

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Terrible Angel"

by

George R.R. Martin

WITT/THOMAS PRODUCTION 956

North Seward Street

Hollywood, CA 90038

(213) 856-0589

(213) 856-4994

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Terrible Angel"

FADE IN:

1 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

1

A few hours before dawn, the subway deserted. The last car is filthy, littered, scarred by graffiti, its lights FLICKER ON AND OFF as the train shakes along the tracks.

A FAT MAN sits at one end, reading a morning tabloid. At the back of the train a black cleaning lady, MRS. DALBY, small, fiftyish, and bone-tired, clutches her oversized purse and stares wearily out at nothing. They shake and sway to the motion of the train with the obliviousness of veteran subway riders.

ANGLE ON DOORS

as the car pulls into a station, and the doors HISS open. TWO PUNKS enter, laughing and joking loudly. They're teenagers, wearing gang colors and shades, with hard, street-scarred faces.

BACK TO THE SCENE

The fat man looks up at the punks, doesn't like what he sees, folds up his newspaper, and quietly slips out, moving up to the next car. The punks LAUGH.

ANGLE PAST PUNKS ON MRS. DALBY

She has shrunk back in her seat, frightened.

FIRST PUNK

Who you looking at?

She looks down, tries to ignore him.

SECOND PUNK

Hey, lady, we're talking to you.

MRS. DALBY'S POV

The first punk whispers something unintelligible. They laugh and turn to look at her. The lights GO OUT again.

When they come back on, the punks are right on top of her. Their smiles are arrogant, predatory..

FIRST PUNK

Got a match, lady?

1 CONTINUED:

1

BACK TO THE SCENE

Mrs. Dalby shakes her head, clutches her oversized purse even more tightly.

MRS. DALBY  
No... please...

The car lights go off, come back on.

SECOND PUNK  
Bet you got some matches in the bag, lady. Give it here.

MRS. DALBY  
No matches. You leave me alone.

FIRST PUNK  
(reaching for bag)  
Let's have a look.

He pulls at the bag, she resists, and the second punk HITS her hard with back of his hand. She lets go of the purse, slumps in the seat. The lights go on, off. The first punk rummages through the purse.

CLOSE ON DOOR BETWEEN CARS

as it slides open just a crack. The lights flick on, off. A HAND is curled around the doorframe, a hand with matted fur and claws.

FIRST PUNK  
(o.s.)  
Nineteen dollars! She's only got nineteen dollars!

BACK TO THE SCENE

The punk empties the purse on the floor. Mrs. Dalby CRIES OUT and falls to her knees, trying to retrieve her possessions. The punks start having fun, kicking at her things as she grabs for them. The lights go out again as they begin kicking her. In the dark, the punks are dim silhouettes kicking at her, cursing. We hear their GRUNTS and LAUGHTER, her PLEADING, the impact of their BOOTS -and then the sound of the door sliding open.

SECOND PUNK  
What was that?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

Something large and fast explodes out of the darkness and slams into him. The train enters a long station, and screams through without stopping, but the STATION LIGHT strobes through the windows as they fight.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Images in the dark, lit against the windows: the first punk locked in struggle with the attacker, a clawed hand upraised to strike, the sound of RIPPING FABRIC, SCREAMS, the second punk opening a switchblade, the punk's face, all the arrogance suddenly gone from it, just a terrified boy now, darkness, a SLASHING sound, the face again, with a series of jagged slashes down his cheek, the blood welling from them, the knife spinning from his grasp, claws, upraised again to strike, the punk staggering, clutching his stomach, falling, a dark silhouette bent over him, SLASHING.

ANGLE ON MRS. DALBY

She scrabbles back, holding her empty purse to her chest as if for protection. A dark shape looms over her, raises a hand. Mrs. Dalby whimpers, shrinks in on herself, as if to avoid the blow. But the claws close around the emergency pull, yank, and the subway comes SCREECHING to a sudden halt. The dark shape opens the rear door, and runs off down the tracks, vanishing in the dark as Mrs. Dalby watches.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. MAXWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

2

Deputy DA Joe Maxwell has a huge stack of files on his desk as Cathy enters. She looks at them doubtfully.

CATHY

I have a horrible suspicion that those are for me.

MAXWELL

Bingo, Radcliffe. It's your own fault. First thing I learned in the Army -- never volunteer. This is an ugly one. Take a good look.

Maxwell hands her a thick gray envelope. Cathy opens it, and slides out some glossy police photographs.

3 INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPHS 3

4 INT. MAXWELL'S OFFICE - DAY 4

We glimpse them very briefly, as Cathy rifles through them: they're police shots of the bodies of the two punks.

MAXWELL (V.O.)

Seventeen and sixteen. They look like they tried to go a round with a tiger. Only this animal walks around on two feet, and half the city thinks he's a hero.

BACK TO THE SCENE

MAXWELL

You look a little green. Sure you've got the stomach for this?

Cathy is clearly shaken. She's seen something like this before -- she's seen Vincent tear men apart. She can't admit that now.

CATHY

I'm sure. What do you want me to do?

MAXWELL

Our subway slasher knows how to take care of himself.

(slaps stack of files)

So what you got here, you got your self-defense classes, your karate schools, your kung fu instructors. Be the first deb on your block to collect the whole set.

Cathy opens the topmost file on the pile.

MAXWELL

You know the profile we're looking for. Recent crime victims, maybe someone who's lost family. Flag anything subway-related. You've heard of the subways, right? .

CATHY

(wry, sarcastic)

I think someone mentioned them to me once.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

She gathers up the cumbersome stack of files and heads for the door.

MAXWELL

Hey, Radcliffe...

(Cathy looks back)

Five'll get you ten you don't know what a token costs.

Cathy hesitates for a beat, and Maxwell grins.

CATHY

(smiles)

A dollar...

With a grimace, Maxwell reaches for his wallet, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - CATHY'S - DAY

5

At her desk, the stack in front of her, Cathy picks up the top file, and opens it.

CUT TO:

6  
thru  
12  
12A

Rev. 7/30/87

6.

OMITTED

6  
thru  
12

INSERT - THE FILE

12A

A data sheet on ISAAC STUBBS, with his photograph clipped to the upper left-hand corner.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. SOHO WAREHOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

13

An old converted warehouse. In the loft windows is a sign: STUBBS ACADEMY OF STREETFIGHTING.

CUT TO:

14 INT. ISAAC STUBBS' LOFT - DAY

14

Cathy enters, hesitates, looks around. No one in sight.

CATHY

Come on out, Isaac. I know you're here.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Isaac Stubbs steps from behind a heavy bag, smiling. He's wearing boxing gloves; she's caught him in the middle of working out.

ISAAC

Can't fool you anymore.

CATHY

I had a good teacher.

ISAAC

Come for the refresher course, or is this a social call?

CATHY

Neither, I'm afraid. I need to ask you a few questions.

ISAAC

(lightly)

Anything makes you sound that serious, it's got to be pretty heavy. Are we talking money, baseball, or love here?

CATHY

We're talking the subway slasher.

Isaac REACTS; his smile and easy-going manner vanish suddenly.

ISAAC

Whom I talking to here, a friend or a district attorney?

CATHY

Me.

ISAAC

Wrong answer.

He turns his back on her and resumes his workout, pounding the heavy bag. Cathy moves closer to him and continues the talk, but Isaac bites out his replies between punches.

CATHY

He's killing people, Isaac.

ISAAC

(beat, punch)

I notice...

(more)



L4 CONTINUED: (2)

14

ISAAC (Cont'd)  
 (beat, punch)  
 ... you don't say...  
 (beat, punch)  
 innocent people.

CATHY  
 Guilt or innocence is for the courts  
 to decide, Isaac. If you know  
 anything --

ISAAC  
 I don't know nothing.  
 (beat, punch)  
 ... and if I did...  
 (beat, punch)  
 ... I wouldn't tell no DA.

CATHY.  
 Whose side are you on, anyway?

Isaac stops very suddenly, and turns to face her.

ISAAC  
 You give me ten minutes to shower and  
 change, and I'll show you.

