calmly)  
727.

HALLIER  
You!..How the Hell???! ...YOU spy!  
I'll kill you!

HALLIER looks him in the eyes and raises his hand to PAUL'S throat. PAUL stands still.

HALLIER (CONT'D)  
(blowing smoke in PAUL'S  
face)  
Just kidding you jerk. HAH! HAH!!!

HALLIER walks over to the door and hits the "1" BUTTON six consecutive times.

HALLIER (CONT'D)  
(seriously )  
Now you do know the code... Secrets  
Paul- so many about to unfold you.

The heavy metal door opens with a great decompression and wind, moving very slowly as a ships door on powerful hinges.

PAUL  
(to himself)  
One man's door to heaven - is  
another man's door to hell.

HALLIER  
After you boy Blue.

PAUL steps through the door into the night and a wind so strong it could lift him.

He looks up the mammoth ANTENNAE with the concentric doughnut bottoms stretching into the STARS prominently seen in the darkness, the only light being the blinking red navigation lights and steady white beacon atop those spires.

PAUL

(to himself)

This is not heaven, but the other - known by its cruelty...the instant you don't want your impossible dream anymore - its sadistically granted to you - and replaced by another impossibility - to keep you empty. A shell game with glass domes...immortality is nothing to a man who doesn't even like today.

HALLIER

Hold on to the rail son!

HALLIER (CONT'D)

(intoxicated by his dream)

This is it son! This is it!

(almost giddy)

The apex of mankind! No one has built higher. No one else can come up here but workers - but they work for ME! Look at it Paul! Look! You are on top with Rex Hallier! Everyone reaches for us but falls short. You see EVERY damn rooftop. No one goes beyond me! Look!!! The whole damn world Paul. Look at the city - what do they know? We run the government! - we build the monuments! - we are the gods! - to hell with their churches and their '*promises*'.

HALLIER, turning so his back is to the city, stretches his arms over head as if Samson.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

Look at yourself Paul. You can be one of us! Everything you see can be yours. You want 49% of nothing - or 100% of heaven on earth?

PAUL looks at him still expressionless.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

(walking by the ledge  
holding the pipe railing  
tightly)

(MORE)

HALLIER (CONT'D)

Look at this son very few ever get  
to see it! Look!

HALLIER bends his big frame to position, his hand holding on to a pole sunk into the concrete pointing straight up. Paul grabs the pole and pulls his torso over the ledge and gets a sickened look on his face - nothing was between them and the ground 165 floors down. The wind is at their backs coaxing them over the edge. HALLIER takes a load of cigar spit into his mouth and spits it out into the wind onto what is below.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

Take that you jerks- This is my  
body! HAH! - This is my city!  
(putting his arm around  
Paul)  
Welcome aboard you lucky bastard!

SCENE 2.15 - INT. STEINER HOME - DAY

Paul's sits transfixed at his dining table before the completed model of the tower that rises nearly to the ceiling. A baby crib stands opposite in the room.

CARLY, loaded down by grocery bags carrying her purse in her mouth, appears stage right at the front door. She gently starts kicking at the door with her free foot. PAUL doesn't respond. CARLY kicks repeatedly a little louder without stirring him. She maneuvers her elbow to the doorbell which is unreachable. The BABY starts CRYING. CARLY can hear her so she starts kicking the door and elbows at the bell again. One bag bursts and its CONTENTS SCATTER on the stoop as her elbow finally manages to ring the doorbell. PAUL'S spell is broken and he looks toward the crib and door leaping up to open it. CARLY leers at him, purse handles in her mouth, struggling with the remaining groceries. PAUL takes the purse.

CARLY

PAUL!

PAUL

I'm right here.

CARLY

No you're not!

CARLY dumps the packages into his arms and rushes immediately to the baby as PAUL deposits them by the door and surveys the mess on the stoop. He goes out and begins collecting the mess, putting a magazine in his mouth as his arms fill.

CARLY (CONT'D)

She's soaking wet Paul!

PAUL says nothing bending down to get a soup can from the bushes. Rocking the BABY in her arms now, not responded to, CARLY in frustration kicks the door shut with her foot. PAUL now begins tapping at the door with his foot and then maneuvers an elbow toward and rings the bell. CARLY opens the door and faces Paul with the magazine hanging out of his mouth and arms full. She stares at him. PAUL wiggles his chin in suggestion for her to remove the magazine. CARLY purposely denies a few moments longer then takes it out of his mouth.

PAUL  
I'm....I' sorry Carly.

CARLY throws the magazine at his feet and brings the baby to the changing area.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

CARLY  
No you're not - you're not Paul.

The BABY is settling down now as CARLY changes her.

PAUL  
I just wanted to say\_\_\_

CARLY  
(interrupting)  
I don't want to hear it. Stop throwing your words out like...like confetti!..you're sorry? What does that mean? Your daughter needs you and she lays in the crib in her own urine and your wife's locked outside hearing her cries after going to the store for us so you can work - What is it your sorry about - that I interrupted you?

PAUL  
No, No...no.

PAUL reaches to take the baby off her hands. CARLY denies.

CARLY  
No, No...NO! Go cradle your tower.  
That's your baby.  
(motioning towards tower)  
Go kiss your wife Paul.

PAUL  
Come on Carly.

CARLY ascends the stairs with the baby to tuck her in.

CARLY

Why don't you go take it, turn down  
the sheets, and lay it gently on my  
pillow and tuck it in?

PAUL puts his hands in his pockets and goes looking out the window that would be at stage front rocking back and forth on his heels. CARLY comes downstairs and begins collecting the groceries by the door and shuttling them into the kitchenette.

PAUL

(quietly and seriously  
while peering over the  
audience)  
Carly, something's happened...

CARLY

(motioning towards the  
tower as she walks past  
it)  
I know - You fell in love with  
another woman.

PAUL is looking out the window and cant see her. His face turns sick.

PAUL

(to himself)  
Iliana! How could she know? How she  
could possibly know what's being  
going on - meetings - my attraction  
in the drought post pregnancy.  
(to CARLY)  
I don't love her.

A spotlight appears on ILIANA offstage in white satin and like a guilty child PAUL looks down at his feet ashamedly. CARLY is looking at the shimmering glass model on the table.

CARLY

Yes you do Paul - all 5 or so feet  
of her in her shining dress.

PAUL

(to himself)  
Oh my God I've got to tell her  
everything.

CARLY  
 (looking at the tower  
 antennae nearly to the  
 ceiling)  
 She'd be ten feet tall if our house  
 alone hadn't hemmed her in!

PAUL  
 I don't love her.

CARLY  
 No.....No you do. The only thing  
 that's stopping you is\_\_\_

PAUL  
 (interrupting)  
 You, because I love you\_

CARLY  
 (interrupting)  
 No, it's the ceiling Paul. Are you  
 going to cut a hole in the house so  
 you can take this all the way up  
 into our bedroom upstairs?

PAUL  
 She'll never be in our bed!

PAUL turns around to face CARLY whom he sees now by the model  
 - referring to the model.

CARLY  
 What in Gods name are you talking  
 about - SHE...our bed?

PAUL  
 I'm confused.

CARLY  
 I'll say - What are you talking  
 about Paul -what...WHO are you  
 talking about?

PAUL  
 (motioning to the tower,  
 correcting himself)  
 Ah... IT.

CARLY  
 IT?. You said HER...what, who did  
 you mean?...Paul I'm goanna explode-  
 What secrets are you keeping- Who  
 are you talking\_\_\_

PAUL

There's no one else Carly. There's no one! but ...but there's *something*...I'm leaving.

CARLY

You're leaving me?

PAUL

No dammit - listen - Burnham.

CARLY

You're leaving Burnham? Since when?

PAUL

Since today.

CARLY

You're doing what? You quit?!

PAUL

No Carly but...listen a lots been going on\_\_

CARLY

Ill say\_\_

PAUL

Listen - I'm doing this for us.

CARLY

You're doing what for us? Quitting?

PAUL

No.

CARLY

Giving up all we've been working for?

PAUL

No - getting what I've been working for.

CARLY

What's that Paul - an unemployment check? So you can sit around here and play glass tower - do you want me to get the job, is that it, so you can let our daughter soak all day and stretch that damn thing right through the roof and let the rains in\_\_

PAUL

No so I can build it for real.

CARLY

Out of what - soup cans and  
diapers?

PAUL

No - Hallier.

CARLY

Oh...OH...I see...that shiny  
tower...that shiny...woman.

PAUL

You don't know what you're saying!

CARLY

Oh....I don't - don't I?

PAUL

You don't know what you're saying!

CARLY

Look at you- look at you...You  
don't know what you're saying...or  
showing...or doing anymore...what  
is this reaction Paul?

PAUL immediately composes himself.

CARLY (CONT'D)

What is it you want to tell me?  
This all just came out of the blue  
today, you leaving Burnham and  
going to Hallier?

PAUL

I've been working on this for a  
while now.

CARLY

Really? And you haven't told me -  
told your wife about it?

PAUL

I needed to be sure before I upset  
you.

CARLY

Oh I see - so if its upsetting -  
you'll hold a secret - how long has  
this been going on, because I'm  
upset now you've nothing to loose!?

PAUL

About 6 months.

CARLY

Six months a secret - what else are  
you doing for months and not  
telling me? Burnham obviously can't  
know - I don't know. What are doing  
sneaking around behind everyone's  
back in the name of peace?

PAUL

Not peace - progress.

CARLY

Well we're really progressing Paul -  
progressing right into secrets and  
subterfuge...and God knows what  
else. I'm your wife!

PAUL

What do you mean?

CARLY

So when you come to bed at night  
there's this been this whole world  
between us that just you share,  
just you know, this is all for us,  
sneaking around, talking to me  
instead of what - diversions and  
nonsense - ball games - sale prices  
- rain - gossip. You're going to  
Burnham's everyday while you scheme  
to leave him. You lay with me while  
...you lie to me?

PAUL

No.

CARLY

Yes.

PAUL

No!

CARLY

What else are you keeping from me,  
from Burnham...from Hallier.

PAUL

I'm not keeping anything from  
Hallier!

