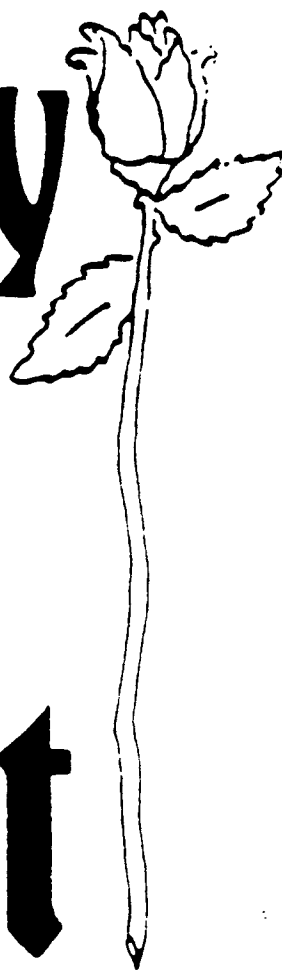


Beauty
and
the
Beast



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Terrible Angel"

by

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FIRST DRAFT

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Terrible Angel"

FADE IN:

1 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

1

A few hours before dawn, the subway deserted. The last car is filthy, littered, scarred by graffiti, its lights FLICKER ON AND OFF as the train shakes along the tracks.

A FAT MAN sits at one end, reading a morning tabloid. At the back of the train a black cleaning lady, MRS. DALBY, small, fiftyish, and bone-tired, clutches her oversized purse and stares wearily out at nothing. They shake and sway to the motion of the train with the obliviousness of veteran subway riders.

ANGLE ON DOORS

as the car pulls into a station, and the doors HISS open. TWO PUNKS enter, laughing and joking loudly. They're teenagers, wearing gang colors and shades, with hard, street-scarred faces.

BACK TO THE SCENE

The fat man looks up at the punks, doesn't like what he sees, folds up his newspaper, and quietly slips out, moving up to the next car. The punks LAUGH.

ANGLE PAST PUNKS ON MRS. DALBY

She has shrunk back in her seat, frightened.

FIRST PUNK
Who you looking at?

She looks down, tries to ignore him.

SECOND PUNK
Hey, lady, we're talking to you.

MRS. DALBY'S POV

The first punk whispers something unintelligible. They laugh and turn to look at her. The lights GO OUT again.

When they come back on, the punks are right on top of her. Their smiles are arrogant, predatory.

FIRST PUNK
Got a match, lady?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

BACK TO THE SCENE

Mrs. Dalby shakes her head, clutches her oversized purse even more tightly.

MRS. DALBY
No... please...

The car lights go off, come back on.

SECOND PUNK
Bet you got some matches in the bag, lady. Give it here.

MRS. DALBY
No matches. You leave me alone.

FIRST PUNK
(reaching for bag)
Let's have a look.

He pulls at the bag, she resists, and the second punk HITS her hard with back of his hand. She lets go of the purse, slumps in the seat. The lights go on, off. The first punk rummages through the purse.

CLOSE ON DOOR BETWEEN CARS

as it slides open just a crack. The lights flick on, off. A HAND is curled around the doorframe, a hand with matted fur and claws.

FIRST PUNK
(O.S.)
Nineteen dollars! She's only got nineteen dollars!

BACK TO THE SCENE

The punk empties the purse on the floor. Mrs. Dalby CRIES OUT and falls to her knees, trying to retrieve her possessions. The punks start having fun, kicking at her things as she grabs for them. The lights go out again as they begin kicking her. In the dark, the punks are dim silhouettes kicking at her, cursing. We hear their GRUNTS and LAUGHTER, her PLEADING, the impact of their BOOTS -- and then the sound of the door sliding open.

SECOND PUNK
What was that?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

Something large and fast explodes out of the darkness and slams into him. The train enters a long station, and screams through without stopping, but the STATION LIGHT strobes through the windows as they fight.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Images in the dark, lit against the windows: the first punk locked in struggle with the attacker, a clawed hand upraised to strike, the sound of RIPPING FABRIC, SCREAMS, the second punk opening a switchblade, the punk's face, all the arrogance suddenly gone from it, just a terrified boy now, darkness, a SLASHING sound, the face again, with a series of jagged slashes down his cheek, the blood welling from them, the knife spinning from his grasp, claws, upraised again to strike, the punk staggering, clutching his stomach, falling, a dark silhouette bent over him, SLASHING.

ANGLE ON MRS. DALBY

She scrabbles back, holding her empty purse to her chest as if for protection. A dark shape looms over her, raises a hand. Mrs. Dalby whimpers, shrinks in on herself, as if to avoid the blow. But the claws close around the emergency pull, yank, and the subway comes SCREECHING to a sudden halt. The dark shape opens the rear door, and runs off down the tracks, vanishing in the dark as Mrs. Dalby watches.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. MAXWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

2

Deputy DA Joe Maxwell has a huge stack of files on his desk as Cathy enters. She looks at them doubtfully.

CATHY

I have a horrible suspicion that those are for me.

MAXWELL

Bingo, Radcliffe. It's your own fault. You told the old man you wanted in. First thing I learned in the Army -- never volunteer.

CATHY

I can help on this, Joe.

MAXWELL

Ever seen a dead body? I'll give you odds you haven't seen any like this. Take a good look.

Maxwell hands her a thick gray envelope. Cathy opens it, and slides out some glossy police photographs.

3 INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPHS

3

4 INT. MAXWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

4

We glimpse them very briefly, as Cathy rifles through them: they're police shots of the bodies of the two punks.

MAXWELL (V.O.)

Seventeen and sixteen. They look like they tried to go a round with a tiger. Only this animal walks around on two feet, and half the city thinks he's a hero.

BACK TO THE SCENE

MAXWELL

You look a little green. Sure you've got the stomach for this?

Cathy is clearly shaken. She's seen something like this before -- she's seen Vincent tear men apart. She can't admit that now.

CATHY

I'm sure. What do you want me to do?

MAXWELL

Our subway slasher knows how to take care of himself. Five victims in three weeks, and nobody's laid a hand on him.

(slaps stack of files)

So what you got here, you got your self-defense classes, your karate schools, your kung fu instructors. Be the first deb on your block to collect the whole set.

Cathy opens the topmost file on the pile.

MAXWELL

You know the profile we're looking for. Recent crime victims, maybe someone who's lost family. Flag anything subway-related. You've heard of the subways, right?

CATHY

(wry, sarcastic)

I think someone mentioned them to me once.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

She gathers up the cumbersome stack of files and heads for the door.

MAXWELL

Hey, Radcliffe...

(Cathy looks back)

Five'll get you ten you don't know
what a token costs.

Cathy hesitates for a beat, and Maxwell grins.

CATHY

(smiles)

Ninety cents...

With a grimace, Maxwell reaches for his wallet, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - CATHY'S - DAY

5

At her desk, the stack in front of her, Cathy picks up the
top file, and opens it.

*
*

CUT TO:

6
thru
12

OMITTED

6
thru
12

12A

INSERT - THE FILE

12A

A data sheet on ISAAC STUBBS, with his photograph clipped to the upper left-hand corner.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. SOHO WAREHOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

13

An old converted warehouse. In the loft windows is a sign: STUBBS ACADEMY OF STREETFIGHTING.

CUT TO:

14

INT. ISAAC STUBBS' LOFT - DAY

14

Cathy enters, hesitates, looks around. No one in sight.

CATHY

Come on out, Isaac. I know you're here.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Isaac Stubbs steps from behind a heavy bag, smiling. He's wearing boxing gloves; she's caught him in the middle of working out.

ISAAC
Can't fool you anymore.

CATHY
I had a good teacher.

ISAAC
Come for the refresher course,
or is this a social call?

CATHY
Neither, I'm afraid. I need to
ask you a few questions.

ISAAC
(lightly)
Anything makes you sound that
serious, it's got to be pretty
heavy. Are we talking money,
baseball, or love here?

CATHY
We're talking the subway slasher.

Isaac REACTS; his smile and easy-going manner vanish suddenly.

ISAAC
Who'm I talking to here, a friend
or a district attorney?

CATHY
Me.

ISAAC
Wrong answer.