Cathy NODS, and we

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CITY STREET. DAY

15

Cathy and Isaac (now in street clothes) are walking through a seedy Lower East Side neighborhood. The buildings are run down, at least a century old.

ISAAC.  
 You got any idea how many students I  
 had last year?  
 (beat)  
 Too damn many. Don't matter if it's me  
 or one of those egg foo young places  
 uptown, we've all got more than we can  
 handle. Why do you suppose that is?

CATHY  
 You're the teacher. You tell me.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

ISAAC

Cause people are scared. You ain't  
the only one come to me after  
something bad went down.

Self-consciously, Cathy touches her face. Beautiful now, but she remembers. She'll always remember. Isaac notices.

ISAAC

Yeah. And you got off easy, compared  
to some. They all come to me, after.

(beat, then bitterly)

You can't do much after. 'Cept maybe  
teach them a few tricks, so they  
won't be so scared no more.

(beat)

Here we are.

16 EXT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

16

They're standing in front of a refurbished three story tenement building at least a century old. It was a cheap hotel once, but now it's been converted to other uses: the modern sign on the door says PROTECTORS HQ. A young couple wearing distinctive snow-white berets exit and descend the stairs as Cathy turns to Isaac.

CATHY

The Protectors? They're -

ISAAC

-- the nuts in the white hats who ride  
around on the subways looking for  
trouble, right?

(takes her arm)

C'mon.

CUT TO:

17 INT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

17

As they enter, RED is standing inside by the door. Behind him is a corridor and a number of tiny cubicles where people are at work. They're of various ages and races, dressed casually, but all of them wear the white beret.

RED

Isaac! How's it going?

(CONTINUED)

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17 CONTINUED:

17

ISAAC

Can't complain. Okay if I give her  
the ten-cent tour?

RED

Go ahead.

18 INT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

18

Isaac leads Cathy through the building, past various offices,  
and the camera FOLLOWS them as they walk. The hall bustle with  
activity, full of Protectors from every strata of society, all  
wearing the white berets.

CATHY

They know you?

ISAAC

I teach here. Two classes a week.

They pass a room where a half-dozen people sit waiting by  
telephones, or talking into receivers

ISAAC

That's a 24-hour victim's hotline.  
They get people over the hump, tell  
them their rights, their options,  
where to get help.

A man in a three piece suit EXITS from a door marked LEGAL AID  
as they pass, carrying a briefcase, and consoling a  
sobbing woman.

CATHY

They do litigation?

ISAAC

(nods)

Got about twenty lawyers who  
volunteer time. Sue the bad guys on  
behalf of their victims.

The next door they pass is closed, with a white sign that says  
VICTIMS GROUP - IN SESSION hanging from a nail. .

ISAAC

Victim's therapy. People get screwed  
up bad even by what they call minor  
crimes. Anger, violation, even shame,  
like it was somehow their fault.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

ISAAC (Cont'd)  
(softer)  
But you been there, I don't have to  
tell you.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2) 18

Cathy nods, impressed despite herself.

They reach the end of the hall. Isaac opens a door.

ISAAC

And here's the main event.

CUT TO:

19 INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY 19

They enter a large, airy gymnasium, the hardwood floor covered with mats. Around the room, several instructors in karate whites and black belts are working with small groups of students, teaching them various self-defense techniques -- karate, judo, boxing, street-fighting, etc.

ISAAC

Look around. These folks ain't crazed vigilantes in training, Cathy -- just ordinary people trying to take care of each other. You wanted to know whose side I was on?

He points across the floor to one corner where SUKI, a lithe young Oriental woman, is instructing a half-dozen senior citizens. The woman she's working with is diminutive, wizened, at least seventy.

ISAAC

(continued)

I'm on their side.

Cathy watches for a beat, as Suki shows the little old lady some self-defense techniques. .

CATHY .

Is that responsible? A woman that old could get seriously hurt if she tries to resist a mugger.

JASON WALKER steps up behind them as Cathy speaks. He's a tall, handsome black man, ten years younger than Isaac but almost as muscular, with the fluid grace of the most accomplished martial artists. He's dressed informally, with his white Protectors beret slanted rakishly. Obviously educated and articulate, Walker has considerable charm and dynamism. .

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

JACE

She didn't resist the last time. She just couldn't get her wedding ring off her finger. The mugger figured he'd make it easy for her by cutting off the finger. One of our people stopped him.

ISAAC

This is the man who put this whole place together. Cathy . Chandler, Jason Walker.

JACE

Jace, please.

(smiles)

Stubbs, how does someone as ugly as you happen to know so many beautiful women?

They shake hands. Jace turns on all his charm and holds her hand for a long beat.

CATHY

I've seen you on TV.

JACE

None of it's true, I swear.

ISAAC

Cathy was one of my students.

JACE

You actually paid this man money?

ISAAC

She's with the DA now.

Jace pulls back his hand, but he's still smiling, joking.

JACE

Uh-oh. We in trouble again?

CATHY

I don't know. Have you done anything?

(CONTINUED)

~ CONTINUED: (2)

19

JACE  
(more seriously)  
Not as much as we'd like to.

CUT TO:

D INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

20

Jace is PACING behind his desk in a large office furnished with comfortable but inexpensive second-hand furniture. Isaac stands near the door, listening. On the walls are photos of Jace with various celebrities and politicians, some framed maps of Manhattan, and a collection of various weapons and martial arts implements: samurai swords, nunchuks, throwing stars, crossbows, a morning star, etc. Among the collection is A SET OF METAL "TIGER-CLAWS." The tiger claws should be clearly visible on the wall in shots of Jace, but the camera should not linger on them or emphasize them in any way.

JACE  
If a transit cop had rescued that lady,  
he'd get a commendation.  
This guy is minus a badge, so that makes  
him a psychopathic monster.

CATHY  
No. Ripping two teenagers to pieces  
makes him a psychopathic monster. A  
transit cop would have arrested them.

JACE  
Right. And seeing as they were  
juveniles, they would have served a  
little soft time and then been back on  
the subways, kicking another old lady  
to death. Great system you got there,  
Ms. D.A.

CATHY  
It's not perfect -

JACE  
(wryly)  
You noticed.  
(beat, with passion)  
This is where they come, Cathy. The old  
people who have steel bars on their  
windows and still can't sleep at night.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

JACE (Cont'd)

The mother who can't understand why the boy who killed her son walked free. The rape victims who scream when their husbands touch them. This is where they come when the police say, sorry, there's nothing else we can do. This is where they come when the plea bargaining is over. Believe me, they know that the system isn't perfect.

CATHY

Do you know a better system? I don't. Yes, you can find failures to point at... but most of the time, the system works. It's all we've got.

JACE

No. We have ourselves. Our courage, our strength, our compassion. We have each other.

(beat)

And now we have him, whoever the hell he is.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. PROTECTORS H.Q. . DAY

21

as Cathy and Isaac exit.

CATHY

You gave me a lot to think about.

ISAAC

That was the whole idea.

CATHY

(with difficulty)

Isaac, if you thought... if you even suspected that this... this vigilante was someone you knew... a friend... what...

ISAAC

... would I do?

(more)

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED:

21

ISAAC (Cont'd)

(shrugs)

Talk to him, maybe. Ask him. Go to where the man lives, and look him in the eyes. But first I'd be real sure of one thing. I'd be real sure that I wanted to know.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. CATHY'S BASEMENT. THAT NIGHT

22

The basement is pitch black. We HEAR Cathy's footsteps as she carefully descends the stairs, then pulls the chain on the bare bulb swinging overhead. She's carrying a heavy wrench. She looks briefly but meaningfully at the ceiling-high stack of cardboard boxes against the far wall, then crosses to the large STEAM PIPES and begins to BANG against them with the wrench. The bangs are carefully spaced, like Morse code -- she's sending a message. We MOVE IN on Cathy as she repeats the message, each blow harder than the one before. Her face is tight with longing and apprehension.

CATHY

(whispering)

Vincent.. please...

