

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"An Impossible Silence"

Written by

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Directed by
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FIRST DRAFT
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH STREET DOCKS - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

down this wet and empty street.

PEROTTA

I appreciate you going to bat for me, Danny. I owe you.

YATES

Forget about it.

CLOSER - MOVING

with TONY PEROTTA, handsome, mid-thirties, jeans, leather jacket, boots, and a Brooklyn accent: and with DANNY YATES, same age, all-American good looks, courderoy jacket over a sweater. Perotta's got a nervous edge that's been dulled a little by booze. A car passes in b.g. with an adhesive sound against the glistening pavement. Yates casually follows it's progress, as:

YATES (CONT'D)

Keller's on edge like the rest of us.

PEROTTA

Yeah, well he lost it when I told him.

(he exhales an
ironic laugh)

All we have to do is return it to property. They don't keep track. They'll never know it was missing, and we can all wipe the slate clean. Who needs that kind of pressure?

YATES

(overriding; firm)

I said, don't worry. I'll smooth things over with Laine -- then we'll talk about it.

Perotta smiles and nods his appreciation. Beat. Yates buttons his jacket with the sudden realization:

YATES (CONT'D)

It's getting cold...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Yates slips on a pair of leather gloves as they move to Perotta's late model Mustang. Perotta fishes out his keys, jingles them to isolate the right one. He opens the driver's door and gets inside. Rolls down the window.

YATES (CONT'D)

You okay to drive?

PEROTTA

I've driven worse.

(then: nervous
laugh)

Listen to me: some cop, huh? So
where'd you park?

YATES

Couple blocks down on South
Street.

PEROTTA

C'mon. I'll give you a lift.

YATES

Thanks, but I'm gonna walk.

PEROTTA

(nods)

Sure. See you tomorrow.

YATES

(beat)

Yeah. I'll see you.

Yates takes another casual glance around -- before we see him pull a .44 Bulldog from the back of his waistband. And as he raises the gun from behind his back:

PEROTTA'S POV

as Yates, neutral-faced, extends his arm and fires twice at point-blank.

LONG SHOT

Yates arm remains extended, as the gunshots reverberate through the empty streets.

REVERSE ANGLE

to reveal a seventeen year old girl crouched in the shadows across the street, behind a garbage can, still holding the crate of oranges that she had been carrying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Her name is LAURA and her expression tells us that she's seen everything.

YATES

lowers the gun and stares down at Perotta's motionless body.

LAURA

quietly sets down the crate. She backs up slowly, inadvertently displacing the garbage can lid so that it SCRAPES the pavement, and:

YATES

reacts, wheeling around. He scrutinizes the darkness for the sound's source, but sees nothing. He cuts a diagonal across the street, moving toward the sound, and:

LAURA'S POV

as Yates nears, sweeping the area.

CU - LAURA

trying to control her nervous breathing. Moment of decision: there's no choice. She bolts out from the shadows and takes off down the sidewalk, and:

YATES

empties his .44 at her running silhouette, until it disappears down an adjacent alley. He takes off after her.

EXT. DOCKSIDE ALLEY

Laura runs, pumping her legs and arms with everything she's got. She glances back over her shoulder to find Yates a hundred yards behind her. But the distance between them is decreasing. Quickly.

EXT. STREET

Laura breaks out around the corner. She stops in the middle of the street. Left or right? With Yates crescendoing footsteps, she chooses to go right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CU LAURA - MOVING

with her as she runs, and doesn't look back. Her eyes tear with exhaustion and her face begins to show the ebb of adrenalin. Twenty yards more, and she stagger, falling headlong onto the concrete.

LOW ANGLE - LAURA

her head bowed, her body heaving for oxygen -- as a pair of spit-polished shoes step INTO FRAME. Laura looks up, startled:

ANOTHER ANGLE

a UNIFORMED COP regards her with a mixture of concern and confusion.

COP

You okay?

Laura exhales her great relief. He helps Laura to her feet. She nods tentatively, still gaping, then looks back.

HER POV

no sign of Yates. They are in the parking lot of a run down commercial corner consisting of a laundromat, a hamburger shack, and a mini-market. All closed. A lone streetlamp casts an oblong circle of pale yellow light.

RESUME SCENE

COP (CONT'D)

What are you doing in this part of town, anyway?

But Laura is strangely shy. She regards the Cop in grateful silence, then looks away, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS - PASCAL'S PIPE CHAMBER - NIGHT

This is one of several communication junctions, where hundreds of pipes of varying diameters run along the walls and ceiling -- even the floor. Where the metallic tapping is constant -- creating an incredible, echoing symphony. Where messages from various parts of the tunnel world converge and are relayed to their proper destinations. It is in this room that CHARLIE PASCAL spends most of his

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

time -- monitoring, sending, and receiving. Armed with foot-and-a-half long rods in each hand, Pascal moves from one pipe to another with a dancer's grace and a neurosurgeon's intensity.

PASCAL
See? I worked out this
abbreviation for express stuff.

He taps a staccatti code.

PASCAL (CONT'D)
You wouldn't believe how much we
cut down on congestion.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE VINCENT

watching Pascal from the chamber entrance, amused.

VINCENT
Oh, I believe it. But don't you
ever get tired, Pascal?

PASCAL
(deadpan)
Only when I stop.

Vincent smiles. Then he turns at the sound of running footsteps, and:

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Laura rounds the corner, crying, gasping for air, and flies into Vincent's arms. He holds her with soothing firmness. She continues sobbing, choked and breathless. Pascal is visible in b.g., concerned, but bound to the pipe. And on Vincent's deeply troubled face, we:

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. DA'S OFFICE - OUTSIDE MAXWELL OFFICE - DAY

where Cathy is waiting for Maxwell, who steps out. MOVING WITH THEM as they wend their way through office traffic to the Press Briefing Room. Unconsciously his hand wanders up to check his tie. And, as he catches a reflection of himself in a glass cabinet, he runs his hand through his hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY
You look fine, Joe.

Maxwell shoots her a gimme-a-break look. Then:

MAXWELL
I hate these guys. They move in packs, like wolves... or sharks.

CATHY
(amused)
It's only a roomful of reporters...

MAXWELL
Easy for you to say.

CATHY
Relax. It's not like you're running for office.

Maxwell's sideways-look at her betrays the political aspirations he hides beneath his easy smile and manner.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Or are you?

They stop before a door. Maxwell's tone is serious.

MAXWELL
Let's just say that putting a copkiller away won't hurt my career any.
(then)
Wish me luck.