He turns his back on her and resumes his workout, pounding the heavy bag. Cathy moves closer to him and continues the talk, but Isaac bites out his replies between punches.

CATHY
He's killing people, Isaac.

ISAAC
That so?
(beat, punch)
I notice...
(more)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

ISAAC (Cont'd)
(beat, punch)
... you don't say...
(beat, punch)
innocent people.

CATHY
Guilt or innocence is for the
courts to decide, Isaac. If you
know anything --

ISAAC
I don't know nothing.
(beat, punch)
... and if I did...
(beat, punch)
... I wouldn't tell no DA.

CATHY
Whose side are you on, anyway?

Isaac stops very suddenly, and turns to face her.

ISAAC
You give me ten minutes to shower
and change, and I'll show you.

Cathy NODS, and we

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

15

Cathy and Isaac (now in street clothes) are walking through
a seedy Lower East Side neighborhood. The buildings are run
down, at least a century old.

ISAAC
You got any idea how many students
I had last year?
(beat)
Too damn many. Don't matter if
it's me or one of those egg foo
young places uptown, we've all
got more than we can handle. Why
do you suppose that is?

CATHY
You're the teacher. You tell me.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

ISAAC

Cause people are scared. You
ain't the only one come to me
after something bad went down.

Self-consciously, Cathy touches her face. Beautiful now,
but she remembers. She'll always remember. Isaac notices.

ISAAC

Yeah. And you got off easy,
compared to some. They all come
to me, after.

(beat, then bitterly)

You can't do much after. 'Cept
maybe teach them a few tricks,
so they won't be so scared no
more.

(beat)

Here we are.

16 EXT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

16

They're standing in front of a refurbished three story
tenement building at least a century old. It was a cheap
hotel once, but now it's been converted to other uses: the
modern sign on the door says PROTECTORS HQ. A young couple
wearing distinctive snow-white berets exit and descend the
stairs as Cathy turns to Isaac.

CATHY

The Protectors? They're --

ISAAC

-- the nuts in the white hats who
ride around on the subways looking
for trouble, right?

(takes her arm)

C'mon.

CUT TO:

17 INT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

17 *

As they enter, RED is standing inside by the door. Behind
him is a corridor and a number of tiny cubicles where
people are at work. They're of various ages and races,
dressed casually, but all of them wear the white beret.

*
*

RED

Isaac! How's it going?

*

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

ISAAC
Can't complain. Okay if I give
her the ten-cent tour?

RED
Go ahead.

18 INT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

18

Isaac leads Cathy past the desk, down the corridor. The camera FOLLOWS them as they walk down the hall. The offices bustle with activity, full of Protectors from every strata of society, all wearing the white berets.

CATHY
They know you?

ISAAC
I teach here. Two classes a week.

They pass a room where a half-dozen people sit waiting by telephones, or talking into receivers.

ISAAC
That's a 24-hour victim's hotline.
They get people over the hump,
tell 'em their rights, their
options, where to get help.

In another room, a man in a three piece suit can be seen talking to a sobbing woman. The door says LEGAL AID.

CATHY
They do litigation?

ISAAC
(nods)
Got about twenty lawyers who
volunteer time. Sue the bad guys
on behalf of their victims.

In another office a psychologist is working with a therapy group. The patients are not wearing berets.

ISAAC
A victims' group. People get
screwed up bad even by what they
call minor crimes. Anger,
violation, even shame, like it
was somehow their fault.
(softer)
But you been there, I don't have
to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Cathy nods, impressed despite herself.

They reach the end of the hall, where a stairway goes up to the second floor.

ISAAC

This way. The main event's upstairs.

CUT TO:

19 INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

19

They enter a large, airy gymnasium, the hardwood floor covered with mats. Around the room, several instructors in karate whites and black belts are working with small groups of students, teaching them various self-defense techniques -- karate, judo, boxing, street-fighting, etc.

ISAAC

Look around. These folks ain't crazed vigilantes in training, Cathy -- just ordinary people trying to take care of each other. You wanted to know whose side I was on?

He points across the floor to one corner, where SUKI, a lithe young Oriental woman, is instructing a half-dozen senior citizens. The woman she's working with is diminutive, wizened, at least seventy.

ISAAC

(continued)

I'm on their side.

Cathy watches for a beat, as Suki shows the little old lady some self-defense techniques.

CATHY

Is that responsible? A woman that old could get seriously hurt if she tries to resist a mugger.

JASON WALKER steps up behind them as Cathy speaks. He's a tall, handsome black man, ten years younger than Isaac but almost as muscular, with the fluid grace of the most accomplished martial artists. He's dressed informally, with his white Protectors beret slanted rakishly. Obviously educated and articulate, Walker has considerable charm and dynamism.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

JACE

She didn't resist the last time.
She just couldn't get her wedding
ring off her finger. The mugger
was a helpful guy, figured he'd
make it easy for her by cutting
off the finger. One of our people
stopped it.

ISAAC

They spend a lot of time hanging
out around senior citizens'
projects.

(beat)

This is the man who put this whole
place together. Cathy Chandler,
Jason Walker.

JACE

Jace, please.

(smiles)

Stubbs, how does someone as ugly
as you happen to know so many
beautiful women?

They shake hands. Jace turns on all his charm and holds
her hand for a long beat.

CATHY

I've seen you on TV.

JACE

None of it's true, I swear.

ISAAC

Cathy was one of my students.

JACE

You actually paid this man money?

ISAAC

She's with the DA now.

Jace pulls back his hand, but he's still smiling, joking.

JACE

Uh-oh. We in trouble again?

CATHY

I don't know. Have you done
anything?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

JACE
(more seriously)
Not as much as we'd like to.

CUT TO:

20 INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

20

Jace is PACING behind his desk in a large office furnished with comfortable but inexpensive second-hand furniture. Isaac stands near the door, listening. On the walls are photos of Jace with various celebrities and politicians, some framed maps of Manhattan, and a collection of various weapons and martial arts implements: samurai swords, nunchuks, throwing stars, crossbows, a morning star, etc. Among the collection is A SET OF METAL "TIGER-CLAWS." The tiger claws should be clearly visible on the wall in shots of Jace, but the camera should not linger on them or emphasize them in any way.

JACE
If a transit cop had rescued that lady, he'd get a commendation. This guy is minus a badge, so that makes him a psychopathic monster.

CATHY
No. Ripping two teenagers to pieces makes him a psychopathic monster. A transit cop would have arrested them.

JACE
Right. And seeing as they were juveniles, they would have served a little soft time and then been back on the subways, kicking another old lady to death. Great system you got there, Ms. D.A.

CATHY
It's not perfect --

JACE
(wryly)
You noticed.
(beat, with passion)
This is where they come, Cathy. The old people who have steel bars on their windows and still can't sleep at night.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

JACE (Cont'd)

The mother who can't understand why the boy who killed her son walked free. The rape victims who scream when their husbands touch them. This is where they come when the police say, sorry, there's nothing else we can do. This is where they come when the plea bargaining is over. Believe me, they know that the system isn't perfect.

CATHY

Do you know a better system? I don't. Yes, you can find failures to point at... but most of the time, the system works. It's all we've got.

JACE

No. We have ourselves. Our courage, our strength, our compassion. We have each other.
(beat)
And now we have him, whoever the hell he is.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

21

as Cathy and Isaac exit.

CATHY

You gave me a lot to think about.

ISAAC

That was the whole idea.

CATHY

(with difficulty)

Isaac, if you thought... if you even suspected that this... this vigilante was someone you knew... a friend... what...

ISAAC

... would I do?
(more)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

ISAAC (Cont'd)

(shrugs)

Talk to him, maybe. Ask him.
 Go to where the man lives, and
 look him in the eyes. But first
 I'd be real sure of one thing.
 I'd be real sure that I wanted
 to know.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. CATHY'S BASEMENT - THAT NIGHT

22

The basement is pitch black. We HEAR Cathy's footsteps as she carefully descends the stairs, then pulls the chain on the bare bulb swinging overhead. She's carrying a heavy wrench. She looks briefly but meaningfully at the ceiling-high stack of cardboard boxes against the far wall, then crosses to the large STEAM PIPES and begins to BANG against them with the wrench. The bangs are carefully spaced, like Morse code -- she's sending a message. We MOVE IN on Cathy as she repeats the message, each blow harder than the one before. Her face is tight with longing and apprehension.