She repeats the message again, banging as hard as she can, a wordless metallic shout of concern. We HOLD TIGHT on Cathy's face as she swings.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY. NIGHT

23

She's waiting out on the balcony, waiting for Vincent to come to her. The light spills through the glass doors behind her, and all around her are the city lights. She's reading a heavy hardcover book, probably something that Vincent gave her, but her mind isn't on the book .. she keeps LOOKING UP, anticipating his arrival.

A tabloid newspaper lies on a small table beside her. ANGLING PAST Cathy, we see the headline: "SUBWAY SLASHER -PSYCHOPATH OR SAVIOR?"

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Many of the city lights are out; it's the silent, dark hours just before dawn. Cathy is asleep in her chair, the book on her chest. Cathy stirs restlessly in her sleep. We PAN slowly past her to the railing and the city beyond.

CLOSE ON RAILING

as Vincent's HAND suddenly appears from below. He grips the metal rail, pulls himself slowly into view. His grip is so strong that we see the rail slowly begin to BEND.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Cathy stirs, blinks, sees Vincent, and sits up abruptly.

CATHY

You came...

Vincent climbs over the rail as Cathy rises.

CATHY

You don't know how much I needed to see you.

They embrace, but Cathy suddenly PULLS BACK. She can tell that something is dreadfully amiss.

CATHY

Vincent, what's wrong?

CLOSE ON VINCENT

Wordlessly, he smiles. Briefly, it looks like Vincent's normal smile: gentle, melancholy, full of compassion. Then it grows wider, turns into a mocking predatory grin for a moment, until his fangs are bared and we are looking into the eyes of the beast. Vincent SNARLS.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Terrified, Cathy tries to break free, but Vincent holds her tight, still snarling. They struggle.

CATHY

No... Vincent, no!

But it's no use, the humanity is gone from him. He attacks her savagely. Cathy begins to SCREAM, and we

SMASH CUT TO:

25 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - DAWN 25

as she wakes, still screaming and struggling, from her dream. It takes her a moment to realize it was just a dream. When the realization comes, Cathy sinks slowly back into her chair, staring bleakly out at sunrise. She covers her face with her hands.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CATHY'S BASEMENT - DAY 26

Cathy descends the cellar stairs. She's carrying a heavy-duty flashlight and wearing jeans, boots, a heavy workshirt. She moves aside the cardboard boxes stacked against the wall, revealing a jagged entrance to the tunnels. She enters.

27 INT. STEAM TUNNELS - BELOW THE CITY - DAY 27

Cathy walks confidently down the long tunnel, her footsteps ECHOING loudly as she goes.

She reaches a T-shaped junction, starts right, hesitates, then retraces her steps, goes left. .

She opens a heavy iron door marked NO ADMITTANCE. The door behind is bricked shut. Cathy REACTS, clearly startled. She touches the bricks, but they're solid. She moves off uncertainly.

28 INT. BRICK TUNNEL - NIGHT 28

She gropes along an unfamiliar passage, its walls ancient brick, covered with nitre. Water is dripping here. This is a very old, spooky section of the tunnels, and it's clear that Cathy has never passed this way before. Somehow she's gotten lost, and her face shows her alarm.

She comes on an old brick WELL in the center of the passage, and brushes against a loose brick on its rim as she squeezes by. The brick falls for a long beat before we hear the faint SPLASH. Cathy moves past.

An old WROUGHT IRON GATE blocks her passage. Cathy sets the flashlight on a ledge in the brick wall, pushes at the gate, but she can't move it. She feels around the brick walls for a release, a key, anything, finds nothing. She grasps the bars, SHOUTS.

CATHY

Hello... Vincent... anyone ...  
hello...

28 CONTINUED:

28

Her voice echoes a long way, reverberating in the dark, but there's no reply. Cathy hears a NOISE behind her, reaches for her flashlight. There's a huge grey RAT on the ledge where she set it down. It screeches at her, and Cathy gives a yelp of startled fear, before she works up the courage to snatch her flashlight back, and run back down the narrow tunnel.

She backtracks to the well, almost passes it, then stops. She shines the light into the well, SEES iron rungs descending into nothingness. Cathy studies the well, pushing, prodding, and finally touches a LOOSE BRICK set in its base. It turns slowly when she pushes at it, and from below we hear a GRINDING NOISE, followed by the rush of DRAINING WATER.

29 INT. IN THE WELL - NIGHT

29

Cathy descends carefully, the flashlight held awkwardly in her hand. She stops, twists around on the rungs, shines the flashlight down.

CUT TO:

30 CATHY'S POV

30

Darkness, and a long, long dizzying drop.

31 BACK TO THE SCENE

31

As she stares down, the rung she's clinging to comes right out of the crumbling brick. Cathy starts to FALL, grabs another rung. She hangs on precariously by one hand, but loses her grip on the flashlight. It falls, shatters. Cathy clings to the ladder, alone in the dark, breathing hard, scared. The rung she's clutching begins to pull loose of the brick wall. She grabs for another, misses, the run comes loose.

CLOSE ON CATHY

Screaming, she FALLS...right into Vincent's arms.

32 INT. BOTTOM OF THE WELL - NIGHT

32

Vincent stands Silhouetted in the golden light spill from a secret door he has opened in the bottom of the well.

(CONTINUED)

32

32

CONTINUED:

Cathy is shaking and shuddering, breathing hard from her close call. Without saying a word, Vincent turns and carries her into the warm light and the wall closes behind them, swallowing them up. .

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

33 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER. NIGHT

33

Cathy sits huddled in a blanket, hot tea in front of her, untouched. Vincent stands a few feet away, his face averted and hidden by his hood, greatly troubled by her presence.

CATHY

I thought I'd remember... I got turned around somehow, everything seemed strange, different... frightening.

VINCENT

The ways change, Catherine. For every safe road, there are a hundred paths that end only in darkness. Parts of these tunnels are very old. Older than your subways and your sewers, and far more dangerous.

Cathy shivers, looks up at him.

CATHY

I had to come. I had to see you. I was afraid...

Vincent's eyes are deeply sorrowful.

VINCENT

I know.

CATHY

You didn't come... I called... on the pipes... but you never came.

VINCENT

I could feel your fear, Catherine. Even now.

(turns away from her)

I frighten you.

Cathy shrugs off the blanket, stands, goes to him.

CATHY

You taught **me** always to face my fears, Vincent... tell me...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

VINCENT

What shall I tell you? That I am not this... shadow, this man-monster you hunt? Must you hear those words before you can trust? Hear them, then. It is not me.

(gently)

I would never hurt you, Catherine.

Vincent slowly raises a hand to touch her cheek. Cathy tries, but the fear is still in her, and she cannot help a small, involuntary FLINCH away from his claws. Vincent pulls back, devastated, moves away from her.

CATHY

(anguished)

Vincent, no... please, I didn't mean...

VINCENT

... to pull away. I know, Catherine. I know your heart.

(gently, but pained)

But sometimes the words we cannot speak are the truest words of all ... however much they hurt...

CATHY

What are you saying?

VINCENT

You know what you've seen. You know what I am.

(beat)

You know what you fear.

He raises his hands in front of him, stares down at them.

VINCENT

We both know what these hands can do... have done. Catherine, if your heart does not know the truth, no words of mine will help.

Vincent takes her gently by the arm.

VINCENT

It's time for you to go home.

He leads her unresisting from the chamber.

CUT TO:

34 INT. STEAM TUNNELS - NIGHT 34

as Vincent leads Cathy home. They walk in silence, an air of melancholy hanging over them, both bereft.

3S INT. CATHY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT 3S

Vincent turns to go. Cathy stands helplessly for a moment, then calls after him, beseeching.

CATHY

Don't go. Vincent, please. I'm afraid -

VINCENT

None of us is without fear,  
Catherine... in your world or mine...  
{beat}

The killings draw their eyes  
downward. The subways now, but soon  
deeper... to the hidden places where  
we dwell... We will be watching. It  
is all that we can do.

Vincent turns and leaves her, his cape billowing behind him. As he vanishes from her sight, Cathy calls after him with desperate longing.

CATHY

Vincent...

