


# Beauty and the Beast



"WHAT ROUGH BEAST"

#042

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"What Rough Beast"

Story by

Howard Gordon & Alex Gansa  
& George R.R. Martin

Written by

Alex Gansa & Howard Gordon

Directed by

Michael Switzer

WITT/THOMAS PRODUCTIONS

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

FIRST DRAFT

April 12, 1989 (Yellow)  
April 6, 1989 (Pink)  
April 5, 1989 (Blue)  
April 5, 1989

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"What Rough Beast"

CHARACTERS

VINCENT  
CATHERINE  
FATHER

JOE  
ELLIOT BURCH  
BERNIE SPIRKO  
SGT. JESSE MARTINEZ  
STEVEN BASS  
WAITRESS  
BILL EDWARDS  
PARACELSUS  
ROGER  
GUS  
PHIL  
BIKER X  
BIKER Y

EXTRAS

COPS  
FORENSICS PEOPLE  
CORONER'S ASSISTANT  
ELLIOT'S BODYGUARD  
SUITED MEN  
OFFICE WORKERS  
ELDERLY MAN  
ATTENDANT  
RESIDENTS  
TRANSIENT

FLASHBACKS

"Down To A Sunless Sea" (#01 )	-- EXT. WOODS
"No Way Down" (#005)	-- PYTHON'S SCREAM
"Impossible Silence" (#011)	-- YATES' DEATH
"To Reign In Hell" (#020)	-- EHRLICH'S EVISCERATION
"The Outsiders" (#034)	-- LIZZIE'S DEATH

NOTE: BIKER Z has been omitted

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"What Rough Beast"

SETS

INTERIOR

VINCENT'S CHAMBER

CENTRAL PARK THRESHOLD  
-Concrete chamber

SUB-BASEMENT (N)

DRAINAGE CULVERT (N)

NEW YORK SENTINEL OFFICES (D&N)  
-Spirko's circle

COFFEE SHOP (D)

TOWER PENTHOUSE (N)  
-Hallway  
-Tower room  
-Window

D.A.'S OFFICE (D)  
-Cathy's Desk  
-Microfilm room

CRESTMORE SANITARIUM  
-Recreation room

CATHY'S APARTMENT (N)

CATHY'S BUILDING (N)  
-Lobby  
-Stairwell

EXTERIOR

STREETS (N)  
-Adjacent to Central Park  
-Downtown  
-Alley

CENTRAL PARK (N)  
-Near drainage duct  
-grassy knoll  
-Flagstone path

PARK AVE. APT. BUILDING (N) - EST.

D.A.'S OFFICE (D) - EST.

CENTRAL PARK BANDSHELL (N) - STOCK

CRESTMORE SANITARIUM (D)

NEW YORK SENTINEL BLDG (D) - EST.

CATHY'S BALCONY (N)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"What Rough Beast"

ACT ONE

- 1 OVER BLACK 1
- the raucous sound of three revving motorcycle engines, one overlapping the other. This unnerving noise continues over:
- 2 ECU - THE GLEAMING HUB - NIGHT 2
- of a motorcycle wheel against the rain slicked pavement.
- 3 ECU - THE GAS TANK 3
- bearing the official NYPD INSIGNIA...
- 4 ECU - A PAIR OF DARK GLASSES AND A WHITE HELMET 4
- reflecting the night... and a lone traffic light, as it turns from red to green.
- 5 TWO MOTORCYCLE COPS 5 \*
- pass a yellow cab as they weave through the intersection of Central Park West and 81st Street, and into Central Park.
- 6 FOLLOWING 6
- as they thread between the police sawhorses blocking the way: ROAD CLOSED 6:00PM - 6:00AM. They disappear over a rise...
- 7 ANGLE 7
- as they veer away from the road, onto the grass, their headlights slicing into the darkening park...

- 8 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEAR DRAINAGE DUCT - NIGHT 8
- PANNING the depths of the park... then, FINDING CATHY as she walks alone across a grassy knoll. Even the sounds of Manhattan are muted here... until a DISTANT RUMBLE bleeds in over the pastoral quiet, growing louder and louder...
- 9 CLOSER - CATHY 9
- continues walking up a gently sloping hill. The crest of the hill starts to glow, brighter and brighter, as the rumble grows even louder now, and:
- 10 ANOTHER ANGLE 10
- as the two cops vault over the rise, airborne, barely missing Cathy as they land. She breaks into a run as the bikers fishtail around, heading straight for her. Awash in the bright light of their headlights, Cathy sprints... but they are gaining fast, and are almost upon her, when she dives and rolls, the bikes screaming past her, kicking up dirt and sod. She regains her footing, but the bikers are now circling like vultures, surrounding her.
- (NOTE: The following sequence should be shot and edited in a highly stylized manner; the stunt action rendered in quick cuts and close ups, utilizing light, shadow, and sound to create the strong, non-literal impression of danger.) As:
- 11 COP X 11
- breaks from the formation, accelerates toward Cathy.
- 12 VINCENT'S POV - MOVING FAST 12
- toward the imminent collision.
- 13 VINCENT 13
- springs from the shadows, ROARING as he strips Cop X from his motorcycle, which bounces and spins past Cathy. And as Vincent guts the man with a deep plunge:
- 14 COP Y 14
- revs in high gear, his tires spitting turf as he charges:

(CONTINUED)

15 OMITTED 15 \*

16 VINCENT 16  
who stands his ground.

17 VINCENT'S POV 17  
Cop Y speeding closer and closer. \*

18 CU - VINCENT 18  
ROARS, his eyes filled with rage, as we HEAR A BONE  
CRUSHINGG SOUND... \*

VARIOUS SHOTS

19 -- Cop Y slams headlong into the ground, caught in the 19  
permanent repose of a snapped neck.

20 -- CU Cop Y's HELMET spinning, airborne against the night 20 \*  
sky... then landing, tumbling along the dewy grass.

21 OMITTED 21 \*

22 VINCENT 22  
rises slowly to a strange silence: the burning tangle  
of man and machine. Cathy moves to him, embracing him. \*  
They regard one another, wondering in silence.

VINCENT  
(softly)  
Come...

Vincent takes her hand, and leads her away into the  
shadows. HOLD ON the twisted aftermath.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 CU - FOLLOWING A PAIR OF HANDS 23  
unravelling the yellow cordon tape that repeats the message  
again and again: POLICE AREA DO NOT ENTER. CAMERA MOVES  
PAST, and CONTINUES TO PAN:

24 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

24

where a half dozen NYPD VEHICLES (cruisers, coroners wagon) are parked. Cherrytops throwing red light everywhere. Forensics, cops, etc., engaged in their grisly post-mortem activity. SOUNDS of police radios, people doing their job. PANNING one of the mauled bodies as a STROBE FLASHES. And as it is covered by a tarp.

SPIRKO (O.S.)

Nasty stuff.

SGT. MARTINEZ (O.S.)

How'd you beat the meat wagon,  
Spirko?

CAMERA HOLDS ON NYPD Photographer Sgt. JESSE MARTINEZ and BERNIE SPIRKO (35, Brooklyn born, streetwise: the Ultimate Story is his Moby Dick). Spirko watches as a CORONER'S ASSISTANT covers the body with a tarp. While Martinez rewinds, Spirko tamps his cigarette, then fires it up.

SPIRKO

Lucky guess.

MARTINEZ

Yeah.

Spirko shifts his gaze from the dead body to Martinez.

SPIRKO

So what's my story?

MARTINEZ

You tell me.

