


# Beauty and the Beast



"A KINGDOM BY THE SEA"

#040

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"A Kingdom by the Sea"

Written by  
George R.R. Martin

Directed by  
Gus Trikonis

WITT/THOMAS PRODUCTIONS  
956 N. Seward St.  
Hollywood, CA 90038  
(213) 465-7415-Hollywood, CA  
(213) 583-1630-Vernon, CA

FIRST DRAFT  
March 17, 1989 (Yellow)  
March 15, 1989 (Pink)  
March 13, 1989 (Blue)  
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CHARACTERS

CATHERINE  
VINCENT

JOE MAXWELL  
ELLIOTT BURCH  
STANLEY KAZMAREK  
BIGGS  
BRYANT  
RESIDENT  
DETECTIVE GREG HUGHS  
TYLER  
MORLEY  
CARLOS  
RIVERA  
RAMON  
HELICOPTER PILOT

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

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SETS

INTERIOR

D.A.'S OFFICE (D)  
-Conference room

JOE'S OFFICE (D)

HOSPITAL (D) (N)  
-Corridor  
-Hospital room

TENEMENT APARTMENT (N)

PARKING GARAGE

ELLIOT'S LIMO

WATCHMAN'S SHED

TUNNELS  
-Tunnel junction  
-Tunnels (STOCK)  
-Concrete tunnel  
-Water tunnels

VINCENT'S CHAMBER

WHISPERING GALLERY (STOCK)

CATHY'S APARTMENT

EXTERIOR

WATERFRONT TENEMENT (N)  
-Establishing shot

CATHERINE'S BALCONY (N)

EAST RIVER PIER (N)  
-Series of shots

ELLIOTT'S LIMO (N)

WHARF PILINGS (N)

WATCHMAN'S SHED (N)

INDUSTRIAL STREET (N)  
-Dead end alley

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"A Kingdom by the Sea"

ACT I

FADE IN:

1 EXT. - WATERFRONT TENEMENT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 1

A rundown old apartment building somewhere near the waterfront. We HEAR the mournful cry of foghorns.

2 INT. - TENEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT 2

A down-at-heels apartment full of cheap furniture that has seen better days. The only light is the flickering images off an old black-and-white TV. A western is playing. An old man named STANLEY KAZMAREK sits watching it, dressed in a sleeveless undershirt, unshaven, with a cigarette in his mouth and a can of beer in his hand.

When the sudden, sharp sound of a KNOCK interrupts Kazmarek's movie, the old man looks back over his shoulder without moving, and SHOUTS.

KAZMAREK

Yeah?

(beat, no reply)

What the hell you want?

There's no answer but another KNOCK, louder and more insistent this time. Kazmarek finishes his can of beer, slides his feet into a pair of slippers, and gets up.

KAZMAREK

Who is it? Damn it...

He goes to the door, PEERS through the eyehole.

3 KAZMAREK'S POV - WIDE-ANGLE 3

Through the FISHEYE LENS, he sees a delivery man holding a bouquet of exotic tropical flowers. The man is dark-skinned, with long hair and a wasted, pock-marked face.

4 RESUME 4

Kazmarek SHOUTS through the door.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

KAZMAREK

You got the wrong apartment.

The KNOCK comes again, even louder. Now the old man is angry. He takes the chain off, opens the door.

KAZMAREK

You deaf or what? I said you got the wrong damn apartment...

The messenger's voice is faintly accented, musical.

RIVERA

I do not think so...

The old man's REACTS with puzzlement.

5 ANGLE ON RIVERA

5

as he moves the bouquet aside, and REVEALS a small automatic. Still smiling, he FIRES.

6 RESUME

6

as Kazmarek is SLAMMED BACKWARD by the force of the bullet. Rivera FIRES TWICE MORE, and Kazmarek goes down, knocking over a table covered with knickknacks. Rivera enters the apartment. When the old man does not move, the killer TOSSES the flowers on top of the body, then turns and walks away, satisfied.

PUSH IN TIGHT

on Kazmarek as we HEAR the SOUND of the door closing softly. The body is covered by the bright tropical flowers. We move in TIGHTER until we FIND a card among the flowers. We HOLD CLOSE on it and read:

LOVE, FROM ANNABELLE LEE

DISSOLVE TO:

7 EXT. - CATHY'S TERRACE - NIGHT

7

Cathy's wearing patched jeans and a faded flannel shirt, kneeling in front of a new PLANTER. A garden trowel is beside her, and she has a pair of pruning shears in hand, working on a newly-planted ROSE BUSH. Its branches show plenty of leaves and hard green buds, but no flowers yet in bloom. Cathy's hands are dirty, and she's intent on what she's doing. As she leans in to prune, she catches her thumb on a thorn, and drops the shears with a yelp.

CATHY

OW! Damn it...

She's startled to see Vincent step from the shadows.

VINCENT

Catherine... are you hurt?

CATHY

Vincent?

She hadn't expected Vincent tonight, and was so intent she didn't hear him arrive. She's briefly flustered.

CATHY

I didn't expect... how long...

VINCENT

Only a moment. You were so absorbed in your work, I didn't want to intrude.

CATHY

(rueful smile)

I was never cut out to be a gardener. I must have looked ridiculous.

VINCENT

No. You looked... determined.

Cathy LAUGHS lightly. Vincent moves closer.

CATHY

I thought... the terrace gets so much morning sun, maybe a rose bush would do well here.

VINCENT

Roses...

(CONTINUED)



7 CONTINUED:

7

CATHY

The man at the nursery said this bush is very special. If it don't kill it with my gardening, it's supposed to...

But Vincent has noticed something else.

VINCENT

(concerned)

Catherine... your hand...

Cathy had almost forgotten. She finds a single small bead of BLOOD on the thumb where it was pricked by the thorn. Vincent reacts almost by instinct, taking her hand in his own, lifting it to his face. Cathy looks up at him, wordless, as Vincent places a single soft KISS on the end of her wounded finger. He acts with spontaneous tenderness, and the whole thing is over in an instant... then, at the same moment, both of them realize what has just happened. They stand frozen for a long beat: her hand touching his lips, eyes locked together, as if each of them is holding their breath, waiting to see what might come next. Then Vincent releases her hand, and starts to turn away. But Cathy turns his face back toward her own. Then, before either of them can react...

A loud, insistent KNOCK on Cathy's door. The moment is shattered. Vincent steps back from her.

VINCENT

I... I should go...

CATHY

No... don't...

VINCENT

You have visitors...

CATHY

Not for long... wait...

VINCENT

(troubled, uncertain)

Catherine...

But Cathy is already on her way to the door, leaving Vincent on the balcony.

8 INT. - CATHY'S APARTMENT

8

Cathy strides across her living room and throws open the door. Out in the hall wait two tall, imposing men in dark suits: BIGGS and BRYANT.

BIGGS  
Catherine Chandler?

CATHY  
This isn't a good time. If you  
don't mind...

Biggs puts his hand flat against the door and forces it all the way open, pushing past her into the apartment.

BIGGS  
I'm afraid we have to insist.

Biggs fishes out his wallet, and lets it fall open to display a PHOTO ID. Cathy is taken aback when she looks at it. Bryant shuts the door to the apartment.

CATHY  
CIA?

Biggs gives a curt nod, moving around the apartment as he talks, his eyes roaming, taking everything in and filing it away for later consideration.

BIGGS  
You alone, Ms. Chandler?

CATHY  
Yes. I don't see that it's any  
business of yours...

Bryant speaks up, unflappably polite.

BRYANT  
It isn't. We thought we heard  
voices. My apologies if we're  
intruding.

Biggs is still on the move, glancing into the dining room and then the kitchen. Cathy watches him with mounting alarm as she tries to talk to Bryant.

CATHY  
I was listening to the radio.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

Vincent's SHADOW moves across the drapes that close off the terrace. Bryant is facing the wrong way, but Cathy sees it out of the corner of her eye. So does Biggs. He slides a hand suspiciously into his jacket, reaching for a shoulder holster, and moves toward the French doors.

CATHY

Hey!

