

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Siege"

by

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HOUSE DRAFT

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FADE IN:

EXT. AN ALLEY - WITH VINCENT - NIGHT

Vincent is on a foraging run, searching for useable cast-offs in an alley behind an old apartment building. He pulls a broken rocking chair from a dumpster, checks it out. A couple of broken rungs and its wicker seat is torn, but talented hands will soon make it right. He moves down the alley toward another dumpster, then stops, listening... The faint strains of CLASSICAL MUSIC drift from a transom window. Intrigued, Vincent approaches the window, kneels and peers through the grimy glass...

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

An old man sits at an upright piano, his fingers dancing across the keys. He plays beautifully, passionately... a Mozart concerto he keeps in his head with hundreds of other pieces. His name is MICHA LANGER. The passing years haven't stripped him of his dignity; there's an almost tangible strength of character about him.

VINCENT

listens, caught up in the beautiful music... now the SOUND of a VEHICLE approaching... Vincent reacts, darting for cover just ahead of the slash of HEADLIGHTS that knifes down the alley...

MICHA

breaks off his playing abruptly when he sees the HEADLIGHTS through the transom window. He quickly douses the lights and hides behind some storage crates, obviously frightened.

IN THE ALLEY - THE CAR

rolls to a stop; TWO MEN climb out. The interior light goes on when the door opens; we see the DRIVER clearly. Early 50's, hard-eyed... The door slams.

THE TWO MEN - VINCENT'S POV

The move toward the transom windows. Both are carrying bottles with rags stuffed into the necks. One of the men flicks a cigarette lighter; the rags catch fire. The men kneel, hurl the bottles through the transom window, then race back to the car as FLAMES mushroom inside the basement. The car takes off, tires squealing, fishtails out of the alley and speeds away...

VINCENT

dashes from cover, kneels at the window, trying to see through the flames...

IN THE BASEMENT - MICHA

is trying desperately to get to the door, but the fire pushes him back.

MICHA  
(over the flames)  
Help me! Someone help me!

ANOTHER ANGLE - VINCENT

struggles through the window, shielding his face with his cloak, and drops to the floor. He doffs the cloak, then uses it to beat at the flames. Micha pulls a canvas drape off a pile of furniture and joins in the battle. The two of them fight the flames furiously, and finally gain the upper hand.

Vincent, certain that the old man is safe, quickly shields his face and tries to go back out the window. Micha notices, reacts, grabbing Vincent's arm.

MICHA  
I owe you my life --

ANOTHER ANGLE

Vincent turns; Micha gasps and steps back as if slapped. Vincent tries for the window again, too used to this kind of reaction to be hurt. But Micha takes his arm, turning Vincent back around to face him.

MICHA  
Please ...  
(holding up his wrist)  
I know what it's like to be  
hunted, to be afraid...

Vincent looks at the FADED NUMBERS tattooed on MICHA'S WRIST.

MICHA  
(continuing)  
Without your help, those punks  
would have done what the Nazis  
couldn't... killed us all.

VINCENT  
All?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MICHA

The other tennants. There are still some left, those who refuse to run, to be bought off. We are survivors. All of us.

Micha moves to his precious piano, examines it. He's relieved, sits at the keyboard and begins to play.

MICHA

(continuing)

Auschwitz, Dacchau, Buchenwald... we survived.

VINCENT

The men that did this... Why do they try to drive you from your homes?

MICHA

(a wry smile)

Like trees planted by the water... we shall not be moved.

(a beat)

What is your name?

VINCENT

Vincent.

MICHA

I am Micha. I think maybe we'll be friends.

CLOSE ON THE OLD MAN'S HANDS

moving across the ancient keyboard...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. A MANHATTAN GALLERY - MATCHING CUT OF BLACK HANDS ON A KEYBOARD - NIGHT

The classical music washes into cocktail piano; we hear the sounds of a large party OVER: laughter, conversation, etc.

ANGLE WIDENS to reveal a handsome black man in a tux at a baby grand, playing background music for a very large, very exclusive gallery crowd. The pianist should bear a striking resemblance to Bobby Short... CAMERA PANS off the pianist, across the glitzy, black-tie-and-diamonds crowd to FIND CATHY and EDIE sipping champagne and admiring the art work on display.

## CLOSER - CATHY AND EDIE

Eddie's not all that impressed with what she's seeing, but she likes Cathy's company. Both women look absolutely stunning.

EDIE

(looking at the modern art)

I see better stuff than this on walls in Avenue C. Ug-lee...

CATHY

(amused; shushing her)

The artist might hear you.

EDIE

He's loose? Oughta have him in rubber reception over at Bellevue.

(adjusting her dress)

I wish you'd gain some weight. I love this dress, but it's tight in all the wrong places.

(glancing around; reacting like a starstruck kid)

That's him! He's coming right at us!

CATHY

The artist?

EDIE

Elliot Burch! Don't look! My lord, the richest man in the hemisphere... He's gorgeous...

## ANOTHER ANGLE - ELLIOT BURCH

and a small entourage is moving toward Cathy and Edie, admiring the exhibits and chatting. Edie averts her eyes, embarrassed to be caught looking, but Cathy gets caught mid-stare. Burch, a handsome, dapper man in his early 40's, smiles at her and raises his glass to her in salute; color comes to her cheeks.

Elliot Burch is one of the world's richest, most powerful men, a legendary titan of industry. His empire and influence is global in scope, with tentacles stretching into real estate, media, manufacturing, etc. He's also a jet-setting playboy, one of the world's most eligible bachelors.

Cathy tries to concentrate on another painting, but he's on his way over to introduce himself. CAMERA IN as he and his party reach Cathy and Edie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ELLIOT  
 (to Cathy)  
 I don't believe I've had the  
 pleasure. I'm Elliot Burch.

CATHY  
 Catherine Chandler... my friend  
 Edie Tyler...

ELLIOT  
 (as he shakes hands)  
 Ms. Chandler... Ms. Tyler...

EDIE  
 (he's dazzling)  
 It's 'miss'... both of us, I mean  
 you can call us 'ms.' if you want,  
 but neither of us is 'mrs.'...  
 someone stop me...

ELLIOT  
 (a nice laugh)  
 Two beautiful single women... I  
 lead a charmed life.  
 (he touches Cathy's  
 elbow, guiding her to  
 the next art work)  
 Excuse us, please...

His charm is magnetic; Cathy's literally being swept away by  
 this man. Edie watches them go, sighs...

EDIE  
 The glass slipper never fits my  
 foot...

WITH CATHY AND BURCH

They pause before another painting.

BURCH  
 This is really marvelous... such  
 passion... a hint of danger...  
 (a look at her)  
 I sense both qualities in you,  
 Cathy. Perhaps that's why I find  
 you so attractive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CATHY

(she's a bit  
overwhelmed; his  
directness is  
unsettling)

Not much for small talk are you,  
Mr. Burch?

BURCH

Elliot, please. If I've offended  
you, I'm sorry. But I find the  
ritual of courting antiquated.  
(a warm smile)

I was never any good at it.

Cathy returns his smile, more at ease with him now. There's an almost boyish quality to the man that's unexpected, and very appealing. They're moving to he next painting when a portly, distinguished man intercepts them. He's Burch's attorney, ARTHUR LEWIS.

LEWIS

Excuse me, Elliot, but it's most  
urgent. If I could have a  
moment...

BURCH

I'm sorry, Arthur, but as you can  
see, I'm not available.

LEWIS

But Elliot --

BURCH

-- Later.

LEWIS

Of course.

He goes off as Burch plucks a couple of glasses of champagne from a passing waiter's tray, gives one to Cathy.

BURCH

Arthur's my attorney. A  
professional worrier.  
(touching his glass to  
hers)

To our first sunrise.

CATHY

You're moving too fast for me,  
Elliot. I'm very flattered, but  
I don't think...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2)

BURCH  
(the good smile again)  
Don't you?

His eyes are challenging; she can't seem to pull away from them...

