

EXT. PLACE DE L'OPERA -- DAY (PARIS, 1904)

A construction site. Men, horses, and machines work in the sweltering heat to build an underground METRO STATION. Not just any metro station. This one is in the heart of Paris's wealthiest district...

THE OPERA. Haussmann's magnificent temple to wealth and privilege, a showplace for society's elite.

And here they are now. Disdaining the inconvenience of construction, fashionable ladies and gentlemen dismount from gleaming horse-drawn carriages and ascend the Opera's marble steps.

A small disturbance: HECKLERS shouting anarchist slogans at the snobs, who don't deign to notice them. POLICE hasten to run them off. They flee down the street.

And order is restored to the Place de l'Opera. That is to say, the ordinary disorder of a city in transformation...

For a moment.

AN UNDERGROUND EXPLOSION rips the sidewalk. A GEYSER shoots two hundred feet into the air, showering bystanders with water, chunks of stone and debris. A carriage loses a wheel; its horses bolt in terror.

Those on the Opera steps turn to stare in shock. DERAINE, a Catholic priest, alone among them is placidly unruffled.

Suddenly, a fresh horror. The men and women scrambling for safety SCREAM as they recognize that the fragments raining upon them are bones -- human bones. Thousands of them. Femurs and skulls, slick with mud. Filling the streets of Paris with the damp and ancient smell of death.

INT. YALE STUDENT'S ROOMS -- DAY (SUMMER 1905)

A lady's bejeweled hand rotates a human SKULL on a stack of medical books to face her. Frowning in distaste, she moves on.

She is MRS. ARBUTHNOT, 50. Her elegance and wealth seem out of place in these humble student quarters. The attention she pays to every detail of the room's contents suggests a special interest in the person who lives there.

She picks up a framed photo from the fireplace mantel. A cold smile touches her lips. She replaces it. It is a portrait of PANDORA, 19, a perfectly beautiful young lady, with a mischievous glint that belies her angelic appearance.

EXT. YALE CAMPUS -- DAY

ROBERT CATH, a 21-year-old medical student, crosses the green with books under his arm. Our hero: studious and earnest. As he climbs the steps of the residential hall, he greets a JANITOR sweeping the sidewalk.

CATH  
Morning, George.

JANITOR  
Morning, Mr. Cath. Lady's upstairs.

CATH  
What lady?

JANITOR  
(big grin)  
Oh, a fine lady! I told her you was out, but she said she'd wait.

Cath's expression changes. Could it be her? The possibility sends a tremor through his body. He hurries inside.

INT. STAIRWELL -- DAY

Cath takes the stairs two at a time. His eagerness grows unbearable as he approaches his own floor. He bursts in --

INT. CATH'S ROOMS -- CONTINUOUS

The beautiful and elegant female visitor turns. Cath conceals his disappointment.

CATH  
Mrs. Arbuthnot! Please forgive me.  
I had no idea --

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
This heat is dreadful. What on earth possessed you to summer in New Haven? Surely the Medical School doesn't hold classes in July?

CATH  
No. I have a job at the hospital. I thought, if I could save some money this summer...

Mrs. Arbuthnot spares Cath the humiliation of detailing his poverty.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
 Most admirable. I will come to the point. Has my daughter written to you?

CATH  
 From Portsmouth, before she left.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
 But not since then? From Europe?

CATH  
 No.

Mrs. Arbuthnot exhales, disappointed. Suddenly she fixes Cath with a piercing stare.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
 And yet, one would have said that she seemed quite attached to you.

CATH  
 I am attached to her. At times, it's seemed to me that she returned the feeling... She's still in Europe, then?

Mrs. Arbuthnot continues to regard him keenly. Cath squirms under her gaze. Finally she makes her decision.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
 Pandora has not written to me nor returned my calls for some weeks. She is in Paris, at the home of my dear friend Berthe de Fleury. That is, she sleeps there. Where she spends her days... and evenings... is a mystery. My daughter has become a stranger. I fear she has fallen under an evil influence...

A sob racks her. Cath rushes to help her sit down.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT  
 Forgive a mother's weakness. As you see, I am at my wits' end.

CATH  
 What evil influence?

Mrs. Arbuthnot barely represses a shudder of revulsion.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

My husband, when he lived in London, knew a man named Sinclair. He is in Paris now. He is the leader of an occult sect whose followers indulge in the most vile practices... Blasphemous, unspeakable... You know Pandora, how headstrong she is. To warn her about something only increases its attraction for her. I am afraid this Sinclair has set out expressly to corrupt her.

CATH

Corrupt her?

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

I had hoped that perhaps, in her letters to you... I cannot even speak of what I fear; it is too hideous.

(She bursts into tears)

Cath is consumed with anxiety.

CATH

Mrs. Arbuthnot, if Pandora is in danger, you must go to her!

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

(shakes her head)

If she has truly turned against me, I would only make things worse. Whatever I urge, she will do the opposite. One spends one's life trying to shield one's child from harm -- then in the end -- oh, it is cruel!

CATH

Perhaps if I go?

Mrs. Arbuthnot looks at him as if this suggestion had never occurred to her.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

Nonsense. I would never forgive myself for taking you away from your studies.

CATH

Classes don't start till September. I've plenty of time to make the crossing and back. I've saved a bit of money, to open a practice after I graduate. That can wait. This can't.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

Of course I'd have bought your passage if it were necessary. But it does look better for you to pay your own way. People do talk.

CATH

You mean, if you sent me, they might consider it a sign that you approve. Of me and Pandora.

Mrs. Arbuthnot's silence indicates that Cath has understood correctly.

CATH

Mrs. Arbuthnot, I know I'm not what you hope for Pandora...

MRS. ARBUTHNOT

To put it mildly; you are most unsuitable. I am glad to see that you appreciate that fact.

(not letting Cath speak)

I consider my daughter's current interest in you to be in direct proportion to her desire to oppose and exasperate me -- a pattern I first became aware of when she was two years old. May I say, it is precisely for that reason that I hope she will prove more receptive to your influence than to mine.

Cath bows slightly, as this backhanded compliment deserves.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN -- NIGHT

A Cunard OCEAN LINER steams through the night. 7 years before Titanic, the fastest ships took 4-5 days to make the crossing.

INT. SECOND-CLASS COMPARTMENT -- NIGHT

Cath, in a cramped bunk, opens a dog-eared letter to reveal Pandora's photo.

Lost in his private dreams, he is oblivious to the voluble CHATTER of his three Slavic compartment-mates. At his elbow: a Baedeker's guide to Paris.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARIS ROOFTOPS -- NIGHT

A cat runs along the rooftops of an elegant residential area. The full moon illuminates a breathtaking Paris nightscape.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

A cloth-wrapped fist SMASHES through a window-pane. Reaches in, opens the latch. The tall French windows open; and a stocking-masked INTRUDER steps into the hallway.

A private home. Persian runner, expensive antiques. The intruder steals down the hall with feline grace. Baggy dark clothes conceal a slim, boyish figure. Which means it's probably a girl. (This is a movie.)

French doors to the study: ajar. The intruder starts to slip through... then jerks back as if burned: someone is inside!

INT. STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

WILLIAM SINCLAIR, writing in his dressing-gown by the light of a gas-lamp, looks up sharply -- too late to spot the intruder.

He returns to writing. Sinclair is in his seventies, more frail than he looks; tall and broad, he still has the keen-eyed stare of his youth. He finishes his letter, signs and seals it. Rings a silver bell.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Flat against the wall, the intruder hears the tinkle of the bell. Looks desperately for a place to hide. Edges toward a closet, slips inside just as MERIVEE appears around the corner.

INT. CLOSET -- CONTINUOUS

The intruder watches through the crack of the door as Merivee enters the study, answering Sinclair's summons. A Moorish servant, powerfully built, his broad face impassive.