Biggs doesn't even hesitate. Stepping out onto the terrace, he looks around carefully. Cathy holds her breath... and sags with relief when the federal agent shakes his head and returns to the apartment. Biggs SHRUGS and seats himself, uninvited, on Cathy's couch. By now Cathy is barely containing her fury.

CATHY

If you don't tell me what this is all about right now, I'm phoning the police.

BIGGS

The name Elliott Burch ring a bell?

BRYANT

Mr. Burch is wanted for questioning in connection with a matter relating to the national security. We were hoping you might have some information on his whereabouts.

CATHY

I haven't seen Elliott in almost a year. The last I heard, he was building a resort down in the Caribbean.

BIGGS

That what Burch told you?

CATHY

(sharply)

That's what I read in the papers.

BIGGS

Let's not play games, Ms. Chandler. Your relationship with Burch is pretty well documented.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

CATHY

My relationship with Burch is over... and so is this conversation. That's the door right over there.

The CIA men exchange glances. Biggs gets up.

BRYANT

If you do happen to hear from Mr. Burch, please give us a call.

He gives Cathy a business card. She holds it, disquieted, as she watches them leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. - JOE MAXWELL'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

9

Joe is more than slightly astonished by what Cathy has just told him about last night's visitors.

CATHY

... and since when is the CIA authorized to conduct internal operations?

JOE

It isn't. You sure these guys were legit?

CATHY

The ID sure looked convincing.

JOE

(shrugs)

Well, they're Burch's headache. We got a few of our own. Take a look at this.

\*

He hands Cathy a file folder off his desk. She opens it to a composite police drawing of Rivera.

CATHY

Friend of yours?

\*

Joe shoots her a look.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

JOE

Last night he delivered some flowers to an old guy name of Stanley Kazmarek... and shot him three times.

\*

CATHY

Any motive?

\*

JOE

Maybe Kazmarek stiffed him on the tip. Bag lady outside gave us the face, but the cops haven't been able to make him.

\*

(beat)

Turns out Kazmarek was a lot tougher than anybody figured. He's still hanging on.

CATHY

You want me to get a statement.

JOE

Bingo.

Cathy NODS, and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

10

ANGLE THROUGH the window in the double doors to the ICU. Stanley Kazmarek is comatose, hooked up an array of life-support equipment, his chest and stomach bandaged, an IV feeding into his arm, breathing equipment over his face. OVER this we hear the voice of a young black RESIDENT.

RESIDENT

Frankly, at his age, the odds weren't encouraging, but Mr. Kazmarek came through surgery better than we had any right to expect.

We PULL BACK and find Cathy and DETECTIVE GREG HUGHS standing with the resident, outside the doors to the ICU.

CATHY

When do you expect him to regain consciousness?

RESIDENT

Could be hours. Could be never.

HUGHS

So when can we talk to him?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

RESIDENT

Any time you want. Just so long  
as you don't need him to talk  
back. If you want to wait, the  
family room is down the hall.

The resident moves off. Cathy glances back through the  
door at the comatose Kazmarek.

CATHY

I read the file in the cab. It  
doesn't make much sense...

HUGHS

Tell me about it. Shooter just  
pops the old guy, drops the  
flowers, and takes off.

CATHY

A professional hit?

HUGHS

You got it. Only why would a pro  
bother whacking a 72-year-retired  
sanitation worker?

Cathy doesn't know either. She shakes her head, and they  
start down the corridor toward the waiting room.

CATHY

Any leads on Annabelle Lee?

HUGHS

(morose)  
It's a poem.

CATHY

That much I knew.

HUGHS

Jonesy suggested an APB on Edgar  
Allen Poe.

CATHY

Maybe Annabelle Lee was a pet name  
for some woman he knew... a  
daughter, an ex-wife...

HUGHS

Wife was named Betty, died twelve  
years ago. Only one kid, a son,  
Stanley Junior, also deceased.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

Biggs and Bryant come around the corner, all business. They're as surprised to see Cathy as she is to see them.

BRYANT  
(polite, formal)  
Miss Chandler.  
(turns)  
Detective Hughs?

HUGHS  
Yeah. Who are you?

Bryant produces his identification.

BRYANT  
CIA. We'll be taking it from here.

HUGHS  
What? Who says?

BRYANT  
Your captain, if you'll be good enough to give him a call.

Hughs gives Cathy a baffled look, then shrugs and moves off to find a phone.

BIGGS  
Some reason you're hanging around, Ms. Chandler?

CATHY  
I have a job to do.

BIGGS  
Not here you don't. You're off the case.

CATHY  
You can't do that!

BRYANT  
Maybe you'd better discuss that with your office, Miss Chandler.

Furious, Cathy whirls and storms off to do just that. Biggs calls out after her.

CUT TO:

11 INT. - JOE MAXWELL'S OFFICE - LATER

11

Cathy comes into Joe's office breathing fire, SLAMMING the door behind her.

CATHY

Do you mind telling me what the  
hell is going on?

Joe's ready for her. He gets up, comes around the desk.

JOE

Calm down, Radcliffe. There's  
nothing we can do about it.

CATHY

So they can just walk in and order  
us off and that's it? It's not  
even legal, their jurisdiction  
doesn't --

JOE

(interrupts)

Hey, hey. Cool it.

(beat, glumly)

Since when does the CIA worry  
about legal? I don't like it any  
better than you do, but Moreno  
didn't ask my opinion. Sit down.

(she doesn't)

Sit. Down.

Cathy sits. Joe leans against his desk.

JOE

Officially this case no longer  
exists, as far as we're concerned.

CATHY

And unofficially...

JOE

Unofficially... they shared a few  
crumbs... Ever heard of Santo  
Irisado?

CATHY

It's a group of islands in the  
Caribbean. Sugar cane,  
seashells...

JOE

And an average per capita income  
of about twelve cents.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED:

11

CATHY

What does Santo Irisado have to do with Stanley Kazmarek?

JOE

Two weeks ago, they intercepted a freighter carrying a big shipment of illegal arms. Liberian registry, but they traced back ownership to a Hong Kong shipping firm, controlled by a holding corporation in the Cayman Islands... controlled by Burch.

CATHY

You're suggesting that Elliott is involved in arms smuggling?

JOE

It goes way beyond arms smuggling. Cath, the CIA thinks Elliott Burch was trying to take over his own country...

Joe hesitates; this is the hardest part of all. He takes a deep breath, shakes his head, and plunges on.

JOE

Kazmarek might have been the leak that queered the arms deal. Somebody didn't appreciate that. Somebody figured it was payback time.

SHOCK is written all over Cathy's face. Once, she came that close to falling in love with Elliott Burch; this is far beyond anything she thought him capable of.

CATHY

Joe, Elliott Burch has done some shady things... but hiring out a murder?

JOE

Cathy, the freighter... Burch's freighter... was named the Annabelle Lee.

Cathy is shocked and dismayed, but after she has moment to digest the news, she SHAKES HER HEAD.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

Even if Elliott did want this man  
killed, there's no way he'd flag  
his involvement with a card. I  
don't believe a word of it, Joe...

Joe SHRUGS as Cathy stomps back out of his office.

12 INT. - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

12

The hour is late as Cathy arrives home from work.  
Everything is still, quiet, deserted. Rows of other cars,  
dark and empty, sit in DEEP BLACK SHADOW.

Cathy parks, kills her ignition. When she turns out her  
headlights, it gets VERY DARK inside the garage. She grabs  
her purse, climbs out. For a moment she thinks she HEARS  
something. She looks around carefully. There's nothing.

She begins to walk toward the elevator. The bulbs overhead  
throw POOLS OF LIGHT on the bare concrete floor. Cathy  
walks from light to darkness and back again, heels  
CLICKING. We HEAR a second pair of footsteps, echoing her  
own. Cathy stops suddenly. The other footsteps go on an  
instant too long. She turns. A figure stands in shadow  
across the garage. Cathy starts to walk faster. The  
footsteps resume. She moves from light to shadow, faster.  
Just ahead is the FIRE DOOR that leads inside to the  
stairway and the elevators. She's going to make it.

