

TARZAN

PILOT

written by

Eric Kripke

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"Tarzan"

TEASER

FADE IN...

THE DENSE JUNGLE. Lush, misty rainforest. Distant, unfamiliar SCREECHES and GROWLS. Mysterious. Menacing.

When several SEXY YOUNG TWENTY-SOMETHINGS abruptly appear, battling their way through the latest immunity challenge.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

We're watching a tiny TELEVISION, as a title appears on the screen: "SURVIVOR." A hand reaches in, channel surfs.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM- SCIENCE LABS- NIGHT

A LAB TECHNICIAN has perched his Wal-Mart TV on top of seven-figure medical equipment. Phosphorescent blues and greens flicker across his face, from the vital stat monitors before him-- a veritable mission control.

To his side, a lab-coated DOCTOR peers through a large observation window--

INT. CONTAINMENT AREA

As the Doctor stares down at us, we notice an indistinct REFLECTION in the thick glass-- a huge, heaving ANIMAL FORM, canvas-strapped to an EXAMINATION TABLE.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Now the Doctor flicks a SYRINGE. He nods at two burly SECURITY GUARDS, who lock-and-load TRANQUILIZER DARTS into high-powered RIFLES. The Doctor punches a keypad, a metallic door WHIRRS open, revealing STAIRS, which they descend, into--

INT. CONTAINMENT AREA

ANIMAL POV. The needle-wielding Doctor approaches.

DOCTOR

Easy now. Just need to borrow a little blood...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

The Technician finally settles on Sportscenter. When--

A JARRING CRASH! From the containment area below.

CONTINUED:

2.

The Technician jolts up. Through the window, he spots the doctor, both guards-- all sprawled, unconscious. And the canvas straps on the table-- shredded. The animal is nowhere to be seen.

This Technician's no dummy. He backs for the exit, wary.

When the window EXPLODES! The Technician shields himself from a hailstorm of safety-glass beads. As the CREATURE LUNGES into the room.

ANIMAL POV. It stalks toward the Technician, who turns his face away, terrified. A tense beat.

Then the beast spins, BOLTS for the hall, with inhuman speed. We only catch a blurred glimpse as it disappears around the corner.

The Technician blinks. Remembers to breathe. And now he POUNDS his fist on a console button--

INT. HALLWAY- SCIENCE LABS

ALARM SIRENS. Pulsing, red STROBES.

A FLURRY OF BLACK BOOTS. Hustling down the hall.

A SECURITY TEAM. Uniform gray sportcoats and ties. Ear radios. All carry tranquilizer rifles. Professional, frosty. They pursue a trail of overturned garbage cans, splintered doors. Searching inside utility closets.

THEIR CAPTAIN

Brings up the rear. PAUL ARNO, 30. Thoughtful. Assured. This isn't the first time he's been on the hunt.

Ahead, one GUARD plunges into the blackness of a supply closet. But Paul almost seems to smell something in the air.

PAUL

No!

Too late-- the guard is HURLED from the closet, CRACKS against the opposite hallway wall.

Some other guards scramble to the open door, blindly SHOOTING inside! Dart after dart.

PAUL

That's enough!

CONTINUED:

3.

They cease fire. Paul advances to the closet. Darkness. Beat. Then he flips on the light.

Nothing there. But brooms and buckets.

Now his gaze drifts to the ceiling. To an OVERHEAD HEATING DUCT. With a large VENT wrenched ajar.

EXT. ROOFTOP- NIGHT

THE EXHAUST VENT. Rattles, as the beast HAMMERS against it. At last, the vent snaps open. The animal bursts out.

BOOM! Thundering sheets of rain, a jagged blade of lightning finally illuminates the Creature, revealing--

A MAN, 20's. Barefoot. Wearing green medical scrubs, and strangely, a thin, filthy GOLD NECKLACE. His face remains shrouded in shadow.

The Man stands on the ledge of a SKYSCRAPER. Dwarfed before the building's towering, lighted logo--

GREYSTOKE INDUSTRIES.

He GASPS, desperate and frightened and astonished. At the constellation of city lights spread before him. At the expansive forest of glass and steel.

At NEW YORK CITY.

When an access door FLINGS OPEN. Paul and the other security STORM the roof. They close in, tightening the noose.

The Man whirls, cornered, caged. Backed against the building edge.

But then he peers over-- a vacant window washer platform, a hundred feet down.

BOOM! Another flash of lightning.

As the Man SWAN DIVES off the SKYSCRAPER.

Plummets down, into the velvet night--

BLACKOUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT- BEDROOM- MORNING- WEEK LATER

A CLOCK RADIO. (Beside a framed photo-- a vibrant young couple.) 6:29 rolls over to 6:30, and the alarm BLARES to life. 70's soul. Isley Brothers. "It's Your Thing."

And JANE PORTER, mid-20's, wakes. She's a raven-haired, exotic beauty. Fiercely sharp, intelligent eyes. She exhales. Time for work. And over the funky, energetic MUSIC, we--

CUT TO:

BEDROOM. Jane crunches her way through another set of sit-ups, grimacing at the pain. Driven and determined.

Now she grips a bar, fastened in a doorjam. Pull-ups. Her muscles strain, both feminine and powerful.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM. Her silhouette, as she showers behind the glass. She's alone, so she sings, charming, to the tunes...

CUT TO:

We finally get a good look at Jane's room. Neat. Spotless. Bed's already been made, crisp and taut.

Jane's fully dressed-- a business suit, stylish but conservative. Hair pulled back into a tight bun. She loads her pockets with her necessary accoutrements, each in their right-angle-position on the dresser. Keys. Wallet.

A clip of bullets. And a GUN.

She opens her bedroom door, into--

INT. COMMON AREA

Typically NYC-cramped. And a TOTAL DISASTER ZONE. Clothes strewn. Errant containers of Haagen-Daaz, Empire Wok. Jane tosses them in the trash, swallows her irritation.

In a second bathroom, BONNIE, 30's, Jane's sister. She blow-dries her hair and applies make-up, simultaneous. She's manic and frantic and decidedly not a morning person.

JANE

Morning, sunshine. You're up early.

BONNIE

Audition. Clairol commercial.

(calls out, loud)

Charlie, you are NOT allowed to be tardy again, you hear me?!

(back to Jane)

Would you get her, please? With extreme prejudice?

INT. SECOND BEDROOM

Two rumpled twin beds. Jane strides to one, to a mound under the sheets. YANKS the comforter off the mattress, revealing a scrunched ball of a teenage girl. CHARLIE, 13. She YELPS.

CHARLIE

Aunt Jane!

INT. KITCHEN

Jane chews on a bland nutrition bar. Washes it down with a diet Snapple. Bonnie hurries into the tiny kitchen. They have to side-step-shuffle out of each other's way.

BONNIE

Don't say it. I know. I'm gonna clean.

JANE

(innocent)

I wasn't gonna say anything.

Bonnie gives her sister a look-- yeah, right. As Jane shakes open a New York Times. Then grins, surprised.

THE HEADLINE-- **INFERNO KILLER ON THE STREETS!** Underneath, a press conference photo of DETECTIVE ROB CANLER, 28. We recognize him from Jane's nightstand picture.

Jane waves the paper before Bonnie.

JANE

Check it out.

BONNIE

Damn. He looks good.

JANE

Doesn't he?

BONNIE

(deadpan)

So what's he doing with you, again?

JANE

You are aware no one likes you, right?

CHARLIE

(from the next room)

HEY!

Charlie, now dressed, stomps into the room. Sullen. Hands Jane a fishbowl. With a dead goldfish, belly-up. Jane's face falls.

CHARLIE

You were supposed to feed Regis last night. You promised.

JANE

I did, I swear. Right amount, not too much, like you said. He went on a hunger strike. Or maybe he was...depressed...

Jane trails off. Beat. Charlie shoots daggers. Then--

CHARLIE

Good thing we don't have a dog.

Charlie snags a backpack, marches for the door.

BONNIE

You gonna wish me luck?

CHARLIE

(withering)

Yeah. Good luck. Cause I'm dying for my friends to see my Mom...half naked...in a shampoo commercial.

BONNIE

Hey. I'm doing this for both of us.

CHARLIE

Sure you are.

BONNIE

I love you, you know--

SLAM. No reply. Bonnie frowns, troubled. Jane puts a supportive arm around her sister.

JANE

She knows. And in her own hormone-stricken way, she loves you right back.

Bonnie smiles a thanks. Takes the fishbowl from Jane, heads for the bathroom.

Jane turns back to the Times article. Shakes her head. Pensive. Wistful.

From the bathroom-- FLUSH. Bonnie emerges, sees Jane.

BONNIE

What's wrong?

JANE

Oh. Nothing. It's just...working a case like this...can you imagine? How unbelievably amazing that would be?

BONNIE

You'll get there.

JANE

(frustrated)

A year on the job now, and they still treat me like I'm fresh off the boat.

(beat)

So, no, instead, they got me working the crime of the century--

EXT. CORNER MARKET- SIDEWALK- MORNING

NEW-YAWK-SHOPKEEPER

Those friggin' stray mutts, they ate half my friggin' inventory!

Jane and her partner SAM interview the man. Sam is a dashing, brash 40, with a mischievous glint. Jane and Sam both wear shields on their coats-- plain-clothes Detectives.

SAM

(this stinks)

Alright, sir. Let's begin at the beginning. About what time did you discover...the animal attack...?

Jane leaves the questioning to her partner. She passes a bored-looking PATROL COP, into the market.

INT. CORNER MARKET

This place would've been a mess on a good day. Now, it's like a tornado hit. Front window shattered. A ticker-tape parade of chewed, multi-ethnic wrappers. Scraps of mystery meat. Jane wades through the clutter. When her brow furrows. She crouches.

CONTINUED:

A SLIVER OF CARDBOARD

Easy to miss. Juts out from beneath an overturned shelf.

Jane tugs it out. It's a fragment from a box. Hungry Man Frozen Dinner. She turns it over in her hands.

When Sam steps up. He picks a carton of Nicorette gum off the floor, waves it at the shopkeeper.

SAM

Hey. Charge me for this.

(to Jane)

I'll call Animal Control. We'll send 'em on regular block patrols.

