

THE CRAFTSMAN

Written by

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Based on the short story by Stuart Neville

THE LOCKED DRAFT 16/09/11

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ALBERT

Good night.

Albert doesn't hesitate. His BULLET travels at the speed of light, through the window and into the back of the Man's HEAD. Perfect kill shot.

The Man crashes to the floor face first. Blood begins to ooze out his head and instantly begins to spread across the floor.

The Blonde sighs a relief and glances up towards Albert, she nods. As she goes to exit, a group of cleaners enter the room pushing a large linen trolley, big enough to house a body! Two of them begin to lift the body inside while the other two start cleaning up the blood.

CUT TO:

Like a ghost in the night, Albert packs the RIFLE back into the CASE and swiftly moves off...

8 **EXT. VICTORIAN HOTEL - BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS** 8

A CHEF stands smoking a cigarette with a trolley cart at his side.

Albert suddenly appears. The Chef doesn't batter an eyelid. Just nods and takes another drag from his cigarette.

Albert removes his black leather gloves followed by his trench coat revealing a TUXEDO underneath.

The Chef lifts the cover on the trolley to reveal a shelf...

Albert rolls up the trench coat and places it on the shelf along with the VIOLIN CASE and leather gloves. The chef lowers the cover. Flicks his cigarette away and casually pushes it back inside.

Albert coolly walks away. Looking very dapper.

9 **INT. VICTORIAN HOTEL - CONTINUOUS** 9

Albert walks up the grand stair case. His hand caressing the wood work as he moves, admiring the master Craftsmanship.

He reaches the foyer where a flurry of people stand chatting. He makes his way through the crowd towards two large doors. TWO MEN standing either side are collecting invitations. He pulls his out from his inside pocket. Smiles, and hands it over.

The door's slowly open to reveal...

10

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

The room, vast and glamorous, packed with elegantly dressed people, all looking a million dollars.

Albert casually makes his way to the bar, absorbing the atmosphere, scanning the room. Beautiful, elegant women everywhere instantly catching his eye.

He walks up to the bar.

BARMAN

What will it be sir?

Albert reaches into his inside pocket and pulls out a packet of cigarettes.

ALBERT

Whiskey, make it a double.

He places a cigarette into his mouth about to light it when...

A beautiful looking lady slides beside him, instantly catching his attention. Her name is CELIA (25), in the not too distant future she will become Celia RYAN. Albert can feel his heart melting.

The barman slides Albert's whiskey towards him and turns to Celia with a smile...

BARMAN

What can I get you Madam?

Celia looks at Albert's whiskey now resting in his grasp.

CELIA

That looks good, I'll have one of those.

Albert laughs.

CELIA (CONT'D)

And what may I ask are you laughing at?

ALBERT

It's not really a ladies drink is it.

CELIA

Is that so.

Barman passes her drink across the bar. She takes a sip, savoring the taste.

Albert nods impressed.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Not all women drink wine and
champagne you know. Your very
cheeky Mr.

They both smile.

ALBERT
What's your name?

CELIA
Celia. Celia O'Doyle. Nice to meet
you.

Celia puts her drink down and offers her hand. Albert leans
in and carefully kisses it.

CELIA (CONT'D)
And what may I ask is your name?

Albert smiles with a glint in his eye.

ALBERT
If I told you I would have to kill
you.

CELIA
Oh a man of mystery. I do like a
man of mystery, leaves plenty of
room for the imagination. (She
smiles) Now Would this mysterious
man like to dance with me?

Albert takes another sip from his whiskey and laughs.

ALBERT
Ohno ... I cannot dance,
clumsy feet.

CELIA
I don't believe that for one
second.

She takes his hand and leads him away towards the dance
floor.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Come, I'll show you, I'm sure you
can dance just perfect.

Albert and Celia hold each other close, dancing slow,
captivated with each other's company.

Albert whispers into her ear.

ALBERT
My name is Albert.