The intruder waits with held breath. Voices murmur, master and servant, in the next room. Better stay hidden for now.

A GRANDFATHER CLOCK chimes in the hallway, startlingly loud.

INT. PARIS GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

A PASSENGER TRAIN rolls into the station and stops, hissing steam. Porters hurry to meet the passengers descending from the first-class cars and to take their monogrammed luggage from their white-gloved hands.

TYLER WHITNEY, 20, threads his way through the crowd on the platform. A young cosmopolitan, he's dressed as if going to a nightclub, and running late as usual. He scans the first-class passengers, doesn't see the one he's come to meet.

CATH

struggles his giant suitcase out of a second-class car further up the platform. He is lost in the sweaty press of working-class bodies, their families and luggage, including live poultry and large parcels of food.

TYLER

spots him down the platform.

TYLER

Cath!

Tyler strides to meet Cath -- who hadn't expected to be met. They embrace; Tyler brushes away a flapping rooster.

TYLER

What on earth are you doing in second class?... Porter!

Tyler snaps his fingers. An elderly PORTER hurries over to take Cath's suitcase. The boys follow him.

CATH

I didn't think you'd be here. I wasn't sure you got my telegrams...

TYLER

Of course I got them. How else would I have known which train to meet?

(fondly)

Look at you. My big brother in Paris!

EXT. PARIS GARE DU NORD -- NIGHT

Emerging from the station, the Porter hails a horse-drawn carriage. Cath tries to take back his suitcase, but the Porter insists on doing everything for him.

TYLER

I've no small change. Would you give him something?

Cath produces a handful of coins. Tyler selects the largest one, hands it to the Porter. The Porter's eyes go wide with gratitude; he starts bowing and thanking him profusely in French. Tyler waves it off, and climbs into the carriage with Cath.

CATH

(uneasily)

How much was that in dollars?

TYLER

You're in Paris. Stop counting pennies. Everything here is done on credit anyway.

And the carriage rides off.

INT. CARRIAGE -- NIGHT

As the carriage clips-clops through cobblestoned streets, Cath cranes to see out the window.

TYLER

Did Mother, by any chance, give you something for me?

CATH

No. Was she supposed to?

TYLER

It doesn't matter... Can I see that?

He means Cath's pocket-watch. Cath hands it over; Tyler turns it in his hands. At the end of the chain is a rough-hewn medieval brass key, with the wings of a falcon. Tyler sighs with longing; hands it back.

TYLER

How is Mother?

CATH

(pocketing the watch)

As well as can be expected. You know the women in that town never liked her. Now with Father gone, they've taken off the gloves.



TYLER

Old biddies. Why she stays, I'll never understand.

CATH

Pride.

Tyler considers; then, with sudden good cheer --

TYLER

Well, thank God we're here and not there! First of all, you're staying with me. No argument. You're going to do Paris the right way. Tomorrow, we'll go to my tailor's and get you some decent clothes. But tonight, we'll start at the bottom: Montmartre, where the girls are! That's our first stop, right after we drop off that ridiculous suitcase.

CATH

Actually, I have a social call to make tomorrow.

TYLER

What on earth did you pack in there, anyway? I hope it's not clothes... What social call?

CATH

(defensively)

I promised Mrs. Arbuthnot I'd call on her daughter.

Tyler looks perplexed.

TYLER

Mrs. Arbuthnot?

Suddenly his face clears in delight.

TYLER

Pandora! She's in Paris? So that's why you're here!

CATH

That's not the only reason.

TYLER

Did she ask you to come?

CATH  
It's not that simple.

TYLER  
Did she or didn't she?

CATH  
No.

TYLER  
Oh, Cath. Big brother, you're in a terrible mess. You're lucky I'm here to advise you.  
(puts out his hand)  
Let's see the letter.

CATH  
Her letter? It's packed somewhere. I'd have to dig it out.

Tyler gives him a look like "don't insult my intelligence." Cath sighs, pulls the letter out of his breast-pocket and hands it over. Tyler opens it.

TYLER  
'My dearest Robert.'  
(He gives Cath a reproachful look; skims down the page)  
'...I shall miss you... I know there will be times when I shall feel small and frightened and alone in that great city, and long to feel your arms around me. But after all, are not the things that frighten us,' et cetera...  
(skips to the end)  
'With tender affection, your Pandora.' April... Portsmouth? She sent this before she sailed!

Cath snatches the letter back.

TYLER  
How many times have you written? Please don't say more than twice.

CATH  
I promised her I'd write. She asked me to.

He tries to show Tyler a sentence in the letter; Tyler waves it off.

TYLER

Of course she did. She needs to make sure you're still on the hook. And you've obliged her, like a good little fish... thus freeing her to cast her lines elsewhere.

Cath snorts in disgust. Tyler places his hands together in supplication.

TYLER

Big brother, I'm begging you, don't call on her the first day. At least wait a week. Let her find out you're in Paris from someone else. Make her wonder why you haven't called. Did she push it too far not answering your letters? Has someone been gossiping about her? Or have you found someone else -- and if so, who is she? And could she take you back if she wanted to? It'll drive her mad not knowing. By week's end, you'll be the first thing on her mind. That's when you call on her -- assuming she hasn't contrived a way to bump into you first. And when she finds out you still care -- I guarantee you she'll give you the most passionate welcome you could wish for.

CATH

That's childish.

TYLER

Of course it's childish. May I remind you she's just past her nineteenth birthday. You may be ready to get married, but she's still got a year or two of wild oats to sow. This isn't some Iowa farmer's daughter we're talking about. It'll take some work to hold her attention.

INT. CLOSET -- NIGHT

The stocking-masked intruder waits, breathing, in the heavy silence of the closet.

At last, seen through the door crack, Sinclair in dressing-gown emerges from the study and starts down the hallway.

Suddenly Sinclair stops. Feeling a draft. With uncanny instinct, he turns... and comes back.

The intruder retreats deeper into the closet, behind hanging coats.

Sinclair approaches the French windows. Broken glass on the floor. One smashed pane. He looks around for the culprit. Then, giving up, goes off down the hallway.

The intruder lifts a hand: it's shaking. Wills it back into steadiness.

INT. SINCLAIR'S STUDY -- NIGHT

The intruder slips into the darkened room. Heads straight past the desk to a built-in bookshelf filled with esoteric tomes: Latin, Hebrew, Greek. Swiftly removes a row of books, stacking them on a nearby table.

The shelf is now empty. The intruder removes the backboard, exposing the original stone wall. One stone brick is loose. From the dark hollow behind it, the intruder withdraws a long cylinder like a cardboard mailing tube.

Quickly, without hurrying, the thief replaces the shelf and books. Prize in hand, heads for the French doors -- and freezes at the sound of VOICES.

Merivee and another servant out in the corridor, discussing the broken window. The thief holds still, listening.

The voices subside into silence. Still the thief waits, making sure the danger is passed.

Suddenly the doors are flung open. Merivee stands there, eye to eye with the thief!

The thief bolts for the French windows!

MERIVEE

VOLEUR!!!

Merivee sprints and lunges, just too late as the thief scrambles out the window. SERVANTS come running.

MERIVEE

Un arme!

EXT. COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Servants crowd the windows, shouting and pointing at the thief trying to climb from the third-story window ledge onto the gabled roof. One hands Merivee a PISTOL, which he immediately points at the thief.

MERIVEE

Reviens! A l'instant!!

Ignoring the warning, the thief continues to climb. Merivee pulls the trigger -- BLAM!! -- just as the thief disappears onto the roof.

MERIVEE

La toit! Vite!

Sinclair's grey head pokes out of another window.

EXT. ROOFTOPS -- NIGHT

The thief sprints to the edge of the roof, JUMPS onto the next building. Looks back; sees SERVANTS climbing up onto Sinclair's roof. The thief runs.