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A light burns in the transom window; classical MUSIC drifts in the stillness.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Micha is still playing and telling Vincent about the situation at the building.

VINCENT  
You've been to the police?

MICHA  
They tell us there's nothing they can do, that we should hire our own guards. We're all on pensions here. Where would we find money for guards? So we stay inside behind locked doors, like frightened children. Now they turn off our heat, break the elevator, stop up the plumbing...

Vincent hears something; he waves at Micha to stop playing. We hear FOOTSTEPS above, coming down the stairs.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE  
Micha? Are you all right? Micha?

MICHA  
Sophie. My neighbor. A good woman, but such a gossip! If she sees you...

Vincent rises, goes to the window. Micha gives him a hug of gratitude.

VINCENT  
Something will be done, Micha.  
I promise you.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED

SOPHIE'S VOICE  
 (outside the door)  
 It's freezing down here! You'll  
 catch your death...

Micha helps Vincent get back out the window. SOPHIE comes IN just as Vincent disappears. She's a small, frail woman, totally devoted to Micha.

SOPHIE  
 And not even wearing a sweater!  
 Cold enough to hang beef and not  
 even a sweater... You should bring  
 your piano upstairs again.  
 Rosencratz and Gildenstern moved  
 out, who's left to complain...  
 Your face, what is that on your  
 face, soot?  
 (she looks around at  
 the area blackened by  
 the fire)  
 My God, Micha! What...

MICHA  
 (coming to comfort her;  
 she checks his burned  
 face)  
 I'm fine. A sunburn hurts worse.  
 A gas bomb through the window...

SOPHIE  
 Monsters! When will it stop, when  
 will they leave us in peace?

Micha has no answer for her...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CATHY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A stretch limo glides into the curb...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cathy and Elliot come off the elevator, come down the hall toward CAMERA. They are smiling and laughing, loose and easy with each other. They reach her door; she gets out her key and unlocks the locks, opens it. Now the moment of truth...

CATHY  
 It's been a lovely evening,  
 Elliot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ELLIOT

It doesn't have to end.

CATHY

Tonight it does. I've got to be in court bright and early... and I have the feeling you might keep me up very late.

ELLIOT

It goes against my grain, but I guess I'll have to say good night.

He leans to kiss her... It's the first time she's been kissed since meeting Vincent, and she's a bit hesitant, uncertain of her feelings. He breaks the kiss, traces her cheek with a fingertip, kisses her again... This time she kisses back...

ON CATHY'S TERRACE - WITH VINCENT

He's waiting in the shadows, and his empathic powers are giving him some unsettling feelings... ones he's not familiar with.... almost painful...

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She's saying a final good night to Elliot.

ELLIOT

I'm walking away from your door,  
Cathy... but not out of your life.  
Good night.

CATHY

Good night...

He moves OUT of SHOT; she closes and chains the door, sets the locks, then leans against it a long beat, trying to make sense of her feelings. Now she reacts to a faint TAPPING on the terrace door. Excitement registers as she instinctively pats her hair, preens... for Vincent...

ON THE TERRACE - VINCENT

steps from the shadows as Cathy steps out, calls his name.

CATHY

(softly)  
Vincent...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

VINCENT

Catherine... how lovely you look.

He can't gaze at her too long; she's achingly beautiful. He looks out at the city lights, slightly angry with her and not fully understanding why.

VINCENT

What is his name?

CATHY

Who?

VINCENT

The man who brought you home.

CATHY

Elliot Burch. We met at the gallery opening. He's --

VINCENT

(sharply)

I know the name.

Cathy steps closer to him, but he won't look at her. She feels strange, almost guilty, as if she's done something wrong. She puts her hand on his arm; he still won't meet her eyes.

CATHY

Vincent, is there something wrong?  
You seem so distant...

VINCENT

(masking his feelings)

It's nothing.

(beat)

I met an old man tonight... He  
and his friends are being  
terrorized, driven from their  
homes...

He turns to look at her, and she notices his singed face for the first time.

CATHY

You're hurt! Burned, cut... Let  
me help you...

VINCENT

I'm not the one who needs your  
help, Catherine. These people are  
old, terrified... The building  
would have burned tonight.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2)

VINCENT (Cont'd)

The've been beaten, robbed, their homes vandalized... Will you talk to them?

CATHY

Of course. You can tell me about your friends after I put some salve on those burns.

VINCENT

It's not necessary...

But she goes back into the apartment for the first aid supplies.

IN HER BATHROOM

She's searching through the medicine cabinet, finds salve and bandages. She goes OUT of SHOT.

ON THE TERRACE - WITH CATHY

as she comes INTO SHOT...

CATHY

We'll have you fixed up in no time... Vincent...?

PANNING THE TERRACE - CATHY'S POV

He's gone. But he's left a BOOK of poetry behind.

RESUME CATHY

She goes to the railing, looks over... but he's gone. She kneels to pick up the book, opens it... a sheet of folded paper is inside. She opens it, reads the scrawled name and address.

CATHY

(reading)

Micha Langer...

Off her thoughtful look,

CUT TO:

EXT. A RUNDOWN BUILDING IN THE BOWERY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

This place should have been razed years ago. A real eyesore.  
OVER THIS:

LEO BURNS' VOICE

Look, I don't know what happened.  
The place should have gone up like  
a haystack. I saw the flames  
myself...

CUT TO:

INT. LEO BURNS' OFFICE - NIGHT

A small, dingy office that would gag Mickey Spillane. A man we recognize as the driver of the firebomb car sits behind the desk, cradling a phone receiver against his cheek as he twists the cap off a pint of whiskey, pours a dose in a coffee cup. His name is LEO BURNS.

BURNS

I know that... yeah... Look, I  
know what you're paying me for,  
okay? Next time out we'll connect.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - A STRETCH LIMO - NIGHT

cruises toward and past CAMERA...

MAN'S VOICE

See that you do, Mr. Burns.  
There's a great deal of money at  
stake here.

CUT TO:

INT. STRETCH LIMO - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

We're in TIGHT on a man's MOUTH against the receiver of a car phone. We can't see the man's face.

MAN

Don't bore me with the details.  
Just do it. There won't be any  
more chances. You try my patience,  
Mr. Burns, and I'm not a patient  
man.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

We PAN WITH the LIMO as it disappears into light traffic, then TILT DOWN to a street GRATE... PUSH IN...

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Father is doctoring Vincent's burns; Vincent winces as the salve is applied.

FATHER

You could have been killed...

VINCENT

More than my life was at stake.

FATHER

What about our lives, Vincent?  
You endanger us all every time you  
go above. You know that!

Vincent brushes Father away, rises and crosses the chamber. He's troubled and moody; Father senses it.

FATHER

(a sigh)

I'm proud of you... but worried  
as well.

(beat)

You've something on your mind.  
Share it with me.

VINCENT

I'm very tired...

FATHER

It's the woman, isn't it? I'm not  
so old that I've forgotten what  
jealousy does to a man's heart.

VINCENT

(an edge)

But I'm not a man, am I? I have  
no claim on Catherine. She has  
her own life... as I have mine.

Vincent rises, moves away from Father, unable to meet his eyes. A long moment...

FATHER

Nothing can ever change that,  
Vincent. She'll only bring you  
pain. Surely you must know that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

VINCENT  
(staring hotly; his  
anger becomes sadness)  
I know she's a part of me. And  
nothing will ever change that.

Vincent leaves the chamber, Father staring after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHY'S TERRACE - DAWN

Cathy stands at the balcony railing, watching the sun rise over the sleeping city. She's in her nightgown and robe, but she hasn't slept. An emotional storm is brewing, and the tides are rough. She opens the book that Vincent left for her... softly reads aloud a poem by John Malcomb Brinnin...

CATHY  
'Never seek to tell thy love Love  
that never told can be; For the  
gentle wind does move Silently,  
invisibly.

Soon after she was gone from me  
A traveller came by, Silently,  
invisibly: He took her with a  
sigh.'