JANE

Let's call Bellevue, too. See if they're reporting any runners.

SAM

What are you talking about? We got a pack of deranged Snoopys here. Over and out.

Jane holds up the scrap from the TV Dinner box.

JANE

Probably. But how many dogs do you know, can open a freezer door?

EXT. ROOFTOPS- DAY

We're on the mangy rooftops of the East Village. Below, Jane and Sam climb into an unmarked Crown Victoria.

When Jane's struck with a sudden, eerie feeling. She looks up, scanning. Nothing there.

She gets in. As the car motors away--

A FIGURE WIPES FRAME. Somebody's up there...

INT. 14TH PRECINCT- SQUAD ROOM- DAY

Near Union Square, in the heart of Manhattan. We sense history inside the scuffed, chipped walls. Though these days, there's computers on every mismatched desk, which leaves even less room for the various avalanches of paperwork.

The room's packed with DETECTIVES, in the middle of a task force meeting. Up front is ROB CANLER, 28. Even more commanding and charismatic in person.

ROB
...so, third victim, same M.O. We all
know the score-- it's a serial case, now.

Troubled MUTTERS from the audience.

IN THE BACK. Jane and Sam enter. Jane can't help but beam
when she sees Rob.

Now Rob punches a POWERBOOK button, an LCD projector displays
crime scene photos against the wall.

ROB
Victims are homeless. Flammable is
kerosene. No witnesses, no evidence.
Nothing.

IN THE BACK. Sam's mind races, a mile a minute. Jane's seen
this expression before.

JANE
(harsh whisper)
Sam. Don't.

SAM
(innocent)
What?

ROB
...so until we get some more focus, we
canvass. Bryman, Hein-- you got area
shelters, soup kitchens. Sands, Lopez--
undercover, in the alleys.
(off their GROANS)
Hey. No bitching. It's your turn--

SAM
(LOUD from the rear)
What about Edward Creal?

Jane exhales-- dammit. Some of the Detectives roll their
eyes. But Rob always shows Sam respect.

ROB
Sam. What about him?

SAM
Cases sound kinda similar. Maybe your
boy's a copycat. Might provide some of
that "focus" you're looking for.

Beside Rob-- CAPTAIN JIM ARCHER, 50. He steps forward.

CAPTAIN ARCHER

We don't think so. Creal died in prison right after you busted him, Sam. 15 years ago. So not too many people even remember that case.

GENE, a tight-ass Detective in the front, CALLS OUT to Sam.

GENE

Don't you two have a stray dog to catch?

SAM

I don't know, Gene. Is your wife missing?

Gene glares at Sam, forehead veins bulging.

INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY- LATER

Jane strides with Sam. Against the current of passing police. She's upset.

JANE

I bet you thought that was hysterical.

SAM

Not at all. I've seen Gene's wife.

JANE

Sam. You've been on probation two times this year. You're always pissing people off. Enough. What's your deal?

Sam stops. Regards Jane, close.

SAM

You wanna know the truth? Really? Okay. Now it's...painful...for me. But if I keep it bottled up any longer...

JANE

What?

Dramatic beat. Then he breaks into a grin.

SAM

I like pissing people off. I'm super good at it.

JANE

(storms away)

Then maybe I should put in for a new partner...

SAM
(chasing after)
Jane. Wait up. Come on.

He catches up. Then, all jokes aside--

SAM
Kid. Listen. There's no trick to this.
You wanna step up to the show? This is
how. You rock the boat. You hunt with
your gut. And you get it done.
(leans in, conspiratorial)
Now, I'm gonna poke around on this thing,
see what I can see. I need your help.

Jane looks at Sam. Conflicted. She wants to help him, she
wants to so damn much, but...

JANE
It's not our case. Hell, it's Rob's case
and...we should just do our job. Keep
outta trouble. I...I can't. I'm sorry.

Jane walks away, avoiding Sam's gaze.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET- DAY

Lunchtime rush. Teeming humanity. Golden sunlight squeezes
between the canyon walls.

We observe from ABOVE. From a rooftop. When a MAN steps
into frame. PAUL ARNO. Greystoke Security Captain.
Contemplating the skyline. Calm. Patient.

Behind him, a TEAM of uniformed SECURITY comb the roof. Some
study a taped-off bare footprint, etched in the gravel.
Others consult hand-held GPS scanners. Then, in the corner--

GUARD
Sir?

Paul moves to the guard, who hands over--

A SHRED OF GREEN FABRIC. Specked with maroon, crusted blood.

SEVERAL STORIES BELOW

Jane munches a pretzel. Rob beside her. He always seems the
hard-driven professional, even on his lunch break. As he
snags a hot dog from a VENDOR, he glances at his watch--

ROB
Damn. I'm late.

CONTINUED:

JANE

That's right. The Chief.

ROB

(a flash of stress)

He wants a progress report. And I'm reporting no progress.

JANE

You're gonna be amazing. As usual.

ROB

(as he backs away)

So we're on for Thursday, right?

JANE

I got that forensics seminar, remember?

ROB

God. How lame are we, that we can't hook up for dinner and a rental?

JANE

Hey. We're an uber-couple. It's the price we pay.

Rob nods. About to turn away. But he stops. A beat. Now he walks back to Jane. With a new energy-- he's nervous.

ROB

Listen. I've been thinking. I've had it with my apartment. It's too small, there's that freaky stain on the ceiling.

(beat)

My lease is up in a few months. And we never get to see each other...

JANE

...Rob. What are you telling me here?

ROB

I mean...no rush...we should talk it through. And Lord knows when we'll have the time to look. But maybe...we could think about getting a place. Together.

(Jane freezes. Surprised.)

Um. This is your cue to say something--

Jane grins, a thousand watts. Wraps her arms around Rob so tightly that he stumbles.

JANE

Yeah. Okay.

Then...she pulls back. Affectionately straightens Rob's tie.

JANE

Now. Beat it, Detective. You're late.

EXT. ORIGINAL FAMOUS RAY'S PIZZA- NIGHT- ESTABLISHING

A warm, inviting beacon of neon and yellow fluorescents, spilling from the front windows.

INT. ORIGINAL FAMOUS RAY'S

Bustling. Line of CUSTOMERS, out the door. Delivery guys. Dough tossers. And RAY, 40's, hefty guy, he owns the joint.

Jane's sister BONNIE at the register. Takes orders. When Jane enters, up to the side of the counter, excited.

JANE

I have news.

BONNIE

What?

JANE

God. I'm sorry. Your audition?

BONNIE

Let us never speak of it again. Come on. Your news!

JANE

Can we grab a table?

BONNIE

Jesus, it's "sit down" news? Ray! I'm on break!

CUT TO:

AT A TABLE. In the corner. Bonnie picks at a slice. With a significant lack of enthusiasm.

BONNIE

You're gonna talk it through? What's there to talk through? You either shack up or you don't.

JANE

Only about a billion things. Finances, for one-- who pays what bill? Is it a 50/50 split? And...how do we deal with the safety valve issue?

CONTINUED:

Bonnie shrugs.

JANE

You know. If we fight. There's no place to stomp off to anymore. No safety valve.

BONNIE

(dripping with sarcasm)

So romantic. Like a fairy tale.

JANE

Bonnie. What's your problem? I thought you'd be thrilled.

BONNIE

Sweetie. I love you. But you're overthinking this thing. To within an inch of its life. That's my problem.

JANE

So we're taking our time. Figuring out the details. So what?

BONNIE

You're not supposed to take your time. You're supposed to rush. You move in, when you can't breathe without each other. When it's all...violins and running slo-mo through fields...

JANE

It is. I mean. We have all that.

(beat)

Look. I finally got everything the way I want it. Everything I planned for, since I was, like, six.

BONNIE

Jane. It's love. You can't plan for it, or figure it out, or think it through. You have to feel it. You just know.

(beat)

So I'm asking you. Do you know?

Jane grows upset.

JANE

Of course I do.

(angry beat)

Are you happy for me? Or not?

RAY (O.S.)

Bonnie! Break's over!

BONNIE

(to Jane)

Yes. As long as you are.

JANE

Well I am.

BONNIE

Okay. Then good. Forget I said anything. Really.

RAY (O.S.)

I'm dyin' over here!

BONNIE

Listen. I gotta go.

Bonnie stands, returns to the counter. Leaving Jane. Alone. This conversation bothers her, more than she ever would have expected. When Jane's CELL PHONE RINGS.

JANE

Hey, Sam. What's up?

INT. KOSHER BUTCHER SHOP- EAST VILLAGE- NIGHT

Display case demolished. Fresh meat sprinkled everywhere. Jane hands a business card to the BUTCHER.

JANE

You hear or see anything, give us a call.

She joins Sam. As the two Detectives exit, Sam picks up a T-BONE (he wears rubber gloves). It has a GNASHING BITE taken out of it. Far too large a chomp to be human.

SAM

Still think a man coulda done all this?

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP- NIGHT

Barren, dark, except for the sporadic pool of streetlamp light. Jane and Sam shuffle to the car. Bone tired.

SAM

Know who we need on this case? Those two creepy German guys.

(Jane doesn't know)

Come on. From Vegas. Leathery skin... Siegfried and Roy! I bet they'd have our mutts jumpin' through hoops in no time.

CONTINUED:

JANE

They're magicians, not animal trainers--

When Jane notices something, behind Sam. Her smile fades.

JANE

Hey. Check it out.

DOWN THE BLOCK-- an ANIMAL CONTROL TRUCK. Parked. Orange siren silently flashing.

CUT TO:

Jane and Sam approach the truck. Strange. Seems abandoned. Back door's open, a few YAPPING poodles caged inside. Jane circles the vehicle, and that's when she discovers--

THE ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER

Sitting on the curb. Collar-pole lay before him. The siren projects the only color onto his ghostly-white face. He tries to light a smoke, but can't.

Because his hands are trembling.

JANE

What happened?

He barely registers the cops' presence. He only points over his shoulder, jittery. To the inky black of an alley.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER

I...I saw...something...

SAM

What?

SAVAGE GROWLING from the alley's gloom!

Jane and Sam look at each other. Draw their guns.