But when Cathy reaches the door, she's PINNED in a sudden  
glare of brilliant LIGHT as a long black stretch limo  
hidden in shadow flicks on its high-beam HEADLIGHTS. In  
the dim garage, the lights are blinding.

Cathy throws up a hand to shield her eyes as the running  
man -- TYLER -- comes up beside her. At the same moment, a  
heavy-set black man, MORLEY, bangs open the fire door and  
steps out from inside. Cathy is caught between them.  
Blinking, wary, she looks from one to the other.

TYLER

Take it easy, Miss Chandler.  
Nobody's going to get hurt.

Before Cathy can reply, we HEAR the sound of a car door  
opening and closing. Cathy looks toward the limo.

13 CATHY'S POV

13

The high-beams shine right into camera, blinding. A man moves around the limo, haloed in the light for a moment before we see him clearly. He has a beard now, and there's something different about him, something changed. It takes even Cathy a moment to recognize ELLIOTT BURCH.

CATHY

Elliott?

He moves closer, holds out a hand.

ELLIOTT

Please... come... we don't have much time.

(beat)

Cathy, they're trying to kill me...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II

FADE IN:

14 INT. - ELLIOTT'S LIMO - NIGHT

14

Morley and Tyler gently -- but firmly -- help Cathy into the back of Burch's limo, then move to the front compartment. Elliott gets in beside her. Cathy slides away from him. The interior is leather, luxurious.

CATHY

What kind of game are you playing this time, Elliott?

ELLIOTT

It's no game. Cathy, I'm sorry to involve you in all this...

(to Tyler, the driver)

Get us out of here.

TYLER

Where to?

ELLIOTT

Anywhere. Nowhere. So long as we keep moving.

As Tyler puts the limo in motion, Elliott presses a button, raising the privacy shield. Beyond the tinted windows, the lights of the city pass as the limo speeds through the Manhattan night.

ELLIOTT

We're safe in here.

(taps window)

Bulletproof glass.

Cathy watches him closely. This is a changed Elliott Burch; bearded, tan, his hair shaggier than before, his clothes a shade less precise. There's a haggard look to him, an edge, as if he is desperately trying to hang on to his self-control and not quite doing it.

CATHY

Safe from what?

Elliott's mouth quirks a strange, tight half-smile as he opens the bar and begins to mix himself a drink.

ELLIOTT

It's a who.

(ironic)

The good doctor. Phillipe Torreon.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

The president of Santo Irisado?

ELLIOTT

President-for-life. Like his father before him, and his father before him. The good doctor wants me dead.

CATHY

Because of the Annabelle Lee.

That gets Elliott's attention. His head snaps up.

ELLIOTT

What do you know about the Annabelle Lee?

CATHY

You were backing a coup.

Elliott looks at Cathy for a long beat. Then he turns away from her, stares off out the window, into the night.

ELLIOTT

I helped finance some opponents of the Torreon regime, yes.

CATHY

Financing? Is that the latest polite term for illegal arms shipments?

She's angry, and the scorn in her voice gets Elliott angry too. He comes right back at her.

ELLIOTT

Torreon gave me no choice. This is a war, Cathy.

CATHY

Who gave you the power to declare war?

ELLIOTT

You're just as infuriating as I remember. Fine. I don't care if I have your approval... all I want now is your help.

Cathy starts to refuse; Elliott points an angry finger.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

ELLIOTT  
(hard, pointed)  
You owe me, Cathy.

Cathy hesitates; it's true.

ELLIOTT  
(wearily)  
I need you to get a man named  
Kazmarek out of the hospital...  
bring him to me...

CATHY  
(incredulous)  
You want me to deliver the man  
they claim you tried to kill?

Elliott REACTS with extreme dismay, confusion, SHOCK.

ELLIOTT  
What? Who told you that? Why  
would I want him killed? He had  
nothing to do with the Annabelle  
Lee.

CATHY  
Then why was he shot?

Burch looks off; he doesn't want to discuss it.

ELLIOTT  
That doesn't matter. He's an old  
man, Cathy, and...  
(hesitates)  
... he's important to me. He has  
no part in any of this, but that  
won't stop them. They'll try  
again.

CATHY  
He's being guarded by two  
babysitters from the CIA.

Burch doesn't seem the least bit surprised by that... or  
the least bit reassured.

ELLIOTT  
Two people aren't going to stop  
the gorronistas.

CATHY  
Gorronistas?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

ELLIOTT  
Torreon's secret police. Oh,  
officially there's no such thing,  
but take my word for it, Cathy.  
They exist.

CATHY  
A death squad? Here in New York?

ELLIOTT  
You don't believe me.  
(explodes)  
For god's sake, can't you trust  
me for once?

CATHY  
I... I don't know...

Elliott's fury vanishes suddenly; his face goes cold. He  
lowers the privacy shield to snap an order to Tyler.

ELLIOTT  
Stop at the next corner. Miss  
Chandler is getting out.  
(polite, cold)  
I'm sorry to have bothered you.

The limo pulls over to the side of the street. Cathy opens  
the door to get out, then hesitates.

CATHY  
Elliott... give me some time to  
think about it... all right?

Elliott looks tired and lost for a second, but he accepts  
her verdict with resignation. He scrawls a number on a  
sheet of paper, rips it off, hands it out to her.

ELLIOTT  
Here... It's the car phone. It's  
too dangerous for me to go near  
my home or my office.

Cathy takes the number and watches the limo drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. - TUNNEL JUNCTION - THE NEXT DAY

15

Catherine has told Vincent about her meeting with Elliott.  
Both are troubled.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

VINCENT  
Elliott Burch...

CATHY  
He says this man is important to  
him, whatever that means.

VINCENT  
And you wonder whether you can  
believe him...

CATHY  
The way Elliott talked about  
Kazmarek... there was something  
in his eyes... in his voice...  
I can't believe he means to hurt  
him... but...

VINCENT  
But you have been wrong about  
Elliott Burch before...

CATHY  
(nods)  
If I make the wrong choice...  
(frustrated)  
Elliott's a master of half-  
truths... he's keeping something  
from me, I know it. I don't know  
what to believe!

Vincent hesitates a moment, then speaks quietly.

VINCENT  
Earlier tonight... for a moment...  
I felt your fear.

CATHY  
In the garage... yes...

VINCENT  
I was coming to you. Then...  
suddenly... the fear was gone.  
(beat)  
When you saw... him...

Catherine nods slowly, beginning to understand.

CATHY  
Elliott may be... many things...  
but I know he'd never hurt me.

(CONTINUED)



15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

VINCENT

Your mind is full of doubts. But  
your heart still trusts this man.

She thinks about this for a long moment, then -- slowly,  
almost reluctantly -- answers with a small NOD.

CATHY

Then... you're saying that I ought  
to help him...

When Vincent replies, his words include both of them.

VINCENT

We must, Catherine. I owe him  
my life...

OFF Cathy's reaction, we

TIME CUT TO:

16 INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - THAT NIGHT

16

Cathy strides along beside the young black resident.

RESIDENT

We moved him to a private room  
early this morning. He's still  
heavily sedated... drifting and  
out of consciousness... but all  
the signs are encouraging.

CATHY

Has he said anything?

RESIDENT

Nothing coherent, I'm afraid.

CATHY

Do you think he's strong enough  
to be moved?

RESIDENT

I wouldn't advise it, but... yes,  
probably...

BRYANT (O.S.)

Mr. Kazmarek isn't going anywhere.

17 REVERSE ANGLE

17

as Cathy and the resident REACT to Bryant's sudden, threatening appearance.

BRYANT

Don't you have rounds to make, doctor?

(he does; he leaves)

I thought you were told to stay away from this case, Miss Chandler.

CATHY

I wanted to share some information with you.

BRYANT

(pleased)

I'm glad you've decided to cooperate.

CATHY

I have reason to believe that the man who shot Stanley Kazmarek was a gorronista.

Bryant's smile fades.

BRYANT

You've been misinformed. The gorronistas are a myth, Miss Chandler. Dr. Torreon is a great humanitarian. There are no death squads in Santo Irisado.