EXT. COURTYARD -- NIGHT

Servants open the doors; a shiny black MOTORCAR with blazing headlights blasts out into the street. CHAUFFEUR at the wheel, Merivee riding shotgun.

EXT. ROOFTOPS -- NIGHT

The thief runs, pursued by men. Distant shouting. Another SHOT rings out. The thief keeps running. Climbing, jumping from one building to the next.

A trouser leg catches on a jagged gutter as the thief scrambles over it. The thief tears loose, sustaining a nasty scratch in the process.

EXT. STREETS -- NIGHT

The motorcar roars through near-deserted streets, Merivee craning to catch a glimpse of the fugitive.

MERIVEE

(pointing)

La! A droite!

Sparks fly as the car careens around a corner.

INT. CARRIAGE -- NIGHT

Tyler and Cath ride placidly amid the soothing clip-clop of hooves.

TYLER

...And there's another reason why you should take advantage of your first week in Paris. Once you've called on Madame -- what's her name?

CATH

Fleury?

TYLER

Fleury -- congratulations, you've just lost your freedom of mobility! Every move you make will be run past a committee of old biddies. 'Montmartre? Oh no, one simply doesn't go there.' You'll find your Paris turned into a string of cultural excursions -- churches and art museums. If you want adventure, better take it now while you can. Starting with the Moulin de la Galette. Once you've seen the girls there, you'll forget all about Pandora -- which will restore a much-needed balance to your relationship.

Cath suddenly recognizes a street sign out the window.

CATH

Turn here!

The driver obeys.

TYLER

What are you doing?

CATH

This is rue Cambon. Madame Fleury lives here.

TYLER

(groans)

It's one o'clock in the morning. Can't you even wait till daylight to humiliate yourself?

CATH  
 We're not going to stop. I just  
 want to see where she lives.

EXT. STREETS -- NIGHT

The motorcar barrels through the narrow street.

EXT. STREETS -- NIGHT

The fugitive runs through deserted streets. The ROAR of the motorcar isn't far behind.

The fugitive reaches a private house. Vaults over a low wall. Climbs a tree.

INT. CARRIAGE -- NIGHT

Cath cranes his neck, counting house numbers.

CATH  
 It must be that one on the corner.

TYLER  
 Nice. Shall we go around again, so  
 you can breathe the air that she  
 breathed?

Looking down a side street, Cath sees the masked thief climb from the tree to a drainpipe, and from there to a third-story window.

CATH  
 Stop!

EXT. FLEURY RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Cath jumps out and sprints down the side street.

CATH  
 Stop thief! Arrete!

The thief slips out of sight into the window. Tyler arrives at Cath's side, too late to see. Cath rushes past him to the front door. The CARRIAGE DRIVER joins Tyler.

CARRIAGE DRIVER  
 Qu'est-ce qu'il a lui?

CATH  
 This is her house!

He bangs on the door, shouting --

CATH  
Ouvrez! Ouvrez!

Lights go on upstairs, and across the street.

TYLER  
What are you doing?

Heads poke out of windows to see what's going on.

Down the street, the motorcar slows to a stop. Merivee looks out, sees Cath pounding on the door and SHOUTING, Tyler and the carriage driver looking on. More people arriving, attracted by the commotion.

Frustrated, Merivee speaks to the chauffeur, who does a U-turn. Tyler looks up, notices the car drive off. Just then the door is opened by an irate GUARDIAN.

GUARDIAN  
(blasts Cath with a stream  
of outraged French)

CATH  
A thief just climbed in your third-story window. Un voleur.

GUARDIAN  
Un voleur?

Servants arrive behind the Guardian.

GUARDIAN  
(French)  
[He says he saw someone climb in  
the third-story window.]

INT. FLEURY RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

MADAME FLEURY sweeps imperiously down the marble staircase, demanding of the crowd gathering in the foyer --

MADAME FLEURY  
(French)  
[What does this mean? Who are  
these people?]

A 50-year-old society doyenne, Berthe Fleury is the French counterpart of Mrs. Arbuthnot. Her authority is in no way lessened by the fact that her hair is in curlers and a net, and her entire face caked with therapeutic mud.



CATH

Excuse me, Madame. My name is Robert Cath. My brother, Tyler Whitney, and I were riding past when we happened to notice --

TYLER

He happened to notice.

CATH

-- a thief climb into a third-story window. He may be upstairs as we speak.

MADAME FLEURY

Which window?

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT

PANDORA opens her door, blinks sleepily at the crowd gathered in the hallway. A 19-year-old beauty in a dressing-gown, she looks even more innocent and angelic than her photo.

PANDORA

Robert! What on earth--?

MADAME FLEURY

You know this gentleman? He claims to have seen an intruder enter a window which, from his description, could only be yours.

PANDORA

He can't have.

(staring at Cath)

I had no idea you were in Paris. When did you get here?

TYLER

Let's see, wasn't it the day before...

CATH

Tonight. An hour ago.

Tyler grimaces.

PANDORA

And you came straight here... and thought I was in danger! That's so sweet! Well, come in. You can see I'm perfectly safe.

Cath, ever the gentleman, hesitates at the threshold. Madame Fleury sweeps past him into the room, followed by Tyler and servants.

INT. PANDORA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

It's everything a young lady's Paris bedroom should be. Silk draperies, delicate pinks and yellows. Madame Fleury surveys it all with eagle eyes; Pandora watches her uneasily.

Cath opens the French windows, leans out.

HIS POV: The street below.

Cath withdraws into the room.

CATH

It was that window. I'm sure of it.

PANDORA

Perhaps you'd like to look under the bed?

Cath looks at the bed: it's mussed. Before he can reply --

MADAME FLEURY

That won't be necessary. Obviously the gentleman was mistaken. If there has been an intrusion, it must have been in another house.

Her tone leaves no room for discussion. The group filters out of the bedroom, murmuring.

Cath, at a loss, feels Pandora's hand on his arm.

PANDORA

Robert, I can't believe you're here in Paris! You will call?

CATH

Of course. When?

PANDORA

Tomorrow morning, as soon as you can! And bring your friend, Mr.--?

CATH

My brother. Tyler Whitney.

TYLER

Half-brother. My pleasure.

He bows, kisses Pandora's hand. Her eyes rest briefly on him. There is a current of interest between Pandora and Tyler which Cath immediately feels threatened by. But they are being hustled out of the room.

MADAME FLEURY

You should have told me that you were acquainted with Mademoiselle Arbuthnot. You are, of course, welcome in my home.

Her tone, while perfectly polite, somehow manages to suggest the exact opposite. Cath is flummoxed by her mud mask.

CATH

Thank you, Madame.

Madame Fleury, before closing the door on her way out, pauses for a word with Pandora.

MADAME FLEURY

My dear, you have hurt yourself.

Pandora looks down. Her dressing-gown has parted, revealing a long fresh scratch on her leg.

PANDORA

It's just a scratch. I slipped in the tub with my little scissors.

MADAME FLEURY

You should be more careful. Your mother will reproach me for not watching you more closely.

Pandora smiles, nods, draws the gown tighter around her. Madame Fleury goes out closing the door after her.

Left alone, Pandora sags with the release of the evening's accumulated tension.

CUT TO:

THE RAPE OF THE SABINE WOMEN

Women flee in terror from pursuing Roman soldiers.

INT. LOUVRE -- DAY

Tyler looks at the painting. He is dying of boredom. Behind him, Cath strolls in the nearly deserted gallery.

PANDORA

sits on a bench, her portfolio open, sketching a copy of a smaller painting by the same artist. A pastoral scene of a group of shepherds gathered around a tomb.

CATH

stops before a third canvas. Pharoah and baby Moses. Tyler joins him, speaks in a low voice:

TYLER

How long is she going to sit there?