CARLY

Look at you reaction - my gosh Paul  
what are you doing with that  
spider.

PAUL

He not a spider.

CARLY

Not him you goof - HER.

PAUL

She's not involved in this!

PAUL'S riled and can't compose himself now and CARLY senses  
it. She smiles to console herself in anger.

CARLY

I see - your word is really at a  
premium today - who is my husband  
today? What words are really his -  
and which are... confetti...  
confetti you throw into the air  
that float down and distract in a  
celebration of your infidelity?

PAUL

There's no infidelity!

CARLY

Whatever Paul - celebrate your  
trickery - have a parade in house  
for yourself and your shimmering  
girlfriends.

PAUL

I'm doing this for us. That  
building is revolut\_\_\_

CARLY

(interrupting)  
And her breasts are extraordinary.

PAUL

Breasts?

CARLY

Yeah Paul - you like that silky hair too don't you - cause your wife's been taking care of a child-ALONE -and taking care of a husband - I think that makes two children - she's not quite got that glamour and luster in her hair now doesn't she. Kind of lost that glimmer haven't I?

PAUL

Of course not.

CARLY

Of course. I believe you. I believe everything you say as of today - turned on its head - us - like we entered that rabbit hole where yes is no - haven't we - where 'I didn't' means I did.

PAUL

I didn't!

CARLY

You see.

PAUL

No!

CARLY

YES! Really Paul - what is that silly tower doing to you - to us - to them. You're still the same man? Okay - prove it - not to me -TO YOURSELF.

PAUL stands silently.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Go ahead Paul - prove you've not become a liar - to you, because I won't know: Lets start easy - Have you ever touched her?

PAUL

(thinking out loud)

My God - I cant say no - I've danced and...

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

but Carly means touch her - like "touch" her - so is it wrong to say I haven't if thta what she's really asking about...she'll never know anyhow...is it lying to myself though...I'm no liar.....I could have touched her and I chose not to\_\_

CARLY

Paul! My God you're not answering! - no answer is an answer! You did\_\_\_\_\_

PAUL

I didn't!

CARLY

You didn't WHAT!?

PAUL

I never touched her like that.

CARLY

(quietly - shocked -  
holding back tears)  
You...touched her?

PAUL sees her distress and reaches to embrace.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Don't you dare touch me Paul  
Steiner - Paul Tower - Paul Lecher -  
Paul...whoever you are. DONT YOU  
EVER TOUCH ME AGAIN!

PAUL

Carly you asked me to be honest -  
I'm trying to explain - now don't  
crucify me.

CARLY

Crucify YOU! Is every darn thing in  
this world in orbit around Paul  
Steiner and his magnificent tower  
and talent...beautiful face?  
....Darn you then Movie Star.

PAUL

CARLY! I did nothing with her. I  
have been talking to Hallier. He  
wants to build this thing.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

We needed a structural spec done  
and he financed it - I went to pick  
it up - she delivered it - if I  
touched her arm\_\_

CARLY

(interrupting)

Where Paul - in a Hotel - where'd  
she deliver this report - in a  
bedroom!

PAUL

In Cuba.

CARLY

You went to CUBA with that woman!?

PAUL

NO, NO...no - listen: I went to get  
the results and she was there.

CARLY

Oh, so Hallier and his wife invited  
you to their hotel room in Cuba?

PAUL

He wasn't there.

CARLY

*HE WASN'T THERE?!*

The baby begins crying upstairs.

PAUL

There was no hotel room.

CARLY

I WASN'T THERE EITHER PAUL and  
didn't know - did he know?

Paul stops, wondering.

CARLY (CONT'D)

(turning towards the  
stairs to get the baby)

What are you doing? You're ruining  
your career, our marriage, now were  
upsetting the baby...our  
baby...your doing all this for us?  
Us to me means our baby - your  
running around scheming for our  
daughter, your playing with another  
woman for me? You're some exemplary  
father.

(MORE)

CARLY (CONT'D)

What are you trying to teach our daughter? How cheat everyone?

PAUL

Of course not - Ill teach her plenty - I love school -she'll be smart like us and\_\_

CARLY

(interrupting)  
And a schemer?

PAUL

No a dreamer who gets things done.

CARLY

Like you?

PAUL

Like me - I've solved the problems of load Carly- its revolutionary.

CARLY

You're a fool - try solving the strains on your family first - its crumbling - I'm glad your little model is so sound, and your other model - ANOTHER MANS WIFE, is so happy with you - because I'm not and we're crumbling - done right here right now - LOOK OUT BELOW! You're leaving right now!

(motioning to the tower)

Take your 5 ft. erection with you!

CARLY rushes upstairs for her crying daughter.

PAUL

I'm not going!  
(thinking aloud)  
What a stinking mess. Its for them.

BURNHAM (V.O.)

Paul I just don't see the viability - it's residential and who wants to see the ocean from the 100th floor.

PAUL

(responding to BURNHAM)  
They don't care about the Ocean - they'll want it for the status - to say "I'm on Echelon Row".

HALLIER (V.O.)  
You're goanna do big things *son*.

PAUL  
(in response to HALLIER)  
I am! - in spite of you too - *dad*.

HALLIER (V.O.)  
Whatever you do...don't let him  
dress you.

PAUL  
(aloud in response)  
Cause you're goanna bring out the  
beauty in me.

CARLY (V.O.)  
(not her, in Paul's mind)  
What are you goanna teach our  
daughter Paul?

PAUL  
(in response)  
Ill teach her every fact and figure  
- all I know- to read -to write -  
to dream - to build to reach for  
the stars and grab them - to change  
the way we do things - to break the  
molds - I'm breaking the damn mold  
and evolving for us - all of us!

CARLY (V.O.)  
(as if in response in  
Paul's mind)  
And breaking all the rules.

PAUL  
(shouting to the real  
Carly upstairs)  
I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

CARLY appears on the stairs with the baby swaddled, her coat  
on, and her suitcase in the other hand.

CARLY  
That's okay - because I am. You can  
have your self centered love and  
your shiny new friends and teach  
each other all your tricks, you're  
not teaching this child though.

HALLIER (O.S.)  
You're goanna do big things.

PAUL  
(in response to Hallier)  
Oh shut up!

CARLY  
(stopping midway down the  
stairs)  
Excuse me?

PAUL  
Not you! You're not going anywhere.

CARLY  
Then you are.

PAUL  
I'm not going anywhere.

CARLY  
Yes you are - you're going right to  
the bottom - that's found at the  
top - and were not coming. If I  
could only find the words Paul and  
change your mind - teach you  
something - you're not shaping this  
little girl - you're not teaching  
her....this. WE are not teaching  
her - to fight.

PAUL walks quietly to the table to survey his tower. He puts his hands in his pockets turning his back on CARLY and the audience. He begins rocking back and forth on the balls of his feet, stops, gently lifts up his beautiful transparent tower and turns it round as a diamond in the light - taking in its many facets.

PAUL  
(mesmerized by the light)  
You're leaving me - aren't you?

CARLY  
No...YOU...are leaving YOU.

PAUL slowly orients the model horizontal, parallel with the ceiling bringing the base near his face, closing one eye and sighting with his other down its considerable length, as a builder checks the alignment as being true, or as a gunner taking aim.

In PAUL begins a low GUTTERAL SOUND, barely audible, but then grows and CARLY looks on in fear, the groan becomes a wail and quickly into an extended gasping, screaming out as the model, in one hand is hoisted horizontally over his right shoulder clutched at its midpoint, and Paul, taking two slow lunging steps forward, hurls it with all his strength exactly as a javelin, a great glass arrow, his wail becoming:

PAUL  
Good Bye Then!-----DAMN IT ALL!!

The tower sails across the room into the wall over the stairs where CARLY recoils away with the CHILD, dropping her suitcase in the instant to bring that hand in to shield and protect the child, turning away at the hips to protect her face from the chards which burst forward in the great destruction as PAUL bolts through the front door. CARLY melts onto the stairs half way up sobbing, rocking the child fanatically. After a moment she composes herself more and gently inspects the child carefully picking up a few of the chards from the swaddle and gently dropping them onto the stairs to join the profusion of others.

CARLY  
(tears in her eyes looking upward)  
Oh God, forgive us for doing this to the child...Oh God... how will I do this...alone...Oh help me ...to help him.

CARLY looks at her baby, gently arranging the blanket around her face, finding a smile and comfort in the babe's innocence and quiet. Then she looks upward again.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Dear God, don't let us teach her hate...What can I do?...what will I teach her alone?

From her place cuddling the baby midway up and midway down the stairs, still seated begins singing very slowly.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
(sung acapella, rubato)  
Teach Them, Teach Them,  
Rise Up...Meet Them.

After a long pause, CARLY rises to her feet inspired as the music begins - in tempo, with poise and dignity, she sings.

**SONG - TEACH THEM NORIAN**

## ACT III

SCENE 3.1 - EXT. STREET ART SHOW - DAY

(Music begins and continues throughout the scene. All dialog is sung.)

The WATERFRONT of the city has been transformed into an outdoor mid summer ART FESTIVAL. Distant, yet prominent in PAUL'S view, is the beautiful YACHT - the Iliana. There are row upon row of CANVASSES under the sun, people milling about, and PAUL is among them passing time appearing detached.

PAUL

(sung)

She has not been  
 Since the morning after the Casa,  
 She is always here though,  
 In my own words even -  
 Which become tributes to her -  
 certain quips repeated now by me  
 In smells: in the gardenias that  
 whisper of her perfume,  
 In traces of the moon  
 On New York Harbor at night,  
 And in the tower that looms,  
 always above,  
 wherever I go in a massive city -  
 it's always there to poke a hole in  
 sky, and my,  
 my short lived attempts to blot out  
 the past- with work or hollow  
 pleasures - like this - a walk  
 through the art fair.

(Looking at the YACHT)

She'll always be here.