CATHY

But if there were, you'd know about them?

(off his nod)

Why don't we ask Mr. Kazmarek who shot him?

BRYANT

I'm afraid that's out of the question.

CATHY

I can get a court order.

BRYANT

That decision could be as... unfortunate... as the one Burch made when he decided to destabilize a foreign government.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CATHY

That's your exclusive prerogative,  
right?

(beat)

What are you hiding? A drug  
connection? Torture?

(louder)

That's it, isn't it? This is all  
some kind of cover-up...

Bryant GRABS Cathy by the arm, hard, and yanks her back  
down the corridor toward the exit.

BRYANT

Keep your voice down.

But Cathy doesn't go along docilely. She whirls on Bryant,  
breaking free of his grasp, shouting.

CATHY

Let go of me!

A NOISY SCUFFLE breaks out.

CUT TO:

18 INT. - HOSPITAL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

18

Stanley Kazmarek lies sleeping in a hospital bed. He's  
still looked up to an IV, but no longer needs the oxygen or  
the life support monitors. Biggs paces the room, bored but  
still wary. He HEARS the distant sounds of Cathy's  
struggle with Bryant. Alarm crosses his face. He pulls  
out a silenced Beretta, and exits running.

No sooner is he gone than Vincent silently enters the  
darkened room through an open window.

CUT TO:

19 INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

19

Bryant has finally managed to get Cathy under control as  
Biggs come rushing up. When he sees who it is, Biggs grins  
and slides his gun back out of sight.

BIGGS

Well, if it isn't our crusading  
lady D.A.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BRYANT

Miss Chandler was just leaving.

Cathy has no choice. She NODS. Bryant releases her.

CATHY

I'll be back.

The CIA men watch Cathy exit. Biggs turns to Bryant.

BIGGS

Is she safe?

BRYANT

So long as she stays away from Burch. The gorronistas don't know about her.

BIGGS

(ominous)

Yet...

They begin walking back toward Kazmarek's room, and the surprise that is -- or rather isn't -- waiting there.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 EXT. - ELLIOTT'S LIMO - LATER THAT NIGHT

20

The limo is cruising through dark, rainy streets. Morley sits in the back with his boss while Tyler drives. Elliott stares out the window, brooding. The car phone RINGS suddenly, and Burch snatches it up.

ELLIOTT

Yes?

(surprised)

Cathy? Yes, of course. All right. We'll be there in twenty minutes.

Elliott hangs up the phone, snaps an order to Tyler.

ELLIOTT

Central Park West. Fast.

The limo makes a sharp turn, accelerates off uptown.

MORLEY

What if it's a set-up?

Elliott thinks about that for a moment, shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

ELLIOTT

It isn't. I trust her.

He picks up the phone, punches in a sequence of numbers.

ELLIOTT

Simons? Burch. Listen, I want  
a medical team out on the  
Bellerophon a.s.a.p. Pay them  
whatever it takes, just get them  
there. Have a chopper ready for  
pick up at...

(thinks about it)

... pier two-oh-four. Forty-five  
minutes.

Elliott slams down the phone and leans back with a grim,  
determined look to his face.

CUT TO:

21 INT.- PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

21

Stanley Kazmarek, wrapped in a thick blanket, lies cradled  
in Vincent's arms in the shadows of Cathy's parking garage.  
He's sedated, groaning softly. Cathy stands above them  
protectively, pacing, looking at her watch. Kazmarek  
suddenly begins to MUTTER aloud. His words are slurred,  
almost unintelligible.

KAZMAREK

No... shoulda smack you one...  
too good... leamme 'lone...

Then, suddenly, the old man's eyes OPEN. He SEES Vincent's  
face and begins to GASP, terrified. Vincent looks to  
Catherine; she kneels beside the old man as Vincent gently  
gives him over to her and steps into the darkness.

CATHY

(to Kazmarek)

It's all right. Don't be  
frightened, no one is going to  
hurt you.

She strokes his forehead, and the old man quiets. He looks  
at her face for a long time, raises a trembling hand to  
touch it. His eyes don't quite seem to focus, and it's  
clear that he doesn't know where or when he is.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

KAZMAREK

(confused)

Betty? Where... no... you're not  
her...

We HEAR the sound of car wheels on wet pavement, approaching fast. Cathy and Vincent exchange one last, long, lingering look. Then Vincent steps backwards, into a deep pool of shadow, and vanishes just as Elliott's limo comes down the ramp into sight. When it stops, Morley and Tyler spill out with guns drawn, looking around warily. Nothing.

MORLEY

All clear.

Elliott Burch gets out the limo. He stands for a second too long, looking at Cathy and Kazmarek, his face full of emotion. Quickly he recovers, snaps orders.

ELLIOTT

Get him into the limo.

(they do)

Gently. Damn it, he's hurt.

As Tyler and Morley help Stanley Kazmarek toward the car, Elliott and Cathy have a moment alone.

ELLIOTT

I don't know how you did it,  
but... thank you.

CATHY

We're even now.

She turns to leave, but Elliott stops her.

ELLIOTT

Cathy... don't...

(she stops)

Come with us. Just a little way.  
There's not much time. There are  
things I want to tell you...

For a moment we don't know whether Cathy will accept or walk off. Then she gives a small NOD; they walk off.

CUT TO:

22 INT. - ELLIOTT'S LIMO

22

Streets flash by quickly outside the tinted windows as the limousine heads for its rendezvous. Stanley Kazmarek lies across the rear bench seat, covered with his blanket, drifting in and out, while Elliott sits on the carpeted floor of the limo, close to Kazmarek. The old man tosses and turns, struggling against some inner demon. When he speaks, his voice is weak, SLURRED.

KAZMAREK

A monster... saw it...

ELLIOTT

Just a bad dream. Rest easy.  
You're safe now.

Elliott's voice reaches Kazmarek; his eyes open, stare.

KAZMAREK

... you...

ELLIOTT

We're taking you to a doctor.

KAZMAREK

Lemme go... you killed her...

Cathy is definitely alarmed by Kazmarek's accusation, and the loathing in the old man's voice.

ELLIOTT

You don't know what you're saying.

KAZMAREK

Killed her... death of me too...  
get away, make me sick.

(scornful)

Elliott Burch!

ELLIOTT

Why do you have to be so damned  
stubborn? Just listen to me for  
once...

KAZMAREK

... shut up... make me sick...  
leamme 'lone...

Elliott reaches out, puts his hand on Kazmarek's, but the old man doesn't want to be touched.

KAZMAREK

Don't you touch me... you make  
me ashamed...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Wounded to the point of fury, Elliott pulls back his hand as if singed. He moves away, to sit beside Cathy.

CATHY

Elliott...

ELLIOTT

(bitter)

He'll be all right. Once he's strong enough, we'll get him a bottle. He's fine once he's good and drunk.

Cathy looks at Kazmarek, then back at Elliott. Maybe she sees the resemblance, maybe not. But it's clear that the two men have a long and checkered history. The old man falls slowly back into sleep, muttering to himself. Elliott looks sick at heart, weary beyond words.

ELLIOTT

For a nickle I'd walk away from it all...

(beat, softly)

There's an island down in Santo Irisado... the most perfect place on earth, Cathy. I fell in love the moment I saw it. Coral reefs, mountains, waterfalls, white sand beaches that go on for miles... and the water... until you see that ocean, you don't know what blue really looks like... I wanted to build a city there, but...

(takes her hand)

Cathy, come with me. We can be there inside of a week. Just the two of us.

Gently, with great tenderness, Cathy disentangles her hand from his.

CATHY

Elliott, I thought we'd settled all that...

Elliott looks into her eyes for a long beat, then away. He stares out the window.

ELLIOTT

Yeah. So we did.

