

Beauty and the Beast

Remember Love

Original air date: November 25, 1988

Starring

Linda Hamilton
Ron Perlman as "Vincent"
Roy Dotrice
Jay Acovone
Ren Woods

Guest Starring

David Greenlee
Armin Shimerman
and Tony Jay as Paracelsus

Director of Photography - Stevan Lerner A.S.C.

Production Designer - John Mansbridge

Editor - Craig Ridenour

Theme by - Lee Holdridge

Music by - Don Davis

Supervising Producer - Stephen Kurzfeld

Producer - George R. R. Martin

Produced by - Kenneth R. Koch

Co-Producers - Alex Gansa, Howard Gordon

Created by - Ron Koslow

Written by - Virginia Aldridge

Directed by - Victor Lobl

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

FOOTAGE OF INTERIOR TUNNELS LOCATIONS

A series of still images, displayed in sequence: the Spiral Stair, an empty underground work site, a junction of several tunnels with long pipes running along the walls, one tunnel branching into two at an intersection, a damp rock passage lit from above.

VINCENT'S VOICE

(Reading)

'And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard...'

FADE TO:

PAN ACROSS CAVERN INTERIOR – THE CHAMBER OF THE FALLS

A great cavern with bright apertures opening into another cave beyond a rock wall. The display continues left to right toward a pool of water beneath a waterfall. The camera shot

stops at a rock ledge in the Chamber of the Falls. Catherine and Vincent sit together on the ledge, Catherine leaning against Vincent's side, the waterfall in the distance providing a soothing background as Vincent reads from a book of verse.

VINCENT'S VOICE

(Continuing)

'...and singing as the farm was home,
In the sun that is young once only,
Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means,
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
And the sabbath rang slowly
In the pebbles of the holy streams.
All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air...'

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF VINCENT, ZOOMING OUT TO INCLUDE CATHERINE

VINCENT

(Reading)

'And playing, lovely and watery
And fire green as grass.
And nightly under the simple stars
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away...'

Vincent stops reading. Catherine looks up at him.

CATHERINE

It was beautiful. Why did you stop?

VINCENT

Sometimes I... see it... all... so clearly.
(He turns toward Catherine)
I used to come here when I was a child and wonder
about such places. How it would feel to lie a meadow under the warm sun.
(He looks up, imagining)
Or see the night sky full of stars.

CATHERINE

When I was a girl, we spent our summers at a lake in Connecticut. I had a secret place too, a glen. I would hide there, in the tall grass. And I felt as if I were the only person on Earth. Safe.

VINCENT

Yes.

CATHERINE

And if I sat very still, the deer would walk by and not even see me. I could almost reach out and touch them. It seemed...enchanted.

(She sits up to look into Vincent's face)

It seemed so far from the city, like a different world. It's only two hours away. I wish you could see it.

VINCENT

(Smiling)

Oh... so do I.

CATHERINE

If only we could be there.

VINCENT

We are there. You're taking me with your words, showing me.

CATHERINE

I would love to share it with you. It seems so unfair. You, of all people, would appreciate how magical this place is.

VINCENT

(Very quietly, shaking his head)

Catherine...

CATHERINE

If you saw it, you would know, in an instant. And then it would be ours.

VINCENT

(Sighing)

I could want nothing more.

Vincent looks intently at Catherine as an idea forms in her mind.

CATHERINE

Maybe there's a way.

VINCENT

Please. Don't even...

CATHERINE

All we really need is a way to get out of the city, and up there safely. A van! We could drive up at night. No one's even at the lake this time of year. Maybe we could really do it! Vincent, let me try to arrange it!

Vincent ponders Catherine's plan.

CATHERINE

If I can, will you go with me?

Vincent looks away from her, troubled.

VINCENT

It's something I never even dared to wish for.
(He turns toward her again, as Catherine speaks)

CATHERINE

To go there, to share that with you would mean so much.

They gaze at each other for a moment.

VINCENT

Then...we must try.

Catherine hugs Vincent. They both smile. Vincent caresses Catherine's arm.

CUT TO:

TUNNELS – FATHER'S STUDY

Father paces across the floor to where Vincent stands beside the library table in the middle of the chamber.

FATHER

(Close to shouting)
Have you both gone completely mad?

VINCENT

Not at all.

FATHER

I cannot believe that you could seriously entertain something so foolhardy and dangerous.

VINCENT

You overstate the risk.

FATHER

Any risk is too great. Surely that's apparent. That Catherine could even suggest such a thing!