Cathy smiles as she follows Maxwell into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Cathy leans against the wall beside the door, as Maxwell approaches a small podium to face a battery of microphones and mini-cams. Twenty reporters sit in fold-up chairs waiting for him to say something. Maxwell pulls out a sheet of paper from his coat pocket, flattens it against the podium. He's holding two contrasting emotions in his heart -- nervous but happy to be there.

MAXWELL
I'm going to read a statement.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

After that, I'm not at liberty to answer questions.

(looks up)

I'm sorry.

(then; reading)

Last night Curtis Jackson was arrested and charged with the murder of Vice Squad Detective Tony Perotta. Ballistics has confirmed that the hand gun found in his car was the murder weapon. The District Attorney has set a preliminary hearing date, and we have every reason to believe that justice will be served in a fair but expeditious fashion.

(looking up; all charm)

That's all folks.

As Maxwell makes his way out, the reporters hurl a few questions at him (e.g. Will you be handling the case personally? Is it true that Curtis Jackson had threatened Detective Perotta on numerous occasions?) which he brushes off with a wave of his hand.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Excuse me...

He and Cathy exit back into the

CORRIDOR

where they head back to their offices. After a couple of steps, Joe finally asks:

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Well... how was I?

CATHY

(veering away;
ironic)

Look out City Hall.

ON Joe's indignant face, as he watches her go.

CUT TO:

EXT. YATES'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A modest two-family house in Brooklyn. All's quiet. At least on the outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLER'S VOICE (OVER)
(exploding)
He was my partner eight years,
you son-of-a --

DAVIS' VOICE (OVER)
(overriding)
Hey.

INT. YATES' HOUSE - BASEMENT

As Jack Davis wedges himself between LAINE KELLER and Yates, who look as though they might kill one another. Davis is Yate's longtime partner, early forties, black. Keller looks older than his fifty-three years: he's tough, but his time on the force has taken a visible toll.

KELLER
How the hell could you do it,
Danny?

YATES
(right back)
You should be thanking me for
doing your dirty work.

KELLER
That's bull!

DAVIS
Back off. Both of you.

The force of Davis' baritone eases the tension a little. Keller takes a few steps away

WIDER ANGLE

The walls and shelves are cluttered with pictures of the kids at day camp, an assortment of trophies, as well as several service commendations -- which should tell us (in case we haven't already figured it out) that these guys are cops. New York cops. There's also a pool table, several bicycles, dart board, work bench with tools, and a small, adjacent boiler room that has no door, visible in b.g.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
(to Keller;
conciliatory)
Look. I'm sorry, Laine. But Danny
only did what he had to. You know
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIS (CONT'D)
 how Tony was, especially the last
 couple of weeks. He would've
 blown it - for all of us.

Keller is deeply troubled. He knows Davis is right. This
 knowledge cools him down considerably.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
 Anyway, it's done with. And if
 you're gonna blame Danny, you may
 as well blame me too.

Keller turns to regard Yates and Davis. He swallows hard
 as he nods.

KELLER
 What about Jackson?

DAVIS
 They got him cold. Murder weapon,
 motive. We just sit tight and
 let the system do its thing.
 Anyway, he's a punk. Whatever
 he gets, he deserves.

Yates rubs a thoughtful hand over his mouth. He's the
 only one who knows it's not that simple; that there's a
 witness somewhere out there.

YATES
 Listen -

Keller and Davis regard him. He can't tell them.

YATES (CONT'D)
 (to Laine)
 I want you to know, Laine. I only
 did what was necessary.

Keller nods: it is at once a compliance and an apology.
 Yates moves to a frosted light fixture, which he begins to
 unscrew from its base -

YATES (CONT'D)
 Tony was a good man.

From the fixture he removes two plastic bagged kilos of
 cocaine. As he hefts these in his hands, a kind of awe
 spreads over his face

YATES (CONT'D)
 But we are talking about a half
 a million dollars...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The power and responsibilities represented in this white powder are undeniable to the three men. For the first time, they are unanimous. Their trance is interrupted by a sound: FOOTSTEPS descending the stairs. Yates quickly hides the pouches into a toolbox, closing the lid, just as

MAGGIE YATES

enters, carrying a tray with three Budweisers. She's in her early thirties, pretty, and knows her place as dutiful wife and mother. She sets down the tray, and after a quick look exchanged with her husband, approaches Keller, regarding him sympathetically.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry about Tony...

as she gives him a condolent hug.

KELLER

Yeah, thanks Maggie.

Yates cracks open a beer in b.g., and on Keller's profoundly troubled face, we:

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

LAURA'S HANDS

signing passionately in American Sign Language (ASL), shaping the very air with her words.

VINCENT (O.S.)

I'm listening...

WIDEN

to find Vincent, who has just signed "I'm listening..." NOTE: in this scene, Vincent signs only where indicated and his signing should be slow and graceful, mirroring his speech.) He stands before Laura, whose expressive face reflects the passion of her silent language, and the anguish of her message. And we now understand the cause of her shy silence; she's been deaf from birth. As Laura continues to sign, Vincent overlaps.

VINCENT

(repeating to himself)

... the wrong man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laura touches the newspaper which lays on a table before Vincent, folded over to the top of the fifth page.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

the two-column headline: "COP KILLER CAUGHT." Included in this article is a picture of the young black suspect, CURTIS JOHNSON.

RESUME SCENE

as Laura regards Vincent expectantly.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
 (signing and
 speaking)
 Are you sure?

Laura nods vigorously. Then:

LAURA
 (signing)
 I have eyes. I saw him.

VINCENT
 You saw the killer?

LAURA
 (signing)
 I saw everything... clearly.
 The man, the killer, was white
 -- not black.

VINCENT
 (echoing softly)
 ... The killer was a white
 man.

Laura nods, regarding Vincent, at once relieved of the burden she's been carrying around and frightened by its implications. Vincent's face reflects her concern -- which is now their concern. Then:

VINCENT (CONT'D)
 It's good that you came to me,
 Laura.

LAURA
 (signing)
 I'm afraid...

But you don't have to be an expert to understand her fear and confusion. Laura's eyes start welling, at which point

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

she looks down. Beat. Vincent gently touches her shoulder. She looks up, regards him. Vincent shakes head assuringly.

VINCENT
Don't be afraid. You're not
alone. I promise.

And as she wipes away a tear, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CATHY - NIGHT

Descending the slope toward the drainage duct.

INT. THRESHOLD TO TUNNEL WORLD - NIGHT

At first we hear Vincent's voice -- timbre and bass -- as the CAMERA PANS the sweating walls, CROSSES a tunnel opening leading into the gloom...