Celia runs her fingers elegantly along his silk TIE.

CELIA

Well, nice to meet you (a wide smile spreads)... Bertie.

Albert smiles. They gaze into each others eyes, smiling like Cheshire cats.

Celia pulls back, and gently rubs her hand along his face, staring deep into his striking eyes. Falling deeper by the second.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Such beautiful eyes.

A Photographer approaches. He points his camera at the happy couple.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Smile.

FLASH.

Albert's smiles, looking content and at ease. The picture captures this happy moment, a special moment that they will always hold close to their hearts...

11 INT. FARMHOUSE - EARLY AFTERNOON - 30 YEARS LATER 11

The same picture is now framed on a dressing table amongst others including one of their wedding day.

Close up of FINGERS as they carefully button up a shirt.

The fingers belong to a much older ALBERT RYAN (66), his fingers have toughened with time unlike his nature which has seemed to have gone the opposite way and softened. This has become an issue for someone in his profession.

His fingers reach the final button at the collar.

He lifts his collar and wraps the same SILK TIE we have just seen, around his neck. He lowers the collars and carefully ties it in a Double Windsor knot.

Starting from the smoothed collar wings, his fingers slide down the beautiful silk of the TIE. It's texture still as silky as the day he first met Celia.

CELIA (O.S.)

Bertie.

Albert, still looking in the mirror, re focuses his vision to CELIA (55) lying in a grand old bed behind him.

The look Albert gives her tells us he still see's the same Celia he fell in love with 30 years ago but physically this is not the same Celia we seen previously. Her body is frail, her hair thinning, she is a shadow of her former self, dying.

Her eyes weary, her voice groggy, she slowly wakes and smiles at Albert.

ALBERT

Yes sweetheart.

CELIA

Why are you all dressed up?

Albert runs his fingers one last time across his shirt, his body still as lean as it was 30 years ago.

ALBERT

I'm heading out for a while
sweetheart.

CELIA

To the shops?

ALBERT

No love. Into the town.

CELIA

Oh, what for?

Albert turns from the mirror.

Celia slowly tilts her head from the pillow, a glint in her eyes as he gets up from the dressing table.

As he moves closer, they lock eyes just like they did 30 years ago. Now she remembers.

She looks up, smiling, showing what little teeth she has left.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Such beautiful eyes.

Albert approaches the bed.

There are PORTRAITS OF CHRIST and the VIRGIN MARY hung over the bed. Smaller images of SAINTS on the bedside cabinet. ROSARY BEADS pooled on the blankets.

Albert leans in and strokes her forehead affectionately.

ALBERT

Go back to sleep.

He runs his FINGERS along her lips, her lips follow suit, embracing the sensuous moment.

Albert sits on the bed next to her side.

CELIA

What are you going into the city
for?

Celia stretches underneath the bed sheets, it seems strained
and painful but much needed.

Albert has a mischievous glint in his eye.

ALBERT

To see a man about a dog.

She stirs with a smile.

CELIA

My daddy used to say that when he
was keeping secrets. What secrets
are you keeping Albert Ryan?

Albert leans over and kisses her forehead.

ALBERT

No secrets from you sweetheart.
Never have... never will.

Albert gets up from the bed.

Close in on Celia as her eyes watch him, concern starts to
spread on her face.

ALBERT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The Doctor. I'm going to see him.

CELIA

Why?

ALBERT (O.S.)

You said things?

CELIA

What things?

ALBERT (O.S.)

What I do, what I did for a living.

CELIA

(struggling to remember)
I didn't, did I?

ALBERT (O.S.)

You did sweetheart. I've explained
Closure to you. If I am exposed
they will hunt me down and I will
be gone. Who would look after you
then?

Celia looks saddened with the thought.

CELIA
 (fearful)
 What are you going to do? Albert...
 what are you going to do to him?