A small PAINTING of a woman by the sea HOLDING HER HAT IN THE WIND catches PAUL'S eye. He puts the picture under his arm looking down the row of paintings, down the hill, down to the dock where the boat is moored. He rocks on his heels alone.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(Sung)

This is so much her:  
 I will have it if not the other  
 On my wall - every day from now  
 One scene - to be seen, by me

Two rows over, the crowd parts and ILIANA is revealed, her back to the audience, unknown to PAUL, she too is unaware of him, idly passing time at the same fair. She is looking at PAINTING of a man chin held high on an expressionless face, SITTING BACK DEEPLY IN HIS CHAIR WITH BOTH ARMS ON THE RESTS facing her and the audience. ILIANA picks it up.

ILIANA

(sung)

This man sits as he did by the sea,  
 By me,  
 he'll sit where the other can't,  
 upon the wall behind my desk,  
 so in the mirror, he'll be there,  
 every morning as I ready another  
 day, and at night when I prepare  
 for sleep alone, sleep without his  
 warmth, my memories provide a small  
 orange ember and always will,  
 I can't return to him though,  
 his child is yet innocent and  
 deserves him more than I,  
 and the pharaoh,  
 the pharaoh is the only one who  
 lives forever, the minions are all  
 expandable, to the pharaohs will we  
 bend,  
 for he makes choices of life and  
 death in the end,  
 a god on earth,  
 so the other and his family must  
 continue on abated,  
 to live another day under this  
 glorious sun,  
 even if somewhat less beautiful  
 than could be,  
 for who am I but a guilty one -  
 just a minion,  
 and been so by birth,  
 so who am I to seek,  
 heaven on earth.

PAUL

(sung)

I've lost my wife, she is too far  
 into the Burnham comfort to ever  
 extricate,  
 It's as though she's asleep in  
 another mans bed,  
 and who am I, who am I to complain,  
 while the beauty's bed I've not  
 pulled the covers back on,  
 I wanted to - so who the worse?

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

Except maybe me,  
 I should go back to my wife,  
 I should go back and correct,  
 I must go and collect her,  
 We can always start this all again,  
 Remake ourselves -  
 reclaim ourselves,  
 For I brought her here to a place  
 she now needs,  
 and I brought me here to a place a  
 shouldn't ever be,  
 so I've been to seek,  
 another version after,  
 my child's birth,  
 So who am I to complain,  
 And who the worse,  
 who am I to seek,  
 another heaven on earth.

Each has now a picture under their arms not able to have the other there.

**SONG - in duet - I SEE ONLY YOU**

SCENE 3.2 A- INT. STEINER/BURNHAM HOUSE - DAY

Amid the morning fog Paul turns his car onto the damp pink crushed stones of the Steiner coach house driveway.

PAUL

I never liked this sound. It's  
 like....like taught fabric slowly  
 ripping apart.

Arriving, exiting the car, not living there anymore, PAUL rings the bell instead of simply walking into his family. There is no answer. He puts his key in the lock then pauses.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Burnham had done this as a young  
 single man. Now I'm the single man  
 and he's with my wife. Damned key.  
 Was she ever really married to me?  
 (Opening door calling out)  
 Carly - I'm downstairs.

The home is empty though. The table across the room that had been the base for a facsimile growing of Echelon Row stands stark. PAUL looks at the carpet expecting to see a trace of Echelon Rows crushing. There is nothing.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Look at me: Like a hungry rodent  
looking for a speck of left overs -  
something left behind by the  
others, the inhabitants. I was the  
other...once.

(leaving, closing the door  
behind him)

And the reason I was thinking she'd  
actually be here was?

PAUL looks up the hill across the lawns to the Burnham  
mansion.

PAUL (CONT'D)

That is where she is. I wish she  
was still here. (beat)

(Closing eyes, wishing)

I wish the tower was still on the  
table.

PAUL puts the key in the lock and opens the door again.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Carly I'm home!

There is no response.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I wish the tower was still on the  
table - so I could smash it again.

(looking for something to  
throw)

Nothing - theres nothing left here -  
to love - or to throw!

PAUL gets in his car. As the gas pedal is pumped into the  
floor and the wheel buried fully right, the tires spray pink  
stones and dust as a motor boat upsets the sea behind. The  
curve of his departing tracks go down through to the ugly  
grey dirt that the pulverized pink was spread upon. MONTAGED  
with ILIANA tracing arcs in the Cuba sand that night with her  
toes.

CUT TO:

Up at the estate the door is answered by a new SERVANT  
dressed as a nanny. PAUL does not know her; she screams as he  
brushes past her.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where's my wife!

Carly appears from the study in a robe with a cup of tea.

CARLY

Paul, my god - you'll wake the baby  
- don't you call first?

PAUL

Call...to see my wife? No I just go  
to our home and find it empty - and  
find you in another mans house -  
that I should have - called?

CARLY

Paul you're a crazy man. People are  
sleeping still - it's early.

PAUL

Sleeping - I'm not - been up a long  
time doing work so other people can  
sleep and play with my daughter.  
Where is she? I need to see her -  
it's been nearly a month.

CARLY

It's been a month because you made  
it a month. Where have you been?  
She's growing - changing\_\_

PAUL

(interrupting)

I've been pulling a heavy box of  
burden up the hill - where have you  
been!?

CARLY takes his arm and pulls him into the study.

CARLY

What's happened to you Paul?

PAUL

I've been caged up like an animal.

CARLY

What you call a cage,  
(pointing to the draperies  
and around the room)  
others call paradise - this is a  
cage? Inmates would beg to differ.

PAUL

It's just a more sophisticated one.

CARLY

Hardly - sophisticated yes - the only cage around here is a man's ego Paul...and his love for another woman - where have you been Paul? Sleeping with her?

PAUL

No! You are the one sleeping in someone else's house.

CARLY

Not that kind of sleeping Paul.

PAUL

It's no different!

CARLY

Of course it is.

PAUL

No - you are letting another man take care of your needs - so those needs aren't between your legs\_

CARLY

You are disgusting man.

PAUL

No - always, HAH!

CARLY

Shall we fight about that too?

PAUL

No - we shouldn't fight about anything. You should be with me.

CARLY

You are the one who left.

PAUL

What a stupid thing to say - like a couple kids - one throws mud in the others face so the kids hits back - but he threw the first punch so the other kid's blameless?

CARLY

Stupid.

Then Paul sits on the arm of the wingback and says quietly:

PAUL

The only stupid thing here is you in another's man house. I'm here for you. I want you to come home Carly.

CARLY

To the coach house?

PAUL

No.

CARLY

Paul we don't have a home.

PAUL

That's the darned problem Carly - don't you see? Married, a child, all this money, all this work and no place to go - nothing of ours. How can someone come so far and have nothing?

CARLY

Paul you have everything.

PAUL

Do I? What do I have that isn't his?

CARLY

A wife, a daughter...for starters.

PAUL

Are they really mine? Or are they his? I am just a renter. I pay him rent out of his salary. He ends up with it coming right back to him. On a day off I can see my family at his home. No Carly it's over. You're coming home with me - I'll make one.

CARLY

Now Paul - now with a baby? Now with a partnership? Now that he's giving everything to you when he dies...Paul he told me if anything happened to you and him....I was not to worry - he's making me and our daughter heirs...NOW Paul??

PAUL

Yes now before it's too late.

CARLY

Too late for whom Paul.

PAUL

Me.

CARLY

Yes you - yes I know Paul...look at it. Me...I...my, it's all about you. You have a wife. You have a child. You have a boss. You have people counting on you - they are all content - its just you who wants to upset the boat - to make everyone unhappy so you are happy. Will you really be happy then Paul? What is it you want Paul - to work for Hallier - that's the Promised Land?

PAUL

No. I want to start over.

CARLY

Start over! What was it all for? You got what you wanted and now you don't want it anymore? A better job, a better wife... there's something wrong with you.

PAUL

I never got what I wanted - that's the problem - you got what you wanted - Burnham got what he wanted - Hallier, he even got what he wanted - me, I just do all the work - and I'm still waiting.

CARLY

That silly tower Paul? How are you going to do that on your own?

PAUL

I'm not.

CARLY

So we're in a dirty circle...a wash cycle... Around and around.

PAUL

No. I can work somewhere else. I'm good at what I do. Someplace where I earn and have our own home and things, heck, even a mortgage - my wife and I live in our means in our terms. I want to take the leash off Carly I've earned that much.

CARLY

I...me...mine...so you do all that and make your family suffer.

PAUL

Oh for Pete's sake -we'll never suffer.

CARLY

Well you'll make Peter suffer.

PAUL

To hell with him - who's talking about him?

CARLY

I am Paul because he's been nothing but good to us. You can't throw him away. He's counting on you to take over.

PAUL

He's counting on taking over my family.

CARLY

Nonsense Paul. Maybe you need to talk to somebody about this.

PAUL

I am...you.

CARLY

I mean a professional.

PAUL

A professional? I need a professional to tell me what I want? I know what I want and that's the problem. You don't care what I want?

CARLY

I do care.

PAUL

No you don't. You haven't heard a word I said.

CARLY

It just doesn't make sense Paul. What have you been doing during our marriage - sneaking around with Hallier behind Peters back, sneaking around with his wife behind my back? It's you who doesn't care.

PAUL

I do care.

CARLY

No you don't. Now its you who hasn't heard a word - or seen a thing - anything. You are courting Hallier Paul - he's a devil Peter says, and your are denying an...an angel.

PAUL

An angel? An angel doesn't step into another mans life as his own - that's a parasite.

CARLY

Paul you need help - professional help.

PAUL

No! You need to stand by me - that's all. I want to leave here right now. Leave it behind. We can start over. Leave it all behind - Burnham, - Hallier, myself too.

CARLY

And her Paul...or does she come too.

PAUL

There is no her.

CARLY

I see...are you giving me an ultimatum Paul? That's what it sounds like.

PAUL

Maybe I am - I want you to come with your husband away from these things - these people trying to own me. If that's an ultimatum than I'm giving it.

CARLY

Well I have one for you - you see a professional...and...you come home - this is your home Paul - our home - our big family - you come home to us. You left. You come back.

PAUL

Or what?

