

# I Am Doomed...

Episode expansion of: **Terrible Savior**

By Cindy Rae

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*“So used as I, My daily wonder is, I love at all.”*

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson ~ Idylls of the King*

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*My Dearest Catherine,*

*Don't think I am him. Don't.*

*Don't, Catherine.*

*Don't think I am him, think I am Jason Walker.*

*For he might be pleased to be thought an absent Arthur; The Once And Future King at repose, waiting for the right time to return. He might be pleased with that.*

*I never would. I am no king. And I will not wait.*

*Even if I must...*

*Jason Walker killed people. As have I. And in that, you think we are the same, somehow.*

*Are we?*

*He killed to try and save a city. An entire city, Catherine. Never have I seen a man with such ambition, such drive, such... doom, about him.*

*For what could he do but fail, ultimately? What, but hunt until the hunt went wrong, until an innocent paid the price, and they changed from calling him "savior" to "killer?"*

*What color "hat" does the king wear, now, Catherine? Now that he's dead? Is it still white? In a month, in two, will anyone even remember, or care?*

*Myths fade. It is their fate. Myths are like that. We don't remember Arthur until we read Tennyson, or Mallory. We don't think of him, until then. We simply don't.*

*Well, most don't.*

*But I do.*

*Jason Walker spared me. The last act of a vigilante who couldn't... what? Kill a helpless ... man?*

*It was a kingly thing to do.*

*I'm not him, Catherine. I never was. I never could be. And God help us both, you don't even know why.*

*But do you need to? Do you, really? Can your heart not simply... trust?*

*From boyhood, I've known what these claws can do to a human face.*

*Do you think I'd bring them to bear willingly? With intention? Do you think I'd actually... hunt, for prey? Like Jason Walker did?*

*No. I couldn't. I can't. Pushed to fight, yes. I will. To save you, certainly. You know that already. You've seen me do it.*

*But plan for it? Seek it out, the way a man on safari stalks a tiger, or some other trophy he wants to mount on his wall? Arm myself, and go out into the night with the intention of killing a man?*

*No. Not once in all my life.*

*How could you know me, yet not know this? How could you know me... yet not know me?*

*It's a question I've asked myself for hours on end, and Catherine I must tell you, there is no answer that satisfies me. I can hold you through all the dawns there are, and still not find one.*

*I tasted terror, from you, the other night. The terror of a nightmare. Terror of... me. It was just a dream. And yet...*

*I know we are yet new. I know we are.*

*But I swear I know you. That there is strength in you, and goodness. That there is uncertainty, too, and doubt. That you rise to anger quickly, but cool just as fast. That there is a nobility in your grace that you wish to protect the weak.*

*Do you not understand that that is my wish, as well?*

*And yet...*

*I do not stalk a man. I am no predator, relishing the trail, searching, hoping to... to find the next kill. That is not me, Catherine.*

*It is not me, any more than it is you.*

*But... when you look at me, do you see the predator, and not the protector? Why?*

*Did I frighten you so much, when I killed the men who were trying to kill you? Did I? Is this the truth we mustn't say to each other? That you saw me kill, and the image of that is your image of me, even if you wish it were not so? Is this what I am to you, no matter what else I may be to you?*

*If this is so, then we are doomed.*

*No...*

*I am doomed...*

*Be Well, Catherine...*

*Vincent*