

PRECIOUS METALS

by

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Adapted from The Glamour of the Snow

by

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INT. BACKSTAGE REHEARSAL ROOM, BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

ARMOND HIBBERT (40's, weary, weathered, a nervous energy about him) plays "Spanish Romance" on his classical guitar.

Blistered fingers gently coax the nylon strings into sound. A glimmer of light bounces off a silver band on his ring finger.

He sits in a rickety chair in the middle of the barren rehearsal room, equidistant from its grey walls.

INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

WE CONTINUE TO HEAR "SPANISH ROMANCE" ON SCREEN.

A crowd gallivants in formal attire, drinks in hand. The hall is adorned in gold and velvet; archways, pillars, and picture frames garishly display themselves in opulence.

At the forefront of the hall, the stage beckons invitingly with instruments pre-set for tonight's entertainment.

A golden banner that reads "NYCHP" looms over the stage, adorned with an elaborate coat of arms.

The HOST (50's, obvious toupee) walks onto the stage and taps his microphone. The crowd swiftly shifts their attention to him.

HOST

Tonight...we gather to celebrate
the fruits of our labor.

INTERCUT BETWEEN HIBBERT AND BANQUET HALL

Hibbert continues to play in the back room while the host addresses the crowd with his opening remarks. He is enthusiastic.

HOST

I'd like to thank the New York
Committee of Historic Preservation
on completing this incredible
restoration of this once-great
opera house to its former glory.

A swell of applause erupts throughout the hall.

Hibbert continues the piece with a fervor.

HOST (CONT'D)

Although an eyesore in our
neighborhood for the last fifty
years, the Old Metropolitan Opera
House remained standing, and

(MORE)

HOST (CONT'D) (cont'd)
vacant, due to outstanding legal battles between the MET and special interest groups. In the spirit of compromise, the building has been re-purposed into the great banquet hall you're currently enjoying.

A stage tech opens the door to Hibbert's rehearsal room.

STAGE TECH
Five minutes to curtain, Sir.

Hibbert pretends not to notice, continuing the piece.

The host continues his speech.

HOST
We could not have completed the renovations without our friends at the NYCHP. And I'd like to extend a special thank you to the head of the committee, Mr. John Buchanon!

A round of polite applause from the audience.

MR. BUCHANON (60's, eyes glittering underneath a pair of bifocals, cartoonishly-formal attire) acknowledges the host from the back of the room with a flourish.

CHARITY (30's, unpredictable, she clasps a file folder in one hand, briefcase in another) stares daggers at Mr. Buchanon from across the room.

HOST (CONT'D)
Mr. Buchanon applied his golden touch to just about every facet of the re-design, as you can clearly see.

The host motions to the golden properties of the banquet hall.

Hibbert exits his drab, grey rehearsal room.

HOST (CONT'D)
But I would like to remind you all...the ultimate element cannot TRULY be appreciated without perspective.

Sitting on a plush chair center stage, Hibbert continues playing Spanish Romance, now with the audience watching. They listen in amazement.

The host's voice suddenly drops. What was once exuberant is now dark.

HOST (CONT'D)

Without silver...or bronze, or any other metal, we wouldn't know just how good we have it.

Hibbert attacks the strings; he plays the last few chords with a flourish.

The host's voice returns to its charmingly effervescent demeanor.

HOST (CONT'D)

Now. Without further ado. I'd like to introduce to you: tonight's entertainment!

Hibbert's hand hangs down toward the floor as the final note rings in the air.

Silence.

The audience erupts into joyous applause accompanied by a standing ovation.

Mr. Buchanon waves his hat in the air and looks around him, admiring the applause.

Charity stares at Hibbert on stage with a wry smile.

Hibbert sighs.

INT. BANQUET HALL - LATER

The party is going strong with no sign of stopping. A live jazz band accompanies the rowdy socialites in their fraternization.

Hibbert enjoys a cocktail in the corner of the room by the refreshments. He observes the revelry around him, but is hesitant to partake.

Out of the crowd, a loud voice calls out his name.

???

Mr. Hibbert!!!

Hibbert turns around. Mr. Buchanon raises his hand and moves toward him, using his cane to sweep through the crowd.

He clasps Hibbert on the shoulder, causing his drink to spill somewhat and for Hibbert himself to spill a little with it.

MR. BUCHANON

Hell of a performance you put on there, hell of a show! I was absolutely smitten with you.

HIBBERT

Oh, uh, thank you very much Sir.