CATHY

(whispering)

Vincent... please...

She repeats the message again, banging as hard as she can, a wordless metallic shout of concern. We HOLD TIGHT on Cathy's face as she swings.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - NIGHT

23

She's waiting out on the balcony, waiting for Vincent to come to her. The light spills through the glass doors behind her, and all around her are the city lights. She's reading a heavy hardcover book, probably something that Vincent gave her, but her mind isn't on the book -- she keeps LOOKING UP, anticipating his arrival.

A tabloid newspaper lies on a small table beside her. ANGLING PAST Cathy, we see the headline: "SUBWAY SLASHER -- PSYCHOPATH OR SAVIOR?"

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - LATER THAT NIGHT

24

Many of the city lights are out; it's the silent, dark hours just before dawn. Cathy is asleep in her chair, the book on her chest. Cathy stirs restlessly in her sleep. We PAN slowly past her to the railing and the city beyond.

CLOSE ON RAILING

as Vincent's HAND suddenly appears from below. He grips the metal rail, pulls himself slowly into view. His grip is so strong that we see the rail slowly begin to BEND.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Cathy stirs, blinks, sees Vincent, and sits up abruptly.

CATHY

You came...

Vincent climbs over the rail as Cathy rises.

CATHY

You don't know how much I needed
to see you.

They embrace, but Cathy suddenly PULLS BACK. She can tell that something is dreadfully amiss.

CATHY

Vincent, what's wrong?

CLOSE ON VINCENT

Wordlessly, he smiles. Briefly, it looks like Vincent's normal smile: gentle, melancholy, full of compassion. Then it grows wider, turns into a mocking predatory grin for a moment, until his fangs are bared and we are looking into the eyes of the beast. Vincent SNARLS.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Terrified, Cathy tries to break free, but Vincent holds her tight, still snarling. They struggle.

CATHY

No... Vincent, no!

But it's no use, the humanity is gone from him. He attacks her savagely. Cathy begins to SCREAM, and we

SMASH CUT TO:

25 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - DAWN

25

as she wakes, still screaming and struggling, from her dream. It takes her a moment to realize it was just a dream. When the realization comes, Cathy sinks slowly back into her chair, staring bleakly out at sunrise. She covers her face with her hands.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CATHY'S BASEMENT - DAY

26

Cathy descends the cellar stairs. She's carrying a heavy-duty flashlight and wearing jeans, boots, a heavy workshirt. She moves aside the cardboard boxes stacked against the wall, revealing a jagged entrance to the tunnels. She enters.

27 INT. STEAM TUNNELS - BELOW THE CITY - DAY

27

Cathy walks confidently down the long tunnel, her footsteps ECHOING loudly as she goes.

She reaches a T-shaped junction, starts right, hesitates, then retraces her steps, goes left.

She opens a heavy iron door marked NO ADMITTANCE. The door behind is bricked shut. Cathy REACTS, clearly startled. She touches the bricks, but they're solid. She moves off uncertainly.

28 INT. BRICK TUNNEL - NIGHT

28

She gropes along an unfamiliar passage, its walls ancient brick, covered with nitre. Water is dripping here. This is a very old, spooky section of the tunnels, and it's clear that Cathy has never passed this way before. Somehow she's gotten lost, and her face shows her alarm.

She comes on an old brick WELL in the center of the passage, and brushes against a loose brick on its rim as she squeezes by. The brick falls for a long beat before we hear the faint SPLASH. Cathy moves past.

An old WROUGHT IRON GATE blocks her passage. Cathy sets the flashlight on a ledge in the brick wall, pushes at the gate, but she can't move it. She feels around the brick walls for a release, a key, anything, finds nothing. She grasps the bars, SHOUTS.

CATHY

Hello... Vincent... anyone ...
hello...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Her voice echoes a long way, reverberating in the dark, but there's no reply. Cathy hears a NOISE behind her, reaches for her flashlight. There's a huge grey RAT on the ledge where she set it down. It screeches at her, and Cathy gives a yelp of startled fear, before she works up the courage to snatch her flashlight back, and run back down the narrow tunnel.

She backtracks to the well, almost passes it, then stops. She shines the light into the well, SEES iron rungs descending into nothingness. Cathy studies the well, pushing, prodding, and finally touches a LOOSE BRICK set in its base. It turns slowly when she pushes at it, and from below we hear a GRINDING NOISE, followed by the rush of DRAINING WATER.

29 INT. IN THE WELL - NIGHT

29

Cathy descends carefully, the flashlight held awkwardly in her hand. She stops, twists around on the rungs, shines the flashlight down.

CUT TO:

30 CATHY'S POV

30

Darkness, and a long, long dizzying drop.

31 BACK TO THE SCENE

31

As she stares down, the rung she's clinging to comes right out of the crumbling brick. Cathy starts to FALL, grabs another rung. She hangs on precariously by one hand, but loses her grip on the flashlight. It falls, shatters. Cathy clings to the ladder, alone in the dark, breathing hard, scared. The rung she's clutching begins to pull loose of the brick wall. She grabs for another, misses, the run comes loose.

CLOSE ON CATHY

Screaming, she FALLS... right into Vincent's arms.

32 INT. BOTTOM OF THE WELL - NIGHT

32

Vincent stands silhouetted in the golden light spill from a secret door he has opened in the bottom of the well.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Cathy is shaking and shuddering, breathing hard from her close call. She throws her arms around him and hugs him with all her strength. Without saying a word, Vincent turns and carries her into the warm light and the wall closes behind them, swallowing them up.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

33 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

33

Cathy sits huddled in a blanket, hot tea in front of her, untouched. Vincent stands a few feet away, his face averted and hidden by his hood, greatly troubled by her presence.

CATHY

I thought I'd remember... I got turned around somehow, everything seemed strange, different... frightening.

VINCENT

The ways change, Catherine. For every safe road, there are a hundred paths that end only in darkness. Parts of these tunnels are very old. Older than your subways and your sewers, and far more dangerous.

Cathy shivers, looks up at him.

CATHY

I had to come. I had to see you. I was afraid...

Vincent's eyes are deeply sorrowful.

VINCENT

I know.

CATHY

You didn't come... I called... on the pipes... but you never came.

VINCENT

I could feel your fear, Catherine. Even now.
(turns away from her)
I frighten you.

Cathy shrugs off the blanket, stands, goes to him.

CATHY

You taught me always to face my fears, Vincent... tell me...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

VINCENT

What shall I tell you? That I
am not this... shadow, this
man-monster you hunt? Must you
hear those words before you can
trust? Hear them, then. It is
not me.

(gently)

I would never hurt you, Catherine.

Vincent slowly raises a hand to touch her cheek. Cathy
tries, but the fear is still in her, and she cannot help
a small, involuntary FLINCH away from his claws. Vincent
pulls back, devastated, moves away from her.

CATHY

(anguished)

Vincent, no... please, I didn't
mean...

VINCENT

... to pull away. I know,
Catherine. I know your heart.

(gently, but pained)

But sometimes the words we cannot
speak are the truest words of all
... however much they hurt...

CATHY

What are you saying?

VINCENT

You know what you've seen. You
know what I am.

(beat)

You know what you fear.

He raises his hands in front of him, stares down at them.

VINCENT

We both know what these hands can
do... have done. Catherine, if
your heart does not know the
truth, no words of mine will help.

Vincent takes her gently by the arm.

VINCENT

It's time for you to go home.

He leads her unresisting from the chamber.

CUT TO:

34 INT. STEAM TUNNELS - NIGHT

34

as Vincent leads Cathy home. They walk in silence, an air of melancholy hanging over them, both bereft.

35 INT. CATHY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

35

Vincent turns to go. Cathy stands helplessly for a moment, then calls after him, beseeching.

CATHY

Don't go. Vincent, please. I'm afraid --

VINCENT

None of us is without fear,
Catherine... in your world or
mine...

(beat)

The killings draw their eyes
downward. The subways now, but
soon deeper... to the hidden
places where we dwell... We will
be watching. It is all that we
can do.

Vincent turns and leaves her, his cape billowing behind him. As he vanishes from her sight, Cathy calls after him with desperate longing.

CATHY

Vincent...