She closes the book, holds it against her breast as we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN DISTRICT COURT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Stock, if possible.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A trial has just been recessed; people are streaming from the courtroom. CAMERA FINDS CATHY and DEPUTY D.A. JOE MARTELL amid the crowd and MOVES IN to FRAME THEM as they walk toward the elevators.

JOE

Nice goin' in there, Radcliffe.  
I couldn't have slammed the cage  
on that sleazeball without the  
dirt you dug up. C'mon, I'll buy  
you lunch. We'll go someplace  
fancy, with napkins.

CATHY

(they reach the  
elevators, wait for  
the car)

Can I take a raincheck? I've got  
some business on the lower east  
side.

JOE

(teasing)

Uptown girl like you? It's gotta  
be business. What case?

CATHY

(the car gets there;  
as they go IN)

No case -- yet. I guess you could  
say I'm prospecting.

The elevator doors close on CAMERA and we

CUT TO:

EXT. AN OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The flip side of the building we saw at the top of the show.  
Old, but well maintained; the people that live here are proud of  
their home.



CLOSER ANGLE

A moving van is parked in front, and the Movers are hauling furniture out of the building. A small crowd of old people has gathered near the truck. We recognize MICHA and his friend SOPHIE among them. Micha is pleading/arguing with an old man named HERMAN, trying to talk him out of moving. Herman's face is swollen and bruised; he's been badly beaten.

MICHA

Don't do this, Herman! Don't let them drive you out, this is your home! More than thirty years... you raised your children here...

HERMAN

I got a good price, plus a new condo in Jersey. That's so terrible a fate?

MICHA

You got scared, that's what you got! You let them buy you, like the others!

Herman's wife, SYLVIA, comes down the steps INTO SHOT, cradling a couple of prized possessions in her arms. She's heard enough; her eyes blaze at Micha.

SYLVIA

Look at his face! They nearly killed him, and you call him a coward! You're fools, all of you! Is this place worth dying for?

A few arguments break out, everyone hollering and finger waving...

AN ND SEDAN

rounds the corner, finds an empty space at the curb in front of the building, and parks. Cathy climbs out and walks toward the group, which is beginning to break up. Cathy speaks to Herman, who's supervising the loading of the van.

CATHY

Excuse me... I'm looking for Micha Langer...

HERMAN

(a disgusted nod)  
Over there... the one with the big mouth.

## FAVORING MICHA AND CATHY

He's on his way up the steps when Cathy catches up with him.

CATHY

Mr. Langer? I'm Catherine Chandler, special investigator for the District Attorney's office. We received an anonymous tip --

MICHA

(loudly, to the others)  
This girl is from the D.A.! Maybe she'll listen to us!

(back to Cathy as the others gather round)  
These people must be stopped, made to pay for what they've done! They send punks to rough us up, vandalize our apartments...

SOPHIE

The elevators have been broken a week, they won't fix them! We have to climb --

OLD MAN #1

-- Now we have no hot water, the cheap, miserable --

OLD WOMAN #1

-- Two knocked me down, took my purse, my check is gone... how do I live?

CATHY

(waving for silence;  
they slowly quiet down)  
Please, one at a time. You'll all get a chance. Mr. Langer, is there somewhere we can all sit down together?

OLD MAN #1

(pointing OS)  
There! He's the boss, the one that sends the punks!

## ANOTHER ANGLE - LEO BURNS

is by the moving van, speaking quietly to Herman and his wife. The crowd, furious at the sight of him, come toward the truck. Cathy is swept along...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MICHA

(to Burns)

We told you to stay away from here! You're trespassing!

BURNS

(over the ad-libbed threats)

Settle down, people. This is no good for your blood pressure. I just came by to congratulate Herman and Sylvia on the deal they made on their old place. They won't have any money worries for a long time, right Herman?

Herman and Sylvia look ashamed, defeated. The crowd grows even angrier: "We won't sell! Get out of here, scum!", etc.

BURNS

(continuing; with an edge)

The company has been more than accommodating to you people, but you won't be reasonable. Their last offer is just that -- the last offer. I suggest you take it... before it's withdrawn.

(waves down more angry shouts)

You want to find yourselves on the street with nothing? Is your pride going to keep you warm? Think about it. Don't gamble if you can't afford to lose.

CATHY

Are you threatening these people?

Burns gives her a long look, sizing her up, trying to figure out how she fits...

BURNS

I'm telling them the way it is.

(a thin smile)

Be careful down here, pretty lady.

This part of town can get rough.

(to old folks)

You know where to reach me. Do it... while you can.

Taunts and jeers follow him back to his car.

## FAVORING CATHY

She gets out a pad and pen and jots down the license plate number as Burns pulls away. Micha comes up behind her.

CATHY

Do you know his name?

MICHA

Burns. He works for the managment company that took over when the building was sold two months ago. I've dealt with his type... only then they wore the brown shirts.

(beat)

He won't stop, not until we're gone... or dead.

CATHY

Then we stop him.

They share a look; Micha smiles at her resolve. At last he's found an ally...

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Cathy comes in, heads across the busy office toward her cubicle. A Clerk hands her a sheaf of messages as she passes his desk.

CLERK

Mr. Elliot Burch called. About twenty-five times. And if you want to get into your office, you'd better take a machette.

Cathy looks at him quizzically, thumbs through the message slips.

CATHY

(heading for her cubicle)

Thanks...

## INT. CATHY'S CUBICLE - DAY

The small cubicle is stuffed floor to ceiling with huge floral arrangements and potted plants. Any spare space is taken up by boxes of fancy chocolates, stuffed animals, baskets of fruit, etc.

Cathy comes IN, stands in stunned silence. EDIE rises up into frame; she's been watering the plants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CATHY

What in the...

EDIE

You must be a great first date.

CATHY

(crossing to read some  
of the cards; she's  
pleased, but  
embarrassed)

Eddie, I swear to you nothing  
happened. This is unbelievable...

EDIE

(a grin)

You got that right. I expect all  
the juicy details later.

She starts out; Cathy digs out her notebook and rips off a sheet  
of paper.

CATHY

Okay... if you check this guy out  
for me.

(Eddie reaches; Cathy  
pulls the paper out  
of reach)

I also need the particulars of  
any real estate transactions in  
that area during the last year.  
It looks like someone's trying  
to buy themselves a whole block  
down there. I want to know who.

EDIE

I do have a job outside your case  
load...

CATHY

(tantalizing her)

We drank French champagne in his  
stretch limousine... of course  
the partition was up, so the  
chauffeur couldn't hear... We  
gazed into each other's eyes...  
he took me in his arms....

Eddie waits anxiously, but Cathy's done. Eddie glares at her, then  
reaches and snatches the sheet of paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2)

EDIE

It's gonna be awhile. I'm swamped.  
 (as she goes out)  
 And this better be good...

Cathy's trying to clear off a space on her desk when her phone buzzes. She answers.

CATHY

Catherine Chandler... Yes, I'll  
 hold for Mr. Burch...  
 (smiling)

Good morning, Elliott... Yes, I  
 got the flowers. And the fruit,  
 and the chocolates, and the  
 stuffed animals... What's next?  
 Two turtle doves and a partridge  
 in a pear tree?

(a laugh)  
 Yes, I'm impressed... Tonight?  
 (hesitates; this  
 qualifies as a real  
 date)

No, I don't have plans... I'd love  
 to. Eight o'clock, then.

She hangs up, and her smile gets a little shaky. She senses the beginning of a relationship with this man... it's scary... HOLD a long beat as she mulls it, then

CUT TO:

INT. JOE MARTELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe is looking over Leo Burns' rap sheet. Cathy waits for his reaction.

JOE

Leo Burns... what a prince.  
 Bounced off the force on a  
 brutality beef in '78... Two  
 arrests in '80 for assault, one  
 in '81 for ADW, and again in '83  
 for manslaughter. But no  
 convictions. Bad and smart, that's  
 a tough combination. Now he calls  
 himself a security consultant.