EXT. ALLEY- MOMENTS LATER

They advance down the alley. They hold flashlights, in position, directly under their pistols. Two slender beams of white skim across an ocean of black.

Jane GASPS, as a rat scurries over her feet. Then, several more SQUEALING RATS scuttle past. For the street.

SAM

And they're running from...?

Still, the Detectives continue. The GROWLING grows louder, and now it's accompanied by new sounds.

Wet tearing. And snapping. It all radiates from behind a large dumpster.

Jane and Sam round the dumpster's corner...long beat...then, finally, their flashlights pick up--

A FLUFFY, WAGGING TAIL.

Actually, several of them. A pack of stray dogs. All shapes and sizes. Feeding on a pile of raw steaks.

Sam shrugs at Jane. This isn't so bad. He steps forward--

A MAN JOLTS HIS HEAD FROM THE PACK! Eyes blazing in the flashlights!

Sam jumps back, startled.

The Man bolts for the depths of the alley, garbage cans echo in his wake.

SAM

Hey! Stop!

AT THE BACK OF THE ALLEY

The Man reaches the grimy dead end. So he VAULTS to a rusty drainage pipe. Heaves himself skyward, hand over hand, with extraordinary strength.

EXT. ROOFTOP- NIGHT

The Man clambers onto the roof. Where Jane already stands. Gun trained.

JANE

Hey, Einstein. Two words. "Fire Escape."

She can't see his face; he's a frozen silhouette. Beat. Then he turns, SPRINTS.

JANE

No! Stop, dammit!

He reaches the roof edge. And without even breaking stride, he SPRINGS into the air. Soars across the chasm. To the next roof. Touches down with cat-like agility.

Jane's eyes widen to saucers-- no way.

She glances over the side of the building. Sam's still huffing his way up the fire escape.

Jane makes a decision. Grits her teeth. Backs up, gives herself enough runway. Gallops for the edge, and LEAPS!

Arms flapping, she makes it across, crash-rolling. Not nearly as graceful.

JANE TEARS AFTER THE MAN. IN HOT PURSUIT.

Across a secret, New York cityscape of water towers, smoking chimneys, exhaust ports.

He dashes far ahead, with invincible speed-- this guy moves unlike anyone Jane's ever seen. He bounds again, to the next rooftop. She hurdles after.

Incongruously, Jane suddenly seems to be rushing through an OVERGROWN JUNGLE. Until we REVEAL she passes a giant billboard, for Ralph Lauren's "Safari."

She's losing him. He's multiple buildings ahead, growing small against the black horizon. Much too fast for Jane.

So she bears down, pushes herself, pumps her legs even harder. Readies for her next flight. But her foot skids on some gravel, just before take-off--

LOW ANGLE FROM THE ALLEY

As Jane flings herself overhead. She doesn't make it-- only catches the opposite building with her hands, forearms.

Dangling.

The force of impact swings her toward the building, her forehead CRACKS against brick.

One hand forfeits its hold-- arm slumps to her side, releasing the GUN, which skitters down the long, sickening drop to the street below.

She hangs one-handed now, practically by her fingers.

Her eyes flutter, she's losing consciousness.

JANE'S HAND

As her grip relaxes, begins its fatal slide--

ANOTHER HAND CLASPS HERS. Hoists Jane, one armed, with inhuman strength. Up to--

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP

Full moon. Sky dusted with stars; but there's billions more twinkling from the skyline.

And Jane finds herself face to face with--

TARZAN, 20's. He's wild; and yet his features are fine, fair, noble. No shirt; slashed medical-scrub-pants. He wears a thin gold necklace.

He is the most achingly perfect man Jane has ever seen.

He holds her up, his powerful arms around her. Jane struggles to shake the cobwebs.

JANE

...you're under...arrest...

She tries to push him away, but she's wobbly. Though she manages to catch the necklace, SNAPS it off.

She's spinning. Her legs give out. Before she collapses, he lays her, gently, onto the roof. During the chase, her hair band must have come loose, because now her brown tresses flow out behind her. She gazes up and--

HIS FIERCE BLUE EYES LOCK WITH HERS.

On his face, an expression of entranced WONDER. He kneels beside her.

The mood is unearthly. Liquid. Languid.

Curious, he sniffs. Then, with surprising tenderness, his finger traces across her face, her full lips, her neck. Her shirt's torn, and he glides his hand over her bare midriff. Her smooth skin.

He's never seen anyone like Jane before.

Jane quivers. She's shaking. She tries to say something, but she's too weak.

Then...Tarzan leans in, slow. He brushes his cheek against hers, with emotion, and longing. The way an untamed animal would display affection.

Jane must be dreaming.

Yes. She's definitely dreaming. Because the FULL MOON grows closer and closer. Larger and larger.

CONTINUED:

Then. Jane blinks. Wait. That's not the moon--

THAT'S A HELICOPTER SPOTLIGHT.

Suddenly, Jane and Tarzan are awash in a rotor whirlwind. Blinded by the blazing searchlight. As several BLACK-CLAD SECURITY rapidly repel down, from the silent STEALTH CHOPPER.

Tarzan spins toward this new threat, instinctively protecting Jane. But the security touches down, all around him. In a flash, he's surrounded by a thick tangle of hands, arms. He struggles, mighty, but there's too many of them. They bind his wrists with a thick nylon cord.

One of the security approaches Jane. Paul Arno.

She tries to stand. Only wilts again. Dizzy. But she notices an INSIGNIA. A shoulder patch on his uniform. But she can't place it.

JANE

...what...who are...

Paul looks her over. Sees the SHIELD fastened to her belt. He's guarded; doesn't betray any reaction.

The chopper HOVERS, now level with the roof. Tarzan is SHOVED inside, followed by Paul and the remaining security.

Jane squints, from the dust storm of the departing helicopter. It rises up, rockets away, until it's just another city light.

Quiet. Calm.

Jane lay on the roof, breathless. "Stunned" can't even begin to describe it-- this is the single most astonishing event of Jane's life.

She turns her head.

The golden necklace. Few feet away.

She reaches. Grasps it.

BLACKOUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. 14TH PRECINCT- SQUAD ROOM- NEXT DAY

THE GOLD NECKLACE. There's a small pendant attached, engraved with a cursive 'C.' Hands open it, revealing--

A FADED PHOTO. Barely visible, harshly weathered. A family. Handsome husband, beautiful wife, adorable toddler boy.

ROB (O.S.)
Helloo? Anybody home?

Jane's at her desk. Distracted. A cut on her forehead. Spread before her, scraps of yellow legal paper. She's been attempting to draw that INSIGNIA.

JANE
I'm sorry. What were you saying?

ROB
(re: the cut)
I wanna know how you got that little beauty mark. What happened last night?

JANE
Nothing. Really. A guy got away.

ROB
You okay? Anything I can do to help?

Rob's so genuinely sweet. She pecks him on the cheek.

JANE
You're doing it.

CAPTAIN ARCHER (O.S.)
Porter! Sullivan!

Captain Archer waves Jane and Sam into his office.

INT. CAPTAIN ARCHER'S OFFICE- MINUTES LATER

Jane and Sam sit before Archer. Jane shifts in her seat, nervous. Archer cuts a stern, imposing presence-- no one, but no one, wants to be on his bad side.

He peruses a file, dead silent, all business. Painfully long beat. Finally, without looking up--

CAPTAIN ARCHER
Choppers? Commandos?

JANE

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN ARCHER

(to Sam)

You back this up?

SAM

Yep. It was just like she said.

CAPTAIN ARCHER

...because according to this, you were nowhere near the area.

Sam turns to Jane. She shrugs, apologetic.

SAM

(to Jane)

And this is why you don't write the reports.

(deep sigh)

Okay. I saw the guy, but none of that other stuff.

JANE

Doesn't mean it didn't happen, sir.

CAPTAIN ARCHER

Porter. You banged your head. And your story can't be corroborated...

Archer shakes his head, skeptical. Jane's frustrated.

SAM

Listen. I put an APB over the box. Whoever he is, we'll pick him up.

(beat)

Now. Can we please get back to the pyro case?

CAPTAIN ARCHER

Sam. It's a different M.O. Drop it.

SAM

St. Marks. East Village. Then Alphabet City. Your boy is flame-broiling in the exact same neighborhoods that Creal was.

CAPTAIN ARCHER

They both found homeless victims in homeless areas. So what?

Meanwhile, as Sam and Archer debate--

JANE. Lost in her own thoughts. Looking over the Captain's back wall. Covered in awards, photos of him with New York dignitaries...

SAM

Come on, Jimmy. Don't give me that. This is me you're talking to.

CAPTAIN ARCHER

Look. We have a solid lead. The kerosene found on the last body. K-1, laced with trichlorfon.

SAM

Yeah, I heard. Insecticide. Pro-grade insecticide. And I know you're sniffing around bug companies, too...

JANE. She suddenly spies something--

A FRAMED PICTURE. Captain Archer at a charity benefit. Pumping flesh with a CEO: WILLIAM CLAYTON. Behind them, on a banner-- the benefit's sponsor-- GREYSTOKE INDUSTRIES.

There's that INSIGNIA.

SAM

...but there's over two hundred in Manhattan alone. How long is that gonna--

JANE

(jumps to her feet, excited)
Greystoke.

Beat. Sam and Archer both turn to Jane.

CAPTAIN ARCHER

...what about Greystoke?

JANE

That patch. The guys from last night. They're from Greystoke Industries, they--

Archer levels a piercing glare at Jane, freezes her in her tracks. Archer's famous for this look-- it's like a weapon.

CAPTAIN ARCHER

If it's not one of you, it's the other.
Sit down.

(beat; Jane sits)

You want to come back, with hard evidence about all this? About Greystoke? Fine. Otherwise, we have nothing to talk about.

CONTINUED: (3)

JANE

But, sir--

CAPTAIN ARCHER

I'm done here. With both of you.

Jane turns to Sam. He shakes his head-- don't push it.

JANE

Yes, sir.

When a DESK SERGEANT pokes his head in.

SERGEANT

Hey. They got yer dog boy downstairs.

INT. HALLWAY- MOMENTS LATER

MOVING, RAPID, WITH JANE. As she hops down the steps, two at a time. Leaving Sam in the dust.