As her anguished call hangs in the air, we

CUT TO:

36 VINCENT 36

Out of Cathy's sight, he SLUMPS against the tunnel wall, torn up. We HEAR Cathy calling again, her voice faint with distance. Vincent, unable to hold in the pain any longer, throws back his head in torment, and SMASHES his fists against a large steam pipe in a blind moment of rage. The pipe breaks, and STEAM RISES all around him, obscuring his figure. His shape, lost amidst the steam, gives a terrible blood-curdling ROAR that echoes up and down the tunnels.

DISSOLVE TO:



37 INT. N.Y.P.D. COMPUTER ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

37

Cathy enters, looking morose, and goes to Edie at her computer console.

EDIE

You look sadder than my last date.  
Anything I can do?

CATHY

I need to see the file on Mrs.  
Beatrice Dalby.

The name clearly rings a bell with Edie. She frowns

EDIE

That's the cleaning lady who got  
saved by the slasher, isn't it? I  
didn't know you were supposed to  
question her.

CATHY

I'm not.

Edie looks very dubious. This isn't by the book.

EDIE

Then, why -

CATHY.

Let's just say I've got a very  
dirty apartment.

With a sigh and a shake of her head, Edie starts hitting her computer keys.

CUT TO:

38 INT. WHISPERING GALLERY (MATTE) - NIGHT

38

A HUGE brick tunnel, cavernous, empty, full of darkness and the distant sound of rushing water. It's quieter here than elsewhere in the world below-- no subway sounds, no tapping. The tunnel extends as far as we can see, vanishing in the distance. Its roof, brick, arches overhead, but the floor is not visible at all. The walls descend steeply into utter blackness. The black mouths of a myriad of tunnels open onto this great space at a dozen different levels. A series of narrow brick LEDGES run along the walls, connecting the tunnel mouths. Here and there, a few arching BRIDGES of ancient brick cross the abyss, some high above

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

us, some far below. We SEE that several of these bridges are in ruins, their center spans collapsed. Various sections of the walls, ledges and bridges are festooned with a sort of Spanish moss which GLOWS with a soft violet phosphorescence, filling the huge chamber with a wan half-light.

We PAN slowly down the tunnel, and find Vincent sitting in the center of one of the bridges, a hundred feet below the roof, his legs dangling over this great space as he gazes out into the darkness.

The light of a torch appears in the tunnel mouth at the end of the bridge, and begins to cross the span.

VINCENT

sits silently as Father appears behind him, carrying a torch that does little to pierce the gloom of this place.

FATHER

Vincent?

(no reply) .

Are you all right? Kipper told me where to find you.

(steps forward, gazes around)

. . I've heard the children talk of this place. Is it safe here?  
It looks very old.

VINCENT

(nods)

It was our secret place, when I was a child. I used to come here with my friends. We thought it was magic.

FATHER

Magic?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

VINCENT

All the tunnels...

(he gestures at the  
myriad tunnel mouths)

If you stand in just the right place,  
you can hear sounds... whispers from  
the world above... people on subways,  
children playing in their homes, men  
in their offices, lovers walking in  
the park... You can listen to  
a thousand different lives, if you  
know just where to stand... the magic  
places, we called them. We tried to  
find them all...

Father smiles fondly, puts a hand on Vincent's shoulder..

FATHER

It's Catherine, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

VINCENT

(very sad)

I can hear her fears whispering to me,  
no matter where she stands.

FATHER

She cannot help being afraid. They've  
built their world on fear, Vincent.  
It's all they know.  
In that city up there, it's all that  
keeps them alive. They'd  
be insane if they weren't afraid, with  
the lives they're forced to live.

VINCENT

And us? Are we so very different?

FATHER

We have something they only dream of,  
Vincent. We have a safe place, a secret  
place beyond their madness and fear.

For the first time, Vincent turns and looks at Father.

VINCENT.

Sometimes I would run down here when  
we played hide-and-seek, Father... but  
before the game was over, they always  
found me. Even here.

39 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

39

Cathy gets out of a cab in front of high-rise glass and steel  
office building. She rings the night bell, and a SECURITY GUARD  
comes to the door. She flashes her DA's identification, and he  
admits her. Through the glass, we SEE them talking for a  
moment, as he directs her.

CUT TO:

40 INT. CORPORATE OFFICES. NIGHT

40

Mrs. Dalby, in her uniform, is at work cleaning as Cathy  
enters. She continues working all through their conversation,  
dusting, emptying wastebaskets, etc.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

CATHY

Mrs. Dalby? I'm Catherine Chandler,  
from the DA's office.

MRS. DALBY

When you people going to leave  
me alone? I got work to do. I already  
told the police everything I know.

CATHY

This won't take long, I promise. You  
said you never got a good look at the  
slasher--

MRS. DALBY

Don't you call him that! That man  
saved me, and all you people want to  
do is hunt him down like some animal.  
Where were all of you when those boys  
were kicking me?

She turns her back to Cathy, empties a wastebasket, then  
relents a little and turns back.

MRS. DALBY

I didn't see him. I told you people  
that, I told you and told you. The  
lights were going on and off. What  
kind of subway is that, we can't even  
keep the lights on?

CATHY

Surely, when the lights went on, you  
must have seen something, if only for  
a second...

MRS. DALBY

Maybe so.

(beat)

But I don't remember nothing.  
I was on the floor, hurting. I still  
have bruises where they kicked me. I  
didn't see no part of that man.

Cathy looks her in the eye for a long beat. Mrs. Dalby looks  
away. She's hiding something, and Cathy knows it.

CATHY

(gently)

You're protecting him, aren't you?

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

Mrs. Dalby busies herself with her work, ignoring her. Cathy decides to take a risk.

CATHY

Mrs. Dalby, I'm not even supposed to be here.

(off her sharp look)

This is personal for me. I have... a friend...

~with great difficulty)

I think... I don't know what to think, but I'm afraid that he might be... involved... if you could only tell me what you saw... anything... his face... his hands...

Mrs. Dalby looks at her for a long beat, then NODS.

MRS. DALBY

(very softly)

His hands... he didn't have hands... just claws... and his face, I'll never forget that face. . .

(more loudly)

He wasn't a man. He wasn't a human man at all. He was like an angel... a terrible angel, come to save me.

CLOSE ON CATHY

There's too much of as she REACTS with shock and dismay. Vincent in Mrs. Dalby's words.

CATHY

A terrible angel...

(off her slow nod)

Thank you.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Cath moves to the door, anxious to be gone. Mrs. Dalby looks guilty, confused, troubled. .

MRS. DALBY

You won't tell them, will you?

Cathy shakes her head no. Mrs. Dalby looks relieved.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

40

MRS. DALBY  
 I don't hold with lying, you know.  
 I just couldn't tell them, I  
 couldn't...  
 (beat, then plaintive)  
 I got to ride that same train  
 tonight, Ms. Chandler.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM. THAT NIGHT

41

Cathy is tossing and turning in bed, in the grip of another  
 nightmare.

42 CATHY'S POV . HER DREAM

42

Everything is hazy and surreal. Images from her memories  
 and fears blur together:

- a) Vincent's face, sad, wise, haloed in light
- b) a clawed hand, wet with blood
- c) Vincent's face, in a feral snarl
- d) a dark shape, glowing with light, pacing
- e) flashback to pilot, Vincent mauling heavies
- f) Vincent lifting his hand to Cathy's cheek
- g) the dark shape, more clear now, still pacing
- h) close on Vincent's hand
- i) the dark shape turns, we see Jace's face

The word "claws" ECHOES over and over, louder, as the dark shape  
 becomes Jace in his office. The camera ZOOMS IN on him, and over  
 his shoulder, gleaming with reflected light, we SEE the metal  
 "TIGER CLAWS" on his wall.

EXTREME CLOSE ON TIGER CLAWS

as they begin to BLEED. The blood trickles slowly down the wall,  
 and we

SMASH CUT TO:

43 CLOSE ON CATHY 43

as she sits bolt upright in bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 EXT. PROTECTORS H.O. - THE NEXT DAY 44

Cathy gets out of a cab and hurries up the steps. As she opens the doors, she glances at the building's cornice. Chiselled into the stone, very faint and eroded with age, are the words SEAMAN'S SAFE HAVEN.