SPIRKO

A bear from the Bronx Zoo who's  
got a thing against cops.

MARTINEZ

Not bad. Only they weren't cops.

SPIRKO

(incredulous)

What?

\*

Martinez smiles with self-satisfaction, but Spirko's curiosity is piqued: he wants to cut through the bullshit.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)



24 CONTINUED:

24

SPIRKO

Talk to me, Jesse. What happened  
here?

As Martinez pops out the exposed cartridge, loads fresh  
film...

MARTINEZ

How should I know? And even if  
I knew, I wouldn't tell you.

(CONTINUED)

Spirko offers a tight, cynical smile, takes a pull on his cigarette.

SPIRKO

Listen, Jesse: my instamatic  
busted on me. I could use a good  
negative for tomorrow.

MARTINEZ

You know I can't do that.

SPIRKO

Who's gonna miss one lousy  
snapshot?

MARTINEZ

C'mon, Spirko...

SPIRKO

I got these tickets for the Knicks  
game, night after tomorrow. Tenth  
row on the floor.

MARTINEZ

I don't follow basketball.

SPIRKO

You will in these seats.

MARTINEZ

I can't do it, Spirko.

SPIRKO

(sharp)

Why the hell not? Nothing stopped  
you last time.

Spirko's hit a real tender spot with Martinez, who's  
suddenly all worked up.

MARTINEZ

That was different.

SPIRKO

Not to the Captain it wouldn't  
be.

(then)

Why don't you just take the  
tickets, make it easy on both of  
us..?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

Martinez shakes his head, helpless and pissed to be caught like this. Through his satisfied smile, Spirko drags on his cigarette one last time before dropping it to the ground and grinding it out.

CUT TO:

25 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

25

Vincent finishes wrapping Cathy's wrist with a bandage...

VINCENT

You've no idea who these men might be?

CATHY

No...

VINCENT

Or who could have sent them?

CATHY

Do you really think they were sent by someone?

VINCENT

Catherine... what happened in the park... did not seem...

CATHY

(finishing)

Random?

Vincent troubled eyes acknowledge this fear.

VINCENT

But who would do such a thing?  
Why?

The question hangs in the air, unanswered... and, for now, unanswerable.

CUT TO:

26 INT. NEW YORK SENTINEL - SPIRKO'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

26

Slanting shadows cut through the dim light. Cigarette smoke curls upward...

27 OVER SPIRKO'S SHOULDER

27

He's typing furiously, leaning in close to his computer screen. A micro cassette player stands on the desk beside a butt-filled ashtray, playing Spirko's voice over as CAMERA ARMS AROUND SLOWLY...

SPIRKO'S VOICE  
(futzied, over b.g.  
noises)

... and Claude Oakes -- Oakes  
with an 'e' -- thirty-one, died  
of massive blood loss incurred  
by deep wounds of some unknown  
nature. Like an animal did  
it... but what do you know  
about animals, Spirko? I know  
what I see. Look at the faces  
on these people. No one knows  
what the hell's going on  
here...

\*

HOLD on Spirko's intent face, colored by the amber light  
of the computer screen, as his fingers work the keyboard.

CUT TO:

28 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

28

Cathy's having her morning cup of coffee and a bagel in  
her favorite neighborhood dive. The New York SENTINEL  
opened before her... block letters filling one half of the  
page: WHAT DID THIS? On the other half: a gruesome photo  
of one of Cathy's attackers lying dead on a grassy slope,  
a deep gash of claw marks across his chest and neck. The  
sub-head reads: "Strange Mauling In the Park Puzzles  
Police: See Page 3." Cathy is looking at the paper with a  
strange forboding when ELLIOT BURCH slides into the booth  
opposite her. His beard is gone, though his attraction  
and concern for Cathy is still very much in evidence.

CATHY  
Elliot!

ELLIOT  
Hello, Cathy.

Cathy discretely turns the paper over as she glances past  
him at the glass door of the coffee shop. A MAN stands  
there in a long dark overcoat, scanning the street.  
Clearly, Elliot's bodyguard.

CATHY  
I thought that was all over...

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT

Thanks to the CIA and the State Department, Dr. Torreon is still President of Santo Irisado. And as long as he is, I can't be too careful.

CATHY

You stood up to them, Elliot. Not many can say that.

ELLIOT

Lost me an island...

CATHY

There are other islands...

After a beat:

ELLIOT

And a father. I'm only just starting to understand what that means.

Cathy reaches across the table and places her hand over Elliot's.

CATHY

I'm sorry.

ELLIOT

I know you are.

(then)

How tragic. Elliot Burch begins to feel his mortality.

Cathy smiles at Elliot's self-mockery. The moment is interrupted by the WAITRESS, with a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS

(to Cathy)

Warm you up?

CATHY

No thanks.

WAITRESS

(to Elliot)

You?

ELLIOT

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

The Waitress retreats.

CATHY  
So this is about the last place  
I'd expect to find you.

ELLIOT  
Are you kidding? I'm a greasy  
spoon aficionado.

CATHY  
No, really: why are you here?

ELLIOT  
I don't know.  
(then, shrugs)  
I just... needed to see you.

Cathy is clearly uncomfortable with Elliot's intimation.

CATHY  
Elliot...

ELLIOT  
You don't have to say anything.  
I don't want you to say anything.  
I just want you to know... I'm  
here... waiting.

Cathy struggles with this. Then:

CATHY  
(quiet)  
I don't want you to wait for me.

ELLIOT  
I don't want to either. But the  
way things are... I don't seem  
to have much of a choice.

Cathy glances down, and off her subsequent silence, Elliot  
rises.

ELLIOT  
You said there was somebody else  
in your life. I can't do anything  
about that. But I can't just let  
go of what I'm feeling for you  
either.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3)

28

Cathy looks up at him. His eyes reflect a mixture of strength and vulnerability that Cathy cannot deny affects her on a deep level. Then, Elliot turns, and Cathy watches as he walks out, followed by his bodyguard.

CUT TO:

29 thru 30 OMITTED 29 thru 30

31 EXT PARK AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISH 31

Pre-war elegance and detail. A full moon hovers above.

32 VARIOUS SHOTS (STOCK) 32

of the building's ornamentation. Towers. Spires. Cornices. Minarets. Gargoyles. Caryatids. Faces in stone. Make this building an enchanted fortress in the Primeval Forest.

33 INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 33

MOVING with Spirko down a very dark and narrow hallway. Oriental roller underfoot. Full length oil paintings on the wall. Stuffed birds -- crows and ravens -- perch on antique side tables. Spirko stops. Puts a cigarette in his mouth. Lights a match. Lights the cigarette. He holds the match up to one of the oil paintings. A Russian aristocrat in military uniform stares down at him humorlessly. Spirko waves the match out, and continues forward. The hallway ends at:

34 THE TOWER ROOM 34

Spirko enters the huge circular room cautiously. Ornamental light fixtures high on the walls throw no light -- they are only points in the darkness. Heavy rouge curtains cover the two-story windows. A Queen Anne chair sits alone in the middle of the room on a beautiful Oriental carpet. At one window, the curtains are parted ever so slightly, and the moonlight shafts in. A figure sits in an ornate high-backed choir chair, the moonlight spilling over his shoulder. His face is completely obscured by blackness. But he is Elliot Burch. Spirko stares at him for a moment. No response.

SPIRKO  
(apologizing)  
The door was open...

(CONTINUED)

ELLIOT  
You're late. Sit down.

Spirko moves to the chair and sits.

ELLIOT  
Your cigarette, please. The smoke bothers me.