As her anguished call hangs in the air, we

CUT TO:

36 VINCENT

36

Out of Cathy's sight, he SLUMPS against the tunnel wall, torn up. We HEAR Cathy calling again, her voice faint with distance. Vincent, unable to hold in the pain any longer, throws back his head in torment, and SMASHES his fists against a large steam pipe in a blind moment of rage. The pipe breaks, and STEAM RISES all around him, obscuring his figure. His shape, lost amidst the steam, gives a terrible blood-curdling ROAR that echoes up and down the tunnels.

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT. N.Y.P.D. COMPUTER ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

37

Cathy enters, looking morose, and goes to Edie at her computer console.

EDIE

You look sadder than my last date.
Anything I can do?

CATHY

I need to see the file on Mrs.
Beatrice Dalby.

The name clearly rings a bell with Edie. She frowns.

EDIE

That's the cleaning lady who got
saved by the slasher, isn't it?
I didn't know you were supposed
to question her.

CATHY

I'm not.

Edie looks very dubious. This isn't by the book.

EDIE

Then why --

CATHY

Let's just say I've got a very
dirty apartment.

With a sigh and a shake of her head, Edie starts hitting
her computer keys.

CUT TO:

38 INT. WHISPERING GALLERY (MATTE) - NIGHT

38

A HUGE brick tunnel, cavernous, empty, full of darkness and the distant sound of rushing water. It's quieter here than elsewhere in the world below -- no subway sounds, no tapping. The tunnel extends as far as we can see, vanishing in the distance. Its roof, brick, arches overhead, but the floor is not visible at all. The walls descend steeply into utter blackness. The black mouths of a myriad of tunnels open onto this great space at a dozen different levels. A series of narrow brick LEDGES run along the walls, connecting the tunnel mouths. Here and there, a few arching BRIDGES of ancient brick cross the abyss, some high above

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

us, some far below. We SEE that several of these bridges are in ruins, their center spans collapsed. Various sections of the walls, ledges and bridges are festooned with a sort of Spanish moss which GLOWS with a soft violet phosphorescence, filling the huge chamber with a wan half-light.

We PAN slowly down the tunnel, and find Vincent sitting in the center of one of the bridges, a hundred feet below the roof, his legs dangling over this great space as he gazes out into the darkness.

The light of a torch appears in the tunnel mouth at the end of the bridge, and begins to cross the span.

VINCENT

sits silently as Father appears behind him, carrying a torch that does little to pierce the gloom of this place.

FATHER

Vincent?

(no reply)

Are you all right? Kipper told me where to find you.

(steps forward, gazes around)

Is it safe here? This place looks very old.

VINCENT

I used to come here often, when I was smaller. If you stand at one end of this bridge and whisper, you can be heard at a certain spot a mile away. But only if you stand in just the right spot.

Father smiles fondly, puts a hand on Vincent's shoulder.

VINCENT

The water makes a soothing sound. One of the main water pipes runs close to here, but as a boy I thought it was a river going out to sea.

FATHER

It's Catherine, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

VINCENT

(very sad)

I can hear her fears whispering
to me, no matter where she stands.

FATHER

She cannot help being afraid.
They've built their world on fear,
Vincent. It's all they know.
In that city up there, it's all
that keeps them alive. They'd
be insane if they weren't afraid,
with the lives they're forced to
live.

VINCENT

And us? Are we so very different?

FATHER

We have something they only dream
of, Vincent. We have a safe
place, a secret place beyond their
madness and fear.

For the first time, Vincent turns and looks at Father
directly, his gaze penetrating.

VINCENT

When I was a child, I had a dozen
secret places where I could
hide... but before the games were
over, they always found me. Even
here.

39 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

39

Cathy gets out of a cab in front of high-rise glass-and-
steel office building. She rings the night bell, and a
SECURITY GUARD comes to the door. She flashes her DA's
identification, and he admits her. Through the glass, we
SEE them talking for a moment, as he directs her.

CUT TO:

40 INT. CORPORATE OFFICES - NIGHT

40

Mrs. Dalby, in her uniform, is at work cleaning as Cathy
enters. She continues working all through their
conversation, dusting, emptying wastebaskets, etc.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

CATHY

Mrs. Dalby? I'm Catherine
Chandler, from the DA's office.

MRS. DALBY

When you people going to leave
me alone? I got work to do. I
already told the police everything
I know.

CATHY

This won't take long, I promise.
You said you never got a good look
at the slasher --

MRS. DALBY

Don't you call him that! That
man saved me, and all you people
want to do is hunt him down like
some animal. Where were all of
you when those boys were kicking
me?

She turns her back to Cathy, empties a wastebasket, then
relents a little and turns back.

MRS. DALBY

I didn't see him. I told you
people that, I told you and told
you. The lights were going on
and off. What kind of subway is
that, we can't even keep the
lights on?

CATHY

Surely, when the lights went on,
you must have seen something, if
only for a second...

MRS. DALBY

Maybe so.

(beat)

But I don't remember nothing.
I was on the floor, hurting. I
still have bruises where they
kicked me. I didn't see no part
of that man.

Cathy looks her in the eye for a long beat. Mrs. Dalby
looks away. She's hiding something, and Cathy knows it.

CATHY

(gently)

You're protecting him, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

Mrs. Dalby busies herself with her work, ignoring her.
Cathy decides to take a risk.

CATHY

Mrs. Dalby, I'm not even supposed
to be here.

(off her sharp look)

This is personal for me. I
have... a friend...

(with great difficulty)

I think... I don't know what to
think, but I'm afraid that he
might be... involved... if you
could only tell me what you saw...
anything... his face... his
hands...

Mrs. Dalby looks at her for a long beat, then NODS.

MRS. DALBY

(very softly)

His hands... he didn't have
hands... just claws... and his
face, I'll never forget that
face...

(more loudly)

He wasn't a man. He wasn't a
human man at all. He was like
an angel... a terrible angel, come
to save me.

CLOSE ON CATHY

as she REACTS with shock and dismay. There's too much of
Vincent in Mrs. Dalby's words.

CATHY

A terrible angel...

(off her slow nod)

Thank you.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Cath moves to the door, anxious to be gone. Mrs. Dalby
looks guilty, confused, troubled.

MRS. DALBY

You won't tell them, will you?

Cathy shakes her head no. Mrs. Dalby looks relieved.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

40

MRS. DALBY
I don't hold with lying, you know.
I just couldn't tell them, I
couldn't...

(beat, then plaintive)
I got to ride that same train
tonight, Ms. Chandler.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

41

Cathy is tossing and turning in bed, in the grip of another
nightmare.

42 CATHY'S POV - HER DREAM

42

Everything is hazy and surreal. Images from her memories
and fears blur together:

- a) Vincent's face, sad, wise, haloed in light
- b) a clawed hand, wet with blood
- c) Vincent's face, in a feral snarl
- d) a dark shape, glowing with light, pacing
- e) flashback to pilot, Vincent mauling heavies
- f) Vincent lifting his hand to Cathy's cheek
- g) the dark shape, more clear now, still pacing
- h) close on Vincent's hand
- i) the dark shape turns, we see Jace's face

The word "claws" ECHOES over and over, louder, as the dark
shape becomes Jace in his office. The camera ZOOMS IN on
him, and over his shoulder, gleaming with reflected light,
we SEE the metal "TIGER CLAWS" on his wall.

EXTREME CLOSE ON TIGER CLAWS

as they begin to BLEED. The blood trickles slowly down the
wall, and we

SMASH CUT TO:

43 CLOSE ON CATHY

43

as she sits bolt upright in bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 EXT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - THE NEXT DAY

44

Cathy gets out of a cab and hurries up the steps. As she opens the doors, she glances at the building's cornice. Chiselled into the stone, very faint and eroded with age, are the words SEAMAN'S SAFE HAVEN.

45 INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

45

Jace rises from his desk and gives Cathy his most charming smile as she enters. Cathy is all smiles too.

JACE

I hadn't expected to see you again so soon. Come to sign up?

CATHY

I'd look silly in one of those white hats.

JACE

I disagree. Besides, the guys in the white hats always win.

CATHY

Do they?

JACE

At least in fairy tales.