VINCENT (O.S.)
When Laura first came to live with
us, she was only a child. Alone
and frightened. Her parents
abandoned her in the park...

and finally FINDS Vincent and Cathy together again.

VINCENT
...I suppose they wanted... a
normal daughter. But there was
a friend, a helper -- and he
brought her down here... to
where it was safe... to where
she could know love.

(beat)
I remember, in the beginning she
used to collect things... keep
them on her bedside table. Alarm
clocks ... bells ... buzzers. And
she would hold them close to her
ear... feeling the vibrations...
trying to hear the stolen
sounds...

(then)
It broke my heart.

Long beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY
And you became her teacher?

VINCENT
I became her friend.

CATHY
Vincent... can she speak at all?

VINCENT
She speaks with her hands... a
beautiful language.

Cathy's concern grows as she becomes aware of Vincent's powerful connection to the girl, of how important she is to him.

CATHY
And she told you that she saw this
murder?

Vincent nods gravely.

CATHY (CONT'D)
How can she be sure it's not the
same man.

VINCENT
The man Laura saw... was not a
black man.

Cathy considers this. Then:

CATHY
Vincent... the evidence they have
is overwhelming. Is she positive?

VINCENT
She is not mistaken.
(beat)
she knows what this might mean.

CATHY
Coming forward to tell her
story.

VINCENT
Yes.

CATHY
I'll do everything I can to make
that unnecessary. But, Vincent...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY (CONT'D)

(beat)

... I don't think there's any
other way.

ON Vincent's troubled reaction; we,

CUT TO:

INT. PASCAL'S PIPE CHAMBER - ON PASCAL - NIGHT

who, despite the relentless TAPPING, sleeps soundly on a makeshift hammock that is strung up between two pipes. He's still clutching a sheaf of schematic diagrams -- presumably, renderings of the pipe network. CAMERA PANS, past more of these diagrams strewn across the floor, amongst books and a half-eaten loaf of bread... past twin portraits of Alexander Graham Bell and Samuel Morse... along a length of pipe, and stays on Laura, who is touching it. Her entire body is pressed close to the wall, as she "listens with incredible concentration.

Laura deftly moves to another pipe and "listens" -- her face reflecting an almost meditative serenity as she monitors the very pulse of the world.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

CAMERA PANS the book-lined room

FATHER (O.S.)
 I understand the problem enough
 to know that it isn't ours...

And finds Father addressing Vincent, who shakes his head
 In heated disagreement.

VINCENT
 Does our world exempt its people
 from moral responsibility?

FATHER
 NO. It offers them sanctuary from
 an impossible madness. Especially
 those who most need protection.
 Like the girl.

VINCENT
 Laura is no longer a girl.

FATHER
 She's still vulnerable. Exposing
 her like that --
 (Father breaks off;
 exhales his
 frustration; shakes
 his head)
 Vincent: here, we've given her
 The chance to heal.

VINCENT
 And to hide...

Father reacts to the truth of Vincent's observation.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
 I know Laura's pain. When she
 came to us, her soul was broken,
 and our love helped it to mend.
 But, some day, she'll need to
 grow beyond all of this...
 beyond us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER

And you think that day is now?

VINCENT

Without Laura's word, Catherine has no case. An innocent man will go to prison.

(beat; emphatic)

That should mean something to you.

It does. Still, Father's resolve remains firm.

FATHER

Our priority is to Laura.

VINCENT

(turning to Father)

Before, you said that the problem is not ours.

(beat)

Neither is our decision.

Father's thoughtful silence in an implicit concession.

And we:

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE JAIL - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Cathy meets with CURTIS JACKSON, 36, a black and facetious ex-con, through the wire-mesh of the visiting room.

JACKSON

(laughing)

That's a new one to me. Since when does the D.A.'s office go around trying to get people off.

(figuring it out)

I know, it's some kind of new psychology, right?

CATHY

(all business)

How long were you out of prison?

JACKSON

Almost a year.

CATHY

Your parole officer tells me that You've been meeting regularly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jackson gives her a look out of the corner of his eye. Then, unsure of what she's driving at, he reverts to sarcasm:

JACKSON

Every week, ma'am. And I've also been helpin' little old ladies 'cross the street, and going to Church every Sunday - - repent my sins.

The heat rises in Cathy's throat and face. She remembers what a man like this once did to her.

CATHY

Let's get this straight... A man who sells drugs to kids doesn't deserve to see the light of day... ever. They say you're rehabilitated. Congratulations. But if it were up to me, I would've buried you.

(beat)

Now I'm here because I don't think you killed Detective Perotta, and I want to find out who did. And you're going to help me.

Jackson looks put upon, rearranges himself in the chair.

JACKSON

Lotta good it'll do...

CATHY

(beat)

Tell me about these threats you were supposed to have made against Perotta.

JACKSON

Man. . . that was a long time ago. It was stupid. . . He was the cop that busted me. I was mad. . . said some stupid things, you know.

CATHY

What was the gun doing in your car?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACKSON

How the hell do I know? Somebody
put it there.

CATHY

Any ideas who?

JACKSON

What you want, a list?

CATHY

(cold stare; then)
Yeah, that's exactly what I want.

ON Jackson, reacting to this ballsy lady, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. NYPD PRECINCT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The flag waves at half-mast. Over this:

CATHY'S VOICE

Excuse me, I'm looking for
Detective Keller.

INT. PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Cathy is at the tall front desk, scrambling among several people trying to get the attention of SERGEANT JESSICA WALKER. A mounted bulletin board reads: "Memorial Service For Lt. Tony Perotta -- 3:00 Tuesday -- St. Mary's."

(PRODUCTION NOTE: In this and all following precinct scenes, there should be a gritty, almost stylized look and sound of chaotic activity - - in extreme contrast to the romantic lyricism of the world below.)

COOPER

(pointing)
Third desk on the right.

Amid the cacophony of voices, ringing telephones, and Computer printers, Cathy wends her way through the various Desks and booking areas to Keller's desk.

CATHY

Detective Keller.

Keller looks up from a thick sheaf of papers, and puts down his pen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLER

That's me.

CATHY

(extending her hand)
I'm Catherine Chandler, from
The D.A.'s office.

They shake.

CATHY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about Lieutenant
Perotta.

KELLER

Yeah. Me too. Eight years is
A long time.

(then)

You have anything to do with
nailing Jackson?

CATHY

-- Yes...

KELLER

I appreciate it. We all do.
Believe me: it's no small
consolation.

CATHY

Detective Keller - -
(braces herself,
then)
I don't think Curtis Jackson
killed your partner.