SAM

Where's the fire?

Jane strides to the cell.

INSIDE, a scraggly, bearded HOMELESS MAN.

JANE. Quickly masks her disappointment. Beat.

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM- EARLY EVENING

A COMPUTER SCREEN. "CNN.com/Moneyline" A streaming QuickTime movie of William Clayton.

LOU DOBBS

(narrating)

In an age of corporate scandal, there's at least one executive whose reputation is still as strong as his portfolio. Greystoke CEO William C. Clayton--

IN THE ROOM, Jane struggles to push Bonnie out the door.

BONNIE

...come on, I'm trying to paint a mental picture here. Okay, so he saves you from certain death, with those muscular, glistening arms. Then what?

JANE

Forget it. I never should have said anything in the first place.

BONNIE

Then just give me a number on the hotness scale. Seven? Ten? Eleven?

JANE

Stop. This is serious. This is a case.

Jane finally maneuvers Bonnie out of the room. Bonnie stands in the doorway.

BONNIE

You're right. I'm sorry.

(beat)

He's an eleven, though, right?

SLAM! Then Jane sits back down, before her computer.

ON THE SCREEN. The QuickTime movie continues.

LOU DOBBS

...and Greystoke, a global leader in communication and information technology, manufactures everything from satellites to--

Jane drags the cursor. The video skips forward. When something catches her eye. She pauses, on a frozen image of a handsome MAN.

That face nags at Jane. Then, she realizes. Tugs out the GOLD NECKLACE. It's the same man from the PENDANT PHOTO.

She hits play.

LOU DOBBS

...tragedy, when older brother John, Greystoke's founder, its first CEO, accompanies his family on Photo-Safari. April 24, 1983. Their Cessna crashes, over the Democratic Republic of Congo. John, wife Alice, son John, Jr. Missing.

Last known pictures of the John Clayton family. We recognize the wife and little boy from the pendant, as well.

LOU DOBBS

William, hardy, determined, some say obsessed...personally mounts expeditions for years.

A sound bite interview--

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAM

...search and rescue eventually turned into...salvage and recovery. But... nothing...

Jane again pauses the video. On William Clayton.

EXT. GREYSTOKE PLAZA- DUSK

Red sun sets, behind the soaring monolith of mirrored glass. "Greystoke Industries" boldly inscribed at the crown.

INT. GREYSTOKE TOWER- LOBBY

Jane. At the expansive lobby desk. Before two GUARDS.

GUARD

...sorry. Mr. Clayton's at a meeting. Off-site.

JANE

I'll wait.

Jane notices a SECURITY CAMERA mounted in the corner. A WHIRR and a BUZZ, as it clearly ZOOMS in on her.

GUARD

Yeah, well. You're gonna be waiting forever.

JANE

Then I better make myself comfortable.

SECURITY CAM POV. A PHONE RINGS on the guard's desk. He picks it up. Listens. Then looks directly into the camera.

GUARD

Yes, sir.

INT. GREYSTOKE TOWER- PENTHOUSE

PAUL ARNO. Opens MAHOGANY DOUBLE DOORS, waves JANE into--

A CAVERNOUS OFFICE. Slick, modern furniture. Oversized desk. Bay window overlooking the Park. A place of power and dignity. But--

WILLIAM CLAYTON, an ATHLETIC 50

SHOOTS HOOPS at a wall-mounted basket. He wears a rumped suit, loosened tie. Blowing off some steam at the end of another hard day. Paul leads Jane over.

JANE

Quite a set-up you have, Mr. Clayton.

WILLIAM

Well. I won't make the Knicks without practice. Though they could use a good center like me.

Whoosh. Two points.

JANE

I appreciate you seeing me.

WILLIAM

Anything for the boys in blue. Or girls.
(beat)

You're not here selling tickets to the Policeman's Ball, are you? 'Cause Chief Esposito, he's already bled me dry.

JANE

Actually, sir. I'm here for a different police drive.

WILLIAM

Oh? What's that?

JANE

To spay and neuter your pets.

William searches Jane's face. He's amused.

JANE

Important campaign. Unneutered dogs, they've been causing all sorts of damage around the area recently.

WILLIAM

That's terrible.

JANE

That's why I need your help. See, I was under the impression, there was an unneutered animal, somewhere around here.

WILLIAM

No. Not to my knowledge.

JANE

I'm sorry...but are you sure? Maybe it's hiding. Maybe I could just look around--

WILLIAM

That's not necessary. There's no dog.
I'm allergic.

Now Jane holds up the gold necklace.

JANE

You know. That's really odd. Because I
found his collar.

Beat. William's impressed. He glances at Paul.

WILLIAM

This is fun. But let's cut the crap.
(beat)
Detective. I get the feeling you're not
the type who backs off so easy.

JANE

Just my nature, I suppose.

WILLIAM

Yeah. So my sources tell me.

Jane reacts to this-- sources?

WILLIAM

Look. I could toss you to my pack of
lawyers. But I don't want you making any
more noise. It's important to me that all
this remain a private...family matter.

(beat)

So. If I lay my cards on the table, and
you see that everything's nice and legal--
you'll keep quiet? Leave me alone?

Beat. Jane nods. William tosses the ball. Two more points.

WILLIAM

Take a walk with me.

INT. LONG HALLWAY

William walks, contemplative, beside Jane. Paul close behind.

WILLIAM

Let me ask you something a little...
strange. Do you believe in destiny?
Things that are meant to be?

JANE

No. Not really.

WILLIAM

Why not?

JANE

Never been the psychic-hotline type.

WILLIAM

Once upon a time, I would've agreed with you. That life's all just...chance and choice. But then. Something happened to me. And suddenly I saw, that random chance...isn't random at all.

(beat)

Let me give you a 'for example.' Last June, a freak rainstorm, in the Congo River Basin, of all places. Then a massive mudslide. Then some Poindexter in some lab somewhere glances at a satellite photo in exactly the right way, and you know what the sonofabitch sees? My brother's plane, uncovered. You do know about my brother?

Jane nods. A pained beat, as William says--

WILLIAM

Well. I went back, and I found him. What was left of him, anyway.

(beat)

But see. That's not even the incredible part. I found something...else.

They continue through METALLIC DOORS, which WHIRR open to--

INT. OBSERVATION CHAMBER

Medical equipment. Various technicians. And a large observation window, looking down into--

A LUXURIOUS ROOM

There's a few EKG monitors, pulse oximetry machines, etc. But mostly, it's finely appointed. Lush furniture. Downey bed. Any and every comfort a person could want.

And there's TARZAN. Sits Indian-style, a few feet before a 57-inch Sony flat-screen. Like a child.

Jane approaches the window. Undeniably, openly captivated. Which soon bleeds into confusion--

Because Tarzan is so listless. Docile. So unlike the man she previously encountered.

IN THE OBSERVATION CHAMBER. William watches beside Jane.

WILLIAM

Let me introduce John Clayton. Though I think you two have already met.

JANE

I'm sorry. Did you just say...?

WILLIAM

My nephew John. Back from the dead.

(beat)

He survived. Out there.

Long beat. Jane takes this in. Then she smiles. Then she laughs. Cynical. Dubious.

JANE

I understand. You know, I was a Brownie, so I'm quite the savvy camper myself.

Only now does she look into William's face. He's firm, resolute. Her smile fades.

JANE

You can't be serious. I mean...how? You telling me, some villager or someone... found him? Raised him?

WILLIAM

No. Not at all.

(beat)

Far as I can tell, he raised himself.

JANE

No. It's--

WILLIAM

--a miracle.

(beat)

We found him less than a mile from the crash site. Like he was waiting for us. He was sick. Very thin. We air-vac'd him stateside, got him the right doctors. It was pretty touch-and-go, but--

JANE

Does he remember anything? Can he...?

WILLIAM

It's funny. He wouldn't shut up when he was a kid.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (cont'd)

But I doubt he's spoken a single word in almost twenty years. No. He's mute. Completely passive.

Jane suddenly remembers why she's there in the first place.

JANE

Well. He did demolish about four different stores. That's not so passive.

(beat)

You know. I gotta take him in.

WILLIAM

But I told you. Everything's settled. We struck a deal with the DA's office.

Jane looks at William, very skeptical. He snags a phone, hands it to her.

WILLIAM

Call 'em yourself. Right now. All charges dropped. That is, as long as we follow certain...conditions.

JANE

And what conditions are those?

WILLIAM

I become John's legal custodian. We keep him here, under medical and psychiatric care. And, of course, he can't exactly go out for another stroll anytime soon.

(beat)

It wasn't his fault. It was mine. He never should've gotten out, I should've kept a closer eye.

(taps his temple)

I mean, up here, he's still a kid. He must have been so scared, so confused out there. God, if I lost him all over...

William steps forward. Emotional.

WILLIAM

I'm gonna protect him. I'm gonna raise him as my son. I owe his Father that much.

DOWN IN THE LUXURIOUS ROOM. The back of Tarzan's head. When he sniffs. He smells something, in the air. He perks, much more energy now.

He turns. Gazes up, penetrating. Directly at Jane. It flusters her. A long moment. Then--

Suddenly, in one panther-like motion, he VAULTS onto the top of a bookcase. Jane GASPS. In a flash, he stands at the window. Inches away from her.

We see concentration on his face. Then, in a voice much softer, much more gentle than we would have expected--

TARZAN

Hello.

William's mouth falls open, dumb.

JANE

...hi...

Tarzan reaches again, to touch Jane. But the glass blocks his way. Still, despite the window, Jane flinches, like she's sustained an electric shock.

And she studies his eyes, close. And now she realizes-- he's not just docile. He's desperately sad. Wounded.

Paul, everpresent in the back, turns to William, concerned. Communicates silent volumes. William nods, subtle. Paul presses a console button.

A BUZZ, and the window darkens, becomes mirrored. Jane's own reflection takes the place of Tarzan's. She's shaken. As if she's been abruptly jolted awake.

WILLIAM

Well. I think John's had enough excitement for one day. Don't you?

INT. ELEVATOR BANK- MINUTES LATER

William gestures Jane toward the open elevator. She's not sure she should leave. There's something about William...