Cath shrugs. Tyler looks longingly into the preceding gallery, which is filled with people. An attractive YOUNG WOMAN with a parasol makes eye contact as she passes.

TYLER

Actually, I'm dying for a cigarette. Tell you what. If we lose each other, why don't we meet up at that fountain in the central courtyard?

Cath nods. Tyler escapes with the relief of a schoolboy who's just been given a pass.

PANDORA

sketches intently. The copy is obviously the result of several days' work. She senses Cath come up behind her.

PANDORA

I'm sorry. I thought I'd finished this last week, but I just noticed I had the proportions wrong in the trees. I'm almost done.

CATH

No hurry.

He watches the charcoal move in her hand, swift and sure. He reads the Latin inscription on the tomb.

CATH

'Et in Arcadia ego.'

PANDORA

'I too am in Arcadia.' You see, death is everywhere... even in the most beautiful place on earth.

At that moment Cath looks up, sees a man watching them from the doorway to the preceding gallery. It is MERIVEE.

Pandora sees him too. For an instant she freezes in fear; then, swiftly overcoming her reaction, she closes her portfolio, rises and takes Cath's arm.

PANDORA

I think we've spent enough time in this room, don't you?

She steers Cath into the next gallery, glancing over her shoulder to see if Merivee is following. He is.

INT. LOUVRE -- DAY

Pandora leads Cath at a fast clip through a succession of galleries. Unaware of the reason for the hurry, he tries to pause to look at certain works; she drags him along.

CATH

That's the 'Raft of the Medusa.'  
My anatomy instructor said the painter actually kept cadavers and severed limbs in his studio for models.

PANDORA

(hustling him past it)  
Yes, well, one can only look at so many paintings in one day.

She glances back. No Merivee. Cath sees her look; wonders --

PANDORA

Come on. This way!

She dashes off. Cath follows her.

INT. LOUVRE -- DAY

Pandora drags Cath through a series of corridors and stairways, faster and faster, leaving the crowds behind.

INT. ALCOVE -- CONTINUOUS

Pandora stops abruptly, pulls Cath into an alcove. They're face to face, breathless. Her eyes bore into his.

PANDORA

Why did you come to Paris?

CATH  
(caught off guard)  
Why...?

PANDORA  
(demanding)  
Did you come to Paris for me?

CATH  
Of course.

PANDORA  
Robert, did you come to Paris for  
me?

CATH  
Yes.

PANDORA  
Say it.

CATH  
I came to Paris for you... Pandora.

She throws herself into his arms. They kiss with all the ardor of their months-long separation. It's as if Cath has spoken a magic incantation.

PANDORA  
Oh, Robert... Robert... I've missed  
you.

This is more than Cath had dreamed of.

CATH  
I've missed you too. I was worried  
about you.

PANDORA  
Worried, why?

CATH  
You didn't answer my letters.

PANDORA  
You know I'm not good at writing.  
You oughtn't have worried.

CATH  
Still, you should at least have  
written your mother.

He might as well have doused Pandora with a bucket of ice water. She rears back, stares at him.

PANDORA

My mother!? When did you see my mother?

Cath realizes he's made a mistake. He tries to wriggle out of it.

CATH

She mentioned she hadn't heard from you...

PANDORA

Mentioned it? When? Where??

CATH

I don't know. A few weeks ago.

PANDORA

She sent you!!

CATH

No one 'sent' me.

PANDORA

(bitter laugh)

I should have known. It wasn't like you to do something so impulsive. And expensive. Did she pay you to check up on me?

CATH

Pandora, she's your mother. She has a right to be worried. She told me about this man Sinclair.

PANDORA

Sinclair!

CATH

I've seen you looking over your shoulder all morning. You're afraid of something -- or someone. If you'd only tell me, I could help you.

PANDORA

But you have helped me. You've shown me what depths my mother will sink to to make sure I don't slip through her fingers.

(MORE)

PANDORA (cont'd)  
 And that there's no part of my life  
 that's truly mine.

She storms out.

CATH  
 Pandora!

She keeps going, doesn't turn, leaving Cath in her dust.

INT. LOUVRE MAIN HALLWAY -- DAY

Cath marches down the hallway. So preoccupied is he, that Tyler has to call out to him twice.

TYLER  
 Cath!  
 (catches up to him)  
 Where's Pandora?

PANDORA  
 Gone.

TYLER  
 That's tiresome. I paid five  
 francs for this. Save her an awful  
 lot of time.

He hands Cath a paper cylinder. Cath unrolls it. A museum-shop reproduction of the "Shepherds of Arcadia."

EXT. LAPIN AGILE -- DAY

A rabbit dances in a frying pan -- a sign outside a cafe on a steep Montmartre street.

Below, Cath and Tyler hunker at an outdoor wooden table over a bottle of absinthe. The bohemian street life around them has nothing to do with Paris high society, and doesn't want to. Tyler refills Cath's glass.

TYLER  
 Believe me, you're better off.  
 There's one thing you need to  
 understand about a girl who comes  
 attached to that much money: She's  
 doomed from birth to marry the kind  
 of man her mother will approve of.  
 And you and I, despite our virtues,  
 will never be that man. So why  
 try?



CATH

(grimly morose)

Her mother and her money can go to hell. It's her I want.

Across the street, a shiny black motorcar we've seen before pulls up, conspicuous in this poor neighborhood.

TYLER

Big brother, it hurts me to see you like this. You have a good heart. You have all the qualities a good woman should cherish in a husband -- honesty, sobriety, diligence. Unfortunately, Pandora in her present phase is seeking not these qualities, but their opposite.

CATH

She cares for me; I know she does.

TYLER

Of course she does. That's why I hate to see you throw away a golden opportunity! Here you are in Paris -- three thousand miles from Mother, family, everything she's dying to escape. Be her escape! Be wild, dangerous, unpredictable! Be the forbidden passion she's dreamed of! Let her fall in love -- that's what she wants! She'll break up with you at the end of the summer, but at least you'll have had a good roll in the hay.

Before Cath can give voice to his outrage, the WAITER looms over them. Tyler reaches into his pockets, finds them empty.

TYLER

(French)

[Put it on my tab.]

WAITER

[Freddy says no more credit till you pay your bill.]

TYLER

Cath, have you got any small change?

Cath takes out his wallet. Tyler plucks a bill from his startled fingers, hands it to the Waiter.

TYLER

[Tell Freddy to go screw himself,  
I'll pay the rest at the end of the  
month.]

(to Cath)

Thanks, I'll pay you back.

(looking over Cath's  
shoulder)

Say, didn't we see him last night?

Cath turns. Across the street, Merivee stands in front of  
the motorcar, watching them.

CATH

Last night?

TYLER

At Pandora's. They did a U-turn  
just as you were waking up the  
neighborhood.

CATH

(rising)

And I saw him at the museum today.  
We'll get to the bottom of this.

Tyler watches worriedly as Cath strides across the street  
toward Merivee. Merivee waits, impassive.

CATH

(pugnacious)

Look here, whoever you are, if you  
have something to say to Miss  
Arbuthnot, you'd better say it to  
me.

Merivee opens the car door. Cath barely glimpses a top-  
hatted figure in the back seat before he's shoved inside.  
Merivee pushes in after him. The car speeds off.

Across the street, Tyler stands, startled and concerned.

INT. CAR -- MOVING -- DAY

Cath finds himself wedged between Sinclair and Merivee.

SINCLAIR

(Scottish accent)

You are, I take it, Mr. Cath.

CATH

And you are--?

SINCLAIR

A friend of Walter Arbuthnot. His daughter's welfare is important to me. You, therefore, are important to me. I wish to know the reason for your presence here.

CATH

(realizing)

Sinclair! If you harm Pandora, or compromise her in any way, I'll --

SINCLAIR

Pandora has compromised herself -- by stealing from me an object of considerable value. I wish it returned, immediately. For her own safety.

