

Bridget in Manhattan
By Niamh Gormley

BRIDGET IN MANHATTAN
Pilot

Written

by Niamh Gormley

WGA #1369776

FLASH FORWARD:**EXT. CENTRAL PARK MANHATTAN, before dusk. 17th August 1920**

A red-tailed hawk perches on the intricate cast-iron Bow Bridge in Central Park, its silhouette against the early evening sky, a beautiful summer sunset. Wealthy New Yorkers stroll by the lake, enjoying the serene view.

The hawk takes flight, and the camera follows, soaring upwards for a bird's eye view of the vibrant cityscape. We glide over streetcars, towering buildings, and bustling streets.

EXT. INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ARTS, MORNINGSID, MANHATTAN

The flight culminates at the grand entrance of the Institute of Musical Arts. The majestic doors open, inviting us into a world of musical excellence.

INT. CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN MOTOR CAR

The interior of the car glows with the soft, golden light of the early evening sun, filtering through the windows and throwing a luminescence on everything within.

BEATRICE CAMPBELL (20 years old, strikingly beautiful, dressed in a custom-made sequined white and black gown by the famous modern French designer of the moment, Jeanne Lanvin. A delicate black headpiece adorns her short, bobbed hair)

ANNE TRACY MORGAN is beside her (late 40's, exudes determination, her attire equally refined but marked by simplicity)

ANNE and Beatrice are mid-conversation.

ANNE

..and why shouldn't it go well?
Tonight, New York witnesses not
just a concert, but a
declaration... a symphony of
progress.

BEATRICE

Do you think they'll listen, Anne?
Really listen?

(MORE)

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
 Beyond the notes and the spectacle?
 These vultures...I'm not so sure..

Bridget's voice trembles slightly. She gazes out the window, watching the city blur past, its lights flickering like distant stars. Anne touches Beatrice's arm and leans in to whisper to her..

ANNE
 Looking at you tonight and
 listening to you play.... it's like
 staring directly into the sun...a
 dangerous game.

EXT. NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART - DUSK

As Anne and Beatrice's motorcar pulls up to the grand steps of the New York Institute of Musical Art, the setting sun casts a soft, ethereal glow over the scene, imbuing everything in a light reminiscent of a dream. This is a moment suspended in time, on the cusp of night, where the past and future seem to converge.

Beatrice Campbell, radiant in her sequined gown, steps out into the twilight.

The crowd, a mix of the city's elite and curious onlookers, presses forward, their faces filled with expectation. The reporters, armed with notepads and the eager readiness of their pens, are a modern swarm of curiosity, their flash powder and cumbersome cameras at the ready to capture the night's spectacle.

On the periphery of the frenzy standing alone, **EDMUND**, Beatrice's brother, Handsome, 23, dressed smartly. He is an observer to the evening. Beatrice is oblivious to his presence.

The air is alive with the murmur of voices, the shuffling of feet, and the occasional clack of a camera's shutter. Beatrice, amidst this whirlwind of attention, moves with a grace that belies the tumult around her.

REPORTER#1

Miss Campbell, what message do you
 hope to convey with your
 performance tonight?

REPORTER #2:

As a symbol of the modern woman, how
 do you see your music influencing
 the fight for women's rights?

The questions are like darts thrown in the fading light, each seeking to uncover a deeper truth beneath the surface glamour. Beatrice, nervous with the attention, starts to show signs of anxiety but finds her footing amid the chaos. Her mentor, Anne, stands by her side.

ANNE

(whispering)

Your music will speak for you,
Beatrice, let's go...

Bridget/Beatrice turns to speak to the swarm of reporters

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

This evening, with my music, I
stand with every woman who seeks to
make her voice heard.

The crowd falls into a hushed reverence, the earlier frenzy giving way to a collective breath of anticipation. The click and whir of cameras, the scratch of pen on paper, capture not just the image of Beatrice but the essence of a movement.

With a final nod to Anne, Beatrice ascends the steps to the Institute, her silhouette against the twilight.

The last rays of the sun cast a halo around her, a promise of the dawning of a new era.

The crowd, left in her wake, buzzes with the energy of her words. She stands at the top of the steps of the Institute and takes one last look back at the reporters gathered below her. Her gaze fixes with unyielding intensity. The clack of cameras...capturing the moment for eternity.

INT. INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ARTS - AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The camera moves through the grand entrance hall to the packed auditorium. New York's elite musical fraternity is assembled, buzzing with anticipation. SEBASTIAN VAN DER MEER (32 yrs old, composer and pianist, Dutch heritage) is waiting for Beatrice at the door of the stage. He takes her hand and kisses it. He pulls her in close to him and looks again at her hand...

SEBASTIAN

I am so glad you wore it...It looks
so beautiful on you.

BEATRICE

I love it..

Beatrice, trembling, stands backstage.

The lights dim, plunging the auditorium into darkness. Beatrice, illuminated under the spotlight, faces a sea of shadowed faces. The blinding stage lights cast her in an ethereal glow.

Her symphony begins, a mesmerizing composition that captivates the audience. The music swells to a crescendo, sweat beads on Beatrice's brow, her expression one of intense concentration and mounting fear.

As she plays her violin to a fever pitch, the tension is palpable. **Suddenly, a gunshot reverberates from the back of the auditorium.** We see the close up of the smoking gun and in the darkness we perceive the shadow of a gunman. We hear him making his escape...

Beatrice lying on the stage, the blood seeping through her white gown, onto the stage floor.

ACT IEXT-IRELAND - HILLTOP, KNOCKMANY FOREST-APRIL 1920

We are transported to a hilltop in Ulster, and the ancient Kingdom of Oriel, Ireland. The stark contrast to the grandeur of Manhattan is striking - lush green fields, a simpler time, the origins of Beatrice's journey.

A close up of a deer grazing in the clearing near the top of the hill, indigenous forest. Startled and tense the deer senses danger in the forest and moves to hide within the trees. The terrified young deer disappears into the dark dense woodland.

CUT TO

At the Lake in the forest, a barn swallow perches on the bridge of the small lake deep in the forest. The swallow takes flight we fly up with her for views of the vast valley, swooping to the top of the forest hill where the 5000 year old cairn sits on top, the Celtic burial stones, standing, as they did 5000 years ago. Queen Aine's tomb, goddess of summer. From the top of the hill we can see all the way to the Mourne mountains and out to the sea.

Bridget (Beatrice) looks younger. Her hair is long, flowing, her attire simple and rustic. She slowly awakens, having fallen asleep on the top of the hill, her back against the standing stone. She gazes into the Valley. We see, beside Bridget, the scribbles of a new composition on manuscript staff paper, a copy of American Vogue, February 1920, and a copy of Virgil Opera 1895 Edition Eclogues Georgics Aeneid.

Something catches her attention deep in the woodland below. It looks like a glint of light passing through the forest: a guide, maybe a warning.. The Ulster Special Constabulary are moving furtively through the forest.

Bridget, fearful, moves quickly.

The bird soars and we are there with the bird, moving high above the hill surveying the countryside on a late afternoon, the bird heads eastwards towards the the soaring peaks of the Mourne mountains.

We see from the bird's eye view, a group of stone masons mending the wall of Northern Ireland's highest Mountain: Slieve Donard, the bird sweeps again across Mussenden temple to the North Atlantic shore.

The bird swoops to the Atlantic ocean, and the wind disturbing the sand dunes on the beach and again we and the bird swoop back towards the Sperrins as dusk changes to early evening and fades to black. The music continues. A dimly lit barn beside Bridget's house

The fire is lit outside the old barn, illuminating the faces of musicians . The sound of the music can be heard from where we are with the bat in the trees. We slowly enter an old hay shed at the side of the house through outside steps, and we see a group of musicians gathered around the fire in the foreground.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE GARDEN OF BRIDGET AND EDMUND'S HOME, A SIMPLE ELEGANT FADED YELLOW GEORGIAN HOUSE IN WOODLAND WITH SURROUNDING FARM BUILDINGS, BUILT IN 1802

We see the back of a wiry, well dressed young 23 year old man, Edmund. Suddenly, he has a gun to his back.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:
Your money or your life

Bridget and Edmund share a mischievous laugh.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE: (CONT'D)
What the hell is *this* I found,
hiding in the stable?

Bridget signals to the gun in her hand

EDMUND
You'd make a useless rebel to the
cause, Bridget..Far too straight
laced!

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:
(laughs)
Well somebody's got to keep this
family's reputation on the
rails.You'll have us all shot with
your antics, Edmund.

BRIDGET and Edmund link arms and she walks him over to the outdoor fire lit. Bridget shouts over the musicians' loud music playing.

BRIDGET
You'll be too busy making your
fortune in New York to write to me
anyway. You may get the whiskey
into you now!

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 Your mouth will be as dry as a
 prohibition preacher's when you get
 to the streets of New York!

EDMUND
 (laughing)
 I'll be a reformed man, Bridget.
 Licking the altar rails on a Sunday
 in Saint Patricks Cathedral...

The music continues. Bridget leans into Edmund, tears in her eyes.

BRIDGET
 (whispers)
 I've got to get out of here. The
 place is suffocating me. I'm stuck
 here for eternity when you leave.

EDMUND
 Now Bridget, be the obedient
 daughter. Whose going to fill the
 ink wells if you leave?

BRIDGET
 To hell with the ink wells. I can't
 breathe anymore in this place and I
 can't sleep, waiting all night for
 the RIC to burst in and finish you
 off! I'm out of here. I want to be
 dressed in Jeanne Lanvin, carousing
 down 5th Avenue in a fancy motorcar
 with you!