KELLER

What're you talking about?

CATHY

We may have an eyewitness

Keller isn't sure how to take this, so he takes it slow.

KELLER

What eye witness?
(when Cathy
doesn't answer
immediately)
C'mon, tell me: who? Who says
Jackson didn't do it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY

I can't disclose that information yet.

KELLER

(flashing)

Jackson killed my partner. He had it out for Tony. Everyone knows it. They just about caught him in the act.

CATHY

He claims he was set up.

Keller doesn't have to pretend: this is definitely news to him. He runs his fingers through his hair, regains his composure. Then:

KELLER

Look. I'm sorry I flew off.

CATHY

(her heart goes
out to him)

I understand.

KELLER

It's just, you come here and drop
This on me like a ton of bricks.
Now I don't know what to think.

CATHY

If you have a few minutes, I'd
like to ask you some questions
about recent cases, who else might
have had a motive. Just
preliminary, but it might give
me a place to start.

KELLER

(nods, then)

Sure: I got a couple minutes...

He puts on an I'll-do-what's-best face, but in his eyes there's an acute dread. He's wondering what the hell he's going to do.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

CAMERA FINDS Vincent, Father, and Laura intimately gathered in the golden light of the chamber. Laura's manner continues to be hesitant and shy. Sometimes when she signs too quickly, Vincent must translate for gather's benefit.

VINCENT

Father and I have talked a long time. The decision... will have to be yours, Laura.

A part of Laura is terrified by the responsibility, and her eyes wander away from the reality of the conversation. After a moment, Father leans over and touches her shoulder, so that she can read his lips as he speaks.

FATHER

Laura... this place, our world, means different things to different people. For some, it's a place of healing and safety -- a way station in their lives. For others...
(indicating himself)
... it's a home.

(beat)

But all of us reach a point -- a moment in time -- when we must define for ourselves what this place means to us. Perhaps now is your time to decide...

Laura considers this. Then:

LAURA

(signing to Father)
If I decide to go, may I come back?

Father smiles. Then, compassionately:

FATHER

Of course you can come back...
(then)
... if you decide to go.

Laura looks down into her lap. Grasping her hands tightly together. The weight of the decision and the subtle tension in the air between Father and Vincent combine to make her uneasy. Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA
 (signing)
 I don't know what to do.
 (beat)
 Tell me what to do, Vincent.

VINCENT
 I can't tell you what to do.
 (beat)
 But you are strong, Laura. Your
 life... has made you powerful...
 in ways you can't even begin to
 imagine...

LAURA
 (signing)
 If I can't imagine, how do I know
 it's true?

This is too complicated for Father's ASL vocabulary. He turns to Vincent.

FATHER
 Vincent?

VINCENT
 If she can't imagine her strength,
 how does she know it's true?
 (to Laura)
 Laura... you know by learning...
 by following what your heart tells
 you is right... by going... where
 you have to go.

Laura takes a long moment to consider this. Then:

LAURA
 (beat; signing)
 I love you both.

There's no need for a translation -- the gestures are more evocative than the words.

CUT TO:

INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY

Cathy is going over a file with several COLLEAGUES when Maxwell approaches the group. Seething. In fact we've never seen him so cold-ass mad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXWELL
Hey, Radcliffe. Got a sec?

CATHY
(to others)
Excuse me.

OMITTED

MOVING

with Cathy and Maxwell, as he ushers her by the arm in tense silence to a quiet corner, away from the human traffic. Then:

MAXWELL
What the hell do you think you're doing?

CATHY
Let go of me.

MAXWELL
Answer me.

CATHY
(firm)
First let go.

Maxwell releases his grip. Momentary remorse. Then he exhales some of his anger. But only some.

MAXWELL
I don't understand you, Radcliffe. Yesterday everything's beautiful. We close a major investigation like in a textbook. Today I find out you've been sniffing around behind my back.

CATHY
I just wanted to have something solid before I came to you.
(beat)
I had second thoughts.

MAXWELL
Why didn't you tell me about them yesterday?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY
Because yesterday I didn't know
there was a witness.

MAXWELL
Whoa... back up.

CATHY
There was a witness, Joe.

MAXWELL
(skeptical)
Can you produce this witness?

CATHY
(beat; troubled)
Not yet.

Which only confirms Maxwell's doubts. He shakes his head.

MAXWELL
I've been playing this game a
little longer than you. We've
got a cop killer cold, open and
shut...
(emphatic)
You're blowing it.

CATHY
(angry)
What about due process, Joe? And
reasonable doubt? Or do you just
want me to go out and hang Jackson
now and save you the trouble?

MAXWELL
You still don't get it...
(the bottom line)
Jackson killed a cop.

CATHY
If he's innocent what difference
does that make?

MAXWELL
(imperitive)
Leave it alone. For your sake.

CATHY
My sake? Isn't there a hidden
agenda here we're not talking
about? Like how the truth might
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY (CONT'D)
make for an embarrassing press
conference --

Cathy breaks off, knows she's out of line. And Maxwell's anger has passed into a deeper realm. He speaks slowly.

MAXWELL
My father was a cop. Up in
the South Bronx. Fifty-second
precinct. He was just getting
off one morning when two guys
jumped him. Took his gun and
his watch, slit his throat, and
left him to bleed to death.
There was no arrest. Nobody
went to trial. They were
fourteen years old.
(beat)
So was I.

He regards Cathy for a moment before starting away.

CATHY
(calling after him)
Joe.

But Maxwell is already gone.

CATHY (CONT'D)
(to herself; wistful
remorse)
Joe...

On Cathy, powerfully disturbed by what has just happened,
we:

CUT TO:

A WORLD GLOBE

circa 1900, on a wooden floor stand. CAMERA PANS to find
Laura, seated before her dressing table mirror, staring
intently at her reflection. And we are:

INT. TUNNELS - LAURA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

About the size of Vincent's chamber, decorated in much
the same way as any young girl's bedroom might be. Laura
takes a long time there, trying to reconcile the face
staring back at her in the looking glass with what she
feels about herself. She is a child, but what she regards
in the mirror is a woman emerging...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leans closer to herself. Gently touches her mouth. Something bubbles tentatively on her lips before they go still again. She exhales. Then a sound - - a soul-deep utterance issues from her lips, incomprehensible OOW - - then again, until we can understand what she is trying to say.

LAURA

Laura...

It is an affirmation of her identity, tentative yet somehow bold. And as the edges of her mouth sneak up into a smile, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cathy slides out of a cab and, heels clacking on the pavement, crosses the sidewalk and enters her building.