VINCENT

(Loudly)
An innocent dream, Father, born of love!

FATHER

(Equally loud)
An irresponsible dream born of selfishness!

VINCENT

No!

FATHER

Yes!

Vincent turns his back to Father.

FATHER

(Quieter, to Vincent's back)

Yes. I know...because I've had the same dream for you myself, over and again, for so many years.

Vincent listens.

FATHER

Ever since you were young, I've... I've wanted nothing more than to be able to show you the sun, the mountains. Things for which you have only words.

Vincent turns to face Father again.

VINCENT

This is not merely for myself, Father, but for Catherine as well. This is a chance for us. No more than a moment, the briefest moment. Free from the perils and the urgency of the time we share.

FATHER

(Crossing the space between them to stand in front of Vincent)

Vincent, your love for Catherine, and hers for you, is something that warms all of us. But you have a responsibility beyond that.

Vincent turns away once more, frustrated.

FATHER

A duty to those down here in this community...

Vincent walks away from Father, leans forward over Father's desk.

FATHER

...who depend on you, who look to you for truth and strength. For hope and protection. Without you, their world would be a very dark place.

Abruptly, Vincent stands up straight. He whirls to glare at Father.

VINCENT

(Impassioned)

And what about my responsibility to Catherine, who gives so much, and asks for so little? How can I deny her, Father?

FATHER

(Advancing to stand directly in front of Vincent a second time)

Vincent, if I thought it were in any way possible...

VINCENT

(Shouting)

It is possible, and there are ways!

FATHER

(Also shouting)

Nonsense! Supposing something goes wrong! Supposing you're discovered ...

VINCENT

Am I unable to fulfill even her slightest wish? Tell me, Father! Are we forever bound to accept a poem for a sunset?

There is a moment of silence between them. Father thinks for a few seconds. Vincent waits.

FATHER

(Firmly)

Vincent. You cannot do this.

Vincent immediately strides up the iron steps and walks out of Father's chamber without speaking another word.

FATHER

Vincent?

(He grips the stair rails, calling down the tunnel)

Vincent!

Father moves away from the steps. He stands alone in his study, scowling.

DISSOLVE TO:

TUNNELS – VINCENT'S CHAMBER

The image resolves upon the stained glass window in Vincent's chamber. Vincent is packing clothes and other items into a satchel. He opens his steamer trunk and kneels on the floor looking inside. He takes a book out of the trunk, opening it to pages marked by a pressed flower, a rose. He closes the book and sorts through other objects in his trunk. Behind him, Pascal silently approaches from the entrance tunnel. When Vincent does not notice him, Pascal quietly announces his presence.

PASCAL

Vincent.

VINCENT

(Mildly surprised)

Pascal.

Vincent turns toward him, still kneeling on the floor. Pascal enters, looks around Vincent's chamber, and sees the bag Vincent is packing.

VINCENT

What is it, Pascal?

PASCAL

(Moving to stand in front of Vincent)

Then it's true. You're leaving.

VINCENT
Who told you this?

PASCAL
There's been talk, rumors on the pipes. Mouse. He overheard you arguing with Father. It scared him.

VINCENT
(He sighs)
Mouse has no reason to be frightened.

Vincent begins to look inside the trunk once more as Jamie and Mouse appear in the chamber entrance. Pascal and Vincent turn toward them.

VINCENT
Jamie, Mouse.

JAMIE
We heard that you and Catherine were going away, forever.

VINCENT
Forever?

Vincent sighs again as he rises to his feet. He picks up the book he selected from his trunk and walks toward Jamie and Mouse.

VINCENT
It's not true.

JAMIE
Then why are you packing?

MOUSE
Don't go away, Vincent!

VINCENT
This is my home. You're my family. I'll only be gone for a very short time.
(He rests his hands on Jamie's and Mouse's shoulders)

PASCAL
(Crossing the chamber to join the others)
Where are you going?

VINCENT
(He clasps his book in both hands)
To a place, a special place that Catherine wishes for me to see. It's unlike anywhere I've ever been. It's a lake in the mountains. It's a place from her childhood. I want to go, to be there with her. Do you understand?

JAMIE

What if something happens to you?

PASCAL

What if you get caught above?

MOUSE

Like Mouse.

VINCENT

This is a quiet place, a safe place. Please, don't worry yourselves. I'll be back, I promise.

JAMIE

Just be careful, Vincent. We need you.

VINCENT

I'll be careful.

JAMIE

(Still concerned)

Okay.

MOUSE

Come back quick.