EDMUND
 You've been reading too much of
 that Vogue, Rose has been sending
 you!

BRIDGET.
 (with a sly tone)
 That's not all she has sent me,
 Edmund...

The sister and brother share a look, the love and bond
 between them unspoken.

The crackling fire casts shadows on the Edmund and **CHARLIE**,
 (35, strong and menacing, well dressed, man), huddled close,
 their voices a low murmur against the backdrop of the music

CHARLIE

Take this with you (Handing a letter with the address 100 Broadway written on it) We need Judge Cockran's international connections . He is chief of Tammany Hall, the Democratic party machine in New York. We need him on our side.

Edmund reviews the envelope he has been given with the address of Judge Cockran's office, 100 Broadway, New York.

EDMUND

(whispering)

...last week's ambush... it was a massacre. The Specials, they're ramping up their brutality, without mercy....they're beyond the law. Bridget saw them in the forest today. What the hell are the looking for in the forest?

CHARLIE

I know, lad. That's why your mission in New York is crucial. Cockran can turn the tide, get international attention and..more urgent..money. He's well-connected, influential. But remember, discretion above all.

EDMUND

The British special forces are armed to the teeth and angry from the trenches, marching through the woods like lords of war, Charlie. It's tyranny, plain and simple

CHARLIE

And so we fight back, with every breath in our bodies. But we need more than just willing hearts and loaded guns. We need the world to see, to condemn these atrocities. Cockran's our man.

EDMUND

What exactly does he need from me?

CHARLIE

Details, Edmund.You'll do more in America than you can ever do here!

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Accounts of their brutal deeds, the
 injustices. Real stories from your
 heart. Paint him a picture so
 vivid, so compelling, he'll have no
 choice but to take up our cause

EDMUND
 ...that's if I can make the
 crossing tomorrow without
 interception....

Charlie hands Edmund as small handgun

CHARLIE
 If at any time you sense danger..
 you run, you hide, you do whatever
 it takes to survive. Trust no one.
 Remember, you're not just carrying
 stories; you're carrying stubborn
 hope.

EDMUND
 ..there is so much stubborn hope in
 this heart...

Edmund surveys the gun and puts it in his pocket.

CHARLIE
 ..well you're stubborn if nothing
 else!

CUT TO

INT. THE KITCHEN TABLE, CAMPBELL HOMESTEAD, THAT NIGHT

Bridget is with her brother, **John** (34, now head of the house since their parent's tragic sudden lake drowning the previous September) . The brother and sister are mid heated argument.

JOHN
 (raised voice)
 You have everything you need here,
 the school, the land..and you can
 live here as long as you need

BRIDGET
 You and Kate.. I can tell I am not
 wanted here anymore, John. I'm
 suffocating... everywhere I turn in
 the school , they are there, moving
 like phantoms.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Everywhere I walk in the forest, I hear them..I see them. . Today I went to the lake (Bridget begins to cry) and just at the edge of the water. Her reflection did not appear, but I sensed her there. I sensed them both..she was there John, and then she appeared... staring up at me, wearing her best dress.

JOHN

Bridget, now is not a good time to leave.. you're not of sound mind. Who will take care of you in New York? I can't depend on Ed!You and I both know he can fall in with the most unsavoury characters and prone to the most unfortunate scrapes... **you** would be looking after him!!

Bridget begins to cry.

BRIDGET.

Without the sound of his playing in the house I don't want to lift my fiddle or pen a tune.. without her gentle singing as she works...I'm slowly dying here....and no one is coming to save me, John. No one. (Beat)

John begins to well up with tears and reaches out across the table to hold Bridget's hand.

JOHN

You know, I will never forget the first time I heard you play.You must have been about 3 years of age. Father was putting you to bed and I'll never forget ..he was singing a lullaby .. a hymn, to you to get you to sleep '*It Is Well With My Soul*,' (John starts to sing the words "

*"When peace like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.*

It is well, (it is well),

With my soul, (with my soul)

It is well, it is well, with my soul"

John breaks down crying....

JOHN (CONT'D)

...then feeling tired himself...
..he took a a little nap on the
chair over there...he used to do
that after he had the younger ones
to bed..(John laughs through
tears)....Well..the big ones ...we
were all awoken about 30 minutes
later by you... seated at the piano
next door, your tiny bare feet
dangling... vamping through an
arrangement of the hymn. You had
never sat at the piano before - had
never taken a single lesson - but
for hours upon hours, you watched
him teach and play... taking it all
in...and there you were...

The pair sit holding hands across the table, in silence as
the wave of grief pours over them and the music continues in
the background...

SIMULTANEOUSLY: NEW YORK:

INT. DINNER PARTY, APRIL 1920 - THE COLONY CLUB, MANHATTAN - TWILIGHT

Emersed in the heart of Manhattan, the first ever women's private club, **The Colony Club**, stands as a beacon of intellectual and social liberation for women.. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, ANNE HARRIMAN VENDERBILT and ANNE MORGAN, three of the most powerful women in the New York, are hosting a fund raising party for American Committee for Devastated France. Anne, Eleanor and Ms Vanderbilt are mid conversation.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Anne, your recent speech at the Red Cross fundraiser was so moving my darling. Franklin was impressed, especially given his current campaign efforts.

ANNE.

Thank you, Eleanor. I'm more interested in your opinion than any mans..even if he is the future Vice President. Pass on my gratitude anyway. How is Franklin handling his duties on the campaign trail? It can't be easy trying to keep up with Governor Cox.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Oh, you know Franklin, he loves to be in the middle of the drama. Cox charms the crowds and Franklin masters the fireside chats.. quite a the combination.

ANNE.

Well yes, they both have a flair for the dramatic.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Yes, Cox is quite the firebrand. He has ruffled a few feathers in Ohio this week, to say the least.

ANNE VANDERBILT

You need to teach him some of that gentle charm of yours. Eleanor!

(MORE)

ANNE VANDERBILT (CONT'D)
 He needs to win over the feminine
 voter this time too!

The women share a laugh, Across the room, BELLE DA COSTA
 GREENE engages a group of diners. She glances over
 occasionally, her eyes meeting Anne Morgan's

ANNE VANDERBILT (CONT'D)
 Anne, you must tell us about your
 latest philanthropic project. I
 hear it's generating quite the
 buzz.

ANNE.
 Ah, just a modest endeavour. We're
 planning a fundraiser to aid
 devastated France. The key is to
 make it unforgettable.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
 Unforgettable, indeed. We need more
 than donations; we need engagement
 and awareness. How do you plan to
 capture the city's attention?

ANNE.
 I really should ask Govenor Cox! he
 seems to know how to stir up the
 pressmen!

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
 A life time in the editorial room!

Eleanor turns to Anne Vanderbilt.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)
 Anne, how are Mr Vanderbilt's
 sailing adventures going? Keeping
 him suitably busy?

ANNE VANDERBILT
 Ladies I don't think I have ever
 seen a man so
 engrossed...practically living on
 his yacht.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
 Another America's Cup?

ANNE VANDERBILT
 He's convinced this year will be
 his grand victory. He's poured more
 money into that yacht than some
 nations spend on their navies.

Anne Morgan moves closer to Anne Vanderbilt. Their hands brush against each other under the table, their shoulders almost touching. She leans in to whisper to Anne Vanderbilt

ANNE.

Perhaps Mr Vanderbilt's
distractions are our blessings?
More time for... other pursuits.

Anne V and Anne M's eyes lock. Anne Vanderbilt leans in closer

ANNE VANDERBILT

Indeed. I've never been so grateful
for a yacht in my life.

From the other side of the table, Eleanor raises her glass.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

To progress! ..and to the women who
strive for it every day.

ANNE VANDERBILT

...ladies, we need a spectacle,
something that captures the
imagination of the city.

ANNE TRACY MORGAN

Anne, darling, you speak as though
you have the very stars in your
pocket, ready to rearrange them at
a whim!

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

But what if she does, Ann? Or, at
the very least, the bright young
things of Manhattan.. marching for
our rights. The hungry Manhattan
Press men would be spellbound by
the spectacle.

ANNE TRACY MORGAN

Our task my dear friends, fickle as
it may seem... requires us to lower
ourselves to the gutter of the
gossip columns ...and on that note
ladies... you will never guess who
is coming to dinner at The Morgan's
tomorrow evening.....?.

FADE OUT

**INT. FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE, GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY LINE TRAIN
FROM CLONES TO DERRY, IRELAND FOLLOWING MORNING OF APRIL 1920**

In the plush confines of a first-class compartment of the Great Northern Railway, speeding through the Ulster countryside, Colonel **ORMONDE DE L'EPEE WINTER** (45 year old Londoner, greased backed, monocle-wearing, former soldier; newly appointed mastermind of the secret service in Ireland) sits across from his assistant.

CHARLES TEGART (strongly marked features, tall and muscular..a figure carved from the very essence of Anglo-Irish aristocracy).

As the train clatters along, Tegart delicately retrieves a bound folder from the depths of a weathered leather case. The folder, emblazoned with '**SPECIAL BRANCH**' in stark red letters. Below, in black, '**Top Secret. Glaslough Ambush. Prime Suspects**'

Gently turning the cover, Tegart is met with the gaze of **Edmund Campbell** from a small mugshot photograph. The label beneath identifies "suspected IRA member". The words 'DIVISION- SOUTH TYRONE' anchor him in the narrative of conflict and clandestine warfare.