CARLY

Or you...won't come back. You'll be alone. Dreams take many people Paul. You'll be alone - just you and an unborn dream. This is how it all worked out for us. Why are you so special Paul? So different than all the other men who go to jobs and see them as a burden and not a party. Most of them do it for pennies. You get everything and it's not enough. Well I'm sorry I'm not pretty like her - its what you got.

PAUL

That's not what this is about.

CARLY

Isn't it really? The greener grass, the higher tower...you need to get away from that man Hallier, and embrace this one.

PAUL

Like you have.

CARLY

He's good Paul - the other is...no good...come back Paul.

PAUL

I can't...he's offered me the ability to make what I'm capable of Carly - destiny. Is that so wrong?

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

Is that evil...isn't achieving potential a high purpose, spiritual even?

CARLY

If it doesn't step on other people Paul.

PAUL

Well Burnham's stepping on me.

CARLY

No he isn't - a professional will help you clear that fog.

PAUL

Professional...Professional - is that the new keyword between us?

CARLY

That and...whatever her name is...I forgot.

PAUL

Get up. Get the baby. Grab some things. We're leaving. We're running. We're getting out of here. I need you - not any of them - just you.

CARLY

No Paul. You need a professional (beat) and some appreciation.

Paul grabs her arm.

PAUL

Get up! We're leaving.

CARLY

No. If you don't stay - its you who left us - not the other way around.

Paul slams the door on the way out of the study. PETER is at the top of the stairs in shock.

PAUL

Listening in Burnham? Wondering about marriage? Living your life through mine? Brought a dammed stage show into your house for your amusement.

PAUL leaves the old man in silence on the stairs. His tires carve another arc path in the pink, clear down to the grey earth again. MONTAGED with ILIANA's toe tracing at the beach again. CLOSEUP on the cool sea slowly had rising up to fill what ILIANA displaced.

SCENE 3.3 A - INT/EXT STEINER OFFICE/RC ROOF - DAY

PAUL places a nail in the center of the largest panel of finely crafted mahogany walls of his office and strikes it with a hammer. His SECRETARY runs in at the sounds.

SECRETARY

Mr. Steiner would you like me to call the building engineer for assistance?

PAUL does not answer and the SECRETARY looks at him strangely and then shuts the door. He hangs the painting of the woman holding her hat on in the wind from the art fair.

PAUL

(staring at picture)  
A man's always got to leave a mark...and a man...gets many marks left on him.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

(on the interphone)  
Mr. Steiner the Miami office is wondering if you've formed an opinion on the Dorchester numbers?

PAUL

(straightening picture)  
Tell them no opinion.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

(on the interphone again)  
Mr. Steiner the Miami office is wondering if you could call them to answer a quick question?

PAUL stands with his hands on his hips similar to Iliana.

PAUL

Hold all my calls, I'm too busy to take anymore calls today - No further interruptions.  
(sits, kicking feet up)  
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

The painted lady is somehow more a likeness of her now: as if its features are fluid and slowly morphing into hers. I'm playing... playing with time as a shaman. Mostly living in yesterday amid the flood of memories of tennis and runs on the shores of Miami. I'm in the pictures sharing telepathy with the painter of her - how could he have known correct lines?

The PHONE in PAUL'S pocket RINGS, and he, so far away, automatically grabs the phone from his pocket and yells into it.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I said no more, woman!

HALLIER (V.O.)

Woman?...people never confuse me with a woman. How about you?

Paul comes to aware of his cell phone.

PAUL

I...ah....Rex, I was confused.

HALLIER (V.O.)

Was that it? - That's what they call it - your affliction?

PAUL

No that's not it...I was busy and picked up my cell instead.

HALLIER (V.O.)

Quit your BS kid I'm not interested in your manhood failures. You save calling another man 'woman' for your boyfriends - not me. What I am interested in is why your signature is not on documents that sign the process to me. I sunk a lot of money into that testing for you to try to double cross me? Rex Hallier?

PAUL

No Rex I forgot.

HALLIER (V.O.)

You forgot...our deal? I don't give a damn if you are self destructive - because you are- and don't care a thing about you. What about your family Paul...are they safe? Did you forget about them too?

PAUL

No Rex.

HALLIER (V.O.)

Oh...I think you did...I know you did...you see I have this woman over here right now. You see: people deserve a second chance. I've granted second chances many times in my career, funny though, people are never quite the same afterwards...when it gets to that point...not the same...don't quite look the same you know?

PAUL

Carly! Rex my daughter was being born while I was in Cuba and I had to leave suddenly. No double cross\_

HALLIER (V.O.)

So how did the process papers get to Miguel?

PAUL doesn't answer.

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

You think I don't know? You think I got where I am by not knowing what goes on around me?

PAUL

No Rex - I'm jumping in the car I'll be at your office in 10 minutes to set it right. My family isn't part of this. I'm leaving now. My god is she okay!

HALLIER (V.O.)

Oh, my little boy blue seems to be in a hurry all of a sudden. For two weeks you pretended you held up your end of a deal and did nothing - now boy blues' in a rush?

PAUL  
No Rex. Yes Rex.

HALLIER (V.O.)  
You see - you thought you could  
screw me over...and that's not  
all...you thought you could screw  
my property?

PAUL  
No.

HALLIER (V.O.)  
She'll never quite be the same  
now...

PAUL  
Stop Rex! What can I do to fix  
this?

HALLIER (V.O.)  
Nothing son. While you're alive  
your family isn't safe because I  
can't trust you, other people  
aren't safe - you know - your  
stupid choices goanna bring pain to  
many people I'm afraid.

PAUL  
Take it out on me! I'll make it  
right it was a mistake. Give me a  
chance to make it right - you made  
your point.

HALLIER (V.O.)  
You didn't hear anything. You don't  
screw around with me son - other  
people, your wife, your lover,  
Burnham, yourself - I don't care -  
you screw with me and you're goanna  
pay in a way you'll never forget.

PAUL  
That's right - I'm goanna pay.  
Me...mine...I...all about me -  
always was - I'm ready to settle  
the accounts.

HALLIER (V.O.)

Are you son? We settle accounts over here a little differently - self destructive jerks like you throw themselves off buildings and then the debt is paid! Until then, money doesn't even work. If you don't care about you- I charge interest in terms of those you care about - they pay for you.

PAUL

You told me once to be direct and just tell you what I want...what is it you want so I can make it right - there's got to be something more than just my family that's makes things better for you - what can I do - what do you want?

HALLIER (V.O.)

Nothing much: your past, your present, and your future...your life.

PAUL

I'll give you what you want- I want my family safe. I'll give you what you want. I'm leaving now.

The phone is hung up on the other end. PAUL runs out of his office momentarily stopping to grab rolled up papers.

SCENE 3.3B - EXT. RC ROOF - DAY

PAUL stands before the keypad entry to HALLIER's private garage entrance in the dark loading docks bathed in orange light beneath the city.

PAUL

As a boy I won the World Series, then competitions, but as a man, I sat in my office and just could NOT settle. Burnham had warned me and just this morning so had my wife. I wanted more - perhaps reaching for things of the gods - immortality. I am Icarus beneath the city - wings not melted by the sun but dragged down in the filth of the underbelly.

CARLY (V.O.)

You are courting HALLIER Paul -  
he's a devil Peter says...you made  
a deal with the devil Paul.

PAUL

There is no way to trust HALLIER.  
Men like him not only make the  
rules - but they change them too -  
so safe one day and leveraged the  
next would be the pattern with my  
family. How could I have dragged  
them into this? I couldn't settle  
then...now I have to settle another  
way.

The door opens just as PAUL is about to attempt a keypad  
entry. PAUL looks confused but enters.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Motion activated?

HALLIER (V.O.)

What about your family Paul...are  
they safe? Did you forget about  
them too?

*EDITORIAL NOTE: 'BREAKDOWN' IN MINOR POLYPHONY - 1ST TONE*

CARLY (V.O.)

You need to see....a  
professional....you are the one who  
left.

HALLIER (O.S.)

Other people only think they make  
the rules.

Walking towards the private elevator PAUL thinks aloud.

PAUL

And Iliana, what was her place in  
this? I was so convinced she was  
bait, but the morning after Casa de  
Promesa I spoke of... love. Always,  
she was at the right place at the  
right time. Every time I had  
wavered and moved away from Hallier  
she somehow drew him back in - each  
time harder and deeper.

ILIANA (O.S.)

Paul what about the process? Do you want me to deliver it for you?

PAUL

In the morning after we woke on the couch, sure she had helped to get me home, but she suggested giving the process, she couriered it, Now that's the lynchpin in what's unfolding: she helped me to give away the future. She was pebble thrown into my pond and the circle just keeps expanding outward until it touches the edges of my totality. She was there the night of celebration with Burnham, dropping her glove exposing herself to me, and she was there when he doubted most, to drop her hair and let it flow over my leg.

ILIANA (O.S.)

Nothing...Nothing is what it seems Paul.

At the obscure entrance to HALLIER's elevator PAUL faces the keypad not knowing the code. He enters six '1's as was the upstairs code. The elevator door opens.

HALLIER (O.S.)

What's the code son?

He presses 'X' instead of 86.

*EDITORIAL NOTE: 'BREAKDOWN' IN MINOR POLYPHONY - 2ND TONE*

Into the cold gusty night PAUL steps after dropping his past in the white room.

*EDITORIAL NOTE: AFTER A BRIEF PAUSE IN THE MUSIC IT WILL CYCLE UP ONE LAST TIME TO THE LEDGE - EACH ADDITION OF THE LAYERS OCCURS AT THE FINAL REALIZATIONS SPOKEN OR SUNG BY PAUL - ALL IN CACUPHONY TO THE POINT OF TAKING HIS LIFE.*

PAUL

My family is in danger.

*CHORD TONE 1*

HALLIER (O.S.)

What about your family Paul...Did you forget about them too? While you're alive your family isn't safe.

PAUL

I've loved a married woman.

*CHORD TONE 2*

ILIANA (O.S.)

Nothing...Nothing is what it seems Paul.

PAUL

I've mortgaged my talents to a devil.

*CHORD TONE 3*

HALLIER (O.S.)