Spirko puts the cigarette out on the heel of his shoe, and searches for an ashtray. None in sight. Finally, he puts the butt in his shirt pocket.

ELLIOT  
You were also late last night.

SPIRKO  
Hey, I got there as soon as I could. Not every guy that calls me is on the level.

ELLIOT  
And are you convinced now that I'm... "on the level?"

SPIRKO  
Sure.

ELLIOT  
Had you arrived in the Park sooner, you would have seen something extraordinary.

SPIRKO  
Like what?

ELLIOT  
Patience, Mr. Spirko. You're only at the very beginning.

Spirko regards him, intensely curious but trying to conceal it.

SPIRKO  
Do I get to see you? Or are we just gonna sit here in the dark?

ELLIOT  
My one and only condition... is that I remain anonymous.

SPIRKO  
And if I refuse?

(CONTINUED)



34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

ELLIOT

You're a fool.

SPIRKO

My editor won't print a story  
without a verifiable source.

ELLIOT

Which is why I won't be your  
source.

SPIRKO

What?

ELLIOT

I'll give you information, yes.  
But you have to discover the truth  
for yourself.

SPIRKO

I don't like this.

(standing)

Either you show your face, or I'm  
walking.

ELLIOT

(unfazed)

You were chosen with great care,  
Mr. Spirko. For your tenacity.  
For your... singular character.  
I don't believe you could walk  
away from this story if you wanted  
to.

(beat)

Now sit down... and take out your  
notebook.

His bluff called, Spirko grudgingly takes the minirecorder  
out of his jacket, and punches a button with his thumb.  
He places the recorder on the desk and sits. Then:

ELLIOT

The pattern of killing began about  
two years ago. A gruesome pattern  
characterized by evisceration,  
throat puncture wounds, deep  
slashing. The victims were  
usually left to bleed to death.

\*

SPIRKO

So you mean, last night wasn't  
the first time?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

ELLIOT

No. And it wasn't the last time.

Spirko looks into the blackness that is Elliot's face.

SPIRKO

You're saying you know the killer?

Long beat.

ELLIOT

Not exactly. But I do know why  
he kills.

SPIRKO

Why?

ELLIOT

To protect someone.

SPIRKO

Who?

ELLIOT

A beautiful woman. A very  
beautiful woman. She's the key;  
she will lead you to the killer.

SPIRKO

What's her name?

ELLIOT

She's an assistant District  
Attorney.

(beat; almost sadly)

Her name... is Catherine Chandler.

Spirko's eyes are alight with the story.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

35 EXT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY 35

to establish.

CATHY (OVER)

I disagree.

36 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - MOVING 36

fast with Cathy and Joe through the bustling office. \*

JOE

You really think you have enough  
on Velasquez to go for felony  
assault?

CATHY

I will by the time the Grand Jury  
convenes...

JOE

That's tomorrow morning.

They've reached Joe's office...

CATHY

I know.

Joe shakes his head at her obstinance, smiling a little too, as he enters his office. Cathy continues past his door... and stops short when she sees Spirko leaning against the edge of her desk, reading a folded newspaper, a leather folio tucked under his arm. Spirko looks up over the paper, smiles.

SPIRKO

How'd the trial go?

Right away, Cathy knows she doesn't like this guy.

CATHY

Fine...

(CONTINUED)

SPIRKO

(rising)

I'm Bernie Spirko, with the New York Sentinel. Can I talk to you for a minute?

CATHY

Now is really not a good time.

SPIRKO

I'd appreciate it. It's important.

Cathy gives him an opening, and Spirko shows her the newspaper -- yesterday's. She glances at it and then moves past him to place down her briefcase...

SPIRKO

What do you know about this?

CATHY

(covering)

About what?

He hands her the newspaper, which she pretends to read.

SPIRKO

(fishing)

Remember?

As she extends the paper back to him...

CATHY

No.

Spirko doesn't take the newspaper.

SPIRKO

I think you do.

Cathy drops the paper into the trash, flabbergasted by Spirko's audacity. But Spirko holds fast.

SPIRKO

I've been in this long enough to know when someone's lying.

CATHY

I'm not a liar, Mr. Spirko.

SPIRKO

Everyone's a liar.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Excuse me.

She moves past him now, but Spirko keeps pace.

SPIRKO

Hey, I'm just trying to find out what happened that night. It's my job.

CATHY

What makes you think I know anything?

SPIRKO

Come on, I'll show you.

He stops before an empty interrogation room. Knows he has her hooked. Cathy's concerned curiosity keeps her from walking away. Just how much does this guy know?

SPIRKO

How's this?

Cathy steps past him and enters the room. He follows, closing the door behind him. Cathy tries to remain light. Spirko takes out his pack of cigarettes, taps one out.

SPIRKO

Mind if I smoke?

CATHY

Actually, yes.

Spirko gives a tight smile. He keeps the cigarette in hand, but doesn't light it, as he opens the leather folio on the desk. It's full of photos, police reports -- and on top is a news photo of Cathy's scarred face.

SPIRKO

This you remember, right?

Cathy cuts a sharp glance at him. Spirko smiles.

SPIRKO

Good.

As Spirko slides the photo over to reveal a twenty-page legal-sized document, which Cathy picks up and begins perusing...

(CONTINUED)

SPIRKO

The police report on Carol Stabler  
-- the woman who was set to  
testify against the men who  
attacked you two years ago.

CATHY

The safe house was compromised.  
She was murdered before she could  
testify.

SPIRKO

That's right.

As Spirko pulls out a series of photos, shows them to  
Cathy...

SPIRKO

And that same night, in the safe  
house, someone killed those men  
who attacked her...

(almost relishing the  
description)

Literally tore them apart.

We don't see the photos, but the horror of what they  
contain is reflected on Cathy's face. Spirko watches her  
reaction closely.

SPIRKO

Not very pretty, huh?

She looks at Spirko, trying to contain the complex of  
emotions that wash over her.

CATHY

No, it isn't.

(then)

But what does any of this have  
to do with me?

SPIRKO

There are other, similar...  
incidents... connected to you.

As he roots around the folio, coming up with various files,  
etc.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (4)

36

SPIRKO

October 9, 1987... you investigated a complaint filed by some elderly people. Claimed they were being harassed by a developer. The investigation resulted in the termination of the prospective project... as well as the lives of four of the developer's leg men.

CATHY

You're still speculating...

SPIRKO

There's more -- if you want, I'll be happy to review it all for you.

This stops her: Spirko smells first blood. He allows the silence to hang there for awhile... as he dips into his pocket for a lighter. He fires up his cigarette, drags deeply, then lets it out.

SPIRKO

I'm a reporter, Miss Chandler. I find things out, dig up secrets. That's what I do.

CATHY

What do you think you're looking for?

SPIRKO

I don't know yet. But you do.

Cathy maintains her steely gaze, reveals nothing. Spirko's frustration begins to surface.

SPIRKO

Come on: what's the big secret? Why not just tell me?

\*

As Spirko's face ices over with determination.

SPIRKO

Because with or without you, I'll find out. Believe me.

A tense moment. Then, he gathers up the folio and leaves Cathy alone with her worsening nightmare.

CUT TO:

37 INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

37

Cathy stands before FATHER in the half-light.

FATHER  
You're hesitant about telling  
Vincent?

CATHY  
The memory of those moments are  
painful to him...

She trails off.

FATHER  
He must be told.

Cathy nods, acknowledging this.

FATHER  
Every time you meet -- every  
moment you spend together -- now  
increases the risk.

CATHY  
I know.