Flipping the page reveals an image of Campbell - a head and shoulders shot capturing the poise of a well-educated university undergraduate, his attire speaking volumes of his background.

Tegart's gaze lingers on the photograph, his pen poised above the dossier.

CHARLES TEGART

Campbell's pedigree is undeniable, Ormonde. Educated in Latin and history, a noted orator... His familial connections run deep, his grand uncle's influence at Maynooth, his parents' tragic death. It's the perfect breeding ground for a leader, but in this case, potentially a leader of brutal rebellion...

ORMONDE WINTER is a slight man of many talents and questionable morality. Described by his contemporaries as looking like a *sinister white snake*. *WINTER keeps his eyes fixed on the dossier*

ORMONDE WINTER

Indeed..a formidable adversary.
(MORE)

ORMONDE WINTER (CONT'D)
 The Glaslough ambush shows the lengths to which these men will go. Campbell's involvement would explain much of the calculated efficiency we're up against

Tegart turns another page of the dossier.

TEGART
 We need to move quickly, Ormonde. If Campbell is rallying the South Tyrone division, containing this uprising is a challenge. The ambush was only a beginning.

Winter leans forward, his determination mirrored in his gaze

ORMONDE WINTER
 Then we must be one step ahead, Charles. Gather your insights from your sources on the ground; we'll need every advantage. Campbell's capture is the key to dismantling their network.

TEGART keeps his gaze firmly on the dossier.

TEGART
 I learned the hard way in India .. the last thing we need is a skilled orator, inciting revolutionary tendencies amongst the peasants.

As the landscape outside blurs from green and grey, the two men delve deeper into their plans. The train gracefully eases into its destination, the **TRAIN STATION AT DERRY DOCKS**.

Winter and Tegart disembark with a sharpness and focus of their high-ranking positions. Their exit is as precise, calculated, as their approach to the clandestine war they wage... and at the very same moment from the second class compartment of the train, **Edmund Campbell exits the train**, with a lightness in his step.

Edmund steps out of second class carriage Great Northern Railway onto the elegant platform at the docks. Armed British soldiers and Royal Irish Constabulary are everywhere. He spots the army and the RIC so drops his cap further down his face to hide his identity. He gathers his luggage together for his short walk to the port....

Out of the window of carriage beside him, **Bridget, with a sly smile,** pops her head.

BRIDGET

Right then, my travel guide, show me the way to Bergdorf Goodman, I have a Jeanne Lanvin suit to purchase before noon. High tea in the Waldorf Astoria later?

EDMUND

(panicked whisper)

What the hell do you think you are doing?

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

Breaking loose from the shackles of this backwater. Now, lets get out of here before the RIC spot one of the top targets on their hit list. This place is teeming with the bastards.

EDMUND

(panicked)

Bridget, I am washing my hands of you, you lunatic. John is going to kill you!

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

Well, he will just have to catch the next steam liner to orchestrate my murder, because I hope to never set eyes on this God forsaken place again.

EDMUND

(angrily)

You better get yourself back on the next train to the Clogher Valley right now!

Edmund lifts Bridget up and sets her back onto the train .

Bridget grabs her fiddle and her tiny suitcase and sprints off in the direction of the port, laughing ecstatically as she runs.

Winter and Tegart, solid and imposing against the backdrop of the bustling station move with intention. Campbell, agile and fluid, cap down weaving through the same crowd.

FADE TO:

A BIRDS EYE VIEW OF THE STEAM LINER LEAVING DERRY PORT

We see a map of the Atlantic Journey from Derry docks across the Atlantic and we see the ship make its way across a 1920's map of the ocean, to the Americas and a close up zoom into a 2D map of Ellis Island

FADE OUT

EXT. COLUMBIA RECORDS HEAD OFFICE. NEW YORK - NEXT DAY APRIL 1920

The bustling lobby of Columbia Records HQ: Workers and artists move with purpose. Amidst this whirlwind of activity, **ELLEN O'BYRNE**, Irish 50 yr old, commanding presence, determined stride, is walking toward the head office. Her attire is modest yet meticulously chosen.

CUT TO**INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY**

Ellen sits at a large, polished table opposite a panel of COLUMBIA EXECUTIVES, all men, who eye her with a mix of curiosity and skepticism.

EXECUTIVE #1

(smiling condescendingly)

Mrs. O'Byrne, it's quite unusual for us to do business directly with a woman. Especially on something as... ambitious as an Irish music label.

ELLEN

Gentlemen, you either decide to risk the unusual or you will have to settle for the ordinary..this is the new heartbeat of the Irish community in New York. We're at the cusp of a cultural revolution.

EXECUTIVE #2

And you believe this stuff will actually sell? Irish music?

The executive waves a 78" record in front of them. Ellen O'Byrne sits back confidently in her seat..

ELLEN O'BYRNE

The power of this music is quite fundamental. There's a hunger for the music of home, and I aim to satisfy it!

MALE EXECUTIVE #3

What about artists? Our label's success hinges on stars.

(MORE)

MALE EXECUTIVE #3 (CONT'D)

Do you have someone in mind who can shine brightly enough to catch the public's eye and captivate the press?

ELLEN O'BYRNE

All I can promise is that when the people of this city discover this music with our recordings, American music will be changed forever. Everything about these players is original and defiant of all rules of modern musical ethics. A crispness of tone and rhythmic swing of the music that is so thrilling.

MALE EXECUTIVE #3

If you can find such a talent, and even better, a bright beautiful young female artist...we can transform her into a starlet. There are 39 newspapers a day in this city alone. That's a lot of social columns to fill, Mrs. O'Byrne, you'll have more than just our attention...

FADE OUT..

**EXT. THE DECK OF THE MAURETANIA ARRIVING INTO NEW YORK HARBER
MAY 1920**

We are on deck of the Mauretania.

The Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island offer a striking panorama.

Bridget emerges from below deck, her skin a ghostly white from days of seasickness.

EDMUND

(laughing)

Ah, Bridget, you've finally graced us with your presence.. Tell me, have you been in steerage all this time with a few lively polkas to steady the ship?

Bridget gives Edmund a darting glance of disapproval, holds her stomach and leans over the side.

Slowly as her face starts to regain colour, she looks out at the vast cityscape stretching out ahead of them. They share a moment of excited laughter.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

Ah, here we are... two little orphans, welcomed by Libertas herself... nothing more beautiful than freedom...

We watch the boats bringing across the passengers to Ellis Island and the immigrant inspection and processing ...

A seagull perched on top of the tower of the main building. From this perspective, we observe the different stages of processing: hundreds of immigrants from all over the world pour onto the island. We see the initial inspection upon arrival, the baggage check, the vast waiting room of the Registry Hall, the medical examinations, and the legal inspections. The atmosphere is tense, a mix of excitement and fear.

INT. ELLIS ISLAND - REGISTRY HALL - DAY

The massive hall is filled with people from all corners of the globe, waiting for their turn.

Bridget and Edmund stand in line, anxious.

Officials move through the crowd, their expressions unreadable.

INT.LEGAL INSPECTION STATION ELLIS ISLAND

Finally, Bridget reaches the front of the line for the legal inspection. A gregarious looking INSPECTOR scrutinizes her documents. Noticing Bridget's fiddle, he raises an eyebrow.

INSPECTOR #1

What do we have here? A musician,
are we?

Bridget looks anxious about the consequence of not making it through the arduous immigration process. She nods at the inspector, tightening her grip of her music case.

BRIDGET

Well, yes... I'm also a composer,
Sir.

Edmund is behind Bridget in the queue. He surreptitiously looks in his bag at the handgun. He looks nervous. An inspector at the next desk calls Edmund. We can see Edmund is going through the series of questions

INSPECTOR #2

What is your name?

EDMUND

Edmund Campbell

INSPECTOR #2

How old are you?

EDMUND

32

INSPECTOR #2

(Single, married, widowed,
divorced?)

EDMUND

Single, but my mother used to say
I was quite a catch!

INSPECTOR #2

Where were you born?

EDMUND

Clonally, Tyrone, Ireland

INSPECTOR #2

Occupation?

EDMUND

Teacher of history and Latin

INSPECTOR #2

Quite the scholar...
Who is your nearest relative in
your home country?

EDMUND

Ah.. the prince of the
principality...my brother, John

INSPECTOR #2

Have you ever been to the United
States before?

EDMUND

No... and I hope lady liberty holds
on to me for a while

INSPECTOR #2

Have you ever been in a prison,
almshouse, or institution for care
of the insane?

Edmund looks nervous.

EDMUND

No sir

INSPECTOR #2

Are you an anarchist?

EDMUND

Law abiding citizen, Sir...

INSPECTOR #2

Can i have a look in your bag,Sir.

The inspector #1, intrigued by Bridget's , leans back and addresses his colleague interviewing Edmund, whispering. The colleague nods, a small smile breaking his officious demeanor. The room's din fades as attention shifts towards Bridget. The Inspector clears his throat.The Inspector announces loudly to the entire room.

INSPECTOR #1

Ladies and gentlemen, it seems we
have a composer among us. Miss...?

Bridget trembles with fear.

BRIDGET

Campbell, Sir... Bridget Campbell.

INSPECTOR #1

Miss Campbell, would you grace us
with a rendition of one of your
compositions?

Bridget looks around the hall. She sees encouraging nods from fellow immigrants and a reassuring, amused glance from **Edmund**. She steps forward, lifts the fiddle to her chin, and begins to play one of the slow airs she has composed. Her long sweeping bowing with its attendant slurs give marked individuality to her style, both airy and graceful. The notes are hauntingly beautiful, articulating the loneliness of pain, the strength and freedom.