We now see Albert, standing at the foot of the bed. He has a HOLSTER strapped around his body (age has given it a deep red lustre). He slides a 22. CALIBRE PISTOL EQUIPPED WITH A SILENCER into it.

He casually slides his jacket over the top, shooting his cuffs.

He turns to Celia, and without thought, or fear of the meaning of the words:

ALBERT
 Kill him.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON:

12 INT. TRAIN STATION - AFTERNOON 12

Albert, a lone figure, stands at the station platform.

He reaches inside his overcoat and rubs the bulge of his gun on his jacket, double checking as the train arrives. His memory isn't what it was these days. Other worries now occupy his mind.

13 INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS 13

Albert steps onto the train. His eyes scan the carriage looking for a space. Every seat is taken.

He walks through the carriage when a kind young fellow stands up and offers him his seat.

He notices Albert's reluctance.

YOUNG FELLOW
 Please, take it, I'm getting off at the next stop.

Albert nods and smiles at the kind young fellow.

ALBERT
 Thank you, that's very kind of you.

Albert snuggles into the chair, getting comfy, maybe a little too comfy.

He watches the world slipping by the window.

His mind starts to wander...

14 **EXT. VINTAGE SPORTS CAR - COUNTRYSIDE - FLASHBACK - DAY** 14

The world slips by the window as Albert accompanied by Celia drives a flash vintage sports car along picturesque country roads. The roof top down, the fresh air blows on their content faces.

Celia looks at Albert beaming with joy, she caresses his HAND as it changes gear.

Albert also beams.

15 **EXT. RIVER - FLASHBACK - DAY - LATER** 15

Albert and Celia are sat on small BOAT now floating in a very picturesque spot.

Albert rests the oars down and takes a deep breath of fresh air. Celia gazes into his eyes, lost. Both happy, content.

 CELIA

 You still have not told me what
 line of work you are in. Are you a
 spy... A super hero... Have you
 been sent back from the future to
 save the world...

Albert LAUGHS, playfully.

 ALBERT

 I wish I could live in your mind
 for a day... I'm in the cleaning
 business, I help people.

 CELIA

 So mysterious Albert Ryan, one day
 I will find out.

Albert leans forward and kisses her delicately. He leans back and slips his hand into his pocket.

 ALBERT

 Close your eyes... and no peaking
 Celia O'Doyle.

Celia closes her eyes, but can't help herself and takes a little peak, opening one eye slightly which Albert spots.

 ALBERT (CONT'D)

 (smiles)
 I saw you.

They both giggle.

Celia closes them tight.

Albert leans forward, balancing himself on one knee and opens his hand revealing: a large diamond ring.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Now you can open them.

Celia opens her eyes... they beam with delight.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
I love you more than anything in this entire world, I want to spend the rest of my life with you, I will protect you, provide for you, and make you the happiest woman alive... will you...

CELIA
Yes... Yes. I will marry you Albert Ryan.

Albert has a look of deep satisfaction on his face as she falls into his arms. They kiss passionately. Two people, madly in love...

16 INT. TRAIN - RESUMING

16

Albert has the same look of satisfaction on his face.

He looks up as a woman watches him. She smiles.

Without thinking...

ALBERT
Good memories.

Her smile broadens. They look at each for a moment before her eyes return to 'THE GHOSTS OF BELFAST' novel in her hands.

Albert's smile begins to diminish as he remembers the job at hand, berating himself for interacting with strangers.

He reaches underneath his overcoat and pinches the flesh below his ribs hard.

No wonder no one hired him anymore he thinks to himself, as the train pulls up to the main station.

17 EXT. MAIN TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

17

Albert exits the train, he seems to have more of a sense of purpose about him as he strides towards the road opposite.

18 EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

18

Albert crosses the road and walks down the street, entering the park. He finds the CLINIC and parks himself on a BENCH within viewing distance of the CLINIC CARPARK.

He sit's, observing, waiting, like all professional hitmen do.