INT. CATHY'S BUILDING - CLOSE ON ELEVATOR DOOR - NIGHT

As they whoosh open and Cathy steps out into the corridor. She heads for her apartment door. Balancing her briefcase on her knee, she fishes for her key and finally manages to open the door. She reaches inside to switch on the lights. But as soon as they go on, A GLOVED HAND kills them and then grabs Cathy's wrist, yanking her into:

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Where she is spun into another man's arms, slamming face first into a wall, and pinned there. Both are stocking-faced - - and Yates crosses through a shaft of liquid moonlight and approaches her in the deep shadow.

YATES

(to Davis)

Turn her around.

Davis puts Cathy in a full nelson and roughly turns her around to face Yates.

YATES (CONT'D)

The only thing worse than a cop killer is somebody who covers for one... so back off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he backhands Cathy across the face. Cathy sags at the blow and would drop to the floor if it weren't for Davis holding her up. She recovers and raises her head to face Yates, spitting out the words:

CATHY

If you think this is going to stop me...

but before she gets out the next syllable, Davis pushes her into Yates, who punches her in the stomach. Cathy sinks to her knees, doubling over, groping for breath.

ANOTHER ANGLE

of Yates from the waist up. We understand but don't see him kick Cathy... before stealing out, leaving Cathy unconscious, moaning on the floor.

TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE:

VINCENT

minutes later, surges through the balcony doors. He rushes to Cathy's fallen figure, bends down to her. His voice trembles with concern.

VINCENT

Catherine...

She rolls her head to look up at him

CATHY

(weakly)
I'm alright. I think.

She tries to move, but the pain overwhelms her, and she sags. Vincent slides his arms under her body, and with no visible effort lifts her up. He carries her across the darkened living room and into her bedroom...

where he lays her on the bed. here, too, the moonlight seeps in, making everything seem ghostly transparent.

TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE:

Vincent gently presses a cool, damp cloth to Cathy's forehead. He removes it and listens for a beat. Thinking she's finally asleep, he begins to back away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY (CONT'D)
(barely audible)
Vincent...

He bends over her to listen.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Please stay... I need you close.

VINCENT
I'll watch over you... don't
worry. Just sleep.

Cathy, now comforted, closes her eyes. Vincent retreats to stand -- facing her -- on the two steps leading to the balcony.

TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE:

WIDER ANGLE

of the scene. Cathy sleeping, and Vincent, her sentry-lover, watching over her in the moonlight, keeping her safe.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

OMITTED**INT. LAURA'S CHAMBER - DAY**

An old knapsack is open and half-packed on Laura's single bed. From a low bureau, she removes a blue flower-print dress, folds it delicately, and places it in the knapsack. Her eyes survey the room, making sure she hasn't forgotten anything, she picks up her book of "sign", puts it in, and then, she closes the knapsack, one strap at a time. It's done. The finality of this act surprises her, and she abruptly sits down on the bed. After a moment, her hand moves slowly along the bedspread until she finally clutches the knapsack handle. She rises and moves to the chamber entrance. There she turns.

HER POV

One last look at the room that has been her home for many years.

RESUME SCENE

As she leaves the chamber.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - TUNNELS - DAY

The knapsack draped over her shoulder, Laura walks with Vincent down a long stretch of tunnel. They are silhouettes against the bright light glowing at the tunnel's end. Laura hesitates for a moment, looking back over her shoulder, before she and Vincent merge into the light.

CUT TO:

INT. SUB-BASEMENT OF CATHY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Laura and Vincent arrive at the transition point - the place of migration from one world to the next. They stop and share a moment of the silence that is with Laura always - both of them understanding the significance of her next few steps. After a beat, Vincent gestures to the opening:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

This is where you go out...

Laura seems unsure.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You can still change your mind...

Determined, Laura shakes her head.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Then try not to worry, you'll
be safe, I'll be near... The
woman I told you about is
waiting...

LAURA

(signing)

Catherine...

VINCENT

Yes, Catherine...

Long beat. Then:

LAURA

(signing)

Vincent, there's so much I have
to thank you for.

VINCENT

You have only yourself to thank...
and to be proud of...

(beat)

Sometimes... events in our lives
show us what we've known all
along. This last year... I've
felt it in you: a need... to
see a life beyond our tunnels and
chambers.

(then)

You knew inside yourself that it
was time...

Laura is grateful for the understanding. Vincent looks up
when he hears footsteps descending from above.

VINCENT'S POV

Cathy appears at the far end of the sub-basement.

RESUME SCENE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Laura also sees Cathy, and then turns back to Vincent.

LAURA
(signing)
Until we see each other, I will
miss you.

VINCENT
Until we see each other, I will
miss you, too.

And they embrace. Then, Laura pulls back and stoops down to pick up her suitcase.

VINCENT'S POV - LAURA

Walking away -- tall and strong - towards Cathy. She puts her hand behind her back and signs: "I love you."

ON VINCENT

Watching her go.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I love you too.

VINCENT'S POV

As Laura reaches Cathy and together they start up the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHY'S TERRACE - NIGHT

Laura looks out over the jewelled city, her hair blown by the cool night breeze. As Cathy comes out from the living room...

CATHY
Laura, I've -

She breaks off and stops with the realization that Laura can't hear her. Cathy wears the evidence from the previous night's attack: discoloration under one eye, a cut lip. She approaches Laura, who now turns to face Cathy. (Note: Cathy enunciates her words to Laura carefully, but not condescendingly.)

CATHY (CONT'D)
Are you cold?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laura shakes her head - then holds up her hand, thumb and forefinger about an inch apart to admit that she is a little cold. Cathy smiles.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Come inside. I made some hot chocolate.

Laura nods, and follows Cathy inside.

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

From a service on the coffee table, Cathy hands Laura one of two steaming mugs, taking the other for herself.

CATHY
Tomorrow you'll have to give a statement to the police. After that is when it gets really tough the depositions and the trial. Lawyers aren't always the nicest people.

Laura gestures to Cathy.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Me? I'm not so brave. A little stubborn, maybe...

Laura smiles -- but then turns serious as she regards Cathy, visibly disturbed. Her mouth opens, as if she's about to speak.

CATHY (CONT'D)
(sensing)
You want to say something...

Laura tentatively reaches out and touches the bruises on Cathy's face. It's as if she shares Cathy's pain. She shakes her head and gestures: why?

CATHY (CONT'D)
Why? Because no one wants me on this case except me.

Laura indicates herself. Cathy smiles.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Until now. What we're doing is good, Laura, but it's not very popular.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY (CONT'D)
 (touching her
 bruised face)
 I guess this is either a badge
 of bravery or a sign of
 stubbornness.