We settle accounts over here a little differently - self destructive jerks like you throw themselves off buildings and then the debt is paid.

CARLY (V.O.)

Paul it's breathtaking. You can see the entire city in one view. The tall buildings even look small. Do birds fly this high?

*CHORD TONE 4*

BURNHAM (O.S.)

I'm giving it all to you.

Wind gust pick up his hair and lapels. He looks over head as he begins to scale the small ladder to the ledge and above are the 3 belt stars of OSIRIS and Sirius (ISIS) directly in front of him as a guide.

PAUL

I'm not going up after all... I'm going down!

From his pocket PAUL feels something release and just before jumping the music stops.

The contents have scattered onto the roof and the wind momentarily ceases. PAUL sees something important enough to descend back to the roof to retrieve.

It is a BABY PICTURE of his daughter.

*EDITORIAL NOTE: NOW THE HINTS OF THE MELODY OF THE VERSE OF THE SONG BROKEN PROMISE DIAMOND RINGS BEGINS QUIETLY.*

CARLY (V.O.)

I'm pregnant. I wanted you to meet your daughter up here - on top of the world.

PAUL picks up the picture and scales the ladder again.

PAUL

My god I've mortgaged my child to a devil...I've lost three women... this one's but a child...I won't see her as a woman...

The WIND begins to blow again but not as violently as the music now is in full bloom.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What have I done to leave no choices. I've lost... her...So self absorbed. I didn't even see her today when I went to... I left before seeing her...

**SONG - "Broken Promise Diamond Rings"**

***Climbing chasing always up***

(as he takes hold of the ladder once more)

***And now I've made it to the top***

(as he reaches the ledge once more)

***There's nothing here but wind!***

(sung to modulation - here the wind robs him of the picture which recedes into the sky towards the belt stars)

***How could I've been so tricked!***

(As he reaches for it and loses balance - right hand on the pole so that he actually pirouettes around it almost falling reaching for the picture)

NO!

*This is all a big mistake (once  
again)*

*I'll never get to see her face (if this then)*

*GOD HELP ME GET OFF THIS LEDGE!*

*HELP ME DOWN I WANT TO LIVE (RETARD)*

*HELP ME SO THAT I CAN CHANGE*

*PLEASE JUST GIVE ME A SECOND CHANCE*

(now as he repels the  
ladder back down)

*I'm coming*

*Down off this Ledge,*

PAUL picks up the scattered mess putting the contents back in his pocket and returns toward the white room, picks up his plans for the tower and bridge, and holds them up towards the belt stars and Sirius.

PAUL

(resolutely and quietly)

I will change today - I'll change  
it all today.

PAUL enters the white room and heads down to HALLIER's office for a showdown.

SCENE 3.4 - INT. HALLIER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The elevator door opens and HALLIER is sitting at his desk looking at some papers. He does not look up. PAUL sets the plans down behind the chair.

HALLIER

That's not so quick son - not  
seeming to important to you is it?

PAUL

No Rex. I hit the wrong BUTTON.

HALLIER

Oh I see. Smart guy like you.

PAUL

I meant to press it - but it was  
the wrong choice - it took a minute  
to figure it out.

HALLIER looks up and grabb another stack of papers and pushes them to the front of his desk snapping a pen down on them.

HALLIER

I see. See if you can find the right place to sign here.

PAUL approaches and signs the top paper in a small stack of tabbed documents.

PAUL

A lot of papers her...You must have many appointments.

HALLIER

There's always work to be done.

PAUL

Is that it now?

HALLIER

It? You haven't even begun. You just did something two weeks late.

PAUL

Yes we had a deal and it's done now. Is my wife safe?

HALLIER

Done? Deal? One person denied the deal and so it's dead. I'm making the new rules. First of all, if you entered my office as a normal person, the secretary would have collected your cell phone on a nice silver tray, I hate interruptions and sneaky devices. Shut it off and put it over there. Make sure it's off.

PAUL

(placing the phone)  
So now what?

HALLIER

What's next for you kid - talk.

PAUL

I'm staying at Burnham's.

HALLIER

So...boy wonder wants to settle. No more dreams worth dreaming PAUL?

PAUL

No...plenty more - maybe some are a little different.

HALLIER

So little boy blue wants to rise up and toe to toe Rex Burnham.

PAUL

No. I'll stay out of your way.

HALLIER

Bull - you broke a deal kid - where I come from that's payable by blood money. You need to see what happens to people who don't act right - you need to know how that kind of thing just doesn't happen in these circles...Burnham...what makes you think he'll have you back?

PAUL

He sees,  
     (careful to not include  
     Carly and his daughter)  
 ...he sees me as his lost son - I'm sure he'll see me as prodigal.

HALLIER

You are lost....son...no way...not when he knows you dealt with his enemy and traded away Burnham property to make a deal for yourself. You see PAUL; those papers you signed just now give Hallier & Hardcott something developed while under the employ of Burnham. You're unfit to run a company - its like a platoon leader feeding the enemy his troop's rations - you're done there - and you know what else? You're done everywhere - everyone in our circles will know you tried to cheat both Burnham and Hallier - an opportunist - an opportunist who sells his own ideas to the enemy at the expense of his firm, who tries to cheat the enemy, who does this not putting himself at risk like a real man - but his family.

(MORE)

HALLIER (CONT'D)

You dumb jerk - your family is going to pay your debts so you take things seriously - you are a loser - you're done in this business.

PAUL

I'll make it right - my family... are they still okay?

HALLIER

Gee...I don't know...Your family - you think they'd take you back?

PAUL

Yes.

HALLIER

Nope they'll see you as a liar- you're thinking 'just a man trying to better his career'? - Nope a lecher trying to better his wife

HALLIER shows PAUL a pictures of ILIANA and him in Cuba, dancing at the Café and then another of him kissing her neck.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

You see I am where I am for a reason jerk boy. You think you do anything without me knowing? You were just up on this roof making a colossal mistake - you should have done it, now the innocent will pay off your gambling markers.

PAUL

Listen - you got what you wanted. I'll settle accounts on your terms - you don't need to bring them in. I didn't try to cross you - I wanted to work for you - I just got crazy marriage issues now\_\_

HALLIER

What a weak piece of garbage\_

PAUL

I'm just telling you how it happened - why - so you see I wasn't crossing you - was just trying to get back to my kid who they thought might die in labor - that's all.

HALLIER

Sounds pretty good - that's all though?

PAUL

That's it.

HALLIER

You have any idea how steep your bill is jerk off? You want to lie some more and make it higher? You think I don't know every answer before I ask it?

PAUL

Okay I think you know.

HALLIER

You're damn right I know! How stupid are all of you! People talk, I've got people over at Burnham's on my payroll feeding me everything - Burnham's, city hall, the justice department - who isn't on the Hallier dime? I have eyes and where they aren't cameras are. I've watched you fail over and over.

PAUL

Rex your wife has been playing me according to your orders. I believe it. She was always there to serve your purpose. That's all. I was gonna leave and she got the process to you. I never slept with her - I didn't cross you or my family.

HALLIER

That's nice lover boy - but I didn't send her there - she went on her own. You're gonna pay for this - she already has begun paying - there's more to come...

PAUL

Where is she - what have you done?

HALLIER

Oh look at you....'there's nothing Rex' - you just keep digging in deeper - do it - the deeper you go the more I get.

(MORE)

HALLIER (CONT'D)

That stupid whore is never goanna look quite the same I'm afraid. She knew the price of breaking ranks - and did it anyhow - you - you're about to learn.

PAUL

What did you do to her?!

HALLIER

Settle down lover. I'll rip your jerk head off and you know it. And...she'll pay more for your bravado - you smart kids are the slowest learners - don't you get it - you don't pay your debts around here - your family and lovers do.

PAUL

Where is she Rex? Let's make a deal.

HALLIER

She'll be in that very elevator soon. I told you it was primarily for women.

PAUL

Let's make a deal - do business that benefits you - that's what you're in this for - what do you want?

HALLIER

I told you: your past - your present - and your future.

PAUL

Where is she!?

HALLIER

She's been in the bathroom a long time now.

PAUL runs across to the bathroom door and opens it.

PAUL

ILIANA!

ILIANA is dressed but slumped over on the floor her hair down covering her face, around her left hand a towel has been wrapped and is soaked through with blood. PAUL runs in picks her up in his arms.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You sick bastard this is your wife!

HALLIER

That...that is a high priced hooker who doesn't keep step. Her father, he's in town you know, just saw her, wont miss her, he shuttles up heroin from Columbia - his daughter - she's a drug PAUL - she's nothing more than a drug - get to you?

PAUL

What did you do to her!?

HALLIER gets up and turns his back on them opening his mirrored case behind him to pull out two glasses.

HALLIER

Want a drink PAUL - She may need one more than you?

(pulling out the ice bucket and tongs )

She had an accident - seems her wedding ring got caught on something, wouldn't let go - ripped the damn finger off with it.

PAUL

She's got to get to a hospital!

HALLIER

You want to try something different for a change? Let's do em on the rocks.

(opening the ice bucket)

Oh damn, the ice is dirty.

HALLIER points the bucket towards PAUL who sees the ring and remnant of her finger in blood stained cubes.

PAUL

(with ILIANA limp in his arms)

I'll kill you Hallier!!

HALLIER

(nonchalantly)

They say these things on ice can be re-attached. So little time though. It's been a while.

PAUL

What do you want Rex - I'm taking her to the hospital. I'll give you what you want.

HALLIER

Well here - let me call you a car.

HALLIER pushes the elevator BUTTON and with a great burst of air the doors open to an empty shaft.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

Oh my - this thing needs an inspection - not safe - where is that car?

PAUL

Okay Rex - Please - what do you want? Let me get her to a hospital.

HALLIER

I told you she'd be in the elevator soon...Put her there! She'll never be the same PAUL - ugly disfigured hand on a beautiful woman - put her out of her misery if you love her - lover!

PAUL

No.

HALLIER

You asked me what I want? That's what I want! Get rid of her! You want to spare your family? Dump her! Now!

PAUL

No!

HALLIER

Put her out of her misery and spare your own wife misery - where's your guts boy - all out of guts?