The afternoon SUN blasts down on his weary, face.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON:

19 INT. RYAN FLAT - FLASHBACK - THIS MORNING

19

Skilled FINGERS dance across Celia's body.

DR. MORAN (42), slender and handsome, leans over the bed, performing an examination. Another Craftsman at work.

Celia nervously continues speaking, not really paying attention to the words coming out of her mouth.

CELIA

Discretion has been my greatest talent. All these years, and no one ever suspected anything of him. To think those hands, those giving hands, could have done such things...

The doctor stops for a moment, pondering the words.

CELIA (CONT'D)

...But he always kept them clean. I never once saw blood on them. Not a drop. Even the time we had to go away. Where was it again (she strains, trying hard to remember) Lebanon! It was Lebanon.

Albert stand's in the doorway, unnoticed by both, dark shadows consuming his profile. Close in on his dark face as he mulls over what he has just over heard...

FADE TO BLACK:

DR. MORAN (V.O.)

Mr.Ryan...

FADE UP ON:

20

EXT. PARK BENCH - EARLY EVENING - RESUMING

20

Albert's weary eyes flicker, his vision blurred as his mind attempts to kick-start back into action.

DR. MORAN

...Are you all right?

His mind kicks in, he seizes the wrist of Dr. Moran now looming over him, knocking him off balance.

Albert is lying on the park bench where he had fallen asleep. He now grasps Doctor Moran's wrist tight.

His heart races as he sucks the air in hard through his nose.

Dr. Moran regains his footing and looks down at Albert.

Albert, still weary and slightly confused, looks up.

ALBERT

I'm sorry...

Albert loosens his grip and slides back up to a seated position.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

...You startled me

Dr. Moran shakes himself.

DR. MORAN

That's OK. I didn't mean to scare you. I was just getting into my car when I saw you lying here. Are you all right? Do you need help?

Dr. Moran goes to put his hand on Albert's shoulder but thinks better of it at the last moment and casually slides it back to his side.

ALBERT

Oh I'm fine, old age. Amazing how you can just nod off anywhere.

Albert smiles faintly.

DR. MORAN

And Mrs. Ryan? Any change?

ALBERT

No. She's the same.

DR. MORAN

So what are you doing here?

He sits down next Albert.

DR. MORAN (CONT'D)
Did you want to see me?

Albert pulls back his sleeve, revealing his bare wrist with an indent where his watch usually sits. He sighs.

ALBERT
What time is it?

DR. MORAN
Just gone six.

ALBERT
(muttering to himself,
disappointed)
Stupid old man.

DR. MORAN
What's wrong Mr. Ryan? Why did you
come here?

Albert moves, making himself more comfortable. He opens his jacket, revealing the butt of his pistol resting in the holster, UNNOTICED by Dr. Moran.

DR. MORAN (CONT'D)
Mr. Ryan?

Albert musters up a smile.

ALBERT
My wife, she rambles. I suppose
it's those patches for the pain.
What are they, morphine?

DR. MORAN
Fentanyl. Stronger than morphine. I
wouldn't prescribe them if they
weren't necessary. But she's
comfortable, isn't she?

ALBERT
Oh, yes. But it does leave her a
little confused. And then she
talks, or should I say, she
rambles. She will ramble about old
memories, sometimes they aren't her
own. She can't seem to fathom
between her memories and fantasies.

DR. MORAN
It's a common side affect.

The doctor places a reassuring hand on Albert's shoulder.

DR. MORAN (CONT'D)
Is that what's bothering you?

ALBERT

In a way.

Albert turns his head to the doctor.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Tell me doc, do you save many? The people you treat. How many do you save?

DR. MORAN

Some. (Long beat, looking away) Not enough.

ALBERT

Care and skill are second to only one thing... the will to do what other men can't. But will without craft is an empty bluster. Many a man forget this... much to his cost.