(beat)

The city has its own myths, you know. We're all so rational, so cynical and sophisticated -- but we still need our gods and demons, our heroes and villains.

(beat)

I knew a man used to work the IRT. He swore that he saw a monster down there once, when he was troubleshooting some track. You hear the street people talk about it too -- some terrible fierce creature who haunts the dark places, some thing with the face of a demon and the soul of an angel.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

CLOSE ON CATHY-

as she REACTS, startled -- it's some distorted street myth of Vincent that Jace is speaking about and she knows it.

CATHY

You don't -- you can't possibly believe that, can you?

BACK TO THE SCENE

JACE

(wistful)

Of course not. But they believe it, don't you see? Because they need to believe. Inside, we're all children, scared of the dark, wishing there really was a Batman...

CATHY

But Batman was never half so formidable as you, was he? How many black belts do you have hanging in your closet?

JACE

(smiles, shrugs)

I can take care of myself. But I tell you, all the fighting techniques in the world don't equal what I learned from Isaac Stubbs in one afternoon. You remember his first rule?

CATHY

(hesitates)

On the streets... there are no rules.

Jace gives her a long, meaningful stare before he smiles.

JACE

That's the problem with doing things your way. You believe in rules, and the predators don't.

CATHY

So we throw away the rules?

(off Jace's shrug,

smile)

Then what's the difference? The color of our hats?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

JACE

I don't have to tell you the difference. You know it already, or you wouldn't be here.

(beat)

Isaac tells me that you were a star pupil.

CATHY

Isaac exaggerates. I still have a lot to learn...

She moves casually back of his desk, to the wall where his weapons collections is mounted, and begins to examine them. Jace swivels in his chair, watching her carefully.

CATHY

(by samurai sword)

These weapons, for instance. Can you really use all of these?

JACE

Some. I wouldn't touch that sword. The samurai kept their blades razor sharp.

CATHY

Does that make you a samurai, Jace?

(off his smile)

What are these?

JACE

Throwing stars. I can see that you don't make it to many ninja movies.

CATHY

Unless Woody Allen made one, I'm not interested.

She steps away, pauses by the tiger claws, looks at them silently for a long beat, then turns to find Jace staring at her. We INTERCUT between their faces; the look that passes between them tells everything.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

46

Cathy and Jace emerge from the building, and Cathy walks briskly down the steps. Jace's smile fades as Cathy starts down the sidewalk. One of his lieutenants, RED, appears in the door and gives Jace a questioning look. Jace NODS. Red saunters after Cathy.

CUT TO:

47 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

47

Deputy DA Joe Maxwell has an incredulous look on his face as Cathy finishes telling him her suspicions.

CATHY

Call it a hunch. Instinct.
Intuition. I don't care what you
call it, as long as you do
something about Jason Walker.

MAXWELL

This is the Jason Walker who heads
the Protectors, right? Heavily
into karate, aikido, ju-jitsu,
ninjutsu, has been sued maybe a
half-dozen times by perps he's
brought in on citizen's arrest.
Collects secret ninja death toys.
Pops up on TV saying how the
subway slasher is a hero, not a
nut case, and isn't it too bad
we don't have a dozen guys just
like him.

(beat, off her reaction)

We talking about the same Jason
Walker here?

CATHY

(catching on quickly)

I have a sinking feeling that
you're ahead of me...

MAXWELL

Don't be fooled by the gravy
stains on their ties, Radcliffe.
The cops aren't as dumb as they
look.

CATHY

But it all fits! He has the right
attitudes, the skills --

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MAXWELL

-- Only one problem -- he's also got
an alibi.

CATHY

Then someone's covering for him --

MAXWELL

The cops?

(beat)

Jason Walker has been under
twenty-four hour police
surveillance since this
investigation began.

Off Cathy's confused look, we

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

48 INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

48

Another late night subway rolls through the tunnels. The car is almost empty. A DRUNK, covered by newspapers, lies across several seats, a tiny balding OLD MAN sits clutching a metal cane, very alert. A TRANSIT COP enters through the door between cars, whaps the drunk across the heels with his nightstick. The man sits up groggily. The cop moves on to the next car. The drunk lies down and covers himself with newspapers again.

We hear a soft THUMP. The old man looks UP, puzzled.

The train stops. A PRETTY GIRL of about sixteen enters, dressed demurely. She's followed closely by a CREEP with long greasy hair. It's clear at once that he's bothering her, and that she's scared and trying to get away from him. He sits right next to her.

PRETTY GIRL

Leave me alone!

CREEP

C'mon, baby. Don't be so mean
to me.

She moves closer to the old man; he follows. She tries to get up again, but he pulls her into his lap.

CREEP

Gimme a kiss, sweetie.

PRETTY GIRL

(struggling, close to
tears)

Don't touch me. Let me go.

He pulls her to him for a kiss, and she HITS him, bloodying his lip, breaking free. She runs forward, toward the next car, but he gets up and goes after her.

CLOSE ON PRETTY GIRL

as she reaches the door, starts to slide it open. His hand SLAMS INTO FRAME, trapping her. He has her pinned against the door.

PRETTY GIRL

No . . .

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

BACK TO THE SCENE

She's trapped between his arms.

CREEP
You hurt me!

PRETTY GIRL
(tearful)
Let me go.

CREEP
Maybe if you're nice to me.

CLOSE ON CREEP'S HAND

as he runs it up her leg.

ANGLE ON OLD MAN

He doesn't move from his seat, but he has to intervene.

OLD MAN
You let her alone!

The creep looks back and LAUGHS.

CREEP
Keep out of this, grandpa, if you
know what's good for you.

OLD MAN
There's a police officer on this
train.

CREEP
I'm real scared.

He turns his attention back to the girl, grabs her blouse,
RIPS.

CLOSE ON OLD MAN

He gets stiffly to his feet. We see the fear on his face.
He turns and walks AWAY from the creep and the pretty girl,
back in the direction the transit cop went.

PRETTY GIRL
(weeping)
No... don't leave... help me...
please don't leave me.

The old man hesitates, looks back hefts his cane. But he
hasn't got it in him. He looks down, ashamed.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

OLD MAN

Don't... don't be afraid. I'm
going for the police officer.

He slides open the door. We see him REACT. A clawed hand enters the frame and pushes him aside.

ANGLE PAST CREEP ON PRETTY GIRL

She's stopped struggling. We HEAR the creep's rough breathing, her sobs. A large SHADOW falls across them both, and the girl REACTS with shock and then hope. A clawed hand enters the frame and grabs the creep's hair, yanking his head back sharply; as a second set of claws go his throat, poised to slash, we

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DOORS

as the transit cop enters from the next car. For an instant, he fails to realize that anything is amiss. Then he REACTS, runs forward and draws his gun.

TRANSIT COP

Hold it right there.

BACK TO THE SCENE

The creep is dead on the floor, holding his throat, the vigilante standing over him. At the cop's shout he whirls around, and we catch a VERY BRIEF almost subliminal glimpse of a terrifying bestial face and clawed hands covered with fur. An expert karate kick sends the gun flying, and the cop drops to a knee, cradling a broken hand.

CLOSE ON THE OVERHEAD BAR

as the vigilante's hands close around it.

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW

as the vigilante KICKS IT OUT with both feet.

PRETTY GIRL'S POV

as the cop tackles him. They grapple briefly, but it's no contest. The vigilante is faster and far stronger. He SHOVES the cop aside and RAKES him with a clawed hand. As the cop falls, the vigilante bounds onto the seat, reaches outside, grabs the roof with his claws, and pulls himself out and UP.

CUT TO:

49 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

49

The lights of the train are receding in the distance. The vigilante runs the other way. As he passes, a YOUNG GIRL steps very silently from a shadowed alcove.

CUT TO:

50 INT. STEAM TUNNELS - NIGHT

50

The YOUNG GIRL climbs amidst a tangle of steam pipes as complex as any jungle gym, and begins to tap.

CUT TO:

51 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

51

Father is bent over some tome at his desk, as a runner enters breathless.

RUNNER

Lana saw him...

FATHER

Turn out our people. We can't lose him --

CUT TO:

52 INT. STEAM TUNNELS - NIGHT

52

The runner clambers up a ladder fast as he can go.