FATHER  
You musn't blame yourself. This  
was inevitable. From the time  
he brought you to us, I knew...

CATHY  
I do blame myself.

FATHER  
Don't.

CATHY  
But it's me he protects. What  
he does, he does in my name.

FATHER  
He protects all of us. He  
protects the people he loves.

Cathy is silent, considering the truth of this, when she  
is struck by a terrible realization.

CATHY  
It's a feeling of shame, Father.

FATHER  
Shame?

(CONTINUED)



37 CONTINUED:

37

CATHY

In me.

FATHER

Catherine...

CATHY

I know something now.

FATHER

(gentle)

What?

CATHY

Father... I have watched him.  
I have seen when he... loses  
himself.

FATHER

Catherine... that would terrify  
anyone.

CATHY

No... I gain a strength from it.

She half-turns away, speaking almost to herself... a  
difficult confession.

CATHY

Part of me shares that with him.

(then)

In some deep way, I wonder if I  
don't... desire it. Have I been  
reckless? Have I put myself in  
danger... knowing he would come  
to me?

She turns and raises her eyes to meet Father's troubled  
gaze. HOLD.

CUT TO:

38 INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

38

At the window, a hand pulls back the heavy curtain. ANGLE  
WIDENS to show Elliot standing there in the deep shadows,  
his back to us, looking out into the urban night. Spirko  
can only see his smooth silhouette.

ELLIOT

I didn't expect to see you so  
soon.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

SPIRKO

I'm nowhere on this story.

ELLIOT

Do you care to speculate?

SPIRKO

On what? I got half a dozen  
police photos, all telling me the  
same thing -- only I can't figure  
out what. And an Assistant D.A.  
who makes--

ELLIOT

You went to see Catherine? \*

SPIRKO

Yeah.

Long pause. Spirko reads disdain in the silence.

SPIRKO

(defensive)

What about it? You gave me her  
name.

ELLIOT

You're thinking too literally. \*

It's my fault.

SPIRKO

Then talk to me.

ELLIOT

This is not some crazed vigilante  
who's fixated on Cathy Chandler.  
This is something entirely  
different. This is something that  
has never been.

SPIRKO

You keep saying cryptic stuff like  
that. What do you mean?

ELLIOT

You should hear the sounds, Mr.  
Spirko.

SPIRKO

(baffled)

The sounds?

(CONTINUED)



38 CONTINUED:

38

SPIRKO

I'm nowhere on this story.

ELLIOT

Do you care to speculate?

SPIRKO

On what? I got half a dozen police photos, all telling me the same thing -- only I can't figure out what. And an Assistant D.A. who makes--

ELLIOT

You went to see Catherine? \*

SPIRKO

Yeah.

Long pause. Spirko reads disdain in the silence.

SPIRKO

(defensive)

What about it? You gave me her name.

ELLIOT

You're thinking too literally. It's my fault. \*

SPIRKO

Then talk to me.

ELLIOT

This is not some crazed vigilante who's fixated on Cathy Chandler. This is something entirely different. This is something that has never been.

SPIRKO

You keep saying cryptic stuff like that. What do you mean?

ELLIOT

You should hear the sounds, Mr. Spirko.

SPIRKO

(baffled)

The sounds?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

ELLIOT  
Of his killing. Those are sounds  
you can never forget.

SPIRKO  
(intense)  
Who is he?

ELLIOT  
I told you before: that... you'll  
have to discover for yourself.

SPIRKO  
I'm at a dead end here!

ELLIOT  
Open your mind, Mr. Spirko.  
Imagine.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. CENTRAL PARK BAND SHELL (STOCK) - NIGHT 39

A classical concert is in progress... CAMERA PANS DOWN --

40 INTO THE GROUND -- THROUGH THE EARTH -- UNTIL WE FIND 40  
OURSELVES...

41 INT. DRAINAGE CULVERT - NIGHT 41

As CAMERA CONTINUES PANNING DOWN to find Vincent standing  
in the culvert, listening to a complex and turbulent  
passage from Haydn's London Symphony, which we hear with  
remarkable clarity. He appears transported by the music...  
as Cathy approaches. He senses her presence.

VINCENT  
Catherine...

And she is there. They regard one another for a long  
complicated moment. She has something she must say.

CATHY  
Vincent...

VINCENT  
The reporter. Father has already  
told me.

CATHY  
I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

VINCENT

There's no need to apologize.

(then)

We will not let this defeat us.

He gestures to the bed of pillows against the tunnel wall.

VINCENT

Come, sit. They've only just started.

Cathy regards Vincent gratefully before she sits, reclining in the bed of pillows. Vincent joins her. She nestles against him, closing her eyes. Vincent's remain open for a while longer. Then he closes his also. And as the music washes over them, in their moment of calm before the impending storm, we:

CUT TO:

42 EXT. TIMBERY SANITARIUM - DAY

42 \*

A spring rain falls somewhere way out on Long Island over a huge brick manor and its sprawling, immaculately maintained grounds.

43 INT. TIMBERY - RECREATION ROOM - FOLLOWING

43 \*

an ELDERLY MAN in robe and slippers, shuffling beside a white-coated ATTENDANT. Here and there, other residents sit quietly alone or in groups, some doing arts and crafts work, some muttering to themselves.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Cathy still loves me. I know she does. I'd do anything for her...

44 CAMERA HOLDS

44

as the elderly man EXITS FRAME to reveal Spirko, sitting by a window, holding his minirecorder. He's listening attentively to a handsome young man in a wheelchair, also in robe and slippers. The man is strangely distant, obviously disturbed as he stares out at the rain, and at first we should have a hard time remembering him as Cathy's ex-fiancee, STEVEN BASS.

BASS

I told her that. I promised her.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Bass cuts Spirko a manic look.

BASS  
Do you believe me?

SPIRKO  
Sure I believe you.  
(off Bass' continued  
doubtfulness, Spirko  
gently reassures him)  
I wouldn't be here if I didn't.

Bass seems satisfied by the logic of this answer. But then he looks away, grows distant once again. He grimaces, remembering...

BASS  
She ran away...

SPIRKO  
Why did she run?

Bass doesn't answer. He's clearly elsewhere, remembering, hearing voices in his head. Bass gently coaxes him.

SPIRKO  
You can tell me, Steven... Why  
did she run?

BASS  
Because she knew he would come.

SPIRKO  
(hoping)  
Who? Who did she know would come?

Bass glances down at his useless legs.

BASS  
He ruined my legs.

SPIRKO  
I'm sorry. I really am. And I  
want you to know that I'm trying  
to help you.

BASS  
He should be punished. Not for  
me. I don't care about me. For  
Cathy...

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

SPIRKO  
 I can't do anything about that  
 -- we can't -- until you tell me  
 what happened.

Bass looks at Spirko for a long, inscrutable moment, then  
 shakes his head.

BASS  
 She threw it away.

SPIRKO  
 What did she throw away?

BASS  
 Everything... She just...  
 wouldn't listen...

As Bass grows distant once again, remembering...

45  
 thru OMITTED  
 47

45  
 thru  
 47

48 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

48

as Bass tackles Cathy to the ground. She twists and  
 squirms underneath him until, finally, he manages to pin  
 her arms, shaking her shoulders violently.

BASS  
 Why?

Now he grips her by the throat, and begins choking her.  
 All the while rambling to himself.

BASS  
 I never wanted this to happen...  
 I tried to make everything nice  
 for you... I did... like it was  
 before... Why couldn't it be like  
 it was before?

Suddenly Vincent appears over them, ROARING. Bass glances  
 up sharply.