Albert takes a moment, reflecting on his words. Dr. Moran looks over at him.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

You're a good doctor. You're a Craftsman like me. Well... like I used to be.

DR. MORAN

What did you do before you retired?

The doctor leans back in the chair, feeling at ease.

DR. MORAN (CONT'D)

I wondered what Mrs. Ryan meant by the blood on your hands. I couldn't decide if you were a vet or a butcher.

An awkward, dry, laugh seeps out of Albert's mouth. He looks away.

ALBERT

Neither.

DR. MORAN

Then what? I wondered if you'd been in medicine, a surgeon maybe, but I don't think so. You'd know about Fentanyl for a start.

Albert closes his eyes, for a brief moment he has escaped the current situation at hand.

The doctor sensing Albert's hesitation, turns to face him.

His eyes still closed, the doctor leans in.

Then, suddenly, Albert's eyes spring open, startling the doctor. He slides back in his chair, fearing to look again, like somehow he knows what is about to happen.

ALBERT

You're a good man. We have much to thank you for, Celia and I. (Long anxious beat) That's why it makes me so sad to have to do this.

As the doctor utters his reply...

DR. MORAN

Do wha...

The doctor feels the cold steel of the end of a SILENCER resting on his heart.

His eyes fill with fear.

ALBERT

This!

Giving Dr. Moran no time to finish his sentence, without remorse, Albert FIRES.

The muffled shot echoes in the early evening sky.

BIRDS SCATTER from the tree's behind them.

The doctor's head slumps to one side.

Albert casually slides his gun back in the holster and leaves.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON:

21 INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

21

Albert's dark shadow lurks in the hallway.

He looks ahead. Shouts...

ALBERT

Celia.

Silence.

Then a distant voice travels towards him.

CELIA

In here Bertie.

He places his over coat on a coat hook and moves towards the bedroom.

As he reaches the bedroom, the smell of stale urine hits his nostrils. He grimaces.

The sheets on the bed are flung to one side revealing a yellow stain in the middle of the bed.

Various items of clothing are spilling over the edges of left-open draws.

Powder and perfume are splashed over the dressing table surface.

The room looks like they have been burgled.

He makes his way into...

22

INT. EN SUITE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

22

Celia leaning against the basin, one hand gripping it for support, the other attempting to apply LIPSTICK.

The straps of her evening gown hang off her frail shoulders.

The lipstick falls in the basin as she loses her grip.

She grabs a tissue and kisses it, leaving a deep red kiss.

The tissue falls out of her hand, floating to the floor at Albert's feet.

ALBERT

Sweetheart, you're bleeding.

CELIA

Am I? Oh.

She looks around her body, looking for blood.

Albert examines her body.

ALBERT

I can't see anything.

She turns back to the mirror, resigned.

CELIA

It doesn't matter.

Albert notices the pink blotching on her upper arm.

ALBERT

Where's your patch?

CELIA
I took it off when you left.

ALBERT
But the pain.

She looks at him through the mirror.

CELIA
It doesn't matter. How do I look.

He looks her directly in the eyes through the mirror.

ALBERT
Beautiful.

Celia smiles, revealing her lipstick stained remaining teeth.

Albert moves up behind her and delicately kisses her neck.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
You look beautiful.

He looks up to face her in the mirror.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

She turns back to face him.

CELIA
Getting ready.

ALBERT
What for?

With sorrow in her heart...

CELIA
I felt like dressing up, I have
been in that bed for far too long,
Oh Bertie I miss the good old days.

ALBERT
Me too, darling... me too.

CELIA
You killed that nice doctor...
didn't you?

Feeling her sorrow...

ALBERT
Yes.

CELIA
I'm a sick woman, and I cost that
young man his life. For nothing...
(MORE)

CELIA (CONT'D)
Because of some words... Because
without a thought I talked about
your work... God forgive me Doctor.

Her knee's start to give way, she grabs the basin for
support. Albert holds her.

