

I Didn't Want to Leave You There...

Episode expansion of: **Once Upon a Time in New York**

Judith Nolan



Dearest Catherine,

Last night, when I left you in the great pipe tunnel, I told you that you owed me nothing. I said I'm part of you, Catherine. Just as you are part of me. Wherever you go, wherever I am... I'm with you...

I didn't want to walk away, but such a choice was not mine to make. I can feel you now, waking to watch the dawn. Did you dream of me, last night? Do you long to see me, again? As I long to see you.

How I wish I could be at your side, watching the sun rising over this great city of ours. Wherever you go... the words seem too small to encapsulate what I'm feeling right now. If I gave in to my deepest, most impulsive instinct, I would tear my way to the surface, and run to your side, disregarding every harsh lesson I have ever learned.

To see your beautiful face lit by the sunlight... a prize beyond measure, and yet...

Such rash impulses ravage my dreams, and disturbed my waking moments, these last few months. I don't know if you're aware of it, but your soul calls constantly to mine, like the sirens of old. And as the entranced sailors went willingly into their arms, I would hurry to yours,

to hold you close, and never let you go again. The consequences be what they may...

When you saw me again, and ran to embrace me, that first time on your balcony, I feared I wouldn't have the strength to let you go. I know now I should not have gone Above, to where you live, but I couldn't stay away.

That magical night, you read the last chapter of Great Expectations to me. It was like a dream. I stayed until just before the dawn. It was dangerous, but I couldn't pull myself away. When I left you there, I knew you didn't want me to go, but you understood why I could not stay.

The fates that spin the tangled threads of our lives delight in torturing those under their control. But those same threads draw me inexorably back to you. As they did last night. In that brownstone, in that dark hallway, you saw what I am capable of when roused to fury. But you didn't shrink from me, as I fully expected. My heart threatened to stop, when you reached out and took my bloodied hand, in yours. You drew me with you, into the safety of the tunnels. You drew me back to myself.

Now, all I can do is pray for the night to fall, again. I wait impatiently for the city to darken, so I may rise through the earth and return to you. I am beyond believing we must not do this. No matter the ultimate cost.

We will stand on your balcony and watch the moon rise, while we make promises to each other, ones we both know will be impossible to keep. But still, we will go on lying to each other, while we struggle to make it all true. For what else do we have, you and I?

Yours Always,

Vincent