JANE

...and if I have more questions--

WILLIAM

Come back anytime. And Detective. Thank you. For being so...understanding.

Reluctant, Jane nods. She steps inside. Doors close. Beat. After she's gone, Paul turns to William.

PAUL

She's going to be a problem for us.

INT. TARZAN'S ROOM- MINUTES LATER

Tarzan is SAFETY STRAPPED to a bed. ROARING in anger, as a DOCTOR injects a pneumatic tranquilizer gun into his arm. Six GUARDS hold him down, too, just in case.

UP IN THE OBSERVATION WINDOW. William watches. He finds the injection distasteful. He stands beside Paul.

WILLIAM

I really hate this.

PAUL

Sir, I understand. But we've been over this before...

WILLIAM

I know--

PAUL

As long as you control John, you control his stock, you control everything.

WILLIAM

(with firm authority)

I said I know. I know it has to be done. I just don't like doing it.

William shakes his head. Turns away.

DOWN IN TARZAN'S ROOM. The anger seeps from Tarzan. The medication takes hold. The guards release him. Exit.

INT. HALLWAY

One GUARD removes a KEY CARD from his belt, arms the room's lock and alarm systems. He replaces the card, as we PAN to his partner. Oblivious that his CARD is MISSING.

INT. TARZAN'S ROOM

Tarzan. Alone. Drugged. Barely awake...

...but still smart enough, to have PALMED a KEYCARD...

BLACKOUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. LUCKY'S- GARDEN- NIGHT

The outdoor garden of a hip, romantic restaurant. An oasis nestled between gray, grim buildings. Intimate tables-for-two. Soft-glowing Chinese lanterns. A blues band. COUPLES dance, slow and close.

Including Jane and Rob. Jane rests her head on Rob's shoulder-- that nook she always fits into, so perfect.

As we WATCH from ABOVE. From the ROOF of an adjacent building--

CUT TO:

JANE. She's struck with a sudden instinct. She glances up, studies the surrounding rooftops-- framed against the pale moon. We know who she's looking for. Who she's thinking of.

She misses a step. Bothered. She grips Rob even tighter.

ROB

Hey. Dollar for your thoughts.

JANE

A dollar?

ROB

Inflation.

JANE

(looks into his eyes; a beat)
I love you. You know that. Right?

ROB

Of course I do.

(beat)

Jane. What's the deal?

JANE

(does he sense something?)
What do you mean?

ROB

I mean, dinner, dancing, multiple forks. It's kinda unexpected. Believe me, I'm not complaining, and I'm especially not complaining about that dress. I just...I didn't blank on our anniversary, did I?

JANE

We were long overdue for some R and R.
Besides. We could use a little
unexpected. If you don't like it, we can--

ROB

No. I love it. This is a great idea.
Long as you don't make me fast dance.

She smiles. He holds her. Leans in for that big kiss,
when...BUZZZ. They separate.

JANE

Um. Is that a cell phone in your pocket,
or...?

ROB

It can wait.

JANE

We both know it can't.

Rob SIGHS. Takes the call. Plugs his finger in his ear,
can't hear over the music. So he heads for the entrance.

EXT. LUCKY'S- OUTSIDE THE FRONT ENTRANCE- NIGHT

ROB

...those exterminator profiles...I want
'em finished, stat...I don't care, then
we'll work double shifts...

As Rob paces, back and forth, by the curb. When he spins,
directly into--

TARZAN. Now standing before Rob. Slashed scrubs. Streaked
with dirt. Sizing up the competition. Cautious.

Then a curious beat-- why's Rob talking to himself?

A surprised, uneasy beat for Rob-- he's got some bedraggled
guy, right in his face. Then...Rob gives Tarzan a
sympathetic smile, forks over a fiver.

ROB

Hey, buddy. Get yourself a hot dog or
something.

EXT. LUCKY'S- BACK GARDEN- NIGHT

Jane, at the table. When a FIGURE steps before her.

JANE

Hey. That was--
(looks up; color drains)
John...?

TARZAN

Hello.

Nearby DINERS recoil, whisper, at the homeless man in their fine restaurant.

MAITRE'D, Italian suit, hustles to Jane. And the following happens very fast, very hectic--

MAITRE'D

Ma'am. You know this...gentleman?

JANE

How...what are you doing here?

MAITRE'D

We have a strict dress code.

TARZAN

(a sea of calm)
I came to see you.

JANE

You what?

MAITRE'D

He has to leave. Immediately--

JANE

(looking for Rob)
Yeah, just gimme one sec, I'll find my
boyfriend, we'll go.

MAITRE'D

(gets in Jane's face)
Lady! Get this guy outta here! Now!

But now Tarzan darkens. Steps before Jane. Protective. He advances toward the Maitre'D, and from Tarzan's stance, we know he's gonna rip the guy limb from limb. The Maitre'D knows it, too, he scoots back, frightened.

Into a waiter, balancing a tray of drinks. CRASH! They both topple to the floor, hard, cocktail glass shattering.

Jane physically pulls Tarzan away. Customers GASP, a few YELP, Jane's completely overwhelmed--

EXT. LUCKY'S- FRONT ENTRANCE- NIGHT

Two SQUAD CARS, SIRENS BLARING, SKID up to the restaurant, right before Rob. Sam emerges, along with William Clayton, Paul Arno, some patrol cops.

Rob, bewildered, clicks off his phone without a goodbye.

ROB

Sam...?

SAM

Where's Jane?

ROB

...inside, why?

The entire party scrambles into the restaurant, Rob chases.

ROB

What's going on?

EXT. LUCKY'S- BACK GARDEN- NIGHT

Rob leads the others to his table, only to find a very agitated Maitre'D, wiping himself with a napkin. Now he holds up Jane's PURSE.

MAITRE'D

The lady left her bag.

ROB

What? Where'd she go?

MAITRE'D

With the homeless gentleman.

Paul and William share a look-- they just knew it.

WILLIAM

(to Sam)

I want to speak to your Captain. I want an APB out. And I want John found! Now!

ROB

What the hell is going on?!

EXT. NEW YORK STREET- NIGHT

JANE

John. Please. Wait!

Jane. Stressed. Struggles to keep pace, as--

Tarzan strides forward, fast. In wondrous awe at the deluge of humanity, all makes and models, that flood around him.

Through a flock of pigeons, who scatter into the night sky.

Just as Jane catches up, he's off again. Ahead--

A HOT DOG CART

Tarzan sniffs the boiling meat. Then plunges his arm into the greasy hot dog water. Tears his hand back-- it's hot.

HOT DOG VENDOR

(apoplectic)

Buddy! Christ!

Jane races over to the stand. Pulls Tarzan away--

JANE

Don't touch anything. We're in enough trouble as it is.

(beat)

God. That's an understatement. Rob's gonna kill me.

Tarzan STOPS on a dime. Steps inches from Jane. Intense. Concerned. Guarding her against danger.

TARZAN

Who's going to kill you?

JANE

No, it's just an expression, it's... listen. You're gonna need to learn the concept of "personal space." Dial down...this, this whole guard dog thing.

(beat)

You have no clue what I'm talking about, do you?

Tarzan shakes his head. No clue at all.

JANE

Just...I can take care of myself, okay?

(beat)

Now. What am I supposed to do with you?

Tarzan doesn't answer-- he stops, intrigued and delighted, before a group of STREET MUSICIANS on the sidewalk. Beating intricate rhythms on plastic buckets.

Jane watches Tarzan-- he beams, with such innocent curiosity. He was so dispirited at Greystoke; and he's so happy now.

But then...Jane's smile dims. Resigned.

JANE
(more to herself than him)
They're probably looking for you. I
gotta get you back. Taxi!

Jane WHISTLES, loud. She leads Tarzan to a yellow cab at the curb. And for the first time, she realizes--

JANE
Damn. My purse.

CUT TO:

They're walking. With the tide of pedestrians. All the way uptown. Jane stops at a crosswalk flashing red. Tarzan keeps moving, nearly gets creamed by HONKING traffic, before Jane yanks him back.

The light swaps to green, the crowd sweeps forward. Then, when Tarzan reaches the opposite sidewalk--

TIME STANDS STILL

As Tarzan slows. He SNIFFS-- suddenly catches a foul scent in the air. His senses tingle.

There's a predator. Close.

JANE
(noticing)
Hey. You alright?

TARZAN
...something's wrong...

Tarzan scans the multitude of faces around him. He's fierce. Wary. Every muscle tense. But whatever he's searching for-- he doesn't find it.

JANE
It's okay. Come on.

Confused, Tarzan allows Jane to lead him away. But we HOLD on this section of street. Then--

WE CRANE DOWN. THROUGH THE METAL GRATING IN THE SIDEWALK--

INTO A SUBWAY TUNNEL. Right beneath street level. Derelict. Abandoned. Carpeted in trash. Diffuse light, from the overhead grating-- we see the crowd's feet passing above.

Against the tunnel wall-- a whiskered HOMELESS MAN snores. When a fine liquid spray mists over his face. He rouses, peers up through heavy lids at--

AN EXTERMINATOR-- standing over him. Wears a blue jumpsuit-uniform. Douses the man, with a professional AERATOR.

The Exterminator is hulking, mountainous. But what's truly disconcerting are his eyes-- Black. Dull. Dispassionate. Like a shark's.

HOMELESS MAN

...hey, man, what the hell you doing?

EXTERMINATOR

Pest control.

The Exterminator drops a match. His face-- ILLUMINATED by the furious, off-camera FLAMES.

CUT TO:

The Exterminator climbs a flight of subway steps. To the street. Trudges around the corner. To his VAN, labeled--

"DEAD CRAWLER EXTERMINATION CO."

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

A TERRIFIED HORSE. Rearing up. Eyes roll to white. Mouth frothing. A piercing WHINNY. It's a distressing sight.

We're on Central Park South, with the row of carriages. And this horse, the most massive and imposing of them all, FRENZIED. Uncontrollable.

The Cro-Magnon CARRIAGE DRIVER isn't helping matters.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Down, I said!

He BEATS the horse with a riding switch. Again and again and

A POWERFUL HAND GRIPS THE DRIVER'S WRIST.

Tarzan. Glares at the man. Ferocious. Tense beat. Then Tarzan SHOVS the man back, the guy thumps down on his ass, more stunned than injured.