CATH

Is that why you had someone break into her house last night? For her safety?

SINCLAIR

Break into her house?! Pandora is in great danger, and not from me -- whatever you may have been told.

CATH

Why would her mother --

SINCLAIR

Her mother is a vain and foolish woman. She has placed Pandora at the mercy of a cabal of criminals that would gladly sacrifice her to achieve their insane goal. Their ringleader is a priest named Derain. Another is Madame Fleury, in whose house Mrs. Arbuthnot has seen fit to place her daughter. If they find out what she has in her possession, they will take it from her -- and would consider her life a small price to pay, if she makes it necessary.

CATH

Mrs. Arbuthnot speaks highly of you, too.

Sinclair glares at him. Then, his gaze falls on the winged brass key on Cath's pocket-watch chain. His brow furrows as he recognizes it.

SINCLAIR

An odd name, Cath. Are you a son of the widow?

CATH

(coldly)

My stepfather, Dr. Whitney, passed away this winter. I don't understand your question.

SINCLAIR

It's of no importance.  
(something still seems to nag at him)  
He was a medical doctor?

CATH

I thought we were talking about Pandora.

SINCLAIR

(letting it go)  
Yes, quite right.

CATH

You accuse her of stealing from you. What do you claim she's stolen?

Sinclair glares at Cath, as if trying to decide how far to trust him -- then apparently decides he's pushed it far enough.

SINCLAIR

She knows. If you care for her, as you claim to, you will urge her to return it to me -- and that sooner rather than later. For, believe me, she is 'compromised'.

The car stops in front of Sinclair's house. Sinclair and Merivee get out.

SINCLAIR

(to the chauffeur)

Take this young man back where you picked him up.

(turns back for a last word to Cath)

(MORE)

SINCLAIR (cont'd)  
 My doors are open to you, now and  
 always. If in the future you  
 should find them locked, you  
 already have the key.

CATH  
 What key?

SINCLAIR  
 It's on your watch-chain.

Cath looks down, startled. The car drives off. Cath looks  
 back to see Sinclair and Merivee entering the house.

EXT. FLEURY RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

A party is under way. Carriages and motor-cars drop off  
 passengers in front.

INT. FLEURY RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Cath and Tyler enter, in evening dress. The servant who lets  
 them in is the one Cath roused from sleep the night before.  
 He gives Cath a look just this side of insolent.

The first guests they see are a group of powdered elderly  
 ladies in the foyer. Tyler smiles and nods in greeting. To  
 Cath, out of the corner of his mouth:

TYLER  
 You see? Old biddies. Don't say I  
 didn't warn you. We're in for a  
 deadly evening.

As they round the corner into the salon, which is filled with  
 people, Tyler's expression changes.

TYLER  
 Good Lord. That's Isadora Duncan.  
 And there's Debussy.

CATH  
 Do you see Pandora?

MADAME FLEURY  
 (approaching)  
 Mr. Cath. And Mr. Whitney. I'm so  
 glad you could come.

Tyler kisses her as if she were his favorite aunt.

TYLER

Madame Fleury, I wouldn't have missed one of your soirees for the world.

Two men loom, waiting to be introduced. A creepy pair.

MADAME FLEURY

Father Derain, these are Miss Arbuthnot's young friends, the ones I told you about.

DERAIN, 50, the priest we saw on the Opera steps. He greets Tyler and Cath; his eyes burn with hooded intensity.

DERAIN

Messieurs.

MADAME FLEURY

...And Doctor Sand.

DR. SAND, 60, balding and pasty, steps forward to greet them.

PANDORA

across the salon, enters -- and stops, seeing Cath and Tyler all chummy with the creepy trio: Fleury, Derain, Sand.

Cath turns, sees Pandora. He wants to go to her.

Pandora turns away. She's still mad at Cath. She brightly greets the first person who crosses her path, as if he's the one she's been waiting to see all evening.

PANDORA

Stephen, there you are!

Cath, across the room, sees them chatting -- as he was meant to. His eyes narrow in jealousy. Tyler comes up beside him.

TYLER

You see? She's playing games. Ignore her. Let her see you talking to other women. Show her you don't need her after all.

Pandora, chatting with Stephen, glances up, sees Cath and Tyler watching her. And goes right back to her conversation.

CATH

(without taking his eyes off Pandora)  
I want to get in her room.

TYLER

Of course you do; but it doesn't do  
to let her see that!

CATH

No, I mean I want to get in her  
room. Now, while everyone's  
downstairs. I need you to keep a  
lookout.

TYLER

(doubtful)

Would this have something to do  
with the fat boy in the fez who  
abducted you outside Freddy's?

CATH

Look!

They look. Stephen and Pandora make their way to the piano.  
Stephen sits at the keyboard and starts to play. Around the  
room, people stop their conversations to listen.

Pandora SINGS, in a clear, beautiful, trained voice. A song  
by Mahler.

CATH

Now. Come on.

Tyler looks unhappy, but follows Cath out. Pandora, noticing  
them leave, looks concerned.

Someone else notices their departure. Madame Fleury.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Cath and Tyler come upstairs. Cath takes a look around to  
make sure they're unobserved; tries Pandora's door. Locked.

TYLER

Oh well, at least we tried.

Cath looks around, frustrated. Notices a pair of French  
windows off the hallway. He opens one; looks down into the  
side street we've seen before.

CATH

Keep a lookout.

TYLER

Lookout for what? Wait! What are  
you doing?

But Cath is already climbing out the window. Tyler is distressed.

TYLER  
(to himself)  
This is bad. We'll never be  
invited back.

EXT. SECOND STORY -- NIGHT

Cath edges along the second-story window ledge. A carriage passes below. A pigeon flutters past.

He reaches the French windows to Pandora's room; pushes on the glass. Locked. He grimaces.

He takes a closer look through the glass. The handle's in the halfway position. Bracing himself with one hand against an ornate Art Nouveau cornice, he gently taps the glass with the other...

INT. PANDORA'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

...until the handle comes unstuck... and falls open. Cath pushes the window open and climbs in.

He looks around the room. It's much as it appeared the night before, only the bed is covered with clothes Pandora tried on and rejected for tonight's party.

Cath explores the vanity. A variety of books, illustrated magazines, feminine articles. He checks the drawers.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Tyler loiters nervously; Pandora's singing voice wafts up from the salon. A SERVANT comes upstairs carrying a tray. Tyler gives him an ingratiating smile. The servant looks at him funny.

INT. SALON -- NIGHT

Pandora sings, with one eye towards the stairs where Cath and Tyler went up.

The song ends to APPLAUSE. Pandora smiles, and immediately starts making her way toward the stairs. She is slowed down by all the people in between.



## INT. PANDORA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Cath finishes his search of the vanity. Turns to a table littered with charcoal sketches. Nudes, male and female. Evidently Pandora's been taking art classes.

He recognizes the portfolio Pandora was carrying at the museum. Curiously, he opens it to her charcoal copy of the "Shepherds of Arcadia."

Behind it is a printed reproduction like the one Tyler bought at the museum.

Cath's brow furrows. Something is amiss but he can't quite put his finger on it.

He places the copy and the reproduction side by side. They differ in certain details.

## CLOSE-UP DETAILS

A tree branch in the upper right.

The same branch in Pandora's drawing: There are fewer leaves.

The bearded shepherd's hand pointing at the inscription on the tomb.

The beardless shepherd pointing at the inscription. The finger is straight.

The same hand in Pandora's drawing: The finger is curved.

## CATH

looks perplexed.

Then, inside the portfolio's front cover, he notices the corner of a sheet protruding. He pulls it out. It is a long handwritten letter in French. Cath's gaze rivets on a pair of Latin phrases:

ET IN ARCADIA EGO  
I TEGO ARCANA DEI

He turns the page. Frowns. It's full of Latin cryptograms, ciphers, esoteric-looking diagrams.