CUT TO:



23 EXT. - EAST RIVER PIER - NIGHT

23

The limo swings past a half-collapsed chain-link fence surrounding an abandoned concrete pier. A billboard outside features the Burch Enterprises pyramid logo, and proclaims COMING SOON - RIVER VISTA, A LUXURY CONDOMINIUM. Various pieces of decaying equipment litter the pier; a huge, rusting CRANE, stacks of WOODEN CRATES, a FORK LIFT. The nearest warehouse is clearly abandoned, its bricks defaced with graffiti, its windows broken. FOG rolls in off the East River and we HEAR the sound of water against the pilings, but there are no boats moored here. But at the end of the pier, near the water, sits a small two-man bubble-front HELICOPTER. The PILOT grounds out his cigarette when the limo pulls up.

Tyler and Morley are out first, guns drawn, looking around warily. Elliott emerges, followed by Cathy. Burch sees the chopper and reacts angrily.

ELLIOTT

What the hell is this? This thing  
can only take one passenger!

PILOT

I thought it was just you, Mr.  
Burch. Simons didn't say no  
different.

ELLIOTT

Damn it, don't you people  
understand anything?

(cools a bit)

Alright. Take the old man out  
to the Bellerophon, then come back  
for me. And make it fast.

Morley and the pilot help Kazmarek to the helicopter.

CATHY

Where are you taking him?

ELLIOTT

Out of the country. My yacht's  
a mile offshore. I've got a  
medical team standing by.

(beat)

If you won't come with me, let  
me assign you some bodyguards.

CATHY

Elliott, I can't...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

ELLIOTT

You don't understand the danger  
you're in. They'll go after  
anyone who matters to me.

Morley straps Kazmarek into the passenger seat as the pilot starts the copter's rotors. Elliott takes Cathy by the arm and pulls her back toward the limo.

ELLIOTT

(fervent)

Listen to me. This whole thing started when Torreón decided he wanted a half interest in my project down there. He was very gracious when I refused. The next day the wife of my crew chief disappeared. Her body turned up a week later in the swimming pool of our hotel. Cathy, she'd been flayed.

Cathy looks horrified. In b.g., Morley backs off, and the chopper's blades begin to TURN. A powerful wind kicks up around them. Elliott shakes her as he pleads.

ELLIOTT

That's the kind of people I'm dealing with. Torture, terror, murder... they're fanatics, their own lives mean nothing to them... you have got to let me protect you...

As he talks, the helicopter LIFTS, turns, angles off over the water and begins its ascent. They turn to watch.

24 CATHY'S POV - HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT

24

Elliott continues to plead his case as the copter flies off into the night sky.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)

At least come out to the  
Bellerophon for a few days. You  
can --

He never finishes the thought. The chopper EXPLODES suddenly into a huge ball of BRIGHT ORANGE FLAME.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT III

FADE IN:

25 EXT. - EAST RIVER PIER - NIGHT

25

The fireball blooms in the night sky; Cathy, Elliott, and the bodyguards stare in horror. Tyler draws his gun and looks around nervously as Morley goes to Burch.

MORLEY

We'd better get out of here, Mr.  
Burch.

Elliott doesn't seem to hear a word. But Cathy does. Gently, she takes his arm, tries to draw him back toward the limo, but Burch reacts VIOLENTLY to the touch, refusing to move, refusing to accept what's happening.

ELLIOTT

No!

26 ANGLE ON TYLER

26

Beside the limo, Tyler is frantic. He shouts.

TYLER

Come on! We got to --

A sudden BURST of semi-automatic weaponry drowns out his words. Bullets whine out of the fog, HAMMERING Tyler back against the limo. The shots punch right through him and go pinging off the metal and bulletproof glass. As Tyler slides to the ground, a long smear of BLOOD down the door behind him, other GUNS open up. The tires EXPLODE, one after one; the bulletproof glass in the windows SPIDERWEBS but does not shatter; ricochets carom off the armored sides in all directions.

CUT TO:

27 INT. - WHISPERING GALLERY - (STOCK)

27

Vincent stands on the bridge, staring out over the abyss, then senses Catherine's peril. He whirls and runs.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. - PIER - CATHY AND ELLIOTT

28

Cathy PULLS Elliott to the side, taking cover behind a towering heavy-duty FORK LIFT, as bullets whine around them. Morley ducks down next to them, snapping off a few shots. Gunfire is pouring down on them from the warehouse roof, from behind a stack of crates, from under the crane. Elliott seems to come out of his daze.

ELLIOTT

We have to get help.

MORLEY

How? Bastards got us cut off.

It's true. They're down at the far end of the pier, with the unseen enemy between them and the street. But a few feet behind them, Cathy sees a rusted LADDER.

CATHY

The ladder...

MORLEY

(glances back)

Nothing down there but the East River...

CATHY

I'd rather take my chances in the water than wait here until you run out of bullets.

Morley pops up to fire, and his pistol CLICKS, empty. He ducks back down behind the fork lift again to reload.

MORLEY

Lady's got a point.

ELLIOTT

Who starts?

CATHY

Ladies first...

Keeping low, Cathy grits her teeth and makes a sudden run for the ladder. Bullets hit all around her, but she ZIGZAGS, moving fast, and in a blink she grabs the ladder and swings over the side, clambering down out of sight.

CUT TO:

29 INT. - TUNNELS - (STOCK)

29

Vincent is running through various sections of tunnel, heading toward Catherine as fast as he can.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. - PIER - ELLIOTT AND MORLEY

30

remain trapped behind the fork lift. Morley gestures.

MORLEY

Go on. I'll cover you.

Elliott puts a hand on Morley's shoulder, a brief, silent moment of thanks. Then he's off. Morley comes up firing. As soon as Elliott vanishes down the ladder, Morley follows. He has swung his leg over the topmost rung when a line of bullets stitches across the concrete and up his torso. Morley loses his grip and FALLS backward, out over the water.

31 LONG SHOT

31

as Morley makes a spectacular backwards FALL from the pier into the water below, while Cathy and Elliott cling halfway down the ladder and helplessly watch him die.

32 ANGLE ON CATHY AND ELLIOTT

32

Elliott climbs down next to her. For a moment they cling to the rungs side by side, pressed very close together by the narrowness of the ladder. Elliott stares down at the water below, then over at Cathy.

ELLIOTT

Cathy... if we don't make it...

She looks at him. Elliott leans across the small distance between them, and gives her a long, lingering, KISS full on the lips. When he breaks it off and pulls back, Cathy looks troubled, sad, but before she can speak, Elliott hushes her with a finger to the lips.

ELLIOTT

At least I can die happy.

And with a strange smile on his face, Elliott JUMPS... out and away, as far from the pier as he can get, into the water. Cathy lingers behind a moment, then FOLLOWS.

CUT TO:

## 33      SERIES OF SHOTS - THE PIER

33

The gunfire has stopped; the pier has fallen ominously quiet. The limo is a ruin. Pieces of FLAMING DEBRIS from the chopper are still burning. Through the desolation of this battlescape, the gorronistas emerge.

Rivera slides out from under the treads of the crane, Uzi beneath his arm. RAMON, with Amerindian features, rises from behind some trash barrels. CARLOS, a slender Hispanic, clambers down from a rooftop. They converge on the end of the pier. Ramon methodically SPRAYS the river with bullets, until Rivera comes up and stops him.

RIVERA

No. You waste your fire. They are gone.

(beat)

The water is too cold and angry to swim far. They will come ashore soon... down river...

(beat, turns)

Find them.

As the gorronistas move out, we begin a slow PULL BACK AND UP, until we are looking down on the pier from high above, watching the hunters vanish into the night.

## 34      REVERSE ANGLE

34

finds Vincent high on the rooftop of the storehouse overlooking the pier, watching. He's there at last, but too late. The drama has already been played out. He turns and vanishes into the shadows, cloak billowing.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 35      EXT. - WHARF PILINGS - LATER THAT NIGHT

35

A woman's HAND reaches into frame, clutches a splintered wooden piling. Cathy pulls herself up out of the water and COLLAPSES on the wharf. She's soaked and battered, her clothing torn and filthy. She climbs to her feet, looks back out, searching for Elliott. The river is dark, with no sign of a swimmer struggling in the water.

Cathy forces herself to turn away. Towering stacks of WOODEN CRATES fill the dock, with a maze of narrow aisles winding between them. There's a CRANE HOIST, various FORK-LIFTS, all the other paraphernalia of a working dock.