45 INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE. DAY 45

Jace rises from his desk and gives Cathy his most charming smile as she enters. Cathy is all smiles too.

JACE

I hadn't expected to see you again so soon. Come to sign up?

CATHY

I'd look silly in one of those, white hats.

JACE

I disagree. Besides, the guys in the white hats always win.

CATHY

Do they?

JACE

At least in fairy tales.

(beat)

The city has its own myths, you know. We're all so rational, so cynical and sophisticated -- but we still need our gods and demons, our heroes and villains.

(beat)

I knew a man uaed to work the IRT. he swore that he saw a monster down there once, when he was troubleshooting some track. You hear the street people talk about it too -- some terrible fierce creature who haunts the dark places, some thing with the face of a demon and the soul of an angel.

(CONTINUED)



45 CONTINUED:

45

CLOSE ON CATHY

as she REACTS, startled .. it's some distorted street myth of Vincent that Jace is speaking about and she knows it.

CATHY

You don't -- you can't possibly believe that, can you?

BACK TO THE SCENE

JACE

(wistful)

Of course not. But they believe it, don't you see? Because they need to believe. Inside, we're all children, scared of the dark, wishing there really was a Batman...

CATHY

But Batman was never half so formidable as you, was he? How many black belts do you have hanging in your closet?

JACE

(smiles, shrugs)

I can take care of myself. But I tell you, all the fighting techniques in the world don't equal what I learned from Isaac Stubbs in one afternoon. You remember his first rule?

CATHY

(hesitates)

On the streets... there are no rules.

Jace gives her a long, meaningful stare before he smiles.

JACE

That's the problem with doing things your way. You believe in rules, and the predators don't.

CATHY

So we throwaway the rules?

(off Jace's shrug,  
smile)

Then what's the difference? The color of our hats?

(CONTINUED)

4S CONTINUED: (2)

4S

JACE

I don't have to tell you the difference. You know it already or you wouldn't be here.

(beat)

Isaac tells me that you were a star pupil.

CATHY

Isaac exaggerates. I still have a lot to learn...

She moves casually back of his desk, to the wall where his weapons collections is mounted, and begins to examine them. Jace swivels in his chair, watching her carefully.

CATHY

(by samurai sword)

These weapons, for instance. Can you really use all of these?

JACE

Some. I wouldn't touch that sword. The samurai kept their blades razor sharp.

CATHY

Does that make you a samurai, Jace?

(off his smile)

What are these?

JACE

Throwing stars. I can see that you don't make it to many ninja movies.

CATHY

Unless Woody Allen made one, I'm not interested.

She steps away, pauses by the tiger claws, looks at them silently for a long beat, then turns to find Jace staring at her. We INTERCUT between their faces; the "look that passes between them tells everything.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. PROTECTORS H.O. - DAY

46

Cathy and Jace emerge from the building, and Cathy walks briskly down the steps. Jace's smile fades as Cathy starts down the sidewalk. One of his lieutenants, RED, appears in the door and gives Jace a questioning look. Jace NODS. Red saunters after Cathy.

CUT TO:

47 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

47

Deputy DA Joe Maxwell has an incredulous look on his face as Cathy finishes telling him her suspicions.

CATHY

I think we should move on  
Jason Walker.

MAXWELL

This is the Jason Walker who heads the  
Protectors, right? Heavily into karate,  
aikido, ju-jitsu, ninjutsu, has been  
sued maybe a half-dozen times by perps  
he's brought in on citizen's arrest.  
Collects secret ninja death toys. Pops  
up on TV saying how the subway slasher  
is a hero, not a nut case, and isn't it  
too bad we don't have a dozen guys  
just like him.

(beat, off her reaction)

We talking about the same Jason Walker  
here?

CATHY

(catching on quickly)

I have a sinking feeling that  
you're ahead of me...

MAXWELL.

Don't be fooled by the gravy stains  
on their ties, Radcliffe.  
The cops aren't as dumb as they  
look.

CATHY

He has the right attitudes, the  
skills --

('CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

MAXWELL

Only one problem -- he's also got an alibi.

CATHY

Then someone's covering for him -

MAXWELL

The cops?

(beat) .

Jason Walker has been under twenty-four hour police surveillance since this investigation began.

Off Cathy's confused look, we

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

48 INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

48

Another late night subway rolls through the tunnels. The car is almost empty. A DRUNK, covered by newspapers, lies across several seats, a tiny balding OLD MAN sits clutching a metal cane, very alert. A TRANSIT COP enters through the door between cars, whaps the drunk across the heels with his nightstick. The man sits up groggily. The cop moves on to the next car. The drunk lies down and covers himself with newspapers again.

We hear a soft THUMP. The old man looks UP, puzzled.

The train stops. A PRETTY GIRL of about sixteen enters, dressed demurely. She's followed closely by a CREEP with long greasy hair. It's clear at once that he's bothering her, and that she's scared and trying to get away from him. He sits right next to her.

PRETTYGIRL

Leave me alone!

CREEP

C'mon, baby. Don't be so mean to me.

She moves closer to the old man; he follows. She tires to get up again, but he pulls her into his lap.

CREEP

Gimme a kiss, sweetie.

PRETTY GIRL

(struggling, close to tears)

Don't touch me. Let me go.

He pulls her to him for a kiss, and she BITS him, bloodying his lip, breaking free. She runs forward, toward the next car, but he gets up and goes after her.

CLOSE ON PRETTY GIRL

as she reaches the door, starts to slide it open. His hand SLAMS INTO FRAME, trapping her. He has her pinned against the door.

PRETTY GIRL

No . . .

48 CONTINUED:

48

BACK TO THE SCENE

She's trapped between his arms.

CREEP

You hurt me!

PRETTY GIRL

(tearfully)

Let me go.

CREEP

Maybe if you're nice to me.

CLOSE ON CREEP'S HAND

as he runs it up her leg.

ANGLE ON OLD MAN

He doesn't move from his seat, but he has to intervene.

OLD MAN

You let her alone!

The creep looks back and LAUGHS.

CREEP

Keep out of this, grandpa, if you know what's good for you.

OLD MAN

There's a police officer on this train.

CREEP

I'm real scared.

He turns his attention back to the girl, begins to kiss her.

CLOSE ON OLD MAN

He gets stiffly to his feet. We see the fear on his face. He turns and walks AWAY from the creep and the pretty girl, back in the direction the transit cop went.

PRETTY GIRL

(weeping)

No... don't leave... help me...  
please don't leave me.

The old man hesitates, looks back hefts his cane. But he hasn't got it in him. He looks down, ashamed.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

OLD MAN  
 Don't... don't be afraid. I'm  
 going for the police officer.

He slides open the door. We see him REACT. A  
 clawed hand enters the frame and pushes him aside.

ANGLE PAST CREEP ON PRETTY GIRL

She's stopped struggling. We HEAR the creep's rough breathing, her  
 sobs. A large SHADOW falls across them both, and the girl REACTS  
 with shock and then hope. A clawed hand enters the frame and grabs  
 the creep's hair, yanking his head back sharply; as a second set of  
 claws go his throat, poised to slash, we

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DOORS

as the transit cop enters from the next car. For an  
 instant, he fails to realize that anything is amiss.  
 Then he REACTS, runs forward and draws his gun.

TRANSIT-COP  
 Hold it right there.

BACK TO THE SCENE

The creep is dead on the floor, holding his throat, the vigilante  
 standing over him. At the cop's shout he whirls around, and we  
 catch a VERY BRIEF almost subliminal glimpse of a terrifying  
 bestial face and clawed hands covered with fur. An expert karate  
 kick sends the gun flying, and the cop drops to a knee, cradling a  
 broken hand.

CLOSE ON THE OVERHEAD BAR

as the vigilante's hands close around it.

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW

as the vigilante KICKS IT OUT with both feet.

PRETTY GIRL'S POV

as the cop tackles him. They grapple briefly, but it's no  
 contest. The vigilante is faster and far stronger. He SHOVES the  
 cop aside and RAKES him with a clawed hand. As the cop falls, the  
 vigilante bounds onto the seat, reaches outside, grabs the roof  
 with his claws, and pulls himself out and UP.