49 HIS POV - VINCENT

49

right on top of him, about to strike.



50 RESUME SCENE

50

Bass shields his face, as Vincent swipes him off Cathy -- hurtling him ten yards into the air. Bass is stunned, but as Vincent closes in, he scrambles along the ground. Vincent lifts him again and slams him into a tree, so that he's barely conscious.

Only now does Cathy have the strength to sit up. She turns to see Vincent at the height of his blood-rage, teeth bared, claws protracted, growling as he moves in for the kill.

CATHY  
(struggling to her feet)  
Vincent!

He doesn't hear her, his ears pounding with fury, as he continues with another vicious blow that renders Bass unconscious.

51 END FLASHBACK - RESUME SCENE IN PRESENT

51

Bass looks at Spirko with an intense clarity.

BASS  
She called him Vincent.

SPIRKO  
(fascinated)  
Vincent...

BASS  
That's his name.

SPIRKO  
(then, carefully)  
What does Vincent look like?

BASS  
It was so dark...

SPIRKO  
Tell me anything you can about him.

Bass struggles mightily with the recollection, his mind racing...

SPIRKO  
Anything...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

BASS

Anything. I don't know. They  
have a sick relationship. He's  
not... a man. I mean, he is not  
human.

He pulls away the lapel of his robe... revealing a set of  
GROTESQUE SCARS covering his entire torso. Bass looks up  
at Spirko...

BASS

See?

Indeed, Spirko sees. He sees Pulitzer paydirt in these  
scars, in this living, breathing eyewitness to the creature  
called Vincent.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NI HT

52

Early A.M. Vincent wandering, sleepless. He moves through  
the city, surreal in its drugged quiet, in its  
alien-lighted night sky. He moves down a deserted street.  
Over this.

VINCENT'S VOICE

"Methought I heard a voice cry,  
'Sleep no more! Macbeth does  
murder sleep,' the innocent  
sleep,/ Sleep that knits up the  
ravell'd sleeve of care,/ The  
death of each day's life..."

Vincent's face FLASHES by the CAMERA.

53 NEW ANGLE

53

as Vincent turns into a narrow alley. Up ahead, he sees:

54 VINCENT'S POV

54

A TRANSIENT asleep beside a dumpster.

55 RESUME SCENE

55

Vincent moves closer. In the throes of an alcoholic stupor, the transient has thrown off his meager blanket. Vincent kneels beside him and pulls the blanket back over the man's shoulder. As Vincent is about to stand, his eyes fall upon a page of newspaper pressed by the wind against the wall of the building. It is the newspaper from the day before with the picture of the mauled biker and the banner headline: WHAT DID THIS?

56 CLOSE ON VINCENT

56

His eyes registering the full implication of the question. Suddenly, a SIREN is heard approaching, and then a SQUEAL of brakes. Vincent looks up sharply.

57 HIS POV - A POLICE CRUISER

57

screeches, fishtailing, into the alley.

58 VINCENT

58

throws himself back into the corner, as the cruiser's headlights sweep over the transient. Vincent huddles in the shadows, preparing for the worst... but the cruiser just WAILS past, heading to another story in the naked city. CAMERA MOVES IN ON VINCENT, his chest heaving, as he processes his feelings of imminent persecution and danger.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

59 EXT. NEW YORK SENTINEL BUILDING - DAY 59  
to establish.

EDWARDS' VOICE  
How far back do we go, Spirko?

60 INT. NEW YORK SENTINEL OFFICES - DAY 60

Spirko is smoking yet another cigarette, pacing before the desk of his friend and editor, BILL EDWARDS (50, black). Edwards is looking at several black and white photographs of Bass' disfigured chest, obviously unimpressed. Which is why Spirko is pacing.

SPIRKO  
I don't know... nine years.

EDWARDS  
Ten. You think you'd have learned something in that time.

SPIRKO  
Bill --

EDWARDS  
Now you've got some incredible stuff here, don't get me wrong. But you're misssing pieces. None of it fits together right.

SPIRKO  
(overriding)  
You heard the tape.

EDWARDS  
Yeah... of a certified psychotic. I could go to Bellevue right now and come back with a much better story than this.

As Edwards slides the photos across the desk, Spirko regards him head on, waiting for Edwards to look at him.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

SPIRKO

I have another source. A good one.

EDWARDS

Who's that?

Spirko crushes out his cigarette, then regards Edwards for another beat: they've shared such sacred information before this.

SPIRKO

Elliot Burch.

EDWARDS

You're kidding me...

SPIRKO

Names, places, dates, you name it.

EDWARDS

Burch?

SPIRKO

On my mother's grave.

(then)

He's had something going with Chandler on and off for almost two years now. I don't know what their story is, but he's got her number down.

\*

Edwards ponders this...

EDWARDS

Think he'd go public?

SPIRKO

What do you think? And I'm not gonna push it either.

EDWARDS

Well maybe you'd better start, because that's your story. Until he speaks up, I can't print a word.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

SPIRKO

Even though I'm telling you it's  
clean..?

EDWARDS

What do you want me to say? Go  
sell it to the Inquiring Star  
if you're so damn anxious.  
They pay better.

Off Spirko's mounting frustration:

CUT TO:

61 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - MOVING

61

with Cathy at a brisk mid-town Manhattan clip when Spirko  
falls in beside her. Cathy picks up the pace.

SPIRKO

Hey! How about some lunch?

CATHY

Are you crazy?

SPIRKO

Maybe.

(then, as they walk a  
few silent steps)

I spoke to an old boyfriend of  
yours yesterday. He told me a  
very interesting story.

Spirko has the minirecorder out and on, holding it before  
them, the volume way up. And over the din, we hear:

BASS' VOICE (OVER)

(futzd)

I don't know. They have a sick  
relationship. He's not... a man.  
I mean he is not human.

Spirko snaps off the recorder. Cathy turns to confront  
him.

CATHY

(seething)

How could you do that to  
Steven?

\*

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

SPIRKO

I told you: I'm just after the truth.

CATHY

Steven doesn't know the truth.

SPIRKO

What about the scars Vincent left him with?

Cathy reacts to the mention of Vincent's name. She tries to keep it together, but she's obviously shaken up.

SPIRKO

I have pictures, if you're interested...

CATHY

This is harrassment, Mr. Spirko. And if you continue, I will have you arrested.

SPIRKO

Wouldn't it just be easier to tell me about Vincent?

Cathy turns and continues down the sidewalk. Spirko goes after her.

SPIRKO

Steven Bass and I aren't the only ones who know about Vincent.

Cathy cuts across the street to get away from Spirko, who stops at the curb...

SPIRKO

(calling out after her)

There's someone who knows a helluva lot more than either of us.

He lets her go, watching as she crosses the street. He knows he's getting to her... getting closer.

62 FOLLOWING CATHY

62

Spirko's words register on her face, but she keeps moving... faster and faster, almost shaking with fear and dread.

CUT TO:

OVER BLACK

A ROAR AND A SCREAM

SERIES OF FAST SUBLIMINAL SHOTS

63 - TIGHT ON PYTHON, screaming as he dies in "No Way Down." 63

64 - TIGHT ON YATES, dying a gruesome death in "Impossiblee Silence" 64

65 - TIGHT ON EHRLICH, as Vincent eviscerates the giant in "To Reign in Hell." 65

66 OMITTED 66 \*

67 - TIGHT ON BIKER Z, letting out his last horrible cry. 67

(Note: these shots are only suggestions, but they should favor the VICTIMS in the throes of death -- their agony, their pain, their contortions -- so as to burn the images into Vincent's consciousness, to haunt him as nightmare flashes. The more graphic, the better. Perhaps the most desirable footage can be found in the dailies of these various episodes. Especially in the those directed by Tom Wright.)