36 WITH CATHY

36

She shivers from cold, gives one last wary look around, then moves away from the water. We TRACK with her, step by careful step, as she moves between the stacks of cargo. The boxes tower high above her head, forming a strange, claustrophobic labyrinth of twisting aisles and deep, chilling shadows. She moves ahead warily.

Her aisle TURNS suddenly. Cathy stops, listens. Nothing. She swings around the corner, moving faster now. An INTERSECTION looms, but as she reaches it, we hear a FOOTSTEP. Cathy freezes, presses herself against the crates, her whole body taut. She listens.

We HEAR foghorns on the river, the rumble of a TRUCK far off in the distance. Nothing else. Slowly the tension drains from Cathy's face. But just as she starts to move again, the FOOTSTEPS resume. Slow at first, then faster, more pronounced. There's someone on the other side of these crates, moving down the next aisle.

Cathy looks for a weapon. A STEVEDORE'S HOOK is stuck into the wood of a nearby crate. She wrenches it free, backs away from the approaching footstep into a small, dark alcove between the looming crates.

37 ANGLE PAST CATHY

37

in her hiding place. Only a small section of aisle is visible from here. She raises the hook, waits. The footsteps turn down her aisle, growing CLOSER AND LOUDER. Cathy raises her weapon, grits her teeth. A SHADOW falls across the aisle. Cathy is about to LEAP OUT... when she sees that it's Elliott. He's bruised, his hair is damp and dissheveled, but he's wearing warm, dry clothes (flannel shirt, jeans, an oversized PEA COAT).

ELLIOTT  
(startled)  
Cathy! My god...

Cathy is as startled as he is. The hook slips from her fingers to the ground. Elliott steps forward and HUGS her fiercely, both of them trembling with relief.

ELLIOTT  
I thought you were...

CATHY  
(breathless)  
I know... me too...

Elliott breaks off the embrace.

(CONTINUED)



37 CONTINUED:

37

ELLIOTT

We've got to get you into some dry clothes.

CATHY

There's no time...

ELLIOTT

For once, don't argue.

Elliott leads her through the maze to a small WATCHMAN'S SHED. The door is closed, but a soft push from Elliott and it swings open, its lock broken.

38 INT. - WATCHMAN'S SHED - NIGHT

38

A bank of battered metal LOCKERS line one wall, secured with cheap combination padlocks. One locker, its lock smashed, already hangs open. There's an old steel desk with a blotter and a telephone, a hotplate, a chipped coffee pot badly in need of washing... and a wet pile of Elliott's e pensive clothing on the floor.

CATHY

A phone...

ELLIOTT

You can't dial out. I tried.

(goes to lockers)

Let's find you some dry clothes.

CATHY

They're locked.

ELLIOTT

I've got the combination.

Elliott produces a BRICK, hefts it, brings it down hard on one of the locks. On the third swing, the hasp shears off, and the locker swings open. He grabs a handful of men's clothing, tosses it over to Cathy.

ELLIOTT

I don't vouch for the fit, but it's better than hypothermia.

39 ANGLE PAST ELLIOTT

39

on Catherine as he turns politely away to the window to give her the privacy to change. Cathy hesitates, then begins to unbutton her wet, torn blouse.



as Elliott looks out into the night. We see his face reflected in the grime-encrusted glass, and Cathy behind him in b.g. She remains partially (and strategically) shielded from the camera as she changes.

CATHY

Do you know where we are?

ELLIOTT

More or less. I grew up a few blocks from here.

Elliott falls silent, remembering things that he would much rather forget. Then, very slowly, he continues.

ELLIOTT

I used to work summers on these docks...

(beat, haunted)

My father got me on. He knew some guys in the union, said it beat the hell out of riding a garbage truck in the August heat. There was always a breeze down here... the smell of the ocean... and the ships... they'd stencil the destinations on the cargo... Zanzibar, Rio, Shanghai... so many places... he'd never gone any further than Cleveland, but I was going to be different, I was... I was going to...

Elliott can't bear to go on. Cathy, now dressed in ill-fitting (but warm) men's clothing, comes up behind him, puts her hands gently on his shoulder.

CATHY

Elliott... I'm so sorry.

ELLIOTT

So am I. About a lot of things.

Elliott turns to face her, struggling with emotion.

ELLIOTT

He said I'd kill him. For the first time in his life, it turns out he was right.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

CATHY

It wasn't your fault.

ELLIOTT

It should have been me in the helicopter.

CATHY

Your father wouldn't have wanted that.

Elliott laughs bitterly, and turns away from her, his grief buried under old wounds, old angers.

ELLIOTT

Elliott Burch doesn't have a father. He sprang full-blown from the forehead of a god. Don't you know that all great men create themselves?

(softer)

He was Stosh Kazmarek's father. The way he saw it, I killed his son... and his wife...

CATHY

Your mother...

ELLIOTT

(nods)

It was cancer, but somehow that was my fault too. Maybe if she hadn't died... maybe she could have made him understand. There was so much I wanted... so many dreams that were just... out of reach for... who I was... what I was...

For a moment, there's such pain in his voice that Cathy moves closer, not knowing what to say, but wanting to give him some comfort, some hint of the forgiveness he never got from his father.

CATHY

(with great compassion)

Elliott, don't fight it. Let yourself grieve.

But the moment is past. Elliott Burch regains control of his emotions with a visible effort, and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

ELLIOTT  
I've been grieving for twelve  
years. That's long enough.

Elliott opens the door and goes back out into the night.

42 EXT. - WATCHMAN'S SHACK

42

Cathy and Elliott exit.

ELLIOTT  
This way. There used be a pool  
hall a few blocks from here.  
Maybe it's still there.

They walk back into the labyrinth of stacked cargo.

43 HIGH ANGLE

43

down on Cathy and Elliott as they walk down a narrow aisle  
between the crates. A SHADOW moves into frame. We PULL  
BACK and find Carlos, atop the crates.

44 CARLOS

44

sees Cathy and Elliott turn a corner. With quiet, catlike  
stealth, Carlos crosses atop the piled cargo, LEAPS nimbly  
across an aisle, and moves ahead of them.

45 CATHY AND ELLIOTT

45

Turn another corner. The street is visible ahead of them  
at the end of the aisle. They move toward it... then  
FREEZE as a shadow blocks their path. Cathy glances up.

46 CATHY'S POV

46

Carlos stands astride the boxes, Uzi under his arm. We  
HEAR a metallic click as he throws off the safety... and  
then a dark, cloaked figure hurtles out of the darkness,  
crashing into Carlos and knocking him to the side. We HEAR  
the gorronista's dying scream.

47 RESUME CATHY AND ELLIOTT

47

Elliott looks, but Vincent and Carlos are gone.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

ELLIOTT  
What the hell was that?

CATHY  
One of your playmates...

ELLIOTT  
The others can't be far away.  
Let's get out of here.

They run.

48 EXT. - INDUSTRIAL STREET - NIGHT

48

Cathy and Elliott are running down a railroad track between two warehouses when Rivera steps out of the darkness half a block in front of them. A streetlamp behind him throws his shadow, thirty feet long, across the path of their flight. Cathy jerks to a sudden stop with a GASP, whirls... only to see Ramon materialize from at the other end of the block. They're trapped between the two gorronistas.

A narrow ALLEY off to one side beckons. Elliott sees it first, grabs Cathy's hand, pulls her that way. They disappear down the alley. The gorronistas begin to run.

49 WITH CATHY AND ELLIOTT

49

as they dash into the alley... and stop dead, dismay written large on their faces. It's a DEAD END.

Elliott tries a metal fire door, but it's locked, and there's no time to break in. The sound of running FOOTSTEPS is growing louder. There's no other egress.

ELLIOTT  
I'm the one they want. If I give myself up...

CATHY  
It's no use. They're not going to leave any witnesses.

ELLIOTT  
There's no other choice.

But Cathy, looking around madly, has spotted a MANHOLE.