CUT TO:

49 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL. NIGHT 49

The lights of the train are receding in the distance. The vigilante runs the other way down the track, stops, presses a clawed hand against what seems to be a section of solid wall. A section of wall PIVOTS to reveal a secret door. The vigilante vanishes inside it, and the door closes.

When he's gone, a YOUNG GIRL steps silently from a shadowed alcove, staring at the false wall.

CUT TO:

50 INT. STEAM TUNNELS - NIGHT 50

The YOUNG GIRL climbs amidst a tangle of steam pipes as complex as any jungle gym, and begins to tap.

CUT TO:

51 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 51

Father is bent over some tome at his desk, as a runner enters breathless.

RUNNER

Lana saw him...

FATHER

Run and find Vincent, have her show him where... Quickly now! There's no time to lose...

CUT TO:

52  
thru 53

OMITTED

52  
thru 53

54

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

54

Cathy is working late. A mug of cold coffee sits by her elbow, and her dining room table is covered with law books, legal pads, briefs, and a NEW YORK SUBWAY MAP. She's poring over the map when she hears a gentle TAPPING. She crosses to her bedroom. .

CATHY'S POV

Curtains have been drawn across the balcony, but Vincent's shadow is outlined clearly through them.



55 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY. NIGHT

55

Cathy opens the doors, sees Vincent, tentatively goes to him.

CATHY

I thought I might never see you  
again. . .

VINCENT

There is too much fear in your world  
already, Catherine. I could not bring  
you more.

Cathy looks at Vincent's hand, touches it, hesitantly turns it  
over. Light shines softly off his claws. She looks in his eyes.  
(production Note. use real hands)

CATHY

Vincent, I'm so sorry that I  
doubted you.

VINCENT

(gently, sadly)  
Catherine, stop. You were right to be  
afraid. Your heart knows the truth.

CATHY

My heart knows how gentle you are.

VINCENT

Even the gentlest man has a demon  
locked inside him.

CATHY

No. Not you. Not a demon.  
(beat, softly)  
A terrible angel...

Cathy turns away, looks out over the city lights.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

CATHY

(troubled)

I'm so confused, Vincent. This killer, this vigilante... I don't even know what to call him... there's a man, Jason Walker... good, evil... I don't know anymore...

VINCENT

Sometimes good men do evil things, Catherine. All the demons of hell were angels once.

(beat)

We've seen your vigilante. He has a secret door from your subways to the older tunnels... the secret tunnels...

CATHY

(quick, excited)

Vincent, if you show me, I can go to the police... they can stake it out...

He turns away, troubled.

VINCENT

Catherine, there are a thousand miles of tunnels beneath this city, all connected. If your police find his door they will hunt through all of them.

CATHY

(understands)

Then we'll do it some other way from above, not below. I promise Vincent -- I won't betray world.

VINCENT

They hunt this man as they might hunt me, if they dreamed of my existence.

(beat)

You have your laws and your courts to tell right from wrong... your police to protect you. We have only ourselves. By what right do I condemn him? Am I so very different?

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

CATHY  
(strong and sure)  
Yes, Vincent. You are.

He looks into her eyes for a long beat, and nods slowly.

VINCENT  
Bring me a map.

Cathy goes inside, and the camera begins to PULL BACK. She re-emerges with maps in hand, and we continue to pull back as she and Vincent lean over them, talking.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

56 POV SHOT - THROUGH BINOCULARS 56

of Cathy and Vincent on the balcony.

57 EXT. ROOF - NIGHT 57

Red squats on the roof of a nearby building, wearing his white beret, studying Cathy's building through a pair of binoculars. He lowers them slowly, a look of absolute astonishment on his face, then shakes his head and quickly looks again.

CUT TO:

57A INT.DA'S OFFICE SNACK ROOM - DAY 57A

A very plain, functional space, filled with sturdy tables and chairs, its walls lined with coffee machines, soft drink machines, a microwave, etc. Cathy and Edie stand in front of a machine that dispenses sandwiches, pies, etc. Cathy hands her a quarter, Edie puts it in the slot, over and over again, until the machine delivers a plastic-wrapped microwave cheeseburger.

EDIE

Why is it that whenever you're paying for lunch I wind up down here?

CATHY

If you found what I need, I'll buy you dinner at the Four Seasons.

EDIE

Why didn't you say that last time I did you a favor?

They CROSS to the microwave as they talk. Edie puts the burger inside, closes the door, punches a few buttons.

EDIE

Pushbutton food, pushbutton job -- soon as they come out with pushbutton men, I'm set. .

(shakes her head)

Your place was built in 1872.

If the city has plans on it, they sure ain't in no computer.

The burger's ready. Edie removes it from the microwave, and they CROSS to a table and sit. .

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED:

57A

CATHY

Could you find out anything about its history?

EDIE

It was a seedy rooming house for fifty years before they made it into Kung Fu Central. Originally-

(beat)

does the phrase "Hey sailor, new in town? help any?"

(off Cathy's puzzled look)

It was a cheap hotel for sailors. The Seaman's Safe Haven. I found mentions in a couple old newspaper indexes, but just the name -- the stories aren't on computer yet.

(off Cathy's reaction)

Don't look at me that way, girl. I don't go digging round in no musty files. All that dust makes my eyes water.

Cathy smiles broadly, gets to her feet.

CATHY

Edie, I love you.

She dashes for the door, and Edie turns to callout after her.

EDIE

Hey! Who's going to pay for my pie?

CUT TO:

57B INSERT - ESTABLISHING

57B

A small, tasteful brass plaque that reads BENNETT HISTORICAL LIBRARY - JOURNALISM ARCHIVES.

7C INT. HISTORICAL LIBRARY - DAY

57C \*

A small, cramped room with a long wooden table in its center, its walls lined ceiling to floor with bookshelves. Huge oversized volumes of bound newspapers from the 19th century line the shelves. Cathy CARRIES a dozen thick volumes to the table, sits, opens the first. DUST flies everywhere when she flips open the heavy cover. She begins to turn pages slowly, her eyes flicking over the columns of faded newsprint. Bright afternoon sunlight pours into the room through a window.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

57D INT. HISTORICAL LIBRARY - NIGHT

57D \*

Cathy is still at work, turning pages, though it's now night outside. The room is dimly lit by a small hanging fixture. Cathy is obviously very weary, yawning, etc. Then she turns a page, notices something, and REACTS.

INSERT - THE NEWSPAPER

A page from the New York Mercury from 1888, the stories all racked in narrow single columns with multiple descending heads.

DREADFUL MURDERS IN SEAMAN'S SAFE HAVEN  
Twenty Sailors Thought Slain  
Culprits Escape-Through Secret Tunnels  
Byrnes Promises Arrests.

Below the story, rendered in a crude woodcut, we see a MAP of the network of secret tunnels under the hotel.

57E INT. LIBRARY. NIGHT

57E \*

Cathy leans over the newspaper and frantically begins to scribble notes on a yellow legal pad.

CUT TO:

57F INT. DOORWAY. NIGHT

57F \*

We ANGLE OUT the library door as Cathy EXITS, crosses the sidewalk, and climbs into a TAXI that's waiting conveniently by the curb.

57G INT. TAXI. NIGHT

Cathy slides into the back seat.

57G \*

CATHY  
The D.A.'s office, on --

(CONTINUED)

57G CONTINUED:

57G

She breaks off as the taxi door OPENS, and Suki gets into the back seat beside her. At once, Cathy reacts, and grabs for a door, but the cab lurches into sudden motion. As it pulls away, we RACK FOCUS to see that Red is the Cabbie.

RED

Don't even think about it, Miss Chandler. Not safe to jump from a moving cab. Besides, I know you're good, but you don't want to go up against the two of us.

Suki puts a hand on Cathy's arm, reassuring her.

SUKI

Take it easy and nobody will get hurt. Jace just wants to talk.

Resigned to the situation, Cathy settles back in her seat. <sup>38</sup> thru 64

'58  
thru  
64

OMITTED

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

65 INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

65

Jace is pacing restlessly when the door opens, and Red and Suki escort Cathy through the door. They remain by the door, flanking it like a pair of sentinels.