CUT TO:

68 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - ON VINCENT 68

holding his massive head in his hands, as the sounds of carnage and death echo and fade in his brain. Father appears at the chamber entrance, carrying a slim volume of poetry. He calls out softly.

FATHER

Vincent...

Vincent looks up sharply.

(CONTINUED)



68 CONTINUED:

68

FATHER  
Am I disturbing you?

VINCENT  
No... please...

Father enters and sits beside Vincent on the bed. He regards Vincent lovingly and places a hand on his knee.

FATHER  
I came across an old favorite poem  
I had forgotten.

VINCENT  
(resisting)  
Father...

Father opens the volume.

FATHER  
Let me read it to you.

VINCENT  
No poetry...

FATHER  
Listen to the first lines,  
Vincent.

Vincent reaches across and gently closes the book. He stands and moves into the center of the chamber. Finally, he turns to face Father.

VINCENT  
If I ask... will you tell me the  
truth, Father?

FATHER  
Of course.

VINCENT  
(beat)  
Am I a man?

A tight line connects their eyes.

FATHER  
Part of you is...

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

VINCENT

And what part is not? What part  
takes over... so that the man in  
me cannot forget... cannot close  
his eyes in peace?

FATHER

(sadly)

I don't know the answer, Vincent.

Father now also stands.

FATHER

I don't know the answer.

VINCENT

You have educated the man. You  
have nurtured the man. Read him  
poetry... taught him to love...

(beat)

But the other... the other, you  
don't understand.

FATHER

I have tried --

VINCENT

You don't understand its power.

FATHER

(concern)

Vincent...

Father moves toward him. Vincent looks up at him.

VINCENT

Father... I can't control my  
thoughts.

(then)

Father... I am afraid.

And Father holds him in his arms, comforting him.

CUT TO:

69 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - MICROFILM ROOM - DAY

69

Cathy looks hard at the screen before her, jots some notes  
on a pad, then advances the microfiche.

70 CU - SCREEN

70

as newspaper pages blur forward... slowing, then stopping at an article with an adjacent photo of the proposed Burch Tower. The headline: "BURCH TOWER GIVEN GO BY URBAN DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION." The boldface byline reads: Bernie Spirko.

The film blurs forward to another article. "DA COMMISSION PROBES CORRALES GROUP." This one also by Bernie Spirko.

71 ANGLE - CATHY

71

growing thoughtful, the pieces coming together in her mind...

CUT TO:

72 INT. ELLIOT BURCH'S OFFICE - DAY

72

Cathy can scarcely contain her hurt and rage before Elliot.

CATHY

You said you came to me out of concern, but the whole time you've been undermining everything --

ELLIOT

(overriding)

Cathy, please... Calm down and tell me what it is you think I'm doing.

CATHY

You know damn well.

ELLIOT

Why won't you believe me? I don't know Bernie Spirko except as a byline in the New York Sentinel.

CATHY

(accusatory)

You leaked the Corrales story to him last year. And for all I know, he's still on your payroll.

ELLIOT

I never gave Spirko a penny.

CATHY

How can you deny it?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

ELLIOT  
Listen to yourself! You're  
supposed to be an attorney.  
What happened to innocent until  
proven guilty?

CATHY  
This isn't a court of law.

ELLIOT  
Cathy...

Elliot waits for his anger to subside into manageable  
frustration.

ELLIOT  
I know you have secrets in your  
life. And I know that whatever  
is happening now is real and  
causing you a lot of pain...

CATHY  
(overriding;  
furious)  
Stop it, Elliot! Just stop.

Shaking with fury, she turns to leave. Elliot watches  
until the door closes. He shows little emotion as he  
taps the intercom on his desk.

ELLIOT  
Get me Manning...

CUT TO:

73  
thru  
75

OMITTED

73  
thru \*

75

76 INT. CENTRAL PARK THRESHOLD - CONTINUOUS

76

Cathy hurries down the long tunnel, then stops to glance back toward the tunnel mouth. Listens intently. Does she hear something behind her? Nothing. So she hurries forward...to find Vincent waiting. \*

CATHY  
(urgent; breathless)  
Vincent, we musn't stay here.  
Let's go deeper.

Vincent holds open the gate, and together they enter the tunnels. Vincent pulls the control lever, and the door SLIDES SHUT, locking them in.

Cathy leads Vincent down the narrow passage into a CONCRETE CHAMBER. Vincent comes in behind her.

VINCENT  
What is it, Catherine?

CATHY  
It's Elliot. He's the one who's been feeding the reporter information.

VINCENT  
Elliot?

Cathy nods gravely.

CATHY  
Vincent... they know your name now.  
(beat)  
Somehow they got to Stephen Bass.

Vincent is deeply affected by the news -- the world closing in.

CATHY  
Father's right. The risk has become too great. We can't see each other again until this is over.

Long moment.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT  
Catherine...

CATHY  
Yes.

VINCENT  
Perhaps if Elliot... understood.

CATHY  
No.

VINCENT  
But he is a man who... could understand.

CATHY  
Once I thought so too. But I've seen him now. He's out to destroy us, to condemn us.

VINCENT  
To condemn us?

CATHY  
He knows we're something different, something beyond his experience, and that must threaten him.

VINCENT  
It is I who is different.

CATHY  
No, Vincent. It is us. I've learned that. We share the responsibility for what we are together.

Vincent turns away, the anger rising in him.

VINCENT  
My mind if filled with thoughts... beyond imagining.

CATHY  
If they ever found you, Vincent...

VINCENT  
They will never find me! I will vanish... bury myself somewhere deep in the earth.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

CATHY

And you would be lost to me.

VINCENT

Without you... I would be lost  
to myself.

CUT TO:

77 INT. TOWER PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

77

A gilded door opens one flight up. Spirko, standing in the center of the room, turns and glances up to see Elliot step out onto a small balcony, his face obscured in the gloom.

ELLIOT

Well?

SPIRKO

His name is Vincent. From what I can piece together... his face is deformed in some way, grotesque. And... so are his hands --

ELLIOT

Tell me about his hands.

SPIRKO

Incredibly strong. He uses them to kill. And I know this sounds strange, but I think they're more like claws.

ELLIOT

Why is that so strange?

SPIRKO

Well --

ELLIOT

(overriding)

Is he human, Mr. Spirko? \*

SPIRKO \*

I don't know. I mean, what else could he be?

ELLIOT \*

I'm asking you.

SPIRKO \*

He walks. He talks. He loves.  
If love is human... \*

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

ELLIOT  
Catherine Chandler.

SPIRKO  
Yes.

ELLIOT  
Have you seen her?

SPIRKO  
This morning. She was pretty  
shaken up by what I knew.

ELLIOT  
Would a photograph be useful to  
you, Mr. Spirko?

SPIRKO  
Of Vincent? Are you kidding me?

ELLIOT  
You've done well, Mr. Spirko.  
I believe you've earned the  
privelege. \*

SPIRKO  
Privelege? \*

ELLIOT  
Of meeting him. \*  
(beat)  
It's time for me to arrange a  
little introduction.

Spirko reaches into his jacket to celebrate with a  
cigarette. He goes so far as to place it between his  
lips... before he remembers. He stares at Elliot, sensing  
his dark presence, smiles apologetically, and finally takes  
the cigarette out of his mouth.