PAUL

No!

HALLIER

Throw her! And it's settled! You came to play with the big boys - this is how WE play!

PAUL

I'll give you everything you want  
Rex - spare her.

PAUL puts ILIANA down gently on the chair opposite Hallier's desk, grabbing his blueprints from behind the chair.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Here...here is the Echelon Row - we made a deal 2 million dollars Rex - you said you changed the deal - change it to this: I'm giving it to you...for her. I'll trade it...for her - It's my past and present and future. Let me take her to the hospital.

HALLIER

Not enough. HALLIER says pouring bourbon.

PAUL

I brought you the bridge too. Come on Rex your bluffing.

HALLIER raises his eye brows.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Your bluffing because you'd have had me throw her down the shaft getting nothing. I'm giving you 2 million, a revolutionary design you can stick your name all over, a bridge you can call your design. Let me take her. Give me the bucket.

HALLIER

No...I don't want you rising up to fight again later - you gotta die son.

PAUL

I'll leave the business - no Burnham - no more - no one will compete or fight you - you get the product to put your name on.

HALLIER

My incredible secretary just so happened to produce us documents PAUL. She anticipated everything and it's all tabbed out.

(MORE)

HALLIER (CONT'D)

How long do those severed limbs  
remain on ice?

PAUL moves to Hallier's desk, grabs the pen, and executes his signature on a few tabbed documents, then places the plans on Hallier's desk.

PAUL

Is that it? I've signed them all.  
She's got to get to the hospital -  
she's dying.

HALLIER

(sarcastically)  
Looks pretty lively to me.

HALLIER picks up the plans and uses them as a pointer over PAUL's shoulder. PAUL turns.

ILIANA is sitting up normally pulling the towel from her clean hand, her clean intact hand.

ILIANA

(fixing her hair smiling)  
Sorry Mr. Steiner, you've been  
extorted. Nothing is as it seems.

HALLIER reaches into the ice bucket and retrieves the wedding ring tossing it to ILIANA who catches it with one hand.

HALLIER

(bellowing)  
The old finger on ice trick, stage  
prop you idiot, a truth serum -  
lets you know where we all stand -  
easier than asking you 'what's  
important PAUL' - what are words  
worth anyhow?

PAUL

(to ILIANA)  
Yes...what are words worth.

PAUL looks at the beautiful ILIANA still normalizing her look straighten hair and clothes.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Fish here often Mrs. Hallier?

ILIANA remains silent. PAUL turns his back on her and faces HALLIER.

HALLIER

(smiling)

Well Steiner - looks like past and present have been traded for a mirage...lets talk future now, shall we?

ILIANA appears behind HALLIER, behind the desk, playing with her PHONE remaining silent.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

The future PAUL. You proved yourself unreliable and unemployable.

PAUL

The future,  
(backing up and sinking into the chair where she sat)  
looks pretty corrupted.

HALLIER

Nah, cheer up blue, it's not all that...it's worse than that! Its non-existent. HAH! Prodigal son? I don't think so - you're not going back there PAUL - because you and I are going to have an understanding that if you do there will be real accidents for you family. You're through there.

PAUL

I really don't care anymore, about design...

ILIANA now caught up with her phone sees the pictures of them in Cuba on the desk and grabs the one with the neck kissing on the beach.

ILIANA

Oh this is a good one...of me. I want this.

HALLIER

Take it.

ILIANA

What do I do with a picture? - I want it digital.

Positioning it in front of her phone, ILIANA takes a shot of it.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

While I'm at it - this is a nice touch - so real.

(taking a photo of the inside of the ice bucket)

Real sleight of hand.

HALLIER

Sleight...of finger - Hah...Hah!  
You were saying PAUL - not interested in design anymore?

PAUL

No. Lost my desires.

HALLIER

I bet you have. Look over there.  
(motioning to the open elevator)

looks like you got the shaft! Hah!

HALLIER looks at ILIANA in self amusement and she laughs.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

I wanted you to join me son. You got some good design left in you - but I saw what you were made of tonight - not a good fit. I'm afraid - this interview is not going well - may I suggest the shaft?

(laughing, then pausing and yelling)

GET UP!!

In the abrupt change and omnipotent presence PAUL unconsciously obeys rising to his feet from the chair. HALLIER hits a BUTTON and the lights come on behind him in the mirrored case of treasures. PAUL sees himself in the mirror behind Hallier.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

LOOK! That is the look of a nobody - no past, no present...and no future...you been played son, you're worthless to Burnham, to me, to your family...and to yourself - I ought to kill you...but you know what?...You ought to kill you.

HALLIER quietly while downs another bourbon and pours PAUL a full glass sliding it across the desk to him.

HALLIER

Take it - it will give you the strength you've lost - its better to have you do it yourself - look at you - it will feel good PAUL.

PAUL drinks the entire glass of bourbon in one attempt and looks into the mirror where he sees his eyes and the backsides of the Hallier's.

PAUL

I've somehow ended up behind them, behind the worst of humanity, in trail of thieves, mouth on a hook, my process and plans in the devils hands, my wife in the home of another man.

HALLIER

You see Steiner...you must keep the good ones around. ILIANA...the best con I've ever met. The most capable of women. Did you know she is as efficient as she is pretty? Look at all those documents you signed - all tabbed - all legal. She does that for me - the sensitive ones I don't want my secretary to even see. Capable...and culpable. Those are two traits of the movers and shakers - capable and culpable.

PAUL

(in a whisper sliding the glass across his desk)  
Fill it.

HALLIER

Now you're beginning to see. Its easy son. It will feel good to take the step. You owe it to your family.

CARLY (V.O.)

Burnham said if anything ever happened to you he's making me an heir.

PAUL  
 (dejected)  
 My family...  
 (to ILIANA)  
 Mrs. Hallier, he hates phones...if  
 you'd have entered the office as a  
 normal person you'd have put it on  
 the tray. Nothing but cell phones  
 for you. Why don't you put your  
 phone down?

ILIANA  
 Okay.

Still looking at the phone in her left hand while reaching  
 into her pocket with her right, retrieves ANOTHER PHONE and  
 places it on the desk without looking from the screen in her  
 left.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
 There's my phone...this...this is  
 your phone PAUL.

PAUL looks to the alcove where he was to leave his and the  
 shelf is empty.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
 I'm having difficulty with the  
 picture of us in Cuba...on your  
 phone now PAUL...oops...oops, I  
 hit the wrong darn BUTTON - send  
 vs. save - oops - I just sent it to  
 your wife - sorry.

HALLIER  
 (laughing)  
 The weight of the wedding ring...if  
 it's not catching on something it's  
 messing up your delicate  
 operations! Hah!....Looks like your  
 family is important PAUL. They're  
 gonna love to see your vacation  
 photos. What a mean thing to do to  
 rub it in your wife's face. You got  
 the shaft son.

PAUL turns his back on both of them now.

PAUL  
 (to himself)  
 They're behind me now where they  
 should be...  
 (MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's only open door left - that is the dominion of the dark - the closing of doors and bleeding out of opportunity.

ILIANA

Rexy, sign these papers here to make this complete - Mrs. Capability hates half finished paperwork - hand me my stamp.

HALLIER

(to PAUL staring at the shaft)

PAULY, she's a notary also - isn't that the damndest thing?

PAUL says nothing as he hears her STAMPING the documents making them witnessed, complete, and legal.

CARLY (V.O.)

Oh what bad luck for them to show up and spoil our night.

BURNHAM (V.O.)

Luck has nothing to do with it.

ILIANA

Got any guts left Steiner? I got an idea Rex. The roof. Once attempted. Everyone deserves a second chance don't you think Paul, don't you think Rex? Besides, your clean up team loathes the mess in the elevator; the wind is so strong tonight, he'll be two blocks away by the time he's down - clean.

HALLIER

I'd kind of like to see that.

ILIANA

Yes Steiner, It's a long way down - a last long look at the pretty pictures free as a bird instead of a step into darkness - got any guts left - got anything left? - want to be a success at least one thing before you go? Your family is counting on you.

HALLIER downs his glass, pours another full bourbon, and walks to PAUL tops his as well.

HALLIER pushes a BUTTON and the elevator car appears from above. With a bottle in one hand and a gun in the other, HALLIER motions forward.

HALLIER

Shall we dance Mr. Steiner?

THEY all enter the elevator. PAUL can't look at her his feet, nor hers, and stares at the base of the closed doors which soon open into the white room. ILIANA enters the code for the heavy door, they move out under the stars, she under SIRIUS and he restrained by OSIRIS.

PAUL

(to himself)

This is how it came to pass.  
Immortality. Burnham's talk of the waterfall and which lights should I watch on the way down. Promise and patience, all melted away, like wax made wings, so fragile it took not the searing sun to undo - just the faint glow of faraway suns, stars, belonging to other worlds, someone else's sun.

HALLIER

What a beautiful evening, except for the wind.

ILIANA's hair is captured in the gusts. She doesn't try to restrain it. Her HAIR covers her face again as it had with the fake bandage. PAUL turns towards them both.

PAUL

Why?

HALLIER

Because you wanted something that wasn't yours - you wanted two things of mine and couldn't pay for either - you failed - to soft for me too use - to hard for Burnham to use - be a bird PAUL - go out as a winner.

PAUL walks to the ledge, looks at ILIANA standing beneath the redemption queen's star - SIRIUS - her face obscured by hair. PAUL looks at the brutal man.

PAUL

(to Hallier as he begins  
up to jump)

The pharaoh. The king of this city.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

The character that walked the earth  
many times before and will again.  
Rex Hallier - bender of human will -  
a god on earth - capable of  
capturing heaven on earth - capable  
of immortality through megaliths.

PAUL brings the bourbon, that HALLIER had introduced him to  
in Palm Beach, to his lips one last time and holds it there.  
He does not taste it. The full glass instead is released into  
HALLIER'S eyes stinging him, the gun dropping but the bottle  
remaining. ILIANA picks up the gun and points it at PAUL.

HALLIER

You're gonna die tonight son,  
(with dignity, wiping the  
bourbon from his eys)  
I told you to go easy with the good  
stuff. Your problem is you just  
don't know how to listen.

