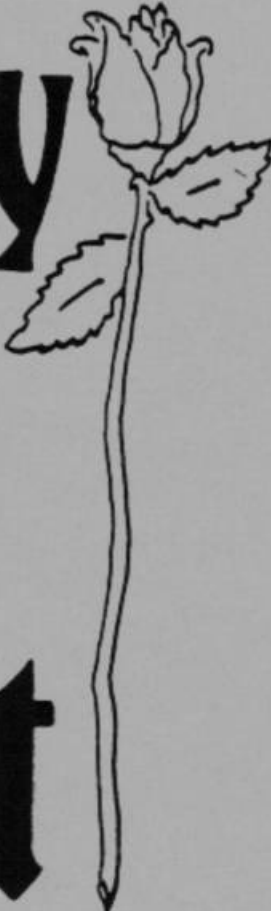


Beauty and the Beast



"THE HOLLOW MEN"

#041

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"The Hollow Men"

Teleplay by

P.K. Simonds, Jr.

Story By

Andrew Laskos and P.K. Simonds, Jr.

Directed by

Victor Lobl

WITT/THOMAS PRODUCTIONS

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FIRST DRAFT

April 3, 1989 (Pink)

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March 23, 1989 (Blue)

March 20, 1989

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"The Hollow Men"

CHARACTERS

VINCENT
CATHERINE
FATHER

* JOE
MOUSE
CAMERON BENSON
DALE MERCER
MAURICE
VERNON TULANE
TRACY TOFFS
WENDY
MRS. BENSON
MR. BENSON
DETECTIVE GREG HUGHS
JUDGE HAIGNOR
WARREN BRANCTON
MR. HALLOWELL
MORENO
KAREN ALEXANDER
PHOEBE
OFFICE WORKER
WOMAN

EXTRAS
POLICEMEN
OFFICER
CORONER
BLACK YOUTH
ART GALLERY GUESTS
OLD MAN
EARLY BIRDS

* NOTE: MOUSE has been added to the script.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"The Hollow Men"

SETS

INTERIOR

CATHY'S APARTMENT

- Bedroom
- Living room

DESERTED TENEMENT

CAMERON'S BMW (N)

UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE (N)

- Downramp

CHELSEA AREA ICE CREAM PARLOR

- Vernon's booth

JOE'S OFFICE

CAMERON'S TOWNHOUSE (N)

- Dining room
- Cameron's bedroom
- Foyer
- Bathroom

HEARING ROOM

- Hallway outside

ART CENTER (N)

- Refreshment table
- Escalator

D.A.'S OFFICE

- Elevator

MOVIE THEATRE

- Lobby
- Concessions counter
- Auditorium
- Women's restroom
- Balcony

VINCENT'S CHAMBER

TUNNEL JUNCTION

* ROCK TUNNELS (N)

* INT. ROCK TUNNELS has been added.

EXTERIOR

CENTRAL PARK (N)

- Park bench
- Bridge
- Access road
- Woods

CATHY'S BALCONY (N)

BROADWAY - UPPER WEST SIDE (N)

CAMERON'S TOWNHOUSE (N)

ROOFTOPS (N)

ALLEY (N)

WAREHOUSE DISTRICT (N)

- Alley

MIDTOWN RED-LIGHT DISTRICT

- Alley

STREETS (N)

PAY PHONE (N)

STREET NEAR MOVIE THEATRE

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"The Hollow Men"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

1

As gentle sounds of night filter through the darkness, a figure descends slowly down a hillside toward a familiar drainage duct. From the figure's bearing, the way he turns his cloaked head appreciatively to the stars, we have quickly to know it is VINCENT. He is almost upon us, near the end of his leisurely return home, when --

The sound of CRAZY LAUGHTER nearby stops him. He turns to see three figures approaching. He moves behind a tree, unable to cross the remaining distance to the duct without showing himself. He watches from the darkness.

The three figures pause by a park bench underneath a street lamp. They are some distance away from Vincent, across a winding road and a culvert filled with water, but he has a clear view of them.

2 WITH THE THREE

2

Two well-dressed college-aged men and a young prostitute, TRACY. One man wears a full-length black leather jacket with heavily padded shoulders over his otherwise preppy attire. This is CAMERON BENSON, highly intelligent and deeply unbalanced. His friend is DALE MERCER --cynical, dissolute, and at this moment, a little drunk.

The two men prod Tracy along in a teasing manner, with a slightly menacing edge...

DALE

Little farther... little farther...

TRACY

C'mon, guys. We're all alone.
Let's do it here.

CAMERON

She's right, Dale. She doesn't have all night, does she?

Dale reads Cameron's private grin, appreciates the joke.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

DALE
(a laconic delivery)
True...

Tracy stops by the bench and looks back and forth between them.

TRACY
So what kind of party you want?
One at a time, together, what?

*

3 VINCENT

3

does not watch this, wishes he didn't have to hear it. He starts to turn away.

4 BACK TO SCENE

4

Cameron steps up to Tracy, so they're inches apart. He puts his hands on her shoulders, squeezes them, and smiles. Then his emotions seem to cloud. His expression sours. He shoves her down onto the bench.

CAMERON
Take a seat, Tracy.

TRACY
Hey! Easy!

Cameron walks away, as if in disgust. Dale moves to stand in front of her. He grins thickly.

DALE
Come here often, Tracy?

Cameron now starts to circle behind the bench. He reaches in his pocket. Tracy watches him uneasily. Dale takes her head and turns it, keeping her facing him.

DALE
Hey, you like excitement,
Tracy?

*

TRACY
Sure...

Behind her, Cameron pulls out a pair of rubber surgical gloves, dons them. Dale keeps her attention.

DALE
You like a thrill?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

TRACY

Depends...

DALE

You wanna know the biggest thrill
there is?!

TRACY

(annoyed)

What?

Suddenly Cameron takes her hair and wrenches back her head.
A long, polished straight razor flashes before her. She
SCREAMS as the blade falls --

5 VINCENT

5

starts, and looks around the tree to see:

6 HIS POV:

6

a long view -- Cameron finishing his deadly stroke. He
and Dale back away to reveal their slumping victim.

Vincent takes a step forward -- hesitates just a second,
struggling with a lifetime's worth of instinct -- then
forgets about his safety. He starts toward them.

7 CAMERON AND DALE

7

gaze in wonder at their work. Cameron's nostrils flare
ecstatically. He stares, transfixed. Dale, whose stomach
is less strong, has to look away.

DALE

We better clear out, Cam.

Cameron yanks his arm away.

CAMERON

Wait. I want to remember this.

Dale looks around nervously. Maybe he hears Vincent's
approach, or maybe it's just nerves.

DALE

If we hang around too long,
somebody might see us. C'mon.

This time Cameron listens to his friend. He flicks the
razor off into the bushes, pulls off his surgical gloves,
stuffs them in his pocket. They move off.