MR. BUCHANON

My daughter always wanted to be a musician. Very bright girl, that one, but always looking for mischief!

(Beat)

You MUST tell me about your artistic process! What does it feel like to be up there, alone, the lights of the stage clouding your vision?

Hibbert, perplexed, stares at Mr. Buchanan.

HIBBERT

Well...it isn't like that. I like being up there.

Mr. Buchanan waves dismissively.

MR. BUCHANON

Of course you do. Now Mr. Hibbert I MUST insist you come meet my associates, they're right over...well somewhere here, where the devil...

HIBBERT

Oh that's all right, I'm fine here really.

Hibbert tries to lean on the refreshments table. He knocks over an idle glass; liquid spills everywhere.

MR. BUCHANON

Nonsense my dear boy! They're positively DYING to meet you!

(Leans in)

Really, they haven't much time left, better get a move on for their sake.

(Leans out)

Ah, here they come!

Three elderly (90's) partygoers shove their way into the space. Each person's outfit more garish than the last, culminating in STUFFED VULTURE LADY who has a stuffed vulture perched on her hat.

They stare at Hibbert. Hibbert's eyes desperately search for something else to grab his attention.

MR. BUCHANON (CONT'D)

Colleagues, I'd like to introduce you to the beguiling Mr. Armond Hibbert.

Mr. Buchanon gestures toward Hibbert as if he were on display.

Oooh's and ahhh's from the elderly partygoers.

MR. BUCHANON (CONT'D)

An esteemed musician since before he could walk, Mr. Hibbert toured his home country for years before traveling to America for his studies, where he graduated summa cum laude from Harvard. He's fluent in French, Spanish, Japanese, Australian English, English English, and of course, American English.

Stuffed Vulture Lady licks her lips.

MR. BUCHANON (CONT'D)

He's proficient in sixteen different musical instruments with origins in nine separate continents. And perhaps most impressively, he is a New Year's baby! Ringing in the new year when born on January first at 6:35 in the morning.

Hibbert looks at his shoes, not quite sure how to respond.

CUT TO:

Charity is observing Hibbert's conversation from across the ballroom.

A tall MAN approaches her, carrying two drinks.

MAN

You look a little lonely tonight.
May I offer you a drink?

CHARITY

No, but you may have my hand.

She sets her briefcase down on the ground and extends her hand out to him.

Delighted, he reaches down to kiss it.

Charity rears back and slaps him across the face.

CHARITY (CONT'D)

Buzz off, buster. Not tonight, I'm working.

The man slinks off in shock and embarrassment. Charity turns her attention back to the conversation across the room.

BACK TO:

Mr. Buchanon wraps up his spiel.

MR. BUCHANON (CONT'D)

He is an absolute marvel and, at the risk of fetishizing myself, I thought the PERFECT choice to perform at the grand opening of our wonderful banquet hall!

The elderly assembly claps gingerly, smiles etched on their faces.

Stuffed Vulture Lady points at Hibbert.

STUFFED VULTURE LADY

Oh, I like him!

Hibbert is mortified.

HIBBERT

(To Mr. Buchanon softly)

That-not all of that is true...but how did you know all of the things that were? Have we met before?

MR. BUCHANON

(To Hibbert in kind)

Oh my dear boy. Sometimes you need to add a fresh coat of polish to sell the car. And as I planned much of this brouhaha I simply MUST know everything about our guests!

The elderly assembly murmur in agreement; they drink in unison.

HIBBERT

Mr, uh...

MR. BUCHANON

Call me John. Mr. John Buchanon. Mr. Buchanon was my father, so I am Mr. John Buchanon. That way, nobody gets confused when someone calls for Mr. Buchanon, because they are of course referring to me, John!

Hibbert stares at Mr. Buchanon.

HIBBERT

Uh. Yes. Mr. John...

MR. BUCHANON

...Buchanon!

HIBBERT
My parents used to come to the MET
when they were younger.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - BEFORE HIBBERT

A young man and a young woman watch an opera at the MET. The interior is tastefully done in gold and velvet. The young man has his arm around the woman.

A silver band can be seen around the young man's finger.

HIBBERT (O.S)
They always talked about how
beautiful it was, how it was such a
shame it was left to deteriorate.

The walls begin to crumble and turn gray. The on-stage performance freezes, then dissipates.

The man removes his arm from around the woman.

HIBBERT (O.S)
They always wished they could go
back.

BACK TO:

INT. BANQUET HALL - PRESENT DAY

Hibbert stares into space.

HIBBERT (CONT'D)
They'd be happy to know I played
here. Thank you for that
opportunity.

He snaps back to reality to find Mr. Buchanon aloof, observing Stuffed Vulture Lady's hat.

Hibbert clears his throat. Mr. Buchanon reverts his attention back to Hibbert.

MR. BUCHANON
Hm? Oh yes, that's very nice, glad
you found the accomodations to your
liking. But don't get used to them!
I want to talk to you later...we at
the NYCHP have many projects that
we attend to. I can speak for them
all when I say we would LOVE to
have you come perform for all of
their openings!

HIBBERT

Oh, that's...uh, I don't think...

MR. BUCHANON

When the ruckus dies down we'll
talk all about it my dear boy.

(To the elderly)

Now! Let's go grab some more punch,
I'm not feeling nearly peaky
enough.

Mr. Buchanan pats Hibbert on the back and leads the elderly
troupe toward the refreshments, gabbing away as they go.

MR. BUCHANON (CONT'D)

And if I'm lucky Mrs. Molly I can
convince you to come home with me.
I'd say the dice are loaded
tonight, how say you?

Stuffed Vulture Lady giggles as he leads them away.

Hibbert exhales as he watches them go.

He sets his cocktail down on the table and looks up across
the room.

A beautiful woman in a long, silver dress meets his gaze and
stares back, a smile on her face. She looks tall. Her head
towers over the crowd.

He smiles back, then looks down at her feet.

Through dozens of shoes flailing on the dance floor, Hibbert
notices that the woman is floating about six inches off the
ground.

He blinks and rubs his eyes. He looks up; the woman is gone.

Confused, he looks around and observes the escalating chaos.

A man pops two champagne bottles at the same time, the
contents of which fly across the entire banquet hall.

A woman straddles two men in the corner of the room. She
passionately kisses the man on her left, then does the same
to the one on the right.

A man sprints across the room in his undergarments, his head
shoved through a golden picture frame, glee on his face.

Two women chase after each other on all fours, galloping in
an unearthly manner.

Hibbert starts to get dizzy.

He tries to make his way toward the exit, but the crowd
appears to thicken.

Hibbert desperately tries to push his way through, but an onslaught of chaos blocks his path.

A wave of partygoers completely smothers him.

HIBBERT
(Screams)
Help!!!

Hibbert stretches his hand out from the crowd in a last-ditch effort, his body nearly completely submerged.

A hand breaks through the human barrier and latches onto Hibbert's. The hand pulls him out from the throng.

Charity lifts him up. Hibbert stares into the face of his savior.

CHARITY
Let's go somewhere more quiet,
shall we?

HIBBERT
Oh god, yes, please.

EXT. BANQUET HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Charity leads Hibbert away from the banquet hall.

Moonlight illuminates their breath as they walk through the snow. She moves at a brisk pace. Hibbert tries to keep up.

CHARITY
I know it got a little crazy in
there. I don't like it myself.

Hibbert takes inventory of himself. His shirt has a tear in it and his tie has come undone, but it's not too bad.

He looks at Charity and observes how she's dressed; a modest peach-colored dress that remains pristine. She wears a simple bronze band on her ring finger.

He notices she carries her briefcase in one hand, her folder in the other.

HIBBERT
Your hands are full.

CHARITY
Yes, what of it?

HIBBERT
Well how did you pull me out of...

CHARITY

Let's not get bogged down with details. Life's too confusing as it is. All that matters is that now we can talk.

HIBBERT

About what?

Charity stops and sets down her briefcase. She opens her folder and flips to a page, showing it to Hibbert.

CHARITY

Mr. Hibbert, are you aware that fifty percent of our nation's children go to bed hungry? That three out of every four developing boys and girls don't receive the proper nourishment that they need on a daily basis? Scurvy is making a comeback, you know.

Charity points to a colorful graph in her folder.

CHARITY (CONT'D)

These numbers are too high. And it's preventable, that's the important thing. I believe - we believe - that there are ways we can combat this. That there's an untapped well of financial support that could go to issues like these. And you can be a part of the solution.

HIBBERT

Those uh...are you sure those numbers are right?

CHARITY

Are you saying you don't care about the children?!

HIBBERT

No no that's not what I'm saying at all! I'm just saying...I'm sorry, I don't really know who you are?

CHARITY

Charity.

HIBBERT

I gathered that, I meant more your name?

CHARITY

That is my name.

Charity closes the folder and picks up her briefcase.

CHARITY

I'm sorry...I've sprung this on you too fast. Come, let's find a place to sit down.

INT. BAR - LATER

Bronze candelabras covered in cobwebs line the walls of the dimly-lit bar.

The walls lack any sort of color or decoration.

Charity and Hibbert sit at a table by a frost-covered window.

Hibbert's drinking water. Charity has a whisky rocks. She chews on a toothpick.

CHARITY

...after looking at the books I knew something un-kosher was going on at that place. That much money doesn't just appear, you know? So I dug around further and found out how the NYCHP really funds their projects: fraud, corruption, mafia connections, and other...horrible things. The worst was when I found out they were diverting money from projects meant to help the hungry to line the pockets of their investors. Disgusting.

Charity stirs her drink with her toothpick before putting it back in her mouth; she sucks on it.

CHARITY (CONT'D)

I had to go public with it. I couldn't just stand on the sidelines knowing how this organization builds their glorified vanity projects. Unfortunately, they can be quite...persuasive in shutting people up.

Hibbert and Charity sit in silence.

Silhouettes begin moving across the window; passerbys walking in the streets, a few at a time.

CHARITY (CONT'D)

I've been trying to do SOMETHING to help get their stink out of my mouth. So I decided to help volunteer for Young Children Have No Problems, trying to raise money
(MORE)

CHARITY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 for real issues instead of letting
 more of it go toward crooked
 organizations like that one.

HIBBERT
 That's awfully nice of you.

CHARITY
 Yeah, well, it hasn't worked.
 People don't want to donate to
 something they can't see the
 results to. But put a shiny gold
 column up their ass and they get so
 excited...

Charity stares out the window.

CHARITY (CONT'D)
 I don't even know if the
 organization keeps me around
 because they need me or I need
 them.

Charity strokes the bronze band on her finger.

CHARITY (CONT'D)
 Really living up to my name.

Hibbert nervously shuffles his hands on the table and stares
 out the window himself. Something silvery glitters outside
 the window for just a moment.

Hibbert's eyes light up.

The silhouettes in the window start to move quicker and in
 greater numbers.

Hibbert turns back to Charity.

HIBBERT
 I never wanted to perform like
 this.

CHARITY
 What?

HIBBERT
 I never wanted to perform in front
 of people.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HIBBERT'S HOUSE - NIGHT (HIBBERT'S CHILDHOOD)

A young Hibbert (6) plays on a full-sized guitar in the
 middle of his bedroom. His room is elaborately decorated;

clouds and airplanes cover the walls.

HIBBERT (O.S)

I loved music since before I could speak. It was my first language, in a way. And I loved to play, but it was always in my room or away from the family.

Hibbert's parents spy on him from a crack in the bedroom door.

There's a silver band on his father's hand. It glitters.

Hibbert is playing in front of a small crowd in the living room. The room is ornately decorated with gold and velvet.

HIBBERT (O.S)

When my parents finally heard me play, they started to advertise me to their friends. I had top billing at their dinner parties.

Hibbert's parents beam with exaggerated smiles. Their guests laugh and clap in a similar, amplified manner.

The crowd grows, from a few guests to several, until suddenly the living room is packed tight surrounding Hibbert.

Hibbert continues to play in the center of the crowd. His expression shows no childlike wonder or joy; it is vacant.

HIBBERT (O.S)

I had to play at every function they hosted. Before I knew it, they were booking shows for me all over town. The crowds just got bigger and bigger.

BACK TO:

INT. BAR - PRESENT DAY

Hibbert stares into space.

HIBBERT

It was awful.

Hibbert looks up; Charity is gone.

He looks around and spots her; she's chatting with the bartender.

She returns to their table with a drink in each hand.

CHARITY

Sorry my dear, I had to re-fill our tank; we were running low!

Charity hands him a drink.

Light chatter seems to fill the bar, but no one else has stepped inside. Hibbert clears his throat.

HIBBERT

So, uh, where did I leave you?

Charity, blissfully unaware of Hibbert's childhood tale, continues her story.

CHARITY

So. I decided enough was enough; I wasn't going to let them walk all over me any longer. I thought of ways to take down the NYCHP. How could I expose such a prominent organization? No one wants to get rid of something they think is doing good for them.

(Beat)

BUT THEN! I heard they had tabbed you to perform at this opening and it came to me. I realized how I could do this.

The silhouettes in the window start to move even faster and in greater numbers.

The chatter gets louder. Hibbert looks around bewildered, but Charity doesn't seem to notice. She does raise her voice however.

CHARITY

You're a respected musician and everyone listens to what an artist has to say. They basically pay you to do it! Mr. Buchanon, that bastard, certainly took a shine to you; he's practically in charge of the whole organization. I figure he'll take you on a tour to perform at ALL their project openings.

HIBBERT

(Raising his voice)

A tour of what??

The chatter is growing deafening. Hibbert checks his ears and looks at the empty bar and starts to panic.

The silhouettes overtake the windowpane. It is now covered in dark shadow.

Charity still doesn't notice anything is amiss, but she does start to yell.

CHARITY

Once you infiltrate his circle, you can gather hard evidence on what they're really doing and we can expose them for who they really are! You can write songs about it, and sneak it under their nose directly to the public! We'll be heroes, Armond! Think of all the people you'll help with your music!

Hibbert screams.

HIBBERT

STOP!!!

The chatter stops. The silhouettes disappear.

Charity looks at him, confused.

CHARITY

Are you all right?

Hibbert does his best to compose himself, but he is shaking.

HIBBERT

I need to use the restroom. If you'll excuse me.

He gets up from the table. He wipes his forehead with his sleeve as he walks toward the bathroom.

INT. BAR BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wretching noises can be heard from a stall.

Hibbert spits out the last bits of vomit into the toilet. He groans.

He gets up and stares at himself in the bathroom mirror, trembling.

The mirror is cracked; it distorts his face.

A DRUNK GUY stumbles into the bathroom and heads toward the sink.

He proceeds to urinate in the sink. Hibbert stares at him.

DRUNK GUY

Cool party man...but I think you're out of chips.

HIBBERT

What?

The intoxicated man finishes his business in the sink. He zips up.

DRUNK GUY

Huh. And your toilet doesn't flush.

Hibbert watches as the drunk man lumbers toward the bathroom door. As he exits the bathroom Hibbert hears party sounds coming through the door.

Hibbert slowly moves toward the bathroom exit.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Hibbert stares in amazement. The bar has transformed from an empty dive into a raucous party. Every inch is packed with people.

The colorless walls have given way to velvet and gold appointments. The partygoers are all dressed in cartoonishly-formal attire.

The bartender pours ten shots at once. A group of people guzzle down the contents. One of the group smashes a glass over their head; they laugh.

An unsightly couple has sex in the corner, fully clothed.

A beautiful young woman stares at Hibbert from across the room with piercing eyes. She wears a hat with a stuffed vulture perched on top.

She licks her lips.

Hibbert pushes through the crowd, casting inebriated revelers aside as he moves. He heads for the front door.

Hibbert puts his hand on the doorknob and pushes, but it does not budge.

He looks out the window; a couple is pressed up against the door on the other end, slumped over each other, giggling on the ground.

Hibbert starts to really panic.

Looking around, he lays his eyes on a back room he did not notice before. He frantically claws his way through the crowd a second time.

Hibbert breaks through the massive pile-up by the doorframe and enters the back room.

It's much less crowded. The room is oddly decorated; an eclectic mix of garish gold and the dive bar's original decor (or lack thereof).

At the end of the room, Mr. Buchanan and Charity are screaming hysterically at each other.

Mr. Buchanan sits in a golden throne wearing robes of fine velvet. A stuffed lion's head looms on the wall above him.

Charity's peach dress is ripped and disheveled. Her briefcase has been thrown across the room, its contents - various documents - scattered all about.

MR. BUCHANON

...and I've never thought worse of you than I have right now!

CHARITY

Oh please, this just might be the BEST you've thought of me in years!

MR. BUCHANON

Leaving the post I worked so hard to give you...

CHARITY

For all the wrong reasons!

MR. BUCHANON

...chasing after good for nothings and god knows why-

CHARITY

I needed to feel ALIVE!

MR. BUCHANON

...lazy, arrogant, lack of respect - you're hurting your own, Charity!!

Mr. Buchanan looks up and notices Hibbert watching.

Charity looks up and notices him as well.

Hibbert freezes.

CHARITY

Armond! Come, lets leave. This place has become unsavory.

MR. BUCHANON

My boy! Don't leave, come pull up a chair. It's time to discuss the terms of our arrangement.

CHARITY

Armond!!

Hibbert looks at them both.

Mr. Buchanon shifts his tone - it is much darker.

MR. BUCHANON

Mr. Hibbert, step forward
immediately or you will never play
in this town ever again!

Charity starts to shriek.

CHARITY

Armond if you go to him I'll never
forgive you!!

Hibbert clenches his fists.

He turns around and calmly walks out of the back room.

The crowd parts as he walks.

Hibbert exits the bar.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK LASKER RINK - NIGHT

Fog creeps over the park as snow begins to fall.

Hibbert sits on a bench overlooking the skating rink.

He plays with the silver band on his finger and stares into
space.

Something shimmers on the ice rink; it catches Hibbert's
eye.

He focuses on it.

A woman comes into focus on the rink. She's wearing a
sparkly silver dress.

She's skating, fluidly and with grace.

Hibbert looks out at her with wonder. He gets up and moves
closer.

He appears at the edge of the rink and watches the woman.

He notices she does not have skates on; in fact, she's not
even touching the ice, but gliding six inches off the
ground.

The woman makes eye contact with Hibbert; she smiles. He
freezes.

She beckons over to him, and speaks in an icy, wailing
voice. A voice that sounds like it has multiple sources,
carried in the wind.

SILVER SPIRIT
Coooooome!

HIBBERT
(Yelling)
I don't have skates on!

SILVER SPIRIT
I will guiiiide youuuu.

Hibbert is entranced. Without warning, he finds himself on the ice rink.

He is skating, floating just off the ground, a few yards behind the woman.

He smiles. He laughs in the wind.

SILVER SPIRIT (CONT'D)
Youuu're woonderful at thiss!

HIBBERT
I've been skating since I was a boy!

He tries to catch up with her, but no matter how fast he skates she moves quicker.

She turns back to him.

SILVER SPIRIT
Let's go fuuurrther!!

The Silver Spirit skates right off the rink.

HIBBERT
Wait, come back!!

Hibbert moves toward the exit of the rink and skates off. He's surprised to find he's still skating.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

The Silver Spirit zooms through the park, looking back at Hibbert and laughing playfully.

Hibbert follows, inches off the ground, smile on his face.

The snow is falling harder now. It sticks to Hibbert's face.

Hibbert calls out to the spirit.

HIBBERT
Where are we going?!

SILVER SPIRIT

Furtherrrr! It's too crooowded
heeeerree.

Hibbert continues to follow, but his face is starting to sting from the cold. Snow continues to cake his face.

SILVER SPIRIT (CONT'D)

You'll liiike it. It will be just
youuuu and meeeeeeee!!!

She lets out a blood-curdling shriek.

Hibbert's smile falls. He tries to slow down, but his feet betray him.

They continue to skate out of the park and into the city.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - LOST LANDMARKS

Hibbert and the Spirit zoom through the empty streets of New York, passing various restored landmarks along the way.

They pass Pennsylvania Station.

They pass Steeplechase Park.

They pass the Singer Skyscraper.

Hibbert is terrified. He flails his arms, but to his dismay realizes he cannot lose balance; he skates on.

He touches his face and finds that it is frozen solid; he cannot move. No blinking, no smiling, no talking.

HIBBERT

Must we go on?! It's plenty nice
here!

SILVER SPIRIT

You have to leet goooo!

The Silver Spirit stops. She turns around.

Hibbert, petrified, zooms up to her.

Her eyes are ice-black. A wicked smile forms on her face.

He has no choice; he skates right into her.

She screams a terrifying scream.

New York is empty.

INT. BANQUET HALL - THE NEXT DAY

The banquet hall is clean, not a soul in the building, leaving no sign of the wild party that had happened the night before. It stands in its own oppulent, golden glory.

INT. BAR - DAY

The bar is back to its dirty, dusty self, with no sign of a party. The only decorations left are the bronze candelabras.

There is no sign of a back room.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK LASKER RINK - DAY

It's the first day of Central Park's Winter Festival.

A giant scissor cuts through a ribbon; cheers and applause.

Mr. Buchanon stands in front of a cheering crowd and beckons them all toward the skating rink and surrounding areas.

Winter decorations line the area, with notable colors of gold, silver and bronze.

Children and families skate merrily over the ice rink.

Others are building snowmen and drinking hot chocolate.

A woman stands behind a booth and signs people up to volunteer over the holidays for Young Children Have No Problems.

She has a jar on her booth with money in it; the jar reads "For Charity".

From the top of the rink, through the happy skaters, something glimmers.

Hibbert's silver band lays frozen beneath the ice.

END.