HALLIER grabs PAUL's neck with his large hand and tightens it  
slowly but not completely. He spits in PAUL's face.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

Bourbon for spit loser,  
(throwing him down against  
the ledge with great  
force )  
you see - I win again - the better  
half of the deal - I always win.  
Was that your show of guts? Yet  
another failure. GET UP!! LET'S SEE  
SOME REAL GUTS BABY MAN!! BABY  
BLUE! BABY BOY! FLY - NOW!!

PAUL rises with his back against the ledge but does not turn  
from them. ILIANA, hair in her face, has the muzzle in line  
with his heart.

HALLIER (CONT'D)

Cold feet? Cold wind.  
(as the gusts became  
dangerous)  
Of course, of course - you never  
could get it right Steiner...no  
follow through...I guess you need  
daddy's help again.

HALLIER puts PAUL in the Hallier bear hug and begins pulling  
his frame up to go over the ledge.

ILIANA moves the muzzle towards HALLIER now.

ILIANA

Stop Rex - that's enough.

In an instant his left arm scoops her up like a baby, hair blinding her in the steady strong wind which cycles through moments of blasting gusts, and the gun falls - both PAUL and her now squeezed into his arms smashed against each other.

HALLIER

I was hoping he had some balls and would dump you down the shaft earlier. That was my real plan. I knew you paid off the testers bitch - there was failure in his process and you paid for certification - I KNOW EVERYTHING - your time was coming, I needed you to screw him over - but now your time arrived prematurely.

Both their feet are lifted off the ground as HALLIER'S brute force pulls them up so their waists are above the ledge. He scales the first two steps of the short ladder, then pivots to his right, preparing to spin and release them in a motion together over the wall.

ILIANA

DADDY!

ILIANA yells, her back to the city, as her father CARLOS appears from the white room with two men and a shot rings out into the sky. HALLIER further twists looking around over his shoulder to see the three men, dropping ILIANA and PAUL to the roof, smiling at CARLOS from midway up the stairs.

HALLIER

CARLOS -what a surprise! Nothing is how it seems CARLOS. Just a bit of truth serum here. Hah!

CARLOS takes his daughter, who has run to him, under his arm.

CARLOS

You cut my daughter? You cut my baby?! You\_

HALLIER

Hold on a minute - it's a trick I tell you - she's playing a role

CARLOS -

(taking both hands up into the air as a showman)  
the whole worlds a stage! HAH!

A gust is exceedingly violent at that moment and catches HALLIER'S considerable weight off center, its preponderance on the side of the city favoring the streets and not the roof, it carries him over the ledge - HALLIER neither screams nor flinches in the moment of falling to his death.

ILIANA buries her head in terror into her father's coat.

CARLOS

It's all over baby.  
 (motioning to PAUL)  
 Who's this?

ILIANA

He's my lover daddy.

CARLOS

He connected?

ILIANA

No.

CARLOS

Good baby...okay...okay then.

CARLOS lets her go and walks to PAUL not extending a hand to him but instead looked deeply into his eyes.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I don't know you. I don't want to know you. You get my girl away from this life. You take care of her or I'll take care of you - that simple.

CARLOS kisses ILIANA'S head. Sirens began to blare far below.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

We have to make an exit now - you find a good man and you stick with him baby.

(picking up her hands and looking at them)

You were lucky baby. Get out of here now.

ILIANA

Take me to the boat PAUL.

## SCENE 3.5 EXT. - CITYFRONT HARBOR - NIGHT

At the harbor parking lot, PAUL gets out of the car sweating and leans against one of the large pylons. Amid the gentle jangling of the halyards from the sailboats he looks up at the most prominent thing on the horizon: RC Tower, its glaring white steady light atop to keep the airplanes away, as if a star, seated in the constellation of Orion from his view.

PAUL  
Funny, the pharaoh has ascended.

ILIANA  
I know you're confused PAUL.  
Nothing is as it seems.

PAUL  
Yes...nothing.

ILIANA  
You think you're the only designer  
on this dock?

PAUL  
I'm no designer anymore.

ILIANA  
Sure you are PAUL - we can't change  
who we are really....Me, I've been  
many things...tonight something  
new...a widow...but something  
old...a friend...I love you PAUL,  
I've loved you for so long.

PAUL looks at her in astonishment and disgust.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
You think you're the only designer  
on the dock? I designed it all  
PAUL. Your tower was your opus -  
this is mine - two peas\_

PAUL  
It's not my tower anymore.

ILIANA  
Of course it is - it's your design  
and it's part of my design.

PAUL  
You are the crazy one.

ILIANA

True - and I'm the right one.

ILIANA takes a place with her back against the same pylon and looks over the city with him standing by his side.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

I never left you - I've been at your side for quite some time now - and I'm at your side now.

PAUL

Are you? Who...what are you?

ILIANA

I'm a drug lords daughter...a drug...I was once a pharaohs wife...I am bait and lure...I am a woman...I am a woman who fell in love with flawed man...I am his girl...I am a designer...I design freedom.

PAUL

Do You?

ILIANA

I do....I do...  
(with irony)  
those words again...words of endearment and commitment... sometimes a sentencing... I DO PAUL...I really do...I love you PAUL - I designed your escape. You still haven't even lauded my work and I'm kind of hurt about it.

PAUL shakes his head looking at RC Tower.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

Let me lay it out Einstein: he wanted me to play you. He wanted you to leave Burnham for him - and in case the attraction was not strong enough he wanted there to be false promise with me. But along the way I fell in love with you - I think it happened right here PAUL - over crab salad.

PAUL

That sounds so ...romantic.

ILIANA

Doesn't it...in a crabby kind of way? He wanted me to play you for him. What happened was I played him for you instead.

PAUL

A real player I guess.

ILIANA

(with hurt)

No...a survivor PAUL. He never loved me. He married me to gain access to my father's wealth to build himself. In turn he opened a secure supply route into the city for him - offering a foothold. Two peas in a pod there. I couldn't choose my born destiny, and as a young girl, wanting to escape that life in Columbia though I had something I didn't. I married him to escape; I didn't know what they were doing together. I didn't know till later. Rex had his steady medicine always. I encouraged it - oh god how I encouraged it!

PAUL

You're so convincing - I can't believe you.

ILIANA

You can - not by my words but by my actions. He said in the moments of truth and crisis the truth serum is laid on - this was our moment of truth - you fought for me PAUL - you wanted to live - you loved your daughter and family before anything else...and I...I risked everything for you...I designed it PAUL.

PAUL

I don't know what you mean.

ILIANA turns her back on RC placing herself in front of him.

ILIANA

(playfully)

Ju-Jitsu!

PAUL

What?

ILIANA

(taking his hands)

Ju-Jitsu silly: the art of using someone's aggression against themselves - redirecting their force to take them down - barely using your own.

PAUL

No.

ILIANA

Yes - his plan was to extort you by using what you loved against you. Hospital, fingers, timeliness - cloudiness in gore - and rush - how many papers did you sign - what were they?

PAUL

I don't know.

ILIANA

Exactly. So it worked then. He also wanted you to see yourself in the mirror and do the dirty work for him - use your hatred against yourself.

PAUL

It didn't work.

ILIANA

It almost did. There were contingency plans of course and he'd have thrown you himself. The whole thing is Ju-Jitsu; He used your drive towards it as the momentum that made you slip ultimately - your tower - your child - me.

PAUL

It sounds like his plan not yours.

ILIANA

That's right - his plan - not really a plan though - Standard Operating Procedure S.O.P. An old script with new names.

PAUL  
An underbelly - It didn't work.

ILIANA  
Oh yes it did!

ILIANA goes on to her toes and kisses him.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
That was his plan - my design worked - a magnum opus - revolutionary - probably the best designer on the dock - got lucky though - the wind - I couldn't plan that - didn't even dream of it - sometimes being lucky...no always...being lucky is always better than being good - and I'm good - and lucky!

PAUL  
And annoying.

ILIANA  
I know...don't you get it Mr. Designer...your just sore cause you've been eclipsed - not used to it are you? Met your match?

PAUL  
I still don't know.

ILIANA  
Okay Copernicus, let me lay it out for you. I've learned a few things over the yeahrs. Real women learn... about children...

Then seriously, hurt, ILIANA drops both his hands and turns her back to him and looks at the city.

ILIANA (CONT'D)  
...and how to pack them off to school...you know...I couldn't have children... or think I can't... that's what his doctor told me...but I didn't learn those things, get good at em, I learned... from him... a fine teacher... the art of extortion...  
(MORE)

ILIANA (CONT'D)

ju-jitsu...I guess real women learn how to take care of their men the real way - I took care of him...and you...and you PAUL....with his patterns...his dirty mind....that's what I've learned - and gotten good at...I used him ultimately against himself... but the small silver lining... I learned how to free a good man in the process. You are a good man PAUL. You just needed a friend...I'm your girl even if I can't be...your girl. I'll always be your best friend.

PAUL

What did you do ILIANA?

ILIANA

(turning to face PAUL)

I extorted the pharaoh and freed his slave. You called me Isis. I looked her up. 'The friend of slaves and patrons of the arts' she wasn't the pharaoh's wife - but reanimated her love whom a jealous man butchered. I am her PAUL and I put you back together again....only they are supposed to had child...so the analogy stops there...

PAUL

You put me back together?

ILIANA

Yes. You see PAUL, he had to believe I had allegiance to him. He believed it until he found out about the falsified tests. But he still needed me so the ju-jitsu was in tact.

PAUL

What falsification?

ILIANA

They didn't do it right or couldn't understand your notes - they said it wouldn't work. I needed it to work to keep the plan unfolding so I paid them well to certify it. Some mole told Rex and almost upset everything.

PAUL

Doesn't work!? Why did he want me to sign the process over so badly?

ILIANA

Mainly to hurt you - with it gone he'd have leverage against you - not being able to go back to Burnham having sold a process that legally might be his firms - but the truth is PAUL - they didn't know what they were doing - and the language barrier - it probably works and he knew it. He used me to get the tower from you. And with it he had the next armaments to anyone who assaulted his record in the world. His next conquest in the can - for free - and of revolutionary status. It was a good plan.