CATHY

So where do we go from here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

JOE

(shrugs)

I take this into the boss, he ventilates my shorts for wasting his time. You've got nothing tying Burns into these punks.

CATHY

He's terrorizing those old people!  
Does someone have to die before

--

JOE

-- Penalty flag. We can't do the outraged 'the system stinks' rap.  
-- we're part of it. You give me the tools, I'll do the job on him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - STOCK SHOTS - DUSK

It's twilight time... We SEE mounted Policemen... a hansom cab...

AT THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE - VINCENT

half-hidden in the shadows of the tunnel, stares out at the quiet park, watching a pair of young lovers strolling hand-in-hand...

VINCENT

(quietly)

There's nothing more you can do?

ANGLE ADJUSTS to REVEAL CATHY

leaning against the wall behind him.

CATHY

I'm not giving up, but I need time...

VINCENT

Yes... and until the authorities can act, the old ones are defenseless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CATHY  
 (cautioning; she knows  
 what he's thinking)  
 Vincent, the risk involved...

VINCENT  
 (a pointed look at her)  
 Some things justify risk.  
 (beat)  
 They have no one else.

CATHY  
 (the silence between them  
 is awkward)  
 There's something else troubling  
 you. I feel it.

Vincent looks away, uncomfortable with these unfamiliar emotions, not knowing what to say to her...

VINCENT  
 It's nothing. I must go.

He starts back into the tunnel; she takes his arm.

CATHY  
 Tell me what you're feeling.  
 Trust me...

VINCENT  
 (quietly)  
 There's a storm inside me,  
 Catherine. Emotions I've only read  
 about... feelings I don't know  
 what to do with.

CATHY  
 Because I'm seeing Elliot Burch...  
 Vincent, no one can ever change  
 the bond between us...

VINCENT  
 A bond can become a chain.

Their eyes hold for a long beat, then he turns and disappears into darkness.

CATHERINE  
 (calling)  
 Vincent, wait...

But she gets no answer... Off her anguished look,

DISSOLVE TO:



EXT. AN EXCLUSIVE MANHATTAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It might be Sardis, '21'... A uniformed Doorman is on duty. A limo pulls up; the Doorman approaches as the Driver climbs out.

DOORMAN

Sorry, we're closed tonight.  
Private party.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - ON THE ORCHESTRA - NIGHT

A small orchestra is playing an old standard. CAMERA PULLS BACK across the empty dance floor... and BACK... the floor's still empty...

CATHY AND ELLIOT BURCH

are dancing cheek to cheek on the empty dance floor. CAMERA PANS with them... they are the only customers in the place. This party is very private...

Cathy has a detached, faraway look in her eyes... and Elliot hasn't missed it.

ELLIOT

What's his name?

CATHY

(a bit startled)  
I'm sorry?

ELLIOT

The man you've been thinking about all evening. Are you very much in love with him?

CATHY

It's been... a long time since I've been involved with anyone, Elliot.

ELLIOT

Then there's no one else?

CLOSE - CATHY

She can't make herself say 'no'...

CATHY

(softly)  
Be patient with me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ELLIOT

(a light edge)

You're not answering my question.  
I expect commitment, Cathy.

Cathy looks up at him; she's hearing alarm bells.

HIGH SHOT - THE EMPTY RESTAURANT

We watch them dance for a long moment...

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - WITH MICHA AND SOPHIE - NIGHT

They are walking down the sidewalk toward the building. Both are uneasy about being out after dark...

SOPHIE

Thank you for coming with me. I  
thought my medicine would last  
til morning...

MICHA

I remember when that drug store  
delivered. Nobody cares about  
service anymore. Remember when  
they still had the soda fountain?  
Egg creams, how my Ida loved egg  
creams...

ANOTHER ANGLE - TWO MEN

exit a vehicle as Micha and Sophie pass. Hard looking  
characters. They fall in behind the old couple, closing the  
distance. Micha hears them; he takes Sophie's arm and urges her  
to hurry.

MICHA

Don't look back, just keep  
walking... hurry...

But they're not fast enough. The two men catch up. One grabs  
Sophie's purse, wrenches it away and slaps her to the ground.  
Micha struggles with the other man, flailing at him...

MICHA

Punks! Cowards --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The first thug pins Micha's arms behind him; the second one belts him hard in the face. Sophie's on her hands and knees, sobbing and crying weakly for help...

THUG #1

Get smart, old man. Take the money  
and run...

The punk's about to hit Micha again when a deep, bone-chilling GROWL behind him spins him around. His eyes go wide with terror as

VINCENT

comes from darkness and backhands the punk, sending him sailing into the shrubbery. The second man shoves Micha into Vincent, tries to get away. But Vincent reaches to catch him by the back of his jacket. He flings the man over a parked car and into the street. Both men scramble to their feet, race toward their car.... They jump in, fire the engine, and the car roars away, tires squealing...

MICHA

(helping Sophie up;  
shielding Vincent from  
her view)

We're all right...

Vincent watches the taillights of the car disappear into the darkness, then gives chase...

ANGLES - VINCENT CHASING THE CAR

The sequence should be stylistic to the point of surrealism. Vincent moves with incredible, inhuman speed and grace, chasing the car...

Through the darkened city streets, keeping well back in the shadows...

Darting down alleys to avoid being spotted...

Cutting across vacant lots, never letting the car get more than a few blocks ahead of him...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A RUNDOWN OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The car bangs into the curb; the two punks jump out, run up the steps and into the building.

VINCENT

stands at the mouth of an alley across the street, breathing heavily, watching...

CUT TO:

INT. LEO BURNS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Burns is at his desk going through some papers when he HEARS the ELEVATOR coming up. He opens a drawer, takes out a .38, not sure who's paying him a call...

The two men burst in, both in a state of blind panic.

BURNS

What happened? One of the old folks pull a cane on you?

THUG #1

(badly shaken)

A guy jumped us... Roared like somethin' out of the flippin' jungle!

THUG #2

It wasn't... it couldn't have been human. I never saw no man strong like that, threw me over a car like a was a mornin' paper! Hair all over his face, eyes glintin' all crazy...you see his teeth?

THUG #1

And claws! He had these big claws...

BURNS

Yeah? And a big long tail, huh?

THUG #2

(turning to show him the back of his jacket; Vincent's claws have shredded it)

What kind of man does that?

BURNS

A man with a razor. But that'd make you look like bozos. Like maybe you were afraid, like you couldn't handle a simple job like this. But a lion, a wild jungle beast... Anybody'd run from that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

THUG #1

Okay, it sounds crazy, but I'm  
tellin' you it was real...

BURNS

Shut up! You think I'm stupid?  
You blew it, over and out. It  
happens again, you're both lookin'  
for work.

The thugs don't push it... but they know what they saw...

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Vincent comes down the darkened alley toward CAMERA. He moves a  
dumster away from the wall, revealing a large hole in the  
bricks.... a secret entrance to the world beneath. He ducks  
through the hole, then pulls the dumpster back in place as we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

27.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - MORNING

Morning gridlock. Lots of HONKING HORNS, angry cabbies shouting insults, etc. Another morning in paradise...

A BICYCLE MESSENGER

weaves his way gracefully through traffic on a ten-speed racing bike, making death-defying moves seem easy. His head bobs in time to the rock music blasting through his walkman earphones. He darts between busses, white-lines down long rows of cars... This is BENNY, King of the Streets... He's one of the secret circle of helpers for the world below...

We FOLLOW BENNIE for a couple of blocks...

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF CATHY'S BUILDING - MORNING

Cathy exits the building and goes out to the curb to hail a cab. Now BENNIE pedals INTO SHOT, sweeping through traffic toward her...

CLOSER - CATHY

trying to wave down a free cab when Bennie rides up beside her, skids to a precise stop and flashes her a grin.

BENNIE

(Brooklyn accent)

Hiya, gorgeous.

CATHY

(smiles; reaches to lift  
one side of the phones  
from his ear)

Hi Bennie. I wish you'd teach me  
to ride like you do. Think of the  
time I'd save every morning.