The room is spellbound, the usual sounds replaced by slow grace of Bridget's piece.

As Bridget's bow lingers over the strings in a final note, the room erupts into applause. The inspector, visibly moved, nods in approval.

INSPECTOR #1 (CONT'D)

Welcome to the United States of
America....

That evening in Manhattan:

Scene: "A Night at the Morgan's"

**EXT. MORGAN MANSION, 219 MADDISON AVENUE MANHATTAN - EVENING -
MAY 1920**

The sprawling brownstone mansion of J.P. Morgan stands majestically on the corner of 37th Street and Madison Avenue, in the heart of New York City. Wealthy New Yorkers chauffer driven in luxury automobiles arrive for the dinner party of season: an evening at the Morgan's.

**INT. THE GRAND DINING ROOM OF THE MORGAN RESIDENCE, 219
MADISON AVENUE, MANHATTAN . NEXT DAY**

The dinner party is underway. The dining room: elegant and sophisticated with modern Art deco chandeliers. The guests are seated around a large, ornately decorated table.

Each place setting carefully placed exotic china and silverware reflects the wealth and status of the hostess, ANNE TRACY MORGAN.

Starlets, activists, and influencers mingle, their conversations a mixture of laughter and earnest discourse.

Anne Morgan presides with a quiet authority. To her right sits Carrie Chapman, CATT, a titan in the battle for the vote. She is calm and commanding. Across from them, CARR VAN ANDA, the managing editor of The New York Times, appears uncomfortable.

CARR VAN ANDA

And what of the order of society?
Are we to believe that the arrival
of women in the gritty arena of
politics will not upset the very
fabric of our civilization?

CATT CHAPMAN

Let me paint for you Mr Van Anda, a
picture of the battleground where
the future of American democracy is
being contested. In Tennessee, the
malice of those who would see the
rights of half the population
forever suppressed is truly an evil
force.

CARR VAN ANDA

Now, now Catt, no need for such
bitterness. Each side is entitled
to their view. That's objectivity!

Catt speaks up with a tone of even diplomacy.

CATT CHAPMAN

It is a campaign of intimidation
and deceit unparalleled in our
nation's history. Our telegrams are
intercepted, our conversations are
eavesdropped upon, our every
movements are shadowed by spies.

(MORE)

CATT CHAPMAN (CONT'D)
 They seek to undermine us at every
 turn, casting doubt, sowing
 discord, all to halt the march of
 progress towards equality.

Disbelief and indignation pass over CARR VAN ANDA's face. Ann
 Morgan leans in to Carr..

ANNE TRACY MORGAN

Mr Van Anda, you can see our
 eclectic gathering of influential
 and powerful New York friends. I
 think you know which side of
 history is just. The stories you
 could tell if you choose to support
 this cause. If you really want to
 champion the true essence of
 democracy, wouldn't you rather be
 on the right side of history?

CATT CHAPMAN
 ...you've heard the trials we
 endure, not for personal gain, but
 for the fundamental rights promised
 by our democracy. How can The New
 York Times stand idle while such
 injustices prevail?

CARR VAN ANDA
 In the spirit of objectivity , of
 course your stories must be told.

CATT CHAPMAN
 Objectivity, Mr. Van Anda, should
 not be a shield for inaction. The
 very fabric of our society is being
 tested, and your neutrality can
 serve as tacit approval of these
 injustices.

CARR VAN ANDA
 I understand your passion, Ms.
 Catt, but as a journalist, my duty
 is to provide an impartial
 platform. To favor one side, even
 in a righteous cause, risks the
 integrity of our paper.

ANNE.
 Impartiality is admirable, Carr,
 but when faced with clear
 oppression, silence is complicity.

(MORE)

ANNE. (CONT'D)
The Times has the power to influence public opinion and promote justice. Can you stand by and watch as history unfolds, or will you take a stand for what is right?

CARR VAN ANDA
That's unfair...

CATT CHAPMAN
You're as bold as a shadow at noon, Carr....

ANNE.
Every article, every headline you write...

CARR VAN ANDA
Can't you just leave a man to enjoy his dinner?

CATT CHAPMAN
At least a shadow grows courage as the day goes on!

ANNE.
Impartiality? Really, Carr?

CARR VAN ANDA
Yes, Anne. Neutrality.

ANNE.
You have Influence that could change history!

CARR VAN ANDA
At what cost?

ANNE.
"The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing."

CATT CHAPMAN
If you ever do decide to stand for something Carr, at least stand for truth!

**EXT. O'BYRNE DEWITT IRISH MUSIC STORE, 1398 THIRD AVENUE IN
MANHATTAN - DAY**

Bridget, dressed modestly, her hair tied at the nape of her neck and spies a barbers and sees an ad for modern New York Hairstyles. She touches her own hair and looks at her reflection in the Manhattan shop window. Stylish New Yorkers pass by. Bridget sees the Irish music store and is drawn in

INT. O'BYRNE DEWITT MUSIC STORE

Bridget browses the sheet music and hears from the back room of the shop a music session in full swing.

ELLEN O'BYRNE is helping customers. Into the shop walks Sebastian. Bridget hides in shadows.

ELLEN O'BYRNE
Mr Van de Meer, how lovely to see
you again. How are your
preparations going?

SEBASTIAN.
(laughing)
Slow.. and lonely. I'm experimenting
with a few new things.

ELLEN O'BYRNE
Every great inspiration is but an
experiment!

SEBASTIAN.
Have you any new inspiration or
excitement for me today?

Bridget tries to fade back into the darkness of the back of the store, an onlooker to Sebastian and Ellen's conversation

ELLEN O'BYRNE
The players are deep in session, if
you care to join them?

SEBASTIAN.
Oh no!, To interrupt the flow of
their music would be like the
stopping of time itself,
inconceivable! I miss the freedom
of their improvisation! I am off to
the institute for a recital now.. a
much duller affair. Thank you Mrs
O'Byrne.

Sebastian picks up some new sheet music, pays Ellen and leaves the store.

As soon as Seb has left, Bridget emerges from the shadows to pay for some sheet music.

ELLEN O'BYRNE

New in town? ..You have that fresh off the boat look (laughing).. this city will soon knock that out of you..

Bridget lifts one of Mrs O'Byrne's 78" for sale.

ELLEN O'BYRNE

Do you play?

BRIDGET.

Yes .. well..piano, fiddle, harp..and I compose. That's my real love. I think in music.

ELLEN O'BYRNE

We should talk...

BRIDGET.

I'm rushing to secure my first job in the city.. it's just domestic service, but..I have much bigger plans(laughs).. Can I call again?

ELLEN O'BYRNE

Ah that naïve exuberance .. the city will soon knock that out of you too. Yes we should talk. I might need you for an exciting little business venture I have brewing.

BRIDGET

Oh..yes ..I can call again. Can I ask.. who was that?

ELLEN O'BYRNE

Ah that was none other than one of New York's finest new composers, Sebastian Van der Meer. Dutch aristocracy, descendants of this fine city's original settlers.His family are a cautionary tale of greed. He has abandoned his family's commercial dynasty.. ..but the attitude still runs deep. You know..

(MORE)

ELLEN O'BYRNE (CONT'D)
 misplaced air of superiority. They
 have money though.. so.. you
 know..I indulge him. You never
 know when I may need him and his.
 Have to keep a roof over my own
 head.

BRIDGET
 I despise him already!

ELLEN O'BYRNE
 That seems a bit harsh!

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:
 (in a mocking parrot of Seb's
 words) "have you anything to
 inspire or excite me today?" What
 is it with these people. They think
 the mere mortals are here for their
 entertainment.

ELLEN O'BYRNE
 Its just the way of this city..some
 folks look down on others. We keep
 our mouths shut, head down and make
 the most of what we have been
 dealt(Beat)

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:
 And what is this Institute he was
 rushing off to?

ELLEN O'BYRNE
 Not for people like you and
 me..what's your name?

BRIDGET
 Bridget, Bridget Campbell.

ELLEN O'BYRNE
 (laughing)
 With respect.. there will never be
 any Bridgets at the Institute.

FADE

SCENE: "REJECTION IS NOT FATAL!".

INT. LAVISH MANHATTAN TOWNHOUSE.SAME DAY

The lady of the house Mrs SCHMIDT, is scrutinizing Bridget. .

MRS. SCHMIDT
 (sharply)
 You have an accent. Irish, is
 it?

BRIDGET.
 Yes, Maam...I'm a hard worker.

MRS. SCHMIDT
 A hard worker, you say? I've heard
 that before.

Mrs. SCHMIDT steps closer, her gaze cold. Bridget's discomfort grows.
 She tries to maintain her dignity.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:
 I'm here to work, ma'am.

Mrs. SCHMIDT's demeanour turns cold.

MRS. SCHMIDT
 I'll think about it. But I don't
 fancy having my silver stolen.

Bridget stands up, her face flushed with humiliation.

BRIDGET
 You're silver is safe with me..

MRS. SCHMIDT
 Safe? From an Irish? How amusing.

Bridget swallows hard

MRS. SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
 Your kind... always begging for
 work.

BRIDGET
 I need this job.

MRS. SCHMIDT
 Do you? Desperation, it reeks.

Bridget's voice quivers, but she stands her ground.

BRIDGET
 I'm honest Ma'am

MRS. SCHMIDT
 Honest? Like the rest of your kind?