8 WITH VINCENT

8

running. He VAULTS across the culvert without breaking stride, darts across the roadway, approaches the bench... and slows, dreading what he might find.

Cameron and Dale are gone. Vincent looks for them, turning just in time to see.

8A VINCENT'S POV

8A

A red BMW 325i convertible screeches away.

9 OMITTED

9

10 VINCENT

10

watches the lights recede, and turns at last to what they've left behind them. He kneels beside Tracy, touches her, tries to cradle her in his arms.

But it's too late. Her body moves limply, and her head lolls to one side as Vincent pulls her against him, and holds her there in the circle of his arms for a long moment, helpless to do anything more.

He throws back his head, and his eyes are full of tears as we CRANE BACK AND UP... higher and higher... until the two of them are small, forlorn shadows below us, swallowed in the immensity of the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

11

Cathy is asleep in bed. A tapping sound, and she stirs.

12 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - NIGHT

12

Cathy opens the door, finishing wrapping a robe around her. Vincent waits at the balcony rail, slumped, looking down. He's very disturbed.

CATHY

Vincent, what's the matter?

VINCENT

(struggling)

I've just seen -- something hideous...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

CATHY

What?

VINCENT

(beat)

A woman -- murdered. Before my eyes...

CATHY

My god. Vincent, where?

VINCENT

In the park...

CATHY

Tonight?

VINCENT

(nods, still shaken)

... Just now.

CATHY

What happened?

VINCENT

The ones who killed her... They were barely more than boys...

CATHY

What did you see..?

He looks away, profoundly affected...

VINCENT

... I've seen death -- even murder, before -- but nothing like this -- nothing so cold...

*

CATHY

Tell me... Tell me what you saw, Vincent...

VINCENT

(now looking at her)

... They rejoiced in it.

*

CUT TO:

13
thru
15A

OMITTED

13
thru *
15A

15B EXT. D.A.'S OFFICE - (STOCK) - MORNING

15B *

CUT TO:

16 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - 8 A.M. THE NEXT MORNING

16 *

Except for a COUPLE OF EARLY BIRDS, Joe and DETECTIVE GREG HUGHS are alone in the office. Joe stands behind his desk, his head down, listening to Hughs rattle through his notes.

DETECTIVE HUGHS

... We've got no prints, no witnesses --

Joe looks up, weary from a long night.

JOE

We've got a witness, someone saw something, someone called and reported it, you just haven't found her yet.

DETECTIVE HUGHS

Well, if you've got any suggestions.

Joe doesn't, he's just frustrated and disturbed by the night's activity.

JOE

This is the fourth time in three weeks I've been pulled out of bed to go down and look at a sixteen-year-old with her throat slashed. I don't want to do it again.

During this, Cathy has stepped up to the open door, just arriving for work.

JOE

We've got another hooker.

CATHY

I know, I heard.

JOE

(reacts, surprised)

Where?

Cathy realizes she's tripped up but isn't sure how.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16 *

CATHY

The radio.

JOE

(a look to Hughs)

What happened to our four-hour
news black-out?

DETECTIVE HUGHS

I guess somebody leaked it.
(stuffing his notes
away)

I'm going down to the morgue.

JOE

(stuck on everything
going wrong with this
case)

This is great.

DETECTIVE HUGHS

(exiting)

I'll call you.

CATHY

Was it the exact same M.O.?

JOE

So far.

(calling)

Hughs, don't forget us.

DETECTIVE HUGHS (O.S.)

(calling back)

I won't.

JOE

(to Cathy)

I thought you were supposed to
be in court this morning.

CATHY

I am, I just had to pick up a
couple of files. Were you able
to come up with anything at the
scene?

JOE

Yeah, tire tracks and a weapon.

(re: weapon)

Blood but no prints.

CATHY

Any witnesses?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16 *

JOE

Not so far.

CATHY

What about an I.D. on the girl?

JOE

Nothing. Jane Doe. As soon as Rita gets in, I'm gonna have her start on Missing Persons -- see if we can't match a picture.

Joe's thoughts suddenly deepen, cloud.

CATHY

What?

JOE

I always hate that. We get lucky, make a match, someone picks up the phone in Omaha -- loses a daughter.

CATHY

How old was this one?

JOE

Fifteen, sixteen.

A beat.

CATHY

Listen, I had a hunch on my way over. If you haven't come up with anything, I'd like to check it out this afternoon.

JOE

(ready to take over)

What is it?

CATHY

Let me check it out first.
(glancing at her
watch/exiting)
I'm late.

JOE

Bring me some good news.

CATHY

(calling back)

I will. I hope.

CUT TO:

17 INT. DESERTED TENEMENT - DAY

17

MAURICE territory. Cathy tops a flight of stairs and pokes into the darkened room where she last met this mysterious informant...

CATHY
... Maurice?

*

A figure appears in the doorway behind her.

MAURICE
What?

Cathy turns, startled. But she keeps her composure.

CATHY
You still in the information
business, Maurice?

MAURICE
For the right price, I'm in any
business you need...

CATHY
A prostitute was killed in the
park last night. Her name was
Tracy. I need to find somebody
who knew her... anybody...

MAURICE
Thought the police didn't know
her name...

CATHY
(giving nothing)
Her name was Tracy.

He looks at her a moment, interested.

MAURICE
That's right.

CATHY
You knew her?

MAURICE
Never had that particular
pleasure...

CATHY
Can you help me?

MAURICE
Can you help me?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

She takes out a handful of cash...

MAURICE

... We'll help each other then.

DISSOLVE TO:

18 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

18 *

The last bit of sand runs out of a large antique HOURGLASS. We RACK FOCUS to find Vincent in b.g., seated, very still, watching. His eyes are haunted. When the last of the sand runs out, he knows that darkness has fallen in the world above. Wordless, he rises, picks up his cloak, sweeps it around his shoulders and fastens it. Then he turns toward the exit... and finds FATHER standing there. Father holds out an old model sailing ship, a long discarded toy...

FATHER

Vincent, I found this at the bottom of an old chest. It was yours, wasn't it?

VINCENT

(takes it, remembers)
... Devin helped me build it.

FATHER

Where are you going?

VINCENT

(quietly)
Above.

FATHER

(trying not to show concern)
Must you? I thought perhaps we could...

VINCENT

Yes. I must.

FATHER

Because of... last night...

Vincent is silent for a moment, then nods.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18 *

FATHER

(skeptical)

What do you expect to do? Do
you think you'll find them?

VINCENT

I don't know -- but I cannot
simply sit here while they are
searching for their next
victim.

FATHER

How do you know that..?

VINCENT

Catherine says they've killed
four times, already. And I saw
them -- I saw how they killed.

FATHER

Then you'll go, night after
night, hoping to find them?