BENNIE

(takes a note from his  
shirt pocket, hands  
it to her)

Nobody rides like Bennie. Special  
delivery. Be cool...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

And he's gone, pedaling off through traffic. Cathy opens the folded paper, smiles with expectation, then hurries back into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT OF CATHY'S BUILDING - MORNING

Cathy comes down the stairs INTO SHOT, makes her way to the far wall, and pushes a stack of large cardboard boxes aside to reveal the entry point to the tunnel system. She looks around to make sure she's alone, then picks up a wrench and raps a signal on the pipes overhead. After a moment, we HEAR SOUNDS of movement, and Vincent appears at the entry point, steps through. Cathy smiles with relief. But Vincent's attitude is one of uncertainty, caution...

CATHY

Vincent... I've been so worried.  
I thought you'd come last night.  
When you didn't...

VINCENT

I wasn't sure you'd want to see  
me. You were with him.

A long beat; this is painful, awkward for both of them...

CATHY

You know I was thinking of you,  
wondering if you were all right...  
There was trouble?

VINCENT

(nods)

Two men attacked Micha and his  
woman friend. I... had to act.  
I followed them to a building in  
the bowery, the address of the  
paper...

CATHY

Leo Burns' office. I can have the  
police stake it out, pick them  
up. Will Micha and his friend  
testify?

VINCENT

They want justice.  
(he turns to go;  
hesitates)  
Catherine...  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

VINCENT (Cont'd)  
I hope this man makes you happy.  
Please believe that. You've been  
alone too long.

CATHY  
(softly)  
I haven't been alone...  
(touches her chest)  
Not here. If I've caused you  
pain...

VINCENT  
Pain can make us stronger...

Vincent ducks through the hole and disappears into the darkness  
as we

CUT TO:

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

Cathy's on the phone with Micha Langer...

CATHY  
(jotting notes)  
I'll give your descriptions of  
these men to the police  
department. When they're picked  
up, we'll need you to identify  
them in a line up. You'll have  
to testify when they come to  
trial... Good. And Sophie feels  
the same way?  
(Edie pokes her head  
through the door; Cathy  
waves her in)  
Terrific. If we work together,  
we can take these thugs off the  
street. I'll call the minute I  
have some news.

ANOTHER ANGLE

She hangs up and Edie hands her a sheaf of computer readouts,  
sits across from her.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED

EDIE

(as Cathy looks through  
the information)

The buildings on that block are owned by different holding companies. The three empty ones are scheduled for demolition, and all that's stopping the wrecking ball on the fourth one are your old people that won't move out.

CATHY

I really appreciate this, Edie.

EDIE

You don't look thrilled.

CATHY

I was hoping to find a smoking gun, a name to tie to all four buildings. Someone's paying Leo Burns, someone that's got big plans for that block.

(studying the readouts)

Miami... The Cayman Islands... Costa Rica... Bimini... Five will get you ten these holding companies are all a paper veil concealing who really owns those buildings. My hunch is it's one company. If we could just pierce that veil...

EDIE

(rises, gathers up the  
readouts)

I love the way you say "we". I'll keep digging.

CATHY

(a grin)

Thanks, Edie. I owe you.

EDIE

I'll put it on your tab.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE MARTELL'S OFFICE - DAY

MARTELL

(on the phone)

Right... aggravated assault...  
Hey, don't sweat it it, all right?  
You pick 'em up, my witnesses will  
tesitfy. Let me know when you pop  
these heroes, huh?

ANGLE ADJUSTS to REVEAL Cathy sitting across the desk from  
him as he bangs the phone down.

CATHY

What about Leo Burns?

MARTELL

(shrugs)

What about him? The old folks say  
he beat 'em up? We're takin' two  
hardcases off the street, that's  
better than nothin'.

CATHY

Will you deal? Let them cop to  
a lesser charge if they testify  
against Burns?

MARTELL

Now she's playin' public defender!  
You're pushy, Radcliffe... I like  
that. Let's say possible, okay?

(looking OS)

What the hell's goin' on out  
there?

THROUGH HIS WINDOWS INTO THE COMMON WORK AREA

A small parade is making its way toward Cathy's cubicle...  
Uniformed Waiters wheeling carts laden with covered serving  
dishes... another carrying a wine bucket and champagne...  
another with his arms full of roses... and bringing up the rear,  
ELLIOT BURCH....

RESUME SHOT

Cathy and Martell watch the parade enter her cubicle.

MARTELL

Brown baggin' it like the rest  
of us workin' stiffs, huh  
Chandler?

## IN CATHY'S CUBICLE

The Waiters are setting up the feast when Cathy comes IN, more than a bit perturbed at this invansion. But Elliot doesn't pick up on her mood.

ELLIOT

You were too busy for lunch...

(a sweeping gesture)

So I brought lunch to you. I hope you like lobster.

CATHY

Elliot, it's a sweet gesture, but I really have a lot of work to do --

ELLIOT

(his smile has steel in it)

-- All work and no play makes Cathy a dull girl. Please, indulge me.

CATHY

I'm sorry, but no. Perhaps we can get together later.

ELLIOT

We're together now. If you're worried about your boss, I'll be glad to talk to him. I'm sure he can spare you for an hour.

CATHY

(she doesn't like being 'handled')

I'm afraid not. You're embarrassing me, and I don't appreciate it.

ELLIOT

(it's a slap in the face; coldly)

And I don't appreciate being manipulated. Does it give you some kind of perverse thrill to lead me on, always staying just out of reach?

She's seeing a side of him she doesn't like at all. It frightens her. This isn't the man she thought she might be falling in love with...

CATHY

I'd like you to leave now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ELLIOT  
 (furious; he almost  
 spits it)  
 I find games tiresome, Catherine.  
 But I always win.

CATHY  
 Not this time. Please go.

He snaps his fingers at the waiters to pack it up, then storms out of the cubicle...

CATHY

watches after him, shaken by the confrontation and chilled to the bone...

CUT TO:

EXT. A SEEDY NEIGHBORHOOD SALOON - DAY

A shot-and-a-beer place with a low-life look...

INT. SALOON - WITH LEO BURNS - DAY

He's shooting pool in the dingy club when the Bartender answers the phone, calls to him.

BARTENDER  
 Hey Leo, phone.

Burns makes his shot, puts his cue down, and picks up his beer. PUSH IN AS he goes to the end of the bar, takes the call.

BURNS  
 This is Burns....

He gestures for a paper and pencil...

BURNS  
 (sips his beer; begins  
 jotting notes)  
 Right... Five seven, brown hair...  
 That with a 'K' or a 'C'?  
 Right... Okay, I'll get on it,  
 let you know... Hey, she won't  
 be able to buy a frank without  
 my knowin' what condiments she  
 puts on it...

CUT TO:

## INT. LOBBY AREA, CRIMINAL JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

Cathy comes off the elevator, crosses the lobby toward the exit. As she goes OUT, PAN OFF her to FIND LEO BURNS and another of his rent-a-thugs keeping a low profile on the other side of the room. Burns recognizes Cathy from their encounter at Micha's building. They start after her...

BURNS  
(on the move)  
Surprise, surprise....

CUT TO:

## EXT. CRIMINAL JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

Cathy comes out, starts down the sidewalk toward her ND city sedan. A STREET MUSICIAN is wailing a bluesy sax on the corner; a small crowd has gathered to listen, tossing change into his open case to show their appreciation of his talent. His name is CLARENCE; he's another of the secret circle, and his open case serves as a mail drop to to the world below.

Cathy makes eye contact with him; it's plain that they know each other. She tosses a folded DOLLAR BILL into the case, walks on to her car...

## CLOSER - CLARENCE

finishes his song to polite applause. Burns and his co-thug pass THROUGH SHOT, following Cathy, as Clarence goes to one knee to collect his take. He opens the folded dollar that Cathy tossed in... REVEALING a NOTE tucked inside. Clarence pockets the note, then begins closing up shop as we

CUT TO:

## INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Cathy is at Micha's door, pressing the buzzer. After a beat. the old man opens the door, grins at her.