FADE OUT:

78  
thru  
81  
OMITTED

78  
thru  
81

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

82 INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

82

We HEAR the soothing strains of Mozart as Cathy sits, unable to focus on the book that rests open on her lap. She glances up the balcony, hopefully... then, with a wistful sadness. She looks back down at her book and realizes that it's no use to continue trying -- so she rises and walks toward the balcony...

83 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY

83

Cathy steps out onto the balcony, where she looks over the cool, sparkling city, a soft breeze pressing her nightgown to her body.

CUT TO:

84 INT. CATHY'S SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

84

CLOSE ON

a pile of broken bricks, as a FLASHLIGHT BEAM sweeps past, then:

SPIRKO (O.S.)

Ow! Son of a...

85 WIDER

85

Spirko ducks beneath a low water pipe, rubbing his head where he just bumped it. He looks around, trying to get his bearings in this unfamiliar place.

SPIRKO

(muttering to himself)  
Helluva way to make a living,  
Spirko.

Following his flashlight beam, he finds an old foot stool deep in a shadowed corner. He settles down on the stool, and sets down his camera bag. And as he begins pulling out camera, film, and the ever-present minirecorder...

CUT TO:

86 INT. CATHY'S BUILDING - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

86 \*

The building super, ROGER, smiles amiably as two REPAIRMEN in navy jumpsuits and baseball caps enter from the street.

\*

ROGER  
Help you guys?

\*

The one whose cursive stitching reads "Gus" speaks first.

GUS  
We're doing some work for  
Catherine Chandler.

ROGER  
The service elevator is just  
around the corner. Here,  
lemme show you.

\*

Roger starts in that direction as "VIC" jams a silenced pistol into Roger's back and FIRES TWICE. The force slams Roger against the wall. And as he slides to the ground, Gus and Vic unfurl a black body bag.

\*

CUT TO:

87 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - NIGHT

87

Cathy is lost in thought... when the music from inside her apartment SWELLS SUDDENLY, snapping her back to reality. She wheels around to find Gus right there, pressing a length of wide electric tape over her mouth. Cathy responds through her panic by throwing an elbow uppercut toward his throat -- but Gus blocks her with expert finesse, using the momentum to spin her around and smack her, open-handed, in the head, staggering her. Vic sweeps aside the curtains for Gus to carry her back inside. HOLD on the empty balcony, the curtains billowing in, and Mozart's unheard melody.

CUT TO:

88 INT. CATHY'S BUILDING - STAIRWELL

88

Gus and Vic flanking Cathy, hastening her down one flight, then another. She collapses onto one landing, but they virtually lift her, carrying her down and down...

CUT TO:

89 INT. TUNNELS (STOCK)

89

Vincent running...

CUT TO:

90 INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

90

Spirko hears movement, and sinks back into the shadows just as Gus and Vic round the corner, pushing Cathy before them. Spirko seems confused and disturbed by what he sees... though he does nothing about it. He just continues to watch.

91 HIS POV

91

as Gus and Vic yank Cathy through the jagged hole, deeper into the sub-basement.

92 RESUME SPIRKO

92

as he gets up to follow. We MOVE WITH HIM, as he peers through the half-constructed wall:

93 HIS POV

93

Gus pushes Cathy hard against the wall.

GUS

This is it. This is where he  
said...

Gus' words are drowned by the thundering noise of exploding cinderblock as:

94 VINCENT

94

emerges from the dusty place where the wall once stood, ROARING with primal indignation.

95 SPIRKO

95

reacts, agog, paralyzed by the inadequacy of his own imagination. This creature is far more awesome than anything he could ever have imagined.

96 RESUME SCENE

96

as Vincent advances toward Vic, who just manages to draw his gun as Vincent tears into him... dispatching him with two incredibly powerful swipes.

97 CATHY

97

pressed close to the wall, rips the tape from her mouth, watching, as:

98 GUS

98

dodges Vincent's strike, which grazes, laying open five parallel scratches along his face, as we hear A CAMERA SHUTTER CLICK, the film AUTO-ADVANCING (SFX should exaggerate the sound as it echoes in Vincent's head). Off Vincent's split-second distraction, we discover:

99 SPIRKO

99

who has regained his composure, and is shooting the action from his safe place behind the wall.

100 VINCENT

100

parries a punching and kicking combination thrown by Gus, when the CAMERA CLICKS again. With a tremendous ROAR, Vincent pounces upon Gus, tearing into Gus with bloody efficiency, as the CAMERA SOUND continues capturing the carnage... until it is over. Cathy rushes toward Vincent, but he steps past her, moving toward:

101 SPIRKO

101

petrified, horrified, as:

102 VINCENT

102

ROARS, advancing toward Spirko, who stands now, revealing himself. He backs away quickly, filling with panic.

SPIRKO

Hey! No... don't. Please!

As Vincent advances toward Spirko, whose tightening throat can scarcely let out the words...

\*

SPIRKO

I'm not -- I swear, I had nothing...

\*

103 CATHY

103

rises and moves toward the impending execution.

CATHY

Vincent!

104 RESUME SCENE

104

as Spirko thrusts forward the damning evidence that is his camera...

SPIRKO

Here... take it...

(desperate)

Come on...

But Vincent continues, his hand poised to strike...

SPIRKO

NO! PLEASE!!...

Vincent stops. The transformation is almost palpable as Spirko's words penetrate. Spirko is cowering, quivering against the wall. Vincent bows his head, his eyes closing as if to shut out everything that's just happened. Spirko's heart might still come out of his chest he's breathing so hard. His relief comes slowly.

SPIRKO

All right. I'm out of here.

Cathy has approached, and regards Vincent -- who cannot meet her look.

CATHY

Vincent...

She reaches for him, but Vincent slips past her...

CATHY

Vincent!

She moves to follow, but he has already disappeared around the corner. Cathy stops, her confusion quickly focusing into anger as she confronts Spirko.

CATHY

You set up this whole thing...

SPIRKO

I didn't set up anything.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

CATHY

Look! These men died because  
of you.

She stares defiantly at Spirko, who seems emboldened by her  
presence... and by Vincent's absence.

SPIRKO

I just followed a lead.

CATHY

Elliot Burch...

SPIRKO

(re: privileged  
information)

Come on, Miss Chandler...

As Spirko gathers his stuff...

CATHY

You can't do this.

SPIRKO

Why not?

\*

CATHY

Because you don't know...

SPIRKO

(overriding)

Hey, Lady, don't tell me what I  
know. I earned every word of  
this story.

Cathy tries to stifle the anger and desperation in her  
voice, which comes out half-choked.

CATHY

You have no idea what this...  
"story" is all about.

SPIRKO

I think I've seen enough, don't  
you?

Perched on a broken brick shelf is the minirecorder, which  
has been running the whole time. Spirko shuts it off,  
stuffs it into his camera bag.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

CATHY

If you print this, you'll  
destroy Vincent... and me.  
Doesn't that mean anything to  
you?

\*

Spirko zips the camera bag shut conclusively.

SPIRKO

This isn't a personal thing, Miss  
Chandler: it's news.

With that, Spirko slings his camera bag onto his shoulder,  
and moves off... disappearing into the dusty light from  
the world above. For a long, suspended moment, Cathy  
stands there. She looks down at the dead bodies of her  
would-be killers... a bitter reminder. Slowly, she moves  
to follow the path of Vincent's retreat...

\*

104A INT. ROCK TUNNELS

104A \*

where she finds Vincent standing just inside, half-  
hidden by shadow. There is a strange tension between  
them, an unspoken forboding. After a long silence:

\*

CATHY

I'm shaking...