CATHY

You didn't have to go to all this trouble. Really.

JACE

(smile)

You don't scare easy, do you? Please, sit down.

(off her hesitation)

Don't make this difficult, Cathy.

There's no need for melodrama.

I'm not going to hurt you.

Cathy takes a seat. Red has her purse. He opens it, hands the folded sheet from the legal pad to Jace, who scans it briefly, shakes his head.

JACE

The sailor murders. I'm innocent, I swear. My granddaddy was a sharecropper in Alabama when all this went down.

He lets the paper flutter to the floor and smiles pleasantly at Cathy.

CATHY

Did you know when you bought the building?

JACE

(matter of factly)

No. We were doing renovations in the basement, and we stumbled on the tunnels. They had been sealed for almost a century. .

(more)

(CONTINUED)



65 CONTINUED:

65

JACE (Cont'd)

At the time, we had no idea why they were there. It's a regular maze down there. Side tunnels, dead ends... so old... You can't imagine.

CATHY

(wryly)

Can't I?

JACE

The story... the demon protector, the angel from below...

(beat)

The city needed him.

(beat)

Frightened people need symbols to make them feel safe. Sometimes a man in a blue uniform or a white hat is enough. But when the fear is so strong, the symbol needs to be stronger as well.

He turns toward Cathy, smiles. The secrets are out. They both know now.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

JACE

So many people hurting, frightened...  
more every day, day after day, year  
after year. I had begun to doubt, to  
question whether one man could make a  
difference. No longer.

CATHY

You call that making a difference?  
Killing a few muggers?

JACE

The deaths weren't important. The  
legend was. It's time for them to  
be afraid now.

CATHY

And the policeman? He's still in  
critical condition, I hear.

JACE

Legends never make mistakes. They never  
miss, or stumble, or strike out in  
panic. They never hurt those who don't  
deserve to be hurt. The problem is, men  
do all those things.

CATHY

It's too bad your legend doesn't  
really exist.

CLOSE ON JACE

as he smiles icily and sits down beside Cathy.

JACE

Oh, but he does. And you're going to  
tell me all about him. Aren't you?

CUT TO:

65A INT. WHISPERING CHAMBER. NIGHT

65A

Vincent stands on one of the ledges looking out over the abyss,  
his cloak swirling slightly in some wind that stirs from the  
gulfs below. There's a torch mounted in a stanchion in the wall,  
a book in Vincent's hand -- his finger marking a place, as if  
he'd just left off reading. His expression is melancholy,  
meditative.

(CONTINUED)

65A CONTINUED:

65A

He BEGINS TO WALK, slowly, going nowhere in particular, simply walking and brooding and savoring the vast silent immensity of this ancient "place.

As he walks, we HEAR FAINT WHISPERINGS from the world above, carried down through the tunnels by the strange acoustics. The whispers COME AND GO in many different voices: each can be heard ONLY IN ONE PARTICULAR SPOT, so as Vincent walks there are brief wisps of conversation and longer moments where the only sounds are his ECHOING FOOTSTEPS in the stillness of this place.

WHISPERING VOICE #1

... Take the D train out to  
Brighton Beach and change...

WHISPERING VOICE #2

... no , hustle, oughta trade the  
bum, what's he batting now...

WHISPERING VOICE #3

... no, I mean it, really, that's not  
just a line, you're something...

Finally Vincent reaches a spot where the whispering is not a human voice, but MUSIC -- an orchestra playing Beethoven's Fifth. He STOPS at that spot to listen.

CUT TO:

66 OMITTED

66

67 INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE. NIGHT

67

CATHY

How many times do I have to tell you --  
I don't know what you're talking about.

JACE

(sighs)

Cathy, you're trying to protect him.  
Fine, I admire that. But it's  
pointless. Red saw you together. He  
watched you for more than twenty  
minutes.

CATHY,

Red eads a reality check.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

RED

Hey, I know what I saw...

JACE

(conciliatory)

Catherine, whoever he is, he has nothing to fear from me. We're alike, he and I. We're mirror images, twins. We're the same...

Cathy REACTS too quickly, and with horror -- Jace is articulating her deepest fear. Cathy gets up quickly.

CATHY

I've had enough of this. Am I going to be allowed to leave?

Red and Suki exchange looks, but Jace seems calm enough.

JACE

If you insist.

He walks behind his desk, admires the array of weapons, then reaches out and touches the blade of the samurai sword. It swings down easily, we hear a loud CLICK, and a secret panel in the wall SWINGS OPEN, revealing a narrow spiral staircase. Jace holds the door open for Cathy.

JACE

After you.

Cathy backs away.

CATHY

I don't think so.

JACE

I insist.

He gestures, and Red and Suki step forward to either side of Cathy. She looks back and forth, surrenders, and enters the stairs. . .

CUT TO:

67A INT. WHISPERING GALLERY - NIGHT

67A \*

CLOSE ON VINCENT

still listening to Beethoven, his face rapt. The symphony is approaching its conclusion.

CUT TO:

68 OMITTED

68

69 INT. DARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

69

The tunnel is old, walled with rock~ pitch black. A flashlight beam bobs toward us, and Red appears, leading the way. Cathy and Jace follow, with Suki bringing up the rear. They enter a LARGE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER where their footsteps ECHO. Jace finds a Coleman lantern, lights it, brings up the flame, and hangs it from an iron hook in the wall. The room is still dark and gloomy. Cathy looks around nervously.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

JACE  
 (smiling)  
 Cozy, isn't it?

CATHY  
 Not the word I'd chose.

JACE  
 (to Red, Suki)  
 Watch her. Cathy turns to Red and Suki,  
 He vanishes into the darkness.  
 forces a smile.

So.

CATHY  
 How 'bout those Mets?

They exchange looks, not at all amused. Cathy shivers in  
 the subterranean chill.

CUT TO:

69A INT. WHISPERING GALLERY - NIGHT

69A

The music ENDS, and is followed by TUMULTUOUS APPLAUSE. Vincent  
 rises with a smile on his face and begins to stride purposefully  
 down the gallery and over 'a bridge, heading toward home. WHISPERS  
 COME AND GO as he walks, much shorter snatches of conversation  
 now, because he is walking faster.

WHISPERING VOICE #4  
 ...much for a transfer?

WHISPERING VOICE #5  
 ...side of fries, and...

WHISPERING VOICE #6  
 ...leveraged buyout...

WHISPERING VOICE #7  
 (weeping)  
 ...don't love me anymore...

CATHY'S VOICE  
 ...talk to him...

Vincent is past it before it registers. He REACTS to the voice,  
 stops, takes a step back, finds just the right spot, and now he can  
 hear her again more clearly. It's definitely Cathy.

(CONTINUED)

69A CONTINUED:

69A

CATHY'S VOICE  
... He'll listen to you. He has to  
give himself up. If he keeps on, he'll  
destroy himself and all--

OFF Vincent's concerned look, we

SMASH CUT TO:

70  
thru  
74

OMITTED

70  
thru  
74

7S

INT. LARGE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT

75

ANGLE ON CATHY

as she CONTINUES the speech we heard in the whispering gallery,  
the dialogue OVERLAPPING from the previous scene. She's trying  
to talk sense into Suki and Red.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

CATHY

... the good he's done. He'll undo everything he's accomplished, betray the trust of all the people who believe in him, good people like Isaac. It's gone too far, you have to help me reason with him...

Something in their faces makes Cathy TURN as she hears the footstep behind her.

JACE

steps out of the darkness. His face is covered by some kind of mask -- primitive, perhaps tribal, with long strands of coarse hair, brutal slashes across the cheeks, long glittering teeth. His eyes seem to SHINE in the dim lantern light: red, demonic, merciless. He's dressed entirely in black, and on his hands are his claws -- not metal ninja claws like those in his office( but animal claws six inches long, from some huge bear perhaps, mounted in fur-and-leather gauntlets that lace half way up his forearms. The familiar handsome, charming, articulate Jason Walker is gone entirely, submerged in this primal and frightening figure.