PAUL

It did work...It's his property now - and the firm's.

ILIANA

No PAUL. The firm is now mine and the tower was never signed over to him - nor the process - there still yours - always been - always will be - and if my firm builds it - or Burnham's - its going to have Paul Steiner all over it - in the books - in the corner stone - in the aesthetics. It's your PAUL.

PAUL

What?

ILIANA

How many papers did you sign? What were they?

PAUL

I don't know - I thought you were bleeding to death.

ILIANA

Exactly. How many papers did he sign? What were they?

PAUL

I can't know.

ILIANA

Well I do PAUL. Because they are of my design. I drafted them. And I can answer for him. He didn't know what they were because he wouldn't have signed them. He was counting on you being in a cloud over blood and I was counting on him being in a cloud over greed. It all worked.

PAUL shakes his head at her in disgust.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

I know PAUL. It's not pretty. Any of it. What was I to do? Let him ruin a good mans life - take away his dreams? PAUL he wanted to destroy you completely....mainly because of jealousy - because you loved me and he knew it... and because of Burnham.

PAUL

Burnham, why?

ILIANA

Because you goof. If you would have poked around a little you would have seen it in the records. Rex started at Burnham's. Rex was a competition winner. He wanted higher and better - like you. Peter lost him to my father's money. He became his rival. How that man Peter must have twisted in the wind watching you getting away - it's probably why he moved so hard and fast to commit you to his cause and not loose you. He is a very nice man PAUL.

PAUL

Oh my god ILIANA - what have I done - to everyone?

ILIANA

Nothing that can't be undone. You'll go home tonight to your family and him and fix it PAUL.

PAUL

How can I go home now? You sent her a picture of us.

ILIANA

No PAUL. Part of my insurance if things went wrong. I sent a picture - not of us - not to her. It was the prop finger in the ice - I sent it to my father with the caption 'he's going to kill me please come to his office or the roof immediately'. Nothing went to your wife. Here's your phone by the way. You see I got you covered friend. Your plans upstairs will be collected - by me.

PAUL

What a tricky woman.

ILIANA

It's not pretty PAUL - but I've done the best I could to right our ships - I've done really good PAUL - Thank me you louse!

PAUL

What did I sign ILIANA?

ILIANA

Didn't it bother either of you there were a few signatory pages each for a simple transaction? I guess not. I counted on your shared blindness and happily watched you both sign your lives away - but you did...my beautiful PAUL - out of love...and he...in hate.

PAUL

Out with it!

ILIANA

Okay - there was a tower and process page. But they were my content. You both signed an agreement to have the process tested at Hallier & Hardcott's expense without any strings.

PAUL

What about Hardcott - who is he - won't he say anything?

ILIANA

Ever see him PAUL - long since dead. Rex probably had something to do with it.

PAUL

And the tower?

ILIANA

Another paper optioning it to H & H if you want to sell it - and we'll build it PAUL - be sure - we've got clients who will build it right now....oh you were going to give it away for little old me....for nothing....the option is for 10 million PAUL. You're a rich man.

PAUL

It's criminal.

ILIANA

It's the opposite PAUL - its justice. He tried to destroy your family - your design is worth it - there is so much money here. It's fair.

PAUL

There was more.

ILIANA

Yes. His amended will where he puts me in control of his company upon death.

PAUL

You crafty bird.

ILIANA

I think they should call one a Ju-Jitsu - it sounds like a bird doesn't it?

PAUL

Don't kaleidoscope the subject, is that it?

ILIANA

No one more... insurance. Yes PAUL - for you. I thought you may throw him down the shaft when you saw me.

PAUL

I wanted to.

ILIANA

I know. I knew. He wasn't going to win that way. I saw to it. He signed his own suicide note just in case so you'd be free PAUL. I told you I design freedom.

PAUL slides down the pylon and sits on the dock.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

PAUL...I know...he used to say...'and now you know the man'....and so....now you know the woman...its better this way PAUL. Its time you go home anyhow. Its part of the design you see: that this ugliness, my ugliness - makes it easier for you to go home away from me. I told you it was my magnum opus.

(squatting down in front of him and starting to cry)

I told you PAUL.

(cry becomes a sob)

I...told you...my magnum opus.

ILIANA gets up in tears and finds the strength to put her hands on her hips as she often did.

ILIANA (CONT'D)

Its time to go PAUL. The police will be here soon. You car being here is not part of my plan. Get it out of here. You go to your family.

ILIANA'S words bring back the heavy tears and so she takes off towards her ship calling back through the sobbing:

ILIANA (CONT'D)

They are counting on you.  
I'm...counting on you too... to go!  
I love you PAUL!

## SCENE 3.5 - EXT. DOCK PAUL's Recitative -- NIGHT

PAUL  
(sung - recitative)

*What's to become of this... How Quickly the night, like the ocean...  
seeps back in where people have disrupted it;*

*MONTAGE OF HER TOE TRACING ARCS IN THE SAND AND WATER FILLING IN.*

*What is it to live for ever? Immortality? It's often thought of as a  
monument...or place in history... Is not placing a child before the  
parent true life without end: one is but stone and the other truly  
never alone.*

*Is my true destiny the raising of a tower to the heavens? Or the firm  
grounding of my child... she is my heaven on earth - if only I could be  
hers... that memory of me more far reaching than any spire.*

*And what of...me? Unappreciative in abundance, that summit of  
selflessness No man reaches with a tower.*

*Burnham, old Burnham Barren as Ily - my two finest friends - how've I  
repaid them!...with doubt...*

*But Ily, poor ILIANA, Who is your child? And legacy... of course in a  
strange way... it is me. This barren woman more a mother than so many  
Yes maybe there is but one real designer on this dock after all...So  
one human tangled ball of yarn is woven straight. So a lover is left  
with more than a kiss.*

*That is what is to become of this!*

*And Carly, young Carly you paved the initial way and signal too the  
final road. I got lost along the way chasing the stars. Our torch has  
been passed and let's raise her like a beacon... Our pharaoh's star...  
ascended... We must beseech us...to teach us... to teach her.*

*My daughter, My past, present, future! It was you who talked me from  
the ledge... I'll give you my eyes so that you can see, And then you  
can teach me.*

*That is what is to become....of this.*

## SCENE 3.6 - INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM -- DAY

Muted sounds of children playing nearby come through the  
screenless open window and crescendo of a some pivotal moment  
in their playing catching PAUL's attention. A graying PAUL  
moves across the oak floors to close the window so not to  
lose those temporarily captive.

PAUL  
Does anyone know the answer?  
Anyone?

Smiling, walking before them considering their faces, PAUL begins rolling up his cuffs of his white shirt.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Ms. Cheever? Mr. LOGAN? Surely my star, surely Mr. TREY LOGAN is not without words.

But TREY LOGAN looks down into his lap. PAUL is interested.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Surely my full scholarship wunderkind, always opinionated, always the devils advocate, almost always right, and almost always hands in his lap where his communication with cohorts seemed to be kept intact, texting.

TREY rushes to complete his current text without looking up.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You know class, I once knew a man who made people who entered his office put their cell phones on a beautiful silver tray entering. I'd try it here but some of your peers would liberate them while we were down to business.

The class laughs.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You know the rules are usually right. This case isn't one residing in the grey- Phones are to be off in class.

PAUL walks to the blackboard and smiles back at the class who was watching him, except for TREY, and slaps it forcefully with an open palm creating an explosion of sound in the room. The phone falls from TREY'S hand to the floor and the class erupts in laughter as a girl, MS. CLAUDIA BENDER, whose feet it comes to rest by, gets up from her desk to hands it to TREY.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
No Ms. BENDER, bring it here.

CLAUDIA puts it on PAUL'S desk. TREY smiles as CLAUDIA walks back to her desk passing him.

TREY  
Thanks CLAUDIA.

PAUL  
I wonder if you want it back TREY?

TREY  
You know I do.

PAUL  
Well come up here and get it then.

TREY  
Up there? Just like that?

PAUL  
Yes, just like that.

TREY walks to the front of the class with apprehension then reaches for and quickly grabs his phone on PAUL's desk. TREY moves to return to his desk inspecting his phone for damage.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
No. Mr. LOGAN, were you told to come and get your phone?

TREY  
Yes.

PAUL  
Were you told to return to your seat?

TREY  
No.

PAUL  
Turn it off and bring it to me.

PAUL opens the window and puts his left hand on the screenless sill, half outside of it, tauntingly. TREY approaches and the class becomes silent. PAUL takes his hand from the sill and presents it palm up to the TREY.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Place it in my hand very slowly.

TREY places the phone in PAUL'S LEFT HAND. Slowly PAUL brings TREY'S PHONE to the sill and shifts his weight using the heel of his hand that clutches the phone for support on the sill. PAUL crosses his feet, and shoves his RIGHT HAND deep in his pants pocket, then jostles just a bit to get comfortable.

TREY sees his PHONE precariously looser in PAUL'S grip dangling out the window. TREY reaches out as a child for candy with his RIGHT hand. PAUL'S RIGHT HAND grabs TREY'S reaching hand. PAUL straightens up to look the boy in the eyes face to face smiling, then gently shakes TREY'S hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(whispering)

TREY, the rules are usually right.  
Heed them for your own good- not  
mine- and if not for you boy...

(gesturing towards the  
students)

for their good. (beat) I know you  
knew the answer. You may succeed  
where I've fallen short. (beat)  
Teach them.

TREY

Me?

PAUL

Yes you- let's see what you got  
boy. Communicate...

(deposits the phone in  
TREY'S shirt pocket)

Communicate...with them... instead.  
Try it.

(with a big smile)

Just remember- the students are  
often only as good as the teacher.

As the STUDENTS crane to hear the supposed scolding, PAUL releases his hand from TREY'S leaving a piece of chalk in it. TREY looks into his hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Go. I'm counting on you.... we, are  
all counting...on you.

**SONG - TEACH ME, TEACH THEM**

FADE TO BLACK.