JANE

John, no!

Jane hurries over, crouches beside the driver.

JANE

Oh my God. Sir. You okay?

CARRIAGE DRIVER

...I'm gonna sue. I'm gonna sue that jerk!

JANE

Sorry. He didn't mean it. Please--

CARRIAGE DRIVER

I got witnesses! I want his...name...

Then, the tirade simply evaporates. It takes a moment for Jane to even notice--

THE DRIVER'S FACE. Absolute AMAZEMENT. As he stares over Jane's shoulder. Jane turns.

TARZAN. He's calmed the horse completely. It's a lamb now. He strokes the beast, with uncommon tenderness, affection.

Jane rises. Approaches Tarzan. Intrigued. Maybe a little enchanted. Who is this guy?

JANE

How did you...?

Tarzan doesn't say a word. He only takes Jane's hand, leads her to the horse. She resists, anxious.

JANE

No. I'm a total nightmare with anim--

Tarzan presses his hand over Jane's. As together, they pet the horse. It practically PURRS at Jane's touch. Jane grins at Tarzan, elated. (She pretends this has nothing to do with their enmeshed fingers.)

TARZAN

He likes you.

CUT TO:

UP THE BLOCK. Jane motions Tarzan to follow, down a path, into Central Park.

JANE

This way. Shortcut.

After they vanish into the trees, a PATROL COP steps into the foreground. Radios dispatch--

INT. CENTRAL PARK

Moonlight shimmers across the lake. Wind rustles the leaves. The mood is pastoral, lyrical; in contrast to our usual urban, gritty feel.

Bare feet in the grass. Fingers caress a tree trunk, lingering over the bark, the knots. Tarzan is by far the most content we've seen him. As Jane walks beside.

Then, Tarzan BOUNDS for a high tree branch. He's just playing, but we still get a vivid sense of his prowess. He hangs upside down. Jane can't help but smile.

TARZAN

What are you called?

JANE

My name? Jane. Porter.

TARZAN

(flips down, beside Jane)
Jane Porter. I am Tarzan.

Beat. Just enough time to inflate the moment with mythic significance. Then--

JANE

Um. No. Your name's John.

Tarzan moves forward. Gazing into the distance.

TARZAN

No. That's what he calls me.

Tarzan points. Jane turns, looks up at--

GREYSTOKE TOWER

Which soars above the trees. They're getting close.

TARZAN

(gravely)
...I'm not going back. I would rather die than go back.

JANE

I'm sorry. I have to take you.

TARZAN

But he keeps me...caged. Trapped. You want that?

Jane's sympathetic. Conflicted. But--

JANE

No...how do I explain...the law says you belong there...it's...

(Finally--)

Look. It's my job. I don't have a choice.

TARZAN

Yes. You do.

JANE

I don't understand. Your uncle. I thought he saved your life.

Tarzan, troubled, tugs his ragged medical-scrub-shirt down at the collar, revealing-- a HEALED SCAR, on his chest.

TARZAN

He did not save me.

JANE

(she knows what she sees)

That's a gunshot wound.

(beat)

What happened to you?

We PUSH PAST Tarzan and Jane, to the trees, and like magic, NIGHT becomes DAY as we--

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

THE AFRICAN JUNGLE.

Not some tidy, studio-backlot version, either-- a chaotic, jumbled mass of plant life, fighting to the death, for the rare cluster of sunlight that penetrates the canopy. Then--

With only a slight leaf-rattle to announce his appearance--

TARZAN-- SMASHES through the foliage. This is the classic Tarzan of legend-- bare-chested, flowing hair. He wears the gold necklace. He ROCKETS from tree to tree, blinding fast. Kinetic, fearless, swift. More animal than man. It's thrilling to watch, but nobody enjoys it more than him...

When; suddenly, Tarzan FREEZES. Hyper-tuned INSTINCTS on their razor edge. He senses something in the wind...then... not a moment later--

BOOM! A gunshot. Then a HORRIBLE GORILLA SHRIEK.

And Tarzan SPEEDS off, toward the distress call. Even quicker than before, and now with panic, desperation.

He slows, as he nears a clearing. Perched high, out of sight, he spies--

A RUSTED OUT, VINE-COVERED CESSNA

AND CIRCLE OF MEN, SURROUNDING

A DEAD FEMALE GORILLA. In a pool of her own blood.

As Tarzan realizes what's transpired, he BARES his teeth in savage, awful RAGE--

CUT TO:

William Clayton's entourage. An intriguing mix of high and low tech. High tech-- portable satellite uplinks and infrared tracking grids. Low tech-- the modern-day pirates you still need, to guide you through brush this thick.

At the moment, William berates a RAT-FACED MERCENARY, who holds a smoking rifle. Paul Arno is there, too, hand resting on his side arm, just in case.

WILLIAM

...what gave you the impression, you unbelievable ass, that this was a HUNTING EXPEDITION?!

Then...an ungodly, ear-splitting ROAR from the trees. This team might be hard-bitten, but no one is immune to a CLAMOR like that. Except Paul, cool and collected as ever--

PAUL

(cocks his rifle)
The Silverback.

The other men COCK their weapons, too. Paul HUNTS, cautious, to the clearing edge. To a RUSTLE in the dense vegetation. William, close behind. Insects, the only noise now.

As they step closer. Closer. A few feet away now. Clo--

It was a FLOCK of EXOTIC BIRDS, who discordantly FLAP up into their faces. And then--

SCREAMING! Hoarse and human, from behind!

Paul, William, the others, all spin. Just in time to see Rat Face DRAGGED UP into the jungle, legs kicking.

As if the forest came alive and engulfed him. He's gone, but we still hear his SCREAMS-- though those abruptly GURGLE OFF.

The other mercenaries barely have time to wet themselves before--

ANOTHER MAN is SNATCHED off his feet, into the trees, SHOUTING. Then ANOTHER, shooting his weapon, wildly!

The remaining expedition wagon-circles for safety, in the dead-center of the clearing.

PAUL. Patiently examines the jungle. Watching. Waiting. Long, nail-biting pause. Then, Paul squints at--

A GLIMMER of movement, high in the trees--

And without a moment's hesitation, he FIRES!

William steps beside Paul. Beat. Then, imagine their astonishment, as--

A YOUNG MAN

Plunges from a branch. Crumples into the clearing. Bleeding profusely from a chest wound.

TARZAN'S POV. Grows hazy, dark. William and Paul lean into him, muttering in an echoed, long forgotten language.

WILLIAM

Jesus. Could that...is that John?

Tarzan's POV drifts past William and Paul, up to the trees, which blacken to NIGHT as we--

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

THE TREES OF CENTRAL PARK.

Jane regards Tarzan. Deeply empathizes.

JANE

I'm so sorry.

TARZAN

Don't be sorry. I'm glad that I came here.

JANE

What? How can you say that? After everything you've been through?

TARZAN

Because. I found you.

Jane kicks imaginary rocks, laughs this off--

JANE

Right. You don't even know me.

Then she looks at him. He stares back, with such honesty, such naked yearning. That Jane has to avert her eyes.

JANE

No. This is...crazy...you don't...I mean, I can't...

He gently turns her face toward his-- look at me. This time, she does. And she holds it.

His eyes bore into her, like he's known Jane his entire life.

Jane's rendered speechless. For a second, we think she might get swept up and away. But then, she blinks back to reality; we can practically SEE her logic tether her to the ground--

JANE

(moves along the path)

Yeah. This from a guy who walks barefoot in Manhattan. Come on.

TARZAN

Your voice. It sounds strange.

JANE

I'm fine. Come on.

Confused by her reaction, Tarzan follows. They both round the trail's corner--

ONTO THE STREET

Where several SQUAD CARS already wait! PATROL COPS charge Tarzan. He whirls to flee, but Jane grips his arm.

JANE

Don't...they'll hurt you...

The cops surround Tarzan, drag him away from Jane, SLAM him against a car hood, roughly CUFF him.

JANE

Hey! Go easy on him!

Tarzan turns to Jane. Miserable. Help.

CONTINUED:

47.

Jane steps forward, maybe she's really going to free Tarzan, but then, she stops. Only watches. Somber. Torn.

TARZAN
(expression hardens)
You brought them.

JANE
No...

As Tarzan is SHOVED into a squad car--

BLACKOUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. 14TH PRECINCT- SQUAD ROOM- THAT NIGHT

Tarzan. Cuffed. Led by two PATROL COPS, to the downstairs holding cell. He passes Archer's office. Through the window, he locks eyes with JANE.

INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE

Jane, before the Captain, as he THUNKS down the phone.

CAPTAIN ARCHER
Clayton'll be here in fifteen.

Jane opens her mouth to defend herself, but one of Archer's famous, severe looks stops her cold. Then, with quiet anger--

CAPTAIN ARCHER
I've got a killer on the streets. We just had a fourth victim. And you got me...burning resources...on this?

JANE
Clayton lied to me. He's holding John against his will.

CAPTAIN ARCHER
Clayton's the legal custodian.

JANE
There's something more to this. Something he's not telling us.

CAPTAIN ARCHER
He's not breaking any laws--

And not only does Jane stand up to Archer; she explodes, probably for the first time in her life.

JANE
Who cares?! Who cares what the law says!
It's not right.

Archer is shocked to hear this, from Jane of all people. He's impressed, too, but he'd never admit it.

As we REVEAL, for the first time, the humanity and concern behind Archer's stern facade.

CAPTAIN ARCHER

...if your Dad, God rest his soul, heard those words out of your mouth...

JANE

He'd agree with me. I think you do, too.

CAPTAIN ARCHER

(sighs)

I'll handle Clayton. But I want you gone, before he shows. Have Sam run you home.

JANE

Captain--

CAPTAIN ARCHER

Out. Now.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Jane emerges from the office. To find Rob. Cool and upset. He holds Jane's handbag.

ROB

You left your purse.

JANE

Thanks.

(as they walk together--)

Rob. I'm sorry.

ROB

Why? Nothing to be sorry about. You were working a case. It's fine.

JANE

But I want to explain--

ROB

(edgy)

I said I was fine, okay? Forget it.