The runner talks to a dozen subterraneans. They scatter in all directions, their faces intent.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

53

Cathy is working at her desk when a tabloid newspaper THUMPS DOWN in front of her. The headline reads CLAW KILLER RIPS COP. Isaac Stubbs looms over her desk.

CATHY

Thanks. I've seen it.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

ISAAC

I was wrong.

(beat)

Not about everything. But maybe
about some. Yeah. I want to
help.

CATHY

Can you?

Isaac looks glum, shakes his head, takes a seat.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

ISAAC

I don't know anything for certain.
I have some ideas. Same as you,
maybe. But we got to fix it so
he's not hurt. He's dangerous,
and maybe he's crazy, but he got
that way by caring too much.

CATHY

(interrupting)

It's not Jace.

ISAAC

What are you saying? Who else
could it be?

CATHY

He's got the best alibi you can
have -- the police. Last night
while the vigilante was riding
the subways, Jace was working late
at Protectors head-quarters. The
police had a car across the street
until he left at two. Not to
mention a man in the alley behind
the building. They even had the
roof covered. And there are two
witnesses who swear they were with
him all the time.

Isaac looks very relieved.

ISAAC

Well, hell! I don't know if I'm
mad or glad.

(beat, smiles)

Yeah, I do... he's a good man,
Cathy. We don't always see eye
to eye, but I believe in what he's
doing. And there's damn few
people left to believe in anymore.

CATHY

(quietly)

I know.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

54

Cathy is working late. A mug of cold coffee sits by her elbow, and her dining room table is covered with law books, legal pads, briefs, and a NEW YORK SUBWAY MAP. She's poring over the map when she hears a gentle TAPPING. She crosses to her bedroom.

CATHY'S POV

Curtains have been drawn across the balcony, but Vincent's shadow is outlined clearly through them.

55 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - NIGHT

55

Cathy opens the doors, sees Vincent, smiles and goes to him. There is no hesitation, no fear.

CATHY

I thought I might never see you again...

VINCENT

There is too much fear in your world already, Catherine. I could not bring you more.

Cathy takes Vincent's hand, turns it over. Light shines softly off his claws. She looks in his eyes, and presses his hand tenderly in both of hers.

CATHY

Vincent, I'm so sorry that I doubted you.

VINCENT

(gently, sadly)
Catherine, stop. You were right to be afraid. Your heart knows the truth.

CATHY

My heart knows how gentle you are.

VINCENT

Even the gentlest man has a demon locked inside him.

CATHY

No. Not a demon. Not you.
(beat, softly)
A terrible angel...

Cathy turns away, looks out over the city lights.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

CATHY

(troubled)

I'm so confused, Vincent. This killer, this vigilante... I don't even know what to call him ... there was a man, Jason Walker ... good, evil... I don't know anymore...

VINCENT

Sometimes good men do evil things, Catherine. All the demons of hell were angels once.

(beat)

We've seen him, Catherine...

CATHY

(sharply)

The vigilante..?

VINCENT

Last night my people followed him. He vanished from us at the end, but I can show you where...

CATHY

You sound so troubled --

VINCENT

They hunt this man as they might hunt me, if they dreamed of my existence.

(beat)

You have your laws and your courts to tell right from wrong... your police to protect you. We have only ourselves. By what right do I condemn him? Am I so very different?

CATHY

(strong and sure)

Yes, Vincent. You are.

He looks into her eyes for a long beat, and nods slowly.

VINCENT

Bring me a map.

Cathy goes inside, and the camera begins to PULL BACK. She re-emerges with maps in hand, and we continue to pull back as she and Vincent lean over them, talking.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

56 POV SHOT - THROUGH BINOCULARS 56
of Cathy and Vincent on the balcony.

57 EXT. ROOF - NIGHT 57
Red squats on the roof of a nearby building, wearing his white beret, studying Cathy's building through a pair of binoculars. He lowers them slowly, a look of absolute astonishment on his face, then shakes his head and quickly looks again.

CUT TO:

58 INT. DONUT SHOP - DAY 58
Cathy sits on a stool, sipping a cup of coffee. Edie enters behind her, takes the adjoining stool.

EDIE
Why is it that whenever I get
taken out to lunch I wind up at
Chock Full O'Nuts?

CATHY
If you found what I need, I'll
buy you dinner at the Four
Seasons.

EDIE
Why didn't you say that last time
I did you a favor?
(shakes her head)
If it's not on the computers, I
can't find it. I don't go looking
through no dusty files. They make
my eyes water. And your place
was built in 1872, so it sure
ain't on no computer. It was a
seedy rooming house for fifty
years before your Protectors
bought it.

CATHY
What was it originally?

EDIE
Does the phrase "Hey sailor, new
in town?" help any...
(picks up menu)
It was a cheap hotel. For
sailors. The Seaman's Safe Haven,
how you like that?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Cathy smiles broadly, gets to her feet.

CATHY

Edie, I love you.

Cathy dashes for the door, and Edie turns to call-out after her.

EDIE

Hey! Who's going to pay for my
cheeseburger?

But it's too late, Cathy's gone already. Edie shakes her head in resignation and goes back to her menu.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

59

60 INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - REFERENCE ROOM - DAY

60

SERIES OF SHOTS

Cathy stands at a reference desk, speaking to a LIBRARIAN.

Cathy carrying a dozen cans of microfilms to a viewer, in a long high-ceilinged reference room.

Cathy sits at the viewer, advancing the film. Daylight is streaming through the high windows, and all around her, other patrons are using the viewers.

61 INT. REFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

61

Night has fallen. Cathy's still at her viewer, but now the room is empty except for her, the librarian, and one other figure, a woman at a viewer all the way down at the other end of the room, far in the background.

Cathy advances the film, and suddenly sees something of interest. She stops the viewer, leans forward.

62 INSERT - THE MICROFILM

62

A facsimile of a page from the New York Herald from 1888, the stories all racked in narrow single columns with multiple descending heads.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

DREADFUL MURDERS IN SEAMAN'S SAFE HAVEN
Twenty Sailors Thought Slain
— Culprits Escape Through Secret Tunnels
Byrnes Promises Arrests.

Below the story, rendered in a crude woodcut, we see a MAP
of the network of secret tunnels under the hotel.

63 INT. LIBRARY - PHOTOCOPY AREA - NIGHT

63

CLOSE ON COIN SLOT

As Cathy deposits a quarter in the viewer and pushes a
button to get a photocopy.

ANGLE PAST SUKI AT CATHY

We watch over the shoulder of the other patron as the xerox
machine built into the microfilm viewer gives its
distinctive FLASH of light. A paper slides out. Cathy
folds it, puts it in her purse.

As she hurries out, the other patron rises to follow, and we
see that it is SUKI, the Oriental woman we saw teaching
martial arts at Protectors headquarters. A white beret is
shoved into the back pocket of her jeans.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

64

Cathy descends the steps to the street, looking for a cab.
Before she can find one, a dark car pulls up right in front
of her, and Red spills out, wearing his white beret. Cathy
reacts quickly, stepping back before he can grab her. But
Suki steps up behind her.

SUKI

Take it easy and nobody will get
hurt. Jace just wants to talk.

RED

Don't even think it -- I know
you're good, but you don't want
to go up against two of us.

Cathy accepts the situation, and gets into the car.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

65 INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

65

Jace is pacing restlessly when the door opens, and Red and Suki propel Cathy through the door. They remain by the door, flanking it like a pair of sentinels.

CATHY

You didn't have to go to all this trouble. Really.

JACE

(smile)

I like your attitude. You don't scare easy, do you? Please, sit down.

(off her hesitation)

Don't make this difficult, Cathy. There's no need for melodrama. I'm not going to hurt you. Whatever you think of me, you're Isaac's friend, and we're all on the same side.

Cathy takes a seat. Red has her purse. He opens it, hands the xerox of the news story to Jace, who scans it briefly, shakes his head.

JACE

The sailor murders. I'm innocent, I swear. My granddaddy was a sharecropper in Alabama when all this went down.

He lets the paper flutter to the floor and smiles pleasantly at Cathy.

CATHY

Did you know when you bought the building?