Bridget's fists clench at her sides, her knuckles white. Tears well in her eyes.

BRIDGET

I... I just want to work.

MRS SCHMIDT

..and take what isn't yours?

BRIDGET

No, Ma'am

MRS SCHMIDT

Lies, the lot of you!

BRIDGET

Please..

MRS SCHMIDT

Go. We don't need your sort.

Bridget pauses at the door to leave..turns.

BRIDGET

It's Bohemian, isn't it?

MRS SCHMIDT

What?

BRIDGET

When your ancestors fled the failed revolt of 1848...Were they called thieves and beggars?

MRS SCHMIDT

How dare you, get out

BRIDGET

Do you think they were any less desperate than I am now? How quickly we forget, Mrs Schmidt.

Mrs Schmidt looks shocked. Her face flushes with anger.

MRS SCHMIDT

Get out!

BRIDGET

History remembers..so will I.

Bridget exits the room, her head held high despite the sting of rejection.

EXT.

FADE OUT.

SCENE: INT. DEAD RABBIT SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

The place is teeming with energy - jazz music, laughter, and the clinking of liqueur glasses. Edmund in his zealous mission to secure resource and support for the freedom fighters at home in Ulster, has found himself with some "unsavoury new friends". Owney, and The Monk sit at a dimly lit corner table. The Monk, a large, imposing figure, leans in, whispering plans. Owney, nervously glances around. Their eyes are alert, predatory.

THE MONK

The men at Tammany hall in their sharp suits are as crooked as the everyone else in this place. In the meantime, we have other means of raising funds. We need to keep our enemies in their place.

Edmund nods. His expression is stone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF SPEAKEASY - LATER

The night is thick with fog. Edmund and his new found friends from the speakeasy are outside, cloaked in darkness, ambush a rival gang's bootlegging truck. The violence is brutal and swift. Edmund, once a freedom fighter, now moves with a ruthless precision.

EDMUND

(to Owney)

Unload it. Fast!

Owney scrambles to comply as The Monk stands guard, a looming shadow.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM OF SPEAKEASY - LATER

The room is a stark contrast to the chaos outside. Money exchanges hands..

OWNEY

(to Edmund)

I thought you came to this city for a much nobler cause, Ed?

Edmund doesn't respond, his gaze fixed on the pile of money.

Edmund walks alone as dawn breaks over the city. The night's violence lingers in his step. He passes by the world he's fighting to belong to. The early morning light casts long shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK TENEMENT LATE AT NIGHT

Bridget in the bathroom of the tenement late at night, exhausted and crying. She looks in the mirror. She takes out scissors and starts to cut her beautiful long hair. Tears stream down her face.

EXT. DARK MANHATTAN STREET -NIGHT

Bergdorf Goodman located at 754 Fifth Avenue at 58th Street, one of the most prestigious areas of Manhattan, known for its high-end and progressive fashion, makes it the destination for luxury shopping and the latest in fashion trends. It is a place where the wealthy and fashionable elite of New York City shop for the finest clothing and accessories.

In a shadowy alley behind the opulent Bergdorf Goodman, Edmund and his new found fellow Irish friends, huddled in the dark, ready themselves for an unusual heist.

EDMUND

(whispers)

Alright lads, remember, we're doing
this for Bridget. Look out for
"Jeanne Lanvin"

GANG MEMBER #1

Who the f'k is "jeanne Lanvin"

CUT TO:

INT. BERGDORF GOODMAN - CONTINUOUS

The gang sneaks in through a back door, thanks to the head store manager, who's inexplicably part of the crew. They fumble with flashlights, leaving comical shadows across the lavish interior.

GANG MEMBER #2
 (tripping over a mannequin)
 Quiet, ya oaf!

They tiptoe through the aisles, whispering and arguing over the absurdly extravagant dresses. One of them picks up an elaborate gown.

GANG MEMBER #3
 Would y'a look at this? Bridget's
 gonna look like a queen!
 EDMUND
 (shaking his head)
 More like a fish out of water!

As they gather the outfits, Dresses get stuck on heads, accessories clatter to the floor, and hushed curses fill the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERGDORF GOODMAN BACK ALLEY - LATER

The gang emerges, laden with bags of high-fashion attire; a bizarre parade - rough men awkwardly handling delicate, luxurious garments.

CUT TO

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING. LATE NIGHT

Edmund has arrives in with the stolen heist to Bridget. Her hair is roughly cut now a short bob. She is pale and her eyes are swollen from crying. She looks at the clothes with a terrified thrill.

BRIDGET
 Edmund, where the hell did you get these?

Bridget is standing in front of a cracked full length mirror. Her reflection warped from the damage. She holds the dresses up to her body, cinching them into her as if to try them on.

EDMUND
 I am meeting Judge Cockran tomorrow. A letter came from John... The RIC have been tearing the place apart looking for me. I want to stick to the plan..no more scrapes with the law.

BRIDGET

You're in enough bother at home
without getting mixed up with a
bunch of crooks in this city, Ed...

ACT II: CROSSING THE THRESHOLD**EXT. FRONT STEPS OF BRIDGET'S TENEMENT BUILDING--NEXT MORNING**

An utterly transformed **BRIDGET** emerges from the west Harlem tenement building. Bridget floats down the steps with the grace of an aristocrat. Her hair is cut in an Ina Claire contemporary bob. She is wearing a high fashion suit from the evening before's heist at Bergdorf Goodman: a jacket embroidered with circle motifs. The jacket has a deep v-neck, worn over a softly pleated skirt. She finished the look off with a large brimmed hat and a double rope of beads designed by Lanvin. BRIDGET glides down the street as if she is off to meet her destiny. Everyone who passes her stares and looks back. Bridget appears oblivious. We see her move through the streets of Harlem towards her destination: The Morgan Residence.

EXT. THE MORGAN RESIDENCE - DAY

Suddenly just as Bridget is approaching her destination, the heavens open! A fierce downpour lashes against the grand windows, the sound of the storm almost deafening as Bridget hesitates before the ornate door of Anne's residence. She finally knocks, her hand quivering.

The door swings open, revealing the grandeur within. Bridget is shivering as she steps inside, distinctly overdressed in her Bergdorf Goodman finery, but soaked to the bone, her appearance a stark contrast to the dry, warm elegance of the Morgan home. Mrs Harrison, the housekeeper, answers the door.

MRS HARRISON
Miss Campbell, I assume?

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:
(flustered smile)
Yes, Ma'am. Beatrice Campbell.

Mrs. Harrison leads Bridget down a lavish hallway. The storm's rage is muffled here, but its presence is still felt in the occasional rumble of thunder.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNE'S RESIDENCE - LIBRARY -DAY

The library is a cocoon of culture and quiet sophistication. Anne (late 40's, elegant, empathetic) sits near the fireplace, the gentle glow of the fire battling the gloom from the storm outside. Bridget, soaked and shivering, stands on the threshold.

Mrs Harrison , the composed housekeeper, leads Bridget in, her eyes revealing disapproval at Bridget's drenched state.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

Ma'am , I'm sorry for my appearance. The storm was... unexpected.

Bridget avoids direct contact. The sound of the rain against the window is incessant

ANNE TRACY MORGAN

(calm and warm)

Storms can be relentless in this city, Miss Campbell. They test our mettle. Please sit.

Bridget sits, her movements tentative..

ANNE.

Why do you seek employment here with me?

Bridget's hands clench in her lap.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

I want a new beginning. A place to grow. I have so much to offer, Miss Morgan. I can clean, of course, but I can do so much more than that. I am a composer.. and.. well.. I know that is not a skill you seek, I am educated in many fields. My father was a school master, and his father before him. I may not have a formal university education but I have devoured every book in my father's collection. I can stand with any man who has enjoyed privileges I have been denied.

Anne's face remains impassive, but her eyes betray a flicker of understanding. The fire crackles in the background, a counterpoint to the storm outside.

ANNE TRACY MORGAN

..and what of your family?

Bridget meets Anne's gaze, a moment of connection. The thunder rumbles softly, a distant echo now. Her eyes widen, fixing on Anne with intensity.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:
Ulster Scots descent. My family
have all passed.

Bridget swallows back the lie and her eyes widen further.

ANNE TRACY MORGAN
Well, I am sorry to hear you are so
alone, Beatrice... and no relatives
to look after you in this city? (A
BEAT)

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:
No...no one..

Anne tilts her head in sympathy.

ANNE.
How terribly tragic..and how
tremendously brave of you, my dear
girl..

Anne leans back, her demeanour shifting from interviewer to mentor. The rain's rhythm outside slows.

ANNE. (CONT'D)
Miss Campbell, such adversity can
only strengthen us. You are a very
brave young woman to make your way
across the Atlantic all on your own
after such bereavement. I hope you
can find here in my household, the
calm you seek in order to truly
blossom. All too often the men in
this city.. men of lesser intellect
and inferior breeding, get along
effortlessly. The scales of
fairness are shifting towards us,
Beatrice.No struggle can ever
succeed without women side by side
with men.

Anne stands up, as if to move into action.

ANNE. (CONT'D)
Come with me, Beatrice. The best
time to start good work is this
very moment!

Anne ushers Beatrice out of the Morgan Residence and across
the way to her office within the sprawling mansion.

ANNE. (CONT'D)
I need someone to co-ordinate my
philanthropic activities when I am
away in France. We have so much to
do... I want you to start with this
pile of correspondence and my
social diary. I would like you to
create a dossier of activities for
me, some ideas for fundraising
efforts. You will fit right in at
the colony club. You have the
breeding and sophistication we
need.