CATHY

She knows it's Jace -- but it isn't, not entirely. She gasps and shies away.

CATHY

Jace...

JACE

(icy cold)

Tell me.

CATHY (shakes  
her head)

No.

Suki steps close to restrain her.

SUKI

Don't fool with him when he's like this.

CATHY

Jace, you promised that no one was going to get hurt, remember?

(CONTINUED)



75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

JACE  
 (softly)  
 Jace would never have hurt you.

CUT TO:

75A INT. STEAM TUNNEL - NIGHT

75A

Vincent hurries up a long tunnel, drawn to Cathy. Once out of the whispering gallery, he can no longer hear her, but now that she is in real danger, his empathy draws him to her. He moves very fast, his face showing his concern.

CUT TO:

76 OMITTED

76

77 INT. LARGE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT

77

SUKI  
 Don't be stupid. Tell him!

She twists upward on Cathy's arm, and Cathy winces. But she still won't talk. Jace steps closer, silent, and brings his hand up under her chin. He presses gently. We see the claws begin to dig into her flesh.

Behind them, Vincent steps into view in one of the black tunnel mouths, and ROARS. Seeing Cathy in danger, he charges across the room.

Jace WHIRLS, all catlike grace and lightning-quick reflexes, instinctively prepared to face this new danger before he even quite sees him. Vincent goes for him, but Jace does a flying ninja leap over Vincent's head, spinning in midair, and lands behind him.

CLOSE ON JACE

For a split-second he's in a position to rake Vincent from behind, but he finally realizes what he's faced with. AWESTRUCK AND STUNNED, he freezes. He is the imitation come face-to-face with the real thing, and his astonishment makes him hesitate for just an instant too long.

Vincent BACKHANDS him savagely, and Jace goes flying across the room, slamming into a wall, and sliding down stunned.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

BACK TO THE SCENE

Cathy takes advantage of the distraction. She SLAMS her elbow back into Suki, breaks her hold, grabs the other woman by the wrist, and gives her a shoulder flip. Suki slams into the ground, stays down.

Simultaneously, Red goes into a karate stance and give an EAR-SPLITTING KARATE YELL. Vincent answers with a ROAR that shakes the room. Red changes his mind, drops his hands, and runs like hell in the other direction. Vincent, his face a mask of bestial rage, all mercy and compassion gone from him, starts to follow, but Cathy REACTS and steps quickly in his way.

CATHY  
(shouting)

NO!

Vincent SNARLS and raises a hand, as if to claw her aside. Cathy doesn't flinch... and Vincent stops just in time.

He trembles as the rage passes from him, and he realizes what he almost did. We see the shame in his eyes. He turns away from her.

JACE

gets slowly-to his feet across the chamber. He's never been hit so hard in his life. He considers his situation briefly, then darts for the nearest exit (a different exit from the one Vincent emerged through). Vincent sees him run, and follows.

78 OMITTED

79 INT. THE TUNNELS - SERIES OF SHOTS

INTERCUT between Vincent and Jace as one flees, the other pursues, both of them running: 78

a) Jace reaches a fork in the tunnel, darts right, 79

b) Jace scrambles down a ladder as fast as he can go,

c) Vincent reaches the tunnel fork, hesitates, looks down both branches, then goes right,

d) Jace runs down a steamy tunnel, pipes covering the walls, steam rising around him, his footsteps ECHOING,

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

e) Vincent descends the ladder,

f) Jace emerges through an access door onto a catwalk in a cavernous chamber, looks back, listens, hears distant footsteps. He glances in both directions along the catwalk, then climbs up on the rail and LEAPS OUT over empty space, catching hold of one of the overhead pipes, and begins to SWING across from pipe to pipe,

g) Vincent charges through the steamy tunnel, the echoes loud around him, emerges through the accessway just in time to SEE Jace vanish through a door on the far side. He looks for a way to cross, finds none, climbs atop the rail. But instead of crossing as Jace did, Vincent goes from one side to the other with a single stupendous leap.

h) Jace dashes down an old section of tunnel. The floor DESCENDS sharply, and half the time he's scrambling and sliding downhill. He keeps looking back over his shoulder. We HEAR Vincent's pursuit. A dimly-lit opening appears at the tunnel's end in front of Jace. He goes through it, stops dead.

80 INT. WHISPERING GALLERY. NIGHT

80

as Jace emerges from one of the highest tunnels, at the end of an ancient brick bridge.

JACE

stands awestruck, gazing out and down at the subterranean vista that surrounds him. Then he HEARS Vincent's footsteps, and runs out onto the bridge.

VINCENT

emerges from the tunnel, sees Jace, follows him out onto the bridge.

JACE

is at the apex of the bridge when he stops suddenly. JACE'S POV

The tunnel at the end of the bridge is BRICKED SHUT.

THE SCENE

There's no place left to run. At last Jace must turn, and face Vincent. Jace goes into a martial arts stance, claws outstretched. Vincent advances toward him slowly.

(CONTINUED)

) CONTINUED:

80

VINCENT

Jason...

As Vincent tries to speak, Jace ATTACKS. He flies forward, hits Vincent with a piston kick, slashing at him with a clawed hand. Vincent dodges the blows. For a moment, high atop the bridge, they fight -- Jace attacking with his razor-sharp claws, Vincent defending himself against a flurry of blows. Jace is very fast, and finally he RAKES Vincent across the chest.

VINCENT

Blood wells from the slashes Jace has left and Vincent ROARS with pain. The humanity falls from his face as the beast emerges, ferocious and implacable. He ROARS again, deafeningly, enraged, and the sound ECHOES and RE-ECHOES up and down the whispering chamber.

JACE

snaps his head around wildly, as the echoes make it seem as if he were surrounded by a dozen beasts. Vincent LUNGES, slams into Jace, and carries both of them off of the bridge into the abyss.

VINCENT AND JACE

still struggling together as they fall. They SLAM into a second bridge with Vincent, underneath, taking the full brunt of the blow.

ANGLE ON THE BRIDGE

The brick is very old, and they've landed hard. The bridge begins to collapse beneath them, huge sections tumbling down into the abyss.

JACE AND VINCENT

Jace manages to roll to safety as the bricks fall away from beneath Vincent, leaving him suspended above an endless drop. Vincent catches hold with one hand.

JACE

stands over Vincent, draws back to strike the blow that will send Vincent plunging to his death... and then hesitates. We INTERCUT quickly between Vincent's eyes and Jace's, peering through his hideous mask. He does not strike. Instead, he whirls, runs, and jumps across the dark chasm, for the other side of the fallen bridge, as Vincent climbs to safety.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT'S POV

of Jace, in SLOW MOTION, vaulting gracefully across space, glancing back for one last look at Vincent. The jagged remnant of the bridge is festooned with the glowing moss. Jace can't quite make the distance, but his hands close around the hanging strands of moss. He starts to pull himself up.

CLOSE ON JACE'S HANDS

as his claws begin to RIP at the moss, and it shreds and disintegrates in his grip.

ANGLE DOWN PAST VINCENT

as the moss TEARS and Jace, still silent, begins to fall, twisting round and round and round until his body is lost in the darkness below.

CUT TO:

Cathy, wearing a robe over her thin nightgown, shivers as Vincent tells her of Jace's fate.

CATHY

Then you never found a body?

VINCENT

The children say that abyss goes down forever. Too deep and too dangerous for us to plumb. He's dead, Catherine...

(softly)

and his shadow has lifted from your heart.

Cathy smiles a sweet, sad smile for him, and we know that he's right, that her fear is gone. Then she turns and looks out over the breaking dawn.

(CONTINUED)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CATHY "

The killings will stop, but...  
they'll never know... never know  
if he's dead or gone or just...  
waiting... waiting down there until  
he's needed again... like King  
Arthur.

(bittersweet smile)

I think Jace would like that.

(beat) "

Bow can one man have so much  
courage and passion and empathy  
and so little mercy?

VINCENT

Perhaps he lost it somewhere,  
Catherine. But he found it again, in  
the end.

They embrace for a long beat, as the sun comes up over the city. .

82 thru  
83 OMITTED

82  
thru  
83

FADE OUT

THE END