JACE

(matter of factly)

No. We were doing renovations in the basement, and we stumbled on the tunnels. They had been sealed for almost a century.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

JACE (Cont'd)

At the time, we had no idea why they were there. Sailors were an ideal prey. They'd come ashore in a strange city after a year at sea, carrying a year's pay. Smuggle the body out to the river through the tunnels, and who was to know? Sailors jumped ship all the time. It's a regular maze down there. Side tunnels, dead ends... so old... maybe the Indians used them... I don't know. But there are places down below us... fabulous places. You can't imagine.

CATHY

(wryly)

Can't I?

(beat)

Was that what gave you the idea?
Finding the tunnels?

JACE

No. It was later, much later.

(beat)

The story... the demon protector,
the angel from below... I kept
hearing it... it had such a hold
on my dreams, I could almost see
him myself...

CATHY

Almost...

JACE

The city needed him.

(beat)

You can feel it down below, late
at night on the subways. The fear
is so thick it's a taste in your
mouth, a smell that almost chokes
you.

(beat)

Frightened people need symbols
to make them feel safe. Sometimes
a man in a blue uniform or a white
hat is enough. But when the fear
is so strong, the symbol needs
to be stronger as well.

He turns toward Cathy, smiles. The secrets are out. They
both know now.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

JACE

All the years, all my work, and yet the problem was worse than ever. So many people hurting, frightened... more every day, day after day, year after year. I was losing. I had begun to doubt, to question whether one man could make a difference. No longer.

CATHY

You call that making a difference? Killing a few muggers?

JACE

The deaths weren't important. The legend was. It's time for them to be afraid now.

CATHY

And the policeman? He's still in critical condition, I hear.

JACE

Legends never make mistakes. They never miss, r stumble, or strike out in panic. They never hurt those who don't deserve to be hurt. The problem is, men do all those things. Even the best of men.

CATHY

It's too bad your legend doesn't really exist.

CLOSE ON JACE

as he smiles icily and sits down beside Cathy.

JACE

Oh, but he does. And you're going to tell me all about him. Aren't you?

CUT TO:

66 INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS - NIGHT

66

Vincent stands with KIPPER at a junction point where several tracks converge. Behind them are three other kids from the subterranean world, one holding an old kerosene lantern.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Are you certain this is where you lost him, Kipper?

KIPPER

Lana was hiding up near the next station, but he never reached her. This was the last place I saw him. He ran real fast.

VINCENT

(smiles)

I'll bet he did.

Vincent kneels, studies the tracks, gazes around at the tunnel walls. At his signal, the kids scatter in all directions along the walls. Vincent begins to walk down the tunnel, FEELING and KNOCKING on the concrete to locate any false walls.

CUT TO:

67 INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

67

CATHY

How many times do I have to tell you -- I don't know what you're talking about.

JACE

(sighs)

Cathy, you're just wasting my time. You're trying to protect him. Fine, I admire that. But it's pointless. Red saw you together. He watched you for more than twenty minutes.

CATHY

Red needs a reality check.

RED

Hey, I know what I saw...

JACE

(conciliatory)

Who is he? What is he? Where does he come from? Catherine, whoever he is, he has nothing to fear from me. We're alike, he and I. We're mirror images, twins. We're the same...

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

Cathy REACTS too quickly, and with horror -- Jace is articulating her deepest fear.

CATHY

NO! He's not like that, he --

She breaks off suddenly, realizing that she's blown it. There's a moment of hushed silence that lasts a full solid BEAT; then Jace smiles and finishes her thought.

JACE

(softly)

... exists?

Cathy gets up quickly.

CATHY

I've had enough of this. Am I going to be allowed to leave?

Red and Suki exchange looks, but Jace seems calm enough.

JACE

If you insist.

He walks behind his desk, admires the array of weapons, then reaches out and touches the blade of the samurai sword. It swings down easily, we hear a loud CLICK, and a secret panel in the wall SWINGS OPEN, revealing a narrow spiral staircase. Jace holds the door open for Cathy.

JACE

After you.

Cathy backs away.

CATHY

I'd rather not.

JACE

I insist.

He gestures, and Red and Suki step forward to either side of Cathy. She looks back and forth, surrenders, and enters the stairs.

CUT TO:

68 INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS - NIGHT

68

CLOSE ON VINCENT

searching the tunnels with Kipper. He looks up as we HEAR a distant RUMBLE, and the lights of an on-coming train appear down the tunnel.

Vincent and Kipper, with the instinct of long familiarity, take shelter in the man-sized alcoves in the concrete walls. The train roars by inches in front of them. The noise is deafening. Vincent and Kipper step out calmly, unperturbed. The rumble and the screeching gradually diminish in force. Vincent glances up, at the roof of the tunnel. *

INSERT - VINCENT'S POV

In the roar of the train's passage, a trickle of gravel falls onto the rails from the crumbling concrete above, drawing Vincent's eye up to a heavy IRON GRATING over the center of the tunnel. *

BACK TO THE SCENE

VINCENT

Kipper, go. Get the other children out of here...

KIPPER

Aw, Vincent...

VINCENT

(forcefully)

Now!

Kipper runs off as Vincent stares upward.

CUT TO:

69 INT. DARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

69

The tunnel is old, walled with rock, pitch black. A flashlight beam bobs toward us, and Red appears, leading the way. Cathy and Jace follow, with Suki bringing up the rear. They enter a LARGE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER where their footsteps ECHO. Jace finds a Coleman lantern, lights it, brings up the flame, and hangs it from an iron hook in the wall. The room is still dark and gloomy. Cathy looks around nervously.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

JACE
(smiling)
Cozy, isn't it?

CATHY
Not the word I'd chose.

JACE
(to Red, Suki)
Watch her.

He vanishes into the darkness. Cathy turns to Red and Suki, forces a smile.

CATHY
So. How 'bout those Mets?

They exchange looks, not at all amused. Cathy shivers in the subterranean chill.

CUT TO:

70 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

70

Vincent runs and leaps, reaching for the iron grating above.

CLOSE ON VINCENT'S HAND

As it grabs onto the grate. His clawed fingers barely fit through the narrow gaps.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Vincent hangs suspended in the center of the tunnel, holding the grate by one hand. We HEAR a distant RUMBLE. Reflected LIGHT washes off the tunnel walls in the far distance, and the HEADLIGHTS of a train come into view around a curve.

CUT TO:

71
thru
74

OMITTED

71
thru
74

75 INT. LARGE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT

75

ANGLE ON CATHY

Cathy is still trying to talk sense to Suki and Red.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

CATHY

Help me. Talk to him. He'll
listen to you. He has to give
himself up.

(beat)

If he keeps on, he'll destroy
himself, and all the good he's
done.

Something in their faces makes Cathy TURN as she hears the
footstep behind her.

JACE

steps out of the darkness. His face is covered by some kind
of mask -- primitive, perhaps tribal, with long strands of
coarse hair, brutal slashes across the cheeks, long
glittering teeth. His eyes seem to SHINE in the dim lantern
light: red, demonic, merciless. He's dressed entirely in
black, and on his hands are his claws -- not metal ninja
claws like those in his office, but animal claws six inches
long, from some huge bear perhaps, mounted in fur-and-
leather gauntlets that lace half way up his forearms. The
familiar handsome, charming, articulate Jason Walker is gone
entirely, submerged in this primal and frightening figure.

CATHY

She knows it's Jace -- but it isn't, not entirely. She
gasps and shies away.

CATHY

Jace...

JACE

(icy cold)

Tell me.

CATHY

(shakes her head)

No.

Suki steps close to restrain her.

SUKI

Don't fool with him when he's like
this.

CATHY

Jace, you promised that no one
was going to get hurt, remember?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

JACE
(softly)
Jace would never have hurt you.

CUT TO:

76 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

76

The tunnel as before, but Vincent is gone. The camera MOVES IN AND UP and we see that the heavy iron grate has been mangled, bent inward and torn apart by Vincent's superhuman strength.

The camera MOVES THROUGH the ripped, twisted iron, into a dark narrow tunnel above, where we hear FOOTSTEPS. The camera FOLLOWS and the footsteps grow steadily LOUDER, until we see Vincent hurrying down the passage.

CUT TO:

77 INT. LARGE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT

77

SUKI
Don't be stupid. Tell him!

She twists upward on Cathy's arm, and Cathy winces. But she still won't talk. Jace steps closer, silent, and brings his hand up under her chin. He presses gently. We see the claws begin to dig into her flesh.