Bridget's eyes widen further, hiding her fear and disbelief,
as she takes the pile documents from Anne.

ANNE. (CONT'D)
I will pay you \$75 dollars per
week. I trust you to prove that
my instincts about you are sound,
Beatrice. They are rarely wrong.

Beatrice looks at Anne and remains speechless.

ANNE. (CONT'D)
Sometimes all a young lady needs
is a moment of good fortune to
change the entire trajectory of
her life (A BEAT) I am struck by
your frankness..by your desire to
succeed despite all the
odds...surely that deserves a
little luck. Come meet Miss Belle
da Costa Greene , The Morgan
Library's driving force. I think
you and Belle will get along
famously. She also has an
instinct for talent and truth...

Anne leads the way out of the sprawling mansion across the
road to the Morgan Library.

CUT TO:

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE walks through the grand, high-ceilinged rooms of the Morgan Library. Her steps echo softly against marble floors lined with towering bookcases filled with rare manuscripts. Light streams through ornate windows.

ANNE TRACY MORGAN waits near the entrance of the music manuscripts section, beside BRIDGET, who looks around in awe. Anne spots Belle approaching and waves her over with a warm smile.

ANNE. (CONT'D)

Belle, I'm so glad you're here. Let me introduce you to Beatrice Campbell, a young lady who's just joined us. Beatrice is going to assist in organising our philanthropic activities here in New York.

Belle extends her hand, giving Bridget a measured, appraising look. Bridget responds with a polite, somewhat reserved smile.

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE

It's a pleasure to meet you, Beatrice. I look forward to seeing what you can achieve here with The Morgan family.

ANNE.

Beatrice is also a musician and composer. (turning to Beatrice) Beatrice, Belle here has accumulated quite the treasure of rare books and manuscripts.

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE

Yes, it would be enlightening to have a musician's perspective.

Beatrice looks around the collection and ornate space in disbelief.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

Thank you Ms Greene. This library is quite the sanctuary.

ANNE.

I must leave you two to get acquainted.

(MORE)

ANNE. (CONT'D)
Belle, I know you'll take good care
of Beatrice. Beatrice, I'm sure
you'll find much inspiration here.

CUT TO

**EXT. THE CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND 58TH STREET IN
MANHATTAN, THE OFFICES OF WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN, LAWYER AND
DEMOCRATIC PARTY MEMBER .**

Cockran is deep in conversation with Edmund who is well
dressed and professional looking.

BOURKE COCKRAN
Mr. Campbell, your fervor is
commendable, but we must consider
the broader picture. An immediate
cessation without compromise could
lead to more strife. Isn't a
gradual transition better than
continuous bloodshed?

EDMUND
With all due respect, Judge,
gradual transitions are just
another name for prolonged
subjugation. How many more must
suffer before England acknowledges
us? We need decisive action, not
extended negotiations

BOURKE COCKRAN
I understand the urgency of our
people's suffering..and let me
reassure you, it does not fall on
deaf ears in my circles here in
Tammany and beyond. However, as
someone who has navigated the
political arenas on both sides of
the Atlantic, I assure you,
strategic compromises often lead to
more sustainable peace
There can be no peace until all of
Ireland is liberated from the
Tyranny of the English oppression,
but pragmatism must prevail, Mr
Campbell. A treaty could be the
stepping stone we need to a
peaceful recognition of a sovereign
state.

EDMUND

Strategic compromises, or strategic surrenders? Every concession to us is a piece of our homeland forever chained by compromise. We've seen what happens when we leave our fate in the hands of those who do not live it.

We will resist foreign domination on every corner of the Island until the death, Judge Cochran. We will not submit to any foreign claim over our people or our lands. You must support an entire Island, free from colonial tyranny. I employ you to use every support you have both at home here in America and in the corridors of power in Westminster to deliver our country, every county and every province to freedom and self-governing sovereignty

BOURKE COCKRAN

Look at history, Mr. Campbell. America herself was born of compromise as well as conviction. Without the willingness to come to the table, we'd still be flying the British flag. I'm not asking for surrender; I'm advocating for a foothold.

EDMUND

And while we negotiate, what of the young men and women who stand guard over our aspirations? What message does that send to them and to the generations that will follow? That their sacrifices are merely bargaining chips?

BOURKE COCKRAN

(resolute)

Do you think I want to see a single drop of blood shed on either side? We need dialogue that honors the sacrifices by securing a future that isn't mired in endless conflict.

EDMUND

A dialogue, yes, but on our terms. The blood spilled on Irish soil demands it. We seek not just recognition, Judge Cockran, but respect – respect for our autonomy, as articulated by Pearse and Connolly in our declaration of independence.... our culture, our very right to exist as equals on the world stage.

COCKRAN stands by the window, his gaze introspective. EDMUND watches him, aware that something significant is about to unfold.

BOURKE COCKRAN

While we must navigate the stormy present with pragmatism, it is *audacity* that fills our sails. I have taken certain liberties, sir, not with the aim of drawing up a treaty myself, but rather to plant the seeds of understanding in fertile minds.

EDMUND

Seeds of understanding?

BOURKE COCKRAN

Yes, indeed....strategic conversations with key sympathizers within Britain. These are not the draftsmen of official policy but the influencers of public and private thought—those who can sway the hearts and minds of those in power.

EDMUND

And these conversations—you believe they will bare fruit?

BOURKE COCKRAN

What I propose is a phased approach. We must nurture it, give it time to root

EDMUND

(angrily)
And what of the blood already spilled? The cries of mothers?

Cockran reaches out and puts a reassuring hand on Edmunds shoulder.

BOURKE COCKRAN

Words are my weaponry, Mr Campbell.
I carve pathways through the
thickest walls of opposition.
Unlike the bullet, a well-crafted
phrase endures, echoing through the
halls of power long after its
utterance.

FADE OUT

INT. THE MORGAN LIBRARY, LATER THAT WEEK

Belle Da Costa Greene and Bridget walk through a section of the library dedicated to original music manuscripts. They stop before a glass case displaying Beethoven's Violin and Piano Sonata Op.96 in G Major, its pages slightly yellowed but meticulously preserved. Belle opens the cabinet to allow Bridget to look in detail. They lean in with a quiet intensity. Bridget is in awe at seeing The Beethoven artifact. She lifts a magnifying glass to look closer.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

Sonata number 10..to see his
thinking and rewriting here. I love
the gentle intimacy of this piece.
So much less dramatic than his
other compositions.

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE

Yes, perhaps he was in love when he
dreamed this up...

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

Perhaps..it is a peaceful love..the
balance between the piano and
violin. Like he was reflecting back
harmonious ratios that align the
planets..

Beatrice steps closer, tracing the faded ink with her fingertip to scrutinize Beethoven's scribbled out stanzas.

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE

Yes, there was a struggle there
when he was writing this. He seemed
to be unsure..

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

Yes there is a conflict there for him . This first movement, Allegro Moderato. There's a tension..from the piano but never quite answered by violin. Despite the calmness, a subtle tension keeps us enthralled. To see how he struggled with this.

Bridget begins to cry.

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE

Yes you are right, the interplay of opposing forces. Look at the second movement, the Adagio espressivo. Such profound melancholy. A world in mourning

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

To think in music , means you cannot have depth without melancholy. It is not possible.

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE

And how do you think in music?

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

I suppose while others feel...the composer creates melody and harmony.

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE

Perhaps you understand this manuscript better than most..

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

He took the chaos of the world, the joy, the longing, and tried to make sense of it. The tension and release in a sonata movement expresses what words cannot. That is why we love it so much.

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE

To move people beyond words?

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

When this is played, The back-and-forth between the violin soaring, the piano grounding it with reason... we are on a journey through the full spectrum of human experience. It doesn't need words. It speaks directly to your soul.

As the light streams in the magnificent stained glass window of the JP Morgan Library, Beatrice and Belle, remain enthralled in Beethoven's manuscript.

INT.MORGAN HOUSE, SERVANTS QUARTERS, MANHATTAN A FEW DAYS LATER

Bridget is in her sleeping quarters in to the humble surroundings. She is playing a personal composition on the piano. Unbeknownst to Bridget, the door is ajar, and Anne stands there, silently listening, captivated by the music. She plays a mesmerizing composition that blends Celtic rhythms with classical melodies, weaving in elements of jazz unpredictability. The music, rich in emotional texture, captures both the longing of traditional Irish music and the sophisticated disruptions of jazz.

The music swells to a crescendo, Bridget's eyes are closed, lost in the emotion of the piece. She opens them, surprised to find Anne standing at the door.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE (STARTLED)

Miss Morgan! I... I didn't hear you come in.

ANNE

Your music, Beatrice, it's extraordinary. Why have you kept this a secret?

Bridget looks down, a mix of embarrassment and vulnerability in her posture.

ANNE.

It can be much more. You have a rare gift, Beatrice. It shouldn't be hidden away in basements.

I have connections at the Juilliard School..The Institute of Musical Art, America's finest music school. I would like to arrange an audition for you.

Bridget's eyes widen with the overwhelming possibility

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

I walk past the Institute every evening... to be there as a fellow student....

ANNE.

A world opens up to you once you decide to step into the light, Beatrice...The Institute of Musical Art is America's finest music school and it even has a European summer school. I would like to see the world...it changes us when we get to see beyond the shores of our own possibilities.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

But I come from a background far less refined. I would never fit in.

ANNE.