MICHA  
The police really got them?

CATHY  
(nods)  
And with your help, it will be a long time before they hurt anyone else. Are you ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MICHA

We've been waiting since you called.

(calling)

Come on, Sophie...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sophie follows Micha out of the apartment. He locks the door, and the group moves down the hall.

MICHA

It's said revenge is a dish best eaten cold... We've been hungry a long time.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Cathy, Micha and Sopic come out of the building, start for her ND city sedan. She opens the door, helps them in. Something OS catches her eye. Micha notices, turns to look.

MICHA

Trouble?

CATHY

Nothing I can't handle.

CATHY'S POV - LEO BURNS' CAR

is parked half a block down the street.

RESUME SHOT

as Cathy gets Micha in and closes the door, then goes around to climb behind the wheel. The car pulls away, moves off down the street. A moment later, Leo Burns' car comes INTO SHOT, tailing her...

CUT TO:

INT. CATHY'S CAR - TRAVELLING - DAY

She guides the car through traffic; her eyes keep flicking to the rearview mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MICHA

He's still following?

SOPHIE

He's trying to frighten us, so we won't testify against his thugs.

CATHY

It's his turn to be frightened. Hang on tight...

EXT. THE STREET - HIGH SHOT - DAY

Burns' car is following Cathy, hanging back to avoid detection. There are three or four cars between them. Cathy suddenly speeds up, then locks the brakes and skids sideways, blocking her lane. The others cars -- including Burns -- are forced into screeching halts. Burns is pinned in by cars behind him; he's trapped.

Cathy exits her vehicle, ignoring the HONKING HORNS and angry SHOUTS as she strides back to Burns' car, fire in her eyes...

CLOSER ANGLE - BURNS' CAR

as Cathy gets there, looks in the left window at Burns.

BURNS

You got a problem, lady?

CATHY

Yeah -- you. My witnesses are testifying, and if any harm comes to them, I'll know where to look. Stay away from them.

BURNS

(this is all news to him)

What're you talkin' about?

CATHY

Better do a bed check, Burns. Two of your campers are in a holding cell downtown. I'm going to put you away, mister. You and whoever you're working for.

BURNS

(venomously)

Maybe we'll dance, you an' me. Cheek to cheek... in the dark. I'm gonna like that...

STAY WITH BURNS as Cathy storms back to her car. His hired hand is nervous...

HIRED HAND

What if they roll over on us, Leo,  
sell us out for a lighter beef?

BURNS

I'm connected in very high places.  
One call, and they're back on the  
street. She's got nothin'.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

Vincent sits at his writing table, working by the light of a kerosene lamp. Each word is agony, and the crumpled balls of paper around him suggest that he's been at it awhile. He angrily flings his pen away and clears the table top with a swipe of his arm, frustrated at not being able to articulate his feelings, even on paper. He rises, dons his cloak, and leaves the chamber, a look of grim determination on his face...

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - WITH CATHY - EVENING

We follow her toward the tunnel entrance... then PAN OFF her to CATCH LEO BURNS sitting in his car across from the park, watching her through binoculars...

INT. CENTRAL PARK TUNNEL ENTRANCE - EVENING

Vincent comes from the secret entrance to meet Cathy as she comes INTO SHOT.

VINCENT

Your message was very cryptic,  
Catherine. I sensed urgency.

CATHY

I thought you'd want to know that  
Burns' thugs are in jail, thanks  
to Micha and Sophie being brave  
enough to identify them. The  
wheels are in motion to offer them  
a deal in exchange for their  
testimony against Leo Burns.

VINCENT

Then it's over...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED

CATHY

Not until we bring down the top man.

A moment of silence.... both know there are words waiting to be spoken, words that will affect their future together...

VINCENT

You could have written all this in your note. Catherine, I know your heart, the confusion you're feeling... You know what you must do, but you're afraid of hurting me. Don't be. What's most important to me is your happiness.

CATHY

Vincent...

VINCENT

(waving it away)

Please... let me finish. You are part of me, Catherine. Always and forever... but I can never be part of you. It's hard for me to face that, to accept it, but I must. And so must you. Our special... Catherine, don't let your feelings for me isolate you from the men of your world... from the beauty of love, of laughter... from the joy of truly joining your heart with another. I couldn't bear it... I know that loneliness... and you deserve far more.

CATHY

(softly)

But you are a part of me... and I treasure you. Your strength, support... compassion... have made me more than I was... and give me the courage to be all that I can be. You've shown me the beauty of spirit... uncorrupted by vanity.

(beat)

One day I may meet someone... to share my heart with... but part of me is yours... always and forever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2)

VINCENT  
(a long look at her)  
Elliot Burch...

CATHY  
He's everything I've put behind  
me. I know that now. There's no  
place in his world for me... or  
a place for him in mine.

Off the long, healing look between them,

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - BURNS' POV - EVENING

We see Cathy leave the tunnel, cross the park toward her car.

LEO BURNS

watches the tunnel entrance, but no one comes out. He climbs out  
of the car, crosses to the tunnel entrance....

INT. CENTRAL PARK TUNNEL - EVENING

Burns cautiously looks in... there's nobody there. He comes in,  
looks around.... goes to one knee to check out the footprints.  
It's too dark to see clearly; he gets out his lighter and lights  
it, using the flame like a candle. After a long moment, he  
riscs, pockets the lighter, and goes OUT.

VINCENT'S POV - FROM INSIDE THE SECRET TUNNEL ENTRANCE

Screen is BLACK; we HEAR the SOUND of GRATING STONE... The  
secret panel slides OPEN just a crack... we SEE Burns walking  
away from the tunnel, heading for his car..

EXTREMELY CLOSE - VINCENT

peering out at Burns... The panel slides SHUT.

CUT TO:

INT. LEO BURNS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Burns is on the phone, briefing his client.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BURNS

I'm tellin' you this broad is trouble. She's gonna make us miserable if she keeps nosin' around that building... Yeah, well you get my guys out jail, then I'll relax.

Now we INTERCUT Burns' CLIENT in his penthouse office. We'rre in TIGHT on his MOUTH against the receiver... We still can't see who he is...

CLIENT

Watch your tone, Mr. Burns. I told you I'll handle it. Is she seeing someone?

BURNS

I'm pretty sure she met a guy in the park today. Watched her go into a tunnel, saw her come out a few minutes later. But just her. I checked it out; no sign of him. Just some footprints. I don't know how the hell he got outta there without me seein' him.

CLIENT

Find out who he is. I want him dealt with. Hurt him badly, and tell him to stay away from her.

BURNS

If you've got the money, I've got the time. What about the woman?

TIGHT - CLIENT'S HAND

He's doodling on a sheet of paper... writing CATHERINE CHANDLER over and over and over... Now he crumples the paper, wadding it into a tight ball. TILT UP into the hard mean eyes of ELLIOT BURCH...

ELLIOT (CLIENT)

Catherine belongs to me...

FADE OUTEND OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DATA PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

Eddie's at her keyboards when Cathy comes IN...

CATHY

Paydirt?

EDIE

Maybe. I've been getting into these holding companies, trying to find out the principal players... somebody's gone to a whole lot of trouble to make that damn near impossible. The big drug czars use this kind of scam to launder money....

(enters more data)

All these holding companies and corporations list the same law firm as agent and New York business address... that one.

Cathy jots down the address on the computer screen, smiles gratefully at Edie.

CATHY

Have I told you lately that you're amazing?

EDIE

Me and the Mets... who, by the way, are at Shea Sunday, if you should trip across a spare ticket or two...say in your daddy's private box...

CATHY

You're a bandit!

EDIE

Dinner with Mookie post-game would be lovely...

And Cathy's OUT the door...

CUT TO:

EXT. A HIGH RISE IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT - ESTABLISHING

Over this:

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Mr. Lewis, there's a Catherine  
Chandler from the District  
Attorney's office here to see  
you...