(beat)

Listen. I'm beyond swamped right now. I gotta go.

Rob storms off. Leaving Jane.

INT. SAM'S CAR- MOVING- NIGHT

As Sam drives, Jane stares out the window, deep in thought. Then she realizes--

JANE

We're not going to my apartment?

SAM

Don't mean to crash your little pity party over there, but I thought maybe we could do some actual police work. I mean, if you're not too busy...

JANE

Okay. Point taken. What's up?

SAM

So last night, I...liberated...Rob's file on the Inferno Killer--

JANE

Sam...

SAM

I gave it back. Eventually.

(beat)

Anyway, I'm looking through it, through this catalog of bug companies. And one catches my eye-- "Dead Crawler Extermination." Dunno why, but it nags at me, keep going back to it.

(beat)

Then it hits me, outta the blue. "Dead Crawler" is an anagram. Same letters spell, ready for this, "Edward Creal."

Beat. Then, deadpan--

JANE

Just how much Scrabble do you play?

SAM

More than a little...so what?

(beat)

Listen. Maybe someone remembers Creal. Maybe it's a copycat after all. Maybe not. I'm sure it's nothing. But I thought we'd check it out. Though I can already guess what you're gonna say--

JANE

What the hell. Let's do it.

SAM

--and I'd be wrong. Jane. You sure about this?

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

Somebody told me once. You wanna step up to the show, sometimes you gotta rock the boat.

Sam smiles at his partner. She smiles back.

SAM

Oh yeah? Who was that?

JANE

Saw it on "Dr. Phil."

INT. 14TH PRECINCT- HOLDING CELL- NIGHT

Tarzan. Sits on a bench in the back of the cell. Examines the floor. Mute. Still. Cloaked in shadow.

Two Krispy-Kremed COPS "guard," though that's using the word loosely. Mostly, they sip coffee, debate Jeter and the Yankees. And they stand much too close to the cage--

AS TARZAN RAISES HIS EYES--

Cunning and alert. Scrutinizes the cops. Their guns. Their keys. He's working something out. Long beat. Then--

He LUNGES FORWARD! Grasps through the bars--

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Rob leans over his desk, pores over a map with some other Detectives. Then--

AN ALARM SIREN WAILS.

Archer tears out of his office. When a DESK SERGEANT rushes up the steps, to the Captain--

DESK SERGEANT

Sir, there's...it's...

(How can he explain?)

You better just see for yourself.

INT. HOLDING CELL

Archer and Rob dash down the stairs.

The holding cell is empty. Wide-open. The two Patrol Cops are there, wearing sheepish expressions, and little else-- they're bare-chested, flabby. Hands tied through the bars, with their own shirts. As other COPS untie them.

Archer gives Rob a look. Without a word, Rob races back up the steps. On the hunt. Now Archer turns to the Sergeant.

CAPTAIN ARCHER

Seal the house. Nobody gets out.
Nobody.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

SEVERAL POLICE. Some in uniform and others plain-clothed. Firepower at the ready. They advance down a hallway. Searching. Different officers fling open different doors, shouting "clear!" before proceeding on.

No one inside this room. Or that one.

As a cop grips the next doorknob...

THE ENTIRE DOOR

BLASTS forward, CLEAN OFF its hinges. As Tarzan KICKS it open from inside. The door RICOCHETS into the hall, bulldozing over several guys.

Before anyone can even think to react, Tarzan speeds down the hall, through an entranceway, into--

INT. STAIRWELL

Tarzan practically hurdles entire flights, a cheetah at full gallop. Higher and higher, heading for the roof.

When he rounds the corner, reaches a landing. Revealing--

ROB. Waiting. Blocking the roof access door. Gun trained; laser-sighting DOT dancing across Tarzan's chest. Tarzan tries to brush it off.

ROB

Down on the floor. Hands behind your head.

Tarzan spins to run. Rob FIRES-- plaster BURSTS, inches from Tarzan. Warning shot.

ROB

Get. Down!

Tarzan seethes at Rob. But he complies. Rob moves down the landing, cautious. Trying to remain cool, professional.

ROB

Buddy. You're a serious pain in the ass.
You know that?

(beat)

I mean, what the hell's your damage?
What do you want, anyway?

Beat.

TARZAN

Jane.

Rob pauses. Stunned. A moment. Then...he loses
control...as his heated EMOTIONS erupt to the surface--

ROB

Wrong answer.

Rob WRENCHES Tarzan's hands back, too violent, too hard.
Tarzan winces. Then...even though Tarzan is face down, hands
behind his head...he SNAGS Rob's wrists. And in a sweeping,
Judo-like move, he FLIPS him over-- Rob THUMPS onto his back,
Tarzan on top of him, with breath-taking speed.

Long beat. Then...just when we feel uncomfortable, just when
we think Tarzan's gonna snap Rob's neck like a chicken bone--

FOOTSTEPS. Cops racing up the stairs.

So Tarzan takes off. Out the ACCESS DOOR.

Rob pursues--

EXT. PRECINCT ROOFTOP- NIGHT

But Rob's much too late, Tarzan's already at roof edge. And--

IN ONE FLUID, CONTINUOUS SHOT

We FLY with Tarzan, we truly get a sense of his urban jungle
abilities for the first time.

A DIVE off the roof. Catching a flag pole. Swinging THROUGH
a building-in-construction, handling the steel girders like
tree branches, hurling from one to the next.

Then a SOMERSAULT to the top of a crane. VAULTING off that,
disappearing behind a brownstone--

ROB. Watches from the precinct roof. Incredulous. As
Tarzan VANISHES. Into the wilds of the city.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALPHABET CITY- NIGHT

Rotting, crumbling neighborhood. Plywood over windows. Gutters choked with wet garbage. As Sam's car parks.

Only now do we realize, we observe from a SECOND STORY WINDOW. A HAND pulls back yellowed curtains...

CUT TO:

JANE AND SAM. Check the address. At the front of a faded, two-story LOFT BUILDING. A cheap-plastic, removable-letter sign at the door, announces the location as

"DE D CRA L R XTERM N TION CO."

Sam KNOCKS--

INT. LOFT BUILDING

Black. Then...the unlocked door drifts open, revealing Jane and Sam, in silhouette.

JANE
(calls out)
Hello?

Her own echo is the only response. They tread inside the cramped, musty, dingy building. A maze of ghostly, sheet-covered furniture. Rusted paint cans. Moldy boxes of moth-eaten blue uniforms.

A rickety wooden staircase. Jane climbs the steps; Sam remains downstairs, scouring ground level.

SAM
Stay in touch.

INT. LOFT BUILDING- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Floor planks CREAK beneath Jane's feet. Water PLINKS from overhead pipes.

Then she hears something else, faint. A TELEVISION. She moves down the hall. Turns into--

A LARGE LIVING AREA

As dark and cluttered as the rest of the place. Somewhere, a clock TICKS. A stained, flimsy mattress against the wall.

And the EXTERMINATOR. His hulking back to Jane. He sits in an ancient, patched easy chair.

Watching a tiny, black-and-white TV-- cartoons. The whole room lit solely by the flickering, pale blue light.

JANE

Stand up, sir. Hands where I can see them, please.

(into radio--)

Sam. Call for back-up. Get upstairs.

The Exterminator turns to Jane, sluggish. He's not just calm...he's vacant. He rises. Lifts his meaty paws, as instructed.

EXTERMINATOR

...you know. I tried. I tried to stop. But then...I'd see those filthy animals on the street and I couldn't...it's in my blood, I guess. So thank God you're here. Now it'll stop.

But then...he plods, over to Jane.

JANE

Stay where you are, sir.

EXTERMINATOR

...but, see, I can't go to jail.

(a sudden flash of anger)

My Dad died in that...hell hole...

JANE

I don't want to shoot--

EXTERMINATOR

So I've been...ready...for this moment. Waiting for it. It's all going to end. It's finally over...right now...

Still, the Exterminator lumbers forward. Closer. Jane's finger tenses on the trigger...he's only a few feet away now...she should fire, why doesn't she fire? Then--

Jane unloads a WICKED UPPERCUT to his solar plexus. He OOFs over, which allows Jane to grab his head, delivering a PUNISHING KNEE to the face, floors him in seconds flat.

We've never seen this side of her, but Jane is a no-holds-barred STREET BRAWLER.

She rolls him onto his stomach. Jabs her knee into his back. Removes her cuffs. But then--

EXTERMINATOR

Over for me. Over for you.

Face pressed against the squalid floor, he looks at something, off to the side, intent. Now Jane follows his gaze, and for the first time notices--

IN THE CORNER

FOUR LARGE BARRELS OF INSECTICIDE. With a spiderweb of stripped electrical cords, duct-taped into the flammable liquid. Attached to-- that isn't a clock we've been hearing--

It's a TICKING timer. And now it RINGS.

JANE

...oh my God...

EXT. ROOFTOP

Tarzan drops into frame, landing on another roof. When off in the distance, several blocks away--

A LOFT BUILDING EXPLODES. Oily orange-black fireballs glare against the night sky. And, again--

TIME STANDS STILL

As Tarzan senses something in the wind. His razor-sharp INSTINCTS hum-- there's something about that fire...

He immediately sets off, in the direction of the building.

INT. LOFT BUILDING- DOWNSTAIRS

SAM

Jane! Jane!

As burning timber rains down upon him, Sam begins to climb the wooden stairway, the first step or two. But it's already half-devoured by the fire. And now it CREAKS, then a death-rattle GROAN, as it COLLAPSES to the ground--

Envelops Sam in a swarm of firefly embers. He gags on smoke. Helpless, he shoots one last frantic look, up to the second floor. He escapes the building.

INT. LOFT BUILDING- UPSTAIRS

JANE. Her eyes flit open. She's singed, blanketed in ash, but alive. A hefty beam pins her down, across her torso.

She takes in her environment. She's in the middle of hell.

A fiery barricade encircles the room. The loft's architecture, twisted and warped from the heat.

And the Exterminator. Standing. Half-smiling at her, distant. With the flames framed behind him, it's a positively Satanic portrait.

He snatches a thick metal pipe, off the floor. He's so far gone, he doesn't realize that the hot metal SEARS his palm.

Jane writhes, to free herself. To no avail.