Music knows no birth right. It's not where you come from, but where you can go with your talent that matters.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

If I step into this light, as you say... what if it reveals more than I wish?

ANNE.

Do not let your talent be dimmed by fear.

FADE OUT

INT. INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART- MAIN LOBBY - DAY

The arched doorway of the Institute of Musical Arts opens to the ornate lobby full of intricate Renaissance Revival details. Students move through the space.

Bridget (Beatrice), dressed in her Jeanne Lanvin suit steps into the lobby. She pauses, looking around in awe at the grandeur. She moves cautiously through the lobby.

Seb Van der Meer, a striking figure, confident and at ease in this environment is surrounded by a group of well-dressed students, laughing and talking animatedly.

Bridget notices him and stops.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART

Seb enters the hall, the natural light from the large windows bathes him. Beatrice lingers at the entrance, half in shadow. She watches as he sits at a grand piano, commanding and comfortable in his element. Seb starts to play, but we are focused on Bridget's face, lit softly by the light spilling from the hall. She is enraptured by the elegance and refinement of this world and this accomplished composer.

As Seb finishes his piece, he looks up, his eyes meeting Beatrice's for a moment. Bridget moves further into the shadows and disappears down the grand hall of the Institute. She makes her way to class, her emerging inner conflict is evident.

INT. INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ARTS-TUTORIAL ROOM- LATER THAT DAY

A grand, sunlit tutorial room is filled with the buzz of eager young musicians. At one end, a small stage set for an ensemble practice. Composer and tutor, **FRANK DAMROSCH**, a stern, dignified figure, oversees the students. Bridget/Beatrice, violin in hand, scans the room nervously, adjusting her chic trouser suit. Seb van Der Meer, impeccably dressed, exuding confidence and privilege, observes her curiously from across the room

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:
(under her breath)
..Listen Beatrice, blend in..

Bridget approaches a piano, setting down her case and beginning to tune her violin. Seb approaches, intrigued by her unfamiliar face and unique style of tuning up.

SEBASTIAN.
(arched brow)
I don't believe we've met. Seb Van
Der Meer. *And you are?*

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:
(slightly defensive)
Beatrice, just moved here.

SEBASTIAN.

Beatrice, that's a lovely name.
Your playing—where did you train?

Bridget/Beatrice hesitates, aware of her fabricated identity hanging by a thread. She keeps her focus on her violin, avoiding eye contact.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

Around. Self-taught mostly. And
some... local tutors.

SEBASTIAN.

(challenging)
Self-taught, yet you've landed
here? That's rather unconventional.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

Music doesn't always follow
convention. *Perhaps you'll learn
that here, Mr. Van Der Meer.*

Bridget turns her back to **Seb**, irritated by his probing. **Damrosch**, having overheard, interjects. His presence is commanding with an air of implicit authority. Damrosch looks directly at Beatrice.

FRANK DAMROSCH

Ms. Campbell, is it? Let's see if
your skills match your confidence.
Why don't you show us something?
Blend in, as you say.

Bridget/Beatrice stiffens but nods and unphased, steps forward. She starts playing an original composition that weaves traditional Celtic rhythms with subtle jazz influences into a classical structure. The room falls silent, the music captivating yet distinctly unorthodox

Very interesting. A daring
synthesis, indeed... Mr. Van Der
Meer, what do you think of Ms.
Beatrice's...experimentation?

SEBASTIAN.

It's...unusual. The integration of
jazz disrupts the classical purity,
though not unpleasantly.
It's—refreshing, *albeit risky*

Seb stares directly at Beatrice, the discomfort is palpable.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

(cooly)

Sometimes, Mr. Van Der Meer, risk is what takes us from merely good to truly exceptional.

Damrosch, claps his hands to show his authority.

FRANK DAMROSCH

Enough! Miss Campbell, your boldness is as commendable as it is necessary in the evolution of art. Mr. Van Der Meer, remember that tradition and innovation are not enemies, but allies in our quest for musical excellence.

Beatrice and Seb exchange a long, charged look, a mix of rivalry and reluctant respect.

FRANK DAMROSCH (CONT'D)

Let's prepare for the ensemble. Beatrice, join the first violins. Sebastian, you will lead the second. Let's see how well you can work together...

FADE OUT

INT.O'BYRNE DEWITT MUSIC STORE, DAY

Ellen O'Byrne is deep in conversation with Seb van der Meer.

MRS ELLEN O BYRNE

Ah, Mr Van Der Meer, how was the recital? Are you looking for some inspiration? I have some wonderful new sheet music.

Bridget enters the store, slightly shocked and embarrassed to see Seb.

Sebastian spots Bridget and nods at Ellen O'Byrne, his gaze fixes on Bridget.

SEBASTIAN.

(eyes fixed on
Bridget/Beatrice)

I was hoping to find something truly authentic today..

Bridget, feeling his gaze, turns. Their eyes meet in the mirror's reflection.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE
(her accent slipping into Irish)
There is nothing more authentic
than the music that speaks of one's
true home.

Seb, surprised by her accent, steps closer. The store, filled with artifacts of Irish heritage, frames their interaction.

SEBASTIAN.
And what does your home sing of,
Miss Campbell. May I call you
Beatrice?

Ellen looks at Bridget, confused and intrigued and a wry smile begins to emerge on her face

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:
You may not....

Bridget turns dismissively away from Seb and moves through to the back of the store and into the backroom where some of the most gifted musicians from Ireland are gathered in their usual meeting place to play together. This is Bridget's territory and she is perfectly at home. The music is wild and free, experimenting with speed and variation, a reflection of the jazz influences the trad musicians are picking up all around them in Manhattan. Bridget is in a euphoric unison of playing with her fellow musicians. Sebastian remains at the front of the store, watching on as the musicians move together filling the store with incredible sound and energy. He watches on, eyes fixed on Bridget/Beatrice. His affection and admiration for her evidently growing.

FADE OUT.

ACT III: Everyone has secrets.

Scene: The Colony Club Introduction and Fundraiser Planning

INT. THE COLONY CLUB - EVENING

An opulent room filled with the elite of New York society. The décor is a testament to early 20th-century luxury. Belle da Costa Greene (the Morgan Library Librarian), ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, and ANNE VANDERBILT mingle with guests, including WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN. SEB VAN DER MEER, chats with a group of patrons. BRIDGET, as BEATRICE, enters, escorted by ANNE Tracy Morgan. The room's attention gradually shifts towards them. ANNE addresses the small crowd gathered around her.

ANNE TRACY MORGAN

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like you all to meet Beatrice Campbell, a remarkable talent who has just joined our patronage and who will soon grace the stage of the Institute of Musical Arts.

The guests offer polite applause. Bridget smiles, slightly overwhelmed. Seb moves towards Bridget/Beatrice to kiss her hand.

SEBASTIAN.

Miss Campbell and I have just been acquainted at one of Mr Damrosch's tutorials...

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Beatrice, it's a pleasure. Your reputation precedes you. Anne has told us quite a bit about your... unique approach to music.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

(nervously)

Thank you, Mrs. Roosevelt. I'm just trying to find my own style, I suppose.

Seb steps forward, offering a wry smile.

SEBASTIAN.

And what style it is! We're all eager to hear you play. Perhaps we might even collaborate on a piece?

Anne Vanderbilt beams at the idea and interjects with a gleam of inspiration.

ANNE VANDERBILT

What if we take this opportunity to showcase our new talent, Beatrice and Seb at a fundraiser? We could attract not only the music fraternity but those invested in our civic projects... and surely Mr Van der Meer, you can draw on your society connections?

William Bourke Cockran has been listening on the periphery. He interjects

BOURKE COCKRAN

What a splendid idea, Anne. A night of music and philanthropy could indeed do wonders for our causes. Miss Campbell, what part of Ulster do you hail from? My wife's good friend is married to an Ulsterman. They live in a splendid Castle in Monaghan...you may know them? Sir Shane Leslie?

Bridget's eyes widen and she is gripped with fear that her web of lies may be revealed.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

Ah I can't say I do. I lived a quiet life when I was there...you know..just music.

BOURKE COCKRAN

Well, I am inspired by your talent and determination young lady..you clearly have breeding and connections to be here... do you know I came to this city with not a single dollar in my pocket.. off a ship from Sligo... worked as a porter..from the humblest beginnings I have built a life and a purpose. When those God given gifts have been bestowed upon you.. it is your moral duty to help those who need it..those who need a start in this city.

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE

Charming idea, Anne...William... I could help curate a list of potential patrons and donors. My connections in the art and literary circles could add a unique flair to the evening. Beatrice, we are looking forward to hearing your compositions. It is as if you have appeared from thin air .. an angelic musical prodigy, come to champion our cause and capture the imagination of the New York pressmen! (BEAT)

ANNE TRACY MORGAN

Then it's settled. We'll host a grand musical fundraiser at the Institute. Beatrice and Seb will perform, drawing on their talents to bridge the gap between art and activism.

Seb leans in to whisper to Bridget/Beatrice

SEBASTIAN.

Looks like we'll be working closely together. I wonder what magic we might conjure up together? ...

CUT TO

The scene fades out on the group discussing details, Bridget's acceptance into this illustrious circle marking a pivotal moment in her journey and the unfolding story.

FADE OUT

Scene: The Fundraiser Rehearsal**INT. INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ARTS - MAIN HALL - DAY**

The hall is abuzz with activity as preparations for the grand fundraiser are underway. BRIDGET, still masquerading as BEATRICE, and Seb are on stage, surrounded by musicians, stagehands, and Frank Damrosch and the artistic director. They are rehearsing for their duet performance, which is expected to be the highlight of the evening.