Behind them, Vincent steps into view in one of the black tunnel mouths, and ROARS. Seeing Cathy in danger, he charges across the room.

Jace WHIRLS, all catlike grace and lightning-quick reflexes, instinctively prepared to face this new danger before he even quite sees him. Vincent goes for him, but Jace does a flying ninja leap over Vincent's head, spinning in midair, and lands behind him.

CLOSE ON JACE

For a split-second he's in a position to rake Vincent from behind, but he finally realizes what he's faced with. AWESTRUCK AND STUNNED, he freezes. He is the imitation come face-to-face with the real thing, and his astonishment makes him hesitate for just an instant too long.

Vincent BACKHANDS him savagely, and Jace goes flying across the room, slamming into a wall, and sliding down stunned.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

BACK TO THE SCENE

Cathy takes advantage of the distraction. She SLAMS her elbow back into Suki, breaks her hold, grabs the other woman by the wrist, and gives her a shoulder flip. Suki slams into the ground, stays down.

Simultaneously, Red goes into a karate stance and give an EAR-SPLITTING KARATE YELL. Vincent answers with a ROAR that shakes the room. Red changes his mind, drops his hands, and runs like hell in the other direction. Vincent, his face a mask of bestial rage, all mercy and compassion gone from him, starts to follow, but Cathy REACTS and steps quickly in his way.

CATHY
(shouting)

NO!

Vincent SNARLS and raises a hand, as if to claw her aside. Cathy doesn't flinch... and Vincent stops just in time.

He trembles as the rage passes from him, and he realizes what he almost did. We see the shame in his eyes. He turns away from her.

JACE

gets slowly to his feet across the chamber. He's never been hit so hard in his life. He considers his situation briefly, then darts for the nearest exit (a different exit from the one Vincent emerged through). Vincent sees him run, and follows.

78 OMITTED

78

79 INT. THE TUNNELS - SERIES OF SHOTS

79

INTERCUT between Vincent and Jace as one flees, the other pursues, both of them running:

- a) Jace reaches a fork in the tunnel, darts right,
- b) Jace scrambles down a ladder as fast as he can go,
- c) Vincent reaches the tunnel fork, hesitates, looks down both branches, then goes right,
- d) Jace runs down a steamy tunnel, pipes covering the walls, steam rising around him, his footsteps ECHOING,

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

e) Vincent descends the ladder,

f) Jace emerges through an access door onto a catwalk in a cavernous chamber, looks back, listens, hears distant footsteps. He glances in both directions along the catwalk, then climbs up on the rail and LEAPS OUT over empty space, catching hold of one of the overhead pipes, and begins to SWING across from pipe to pipe,

g) Vincent charges through the steamy tunnel, the echoes loud around him, emerges through the accessway just in time to SEE Jace vanish through a door on the far side. He looks for a way to cross, finds none, climbs atop the rail. But instead of crossing as Jace did, Vincent goes from one side to the other with a single stupendous leap.

h) Jace dashes down an old section of tunnel. The floor DESCENDS sharply, and half the time he's scrambling and sliding downhill. He keeps looking back over his shoulder. We HEAR Vincent's pursuit. A dimly-lit opening appears at the tunnel's end in front of Jace. He goes through it, stops dead.

80 INT. WHISPERING GALLERY - NIGHT

80

as Jace emerges from one of the highest tunnels, at the end of an ancient brick bridge.

JACE

stands awestruck, gazing out and down at the subterranean vista that surrounds him. Then he HEARS Vincent's footsteps, and runs out onto the bridge.

VINCENT

emerges from the tunnel, sees Jace, follows him out onto the bridge.

JACE

is at the apex of the bridge when he stops suddenly.

JACE'S POV

The tunnel at the end of the bridge is BRICKED SHUT.

THE SCENE

There's no place left to run. At last Jace must turn, and face Vincent. Jace goes into a martial arts stance, claws outstretched. Vincent advances toward him slowly.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

VINCENT

Jason...

As Vincent tries to speak, Jace ATTACKS. He flies forward, hits Vincent with a piston kick, slashing at him with a clawed hand. Vincent dodges the blows. For a moment, high atop the bridge, they fight -- Jace attacking with his razor-sharp claws, Vincent defending himself against a flurry of blows. Jace is very fast, and finally he RAKES Vincent across the chest.

VINCENT

Blood wells from the slashes Jace has left and Vincent ROARS with pain. The humanity falls from his face as the beast emerges, ferocious and implacable. He ROARS again, deafeningly, enraged, and the sound ECHOES and RE-ECHOES up and down the whispering chamber.

JACE

snaps his head around wildly, as the echoes make it seem as if he were surrounded by a dozen beasts. Vincent LUNGES, slams into Jace, and carries both of them off of the bridge into the abyss.

VINCENT AND JACE

still struggling together as they fall. They SLAM into a second bridge with Vincent, underneath, taking the full brunt of the blow.

ANGLE ON THE BRIDGE

The brick is very old, and they've landed hard. The bridge begins to collapse beneath them, huge sections tumbling down into the abyss.

JACE AND VINCENT

Jace manages to roll to safety as the bricks fall away from beneath Vincent, leaving him suspended above an endless drop. Vincent catches hold with one hand.

JACE

stands over Vincent, draws back to strike the blow that will send Vincent plunging to his death... and then hesitates. We INTERCUT quickly between Vincent's eyes and Jace's, peering through his hideous mask. He does not strike. Instead, he whirls, runs, and jumps across the dark chasm, for the other side of the fallen bridge, as Vincent climbs to safety.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

VINCENT'S POV

of Jace, in SLOW MOTION, vaulting gracefully across space, glancing back for one last look at Vincent. The jagged remnant of the bridge is festooned with the glowing moss. Jace can't quite make the distance, but his hands close around the hanging strands of moss. He starts to pull himself up.

CLOSE ON JACE'S HANDS

as his claws begin to RIP at the moss, and it shreds and disintegrates in his grip.

ANGLE DOWN PAST VINCENT

as the moss TEARS and Jace, still silent, begins to fall, twisting round and round and round until his body is lost in the darkness below.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - DAWN

81

Cathy, wearing a robe over her thin nightgown, shivers as Vincent tells her of Jace's fate.

CATHY

Then you never found a body?

VINCENT

The children say that abyss goes down forever. Too deep and too dangerous for us to plumb. He's dead, Catherine.

(beat, softly)

I did not cause --

But Cathy no longer needs his denials. She stops him with a finger against his lips, and looks in his eyes.

CATHY

I know...

They embrace for a long beat, then pull apart. The sun is coming up over the city. Cathy stares off at it.

CATHY

How can one man have so much courage and passion and empathy, and so little mercy?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

VINCENT

Perhaps he lost it somewhere,
Catherine. But he found it again,
in the end.

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

82

The office is as hectic as ever. OVER, we super:

TWO MONTHS LATER

Cathy sits working at her desk as Joe Maxwell enters.

MAXWELL

Hey, Radcliffe, you got those
Sorelli depositions?

Cathy hands him a file. Maxwell flips through it, looks
impressed.

MAXWELL

Bingo. This'll make Moreno's day.
(turns to go, pauses)
I suppose you heard, we're
shutting down the claw killer
investigation?

CATHY

That doesn't surprise me. How
long has it been since the last
incident?

MAXWELL

Two months. Funny, the way our
bo just stopped. These guys
generally keep at it until they
get themselves caught. The weird
thing is, subway crime's still
off.

CATHY

No body, no convictions -- the
bad guys can't really be sure that
he's gone, can they?

MAXWELL

Hey, yeah... maybe he's just
waiting around down there, right?
Like King Arthur...
(with genial disgust)
Gimme a break, Radcliffe.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

Maxwell exits her cubicle. Cathy watches him go. We MOVE IN TIGHT on her face, as she smiles a secret smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

83 INT. WHISPERING GALLERY - NIGHT

83

CLOSE ON FLAMES

We PULL BACK slowly from a torch, its flames crackling slowly, to reveal Vincent standing upon the shattered bridge, looking down solemnly over the dark gulf where Jace plunged to his death. He FLINGS the torch away, and it falls spinning for a long, long time as we slowly

FADE OUT

THE END