CELIA (CONT'D)
I will die

ALBERT
Darling, don't.

He takes a step closer and slips on her blood on the floor.
He steady's himself by placing his hand on the wall.

CELIA
I will die and nothing will stop
it. I will only get worse. I will
ramble more and more. What about
the nurses? What about the cleaner?
What about dear Martha downstairs?
When she reads to me, what if I say
something to her? Will you kill her
too?

ALBERT
Of course.

CELIA
Why? What for? What good could it
do?

ALBERT
To protect you.

Albert steps closer, reaching for her.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
I only have one talent in life. God
help me if I can't use it to
protect you. If they ever found out
anyone knew about these things,
they would come and they would
kills us both... and my God if I
cannot protect you what purpose
does my life have? I'm sorry... I
did not want to kill him... he was
a good man, a good doctor.

CELIA
But you killed him, for things he
may not of knew...

Celia turns away....

CELIA (CONT'D)
He is now DEAD because of me and
your talent --

Albert steps closer...

ALBERT
(Pleading)
But I did it to protect you...
Us...

He places his hands on her shoulders but as he does she moves the straps from her dress aside, it falls to her waist.

She turns to the mirror.

CELIA
Look.

ALBERT
Darling, don't.

He refuses to look.

CELIA
LOOK! Look at me!

Albert reluctantly looks up into the mirror, not wanting to see the reflection staring back at him.

ALBERT
Don't.

He gasps as he looks at the remains of the breasts that were once so beautiful, now nearly non existent.

CELIA
You're protecting a skeleton.

A tear rolls down her cheek.

CELIA (CONT'D)
I'm dead and rotting. I should be
in the ground already, not
lingering here.

Albert, not wanting to look anymore bows his head and slips the straps back over her frail shoulders.

ALBERT
Don't.

Celia's eyes watch his HANDS as they slowly caress her body.

CELIA
Oh Bertie, the things you have done
with those. We'll go to hell, you
know.

He slips his arms around her fragile waist, kissing her neck.

CELIA (CONT'D)

I'm damned for knowing what you've done. I will burn forever and nothing can save me. Not even you.

Tears start to stream from his eyes onto her neck as he buries his head into her shoulder.

ALBERT

Please, stop.

CELIA

Did God give you that talent? I used to wonder about that. It used to keep me awake at night. If God gave you that talent, that craft, how can he damn you for using it? I used to tell myself the people you killed must have deserved it. They had to, or you wouldn't have done it. They were criminals, murderers and thieves, and they deserved to die, so you used the talent God gave you. So, we won't go to hell.

He looks up, his tear ridden eyes meet hers in the mirror.

ALBERT

Let's go to bed sweetheart, hold each other tight.

CELIA

No, not now that I'm all dolled up.

He kisses her shoulder, Celia looks to the window, snow is falling heavy.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Look Bertie It's snowing... I want to go outside, I want to feel the fresh air on my face again.

23

EXT. FARMHOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

23

The snow has fallen fast, the garden now looking like a winter wonderland.

Celia stands silent admiring how pretty the snow is forgetting what real fresh air was like. Albert wraps her up tight.

CELIA

Isn't it beautiful, I almost forgot what the world was like out here.
(MORE)

CELIA (CONT'D)

Oh Bertie, we have some wonderful memories, I wish they weren't so clouded at times... I'll never forget the day you bought me here after our wedding...
The most amazing day, gift...

24

EXT. FARMHOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY

24

The same beautiful vintage sports car pulls up on the farmhouse driveway. The car is dressed in wedding confetti and balloons... Celia dressed in a beautiful white silk dress... Albert dressed in a tailored suit and top hat.

Celia turns to Albert, confused.

CELIA

And why have we made a stop here Bertie?

Albert rests his hand on the door, ready to get out.

ALBERT

I want you to stand at the door and wait for twenty seconds then knock it.

CELIA

Are you barking mad.

Albert jumps out the car and vanishes around the back of the house.