VINCENT

(frustrated)

What can I do? I cannot go
forward in their courts and
tell what I witnessed... I must
do something.

FATHER

(empathizing)

Last night you witnessed
something unspeakable... And
now you are outraged and
sickened. Vincent, what you
feel is the price, the price of
admission, when you venture
into that world...

(beat)

We came here to escape that...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18 *

VINCENT

(the sad truth)

Father, we cannot escape that.
The world above is as much a
part of who we are, as our life
below. It touches us. Those
who seek refuge from it bring
the memory with them. And the
children who grow and leave us,
go into that world to find
their future. We are not
separate... When evil strikes
the world above it touches us
as well -- and if it is allowed
to flourish then it touches us
all the more...

FATHER

And we have little choice in
that matter. Their justice
system is for them -- it
belongs to them, not us.

VINCENT

What have I seen lives in me,
now -- the horror of it! That
belongs to me..!

(softening)

And there is something else in
the world above, I cannot
escape... In that world lives
someone I love.

Vincent and Father look at each other - each
understanding perhaps more deeply... They embrace and
exit Vincent's chamber, together...

CUT TO:

19 EXT. BROADWAY - UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT 19

Cameron's BMW speeding through traffic...

20 INT. CAMERON'S BMW - NIGHT 20

Driving with the top down, Cameron and Dale have a passenger with them -- another young hooker, WENDY.

WENDY
(having fun)
Great car! I love riding with
the top down!

DALE
I bet you do!

He laughs at her a trifle maniacally, offering a pint bottle of whiskey he's been drinking from. She takes a swig and offers it to Cameron. He waves it away.

CAMERON
Everybody says it's great to ride
in the open air, but I know
something much better...

With that he takes a tight screeching turn onto the downramp of a closed parking garage. The car penetrates through a dark entrance...

21 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 21

The convertible screeches crazily through the deserted garage --

22 POV FROM INSIDE CAR

22

emphasizing the sensual excitement of this by TILTING UP toward the concrete support beams that rush by overhead.

Dale and Wendy are screaming with pleasure. Cameron grins intensely. Suddenly he wrenches the wheel to one side and yanks up the emergency brake, spinning the car to a stop. The three of them laugh, panting with adrenalin. Nobody says anything, and the pause drags...

WENDY

Well..? Now what?

DALE

This seems like a good place to party, don't you think?

CAMERON

Let's stretch our legs...

As Dale and Cameron get out, bidding Wendy to follow, we begin to TRACK BACKWARD, so the scene slowly recedes into long shot...

WENDY

(hugging herself as she gets out)

Kinda cold in here...

She follows Dale off to one side as Cameron opens the trunk and removes something shiny.

DALE

C'mon, Wendy! Be a man!

As Cameron approaches Wendy from behind raising up what we now see is a knife, CAMERA starts passing a row of columns. The action is slowly strobed under horribly echoing SCREAMS. Then silence. Cameron and Dale stare fascinated at Wendy's unmoving form... *

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

23 INT. CHELSEA AREA ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

23

An old fashioned place with white wooden booths. Cathy enters and goes to the counter. She gets the attention of a black youth scooping ice cream.

CATHY

Excuse me. I was told I could
find a man named Vernon here...

The youth glances quickly at a black man in a back corner booth. This is VERNON. For a pimp, he's surprisingly understatedly dressed, in jeans, silk shirt and suede jacket. He looks Cathy over and nods slightly. The young man points, and Cathy crosses to:

24 VERNON'S BOOTH

24

Vernon sits impassively watching her, not inviting her to sit or speak.

CATHY

Are you Vernon?

He says nothing. Just looks at her, waiting.

CATHY

My name is Catherine Chandler.
Maurice told me I could find you
here.

VERNON

(shakes his head)

Maurice. Huh. Man says he's my
friend... I hope he made you pay.

CATHY

Too much.

VERNON

... Maybe he is my friend...

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

I need to ask you some questions.

VERNON

Kinda figured you wasn't here
'bout a job.

CATHY

I'm here about Tracy.

Vernon cools. A long beat.

VERNON

Who are you?

CATHY

I'm with the District Attorney's
office.

VERNON

(stands)

I got to go.

CATHY

(to stop him)

We know there were two of them,
Vernon. They picked Tracy up in
a red convertible.

Vernon stops, remembering this. The image angers him.

CATHY

You remember them, don't you?
The two that murdered Tracy...

He shakes his head, resisting...

CATHY

All we need is the make of the
car, a license, anything to help
find them--

VERNON

(angry)

Then you need a eyewitness, then
you need a signed paper... I been
there, lady. I'm not interested.

CATHY

She was yours, Vernon. You lost
a valuable girl.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

VERNON

Wasn't no loss. New talent rolls into this town every hour on the hour.

CATHY

You know what they're saying on the street... that Vernon can't take care of his girls.

VERNON

I find those boys... I'll take care of it. Believe me.

CATHY

(quickly)

Don't feed me that. We both know it's a sad lie.

He glares at her angrily. She keeps her nerve -- and keeps the heat on:

CATHY

You'll never see them again. They laughed at you, and now you're just hiding your face.

Vernon burns. He's in a corner. A long beat.

VERNON

I don't wanna sit in no courtroom. You understand?

CATHY

We'll do everything we can to avoid it.

VERNON

(beat)

Was a BMW. Black top, little black stripe on the side.

(beat)

Fine car.

Cathy looks up from her notebook at this...

CUT TO:

25 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

25

Joe has been going over Cathy's notes. It's a place to start, but he wishes they had something more concrete. Joe's hesitant attitude irks Cathy.

CATHY

Joe, they were the last people to pick Tracy Toffs up the night she was killed---

*

JOE

That we know of---

CATHY

Fine. Forensics says tracks in the park were made by the same radials standard on their car.

JOE

Tenuous, Radcliffe.

CATHY

So we get soil samples from the treads. Joe, we've got enough here for a search warrant. That girl in the parking garage was number five. We're wasting time.

(off Joe's continued hesitation)

... I don't see what your hesitation is.

JOE

My hesitation is it's two rich kids from Park Avenue---! We start dragging them through the mud of a murder case, we'd better be damn sure.

CUT TO:

26 INT. DINING ROOM - CAMERON BENSON'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

26

Cutlery clinks softly in the muted surroundings of Cameron's parents' elegant dining salon. The BENSONS are joined for dinner by Dale, who smiles at Cameron as he pours himself a full glass of very old red. There isn't much warmth or conversation. Finally...

MRS. BENSON

(businesslike)

Cameron, we're opening the summer house early this year. We thought you should use it before the season starts. Why don't you let me organize a weekend for your friends?

Cameron broods. We begin perhaps to understand the roots of certain destructive urges...

DALE

(after an awkward pause)

That sounds great, Mrs. Benson.

MR. BENSON

(to Cameron; annoyed)

Will you be racing the Echels this year? I had the yard sand the hull last summer and you never set foot in the boat.