Vincent steps out of the shadows, takes her in his arms.  
And as they cling to one another, Vincent whispers to  
her.

\*

VINCENT

What you said is true,  
Catherine...

She stiffens in fearful expectation. Vincent feels this,  
but confides with a strength and nobility born of his  
unique understanding of fate.

(CONTINUED)

104A CONTINUED: (2)

104A \*

VINCENT

It must end now. We must end.  
They know everything...

\*

CATHY

No...

VINCENT

This man will not stop. Elliot...  
will not stop. They will hunt  
me until they find me... or until  
I am dead.

CATHY

Then let me come with you.

VINCENT

It is no life for you.

CATHY

Or for you!

VINCENT

But it is my life. And I must  
find the strength to bear it.

She regards him, beginning to understand the full meaning  
of all this, the devastating truth.

CATHY

(helpless)

I don't know what to do...

VINCENT

You must face what we've both  
feared would come to pass. From  
the beginning...

CATHY

Vincent...

VINCENT

(with finality)

It is all we can do.

After a beat, Vincent starts backing away, and for the  
first time we see the great depth of his pain.

VINCENT

Remember our love: it will guide  
you and give you courage. Know  
that what we had... can never be  
taken away from us.

(CONTINUED)



104A CONTINUED: (3)

104A \*

CATHY  
Vincent, don't...

VINCENT  
(desperate)  
Go, Catherine. Quickly...  
please.

But she approaches him instead, her eyes wet with tears...

CATHY  
Hold me. Just hold me once  
more...

Forlorn, yet unable to refuse, he moves into her arms. His head rocks back, profoundly moved by their physical contact. And as the CAMERA RISES, framing this, their last embrace...

DISSOLVE TO:

105 INT. TOWER APARTMENT - CLOSE ON A HAND - NIGHT 105

Writing on parchment at a beautiful mahogany desk.

106 NEW ANGLE - FROM BEHIND ELLIOT 106

as he continues to scribble. The Tiffany lamp on the table provides the only light. CAMERA ANGLE affords a view past the back of Elliot's blurry head to the entrance of the room... where FOOTSTEPS are now heard. Elliot reaches for the lamp and switches it off, just as Spirko enters with his camera, high on the action.

SPIRKO  
Turn it back on. I know who you  
are.

Elliot doesn't touch the light. Instead he leans back in his chair, antique hinges squeaking. Now even deeper in shadow.

ELLIOT  
Do you?

SPIRKO  
Yeah. Elliot Burch.

ELLIOT  
You surprise me, Mr. Spirko.

(CONTINUED)

SPIRKO

I was there. I've got the pictures. Now I want the rest.

ELLIOT

The rest...

SPIRKO

Everything you know. Where he lives. Who he is. What he is.

ELLIOT

I didn't expect to see you tonight.

SPIRKO

Cut the shadow crap. You have a lot to answer for, Burch.

ELLIOT

Such as?

SPIRKO

The bikers in the Park. Those two guys tonight.

(beat)

You sent them to their deaths.

From behind the desk, a match is struck. And Elliot bends to light a cigarette. His face is still obscured. But as he takes his first pull, the brief glow of ember reflects a trace of gold on the side of his face.

ELLIOT

It would have been better for you, if you hadn't figured that out.

SPIRKO

Don't threaten me. My editor knows I'm with you tonight.

Elliot takes a long, slow drag on his cigarette. Spirko finally notices this...

SPIRKO

(puzzled)

You're smoking?

Elliot brings his chair forward. He stands.

SPIRKO

But I thought --

(CONTINUED)

Elliot grinds out the cigarette and then switches on the lamp... but the man who straightens behind the desk, rising to his full imposing stature, is not Elliot Burch at all. It is Paracelsus. His golden mask shimmering in the light.

PARACELSUS  
(Elliot's voice)  
It's Elliot Burch who doesn't  
smoke.  
(his own voice from now  
on)  
Sadly, I've become addicted.

The color drains from Spirko's face and neck.

PARACELSUS  
Trick of the throat. Something  
I learned as a child. Most  
useful...

Paracelsus moves out from behind the desk. Spirko backs up a quick step, but his reporter's curiosity stops him.

SPIRKO  
Who are you?

PARACELSUS  
That is of no consequence.  
(beat; with soft  
emphasis)  
Remember what you saw tonight,  
Mr Spirko. The glory of it.

Spirko is silent, weighing this.

PARACELSUS  
You can print your photographs  
and your hypotheses. Or you can  
print the truth -- always a much  
larger story.

Paracelsus reaches back to unfasten his mask.

PARACELSUS  
Let me show you something in the  
light.

He removes his mask, and delicately places it on the desk.

PARACELSUS  
Come. Look.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

He cranes his neck to expose the side of his face to the lamp -- revealing the hideous and bubbly skin. \*

PARACELSUS

He did this.

Spirko's curiosity draws him even nearer.

SPIRKO

Vincent?

PARACELSUS

He left me to burn in the fire.

Spirko grins in complicity, thinking he finally understands.

SPIRKO

And now you want me to crucify him?

PARACELSUS

Turn on your tape machine, Mr. Spirko.

Spirko reaches into his jacket pocket and holds up the minirecorder.

SPIRKO

It's already on.

Paracelsus gestures "of course." Spirko places the recorder beside the mask on the desk. Paracelsus stalks slowly out into the room.

PARACESLSUS

I asked you before if he was a man. You've seen for yourself, now: he is beyond "man." In his own right, he is a god. A warrior. But he tries to be a man... and in that denies his own greatness. \*

At the desk, Spirko watches him, mesmerized by his voice. Now Paracelsus carefully closes the distance between them.

(CONTINUED)

## PARACELSUS

His home... is beneath the city,  
beneath the streets, in a vast  
system of tunnels and chambers.  
He is not alone there. He lives  
with others. Misguided men and  
women. But they too deny his  
greatness and seek to make him  
something he is not. He is a  
source of primal rage and secret  
urging. Instinct. He is a  
killer. That is his greatness.  
That is his nature.

The recorder on the desk begins CLICKING, at the end of  
its tape. Spirko is snapped out of his reverie.

## SPIRKO

Hold on. Just a second...

He turns his back to flip the tape. Paracelsus is  
silently, swiftly, upon him.

## PARACELSUS

And if he had killed you tonight,  
as I hoped --

Spirko glances up sharply over his shoulder. Paracelsus  
cocks his wrist, releasing the snick blade, and embeds it  
into Spirko's lower spine. Spirko's eyes jump fully  
open... as Paracelsus speaks softly into his ear, holding  
him up with the cold steel.

## PARACELSUS

If he'd killed an innocent man,  
I believe he would have finally  
understood. And shed the false  
skin of his humanity. He would  
have become what I've always  
dreamed for him: to be my son.

Paracelsus extracts the knife with a flourish. Spirko  
crumples dead to the floor. Paracelsus is left standing  
over him, his blade gleaming crimson and silver in the lamp  
light, as we:

CUT TO:

106A INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

106A

Black in here. Silent. No candles burn anywhere. CAMERA ENTERS THE DARKNESS, registering oblique shapes: unlit candles half melted in pools of hardened wax, a cloak draped across an empty chair back, the smooth outline of a statue's face... until we FIND Vincent crouched like a caged animal in the deepest, darkest corner of the room. Staring out. Unblinking. Waiting to be freed. CAMERA MOVES IN ON HIS EYES, impossibly close, a war raging there. HOLD.

FADE OUT:

THE END