And details copied from the "Shepherds of Arcadia" in a non-artist's clumsy penmanship: Hand signs, the angles of elbows and knees, yield letters and numbers. The ravings of a turn-of-the-century conspiracy theorist.

From one Latin sentence, through a series of letter substitutions, is extracted the phrase:

JACOBINS

INT. STAIRS -- NIGHT

Pandora comes up the stairs. Tyler, at the top, turns and sees her.

TYLER  
(brightly)  
Pandora!

INT. PANDORA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Cath turns at the sound of Tyler's voice. Hastily replaces the sheets in the portfolio as he found them. Starts for the door -- then realizes it's too late.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Tyler catches up to Pandora as she is about to open her bedroom door.

TYLER  
Wait!

She faces him questioningly.

TYLER  
I... I wanted to apologize. For the other night. You can't imagine what a fool I felt.

PANDORA  
It's all right.

She produces a key, unlocks the door, pushes it open --

TYLER  
(desperately)  
Pandora!

Pandora turns. Looking past her into the room, Tyler sees Cath climbing out the French window. To keep Pandora's attention, he grabs her and kisses her on the mouth.

Pandora's eyes go wide. The instant the kiss is finished, she SLAPS Tyler across the face.

TYLER  
Sorry... Couldn't help myself.

Pandora retreats into her room, slamming the door in Tyler's face.

Tyler is still rubbing his face a few moments later, when Cath climbs in the French window from the hallway and joins him.

CATH  
That was close. What happened to  
your face?

TYLER  
What?

CATH  
It's all red.

TYLER  
Is it?

INT. FRONT HALL -- NIGHT -- LATER

Crowded with guests leaving. The party's over.

Cath draws Tyler aside, into --

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dark. Cath hustles Tyler into a storage closet, pulls the door nearly closed.

TYLER  
(sputtering whisper)  
What -- What in -- What are you  
doing?!? Do you want to get us  
thrown in jail?

CATH  
(whisper)  
Translate this for me: 'Et in  
Arcadia ego.'

TYLER  
Latin?  
(long pause)  
This is a cruel joke. I'll wake up  
soon.

CATH  
'And I am in Arcadia'?

TYLER

Roughly, yes. Must I conjugate it too, or can that wait till we've left the closet?

CATH

It's an anagram. Rearrange the letters, you get 'I tego arcana Dei.'

TYLER

'I tego...' I hide? 'I hide the secrets of God'?

CATH

It's the inscription on the tomb in Pandora's painting.

TYLER

(long pause; slowly)  
I see. So... we are in this closet, because...?

CATH

There's a letter. In Pandora's room. I want to get another look at it.

TYLER

(groans)  
I knew it. Obsessive jealousy. If you'd only listened to me, we could be in Fred's cafe right now, dancing with --

CATH

Shh!

They hold their breath. Outside, a servant passes through the dining room, closing the house down for the night. The last lights are switched off, plunging them into total DARKNESS.

INT. BACK STAIRS -- NIGHT -- LATER

The house is dark and silent.

A figure sneaks downstairs. It's the black-garbed THIEF we last saw fleeing across the rooftops -- sans stocking mask, but carrying a satchel full of tools.

INT. CLOSET -- NIGHT

Tyler is snoring peacefully. Cath is wide awake, listening. He touches Tyler; Tyler startles awake.

TYLER  
What? What?

CATH  
Listen.

They both listen to the sound of sneaky footsteps.

INT. DINING ROOM/BUTLER'S PANTRY -- NIGHT

Cath and Tyler emerge from the closet and sneak through the dining room. A door leads to the adjacent butler's pantry.

They push the door open a crack, just enough to see the thief opening the wine cellar door. The thief looks around to make sure no one is watching; Cath and Tyler pull back out of sight. They've recognized PANDORA.

Pandora descends into the wine cellar, shutting the door silently behind her.

TYLER  
Would that be... the 'thief' you saw... climbing in the...

CATH  
(grim)  
Yes.

TYLER  
(cheerful)  
Oh well then, mystery solved! We can go home!  
(less cheerful)  
Can't we?

Cath crosses determinedly to the wine cellar door. Tries the knob; it opens. He looks at Tyler.

TYLER  
I have a feeling I'm about to be the third wheel at a lovers' quarrel. I must say, I think it's extremely unfair of you.

INT. WINE CELLAR -- NIGHT

Cath and Tyler descend the stairs into a well-stocked cellar, dank and musty. Tyler can't resist checking the vintages.

TYLER

Odd how I missed meeting Madame Fleury until now. She's just my sort of person. I wonder what it takes to get invited to one of her dinner parties.

Cath is exploring; Pandora seems to have vanished into thin air. Then he notices a wooden trap-door set into the stone floor. He lifts it.

INT. UNDERGROUND STAIRCASE -- CONTINUOUS

The trap-door lifts revealing a flight of steep stone steps spiraling down into chilly darkness.

Cath and Tyler look at each other.

TYLER

Don't look at me. This is your show.

INT. CATACOMBS -- NIGHT

Cath and Tyler, holding flickering gas lanterns, descend the stairs into a narrow, low-ceilinged passageway hewn out of solid rock. Tyler reads the street name chiseled on the wall.

TYLER

Rue Cambon...

He rounds the corner, lifts the lantern to read the intersecting street name:

TYLER

And rue Saint-Honore. My God!  
We're in Paris!

Cath advances down the passageway. It stretches as far as the eye can see, with more passages branching off in all directions. There are no lights except their own.

CATH

She could have gone anywhere.

A deep RUMBLING noise that has been growing louder, reaches its peak, and recedes into the distance.

TYLER  
Sounds like a train.

CATH  
(realizing)  
The Opera!

TYLER  
No, it was a train.

CATH  
(clarifying)  
We're near the Opera. The subway  
runs through there.

TYLER  
It's not running yet. Some  
anarchists set off a bomb there  
last summer; the work's been put  
back months. That is, they said it  
was anarchists. I'm skeptical  
myself; I know a few of them, and  
they seem to rely quite extensively  
on public transportation...

CATH  
Pandora's letter mentioned the  
Opera. Maybe that's where she was  
going. Come on!

TYLER  
(ignored by Cath)  
Of course, if she were going to the  
Opera, it makes perfect sense that  
she'd do it in the middle of the  
night dressed as a thief. Why not?

But he follows anyway.

INT. CATACOMBS -- NIGHT

Over centuries, millions of tons of Paris building stone have  
been quarried and brought to the surface, block by block.  
Below the City of Light thus lies a city of darkness, a  
shadow Paris complete with chiseled street names.

Cath and Tyler, in evening clothes, make their way through  
this vast labyrinth.

TYLER  
How long do you suppose these  
lanterns will last?

CATH  
 (reading street name)  
 Rue du Marche Saint-Honore. This  
 way.

He turns down the narrow crooked side street.

TYLER  
 You've never even been to Paris.

CATH  
 I read the guidebook.

The street ends in an iron rung ladder, which Cath unhesitatingly descends. It is a true labyrinth, with multiple levels confusingly criss-crossing one another.

TYLER  
 (uneasily)  
 Are you sure you'll be able to find  
 your way back?

INT. EXCAVATION PIT OVERLOOK -- NIGHT

Cath reaches the bottom of the ladder, advances a few meters, then pauses. Tyler joins him.

TYLER  
 (accusingly)  
 You're lost!

Cath shushes him. They listen. From somewhere come men's VOICES, and the unmistakable sound of DIGGING.

A look from Cath warns Tyler to be silent. They inch along the wall, until they see below them...

THEIR POV -- EXCAVATION PIT

A group of workmen dig under the supervision of other men who stand around watching them. The site is staked out with ropes, measurement devices, etc.; clearly the work has been going on for weeks or months.