CATHY  
Yes there is. Hurry.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

She kneels, tries to pull up the cover. But it's solid iron, very heavy, with no good purchase for the fingers. Elliott runs over to help. Together they struggle with the lid. It has just begun to move when Ramon appears in the alley mouth. He swings up his Uzi.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT IV

FADE IN:

50 EXT. - DEAD END ALLEY - NIGHT

50

Cathy and Elliott are dead in Ramon's sights as a ferocious ROAR shatters the night. It seems to come from everywhere and nowhere, echoing up and down the cul-de-sac as if the dark itself was screaming its rage. Spooked by the noise, Ramon looks for its source.

CATHY

(urgent, to Elliott)

Go.

(off his hesitation)

Now...

Her tone brooks no argument. Elliott vanishes down the open manhole as Cathy holds the heavy metal lid. Ramon realizes that his prey is getting away. He snaps up the Uzi, opens FIRE on Cathy. Bullets ricochet wildly off the manhole cover, striking SPARKS as they ping off the iron, missing Cathy by inches.

51 REVERSE ANGLE

51

on Ramon as he advances into the alley, still directing a deadly stream of fire at Cathy. He never sees Vincent LEAP DOWN softly behind him. Vincent ROARS; Ramon turns. Vincent begins to tear him apart.

52 CATHY

52

REACTS to the carnage. Then, averting her eyes, she climbs down into the open manhole as Vincent's ROARS and Ramon's SCREAMS echo around her.

53 INT. - WATER TUNNELS - NIGHT

53

Elliott waits at the bottom of the ladder as Cathy climbs down. The sounds of the carnage echo down here too. Elliott looks confused and shaky.

ELLIOTT

What the hell is going on up there?

(grabs her)

Tell me!

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

CATHY

I can't...

She pulls free and takes off. Togeth- er they run down the tunnel, SPLASHING through the water in the central channel.

54 RESUME ALLEY

54

Vincent is still savaging Ramon, the man is now as limp and boneless as a rag doll in his hands. Suddenly, behind them, Rivera appears in the alley mouth.

55 CLOSE ON RIVERA

55

The man's eyes widen in shock and horror.

56 ANGLE PAST VINCENT

56

As Rivera opens fire at his back, Vincent WHIRLS, still holding Ramon in his claws. A stream of bullets impact on the dead man, his body JERKING with each impact.

Rivera's gun JAMS. Vincent flings the body aside, bouncing it off the alley wall. Rivera stands his ground, tossing down the useless Uzi. He reaches behind his back, pulls out a MACHETE. Light glistens off the blade. Vincent ROARS and charges.

Rivera swings the machete down at Vincent's neck... but Vincent reaches up with incredible speed, and stops the blow with his left hand. His BLOOD trickles down over as his fingers CLOSE on the machete, wrenching it away from Rivera even as he reaches low and guts with the gorronista with his right hand. Rivera SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

57 RESUME WATER TUNNELS

57

Elliott and Cathy are a block away when the screams, roars, and sounds of gunfire suddenly STOP. A deadly quiet settles over the tunnels. Elliott stops running.

ELLIOTT

Listen... it's stopped.

Cathy stops beside him, leans back against a tunnel wall to catch her breath. She's thinking of Vincent, worrying about him and what he's had to do.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

CATHY

It's over. We're safe now.

ELLIOTT

Safe? What was it? Some kind of animal?

CATHY

Don't ask. Just... don't...

As Cathy walks down the tunnel, baring holding back her tears, we PUSH IN CLOSE on Elliott's face. There are a thousand questions in his eyes as he watches her. WE

MATCH DISSOLVE:

58 CLOSE ON VINCENT

58

in the darkened, lifeless alley. He crouches astride a corpse, with blood on his hand, alone... profoundly, terribly alone, as no human being can ever be. The aspect of the beast is off him now, and nothing remains but the bodies, the blood, and the shame.

DISSOLVE TO:

59 INT. - VARIOUS TUNNELS - SERIES OF SHOTS

59

Cathy leads Elliott under Manhattan through the underworld. SLOW DISSOLVE from one segment to another to indicate the passage of hours and a long, arduous journey through miles and miles of interconnecting TUNNELS.

The WATER TUNNELS, the round CONCRETE TUNNELS, and some BRICK TUNNELS should be used for the various stages of the journey. (NOTE: at NO point should we see them pass through any of the ROCK TUNNELS or CAVES). As they move on and on, Elliott seems increasingly awestruck by the extent of this subterranean labyrinth --and MYSTIFIED by Cathy's seeming familiarity with it.

CUT TO:

60 INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

60

Vincent enters alone. He holds his left hand, the injured hand, is his right. Both hands are still covered with the blood of his victim, and his clothing is blood-spattered as well. From the way he moves, the look on his face, we can see that he hurts, inside and out.

(CONTINUED)



60 CONTINUED:

60

He strips off his cloak, lets it falls to the floor. Nearby is a pitcher of water, a basin. He fills the basin, pouring with his right hand. Then he plunges both hands into the bowl, wincing as the icy water hits the deep gash in across his left palm.

61 CLOSE ON VINCENT'S HANDS

61

immersed in water. He turns them over, tries to wash them, and as the blood comes off, the clear water slowly begins to turn PINK and then RED.

FATHER (O.S.)

Vincent? I heard you were back.  
I thought --

62 RESUME VINCENT'S CHAMBER

62

Startled by the unexpected sound of Father's voice, Vincent pulls his hands out of the bowl and turns away suddenly, ashamed by the evidence of what he's done. But Father, glancing down into the bowl, sees the evidence, the telltale scarlet tinge in the water.

FATHER

Dear god... Vincent, what's  
happened?

Vincent keeps his back to Father, and does not answer. Very gently, Father comes up behind him, turns him around. He sees Vincent's hand, and the deep, raw wound left by the machete. Father tries to control his tears.

FATHER

That... should be treated,  
Vincent. If it were to become  
infected...

(beat, slowly)

Is... is Catherine all right?

Slowly, ever so slowly, Vincent NODS.

DISSOLVE TO:

63 INT. - CONCRETE TUNNEL - DAWN

63

Cathy stops at what seems to be the end of a section of the tunnel, a solid concrete wall in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

ELLIOTT

A dead end. Maybe if we doubled back to that last intersection...

CATHY

That won't be necessary.

Cathy reaches up, and PULLS the control lever. The door SLIDES BACK, revealing the tunnel junction beyond. She pushes at the gate, and leads Elliott through.

64 INT. - TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAWN

64

Elliott steps out into the junction. Cathy closes the sliding door while he stares down the drainage tunnel and the first faint light of dawn.

ELLIOTT

I thought the night would never end... Where are we?

CATHY

Under Central Park, not far from my apartment.

(beat)

You wanted me to trust you. Now I have. The things you've seen tonight... the places you've been... whatever you may have heard or imagined... all of it... you must keep secret.

Elliott glances back at the gate and, by implication, at all the tunnels beyond.

ELLIOTT

Why? What's down there?

CATHY

Nothing special. Maintenance tunnels, storm sewers, steam pipes...

ELLIOTT

(isn't buying)

Which you just happen to know like the back of your hand.

(beat)

Don't lie to me, Cathy. We've been through too much. What happened back there?

(CONTINUED)

CATHY  
I can't tell you.

ELLIOTT  
What kind of trust is that?

CATHY  
The only kind I have to offer.

Elliott digests that, starts to exit. But when Cathy makes no move to follow, he pauses and turns back to her.

ELLIOTT  
Are you coming?

CATHY  
No. Not now.

But Elliott isn't about to let her go. There's something else on his mind, something he has to say.

ELLIOTT  
We were good together last night.  
I wouldn't have made it without  
you.

(beat, slowly)  
Cathy... on the ladder... when  
I kissed you...

CATHY  
Elliott, please don't...

ELLIOTT  
Deny it if you want, but it was  
there. You felt it too.

Cathy turns away. Elliott takes her by the shoulders and turns her back around to face him.

ELLIOTT  
Cathy, what are you afraid of?  
Why won't admit it the  
possibility?

CATHY  
(compassionately)  
There is no possibility.

Elliott looks into her eyes for a long moment. A silent communication passes between them, an understanding.

ELLIOTT  
There's someone else...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

Cathy hesitates a long, long time, then NODS.

ELLIOTT

I... see...

He lets go of her shoulders, steps backward. His face closes up. Cathy tries to console him.

CATHY

Elliott, I'm sorry...

But Elliott Burch doesn't want consolation. When she touches him, she SHRUGS off her hand.

ELLIOTT

That makes two of us.

And without another word, Burch turns and exits. Cathy watches him walk off into the sunlight.

DISSOLVE TO:

65 INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

65

Vincent sits alone, his wounded hand bandaged, staring blindly down a chessboard, a game in progress. But clearly he is not seeing the pieces; his self is far away, in some dark cavern of the soul. Even when Cathy enters behind him, he does not look up.

CATHY

Vincent...

He says nothing. She kneels beside him, takes his hands tenderly, presses them gently in her own.

CATHY

You're hurt.

VINCENT

That kind of hurt heals quickly, Catherine.

Vincent gently disengages his hand from hers, turns back to the chessboard. He lifts the White King from the board and studies it, as if it holds some secret.

CATHY

Please... tell me what you're thinking... what you're feeling...

Vincent fingers the chessman thoughtfully as he replies.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

VINCENT

Elliott is a king in your world...

CATHY

... in a way... yes...

Vincent returns the chessman to the board, but not to the same square from which he took it. Pointedly, he places the King down right next to the White Queen, and studies the placement for a long beat.

VINCENT

His world is your world,  
Catherine. He can offer you so  
much... the power to do great  
good... beauties undreamed of...  
children...

Finally Vincent raises his eyes from the chessboard, and looks at Catherine.

VINCENT

He can walk beside you in the  
daylight...

It's all true; Catherine can't deny it. And both of them know that Elliott, in his own way, loves her too. Cathy is silent for a moment. She frames her words with care.

CATHY

I've never been closer to Elliott  
than I was last night. We almost  
died together. And when he kissed  
me, for just an instant, I ...

(soft)

I wished that he was...

(very soft)

...you...

A stillness hangs in the air. The moment has never been so right, the invitation never quite so clear. Cathy quietly watches Vincent, waiting. Vincent looks deep into his Catherine's eyes, and finds there an acceptance and love so total it leaves no room for Elliott.

It is a moment when anything could happen, a moment of truth that lasts an eternity. As Vincent, ever so slightly, begins to move forward, we

DISSOLVE TO:

66 INT. - DA'S OFFICE - DAY

66

Cathy has returned home just long enough to change. Now, sleepless and exhausted but very, very happy, she drags herself to work. But as she reaches her desk, Joe steps up behind her, and takes her by the arm. His look is somber, worried, his voice low, urgent.

JOE

Radcliffe, you've pulled some crazy stunts before, but this time you really stepped in it. I warned you not to fool around with these people.

(pulls her away from  
her desk)

Come on. They're waiting in the conference room.

The smile fades from Cathy's face. Alarmed, she lets Joe draw her across the DA's office toward the hall.

66A INT. - D.A.'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY  
(formerly: COURTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM)

66A

Cathy and Joe enter to find Bryant pacing, Biggs seated with his chair tilted back against the wall.

BRYANT

(polite but ominous)  
Miss Chandler.

BIGGS

(to Joe)  
You can go now.

JOE

No way. She's got the right to have an attorney present at...  
... whatever the hell this is.

(smiles, sits)

Whattaya know. I happen to be  
an attorney.

But Cathy puts a hand on Joe's shoulder.

CATHY

Joe, you're a friend... but I got  
into this by myself...

(CONTINUED)

66A CONTINUED:

66A

JOE

You sure?

(off her nod)

I'll be in my office if you need me.

Joe exits. Cathy stares down the CIA men.

CATHY

What are you doing here? \*

BRYANT

You might want to ask Mr. \*

Burch that question.

Cathy looks at them, BAFFLED. Biggs explains. \*

BIGGS

Your friend Elliott was the one who set up this lovefest. \*

Cathy is ASTONISHED, but before she can think of something to say, there's a sudden loud COMMOTION in the corridor outside the conference room, the sound of a lot of FOOTSTEPS, VOICES, etc, and Elliott opens the door. Joe is behind in b.g., looking on curiously. So are a half-dozen bodyguards. Elliott leaves them outside as he steps into the conference room and shuts the door. \*

ELLIOTT

Gentlemen.

(nods to Cathy)

Cathy, how nice to see you again. It's been... what, almost a year? \*

CATHY

Elliott, you don't have to try to cover for me. \*

BIGGS

Everybody knows what went down last night, Burch.

ELLIOTT

Last night two of my men took Stanley Kazmarek from his hospital room, on my orders, for his own protection.

BIGGS

Worked great too.

Burch darkens at that, but keeps himself under control.

(CONTINUED)

66A CONTINUED: (2)

66A

ELLIOTT

Thanks to a leak in my own security, Kazmarek and the men with him were murdered by Dr. Torreon's gorronistas.

\*

BIGGS

(ironic smile)

The gorronistas are a myth.

CATHY

A myth? There are bodies all over the waterfront!

BIGGS

Bodies? What bodies?

BRYANT

I'm afraid I don't know what you're referring to, Miss Chandler.

She gets it, looks at Biggs and Bryant, aghast.

CATHY

You cleaned it all up...

ELLIOTT

They're very good at... damage control. Isn't that right?

BRYANT

Did you have a reason for calling this meeting, Mr. Burch?

\*

ELLIOTT

I'm wondering what the public would think if they learned that a death squad came to New York to murder American citizens, and the only response of the CIA was to try and keep it all quiet?

BRYANT

Those charges are malicious and irresponsible.

BIGGS

You can't prove a thing.

(CONTINUED)



66A CONTINUED: (3)

66A

ELLIOTT

No. But I can have a hundred reporters in my office within the hour. Maybe they could prove something.

Biggs and Bryant look at each other. Everyone knows how embarrassing a huge public investigation might be.

BRYANT

What do you want?

ELLIOTT

Simple. You boys are good at hushing things up. Just... do your job.

Bryant's face has turned to stone. Finally, faced with a choice of unpalatable alternatives, he NODS. It's over. The CIA men rise. Burch watches them go, keeping a close rein on his emotion, but at the end, he can't resist one final human note.

ELLIOTT

Bryant... about the bodies...

\*

BRYANT

There were no bodies. I thought we made that clear.

He EXITS. But Biggs lingers in the door a moment, and looks at Elliott almost with sympathy.

BIGGS

The guys in the copter?

ELLIOTT

(shaky nod)

Was there... any...?

Biggs looks at him sadly, SHAKES HIS HEAD, shuts the door behind him as he exits. Elliott sinks down into a chair.

ELLIOTT

I can't even bury him.

He says it calmly, in a dead cold voice. Gently, Cathy touches his face. Then, all at once, it's too much. Elliott Burch shudders, fights for control, and when Cathy puts her arms around him, he begins to WEEP.

DISSOLVE TO:

67  
thru  
68

OMITTED

67  
thru  
68

69 EXT. - CATHY'S TERRACE - THE NEXT NIGHT

69

Vincent sits on the parapet, listening.

VINCENT

Once I thought I could never  
understand this man. Now...  
sometimes... I understand him all  
too well... he has his own kind  
of... nobility...

CATHY

And his own kind of tragedies  
too...

Vincent turns to gaze out over the city.

VINCENT

So many contradictions... light  
and darkness... good and evil...  
pain and joy... how can they live  
side by side in one man... one  
world?

Cathy smiles sadly. She has a secret.

CATHY

How doesn't matter. They do.  
It's... life.  
(touches him)  
Look...

Vincent turns, looks where Cathy is pointing... across the  
terrace, to the planter and her new rose bush.

70 CLOSE ON THE ROSE BUSH

70

Two of the buds have opened. They grow from separate  
branches but in the tangle of twining branches, the two  
flowers appear side by side, in full bloom together: a RED  
ROSE and a WHITE.

71 RESUME

71

Vincent turns back to Catherine, his face full of surprise  
and wonder. They embrace, and we

FADE OUT

THE END