CAMERON

(to his plate)

I'm planning to spend this summer in the city.

MRS. BENSON

Oh dear, why? It's not healthy to stay cooped up all year long.

DALE

(beat)

... We like it...

Cameron looks up at Dale and smiles for the first time.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. CAMERON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

27

Dale is spread out over Cameron's designer-quilted queen-sized bed, hanging on to the unfinished bottle of red as he lazily watches Cameron remove a new Bowie knife from its wrapping.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

CAMERON

An hour a day is all I have to
listen to from her, and it's
almost more than I can take.

DALE

Mine's dead, thank god...

Cameron holds up the knife and admires it, turning it in
the light.

CAMERON

I'm beginning to feel happy again.

DALE

Just say the word...

A knock at the door and Cameron quickly stashes the knife
in a bureau drawer.

CAMERON

Yeah?

The door opens and Mrs. Benson looks in. Sober as hell.

MRS. BENSON

You boys better come downstairs.

CUT TO:

28 INT. FOYER - BENSON'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

28

Cathy, Joe and several police are waiting by the front door
as Cameron and Dale descend the stairs. Mr. Benson is on
the hall phone, trying to reach his attorney.

MR. BENSON

(into phone)

I don't care if he's in the middle
of dinner. I need to speak to
him now.

As Cameron and Dale approach, Mrs. Benson addresses Cathy
and Joe, trembling with pique.

MRS. BENSON

This is my son Cameron, and this
is Dale Mercer.

Cathy bores her eyes into the two young men, saying
nothing.

(CONTINUED)

33
thru
33C

OMITTED:

33
thru
33C

33D INT. ROCK TUNNELS - NIGHT

33D *

Vincent strides through the candlelit tunnels, MOUSE suddenly comes running into frame from around a corner. Mouse stops so suddenly he slips, almost falls. Vincent has to grab hold to steady him.

VINCENT

Mouse... are you all right?

Mouse NODS. He's out of breath, as if he ran a long way.

MOUSE

Message from up top. Had to catch you...

Mouse starts searching his pockets, trying to locate the message. He can't seem to find it. Vincent waits patiently. Mouse turns a pocket inside out, and a variety of nuts, bolts, and machine parts hit the tunnel floor and scatter in all directions. Vincent smiles.

MOUSE

Had it right here. From Catherine. Very important.

VINCENT

Perhaps it fell out... while you were running...

MOUSE

Maybe on the chute.

(defensive)

Short message. Hard to hold on to.

Mouse searches on, but Vincent is starting to get the idea that Mouse maybe knows more about this message than he ought to.

VINCENT

How short was it, Mouse?

MOUSE

Shorter than short. Three words. They've been caught.

Mouse suddenly stops his search. He realizes that he's said too much. He looks at Vincent uneasily.

(CONTINUED)

33D CONTINUED:

33D *

VINCENT
(quietly pleased)
That's good news... thank you.

MOUSE
(relieved)
Okay good, okay fine.

Mouse starts to move off, thinking for a moment that he's gotten away with it. He hasn't.

VINCENT
Mouse...
(he turns)
How is it you know what
Catherine's message said?

MOUSE
(sheepish)
Good to read. Father said so.

Vincent just smiles, as Mouse now hurries away...

CUT TO:

34 INT. HEARING ROOM - DAY

34

Cathy leads the prosecution in this attempt to persuade JUDGE HAIGNOR to recommend a trial. Dale and Cameron sit at the defense table with their high-powered lawyer WARREN BRANCTON. Throughout the following scenes, we'll observe that Cameron never takes his eyes off Cathy, something she's gradually more aware of over time...

At the moment, Cathy addresses MR. HALLOWELL, a forensics expert on the stand:

CATHY
... So the tracks near the murder
site were made by the same brand
of tires on Mr. Benson's car.

HALLOWELL
Yes.

CATHY
No more questions.

Brantton stands from his table holding a piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

BRANCTON

Mr. Hallowell, were you able to tie these tracks specifically to the tires on my client's car?

HALLOWELL

No.

BRANCTON

I have a statistic here from the company that makes these tires. They estimate in the New York area as many as eighty-five thousand vehicles wear these same tires... Would you say it's possible, Mr. Hallowell, that any of these eighty-five thousand cars could have left those tracks?

HALLOWELL

It's possible. Yes.

BRANCTON

Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 OMITTED

35

36 SCENE - LATER

36

CATHY

The state calls Mr. Vernon Tulane.

Vernon rises from the gallery and moves to the stand, shooting Cathy an unhappy look on the way. She'd said he shouldn't have to do this...

CATHY

Mr. Tulane, you've sworn in an affidavit that on the night Tracy Toffs was killed, you saw her get into a car with two men just one hour before police estimate the murder took place. Is this true?

VERNON

Yes it is.

CATHY

Are those men in this hearing room today?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

VERNON

Yes.

CATHY

Can you point them out to us?

Vernon points at Cameron and Dale, not without pleasure.

VERNON

Those two right there.

CATHY

You're absolutely positive about this?

VERNON

(a trace of anger)

I remember their faces, I remember their car -- I remember everything.

Reactions, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

37 SCENE - LATER

37

Branchton cross-examines confidently -- almost tiredly... *

BRANCTON *

What was your relationship with Tracy Toffs, Mr. Tulane? *

CATHY

Objection! Irrelevant.

BRANCTON *

Your honor, I think you'll see the point of my inquiry when you've heard the answer...

JUDGE HAIGNOR *

(to Vernon)

Please answer the question.

Vernon squirms. This is what he dreaded...

VERNON

I took care of her.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

BRANCTON

Let's not waste the court's time,
shall we, Mr. Tulane?

(then)

You were Miss Toffs's pimp, were
you not?

CATHY

(to Vernon)

Don't answer that question. Your
honor, Mr. Brancton is asking the
witness to incriminate himself.

BRANCTON

Never mind. Let me put it another
way. Have you ever been convicted
of a felony, Mr. Tulane?

CATHY

Objection. Irrelevant.

BRANCTON

Speaks to credibility, your honor.
Mr. Tulane's past is not exactly
without blemish.

JUDGE HAIGNOR

Overruled. Witness may answer.

BRANCTON

I repeat... have you ever been
convicted of a felony?

VERNON

I done some time. Maybe I made
some mistakes... a time or two...

BRANCTON

A time or two?

(picks up a paper)

Let's look at these mistakes.

(beat, reads)

Solicitation. Assault and
battery. Resisting arrest.
Solicitation. Contributing to
the delinquency of a minor.
Solicitation. That one keeps
coming up, doesn't it? Assault
with a deadly weapon and
possession of narcotics.
Pandering...

*

The pimp glares at Cathy as Brancton reads on and on,
matters going from bad to worse, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

38 SCENE - LATER

38

Brancton addressing the judge...

*

BRANCTON

*

... Your honor, I don't know why
a reputable D.A. like Miss
Chandler would want to accuse two
such unlikely suspects as my
clients, but here we are, so let's
see this farce through...

39 CAMERON

39

watches Cathy take this abuse with a certain sadistic
pleasure. He knows how this injustice must agonize such a
do-gooder...

BRANCTON

*

We've been served a short menu
of highly inconclusive
circumstantial evidence, topped
off with a lone eyewitness no jury
will ever believe...

(condescending)

When I look at the case that's
been presented, I frankly don't
see why I'm not on trial. I own
a razor blade, I drive a BMW, and
I'm sure Mr. Tulane would be happy
to tell you he's seen me on
forty-second street as well...

DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HEARING ROOM - DAY

40

Joe approaches as the Bensons are embracing Cameron and
Dale. Bad news. Cathy emerges from the hearing room.

JOE

How'd it go?

Cathy just shakes her head. The Bensons approach her.

MRS. BENSON

(barely civil)

I hope you're satisfied, Miss
Chandler. You ought to be ashamed
of yourself.

Her husband's anger is cold and threatening.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

MR. BENSON

*

My attorneys have advised me not to take legal action against you. But I warn you, if this... this obscene charade goes one step further, you're going to be out of a job. I'll take it straight to the mayor if I have to...

Cameron stops his father's tirade.

CAMERON

Take it easy, dad. She was just trying to do her job. Anyone can make a mistake.

The Bensons are not placated. As they stalk off, Cameron lingers behind a moment. Cathy meets his stare.

CATHY

I didn't make a mistake.

Cameron doesn't reply, but before he leaves to join his parents, he gives Cathy a thin, fleeting smile that leaves her chilled to the bone.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

41 OMITTED

41

41A INT. INNER TUNNEL CROSSING - NIGHT

41A

Vincent and Catherine stand in the tunnel crossing
grappling with the injustice of the killers' release...

CATHY

(angrily)

They made a game of killing
those girls! They acted like
they owned all of us! The way
they flaunted their privilege...
I'm glad you didn't see it. It
was disgusting...

*

VINCENT

(quietly)

I did see it. In the park, that
night...

CATHY

... They knew they were protected
by their families. They knew they
could do anything -- they could
kill and laugh about it -- as long
as the victims were people nobody
cared about!

VINCENT

(looking at her)

You're tired... You must try to
get some rest.

CATHY

(nods)

... I can't forget about it. It
happens. You see enough outrages
like today -- enough dead kids
without names -- you start to
forget them. I can't. I can't
ever let that happen.

VINCENT

It never will.

CATHY

I'm not so sure...

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED:

41A

She comes into his arms...

VINCENT
(soothing)
... Compassion is not a thing that
can be forgotten. It has a life
of its own.

CATHY
... It can die, Vincent...

VINCENT
Once you have it, it lives in
you... But to live by it,
requires all of your strength.

A beat...

CATHY
(appreciatively)
... And someone to remind you.

Vincent nods...

CATHY
(resting her head on
his chest)
... I am tired.

DISSOLVE TO:

41B INT. INNER TUNNEL CROSSING

41B *

FROM A DISTANCE, we SEE Vincent reclining, his back against
the tunnel wall, as Catherine sleeps, wrapped in his
arms...

DISSOLVE TO:

42 INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

42

Joe slams a file cabinet drawer shut. The subtext for both
he and Cathy is they're mad at the system -- they know
these guys are guilty, but the system is protecting them.
Joe and Cathy are taking it out on each other:

JOE
Give it up, Radcliffe. You got
your tush handed to you at that
hearing -- but it could have been
a lot worse.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

CATHY

I let two murderers get away.
How could it be worse?

JOE

Those people could have sued you
right out of a job. You're just
lucky they hate publicity even
worse than they hate you.

(a beat)

Your're not giving up, are you?

CATHY

I'm not afraid of them, Joe.

JOE

Well, maybe you should be.

CATHY

They're guilty.

JOE

You keep saying that! You know
something I don't know?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

She hesitates. He watches her. She has no choice.

CATHY

... I had a tip, Joe... I had a witness.

JOE

On the level?

(off her nod)

Well, why the hell didn't you say something before?

CATHY

He couldn't testify.

JOE

(flaring)

What are you talking about? Why not?

CATHY

Because I said so---!

They're interrupted by a short knock on the door. Moreno steps in, looking at Cathy, angry.

MORENO

I just heard you requested continued surveillance on the Benson kid. Is that true?

CATHY

Yes.

MORENO

Are you out of your mind?! All day I'm getting chewed out for putting thoses kids in front of a judge, and now this?! Why?!

JOE

(stepping in for Cathy)

She has a witness.

MORENO

Well, why didn't he testify?

CATHY

He can't.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

MORENO
(this caps it)
What do you mean he can't? Who
is he?

CATHY
It doesn't make any difference
who he is---

MORENO
This is a murder case---!

CATHY
I lost him, okay?!

MORENO
Then drop it.
(exiting)
You find your witness then call
me, but until then drop it.

Moreno exits. Joe looks at Cathy, surprised at what he
knows must be covering. A beat.

JOE
What's going on?

CATHY
(exiting)
He can't testify, Joe.

DISSOLVE TO:

43
thru OMITTED
44

43
thru *
44

45 INT. ARTS CENTER - NIGHT

45

A reception is in progress. Men in black tie, women in gowns. Cathy smiles in conversation with a friend, KAREN ALEXANDER, when Cameron and Dale suddenly appear, very much part of the tony crowd. Cameron is excessively polite.

CATHY
(to Karen)
She started a dance company in Chicago. You should talk to her...

CAMERON
Hello, Cathy...
(off her surprise)
I hope I can call you by your first name. I feel like I know you...

Cathy is thrown. She doesn't want to make a scene, but her skin crawls being near these two...

CATHY
(quietly)
What are you doing here?

DALE
These are our friends!
(to Karen)
Hey, Karen Alexander, right?

She smiles and Dale shakes her hand, grinning famously.

DALE
Dale Mercer. We met at some stupid cotillion a hundred years ago. This is my friend, Cameron Benson.

CAMERON
(shaking her hand,
smiling)
Nice to meet you. How do you know Cathy?

Cathy can't stand another second of this...

CATHY
Excuse me.

She moves off. They react.

46 AT A REFRESHMENT TABLE

46

Cathy tries to cool down, gets herself something to drink. Cameron and Dale arrive.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

CAMERON

Cathy, you left in such a hurry!

CATHY

(cold)

What are you trying to do?

CAMERON

Trying to be friendly... I don't see why we shouldn't. We've got so much in common --

CATHY

We have nothing in common.

(then)

And you're pushing your luck.

*

Cathy leaves them. They watch her pick up her coat and head for the escalator. Dale smiles. Cameron is getting hot... the insolence of her tone, the thrill of a new chase...

47 INT. ARTS CENTER - NIGHT

47

Cathy is on the escalator. A beat later, Cameron and Dale follow. They hurry to catch up to her.

CAMERON

(menace creeping into
his tone)

Hey! That last comment sounded like a threat, Cathy. Was that a threat?

Cathy whirls on them, angry and emotional.

CATHY

Yes. It was a threat. I'm not finished with you two. You're going to jail.

Cameron starts to burn, his ears filling with the hateful noise of a woman's defiance. Dale, however, is troubled by Cathy's confidence.

DALE

What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

CATHY

(to Dale)

I know everything that happened in the Park that night. You asked Tracy if she liked a thrill. You asked her, "What's the biggest thrill there is?"

(to Cameron)

Then you snuck up behind her, and cut her throat.

Dale looks at Cameron, astounded at her specific knowledge. *
But Cameron is just staring at Cathy, twitching...

CATHY

Anything else you want to know?
Want me to tell you what you were wearing?

DALE

Listen! We didn't kill anybody!
And if you keep going around saying we did...

CATHY

(overlapping, pointed)

Don't threaten me. Don't ever threaten me.

A tense standoff, then:

DALE

(to Cameron)

C'mon, man. I need a drink...

But Cameron is staring at Cathy.

DALE

(to Cameron, with quiet emphasis)

Come on.

Cameron turns, Dale following. They walk unsteadily away. Cathy stands and watches them, filled with contempt -- and maybe a little fear...

47A MOVING WITH DALE AND CAMERON

47A

Dale is tense, worried by what's just happened. Cameron isn't... or if he is, his concern has manifested itself in a perverse calm. He's like a kid keeping a delightful secret... perhaps of a new challenge with much higher stakes.

(CONTINUED)

47A CONTINUED:

47A

DALE

(freaked)

How does she know what happened?
It's like she was there.

CAMERON

She's playing a game. If she
really had anything, she would've
used it in court.

DALE

(unconvinced)

You think so?

CAMERON

She's trying to get us scared so
we'll do something stupid.

(beat, strangely)

Maybe we should give her what she
wants...

As Dale looks at him:

CUT TO:

48 INT. CAMERON'S BMW - NIGHT

48

Cameron and Dale riding fast with the top up. Cameron stares straight ahead. Dale grips a half-empty pint of whiskey, but right now he's too scared to be drunk. He takes a pull and shakes his head.

*

DALE

*

I'm telling you, she knows something.

CAMERON

*

(unceremoniously)

Then let's do her. Right now.

DALE

*

Are you crazy?

When Cameron doesn't answer right away, Dale begins to panic.

*

DALE

*

Come on, Cameron.
Don't lose it on me.

CAMERON

*

I'm not the one who's losing it.

A tense moment between them. Dale looks at him, maybe wondering for the first time where all this will end. He takes a heavy swig and shudders, then sinks back into it...

DALE

Okay... you wanna do somebody, fine. But not her. People saw us with her.

CAMERON

Who, then?

DALE

(pissed)

Anybody! I don't give a damn!

A long beat. Cameron smiles at him.

CAMERON

(mock-emotional)

Thanks, Dale. You're a great friend...

Dale smiles back, but only half-heartedly. Somehow it's not as funny as it used to be. And as Cameron accelerates OUT OF FRAME...

*

CUT TO:

49 EXT. ALLEY - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

49

The BMW turns into the alley and stops. The top is down now, and a new victim rides in the back seat. Her name is PHOEBE. Cameron jumps out of the car exuberantly.

CAMERON

(crazed)

C'mon! Let's take a walk!

PHOEBE

Here?

CAMERON

Yeah! This is a great place.
Isn't it Dale?

Dale's finishing his pint, needing the booze for this one.

DALE

(sarcastic)

Delightful...

PHOEBE

(dubious)

I don't know...

Dale gets out of the car and smashes the empty bottle against a nearby wall. He turns to Phoebe, angrily.

DALE

Get out of the damn car!

Phoebe's getting a bad feeling about this.

PHOEBE

What's wrong with you?

Cameron glares at Dale -- he's ruining everything...

CAMERON

Hey! Be nice!

Dale stalks away from the car and turns back, shouting:

DALE

Just do her, Cameron, and let's
get out of here!

Cameron looks back and forth between Dale and Phoebe. The special choreography of his ritual is ruptured now... but maybe it's not too late...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CAMERON
(to Phoebe; shaky)
Never mind him. He's in a bad
mood. C'mon. Let's you and me
take a walk... have a little
party...

PHOEBE
(hesitant)
All right...

Dale looks away as Cameron gives Phoebe a hand out of the car. He takes her by the shoulders and turns her around once, slowly, entrancing himself.

CAMERON
Yeah... I feel it in you...

PHOEBE
What?

CAMERON
It. Can't you guess?

Cameron begins to undo the buttons of her blouse. Phoebe stands there, unresisting, a frightened, uncertain smile on her face. This is what she's there for, but...

CAMERON
I want to feel your heart
beating...

49A CLOSE ON CAMERON

49A

His smile twists strangely as he slides his hand under her blouse, over her heart.

CAMERON
I can feel the blood rushing
through you, Phoebe.

49B ANGLE PAST CAMERON ON PHOEBE

49B

His other hand goes behind his back, under his jacket, and fumbles for the hilt of the knife he's sheathed there. But before he gets it out, we hear a GROWL.

Phoebe, frightened, draws back, holding her blouse shut with both hands, almost shyly. Dale is badly spooked.

50 A SHAPE

50

moves out of shadows at the mouth of the alley. A hooded figure, in silhouette.

VINCENT
(controlled)
Let her go.

DALE
(nervous)
Who's there? What do you want?

CAMERON
(to Dale)
Take it easy. He's just some
wino.
(to Vincent)
If you're looking for a handout,
you picked on the wrong guys.
Get out of here.

VINCENT
(icy, ominous)
Let her go.

*

The cloaked shadow MOVES CLOSER, his footsteps echoing.
Cameron brings out the KNIFE, flourishes at th intruder.

CAMERON
I said get out of here.

Phoebe GASPS when she sees the knife. Suddenly she wants no more of any of these people. She bolts and runs off past Vincent to safety. Dale takes a half-step, as if he's about to pursue, but Vincent moves to block him, and the boy freezes. Phoebe vanishes; Cameron smoulders.

CAMERON
What do you want?!

*

He and Cameron stand in the alley, facing each other for a long tense moment as Phoebe's footsteps recede. Finally Vincent answers in a voice of doom and portent.

VINCENT
I know who you are...
I know what you've done.
I know where you live.
And I warn you: this will
stop.

*

Dale's heard enough. He jumps in the car and starts it.

DALE
Let's go, Cam!

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Cameron doesn't budge. Dale backs the car up next to Cameron and throws the door open.

DALE

Come on!

Cameron stares at Vincent's silhouette, frozen, transfixed, he then gets in the car. It screeches away.

*

51 CLOSE ON VINCENT

51

till they meet again...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

52 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY

52

Cathy steps out of the elevator and is greeted by an anxious OFFICE WORKER.

OFFICE WORKER

Cathy, there're some people waiting for you at your desk -- they're pretty upset. I thought I should warn you...

CATHY

(mystified)

Thank you...

53 WITH CATHY

53

as she approaches her desk... we see Cameron and Dale waiting there. Dale sits pensively in her chair as Cameron pokes around in her papers.

CATHY

Hey!

Cameron straightens, seeing her. Dale stays seated, but watches her intently. Around the office people start to take notice...

CATHY

What are you doing?

CAMERON

(taunting angrily)

Just nosing around your life, Chandler. Kind of like what you're doing to us.

She snatches some papers from Cameron.

CATHY

Get away from my desk.

CAMERON

(advancing)

Get away from my life!

54 JOE

54

approaches now, disliking the threatening pose Dale strikes...

JOE
What's the problem, people?

CAMERON
(to Joe)
Are you her boss?

JOE
(protective, stepping
between them)
I'm her friend...
(then)
You wanna back off and tell us
about it nicely?

CAMERON
The lady won't leave us alone!

Joe looks at Cathy questioningly.

CATHY
I don't know what he's talking
about.

CAMERON
First she follows us to a party
and tells us she's going to put
us in jail--

CATHY
They followed me.

CAMERON
Then she sends some thug after
us who threatens to kill us!

CATHY
What?

JOE
(to Cathy)
You cancelled the surveillance,
didn't you?

CATHY
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

DALE
(quietly)
He wasn't a cop. Cops don't
threaten you like that. This was
someone she hired herself.

JOE
What did he look like?

DALE
He had a hood on, we couldn't
see his face...

Suddenly Cathy knows. She hardly hears the rest...

JOE
(to Cathy)
You know anything about this?

CATHY
... No...

Cameron lowers his voice now and sums it up for them:

CAMERON
I don't like to make threats, but
you should know it was all I could
do to keep my father from getting
both of you fired... If she
doesn't stop what she's doing,
I'm not going to stop my
father...

CUT TO:

55 INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION - NIGHT

55 *

Cathy and Vincent are in the midst of a heated
exchange...

CATHY
... You can't do this.

VINCENT
(resolved)
They must be stopped...

CATHY
Not this way...

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55 *

VINCENT

Then how?? How?? Last night I
stopped them from killing
again!

CATHY

They'll be caught. Trust
they'll be caught...

VINCENT

Before they kill again?? They
were caught! And they were set
free...

CATHY

(frustrated)

But you can't endanger yourself
because of it! Vincent, it's
the wrong way...

VINCENT

(fervently)

With my own eyes, I saw them
kill -- a defenseless woman.
How can I pretend -- merely
because I cannot come into your
court -- that what I saw did
not happen??

CATHY

I know it seems unjust -- it is
unjust, but you must let me,
let my world deal with it.

VINCENT

(with frightening
certainty)

... They've come into my
world... They come into back
streets and alleyways looking
to play in the darkness... I
know the darkness -- I am it's
friend. And I know it is not
something to be played with...

(beat)

When they come into my world,
Catherine -- I will be there
waiting for them... When they
come looking for darkness --
they will find me.

A moment that holds the promise of something ominous...

CUT TO:

56 EXT. MIDTOWN RED-LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

56

In this area near the Queens Midtown Tunnel entrance where hookers congregate to solicit out-of-town tricks, Cameron and Dale amble on foot, scoping out the talent. Occasionally they exchange greetings with the girls...

Until Dale stops suddenly and sees something...

DALE
Cameron. Look.

57 THEIR POV:

57

Vincent's hooded shape standing in the mouth of an alley.
Then he's gone.

CAMERON

Was that him?

DALE

I don't know...

DISSOLVE TO:

58 ELSEWHERE - LATER

58

Now it's Cameron who spots the familiar silhouette,
pointing it out to Dale.

59 VINCENT

59

his head and shoulders appearing behind a dumpster.

60 CAMERON AND DALE

60

react, angry and scared...

DISSOLVE TO:

61 STILL ELSEWHERE - LATER

61

Dale and Cameron see

62 VINCENT

62

closer to them than he was before, standing in the doorway
of an empty tenement.

63 CAMERON AND DALE

63

are getting unnerved...

DALE

Hey! Back off!

*

64 VINCENT

64

doesn't move.

65 CAMERON AND DALE

65

start to run...

CUT TO:

66 INT. BMW - NIGHT

66

Cameron and Dale dive into the parked car and lock the doors. They look around. Sure enough:

67 POV THROUGH WINDOW:

67

Vincent's shape near the corner of a building...

DALE

Damn it! She didn't call him off!

Cameron sets his jaw. Now he knows for sure:

CAMERON

That's it, man. She wants it.
She wants to play.

DALE

It's crazy, man...
(clenches his fists)
But maybe it's time...

Cameron starts the car and revs it really high, then burns rubber out of there --

CUT TO:

68 INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

68

RINGING of the phone bleeds out of the sound of burning rubber -- and Cathy answers it:

CATHY

Hello?
(beat)
Hello?

69 CLOSE ON A MOUTH

69

with a mouthpiece near it. We're:

70 EXT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT

70

Without seeing any more of the face of this WOMAN, we hear her speak:

WOMAN
Cathy Chandler?

71 INTERCUT:

71

CATHY
Yes... who is this?

WOMAN
I'm... a friend of Tracy Toffs.
I know something, about that
night... we should talk...

*

CATHY
Where are you?

WOMAN
Umm... near 33rd and ninth.
You could meet me...

CATHY
Name the place.

WOMAN
There's this movie theater...

72 CATHY

72

writes down the information.

CATHY
I'll see you in half an hour.
(hangs up)

73 THE WOMAN

73

hangs up.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Cameron and Dale with her at the pay phone. She's a black prostitute. Cameron gets the nod from her and is already headed for his car. Dale pays the lady.

WOMAN
Who's Tracy Toffs?

*

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

Dale puts some extra bills in her hand.

DALE
You never heard of her. Or us.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

74

Cathy's car pulls up... We see her inside looking around. Now she gets out. It's a creepy neighborhood. She checks the area warily... *

74A ANGLE - MOVIE THEATRE

74A

It's been abandoned -- boarded up. The front door is partially ajar... Cathy cautiously approaches it. She peers inside. *

74B ANGLE - THE BMW

74B

Headlights flashing, as it hurtles out of nowhere and screeches up on the sidewalk, trapping her in the theatre alcove... Cameron and Dale leap out of the car and go for her...