LAURA
 (signing)
 You're still very beautiful.

CATHY
 (trying to
 translate)
 I'm... something.
 (shakes her head,
 frustrated laugh)
 I don't understand.

Laura scratches her palm with her forefinger. Cathy understands, and digs out a note pad and a pen from a side table drawer. She hands these to Laura, who scribbles something, then turns it toward Catherine.

INSERT PAGE (CATHY'S POV)

which reads "I said: you're still very beautiful"

RESUME SCENE

as Cathy shares a warm moment with Laura.

CATHY (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

Laura puts her hand to Cathy's lips -- and then shows her the sign for "thank you." Cathy repeats the sign. And on the bond that's being forged between them, we:

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. NYPD PRECINCT - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

A clear, late-autumn morning -- and the flag, still at half-mast.

CUT TO:

A RASTAFARIAN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

is hustled PAST CAMERA by a pair of UNIFORMS, and we are:

INT. NYPD PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

A melange of cops, crooks, and victims, whose voices and movements combine to create a white noise over which occasional words can be discerned. From this human salad, Cathy and Laura emerge: Laura is now in a knee-length blue dress. Cathy is evidently known here -- perhaps by the bruises on her face: the cops seated at these desks look up at her, one by one.

CATHY'S POV - MOVING

past the intimidating faces.

RESUME SCENE - MOVING -CONTINUOUS

as Cathy is bumped, hard, by a PLAIN-CLOTHES OFFICER.

OFFICER
(pure ice)
I'm sorry, Miss Chandler.

CATHY
The hell you are.

Cathy holds her own and stares him down, until he passes. Cathy looks at Laura, who affirms her support with a look. Cathy takes a deep breath as they continue, proceeding Down.

AN ADJACENT CORRIDOR

that's mustard-yellow and narrow. They stop at the third door on the right. Stenciled on the thick frosted glass are the words INTERROGATION ROOM Cathy and Laura exchange a last look before Cathy opens the door and:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 5 - CONTINUOUS

as Cathy and Laura enter the small, sterile room which, behind the closed door, offers some quiet refuge from the constant chaos outside. A long rectangular table is centered here, at which two men (GRIGGS and Homicide Detective SNYDER) and one woman are seated. Griggs has several papers fanned out before him, a pen at the ready. At one end of the table stands a tripoded video camera, hooked up to a monitor which frames the empty chair at the other end of the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe Maxwell brings his chair down on all fours, stands, and approaches Cathy and Laura. His manner is cool and detached. Exaggeratedly professional.

MAXWELL

Miss Chandler, this is Detective Snyder - he'll be conducting the interrogation - Sergeant Griggs, and Sharon Lewis, from Social Services. She's here to interpret for the witness.

CATHY

(to all of them)
Hello.
(beat)
This is Laura Williams.

Laura nods curtly to everyone.

SHARON

(signing and speaking)
Please have a seat, Laura.

Laura looks at Cathy who gives her a nod of quiet strength and silent assurance. Laura sits in the empty chair. Snyder, the hard-assed veteran in charge of the case, now rises and circles around Laura. Griggs stands and moves to the video camera.

SNYDER

(turning away from Laura; to Griggs)
We ready to go?

Before Griggs has a chance to respond, Cathy interjects.

CATHY

Detective.

Snyder angles his head toward Cathy

CATHY (CONT'D)

Laura's deaf -

SNYDER

(overlapping)
We know that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY
(overlapping)
... and no one speaks in here
without facing her first.

Snyder glares at Cathy, but complies with her demand

SNYDER
All set, Larry?

GRIGGS
You can start anytime.

Snyder half-sits on the table.

SNYDER
Okay, Laura. Why don't you start
by telling us what you saw... in
your own words.

LAURA
(signing)
I saw somebody kill a man.

Snyder waits for more, but Laura is still nervous and her hands remain still. Snyder shoots a skeptical look to Maxwell. Then, his attention returns to Laura.

SNYDER
And where did you see this happen?

LAURA
(signing)
It was on Cedar Street, near
the corner of Edgemont.

SHARON
It was on Cedar Street... near
the corner of Edgemont.

SNYDER
Would you describe for us what
You saw?

LAURA
(signing)
There were two men. One had a
gun. And I saw him reach inside
a car and shoot the other man.

Snyder straightens - Laura's just given a crucial piece
Of testimony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SNYDER

I'm sorry would you repeat the last part... about the car.

Laura doesn't quite understand and looks to Sharon, who signs her Snyder's question. Laura nods and starts again.

LAURA

(signing)

The man who was shot... was sitting in a car.

SHARON

The man who was shot was sitting in a car.

Snyder exhales sharply and addresses Maxwell in a low urgent tone.

SNYDER

Joe, that information hasn't been made public yet. There's no way she could have known that Perotta was killed in his car.

(beat)

I think you got the real thing here.

Maxwell stirs in his chair and gives Cathy an acknowledging look. Now, with more respect than before.

SNYDER (CONT'D)

Okay, Laura, let's start at the beginning.

CLOSE - VIDEO MONITOR

as Laura's image appears on the screen, looking off at the detective. Even here, rendered in two-dimensional blue light, Laura's fear is almost palpable. But so is her strength. And as she musters the courage to start at the beginning, we:

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

From the relative sanctuary and sanity of the interrogation room, Cathy and Laura reenter the chaos of the squad room jungle. Cathy is charged by Laura's convincing performance and by the stamina and courage of her new

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

friend. As soon as the door to the interrogation room closes behind them, she takes Laura by the shoulders.

CATHY
You did great.

Laura isn't so sure

CATHY (CONT'D)
Really. No jury in the world
could discount that testimony.

Cathy's genuine enthusiasm convinces Laura, and her eyes shine deeply when she smiles. Cathy affectionately squeezes Laura's shoulders, before they start through the human traffic for the station exit...

ANOTHER ANGLE

shows Cathy and Laura as they round a section of booking tables, pass by the desk sergeant, and are on the home stretch... when a young, UNIFORMED COP catches up with them.

COSTANZO
(to Cathy)
Excuse me.

He positions himself between them and the station Entrance.

COSTANZO (CONT'D)
Are you Catherine Chandler?

CATHY
Yes I am.

COSTANZO
There's a call for you.

Cathy's first instinct is to glance protectively at Laura.

Then:

CATHY
(to Cop)
Who is it?

COSTANZO
Your office.

He points to an empty cubicle way across the squad room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COSTANZO (CONT'D)
Take it over there if you want.
Line five.

Cathy turns her attention to Laura, guiding her to a low-backed bench against a wall.

CATHY
You sit here. I'll be right
back, okay?

Laura nods and sits down. When Cathy turns away, the cop is still there.

COSTANZO
Come on, follow me...

Which Cathy does... the length of the squad room... to the unoccupied desk and the blinking phone.

COSTANZO (CONT'D)
Line five.

CATHY
Thanks.

Cathy punches the line and picks up the receiver.

CATHY (INTO PHONE)
Hello... Hi Mary...

BACK TO LAURA - SLIGHT OVERCRANK

sitting straight-backed on the bench, as she watches Cathy move from one phone to the next. A sixth-sense is operating in her head. She knows she's being watched. She doesn't want to... she tries not to... but she has to look across to:

HER POV - ACROSS THE CONGESTED SQUAD ROOM - MOS

(Post Production Note: All Laura's POV shots should be accompanied by silence to exaggerate her sense of alienation and to convey her heightened terror.)
A man's face (Yates'), a pair of eyes boring into her.

RESUME LAURA

quickly dropping her gaze. And then... slowly... in her face, we see the terrifying connection made: the eyes looking at her are the eyes of the killer, and they are also the eyes of a policeman. The fear heaves up in her stomach and throat like a nausea. She forces herself to

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

look again, and this time the eye contact with Yates is laser-intense. Shakily, she rises to her feet and scans the room for Cathy. No sign of her. She looks back at Yates.

HER POV

Yates has started toward her.

OMITTED

RESUME CATHY - IN THE CUBICLE

holding the receiver to her ear with her shoulder, jotting something down in her calendar.

CATHY

... and the new hearing date is set for Thursday at five. No, I got it. Thanks, Mary.

And she hangs up the phone. She steps out into the squad room, starting back towards Laura. As she grows near, we catch glimpses - through the ebb and flow of the human tide - of:

HER POV

the empty bench

RESUME CATHY

as her pace quickens, the first sparks of panic firing in her breast. She reaches the bench, her eyes scanning the surrounding area for a sign of Laura. She wheels around... looking...looking, as the panic consumes her, and she turns a small, tight circle in the middle of the precinct confusion. Then, on impulse, she bolts out of the squad room.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Cathy rushes down the stairs to street-level. Her head swings one way and then the other, surveying the lunch-time crowd. No sign of Laura. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show her bewildered and enraged in the human throng.

OMITTED

FADE OUT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Catherine sits at the edge of Vincent's bed. She stares off into herself, her face drained, her body wracked. Vincent stands several feet away.

VINCENT
Don't blame yourself,
Catherine.

CATHERINE
(distraught)
What could be safer than a
police station..?

VINCENT
... The blame, Catherine,
rests only on those who have
Laura.

Cathy nods. But the weight of the past few days and of Laura's abduction is still too heavy a burden. Tears start rolling down her face. She turns away.

CATHY
I don't know what to do.

VINCENT
You've told the police. It's
All you can do for now.

CATHY
They have no idea where to
even start looking. She could
be anywhere. She could be --

Cathy breaks off. The last possibility is unutterable.

VINCENT
Don't even think of it.

CATHY
(wiping tears)
I have to go back.
(off Vincent's
reluctance)
Please, Vincent. Take me back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beat. Then Vincent nods. Knows he has no choice, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

Vincent escorts Cathy in silence along a narrow and dark stretch of tunnel. Beside them, a cluster of pipes snake along the dank walls. All is quiet as Vincent and Cathy proceed upward. Then, gently, a rhythmic and ordered CLANKING comes over the pipes, growing in urgency and volume. Vincent stops dead in his tracks to listen.

CATHY

Vincent... what is it?

VINCENT

Shh...

Vincent continues to listen.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

There's a message... from
Pascal.

(then)

Come with me, quickly.

They turn on their heels and run together, back the way they came, into the bowels of the earth.

INT. YATES' HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Yates and Davis are listening to Keller, who's pacing...

KELLER

I don't believe this. What are
we doing?

YATES

Only what's necessary. Nothing
more and nothing less.
Over this, we HEAR a metallic
clanking. The noise only
sharpens the fine edge that they're
already on.

KELLER

(to Yates; flashing)
Why didn't you tell us there was
a witness --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YATES
 (right back)
 What difference would that've
 made?
 (off Keller's
 silence)
 I'll tell you: zip.

As the CLANKING continues o.s....

YATES (CONT'D)
 We'd be right where we are now.
 (to Davis; snapping)
 Will you tell her to shut up!

DAVIS
 (with quiet
 strength)
 Hey, don't talk to me like that.

Beat. Yates nods. And Davis rises and moves into

THE BOILER ROOM

where Laura sits in shadow, each wrist handcuffed to a pipe. She concentrates, tapping out a message by striking the pipes with her steel-bound wrists.

DAVIS (O.S.)
 Hey, shut up.

But Laura doesn't hear... until Davis' legs ENTER FRAME and he squats down to catch her wrist. She looks up, terrified.

DAVIS
 (as if to a dog)
 No.

Laura stops, but her eyes turn cold and defiant, as we:

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. TUNNELS - PASCAL'S PIPE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Vincent and Cathy enter the organ-like pipe chamber. Pascal is huddled in a corner, his ear pressed to a pipe. The room is absolutely still, SILENT - no one is sending Any messages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Pascal...

Pascal turns to face him.

PASCAL

I've put out an emergency all-quiet signal...

VINCENT

Was it Laura?

PASCAL

(nodding)

We think so. It was Outpost Six that picked up her S.O.S. when the tapping stopped.

CATHY

Isn't there anything we can do?

PASCAL

(shrugs)

Wait...

(off her disappointment)

But we're all waiting together.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

A COLT .38 PYTHON

is unwrapped from an oil cloth...

YATES (O.S.)

Maggie and the kids are gone 'til tomorrow, so now's the time.

INT. YATES BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Yates screws on a silencer with cold determination -- while Keller shakes his head.

KELLER

No way. I can't let you do this.

Yates ignores him as he loads the gun, a bullet at a time. So Keller turns to Davis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLER (CONT'D)
(indicating Laura)
Jack, look at her. She's just
a girl. What is she, a year older
than Nancy? Two?

Davis reacts with a pang of remorse.

YATES
(exploding)
Shut up!

As Yates moves threateningly to Keller...

YATES (CONT'D)
I'm getting a little damn sick
of having to sugar coat everything
for you. That's not my
responsibility.

ANGLE - LAURA

watching the heated argument.