Celia gets out of the car, her wedding dress in full view now. Breathtaking.

She stands at the door counting to herself:

CELIA (CONT'D)

Nineteen... Twenty.

Celia KNOCKS the door. The door opens revealing Albert, Celia still looks at him confused.

ALBERT

Hello there Mrs. Ryan and welcome to the Ryan household.

Albert steps aside,, holding out his hand, welcoming her in. Celia looks at him blankly for a moment. Excitement brewing within.

25

INT. FARMHOUSE

25

She steps inside, looking around in amazement. Albert watches her with glee.

CELIA
Are you kidding me? Bertie is
this... our house?

ALBERT
Well I don't see anybody else here
opening the door to you do you?

Celia jumps on him, attacking him with kisses. She breaks free of him and dashes off, running around her new home full of excitement. Celia is truly happy, very much content.

Albert catches up with her.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Our home, for the rest of our
lives, we will live and die here...
grow old together as Mr and Mrs
Ryan.

CELIA
I love you so much...

26 EXT. FARMHOUSE - GARDEN - RESUMING

26

Emotions get the better of her now as she stands staring out into the Garden. Tears begin to swell around her eyes.

ALBERT
Beautiful memories. Darling, what's
the matter?

Albert steps close to Celia and places his arms around her. She continues to look out at the garden. Troubled.

CELIA
Has it all been a lie? Our life
together I just don't know --

ALBERT
Please don't say that, please. When
I told you what I did... what my
job was, you accepted, you married
me knowing what I do, helping keep
the good people safe from the bad.

CELIA
You killed that poor man, an
innocent man. He's the good not the
bad. Now you have done something
awful to that poor doctor just
because my mouth ran away with me.
He was a good man. He didn't
deserve to die, but you used your
talent on him... Your God-given
talent. That was how I lived with
it Albert.

(MORE)

CELIA (CONT'D)

So now I know I was wrong all those years. It doesn't matter where your talent came from. (Long Beat) We're damned, and that's all there is.

Albert pulls her, trying to getting her to face him.

ALBERT

Don't talk this way. Please.

CELIA

I won't have anyone else die because of my blathering.

She turns to face him, looking him directly in the eyes, he senses a conviction he hasn't seen for a long, long time.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Do you hear me Bertie. Not a single person. So I have one thing to ask of you.

ALBERT

What? Anything sweetheart.

She holds his hand affectionately.

CELIA

Such beautiful hands, such a terrible craft.

They embrace.

She runs her fingers along his cheek.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Such beautiful eyes.

They both smile.

ALBERT

What do you want?

CELIA

You know.

He shakes his head in denial.

ALBERT

No. I won't... I can't.

She slowly grabs his hands and begins to affectionately caresses them.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

NO!

Her eyes light up with glee, purpose.

CELIA

YES! It's your talent. I trust you
to do it well.

She looks at peace with her final decision, he knows this. He knows her better than she knows herself.

ALBERT

I can't. Not you, NO.

With a final burst of energy she pulls his hand's closer to her heart.

CELIA

Yes you can. You're a Craftsman.
You can... you promised me when we
were married Albert that you would
protect me no matter what, this is
protecting me, I can't live another
day with the worry I may put
somebody else's life at risk, I
just won't. I'm dying Albert
there's nothing you can do to stop
it... this is what I want.

Tears stream out of his eyes.

ALBERT

Please...

CELIA

Will you dance with me. One last
time...

Celia offers her hand, just as she did all those years ago, they embrace and dance as the snow falls, tears stream from both their eyes Albert knowing he has to do it.

CELIA (CONT'D)

I will always love you...

ALBERT

There has only ever been you.

He kisses her one last time. Their lips meet. It's like the first time they kissed...

...we are back in the ballroom 30 years ago on the night they first met. They dance away, gazing into each other's eyes...

CELIA

Such beautiful eyes...

FADE TO BLACK: