

DESTINY *The Treatment*

A Project for a Canadian / Irish Co-Production

IRELAND 1847

CHOLERA.

CHOLERA has made its appearance on board several Passenger Ships proceeding from IRELAND to the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA and CANADA and has, in some instances, been very fatal. There can be no doubt that the sea sickness consequent on the rough weather which Ships must encounter, joined to the cold and damp of a sea voyage, will render persons who are not strong more susceptible to the attacks of this disease.

WE strongly recommend that passengers should wrap themselves with as much warm clothing as they can, and especially with flannel, to be worn next the skin; that they should keep both their clothes and their persons quite clean, and should be careful to keep them so during the entire voyage, - and that they should consume as much solid and wholesome food as they can, in addition to the Ship's allowance on the voyage.

By Order of
Dr. R. Blennerhassett,
- Ship's Surgeon.

unconscious and she wriggles away and flees.

At her home, Sarah tells her mother, Sheila and brother Padraig, 18, what has happened. Frightened of the power of the nobility, Sheila immediately tells her and Padraig to go back and see if she killed the Viscount.

As they walk back, Padraig tells Sarah he's damn glad to be emigrating from Ireland. With their Father dead in an Australian penal colony, there's no hope of survival in Donegal. The family had taken Lord Carrigart's offer of paid passage for Padraig to Canada in exchange for the families meager parcel of land. Sarah would go into service while the rest of the family would go to the Catholic slums of Derry until enough money is raised for them all to emigrate.

It's dusk when they arrive at the sight of the assault. The bloody rock is there, as well as a splattering of blood, but there's no sight of the Viscount. Sarah breathes a sigh of relief that she didn't kill him, but Padraig is less sanguine. He says she'll have to flee immediately. They'll know her as the one who brained the nobleman, she'll be shipped off in chains to a penal colony.

The Potato Famine has destroyed the largely Catholic, Irish peasantry. Over one million croppies have been turned out of their homes. The fortunate ones book passage out of Ireland to England, the US or Canada. The less fortunate ones, over one half million in 1847, die slow agonizing deaths from starvation.

We open on a beautiful, young woman, Sarah McBride, 20, running pell mell through a field. The look on her face is desperate, as she hears the hoof beats of a pursuing horse. She looks over her shoulder and sees Viscount Kindrum, the wastrel son of Lord Carrigart, astride a fine black hunter. He bears down on her, slashing at her with a riding crop. She stumbles and he's off his horse in a flash, pinning her to the ground. He tears at her clothes, as she struggles desperately to fend him off. His evil face nears her in an attempt to kiss her, when her fingers grasp a rock. She slams it against the Viscount's head. He slumps

STRICTLY FORBIDDEN!

FOR the safety of the vessel and her entire company and crew the following items and activities are strictly forbidden below decks at all times.

1. Smoking.
2. Naked Flames & Candles.
3. Lighting of Fires.
4. Fighting
5. Swearing
6. Gambling
7. Spitting
8. Alcoholic Beverages.

~by order of
JAMES ATTRIDGE,
Master of the *Jeanie Johnston*.

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When they arrive back at the house, it's quickly determined that Sarah will have to take Padraig's ticket from Sligo to Canada on the ship, "The Black Tern." Padraig will take the family to Derry. Sarah resists, but Padraig insists. It's that or the Crown Gaol.

LA PRAIRIE, QUEBEC 1847

A fine coach and six are traveling at a brisk pace along a well traveled, forest lined road. A warm, late afternoon sun dances through the trees. Inside the coach, Dr. Matthew Landon, a well turned out man of 28, is talking with Stanley Clarke, 40, an affluent Ottawa lawyer and his 14 year old daughter, Constance. Matthew's Boston accent stands out against, the less sharp tones of the Clarke's.

As they break into a field, OS the Coachman shouts in admiration. Matthew looks out the window and sees a roan stallion, coming at them at full gallop. A beautiful woman handles the horse expertly, riding Western style, not side saddle. At a distance, the only way to tell it's a woman is the long auburn hair streaming out behind her in the breeze. Constance, looking out another window is thrilled by the woman's skill and daring. As she gets closer, Matthew smiles and waves. It's Marie-Josée de Rochfort, 24. Daughter of a prominent Montreal French Canadian merchant and Seigneur, Ulysse de Rochfort. Marie-Josée is beautiful, head-strong and passionate.

She intercepts the coach and slows the stallion down to canter alongside the coach. Constance watches in amazement, as Marie-Josée waves and Matthew waves back. With a touch of the heels to the horse, she blows him a kiss and gallops away.

Matthew settles back in his seat. The Clarke's are dazzled. Matthew tells them, she's his fiancée. Clarke offers his highest compliment to Matthew's choice of beauty.

The carriage arrives at de Rochfort's Seigneurie, overlooking the Saint Lawrence. As he dismounts, Matthew shakes hands with Clarke and gallantly kisses Constance's hand. They're going on to take the ferry across to Montreal. With a tug on the reins, the carriage starts off down the long manor driveway, heading for the ferry.

Marie-Josée's father, Ulysse de Rochfort, 50's, well dressed in the finest linens, walks down the front steps of his beautiful manor house. His hand is outstretched and there's a broad smile on his face. He's very fond of his future son in law. They exchange greetings and walk up the stairs.

At the top of the stairs, Matthew turns to drink in the beautiful view. The river stretches away to the east and west. To the north the Port of Montreal is visible in the distance. Marie-Josée rushes up from the stable and gives him a hug. As they enter the house, Marie-Josée tells him her family is going to have a party in their honor.

IRELAND 1847

The night is filled with flames. As fire consumes the McBride's cottage, the younger children, Colm, 12, Bridget, 9, Mary Katherine, 8, are crying. Sheila is tearful and even Padraig has to look away to keep control of his emotions. Sarah goes to each child, hugs them and whispers her goodbyes. When she gets to her mother, Sheila embraces her and calls her "a cuisle moi chroi." Sheila doesn't want to let go of her daughter until Padraig tells her they have to depart before the first light. Tearfully, Sarah shoulders her pack and goes southwest to Sligo while her family with their meager belongings heads southeast toward Derry.

On a misty day, on a deserted road, Sarah sees a lone man pushing a handcart full of skeletal corpses he's recovered along the roadway. Sarah shudders as the man plods silently past. Sarah, her head covered by a shawl continues on. She comes across a woman, Mary Mullaney, 25, with her infant son, Liam, slung across her back. Mary is fumbling with the clothes on the dead, when Sarah accuses her of robbing them. Mary snaps back she's not robbing anything. They were from her village and she's trying to give them a little dignity, before she covers the pitiful remains with a tattered blanket. Chagrined, Sarah offers to help her cover the bodies. They stand over the dead, mumble a quick prayer and take their leave.

As they walk away, Mary holds up two tickets for transport out of Ireland and says they hung her husband for killing a Lord's tick man (rent collector), but she'll be damned if she and Liam'll die in Ireland. Sarah and Mary set out together for Sligo.

LA PRAIRIE, QUEBEC 1847

The outside of the de Rochfort manor house is ablaze with torches. Elegant carriages line the long driveway. Their coachmen are gathered by the coaches. An impeccably dressed, young British officer from the Montreal garrison is ascending the front stairs arm in arm with a lovely, gowned date. The delicate sounds of a string quartet emanate from within.

The de Rochfort manor is filled with elegant couples, dressed in their finest outfits. There's a sumptuous buffet laid out and waiters circulate through the guests, with trays of food and glasses of wine. It's a festive air, with laughter ringing throughout the house.

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Matthew is standing off to the side, sipping a drink and talking with a Catholic priest, Father Henri, 28, the brother of Marie-Josée. Bustling over Marie Josée grabs Matthew by the arm, insisting that he be introduced to a prominent government official and his wife, Monsieur and Madame Louis Duvalier. Matthew has no choice as he's dragged along. Father Henri smiles as Matthew's led away. He's aware of his sister's domineering ways.

LA PRAIRIE, QUEBEC 1847

Walking through the woods to the back door of the house is Father Jean-Baptiste Gaudet, 27. His clothes are dirty from a long, hard trip. He needs a bath and a shave. He presents himself at the kitchen door. It is only the presence of the Roman collar that persuades a servant to bade the gaunt, ill looking priest enter. Fr. Jean-Baptiste identifies himself and asks if he can speak with Fr. Henri. The servant provides Fr. Jean-Baptiste with a basin and a vessel of warm water. The priest begins to wash his hands, as the servant hurries off the find Fr. Henri.

When Fr. Henri enters the kitchen, he finds Fr. Jean-Baptiste drying his hands on a towel. Fr. Henri immediately embraces his friend. Their mutual respect and affection is obvious.

Fr Henri steps back to look at his friend and, only then, does he notice the ravaged look on Fr. Jean-Baptiste's face. Fr. Jean-Baptiste begins to detail the growing medical crisis engulfing the Irish immigrant population arriving and being kept in quarantine at Grosse Ile, a small island in the St. Lawrence river. Ships are arriving with the international illness flag flying. The general poor health of the half starved, Irish passengers, coupled with the unsanitary, overcrowded berths on ships crawling with rats has led to a major typhus outbreak. Fr. Henri leaves telling a cook to feed Fr. Jean-Baptiste.

Ulysse and his wife Jeanne enter the library having been summoned by Fr. Henri. They are followed by a curious Marie-Josée and Matthew. Fr. Henri tells them of the inhuman conditions in the quarantine sheds at Grosse Ile and that he is volunteering to return with Fr. Jean Baptiste to succor the sick and dying. Ulysse asks his son why he would want to leave a parish where he's paid the church a handsome tith to practice there. Fr. Henri tells Ulysse that he's a priest and his vocation directs him to go where he is most needed. Ulysse his temper rising says, he'd be risking his life for illiterate immigrants that he doesn't even know. He'll go to the Bishop to stop Fr. Henri from going. Fr. Henri stubbornly resists. Voices are getting heated and Marie-Josée snaps at Fr. Henri for causing a disruption to her joyous night. Matthew takes Fr. Henri by the shoulder and walks him out the door.

Outside Matthew tells Fr. Henri if he feels his spiritual place is to minister to the sick and dying at Grosse Ile, then he should go. Fr. Henri embraces Matthew, thanking him and, with Fr. Jean-Baptiste joining him, boards his carriage to head back to the rectory and pack. He will leave the next day.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

SLIGO 1847

Sarah and Mary Mullaney walk up the gangplank of the Black Tern. Cyril Goodspeed, 40's, the Second Officer is checking off names against a passenger manifest. When Sarah boards and hands Goodspeed her ticket, he notes it's a male's ticket. Goodspeed tells Sarah she can't board. She says there must be a mistake, her passage was paid for by Lord Carrigart. Goodspeed checks the list and tells Sarah the only passage paid for a McBride named Padraig. He refuses her permission to board. Sarah is at wit's end, when Captain Elihu Crowell, mid 30's, walks over to Goodspeed and asks what's the problem. Crowell is a ruggedly handsome, intelligent looking man. Goodspeed explains she has a ticket for a male. Sarah berates them telling them it's her brother who's died of the famine and she's off to find a new life so as to take care of her family. Crowell gives Sarah a frank, appraising look and tells Goodspeed to let her aboard. Emboldened, Sarah asks if Mary and her baby can board. They have tickets for another ship flying the same company flag, but not scheduled to leave for another week. They could be dead of hunger by then. Crowell nods his head and starts to turn away. Sarah grasps his hand with heartfelt thanks and offers God's blessing. Crowell merely points toward the hold.

Sarah and Mary lower themselves down the ladder to the hold. It's already a dank, foul place. An Irish fiddler plays a lively tune, an eight year old boy is watching with rapt attention. Sarah and Mary move among the passengers jamming into the hold and find a bit of space to lay out. They're bound for Canada.

MONTREAL 1847

The next day Matthew and Marie-Josée come down to the dock in a carriage. Fr. Henri is supervising the loading of a few meager medical supplies and sacks of food he's been able to get from his parish. Fr. Jean-Baptiste is aboard, stowing the supplies in the hold. Matthew moves over to help. The Fr. Henri asks Marie-Josée if Ulysse had any further comments about last night's argument. She says he hasn't and their mother, Jeanne, has taken to her bed. Fr. Henri hugs Matthew and hugs and kisses his sister. Marie-Josée teases him that he'd better get back on time to officiate at their wedding. He smiles and starts up the gangplank. The sound of clattering horses hooves and a man's shouts get Fr. Henri's attention. He turns to see Alcide Boudreau, 30's, one of his father's workers pulling a wagon to a stop. It's loaded with provisions and medical supplies. The Stevedores start to load barrels and boxes on board. Boudreau hands Fr. Henri a small pouch clinking with 20 pounds sterling. Fr. Henri tells Marie-Josée to thank Ulysse. He walks up the gangplank and onto the ship. Walking to the rail he waves good-bye to Marie-Josée and Matthew.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

ABOARD "THE BLACK TERN" 1847

A SAMPLE SCENE FOLLOWS:

EXT-DAY-SEA

LS of the three masted brigantine cargo ship moving under full sail across the open ocean.

EXT-DAY-SHIP

MED LS of the crew working on the decks.

INT-DAY-STEERAGE HOLD

Close on the fever stricken, sweat stained, delirious face of Mary Mullaney. It's covered with the bright red lesions of epidemic typhus. Mary alternately shivers from the chills or writhes in agony from a hacking cough. Her talk, delirious nonsense, bursts forth in tortured gasps. Sarah sits next to her, talking softly and wiping her fevered brow with a strip of cloth torn from her dress. The ship groans, as it moves through the sea. The groans are in harmony with the Fiddler playing a low, soft lament.

SLOW DOLLY along the middle of the hold. The men, women and children, sick with typhus and dysentery, are lying three to four crammed in on straw covered bunks on either side. Most are moaning in pain or thrashing about from the fever and cramps. Many have turned to face the walls of the ship, as even the dim light of the hold is too painful for their eyes. The stench of loosened bowels is overpowering. The few passengers so far unaffected by the diseases are crowded in the stern end, away from the sick. Two rats scuttle across the deck and disappear under some rotting planking. OS a harsh voiced Sailor bellows from the open cargo hatch.

OS SAILOR

Aye! 'ere's your grub.

SARAH looks up from cooling Mary's fevered forehead. Next to Mary, her infant, Liam is sleeping. Sarah's POV of dirty pails of gruel being sent down at the ends of ropes. Fergus Cahill, 30's, the leader of the Irish, steps forward from the ranks of the healthy.

FERGUS

Alright. Line up. Women first.

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Sarah stands and takes two bowls to the queue. On the deck, below the lowering buckets, a girl, 5, is eating the splashing gruel off the planking. A rat races out, steals a dollop of food from the girl and races away. Sarah gets to the pails and dips in two bowls. Seamus O'Malley, 20's, grabs her arm.

SEAMUS

And where might ye be going with two?

SARAH

Where I'm going is me own concern and no business of the likes of ye.

SEAMUS

That second bowl of porridge is my concern.

Seamus goes to take a bowl from Sarah. She yanks her arm back and points to Mary.

SARAH

Have ye gone so far, Seamus O'Malley, as to take the food from a sick woman's mouth?

Seamus is taken aback. He looks back at his own sick wife and mumbles.

SEAMUS

The mother of me own wanes is sick, too.

Sarah hands him a bowl of gruel.

SARAH

Take it and God's love with it.

SEAMUS

And your friend?

Sarah holds up the other bowl. Seamus is ashamed to see Sarah go without.

SARAH

Go on to your missus

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Seamus melts away. Sarah walks back to Mary's crowded rack and kneels next to her. Mary is quiet, but her face is still covered in a sheen of sweat. Taking a spoon, Sarah dips up a little gruel and moves it to Mary's mouth. Mary turns her head away, and whispers.

MARY

Do nae waste it on the dead.

SARAH

Ah, go on with your nonsense.

Mary turns back and looks at Sarah. Her eyes burn with fever and intensity as she looks at the baby lying beside her.

MARY

Nonsense is it? Nonsense is laying in me own filth, not able to lift me wee one to the breast. Nonsense is fresh air eight feet above and not being able to breathe it. Nonsense is wasting food on me.

Sarah sadly lowers the bowl to the floor. She knows Mary's right. Pause, then Mary whispers.

MARY

God forgive me. I was nicking the tickets from those poor dead souls when ye spied me.

SARAH

It does nae matter.

MARY

Will I go to hell, Sarah?

SARAH

Ye've been to hell, Mary. The angels are waiting to take you in.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

MARY

Ye think, Sarah? Ye really think? I've
no priest to absolve me?

SARAH

God is with ye. Have nae fear.

MARY

Will ye take Liam as your own?

SARAH

I've no milk for his wee self.

Mary desperately reaching for the baby. Her hand barely touches his skin. Tears fill the corners of her eyes.

MARY

Ah, Liam. My wee man.

Mary's eyes roll back in her head. She's dead. Sarah closes her eyes. Reaching over Mary, she picks up the baby. Liam begins to squall. Sarah holds up the baby and shouts.

SARAH

Is there a woman with milk for this
wee one?

No response. People look away, not wanting to meet her eyes. Sarah walks through the middle of the hold, Liam held out in front of her.

SARAH

One mother. (No response.) For the
love of God.

Bridey Duffy, 30's, is sitting with a baby in her arms.

BRIDEY

There's nae God here!

Sarah looks down at Bridey's infant. The baby's lips are blue, skin pale white. He's dead.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

SARAH

Nae. But there's us. We're alive. And this wee one's alive.

BRIDEY

For how long? How long can any of us live in this?...(breaks down) How long did my wane live?

Sarah kneels in front of Bridey and holds out Liam

SARAH

Long enough for ye to have milk to save this wee lad.

Sarah slowly puts Liam in Bridey's lap and takes the dead baby from her arms. Bridey picks up Liam and looks at him. Liam starts squalling. Bridey pauses, then begins to stroke Liam's head.

BRIDEY

Are you hungry, dear-o?

Bridey starts to loosen her clothing to expose her breast. Sarah takes the dead baby and moves to the cargo hatch. Looking upward, she calls out.

SARAH

We've two poor, dead souls here!

Beat, then a rope is lowered. Two men drag Mary's body to the hatch. Sarah kneels next to her. She places the dead infant on Mary's breast. Taking the rope, she loops it under Mary's armpits and ties it off around the baby. Sarah yanks twice on the rope and Unseen Sailors start to haul the bodies up. Reflexively, the passengers start to pray.

PASSENGERS

Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus, Amen. Holy Mary, Mother of God. Pray for us sinners,

DESTINY *The Treatment*

PASSENGERS(con)
now and at the hour of our death, Amen

Sarah's POV of the bodies being lifted into the clear blue sky. Beat, then Sarah walks to a ladder, leaning at the wall of the cargo hatch. She starts to climb upward, following the corpses to the freedom of the deck.

EXT-DAY-DECK

Sarah pulls herself onto the deck and stands. The brisk, fresh sea air is almost more than she can bear after the noxious stench of the hold. Sarah staggers and reaches out to steady herself on the gunwale. Goodspeed looks up from the Sailors untying the rope around the bodies. He's frightened by Sarah's presence, not knowing if she's carrying the diseases.

GOODSPEED
Where the bloody 'ell do ya think
yer going?

SARAH
I want to speak to the Captain.

GOODSPEED
Ya'll be speaking to my cane, ya don't
get yer croppie arse below. I'll not be
taking sick from the likes of ya.

Sarah doesn't move. Goodspeed waves it threateningly. Sarah flinches, but doesn't take a step back.

GOODSPEED
Yer like all the damn Irish. You don't
listen to yer betters. Well, we'll see
how well ye listen to this

Goodspeed advances on Sarah. His arm raises the cane to strike . OS the authoritative voice of Captain Crowell rings out.

OS CROWELL
Mr. Goodspeed!

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Goodspeed snaps to attention.

GOODSPEED

Sir!

CROWELL

Get back to your duties and dispose of those bodies!

GOODSPEED

Aye aye, Sir.

Goodspeed takes the cane and tucks it in his belt. Crowell walks down the deck toward Sarah. He has the straight bearing of a man used to having his orders obeyed.

CROWELL

What are you doing on deck?

Sarah looks back up at him.

SARAH

I want to talk to you.

Behind her, she hears a grunt. Turning, she sees the ship's sailmaker wrapping a sheet of sailcloth around Mary getting ready to stitch it closed. Crowell calls out to Goodspeed.

CROWELL

Mr. Goodspeed. Put the little one in with her.

GOODSPEED

Aye Aye, Sir.

CROWELL

No sense wasting good sailcloth on a dead child. (To Sarah.) Well?

DESTINY *The Treatment*

SARAH

Begging yer pardon, sir. But we have to let the people in the hold go out on deck. Without sun and fresh air, they're dying.

CROWELL

Yes. So why would I want to expose my men to sickness?

SARAH

For the love of...

CROWELL

There's no God on this ship, Missy. There's my word. That's it.

SARAH

Then be merciful.

CROWELL

If the crew gets sick and dies and we drift around and starve, how merciful is that?

Crowell turns away. Sarah swallows dejectedly. Beat then Crowell turns back to her. His voice is softer.

CROWELL

You don't look like you've had the fever.

SARAH

Not yet.

CROWELL

Are you getting enough to eat, Missy?

SARAH

No one is.

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CROWELL

I'm asking you.

Crowell reaches out and takes her chin. He turns it side to side to appraise her face.

CROWELL

A little soap and water and a comb
through your locks and you'd almost
be presentable.

Sarah shakes her head free.

CROWELL

Don't be hasty, Missy. You'd have all
the fresh air you need and better food,
too. Corned beef, limes, good water.
And clean bed linen at night.

SARAH

Your bed linen!

CROWELL

Aye.

Sarah turns and starts away.

CROWELL

You go back to steerage, I'll wager odds
on you dying before we reach port.

SARAH

I lay with you, I'll be dying sooner and
living with it longer.

Sarah walks to the hatch leading to steerage. Crowell's POV of Sarah taking a deep breath, looking out to sea, then starts down the ladder. Crowell turns away, his face impassive and watches his crew trim the foresail.

INT-DAY-STEERAGE

HOLD

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INT-DAY-STEERAGE HOLD

Sarah steps off the ladder. Seamus is sitting, holding the dead body of his wife in his arms. Sarah softly curses.

SARAH

Shite! (Sarah looks up and shouts)

We've a poor dead soul, here!

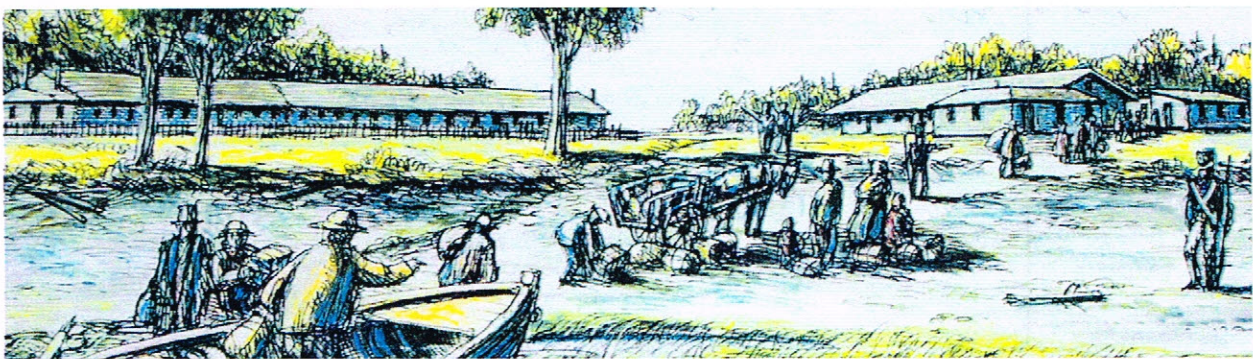
END OF SAMPLE SCENE

GROSSE ILE 1847

Fr. Henri's boat docks at Grosse Ile. He and Fr. Jean-Baptiste are staring at a ship, disgorging its half alive, human cargo. The bodies of the recently dead are roughly lowered over the side with ropes. They bounce off the ships on their way down. Fr. Henri is shocked by the condition of the wretched passengers staggering off the ship. Fr. Jean-Baptiste leads Fr. Henri toward the quarantine sheds.

Fr. Henri and Fr. Jean-Baptiste enters a quarantine shed, looking for Msgr. Gerald Aubin. Fr. Henri is shocked at the scene of human suffering. The coughing and wails of the stricken and the horrific stench of the dead and dying is overwhelming. Fr. Henri looks into the eyes of a dying man, screaming in delirium. Fr. Henri looks around. The inside walls and the windows of the shed are painted red, giving the interior a surreal, Mephistophelean cast.

A harassed Dr. Benoit Cloutier, 40's, is rushing past. Fr. Henri stops him and asks why everything is painted red. Dr. Cloutier explains that red is supposed to be a healing color while the windows are painted to keep the harmful effects of daylight from hurting the eyes of the patients. Fr. Henri says that many of the dying must think they're in hell. Dr. Cloutier's answer is succinct. "Aren't they? He then motions for the priest to help him with a patient who's having febrile convulsions.



Arrival at the Fever Sheds, Grosse Ile 1847

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ABOARD "THE BLACK TERN" 1847

A rat is gnawing on a dead man's arm. A well-aimed swat of a child's hand sends it squealing. Widen out to show the dead man is the Fiddler. A boy sits next to him, holding the fiddle and coughing violently. At the far end is strung a rough curtain of a blanket. The blanket parts and a man steps out, adjusting his pants. Behind the parted blankets, a Young Woman is smoothing down her dress and tucking her breasts back into her bodice. She then hungrily gobbles the little extra food she received for trading her sexual favors. She sees Sarah looking up from the man she's nursing and stares at her, her eyes accusing.

The Young Woman pulls the blanket closed. Sarah goes to help the small stricken boy, when she hears a Crewman shout land ho. The weakened passengers raise a feeble cheer. A few faces are tear stained and others mumble prayers of thanks. Sarah smiles with relief, then returns to her task.

MONTREAL 1847

Back in Montreal, Matthew is setting up his office. He sets a doctor's cabinet against a wall and steps back to look at it. He eyeballs it and moves it a few inches. Satisfied, he opens the glass door and starts filling the shelves with instruments. He works for a few more moments, then Marie-Josée enters. She is dressed for a social occasion and tells Matthew that she's arranged for them to have lunch with some friends of hers. Matthew says he wants to stay and finish setting up the office, but Marie-Josée petulantly tells him these friends are from the Upper Class and will soon be his patients. She tells Matthew she's only looking to help his career, just as any wife would do. Before the disagreement becomes too heated, Matthew agrees to accompany her to lunch. But, as he closes his office door behind him, we get a glimpse of the troubled look on his face.

GROSSE ILE 1847

On deck, Crowell is looking at Grosse Ile in the middle distance. His POV of other ships anchored at rest, all flying the sickness flag. Crowell orders his own flag up the mast and tells the crew to prepare to anchor.

A pilot boat approaches "The Black Tern" with a doctor on board. He tells Crowell to anchor off the island because of low tide then prepare a list of sick that need care. The healthy will stay on board. Orderlies from Grosse Ile will offload the sick to the quarantine sheds while any dead will be buried. Crowell acknowledges the order.

"The Black Tern" is anchored. Orderlies accompanied by a doctor and a priest are helping the sick stagger down to board small boats to take them ashore. Bridey Duffy, carrying Mary's baby, is among them. Meanwhile, the bodies of recently dead passengers are being lowered over the other side. A burial crew is digging graves in the low tide muck and tossing the bodies in. Three or four are put into each grave.

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Fr. Henri climbs onto the deck of the ship accompanied by two Orderlies. Crowell is standing there, looking every inch the Sailing Master. A sweaty and sickly looking Goodspeed is leaning on the deck rail behind the Captain. Fr. Henri asks Crowell if there are any more passengers left aboard. Crowell points to the hold. Fr. Henri tells one of the Orderlies to take Goodspeed. Both Crowell and Goodspeed object, vigorously. Fr. Henri says Goodspeed has come down with typhus and needs to be quarantined. Both men stare at each other, then Crowell gives way.

Orderly takes the protesting Goodspeed off the ship.

Fr. Henri steps off the ladder to the hold and looks around. The nearly empty hold is a fetid mess. Fr. Henri sees among the uninfected, Sarah caring for the boy. He sees how gentle and caring she is with him. He walks to them, kneels and tells her his name. She says the boy's so sick, she doesn't think he'll live the night. Fr. Henri tells her they have doc-



Ships Lined up Quarantined at Grosse Ile

tor's on the island and if there's a chance of him surviving, it's with them. He gently picks up the boy in his arms and starts up the ladder, Sarah asks if she can volunteer to help. Fr. Henri nods as she follows picking up her few possessions and the fiddle.

On deck Fr. Henri tells Cromwell to throw out all the bedding and clean up the hold. Sarah shoots Crowell a hard look, then turns and follows Fr. Henri with the boy down to the awaiting boats.

In the crowded sheds, the foulness and smell is incredible. An orderly removes a dead patient. Sarah finds a place for the boy in one of the fetid double bunks. After she sees he's comfortable, she assists Fr. Henri in caring for another patient. It's hopeless. Fr. Henri points Sarah to another bed, then he starts to give the Last Rites. Sarah moves to another bunk and looks down into a pair of terror stricken eyes. It's Goodspeed. Sarah stares hard at him, then her decent instincts take over. She begins to wash his sweaty brow. In another bunk, a patient screams with delirium.

LA PRAIRIE, QUEBEC 1847

The scream dissolves into high pitched laughter and we see Matthew, Marie-Josée and her family enjoying a hearty laugh over dinner. Matthew cuts into a succulent rack of lamb. Marie-Josée translates from English to French for Matthew. He smiles and raises a fork full of lamb to his mouth.

GROSSE ILE 1847

Dissolve to a weary Fr. Henri, resting by one of the painted windows. A patient calls out and Fr. Henri tries to go to her. But he's so exhausted his legs fail him as he tries to move. Sarah notices

DESTINY *The Treatment*

and walks to the patient. Fr. Henri's POV of her ministering to the sick woman. A smile flickers across his lips. Sarah finishes with the woman and walks to Fr. Henri. She starts to help him, but he protests. She tells him to get some rest. When he says a patient might die without the last rites, she says there are other priests. Besides a dead man can't give absolution to a dying one.

MONTREAL 1847

A carriage rolls to a stop in front of a beautiful house. The Coachman climbs down from the carriage and opens the door. Matthew and Marie-Josée step out. Ulysse is waiting on the porch, a huge smile creasing his face. Matthew and Marie-Josée stride up the fieldstone walk to the front door. As they step onto the porch, Ulysse pushes the door open and proclaims it's Marie-Josée and Matthew's house. Marie-Josée shrieks with pleasure and throws herself at her father. They hug and Ulysse leads her into the house. Matthew hesitates on the porch. There's something about this that rankles him.

Ulysse has left leaving Matthew and Marie-Josée standing alone in the barren living room. Marie-Josée is chattering on about how much she loves the house. Matthew questions whether they need something this big. Marie-Josée tells him a society doctor needs a grand house for entertaining. Matthew says he hopes to be something more than a society doctor. He went into medicine to help people. Marie-Josée laughs, in that carefree way Matthew used to find charming. But now it's giving him pause. Marie-Josée dances across the floor, humming a classical tune. Matthew looks at her and turns away. A full length mirror is on the wall. Matthew turns and looks into it for a second. He doesn't like what he sees.

GROSSE ILE 1847

It's a foggy night. Redcoats walk picket lines around the sheds, keeping the sick within the quarantine area. Doctors, priests, nurses and orderlies come and go hurriedly.

Inside a quarantine shed Sarah is helping Dr. Cloutier tend to the boy. Now clutching the fiddle he's barely hanging on to life. Further down the aisle is Goodspeed coughing and raging with fever Sarah moves to put a moist rag on his burning forehead. Goodspeed humbled by Sarah's willingness to nurse him – smiles to her and clutches her hand.

Fr. Henri is tending to a sick patient, when he tries to straighten up he collapses onto the floor. Sarah and Dr. Cloutier run to him. He's burning up with fever and coughing painfully. Despite Fr. Henri's feeble protests, Sarah claws open his vestments and exposes his chest. He has the telltale rash of typhus.

Two Orderlies are carrying out a dead body from the bunk next to the boy, while a third removes the soiled straw replacing it with a fresh clump. Sarah and Fr. Jean-Baptiste lay Fr. Henri down in the recently vacated bunk. Sarah seats herself beside Fr. Henri sponging him to bring down the fever.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

At daylight, the Orderlies are lowering bodies into a mass grave. When one body is laid in we see it's Goodspeed. His body is soon covered by another corpse.

LA PRAIRIE, QUEBEC 1847

At Ulysse's library Ulysse and Matthew are discussing investments over glasses of port. A maid knocks on the library door to announce the arrival of a priest, Fr. Laurent carrying an urgent message. Fr. Laurent is ushered in followed by Marie-Josée and Jeanne.

Ulysse takes the note from Fr. Laurent, opens and starts to read it. He immediately blanches. Jeanne sees his stricken visage and asks what is the matter. Ulysse tells Jeanne Fr. Henri is critically ill. He looks over at Matthew, his eyes silently pleading. Matthew immediately tells Ulysse he'll go to Grosse Ile. If Ulysse can outfit a boat with medicines and supplies, he'll leave at first light.

A petulant Marie-Josée is adamant that Matthew not go. What about her wedding. Surely there's enough doctor's there to care for Henri. Jeanne quietly says "he's your brother" realization sinks in as Marie-Josée bursts into tears, nodding agreement.

On the veranda, Matthew and Marie-Josée kiss goodbye. A sorrowful, Marie-Josée runs into the house.

GROSSE ILE 1847

In the typhus shed, the rash has spread to Fr. Henri's extremities and he's mumbling a delirious mixture of Latin and French. Fr. Jean-Baptiste and Sarah stay with him, taking turns washing him and trying to feed him water. Beside Fr. Henri the boy seems to have rallied somewhat. He's able to take a little porridge on his own.

With the Grosse Ile dock approaching Matthew is standing at the bow of a boat, as it approaches the dock. Suddenly, his face becomes a mask of disbelieving horror. His POV of the bodies, that were buried in the mud at low tide, are being washed to the surface by the high tide. They slowly float atop the water, and drift away in the current their bodies now grotesquely swollen.

The boat docks as Matthew jumps from the ship and rushes toward the quarantine area. A pair of orderlies, carrying a dead body, point him toward the quarantine shed where Fr. Henri lies. Matthew hurries to the shed and enters. Immediately, he's overwhelmed by the magnitude of disease and human suffering he sees. The nauseating smell is too much for him. He clutches his hand to his face covering his mouth and nose and steps outside.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

Outside, Matthew gasps for air. A maddened fever ridden patient, babbling inanities, staggers past him and rushes toward the woods. A Soldier yells for him to stop, but he ignores him. He disappears into the woods. Stunned, Matthew looks around. No one else pays the episode any mind. Matthew can't believe what he's seeing. Sarah, carrying a basket of laundered linen approaches him. She notices his doctor's bag and stops. Matthew asks her where Fr. Henri is. She says to follow her as they walk. He asks Sarah about the sick man who ran into the woods. Sarah says he'll die in the woods and be buried where he falls. They enter the quarantine sheds.

Sarah leads him to Fr. Henri's bunk. Fr. Jean-Baptiste is kneeling next to the bunk, praying. He stands and embraces Matthew. When Matthew asks how Fr. Henri is, Fr. Jean-Baptiste shakes his head that's it's going badly. Matthew kneels next to Fr. Henri and takes his hand. The priest is almost unrecognizable. His eyes have sunken deep into their sockets and his face is mottled with red lesions. He's hacking terribly and shaking with the chills. Matthew tries to talk to him, but Fr. Henri is delirious. The only word that can be consistently made out is Sarah. Sarah hands her basket of linen to an Orderly, goes to the other side of the bunk and takes Fr. Henri's other hand. She gently strokes his forehead with a cool cloth and talks to him in a low, gentle tone. Matthew is taken by her inherent gentleness.

At night, Sarah takes Matthew to the mess area crowded with doctors, nurses, priests and orderlies to get something to eat. Bridey Duffy is working as a server. Sarah asks after Mary's baby and Bridey points to him sleeping in a small cradle. He looks fine, as does Bridey. Sarah smiles and takes her food to a table. Matthew follows her. As they eat, they talk about the "coffin ships" and Sarah's desire to nurse the typhus victims. After they eat, they decide to catch some much needed sleep. Matthew walks Sarah to her quarters, then heads to his own.

It's daylight and Matthew and Dr. Cloutier are making the rounds of the quarantine sheds. Fr. Jean-Baptiste is giving the last rites to a dying woman. Matthew looks around for Sarah and sees her nursing a sick woman. The woman is thrashing about from delirium, but Sarah handles her gently and patiently. She settles the woman down, then looks up and sees Matthew looking at her. She smiles shyly, then looks away.

Nighttime, Matthew, fully dressed, is sleeping atop his bed. Sarah enters and shakes him awake. Fr. Henri is dying. They hurry to the shed where he lies.

Entering, Matthew, Sarah join Fr. Jean-Baptiste at Fr. Henri's side, his death rattle breathing signals his approaching death. Fr. Jean-Baptiste implores Matthew to save his friend, but Matthew tells him there's nothing he can do. Matthew kneels next to Fr. Henri and takes his hand. Sarah takes his other. Fr. Jean-Baptiste administers the last rites over him. Fr. Henri rouses from his fever and has a moment of clarity. He looks at Sarah and says "God bless you." He smiles serenely at Fr. Jean-Baptiste then looks at Matthew and thanks him for coming to care for him. His eyes fix on a spot on the ceiling and he whisper's "God is beautiful" in French.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

A shallow last gasp and he's gone.

Matthew closes Fr. Henri's staring eyes and folds his hands over his chest. Sarah eyes brimming with tears asks if she should have the Orderlies ready the body for burial in the quarantine graveyard. Matthew says no. He'll accompany the body to Montreal for a family burial. Sarah nods as she moves away and exits the quarantine shed. Matthew instructs an Orderly to wash Fr. Henri, and prepare the body for shipment to Montreal. Matthew goes out of the quarantine shed. It's dawn.

Sarah walks past a guard, patrolling the perimeter. The guard nods at her and Sarah heads into the woods. She walks to a point of land that overlooks the river. It's out of sight of the sheds and primeval in its beauty. Sarah sits and looks out into the river, quietly enjoying the glorious sunrise.

Morning finds Matthew standing at the edge of the dock, looking at the numerous coffin ships anchored off the island. Another ship arrives, it's sickness flag flapping in the breeze.

Doctors and orderlies start moving down the dock preparing to board. Fr. Jean-Baptiste lightly touches Matthew's shoulder and tells him his boat is loaded with Henri's coffin and is ready to leave for Montreal. Matthew boards to the docked boat and stares down at Henri's coffin lashed in place for the journey. He looks back at the "coffin ship" unloading the sick, dying and dead. As he glances back at the quarantine sheds, he sees Sarah carrying a bucket of water into one. He produces a notebook hurriedly jotting down a note to Marie-Josée saying he's staying as the situation here at Grosse Ile is desperate. He folds it, addresses it and hands it to a crew member. Fr. Jean-Baptiste throws a comradely arm over Matthew's shoulder and they walk back to the quarantine sheds.

Sarah looks up as Matthew and Fr. Jean-Baptiste enter the shed. She sees Matthew and smiles at him. He smiles back, then goes to work on a sick patient.

LA PRAIRIE, QUEBEC 1847

A coach arrives at Thaddeus's estate. Marie-Josée and Jeanne dressed in mourning is followed by Thaddeus. They have returned from the burial of Fr. Henri. Thaddeus angrily expresses his disapproval of Matthew's behaviour in electing to stay to aid those Irish paupers. He should have done his duty to his future family by returning with his son's body, then staying in Montreal to marry Marie-Josée. Marie-Josée says they must send a message that he is to return at once.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

GROSSE ILE 1847

MONTAGE:

Late at night, Sarah and Matthew work diligently on a new patient. At one point their eyes meet and they share a warm look.

In the daylight, Matthew sees Sarah carrying two buckets of water from the well. He takes them from her and carries them into the quarantine shed.

Matthew is working over a Young Man by oil lamp. He's doing everything he can to keep the Young Man alive. But finally, the Young Man succumbs to the illness. Sad and frustrated, he bows his head in exhaustion. Sarah comes up behind him and lightly rests her hand on his shoulder. He reaches up and puts his hand over hers. Beat, then another Nurse calls for him. Wearily, he gets to his feet and walks over to her patient.

Matthew and Sarah take a walk in the woods, outside the perimeter at dawn. Sarah shows Matthew the point of land where she comes to watch the river and find solace. Side by side they quietly view the sunrise. Both of them are starting to struggle with their attraction to each other.

END OF MONTAGE:

The boat from Montreal docks and the letter from Ulysse and Marie-Josée is brought to Matthew. He reads their demand that he return to Montreal. Pocketing the letter he faces a struggle with his conscience as he returns to the sheds.

Father Jean-Baptiste tells Sarah that a new adoption program has been put in place, where French Canadian families will take in parentless Irish children. The only caveat is the Irish children will keep their surnames, so they'll never forget their parents or the country of their birth. Fr. Jean-Baptiste tells her the boy that came with her will be one of the first to go and he hands her a list of the others and asks that she get them ready.

Sarah is preparing the first load of children to leave. With their meager possessions, they don't have much more than the tattered clothes on their back. The boy doesn't want to leave Sarah. He holds her tightly hugging his fiddle and cries. Sarah brushes back his tears and tells him he'll have a nice life, away from all the sickness and death. And he'll be able to learn to play his fiddle for his new family. Taking his hand, Sarah walks him to the boat. The boy gives her a kiss and hurries aboard. As the boat starts away from the dock, he walks to the bow of the boat, holding up his fiddle he waves goodbye. There are tears on Sarah's cheeks as she waves goodbye. Hold on her POV of the ship disappearing down river.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

Sarah returns to a shed and starts to go to work. Almost, at once she feels weak, dizzy. Setting down her cloth, she walks to the door, where the light is better and looks at her arms. The beginning of the rash of typhus is breaking out on her arms. Sarah immediately searches for a vacant bunk and lies down.

Matthew is working in another shed, when an Orderly comes to tell him Sarah's has typhus. Matthew calls for another doctor to take over for him and rushes out.

Matthew hurries across the compound.

Dashing into Sarah's shed, he looks around, sees her and rushes to her side. His POV of the sheen of sweat coating her face. She hacks mightily and Matthew rests his hand on her forehead. She's burning up. Sarah smiles up at Matthew, her eyes full of trust. He tries to smile back, but his fear betrays him.

Later. Matthew's sitting at her bedside. It's night and the only light is from oil lamps and candles. Sarah is softly moaning. His POV of her face. It's now dark red with the typhus rash. Matthew sighs and looks away.

Afternoon. Matthew is off helping other patients, while Bridey Duffy sits with Sarah trying to cool her raging fever. Sarah's talking softly in Gaelic and Bridey strokes her hand and answers her in soothing tones. Matthew comes over and sits next to Sarah. Looking into Bridey's face, he sees the sadness in her eyes. She believes Sarah's going to die.

Night. Matthew by the bed, holding Sarah's hand in his. He keeps nodding off, forcing himself to stay awake. It looks hopeless. Sarah's hacking cough is worse and she's suffering incredibly painful muscle contractions. Fr. Jean-Baptiste comes to pray for her they look at each other and shake their heads. She can't last much longer.

Dawn. Matthew takes his hand from Sarah's and stands, Bridey Murphy has come to relieve him as he's exhausted. He walks to the door of the shed and exits.

Outside, Matthew feels a light rain on his face. Looking skyward he furiously rages at God for taking her.

Bridey Duffy appears in the doorway of the quarantine hut and calls out to Matthew. Matthew turns, dreading what she has to say. He looks at her, tears streaming down her face. Matthew's preparing for the worst. He can't make out what she's saying. He stares at her and sees that through the tears, she's smiling. He shakes his head and her words become clear. "She talked to me, Doctor. Her fever's broke."

DESTINY *The Treatment*

Matthew shocked looks skyward, mutters a heartfelt thank you to God and returns to the quarantine shed.

Matthew rushes to her side. She sees Matthew and smiles. He touches her forehead. Her fever's down. Not gone, but it's broken. Matthew sits and takes her hand.

MONTREAL 1847

Ulysse, with several dignitaries are on the committee to adopt the Irish children, meet the boat in Montreal. The children are debarked prominent among them is the boy with the fiddle. A priest accompanied by several nuns take charge of the children and hurries them away. Ulysse is expecting Matthew to be on it. When he sees the Doctor's not aboard, he reacts angrily, turns and stomps to his coach.

GROSSE ILE 1847

MONTAGE:

Morning, Sarah, on Matthew's arm, takes her first tentative steps.

When she exits the quarantine shed, she lifts her face to the sun squinting from its bright rays.

Dissolve to another day. Sarah in a change of clothes, and holding onto Matthew's arm, is walking slowly but steadily to the water's edge.

Dissolve to another day. Sarah and Matthew are walking toward the perimeter. She shakes off his steadying hand and walks past the guards on her own. Reaching the tree line, she holds out her hand for Matthew to take. Not for support but as a sign of affection.

END OF MONTAGE:

They walk to Sarah's special place and sit under the pines. There's passion in the air, but neither one knows quite what to do. Matthew gently puts his arm around her and moves in for a kiss. Sarah sees Matthew's face coming toward her, then a wild looking, diseased ridden face looms above over Matthew's shoulder. Sarah screams. A musket cracks. The head explode in a bloody shower and disappears. Sarah is shaking. A Redcoat rushes to them. Begging their pardon, he's under orders to shoot any crazed patient who won't return to the shed compounds, or who seems to be a danger to others. Matthew blood spattered tells the Redcoat it's all right, then he helps Sarah to her feet. Putting his arm around her for support, he leads her away.

Sarah and Matthew are almost back to the picket line, when she stops him. He asks if she's ok and she nods. Then, impetuously, she reaches up, turns his face toward her and kisses him. A bolt of passion welds them together and their lips consume each other.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

Dissolve to later that night. Sarah and Matthew are naked upon an improvised bed on the deck of one of the packet ships. With the vessel resting at anchor, there's no-one aboard to disturb the passion of their lovemaking. Sarah responds willingly to Matthew's touch. She has found love.

MONTREAL 1847

Marie-Josée stands alone in the ballroom of the beautiful home Ulysse purchased for Matthew and her. She looks around the beautiful room. Empty. Slowly, she raises her hands to her face and begins to cry. Ulysse who has come to fetch her tells her Matthew has not been on any of the boats arriving from Grosse Ile nor has there been any letter.

GROSSE ILE 1847

A "coffin ship" wanting to get to Montreal and unload its vermin ridden cargo, without getting caught up in the quarantine, glides like a spectre past Grosse Ile.

That night Matthew walks to the edge of the dock. It's very late, after midnight and the quarantine area is quiet. Matthew takes the letter from his pocket and reads it in the moonlight. It has the call to his conscience that he expected. He crumples it up and starts to throw it in the river. He catches himself and, with a sigh of resignation, he smooths out the letter pocketing it. Turning, he walks toward the women's quarters.

SAMPLE SCENE:

INT-NIGHT-WOMEN'S QUARTERS

Matthew moves past other sleeping nurses and approaches Sarah's bed. Sarah is sleeping peacefully, showing no sign of suffering from the fever. He gently shakes her.

MATTHEW

Sarah!...Sarah!

Sarah awakens with a start.

SARAH

Matthew! What...

DESTINY *The Treatment*

MATTHEW

I need to talk to you. Please.

Matthew turns and exits.

EXT-NIGHT-WOMEN'S QUARTERS

Matthew is waiting outside. His face is stricken. He nervously flexes his hands. Exiting the women's quarters in her nightgown, Sarah throws a shawl over her shoulders. Her POV of Matthew's agonized visage.

SARAH

What is it, my darling?

MATTHEW

You know I love you?

SARAH

Aye, and I you.

MATTHEW

God. I can't do this.

Matthew hands Sarah the letter. She takes it in her hand, looks at it and passes it back.

SARAH

I...I can't read.

Matthew opens the letter. As he starts to speak, his voice trembles with emotion.

MATTHEW

Matthew...as a man of honor...
you must return to consummate
your pledge.

SARAH

It's about a woman?

DESTINY *The Treatment*

MATTHEW

Yes.

SARAH

And you're in love with her.

MATTHEW

I thought I was. But no.

SARAH

But...

MATTHEW

I asked her to marry me. Before this.
...Before you.

SARAH

And she's waiting for ye in Montreal.

Matthew nods.

MATTHEW

She's Father Henri's sister. I only came here to try and save him. His family sent me...God, Sarah, how could I know I'd find you here.

SARAH

Ye couldn't. But after ye were here with me, ye did know she was waiting for ye.

MATTHEW

Yes.

SARAH

And you'd already asked for her hand.

MATTHEW

Yes.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

SARAH

Then going back is the honorable thing.

MATTHEW

What about us?

SARAH

It was a dream I had during the fever.
And maybe the dreaming kept me here.
But the sad t'ing is we all wake up.

MATTHEW

I'm so sorry, Sarah.

Sarah lightly touches his face.

SARAH

I know ye are. Maybe we'll see each other in another dream.

Sarah turns before she starts to cry and enters the Women's Quarters. Matthew stands outside, his anguished face reveals his pain.

INT-NIGHT-WOMEN'S QUARTERS

Sarah sits on the edge of her bed and lets the tears out. Beat, then Bridey Duffy gets out of her bed, sits next to Sarah who turns to her as she draws the younger woman into her embrace.

EXT-MORNING-PACKET BOAT

Matthew stands in the bow, as the boat moves away from the dock. His eyes are scanning the quarantine area for a glimpse of Sarah. She's nowhere to be seen.

INT-MORNING QUARANTINE SHED

Sarah is just beside the door, where Matthew can't see her. Her POV of him sadly gripping the rail. REV of Sarah watching the boat go out of sight. When it disappears, she slowly turns and enters to resume her work.

END OF SAMPLE SCENE

DESTINY *The Treatment*

MONTREAL 1847

Matthew is sitting in the gloom of his room. There's just the barest hint of moonlight coming through his window. Matthew drains a tumbler of liquor and pours another. He stares out into nothing, as he takes another swallow.

The next morning, Matthew walks to the house his prospective in-laws bought for Marie-Josée and him. He takes a key from his jacket, walks up the steps, unlocks the door and enters.

Inside he steps into the large living room. As he looks around at the grandeur, his mind wanders back to the quarantine sheds at Grosse Ile and Sarah.

A scream of joy, snaps Matthew from his reverie and Marie-Josée rushes to hug him. She tells him how much she's missed him. How she's never going to let him out of her sight. How they'll be proper society people. Matthew asks after Ulysse and Jeanne. Marie-Josée says the whole family is taking Fr. Henri's death very hard, but they are grateful to him for the effort he made. Marie-Josée rushes to the door and calls in her servant. She tells him to go to Ulysse's Seigneury at La Prairie and tell her parents Matthew's back. She's tells him, her parents will throw a real ball in his honor.

Matthew says he wants to get back to his practice. Marie-Josée smiles and says there will only be minor ailments. No more epidemics.

LA PRAIRIE, QUEBEC 1847

Marie-Josée, dressed in a beautiful gown and Matthew, in formal clothes, enter her Father's ballroom, arm in arm. The guests break into applause, as they enter. The men respectfully nod toward him and the women curtsy and Matthew and Marie-Josée approach them. Marie-Josée is absolutely luminous and she almost floats across the floor. Matthew is smiling, but his eyes look troubled.

MONTREAL 1847

In the Port of Montreal, a Harbor Master shines a light into the hold of a newly arrived ship. His face takes on a look of utter shock. REV to his POV of the dead and barely alive typhus victims. REV to the Harbor Master blessing himself, turning to an Aide and tells him to summon the Mayor who is partying at the de Rochfort estate.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

LA PRAIRIE, QUEBEC 1847

The music is lively and the dancing elegant. The Aide bursts into the room, looks around for the Mayor. He spots him, runs to him and speaks rapidly in his ear. The shocked Mayor collects his wits and silences the music. In a voice filled with emotion, he announces that typhus has struck Montreal.

Consternation breaks out among the assembled guests as noisily they begin to make way for the exit and their carriages. Matthew turns to leave, but Marie-Josée grabs his arm. He's already done his duty to the plague victims. Matthew firmly tells her he's a doctor and he'll go where doctors are needed. Marie-Josée tells him it's the typhus patients or her. Matthew reaches out, gently cups her face and says goodbye. He turns and walks away. Marie-Josée demands him to come back, but he keeps on going, crying in tears, frustration and anger she turns and runs into the arms of Ulysse.

In the morning, carpentry crews are quickly knocking together quarantine sheds on the Pt. St. Charles land owned by "Les Soeurs Grises." ("The Grey Nuns") The Nuns are treating the sick and dying with gentleness and compassion. But it's soon evident that the same horrific conditions that occurred on Grosse Ile are now happening in Montreal. Matthew, based on his experience at Grosse Ile, assumes a leading position.

The numbers of sick landing at Pt. Saint Charles soon overwhelms The Grey Nuns. The Mayor and the leading religious leaders of the Protestant and Catholic churches as well as doctors and nurses respond with overwhelming support. As at Grosse Ile, many of them will contract the disease and die.

GROSSE ILE 1847

The worst of the epidemic has passed. The Administrators at Grosse Ile ask for volunteers to go to Montreal and work at the St. Charles quarantine. Sarah is one of the first to sign up. Sarah packs her meager belongings and says goodbye to Bridey. Still taking care of Mary Mullaney's infant Liam, Bridey tells Sarah she'll be shipping out with the baby to a place in Ontario. They hug and separate. Sarah joins Fr. Jean-Baptiste who is also going to Montreal.

MONTREAL 1847

Ulysse sends a Messenger to Matthew with a plea to come to his senses. In front of the Messenger, without even reading it, he balls it up and tosses it aside.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

The sick and dying have attracted a macabre crowd of sightseers. Well dressed gentry, the women holding perfumed handkerchiefs to their noses have come to watch. A pushcart comes out of a shed containing shrouded corpses. A murmur runs through the crowd as they see the mayor in shirtsleeves come out with a load of contaminated blankets destined to be burnt.

Matthew is working in the shed closest to the quarantine perimeter. Outside he hears a commotion, a woman yelling. It's Sarah!!!

Matthew steps outside sees Sarah berating the crowd for staring at the sick like they were sideshow freaks. Sarah tells them if they had any human compassion at all, they'd be inside the perimeter, working. Matthew runs to Sarah, whirls her around. She's about to lash out, when she realizes it's Matthew. He drapes his arm about her, as they walk toward the shed where he was working. CLOSE ON a pair of eyes filling up over the scented handkerchief. It's Marie-Josée standing at the back of the gathering.

The next dawn, Matthew and Sarah are working with a patient who's thrashing about in febrile dementia. Matthew hears a soft, clear, French accented voice call his name. Stunned, he turns to see Marie-Josée. She's dressed in a simple, country dress covered with a smock. Her hair and face are free of any make-up or embellishments. She simply says, "I want to help." Matthew doesn't know what to say. It's Sarah who takes her by the hand and says, "come on, then."

MONTAGE:

Morning. Sarah and Marie-Josée are working together washing off a sweat drenched woman.

Night. Matthew watches them changing beds reeking of dysentery.

Dawn. Sarah watches Marie-Josée gently close the staring eyes of a dead man.

Dusk. Sarah and Marie-Josée are bathing the fevered brow of one of the Nuns as Father Jean-Baptiste prays over her.

END OF MONTAGE

DESTINY *The Treatment*

It's night and Matthew's making the rounds. He sees Marie-Josée and Sarah comforting a dying boy. He stands in the shadows, as they talk. Marie-Josée tells her she knows Matthew is in love with Sarah. Marie-Josée says she loves him, too. More now than when she was engaged to him. She knew then he was a good doctor and a great catch, as a husband. But being here, working with him, she realizes he's a dedicated man. In the same way her brother was a dedicated. Sarah is touched. Watching from the shadows, Matthew has a lump in his throat. The dying boy groans in pain and Marie-Josée gently quiets him.

SMASH CUT CU on the sweat streaked, typhus lesion marked face of Marie-Josée. She is hacking with that ominous cough and the chills have her shaking uncontrollably. Matthew is the picture of alarm, as he tries everything he knows to save her. Sarah bathes her with cool water trying to break the fever.

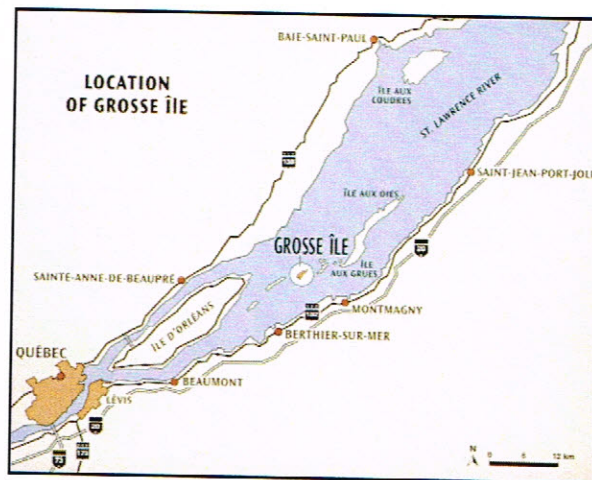
Dissolve to later. Matthew is totally exhausted. He looks at Sarah and shakes his head. He doesn't see Marie-Josée peering from the slitted eyelids of her typhus ravaged face. She whispers that it's alright. Matthew says he's sorry. Marie-Josée says why? She looks to her left and sees a dying nun. She looks to her right and sees the dying Mayor of Montreal. At the foot of her bed, Fr. Jean-Baptiste begins giving her the last rites. She looks at Matthew and says, "I'm a sinner dying among Saints." She turns to Sarah, her voice barely audible. Sarah lowers her ear down to Marie-Josée's lips. Barely heard are two words. "Love him." Marie-Josée's head lolls to the right and her eyes no longer see. Sarah moves to comfort a distraught Matthew.

DESTINY *The Treatment*

MONTREAL CEMETARY 1847

An absolutely destroyed Ulysse is standing in front of his daughter's grave and behind his son's, as Fr. Jean-Baptiste commends her soul to the earth. Jeanne is weeping inconsolably as she leans on a friend's arm. When the priest is finished, Matthew tries to console Ulysse, but the older man violently shakes him off. When he turns to acknowledge Jeanne, she turns her head away. Matthew drops a rose atop the grave and walks to where Sarah's standing a discreet distance away.

She tells him she'll stay in Montreal with him if that's what he wants. He says, no. There's nothing here for him. They will pay the passage for the rest of Sarah's family to come on a first class untainted ship from Ireland. So they'll wait until they come, then they'll head west to the fertile land of Western Canada. And sink their roots there.



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