YATES (O.S.)
You wanted it in the beginning,
just like the rest of us, for all
the same reasons: you gotta wife,
car, kids, mortgage payments --
all starting to weight heavy on
a cop's salary.

Laura taps once -- then again, glancing furtively toward
the outer room.

LAURA'S POV

where Yates and Keller argue MOS, leaving Laura's tapping
unheeded.

RESUME LAURA

as she continues tapping

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. PASCAL'S PIPE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

as one of the pipes comes alive. Pascal moves closer to listen as the tapping continues:

PASCAL
That's it. They've found her.
She's in... Brooklyn

Cathy turns hopefully to Vincent, but there's only the rustle of his cloak at the entrance, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. YATES' HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

KELLER
If you kill that girl, the blood's
on your hands

YATES
You know the law as well as me.
It's on all of our hands.

Long, hard beat. Keller shakes his head.

KELLER
No. Not this time. I'm leaving.

YATES
You're not going anywhere.

KELLER
Stop me.

He turns his back on Yates and starts for the door. Slowly, Yates raises the silenced pistol and aims at the retreating Keller.

KELLER

glances at Laura as he goes. When he reaches the door, he puts his hand on the now and squeezes his eyes shut... expecting the bullet in his back, and:

YATES

holds the gun steady. Davis moves INTO FRAME, and grasps Yates' forearm, shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

EXT SUBWAY TUNNEL

as Vincent hurtles through the tunnel, atop a subway car.
and we:

CUT TO:

OMITTEDINT. YATES' HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Yates stands at the entrance to the boiler room, his gun pointed at Laura -- Davis next to him, his face averted -- when the lights go off. Black water darkness, except for shafts of moonlight which spill in through two transom windows...

DAVIS

What the --

YATES

Keller.

A shadow passes before the north window. Then a sound. Yates squints into the darkness to find it's source.

HIS POV

stillness, moonlight, and tilting shadows.

RESUME SCENE

as Davis, never losing touch with the wall, cranes closer to Yates.

YATES (CONT'D)

(fever-pitch)

C'mon, Danny. Do it.

Yates steps back toward the boiler room. Gives a nervous nod to Davis, as he raises the gun to:

LAURA

huddled in the darkness, looking away, whimpering

CU - THE GUN

and Yates' finger tightening around the trigger - when Vincent's hand FLASHES INTO FRAME, batting the gun away as it fires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - DAVIS

he falls, hit.

YATES

clutches his wrist, then looks up, completely stunned,
as:

VINCENT

steps from the shadows. Yates scrambles for his gun, illuminated a few yards away in a puddle of moonlight. He straightens, tries to steady the gun on Vincent's advancing figure, but that hand doesn't work -- so he shifts hands, aims for a second that is shattered forever when Vincent sidesteps, and catches Yates' head with a powerful forehand, and a roar that echoes through the room.

CU - VINCENT'S EYES

as they narrow at the sight of Yates' lifeless body splayed on the floor.

RESUME SCENE

as Vincent moves to Laura, who now turns to see. Vincent kneels before her, as she wraps her free arm around his neck. As SIRENS begin to wail in the distance, fast approaching, we:

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. D.A.'S OFFICE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

- omitted

INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON CATHY - DAY

drinking from a water fountain. She straightens and turns, when:

ANOTHER ANGLE

as she nearly bumps into Maxwell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY
 (startled)
 Joe --

There's an awkward moment between them. They both want to say something. Maxwell breaks the ice.

MAXWELL
 Look, I'm...
 (re: her healing
 bruises)
 I'm sorry about what happened.
 I know it's been tough on you,
 and I didn't make it any easier.

CATHY
 No, you didn't.

MAXWELL
 (taking it on the
 chin)
 I let it get personal. I was
 stubborn -- and I was wrong...

CATHY
 (smiles, extends
 her hand)
 Apology accepted.

MAXWELL
 Good.

They shake hands. But something disturbing occurs to Cathy. She regards Maxwell a bit apprehensively, as:

CATHY
 Joe. About your father -

MAXWELL
 (overriding;
 dismissive)
 No. I had no right bringing
 that up when I did.

CATHY
 You had every right. And I'm
 glad you told me.

MAXWELL
 Yeah...

But Maxwell isn't at all comfortable with this kind of intimacy. Reading this, Cathy changes the subject.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY

Listen: why don't you walk me
to Moreno's office? It's time
for my weekly status report.

Maxwell nods and:

MOVING WITH THEM

through the busy office.

MAXWELL

You might be interested to know:
Jackson's being released today.

CATHY

(beat)
How'd the interrogation
Go this morning?

MAXWELL

He's glad it's over. The two
kilos of cocaine we recovered
from Yates' basement came from
the Ricardo bust last month --
which both sets of partners
were on.

CATHY

So when Perotta started getting
cold feet, Yates killed
him and set up Jackson.

(beat)
Simple enough.

MAXWELL

Only Yates didn't count on your
witness being there.

They've come to Moreno's door, before which Cathy pauses.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Speaking of which: where on earth
did you find that witness?

CATHY

I didn't
(smile; innocent
shrug)
She found me.

With which Cathy pushes open the door, and enters Moreno's
office.

CONTINUED: (3)

CUT TO:

EXT CATHY'S TERRACE - NIGHT

Against the backdrop of the twinkling New York nightscape, Cathy and Vincent talk.

VINCENT

I don't think Father has reconciled himself...

(beat)

All he sees... is that he's losing one of his family.

CATHY

But he won't stop Laura from coming up?

VINCENT

No... that's not our way.

CATHY

Where is she now?

VINCENT

Below... gathering her things for tomorrow.

(beat)

One of the helpers will meet her, and look after her... until the time comes when she can live on her own.

Vincent turns to face the City. Long beat. Then:

CATHERINE

What she did took great courage.

VINCENT

Yes... Laura's a remarkable person. She lives by feeling -- everything - deeply. She embraces life. It's how she survives...

CATHERINE

(sensing)

You're worried about her going up into the world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

(a beat)
... Laura's strength is her
vulnerability.

Cathy reflects on her own time of healing in the tunnel world. She steps closer to him.

CATHERINE

I think she'll be just fine,
Vincent. I really do.

(beat)
She had a good teacher.

As Catherine regards Vincent tenderly, his face reflecting the power of Catherine's comforting words, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUNNELS - DAY

Holding a small suitcase tightly in one hand, Laura ascends a long stretch of tunnel. She is a silhouette against the bright light glowing at the tunnel's end. Tall and strong, she continues to walk, and even as she becomes one with the light, she doesn't hesitate or look back...

FADE OUT

THE END