Tyler grabs Cath's arm, whispers in his ear:

TYLER  
 Isn't that the priest we met at  
 Madame Fleury's?

Indeed, DRAIN, in clerical garb, is one of the supervisors.



CATH  
I don't see Pandora.

\*\*\*\*\*

REVEAL Pandora hiding behind the wall watching Cath and Tyler; a moment ago she was spying on the dig from the same spot; their arrival scared her off

the men are excavating some sort of plaque with coded Latin inscription...

Cath and Tyler make a noise or something. They're spotted! The men chase them. Pandora hides

Chase through catacombs. Cath and Tyler flee through ostuaries; surroundings become more grim

Meanwhile, back at the abandoned dig site, Pandora enters... alone now, she reads the inscription... we see that she too, in her Nancy Drew girl-detective way, is on the trail of whatever mystery these men are pursuing

Chase becomes more dangerous, life & death; Tyler and Cath are considering giving themselves up when -- men shoot at them! This is serious!

Desperate chase; they escape pursuers and are washed out flood channel into Seine river at dawn. Fishermen look at them blankly.

NEXT DAY

Morning: Cath and Tyler show up at Madame Fleury's house, determined to get to the bottom of this. Pandora, bright & cheerful, is on her way out. She whisks them off to the country for a picnic... leaving Madame Fleury vaguely suspicious (she was tipped off as to the night's adventures, but is not 100% sure it was the boys)

TRAIN TRIP

Cath doesn't believe Pandora's goal is a picnic; their destination (Rennes) is one mentioned in the letter; he thinks she is chasing a clue found in the painting -- possibly with the aid of something (what?) she stole from Sinclair -- and the bad guys are chasing the same thing. She is using the picnic (and Cath & Tyler) as cover. Cath is mad and wants to grill Pandora at the first opportunity; Tyler restrains him, advises caution until they know more.

Pandora gets Tyler alone, pulls him into compartment and kisses him.

(she has not forgotten last night's surprise kiss and turns out, once past her initial reaction of anger, she has thought it over & is receptive)

Cath catches Tyler coming out of the compartment looking guilty and adjusting his tie

#### RENNES

Tour de France, village filled with tourists because of bicycle race passing through. Up on hillside above cathedral, 3 Americans picnic in icy silence as they chew on chicken wings with nothing to say.

finally Tyler makes himself scarce. Pandora wants to follow him but Cath holds her back. She is still peeved at him, feels need to assert her independence. Cath accuses her of hiding & lying to him, her mother, putting herself in danger etc. She is startled by how much he knows -- especially startled and scared to learn he has spoken to Sinclair. She won't say what it is she stole from Sinclair (it is something that unlocks the code), or tell him details; she begs him to just be patient with her, trust her.

She is doing something, counting paces or whatever. suddenly she spots it -- what she came for: a tree/rock formation and tomb identical to the painting in the Louvre. They read the inscription, rush to the nearby cathedral to solve the puzzle.

While Pandora copies down inscriptions solving the puzzle, Cath's attention is drawn by a medieval painting; it depicts a medieval knight being given by a priest, a key that is like his own (the one on his watch chain). The mystery haunts him...

Pandora finishes. she doesn't tell Cath what she figured out, but she is very proud of herself, will explain later. She says OK I'm ready, let's go back.

As they leave the cathedral, they see Merivee and goons waiting. Pandora is abducted and thrown into car. Cath fights back, Merivee punches him out and jumps into the car with Pandora which races off.

Cath and Tyler steal bicycles from Swiss picnickers, ride in pursuit. the remaining Swiss give chase.

#### BICYCLE RACE CHASE

through winding mountainous roads with kidnap car in the lead, Cath and Tyler chasing, Swiss bicycle owners chasing them. other cyclists who are actually in the race.

dirty tricks cyclists play: pacesetting cars throwing tacks and nails, cyclists teaming up to try to dump the upstarts off their bikes, etc. Cath and Tyler desperately trying to keep up with the kidnap car and not get knocked off.

Finally the nails cause the bike to blow a tire; ends in a wreck on the edge of a ravine; the kidnapers get away. The Swiss guys pull up shouting angrily, an argument ensues, Cath and Tyler apologize, Tyler offering money which the swiss guy bats away.

#### LOCAL POLICE STATION

Cath and Tyler give police report; Cath urges police to suspect Sinclair, gives them his address in Paris. Police captain is slow and refuses to be pushed or told his business by an American.

as they are leaving, they see Mrs Arbuthnot! She has just arrived and is most furious at Cath for failing to protect her daughter as she asked him to. he hangs his head in shame.

#### NIGHT - RENNES INN

Tyler tries to console Cath and apologize for the episode on the train. While Tyler cheers himself up flirting with the bargirl, Cath asks her for some vanilla extract. She brings it; Cath goes out telling Tyler he is going for a walk.

#### NIGHT WALK TO CATHEDRAL

Cath walks through the dark village to the cathedral. he is in a strange mood; since his arrival in Rennes everything here seems to contain a secret message meant for him alone-- the faces of the old people that stare at him in the street, the music played by gypsies at a campfire, they dance and grin at Cath as if they know who he is...

Cath wanders until he arrives at the old cathedral. Somehow he is sure the key to his personal mystery is here. He enters... pausing to pour the vanilla extract into a puddle outside the cathedral doorstep.

#### CATHEDRAL

Cath enters; stares again at the painting with the key-- His key. It is empty except for the sacristan, brother THOMAS. They start out talking about the painting; then the priest casually mentions that there was an older cathedral on this spot, long before Christianity this site was sacred to pagan; it turns into a bizarre conversation about the nature of mysteries, in which the priest seems to know more about Cath than Cath does himself.

Finally Cath demands outright 'where is Pandora?' The priest drops pretense, says that if he wants to know what happened to Pandora, drink this! Cath hesitates, then driven by desperate love and guilt, downs the drink the priest offers him. And staggers, collapses; he's been drugged... other men step forward, their voices and faces blur...

Men carry Cath outside, unconscious into a waiting carriage. As the carriage drives off, its wheel passes through the puddle into which Cath had poured the vanilla extract. He's left a trail for the police dogs to follow...

#### INITIATION/REBIRTH

Hallucinatory sequence.. skeletons, crypts... in which Cath thinks he is being buried alive, glimpses a shining chalice (the Holy Grail?)... then the coffin lid opens; he opens his eyes, is hauled to his feet by masked men. Surprise! He has been initiated into a Masonic-type secret society. Among the members welcoming him are Brother Thomas, and Sinclair himself.

#### MONASTERY

Cath wakes up in daylight, in an isolated Monastery in the French countryside. Cath and Sinclair walk and talk. Sinclair tells Cath what has really been going on; now that he too is an initiate, he may be told. Sinclair's secret society is a brotherhood of Good Men sworn to fight evil; the key Cath wears (an inheritance from his mother) suggests that someone in his family was once a member; it is an object Cath should always treasure since it is very ancient, dating back to the founding of the Order. Mrs Arbuthnot is a shallow greedy woman who sent Pandora to try to dig into the Order's secrets; she herself is a member of an evil secret society known as "The Red Serpent" or Serpent Rouge, of which the priest Derain is a member. Sinclair has kidnapped Pandora for her own protection. She is very close to discovering the secret Serpent Rouge is after. Sinclair does not say what this secret is, only hints that the Holy Grail of medieval legend is a metaphor or allegory for something else. It is this "something else" that Serpent Rouge is dedicated to unearthing... and to that end, has followed a trail of secrets laid by Templars and Cathars in medieval times to this day, concealed it from the Catholic Church itself. Sinclair shows Cath the thingamajig Pandora stole from him, which she has used to get this far-- now she has returned it. Cath is suspicious, wants to talk to Pandora. Sinclair says "of course" and opens the door; Pandora is inside.