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR LEWIS' OFFICE - DAY

The portly attorney rises as the Receptionist shows Cathy IN; we recognize him -- so does she. ARTHUR LEWIS is Elliot Burch's lawyer, the one that was pestering him at the gallery opening when Elliot and Cathy met.

LEWIS  
I'm Arthur Lewis, Ms. Chandler.  
(she's familiar)  
Have we met?

CATHY  
Almost. The other night as the  
gallery opening.

LEWIS  
Of course, Elliot's new...  
friend. Sit down, please. how may  
I help you?

They take seats, and Cathy takes some folded papers from her case, passes them to him.

CATHY  
You're the agent of record for  
these corporations, Mr. Lewis.  
I'd very much like to contact the  
principals regarding an  
investigation I'm working on.  
If you could give me their  
names...

LEWIS  
(looking through the  
papers; trying to mask  
his concern)  
I'm afraid I can't do that. It's  
priviledged information. However,  
if there's any way that I can help  
you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CATHY

(she senses that he's  
covering)

I need the names -- or name --  
of the presidents of those  
corporations, and I'll get a court  
order if need be.

LEWIS

(rising; cooling  
dismissing her)

Do what you will, Ms. Chandler.  
Now you really must excuse me.  
I have --

CATHY

(rising)

-- A heavy calendar. I know.  
(pointedly)  
Give Mr. Burch my regards.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING LEWIS

Cathy's barely out the door when Lewis heads for his desk,  
punches his intercom.

LEWIS

Get me Elliot Burch. It's  
urgent...

CUT TO:

INT. JOE MARTELL'S OFFICE - DAY

The Deputy D.A. is tipped back in his chair, feet on the desk,  
hurling darts at a board on the far wall. Cathy comes IN, then  
jumps out of Joe's line of fire as he lets fly.

CATHY

(pissed)

I just heard that Burns'  
legbreakers made bail.

MARTELL

(throws another dart)

Yeah, kinda surprised me, with  
the bail being so high. No  
self-respecting bondsman would  
touch 'em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CATHY

Spare change to Ell --  
 (catching herself)  
 Whoever signs Leo Burns' paycheck.

MARTELL

(knows she holding back)  
 You turn a name?

CATHY

Just a hunch. I don't want to jinx  
 it.

(Martell throws another  
 dart)

Can we get police protection for  
 our witnesses?

MARTELL

No way. This is penny-ante stuff.  
 Hand me those darts, will ya?

Cathy pull the darts from the board, tosses them on Martell's  
 desk.

CATHY

We're talking about two old people  
 brave enough to do their part for  
 us. We owe them! You know those  
 punks are going to go after them!

MARTELL

Look, I'll see if I can increased  
 patrols in the area, all right?  
 It's the best I can do.

He picks up a dart, prepares to throw. She takes it out of his  
 hand, throws it herself, then hands him the phone receiver. He  
 shakes his head resignedly, dials...

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A police cruiser comes around the corner INTO SHOT, slowly  
 drives by the building. We PAN OFF the car to FIND CATHY coming  
 down the sidewalk toward the building,

CUT TO:

## INT. MICHA LANGER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small, well-kept apartment on the third floor. The place is filled with CLASSICAL MUSIC playing on an old phonograph. The BUZZ of the door buzzer is barely discernable over the music. Now KNOCKING on the door. Still no sign of Micha.

CATHY (O.S.)  
 (through door)  
 Micha? Are you there?  
 (now she OPENS the DOOR,  
 looks in)  
 Hello? Micha?

## ANOTHER ANGLE - MICHA

comes out of the kitchen. He's wearing an apron and stirring something in a mixing bowl.

MICHA  
 (delighted to see her)  
 Cathy! Come in...

CATHY  
 I hope I'm not interrupting anything?

MICHA  
 At my age, what's to interrupt?  
 (nodding at his mixing  
 bowl)  
 Latkes are as exciting as it gets.  
 Something new about the case?

CATHY  
 (she doesn't want to  
 upset him)  
 I just thought I'd stop in and  
 say hello, see how you're doing...

MICHA  
 (closes the door, heads  
 for the kitchen)  
 Then we'll eat!

CATHY  
 (scolding him gently)  
 Didn't I tell to keep your doors  
 locked and chained?

MICHA  
 Fear ruins the digestion. Come  
 on, I worry you're so skinny...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED

He disappears into the kitchen. Cathy locks and chains the door, then follows.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWLIFE SALOON - NIGHT

The bar is crowded, noisy and smoke-filled. Leo Burns and his three amigos -- the two that assaulted the old people and the one that was with Leo with Cathy got in his face -- are shooting pool.

A young Man in a dark suit -- Elliot Burch's driver -- comes into the bar, looks around, comes toward the pool table. CAMERA IN as he gets there. Burns is lining up a shot.

DRIVER

Mr. Burch wants to see you.  
Outside.

BURNS

(taking his time)  
Couldn't come in here... might  
get somethin' on his shoes.

DRIVER

(tough)  
Now.

Burns smiles... and drives the butt of his cue into the Driver's solar plexus. The Driver folds like a cheap tent, gasping for air, as Burns turns back to his shot, strokes it in...

CUT TO:

INT. BURCH'S STRETCH LIMO - NIGHT

Burch is waiting when Burns opens the door and climbs in, slams it, and sits across from Burch. Burch is furious, but he's also a little frightened of Burns. Burns helps himself to a scotch from the car bar...

BURCH

Where's my chauffeur?

BURNS

Gettin' a breath of air. Out  
slummin', Mr. Burch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BURCH

I've been trying to reach you,  
the line's been busy for a solid  
hour.

BURNS

Bookies. Big race tomorrow,  
everybody's lookin' to get down.  
What's so hot it couldn't hold?

BURCH

I want you to conclude your  
assignment at that apartment  
house. Tonight.

BURNS

Your lady love gettin' too close  
for comfort?

BURCH

(seething at the  
insolence)

When the tenants are gone, her  
investigation will end. I want  
them gone.

BURNS

I'll handle it personally. But  
one night service costs extra.

Burch hates being held up, but he knows better than to push  
Burns. He nods his acceptance; Burns toasts him and drains his  
scotch.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWLIFE SALOON - POV SHOT - NIGHT

We're ANGLED DOWN from a roof top across the street... Burns  
exits the limo, goes back into the bar. After a beat, he and his  
three thugs come back OUT and pile into Burns' car...

VINCENT

is watching from a roof top across the street, hidden in shadow.  
The car pulls drives off, and Vincent ducks away OUT of SHOT...

CUT TO:

## EXT. MICHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The street is dark and quiet... Burns' car comes INTO SHOT, parks a short distance away. Burns and his men climb out. Burns opens the trunk as we PUSH IN... He pulls baseball bats out, distributes them...

BURNS

We do old Langer first, then the old lady...

CUT TO:

## INT. MICHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Micha and Cathy are sitting on the couch, going through Micha's old photo albums.

MICHA

(pointing to a photo)

Look at my Ida... She's eighteen here, the year we married. Such eyes, a smile that would melt ice...

The phone RINGS; he rises to answer it.

MICHA

(continuing; with concern)

Yes? ... In the building? How many? Call the police.

CATHY

(as he hangs up)

What is it, Micha?

MICHA

(hurrying to the door)

They're in the building... Sophie's all alone...

CUT TO:

## INT. HALLWAY - WITH CATHY AND MICHA - NIGHT

Micha is pounding on Sophie's door. Cathy HEARS Burns and his men coming up the stairs...

MICHA

Sophie! Open the door! Hurry!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SOPHIE (O.S.)  
 (we hear the noise of  
 chains sliding, locks  
 being opened...)

I'm trying...

She finally gets the door open; Micha pulls her out into the hall.

MICHA  
 (to Cathy)  
 Quickly, hide... the apartments  
 down there are empty. I'll hold  
 them off...

CATHY  
 Come with us, Micha.

MICHA  
 No! I won't run...

CATHY  
 (taking his arm; she  
 won't let him stay)  
 There are too many of them.  
 Please... we need you with us...

Micha balks, but Cathy gets him into gear, hustling he and Sophie down the hall... and into one of the empty apartments.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BURNS AND HIS MEN

come out of the stairwell. All have stockings pulled over their faces, giving them a bizarre, eerie look... Burns uses his baseball bat to smash out one of the overhead lights as he leads the way toward Micha's apartment...

They reach the door... Burns nods to one of his thugs. The thug rears back and kicks the door with a heavy boot; it splinters and crashes open. They rush into the apartment...

INT. HALLWAY - FLOOR BELOW MICHA'S - NIGHT

An old man in his night clothes opens his door cautiously... to SEE THREE more OLD MEN moving slowly down the hall toward the stairs, listening to the SOUNDS of Burns and his men overhead. Each carries something to use as a weapon: a golf club, fireplace poker, hammer...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MICHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Burns leads the men out into the hall.

BURNS

They're here somewhere. Kick 'em  
all in.

ANGLES - THE SEARCH

Burns and his thugs split up and begin kicking in the doors of every apartment. Some are occupied; terrified RESIDENTS cower as the bully boys search their homes...

Door after door is kicked in... It's terrifyingly reminiscent of another time, another place...

INT. EMPTY, DARKENED APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cathy, Micha and Sophie listen to the SOUNDS of SPLINTERING WOOD, terrified old VOICES pleading... Sophie is whimpering, her mind filled with terrible memories... Suddenly, Micha can't take any more. With a hoarse bellow of rage, he shakes off Cathy's restraining hand and rises...

IN THE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Burns and his thugs are frozen in their tracks, listening... Now a door is flung open at the other end of the hall; Micha steps out, glaring hatefully, defiantly at Burns.

MICHA

You pigs! Cowards! I spit on you!

He spits angrily; Burns laughs, waves his men forward. They're closing the distance when Cathy steps out of the apartment to stand beside Micha... now Sophie...

BURNS

The gang's all here... Glad you  
could make it, Cathy. We'll get  
that dance I promised...

Burns and his men HEAR something behind them, turn to SEE:

A GROUP OF TENNANTS filing out of the stairwell behind them.. Men, Women... all armed with makeshift weapons. Faces stony, unforgiving...

BURNS

Go back to your apartments. All  
of you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

OLD MAN #2  
Not this time... Never again...

A long, tense moment... It's a standoff... Burns waves his men toward the waiting Tennants; he moves toward Cathy's group.

BURNS  
Let's get to it...

The angry Tennants surge forward, hollering, flailing at Burns' men with their weapons. Burns is distracted; Cathy dives at him, doing a shoulder roll and hitting him knee level, knocking him off his feet. They struggle wildly, Cathy using every dirty move Isaac Stubbs taught her... and improvising a few of her own...

Micha charges to her aid, but Burns knocks him away. The Tennants are getting a taste of the thugs' bats, but they won't quit. Old people are knocked down... lots of screaming...

ANGLE - A WINDOW

explodes in a shower of glass, VINCENT bursts through from the fire escape, SNARLING with rage... He rushes the group of thugs... One swings his bat; Vincent catches it and wrenches it way, then slashes at the thug, sending him sprawling...

The other two thugs back pedal, eyes wide with terror, as Vincent turns on them, growling... The old people cower...

Vincent lunges to grab the two thugs, slams them against the wall, slams them again... Burns breaks loose from Cathy's hold, charges toward Vincent, his bat raised to strike...

CATHY'S VOICE  
Vincent!

Vincent turns just as Burns swings the bat; Vincent catches the blow on his arms, then wrenches the bat from Burns and tosses it aside. He grabs Burns, lifts him completely off the floor and smashes his head against the ceiling. A mist of plaster falls...

BURNS  
(screaming)  
Help me...!

His Thugs scramble to their feet; Vincent throws Burns at them. The whole group goes down in a pile. SIRENS FILTER O.S.; the cops are on the way. Vincent reacts; he can't be caught here. A look at Cathy...

CATHY  
We're all right! Go!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The old people are wailing on Burns and his thugs, venting a lifetime of anger... Now Vincent runs to the window, climbs OUT. A look between he and Micha... and he's gone...

MICHA

(wading into the fray)  
That's enough... You'll kill  
them... Wait for the police...

Cathy rushes to help the bloodied defenders; the shock of what they've witnessed is settling in...

OLD WOMAN #1

Did you see him? He wasn't a  
man...

OLD MAN #3

Some kind of wild thing, a  
beast...

MICHA

(harshly)  
Enough, you old fools! What was  
he, Frankenstein? Superman maybe?  
He was a friend, and that's all  
we tell anybody. A friend...  
(taking Cathy's hand)  
Like this one...

OFF the smile that passes between them,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MICHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Police cars and an ambulance are at the scene, red lights flashing. Lots of confusion, media crews jostling for interviews, etc. A major crowd scene...

ANGLE - CATHY AND BURNS

Two cops are putting a bloodied and bandaged Leo Burns into a patrol car. They slam the door; he glares out at Cathy.

BURNS

I don't know who... or what  
that... thing was, lady. But I'm  
going to find him. Then I'm coming  
after you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CATHY  
 (a tight smile)  
 Careful what you say, Burns.  
 You'll wind up in a straight  
 jacket instead of a jail cell.

CLOSER - CATHY

She watches the patrol car pull away, her face bathed red in the  
 slashing turret lights... then looks out into the night, knowing  
 that Vincent's out there somewhere, watching... Hold a long  
 moment, then

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ELLIOT BURCH'S HIGH RISE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOT BURCH'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The large reception area is crowded with reporters and video  
 crews waiting for Burch's press conference to begin.

Cathy comes IN, makes her way through the crowd and heads past  
 the Receptionist toward the doors leading to Burch's inner  
 sanctum...

RECEPTIONIST  
 You can't go in there!

CATHY  
 (going through the  
 doors)  
 Watch me...

INT. ELLIOT BURCH'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Elliot Burch is going over his speech when Cathy bursts IN.

ELLIOT  
 Cathy... what a pleasant  
 surprise...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED

CATHY

I seriously doubt that. What's the crowd outside waiting for, another announcement of a grand philanthropic gesture to the citizens of New York from Elliot Burch? Maybe you'd like to tell them how your hired goons have been terrorizing old people on the lower east side to drive them from their homes so you can build another high rise!

BURCH

I have no idea what you're talking about...

CATHY

The hell you don't! You think that your money and power, the influence you wield, puts you above the law. It doesn't.

ELLIOT

(a patronizing smile)

You're very naive, Cathy. But I do admire your spirit.

CATHY

Spirit's something you know nothing about.

(beat)

I don't have enough evidence to go public...not yet. But I promise you, this isn't over. No matter how long it takes... it isn't over.

She storms out, flinging the doors wide... the Media people surge into the office, surrounding him; he's got the charisma of a Kennedy, smiling, shaking hands...

IN THE OUTER OFFICE - WITH CATHY

She turns back to witness the spectacle... and their eyes meet. His are mocking, challenging. Disgusted, she turns away, hurries out...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CATHY'S TERRACE - NIGHT

Cathy and Vincent sit together, enjoying the cool night breeze, sharing the comfort of each others presence. Cathy is still unsettled by her experience with Elliot Burch; Vincent feels it.

VINCENT  
(staring out at the  
lights)  
The city is very beautiful  
tonight....

CATHY  
I wish I could still believe that.

VINCENT  
(a beat)  
There have always been evil men.  
But light is stronger than  
darkness.

CATHY  
I can't let go of this.

VINCENT  
Don't let him steal your hope,  
Catherine.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CATHERINE

rises, goes to the railing and looks out for a long moment. He comes to stand behind her, hands on her shoulders. She tilts her head against his chest...

CATHY  
No one can ever do that... not  
as long as you're in my life.

VINCENT  
Always... and forever...

He slips back OUT of FRAME; once again she is alone...

FADE OUT

THE END