He steps to Jane. Slow. Leaden.

JANE

Hold on. Just hold on. I want you to stop and think about this...

Jane's not easily scared-- and she's never been so scared in her life.

When...she spots something--

BEHIND THE EXTERMINATOR'S BACK

Could that be...a shimmering shadow, beyond the curtain of fire? Yes. Definitely a SHADOW. It's impossible, but--

It draws closer. Stronger. More distinct. And now it steps through the flames--

THE EXTERMINATOR-- now towers over Jane. Raises his pipe. Coiled for the death blow. Glares at her--

But Jane looks past him, with such amazement, that the Exterminator can't help but turn. And see--

TARZAN. And we've never witnessed such vicious, terrifying rage on his face. Never.

The two predators circle each other. Fevered blaze, roaring behind them. This is primitive. Ferocious.

Then. Tarzan POUNCES--

EXT. LOFT BUILDING

The first firetrucks and squad cars just begin to arrive-- flashing, cherry-red sirens.

A Crown Victoria SCREECHES up. Rob jumps out. Races over to Sam, who's trying to force his way past several FIREMEN.

SAM

...goddammit, what are we waiting for?!
We gotta get in there!

Rob grips Sam's shoulder.

ROB

Sam. Where's Jane?

Despondent, Sam nods to the loft's second story.

SAM

(he HATES himself right now)
I think...someone's with her. Rob. I'm
so sorry. I think it's your killer...

As this dawns on him, Rob scrambles for the burning building, with even more frantic desperation than Sam. Bursting past the firemen, shaking off the patrol cops who yank him back. It takes four guys to stop him.

INT. LOFT BUILDING- UPSTAIRS

Tarzan and the Exterminator crash-and-roll across the floor. Tarzan beating him, tearing at him, fiercely. No form, no fighting style. Only ANIMAL FURY. The Exterminator SWATS back, with the metal pipe, blindly.

When the Exterminator gets a lucky swing, hard metal connects against the side of Tarzan's skull.

Tarzan is dazed, and the Exterminator takes full advantage of the moment. Bounds to his feet, CLUBS the pipe down on Tarzan. Across his face, his chest and ribs...

The pipe comes down again, but this time, Tarzan seizes it mid-swing, tosses it. Then, Tarzan THRUSTS the Exterminator back, into a column-- he cracks his head, slumps.

Tarzan advances. We have no doubt, this is for the kill.

Then, a roaring NOISE-- WOOD snapping, tearing.

As the floor YAWNS OPEN beneath Tarzan. Revealing a blazing abyss below. Tarzan plummets, but catches himself, bloodied hands cling to a splintered plank.

JANE

No!

Tarzan strives to maintain his grip, flames licking his feet. He dangles, rocking back and forth.

As the Exterminator stands. Then STOMPS a heavy, steel-toed work boot onto Tarzan's fingers. Onto one hand. Then the next. Hammering. Pound. Pound. Pound.

When he lifts his foot for the next blow--

IN SLOW MOTION

Tarzan's been rocking to gather momentum. And he FLIPS up, out of the hole, back onto solid floor--

Then Tarzan SPRINGS into the air. Clutches an overhead RAFTER, swings up and over, like a gymnast's uneven bars. Brings both feet SLAMMING DOWN, brutally, into the Exterminator's chest. A powerful, savage kick.

The Exterminator LAUNCHES back--

EXT. LOFT BUILDING

--he SHATTERS through a second-story window, SAILS down, SMASHING directly into Rob's windshield. Unconscious, but alive. Patrol cops surround him.

Sam and Rob study the second story window. Dumbfounded.

INT. LOFT BUILDING- UPSTAIRS

Tarzan turns to Jane. Anger dissipated; now there's only devoted concern.

TARZAN

Hurt?

JANE

...I'll survive.

He HEAVES the beam off her, like it was a mere twig.

He sweeps her up, into his arms. And Jane-- she clasps him tight. Holds him close. Tender.

WHOOSH! Water CANONS through a window, douses a swath through the fire.

A FIREMAN appears in the window. On a ladder. Clears away broken glass with a pick axe.

FIREMAN

Over here! Now!

Tarzan carries Jane to the window. Hands her, with affection, to the fireman. She doesn't want to let go--

TARZAN

(gently)

Go.

She finally relents. The fireman hauls Jane down, as fast as safety will allow. Away from Tarzan.

Jane watches, as above, Tarzan reaches out for the ladder--

But then...a horrible, deafening RUMBLE, as--

THE ROOF CAVES IN. Right on top of Tarzan.

Angry, swirling clouds of DUST, DEBRIS, and FIRE mushroom out the windows. The fireman shields Jane.

But she looks--

Tarzan is no longer at the window. Or on the ladder. Only a scorching inferno, where he once stood.

JANE

John...?

Jane struggles from the fireman's grasp, just as they reach bottom. She starts to climb back up-- but the fireman plucks her from the ladder, another helps him, as they wrench a forlorn Jane away.

JANE

John!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOFT BUILDING- NIGHT- LATER

Gray clouds begin to drizzle. The building is now a sodden, charcoal skeleton, as the firemen stamp out the last stubborn flames. Sam confers with Rob and Captain Archer.

ROB

...so we checked out the bug guy. Lawrence Whedon. But the name on his birth certificate? Before he had it changed, before he was given up to a group home? Creal. George Creal.

SAM

Like father, like son?

CAPTAIN ARCHER

(nods)

Sam. I owe you an apology. You and Porter, you acted like reckless morons--

SAM

Um. This is an apology, how, exactly?

CAPTAIN ARCHER

What I'm trying to say, is...you were on the ball. We'll listen closer, next time.

SAM

(sad beat)

So what about the Clayton kid?

ROB

(shakes his head, solemn)

Firemen say no chance.

JANE. Sits on the bumper of an ambulance, several yards back. Breathing from an oxygen mask. Overhears the entire thing. Her heart breaks.

When Rob approaches.

ROB

(feels terrible)

Hey...I'm so sorry. But I gotta stick around, wrap this thing up...

Jane nods. Smiles a sad little smile. It's the story of Rob's life.

JANE

...I know.

ROB

Come on. Abrams is gonna run you home.

(they walk in silence. Then--)

Jane. I was wrong.

JANE

Wrong about what?

ROB

How much time you got? It's kind of a laundry list.

(beat)

John Clayton, for one. I owe him everything I have. If he didn't...if I lost you tonight...

JANE

You didn't.

ROB

But if I did. And the last time I ever saw you, I acted like some little brat, I...I couldn't live with--

JANE

But I'm here. Now. Everything's okay.

ROB

No. No, it's not okay.

(fervent)

I mean, Jane, all our...being sensible...
and "let's not rush things," it's...it's
wrong. I was wrong.

Then, with an impassioned energy we've never seen from Rob--

ROB

I don't want to be sensible. Love isn't
sensible. And I love you, I need you, so
much. I want you to marry me. Jane.
Marry me.

JANE

Rob. I...I mean, this is...

They reach the patrol car. Rob stops her-- he knows she's
overwhelmed...

ROB

Look. It's been a long day. Go home,
get some rest. I'll be over, soon as I
can. And we'll...talk. Okay?

She nods. He helps her into her seat. Shuts the door. The
car motors down the street. Jane inside, watching Rob. As
confused and conflicted as she's ever been in her life.

When...the patrol car WIPES past--

WILLIAM CLAYTON

Beside Paul Arno. Wrapping up an interview with an OFFICER.
William watches Jane's car recede into the distance. With a
cool, guarded expression.

The interviewing officer finishes, walks away. Then Paul
leans over to his boss, covert.

PAUL

Sir? What now?

William stares out at the galaxy of city lights. Beat.

WILLIAM

...he's been dead before. Keep looking.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT- LATER THAT NIGHT

Dark. Fat raindrops PATTERNING against the windows. Jane enters, looking beat to hell.

Bonnie and Charlie, on the couch, fell asleep in front of the TV. They're cuddled close, showing an affection they'd never admit while awake. Jane covers them with an afghan.

INT. JANE'S ROOM- BATHROOM

Hands turn off the shower faucet. Jane steps out, dries herself. Trying to absorb the day's events. When she hears THUNDER outside, much LOUDER than before. She turns, sees--

THROUGH THE BATHROOM DOOR

From this angle, only a sliver of her bedroom is visible, but Jane can still make out--

AN OPEN WINDOW.

Curtains whip and flutter. Rain drenches her carpet. Otherwise, it's eerie silent.

Jane's instincts buzz. She wraps on a towel. Reaches into the bathroom closet. On a high shelf, she opens a box, removes a PISTOL. Quietly. Carefully.

She emerges from the bathroom, weapon drawn.. Tense beat. Turns the corner, into her room, gun aimed at--

TARZAN. Soaked. Filthy with soot.

Jane lowers the gun. Her eyes glint with tears. So deeply relieved. He approaches her, slow.

JANE

...I never...I forgot to...thank you...

He's so close, she can feel the heat from his body. Her tears flow freely, now.

JANE

You...you can't stay in the city. We've got to get you back home.

TARZAN

No.

JANE

But everyone thinks you're dead. Now's our only chance to--

TARZAN

No. I don't belong there.

JANE

What do you mean?

TARZAN

I belong here. With you.

Now he leans forward. Again-- his cheek against hers. The way a wild animal would. But this time, she grabs him.

AND KISSES HIM. PASSIONATELY.

Then, a muted CLICK--

Tarzan's eyes dart up, sharp. To spot, over Jane's shoulder--
THE TWISTING DOORKNOB.

Jane hears the door now, too. She spins.

The door swings open. It's Bonnie.

BONNIE

Jane? You okay?

Jane turns back around. Tarzan has disappeared. Only billowing curtains.

EXT. CITYSCAPE- NIGHT

From a HIGH ANGLE, far away, we see Jane's glowing window. Jane gazes out. In over her head, in every possible way.

A jagged strobe of lightning illuminates--

Tarzan. Perched on the gothic-statue ledge of a skyscraper. Framed against the raging storm. Rainwater rivulets over his face, his body.

As he watches over New York.

But, mostly, as he watches over Jane.

Another lightning FLASH, and he's VANISHED, as we--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...