Reunion. Pandora and Cath embrace; she is wearing white robes; they swear eternal love etc.

Just then the sound of dogs barking... police cars arrive with Tyler and Mrs Arbuthnot in tow: their dogs have followed the scent trail left by Cath; the monastery is busted!

While Cath (now regretting his mistake) runs to intercept the police and stall them, Sinclair and Thomas hustle Pandora out the back. She is totally in their camp now and wants to get away from the long arm of Mrs Arbuthnot and Serpent Rouge. But as they reach the gate, Father Derain and Dr Sand step out of a car and block them; their goons grab Pandora, Sinclair steps forward, eyes blazing and says "You shall not have her!" whereupon Derain pulls a pistol, shoots him and Thomas dead!! Pandora screams "No!!" Dr Sand chloroforms her; she falls unconscious. It is all very sudden, brutal and shocking & happens very fast. The police come running. Derain convinces them that Thomas did the shooting and then shot himself. Pandora is unconscious so no one can contradict his story. Cath is left helpless as Derain and Mrs Arbuthnot whisk off the unconscious Pandora, with the full support of the police.

#### TRAIN TO PARIS

Cath morose on train, blames himself for everything. He is frustrated that police won't listen to him, Pandora is now in worse danger than ever, in the hands of the enemy. Tyler sympathetic but wonders if Cath may be imagining things; after all, surely Mrs Arbuthnot wants what is best for her own daughter.

#### MEANWHILE IN THE BAD GUYS' LAIR

in the chateau of M--, Pandora is drugged & tied up at their mercy. Derain, Dr Sand, Mrs Arbuthnot and Madame Fleury. They have Pandora's portfolio and know everything except the final clue which she figured out... the location of the treasure. she will not reveal it, they want to make her confess. They inject her with drugs to try to make her more malleable.

#### ON THE TRAIN

Cath obsessively reviews the clues with Tyler, trying to figure out where they took Pandora... Suddenly he realizes! He recognizes the chateau of M-- as they pass it, and gets off the train just in time.

#### THIS BEGINS THIRD ACT

Cath explains the plot to Tyler as they climb the steps to the chateau of M--. it involves a great secret of some sort-- a secret the Catholic Church went to great lengths in medieval times to conceal.

The Serpent Rouge has been working to resurrect and follow a trail of clues planted by their predecessors, that tells where the proof is hidden (in the caves near the M--chateau); the trail was lost in the purges of the 13th and 14th centuries that destroyed first the Cathar, then the Templar orders who were the successive custodians of the secret... only to be found again, in Paris with the opening of new underground passageways for the construction of the metro. The modern digging has unearthed an ancient secret. The bomb blast at Opera was set, not by anarchists, but by the Serpent Rouge to open a sealed passageway where their researches had convinced them the next clue was hidden.

#### CHATEAU

The chateau is closed to tourists. Tyler and guardian make small talk... suddenly Cath realizes that Tyler and the Guardian are speaking in code. The code phrase "son of the widow" wakes him up, it's the same one Sinclair used... Cath is dumbfounded: it sounds like Tyler is telling the guardian that he is from a secret order even more powerful and secret than Serpent Rouge, and he has come here from America to give the final orders. Can it be that Tyler, the comic sidekick will turn out to be the character who was pulling the strings all along??? Tyler shows the guardian a tiny silver pin that makes the guardian blanch. While the guardian runs off to check it out, Tyler admits to Cath that he was just bluffing; the silver pin is from Yale's Skull and Bones which is the only society Tyler belongs to. But anyway, it got them in the door. He and Cath slip upstairs...

And find the room where Pandora was held. They have cleared out.

The deception discovered, the guardian drives off to warn the others. But Tyler and Cath are hiding in the back seat...

#### CAR RIDE

along twisty mountain roads, stops near mouth to cave.

#### CLIFFS/CAVES

Tyler and Cath follow guardian through waterfall, hanging back so he doesn't spot them

Deep within the cave, Derain is supervising the digging. all the usual suspects are there; this is the final phase of their operation

Cath and Tyler find Pandora tied up, rescue her and escape on ropes down the sheer cliff face.

Exciting rappelling chase on ropes. A chance for Cath to show his love for Pandora by saving her life. But they are recaptured

They are brought back to the cave to face Derain; he is going to kill them. But first, of course, he must tell them his whole plan.

They are after the Holy Grail. Not an actual physical chalice. The Holy Grail is an allegory created by medieval esoteric writers for the greatest secret of medieval times-- proof of Jesus's descendants. The Grail is symbolically the vessel that contained Christ's blood-- that is, his bloodline: a red serpent. Tyler is disappointed, would have preferred the treasure be gold or something. Derain says 'This IS gold'; with this secret that will change the world, he can blackmail the Catholic Church-- even maybe control it. He himself is a descendant of Jesus through the Merovingian kings, and with the documentation concealed in the crypt he is about to unearth, he can prove it. He came to this conclusion thanks to his genealogical research into the mysteries of his own family tree, made possible by a priest's access to secret archives & information, and fueled by his hatred of the Church (which he discovered, as a young priest, to be as full of lies and ruthless power-plays as any secret society). To this end he has resuscitated the dormant secret society of Serpent Rouge. He is after, yes, world domination. (In this, he is a kind of twisted mirror image of Cath, who has his own secret key, but has not morphed into a ruthless fanatic.)

Suddenly the news comes-- the diggers have struck something! They hurry back to the site and witness the unearthing of a tablet with an encouraging inscription to dig down another 40 feet.

As they dig, Derain, with the fervor of a madman, explains the mistranslation of the anagram, which Cath Tyler and Pandora have all failed to comprehend. In fact, there is a missing verb in the painting: "Et in Arcadia ego" With the addition of the verb SUM, thus completed, the phrase is an anagram for "Tango arcam dei Iesu" or "I am touching the tomb of God Jesus." Yes, the 'secret' they are about to dig up is... Jesus's actual body! Together, presumably, with the documents that prove its pedigree.

But as they dig, water starts to flood into the hole. A booby trap! Cath, tipped off by some clue (in the cathedral at Rennes?) which he only now understands, pulls Pandora and Tyler to safety-- while the sudden torrent of water becomes a flash flood that sweeps Derain, Mrs Arbuthnot and the baddies to their deaths, victims of their own greed!

## PARIS - TAG SCENE

Paris: inquest. Pandora enters with bodyguards shielding her from paparazzi; Cath tries to talk to her, she cuts him dead. maybe she is upset because of the death of her mother; anyway she won't talk to him. Tyler is sympathetic; she's broken Cath's heart. Cath is approached by Merivee who gives him Sinclair's ring, says Sinclair designated him as his successor to head the good secret society. Cath protests, he's not a joiner. Merivee says it's not his decision, he must go to a certain bank in London and present the ring, he will be shown to a safe deposit box etc. Merivee vanishes leaving Cath alone. Cath is seized with paranoia as he sees Madame Fleury, police captain, etc. staring at him, and realizes they all are Serpent Rouge members!

Paris train station: Cath and Tyler say goodbye, he is going back to medical school. Their relationship has grown and Cath now has only warm feelings toward Tyler. Cath is stunned to see Pandora come to see him off. She apologizes for avoiding him, begs him to forgive her and join her in Italy in August. Cath realizes that Tyler's earlier assessment of her was correct. He tells her it would never work between them: she doesn't really love him, it will pass. She agrees, making light of it, but it's the first time she's ever been turned down and from this moment, in her mind he will always be the one she really loved. Tyler pulls Cath aside and says are you crazy, this girl is one in a million. But Cath's mind is made up. As he leaves, he gives her a box. Inside is Sinclair's ring.

Cath, on the train, goes home with only the key he started with... and whatever mystery it contains.