CUT TO:

75
thru
77

OMITTED

75
thru
77

78 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

78

Vincent feels it. He bolts --

CUT TO:

79 RESUME CATHY

79

She pulls open the door to the theatre and slips inside...

CUT TO:

79A
thru
79C

OMITTED

79A *
thru
79C

79D INT. - THEATER LOBBY

79D

Very dark. The theater has been shut for a long time. Groping through the blackness, Cathy comes on the old candy counter and gets an idea. She lifts up a metal NAPKIN HOLDER, SMASHES it down on the glass countertop as hard as she can. The glass SHATTERS. Wrapping a handkerchief around her hand, she pulls loose the longest shard of glass. In her hands, it becomes a nasty-looking weapon; now the odds are a little more even. Behind her, there's sudden loud noise as the boys KICK IN the boards over the doors. Light floods into the lobby. Cathy looks around for a hiding place.

80
thru
82

OMITTED

80
thru
82

83 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

83

Vincent sprints across a rooftop, then disappears...

*

CUT TO:

83A EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT (STOCK)

83A *

Vincent emerges through the mist, running...

*

83B CAMERON

83B *

as he steps into the gloomy lobby. Dale follows, a flashlight in one hand, a large knife in the other. Dale shines the flashlight up and down. No sign of Cathy.

CAMERON

We're just in time for the coming attractions.

DALE

Quit screwing around, Cam. Let's just do her and get out of here.

But Cameron is having too much fun. Cathy is much livelier prey than the hookers.

CAMERON

What, and miss the feature?

Cameron pulls out a GUN. They move slowly across the lobby, the flashlight searching constantly, checking every possible hiding place before they pass it. At the candy counter, Cameron notices the broken glass.

CAMERON

Looks like she stopped for some popcorn...

He runs a finger along the broken glass, drawing blood. Cameron only smiles, sucks on the cut idly. Dale hears a SOUND and whirls.

DALE

What's that?

He shines the flashlight in the direction of the sound. The beam illuminates the door of the WOMEN'S RESTROOM.

CAMERON

Go on, check it out.

Dale looks at him wildly for a moment.

DALE

What's the matter? Check it out.

Dale crosses the door, slams it open, vanishes inside. Cameron waits behind, eyes scanning the darkness. A moment later, Dale returns.

CAMERON

Find her?

(CONTINUED)

83B CONTINUED:

83B *

DALE

Just rats.

CAMERON

She's got to be in the auditorium.
Let's go.

84 INT. - THEATER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

84

Cathy has silently traversed the theatre to a FIRE DOOR, but it's locked shut. She shoves at it wildly for a second, then glances back over her shoulder as she hears the lads enter the auditorium.

Dale comes down one aisle, Cameron the other. Dale's flashlight sweeps back and forth across the seats.

Cathy reaches the seats, DUCKS DOWN just as the sweep of the beam passes across her row, barely avoiding being spotted. We hear their FOOTSTEPS approaching. Cathy crawls down the row between the seats, holding tight to her makeshift glass knife.

The footsteps move closer and closer.

85 WITH DALE
(FORMERLY -- A GREAT SHADOW)

85

Knife in one hand, flashlight in the other, he methodically moves down, row by row... and then FINDS HER, huddled on the floor between the rows.

DALE

Cam! I got her!

But Cathy uncoils from her crouch and comes up at him, JABBING with her makeshift knife. Dale gets an arm up to block it, dropping his knife. Cathy's weapon SHATTERS, but not before she's drawn blood. Dale screams.

DALE

God, she cut me, she cut me....

He falls back, and Cathy slams into him, knocking him down. She leaps past him and sprints up the aisle toward safety. But just as she's almost to the door, Cameron jumps out in front of her, and fires a shot right past her head. Cathy freezes.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

CAMERON

Hi. Going somewhere?

CATHY

Get out of my way.

CAMERON

What's the matter? Don't you like
scary movies?

Cathy starts to edge backwards. Cameron FIRES again, just past her head. Cathy flinches, freezes.

Dale has regained his feet. He comes up and grabs her from behind. Cathy struggles but to no avail.

DALE

Go on, do her.

CAMERON

Let's take her up on the stage.

DALE

Are you nuts? C'mon, Cam, I'm
bleeding, let's get this over
with.

CAMERON

I want --

We never find out what he wants. Suddenly there's a tremendous ROAR from the darkness over their heads and Vincent comes LEAPING down from the balcony.

Cameron FIRES twice at him, missing. Vincent reaches Dale first, yanks him away from Cathy and picks up the terrified boy. Dale SCREAMS as Vincent mauls him, tossing him aside into the seats.

As Vincent turns on a suddenly terrified Cameron, the boy has time to squeeze off two more shots. One misses; the other staggers Vincent, but does not stop him. Enraged and in pain, the beast tears into Cameron, slashing and goring him, ripping him apart.

Cathy watches for a moment, then -- unable to help herself -- briefly averts her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

Finally, Vincent finishes with Cameron. He rises slowly off the corpse. His face is a study in terror; lips drawn back in silent rage, eyes slitted and burning. His whole body is taut as a spring; his hands are still twisted into claws. With a slowness that is somehow terrifying, his eyes sweep across the theater, passing over Cathy and coming to rest on Dale.

Dale meets Vincent's eyes and begins to whimper.

DALE

Oh no, no, not me, please,.

Vincent does not move, does not growl. He does not raise a hand or threaten Dale in any way. He merely stares at the boy. But what Dale sees in Vincent's eyes is clearly too much for him. His whimpers become screams.

Cathy touches Vincent on the arm. His head snaps around toward her with frightening speed.

CATHY

We have to get out of here.

All of a sudden, the humanity comes rushing back into Vincent's face, and with it, the shame. He pulls up his hood. He and Cathy move off. At the auditorium doors, she gives one final look back toward Dale.

85A CLOSE ON DALE

85A

The boy cradles his flashlight to his chest as if it were a baby. His eyes remain fixed on the spot where Vincent stood, and in his mind some demon stands there still. He rocks back and forth, trembling, pleading, quite insane.

DALE

Please, please, don't, don't hurt
me, no, no, please...

Cathy turns away and leaves him there, following Vincent back out into the night.

86
thru
88

OMITTED

86
thru
88

89 EXT. - ALLEY - NIGHT

89

In an alley behind the theater, Cathy catches up to Vincent. He has collapsed against a brick wall, his head bowed, exhausted and ashamed.

Cathy runs to him, throwing herself on him and holding him as tightly as she can. She sobs into him:

CATHY
Vincent... Vincent...

*

VINCENT
(hoarsely)
... Nothing ... Nothing but
madness...
(gasping)
... Nothing but blood...
(in pain)
When will it stop..?

*

and we PULL BACK SLOWLY from this tragic tableaux...

FADE OUT:

THE END