SEBASTIAN.

Just remember, Beatrice, let the music flow through you. This isn't just about technique; it's about telling a story.

Bridget is visibly irritated by Seb's patronising comments on her style of playing.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

I have been thinking and breathing music all my life....I don't need an uptight Dutch boy giving me instruction on letting the music flow through me!

SEBASTIAN.

Well it's just you seem so uptight yourself!

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

(anxiously)

I know, Seb. It's just all these people...

Bridget gestures vaguely at the wealthy patrons mingling and watching their rehearsal.

SEBASTIAN.

They're just people, Beatrice.. wrapped up in their own obsession with being seen with the right crowd in this shallow city...and tonight, they're here for themselves, so they can get their photos in the social columns...if we raise millions of dollars and get a joy in playing together then, that's a bonus! *Let's give them a story they'll never forget.*

They start playing together, Bridget on the violin and Seb on the piano. The music is a beautiful blend of Celtic and classical influences, with a touch of improvisational jazz. As they play, the tension eases, and their chemistry is palpable.

ANNE MORGAN watches from the audience, visibly impressed and moved by the performance. Next to her, BOURKE COCKRAN and BELLE DA COSTA GREENE are deep in conversation, nodding towards Bridget and Seb.

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE
Their performance is mesmerizing.
This will certainly be a night to
remember—and for a good cause.

BOURKE COCKRAN
Indeed, Belle. It's heartening to
see such young talent dedicated to
furthering our community
initiatives. This could be a
transformative evening for many
reasons...

As the piece reaches its crescendo, the informal audience that has gathered for the rehearsal bursts into spontaneous applause. Bridget and Seb share a relieved look, their earlier nervousness replaced by exhilaration. Anne Morgan moves towards the stage

ANNE.
Absolutely stunning! Tonight is
going to be spectacular. Beatrice,
you are a revelation.

BRIDGET, flush with success but still wary of her secret being exposed, nods graciously. As Anne returns to her group, Bridget's gaze meets Seb's, sharing a moment of mutual respect and budding affection. The scene ends on their smiling faces.

CUT TO

The grand hall is now filling with guests arriving for the evening.

FLASH TO

INT. DUBLIN CASTLE - SECRET MEETING ROOM - DAY

A pigeon perches on the corner of the turret of Dublin Castle at dusk, surveying the carnage of the half bombed city, in the midst of civil unrest.

CUT TO

In the dimly lit, cold stone room of Dublin Castle, COLONEL Ormonde De L'Epee Winter and Charles Tegart sit at an old wooden table strewn with maps and documents. Winter's face is stern, his eyes sharp beneath the brim of his hat. Tegart holds a telegram in his hands, the words "**Campbell in New York - Meetings with Cockran**" underlined.

CHARLES TEGART

It's confirmed, Winter. Edmund Campbell has not only escaped to New York but is consorting with influential figures. Cockran's involvement complicates matters. He has connections at the highest levels—both here and across the Atlantic.

Winter taps his fingers on the table

ORMONDE WINTER

Cockran... If he throws his weight behind Campbell, this could spell trouble. We can't have the Americans meddling in our affairs, not with the political delicacy of the situation.

Tegart nods, flipping through his notes, his expression darkening.

CHARLES TEGART

What's more troubling, Winter, is that Cockran is a known sympathizer. His friendship with Churchill could provide Campbell with an undeserved legitimacy... and an audience.

Winter stands, walking over to a large map pinned on the wall, tracing railway lines and ship routes from Ireland to America.

ORMONDE WINTER

We need to act, Tegart. Campbell must be apprehended before he rallies more support. Our agents in New York must be alerted and ready to intervene. We can't let him roam free, stirring sentiment against the crown.

Tegart pulls another document from his dossier.

CHARLES TEGART

I've prepared orders for our men in New York. They'll track Campbell's movements, disrupt any meetings he arranges, and, if possible, bring him back to face justice here—where he belongs.

Winter nods, his gaze returning to the map, his mind racing through scenarios.

ORMONDE WINTER

If Cockran intervenes?

CHARLES TEGART

We'll leverage our contacts. Even Cockran has secrets, Winter. Everyone does. We'll find *something* on him, something to keep him quiet or better yet, cooperative.

Winter pauses, considering the ramifications, then gives a curt nod of approval.

ORMONDE WINTER

Prepare the dispatch, Tegart. Time is of the essence. And send a message to our friends in the press here. Let's cool Cockran's fervor by questioning his motivations in the newspapers. A little scandal goes a long way.

Tegart smiles.

CHARLES TEGART

Understood, Winter. Campbell won't know what hit him.

The two men share a look of grim determination.

FADE OUT

FINAL SCENE:**The Gala Fundraiser Performance - Crescendo and Escape**

A red hawk lands on the tree outside Morningside park. It is early evening. The bird flies up to survey the cityscape at dusk. It is almost summer solstice and the sun streams across the streetcars and an exquisite cavalcade of Bugatti motorcars lining up to transport New York's glamorous philanthropic socialites to the fund raising soiree at the Institute of Musical Art.

FADE TO**INT. INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ARTS - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT**

The ballroom is buzzing with anticipation as the glittering Manhattanites gather for the grand fundraiser. BRIDGET, known to the audience as BEATRICE, stands backstage, her nerves masked by a graceful smile. She is tuning up. Seb is at the piano on stage, scanning the crowd for Bridget

CUT TO

ANNE MORGAN is in the audience next to William BOURKE COCKRAN, both visibly excited. Secret service agents discreetly positioned around the room watch the crowd intently.

We see **Ellen O'Byrne** from O'Bryne deWitt is also in the audience, looking out of place and keeping a low profile amidst the refined Manhattan social gathering. At the back of the ballroom, is **Edmund** who has slipped in to listen to Bridget. Anne Morgan leans in to speak discreetly to Bourke Cochran.

ANNE.

Tonight is crucial, William. Beatrice's performance not only supports our cause but solidifies her place in Manhattan society. We need her.

BOURKE COCKRAN

Absolutely, Anne. She could become indispensable to our circles. Her charm, her talent... it's a rare combination, the social column men love to have an object of gossip..

The lights dim, and Bridget steps onto the stage, greeted by applause. She takes her position, violin in hand. Seb smiles encouragingly as they begin their duet, a beautiful, complex piece that captivates the audience immediately. A short interlude takes place.

SEBASTIAN.

Your playing was extraordinary,
Beatrice. This... we... it's more
than I hoped.

Bridget smiles directly into Seb's eyes.

BRIDGET/BEATRICE:

Thank you, Seb. I can't think of
anywhere else i would rather be
right now.

The piece concludes to thunderous applause. Seb and Bridget take a bow, their hands lingering as they turn to face the audience. The connection between them is undeniable.

CUT TO

Anne and Cockran are ecstatically applauding in the audience. They share a look and return admiringly to Beatrice and Seb on the stage.

CUT TO

Outside, the tension spikes as **Edmund Campbell** is seen sneaking out a side door. The British secret service agents notice and begin to pursue, their movements sharp and urgent. Inside, the party continues, oblivious to the drama unfolding.

CUT TO

Back in the ballroom, ANNE MORGAN addresses the crowd, her voice carrying over the continued applause

ANNE.

Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for
your generosity tonight. With your
help, we've not only enjoyed
beautiful music but have taken a
significant step toward advancing
our cause for women's rights in
this city and beyond.

The audience cheers and applauds loudly , caught up in the musical brilliance , glamour and visible chemistry of the power couple on stage. The success of the evening creates high spirits.

CUT TO

Secret service agents as they chase after EDMUND, their expressions tense. Just as they reach the alley, they find it empty, save for a discarded coat. EDMUND has escaped, his whereabouts now unknown.

CUT BACK TO

In the ballroom, Bridget/Beatrice and Seb share a moment of quiet triumph. Their eyes meet, the connection deepening, hinting at a budding romance. However, the joy of the evening masks the undercurrents of danger and deceit just outside.

Anne Vanderbilt sits in the audience beside **Belle da Costa Greene**. She turns to speak to Belle:

ANNE VANDERBILT

How divine! That was quite splendid!

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE

Quite..although I must confess Anne, her provenance seems somewhat obscure to me. I feel inclined to inquire a little further before forming a definitive opinion. Her credentials, while interesting, do invite a degree of scrutiny, wouldn't you agree?

ANNE VANDERBILT

Yes, Belle, One does hope her representations are as sterling as her exquisite talent, though a bit of due diligence may be in order. Anne appears to be quite taken with her, doesn't she?

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE

Hmm...yes, she has developed a singular fascination with her. This young Beatrice's story, though compelling, does leave one to wonder about its veracity.

(MORE)

BELLE DA COSTA GREENE (CONT'D)
*Leave this with me..it seems
prudent for me look a bit deeper
before drawing any
conclusions..everyone in this city
has secrets to hide.*

Bourke Cochran turns to speak to Anne.

BOURKE COCKRAN
She truly is remarkable. It's as if
she's brought us all together
tonight, for a moment of peace in a
world that so desperately needs it.

ANNE.
(reflective)
Yes, and we must protect her,
William. For her sake, and for
ours....

We are left with a close up of Bridget/Beatrice on stage,
flushed with the exuberance of the evening's success. She
looks overwhelmed and anxious but then Sebastian catches her
eyes. They share a lingering gaze charged with an
unmistakable intensity...

FADE OUT

END OF PILOT