Jamie and Mouse leave the chamber. Vincent walks around both his table and Pascal, moving toward the bag he is packing.

VINCENT

Tell me what you think.

(He puts his book inside the satchel)

PASCAL

It sounds dangerous.

VINCENT

But to live as fully as we can, there are risks we must take.

PASCAL

This is a risk for all of us. And if anything should happen to you... I don't know, I don't want to think about it, but... it would be awful.

Vincent reaches across the table to pick up a stack of papers for his bag.

PASCAL

Vincent, you're an important part of us.

The two friends share a look. Then Pascal leaves, shaking his head. Vincent sits in his chair and thinks on what everyone has said. A candle burns in the foreground.

DISSOLVE TO:
CLOSEUP OF CANDLE IN VINCENT'S CHAMBER

The candle has burned down considerably. Vincent is still sitting in his chair, now with his hands folded beneath his chin. He gazes thoughtfully at his open satchel.

DISSOLVE TO:
OVERHEAD VIEW OF VINCENT'S CHAMBER
Vincent tips his head against the back of his chair, closing his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:
TUNNELS – THE WHISPERING GALLERY
Holding a book, Vincent walks out onto the Whispering Gallery Bridge.

DISSOLVE TO:
CLOSEUP OF VINCENT – WHISPERING GALLERY
Vincent looks out at the deep cavern beneath the bridge.

DISSOLVE TO:
TUNNELS – CHAMBER OF THE FALLS
Vincent sits on a stone ledge, holding his ivory rose in one hand, silent. Thinking.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXTERIOR NIGHT – CENTRAL PARK TUNNEL ENTRANCE
Vincent stands at the mouth of the tunnel beneath the boughs of a tree, gazing out into the dark.

DISSOLVE TO:
INTERIOR NIGHT – PAN OF JUNCTION AT CENTRAL PARK ENTRANCE GATE
Vincent sits on the ground outside the secret door, idly sweeping one hand across the sand. He raises his head, sensing Catherine's approach. Her shadow appears at the end of the tunnel, and her footsteps sound on the cement.

VINCENT
(To himself)
Catherine...

Vincent stands up as Catherine walks toward him.

CATHERINE
Vincent.
(She jogs the last few steps between them)
I rented a van.
(She hugs Vincent, smiling)
I've got everything we'll need.
(She steps back, holding Vincent's hands, eager to share her plan)
I'll come to the Fourteenth Street entrance. That'll be the safest.

Vincent is silent. Sadly, he looks down at their joined hands.

CATHERINE

Vincent? What's wrong? What is it?

VINCENT

(He sighs heavily and looks up at her)
It was a dream, Catherine.

CATHERINE

(As deep disappointment registers on her face)
No.

VINCENT

A beautiful, impossible dream. One we dare not have.

Beginning to cry now, but trying not to, Catherine looks away. Vincent seems to share her sorrow. When she has composed her expression, Catherine turns her face toward his again.

CATHERINE

(Quiet, tearful)
But for a moment, I thought it might be possible.

VINCENT

So did I.

Knowing that Catherine now struggles to keep from bursting into tears, Vincent sighs. He releases her hands and turns to stand with his back to her. Catherine listens to him, hurt.

VINCENT

If the slightest thing should go wrong, if anyone were to see us, it would ruin everything we already have.

CATHERINE

(Whispering)
Yes. I'm sorry.

Vincent looks up and turns toward her.

CATHERINE

I should have never have asked.

VINCENT

I am the one that should apologize. Catherine, you ask for so little, and there is so much I wish to give you, and so much I know I can never give you.

CATHERINE

And so much more you do. Oh, you must believe that, Vincent. Some people don't even have dreams.

VINCENT

(Earnestly, also tearful)

One day, we'll see that lake, Catherine. I promise you.

CATHERINE

(She nods, smiling through her tears)

And until then, we will keep on dreaming.

Vincent gives her a tiny nod. Catherine leaves, walking out the tunnel the way she came in. Vincent goes back to the gate. He opens it, walks through, closes it behind him. He triggers the secret door. It slides shut behind him. Vincent stands there, silent and alone.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR TUNNELS

Vincent walks, heading home. The tunnel stretches out before him. The effect is claustrophobic. Suddenly, he breaks into a run. He races through the passages, leaving cement passages behind and gradually encountering carved rock tunnels. He runs, colliding with walls, distressed.

CUT TO:

TUNNELS – VINCENT'S CHAMBER

Gasping, Vincent bolts into his chamber. He leans his back upon the stone wall beside the chamber entrance. Then he bows his head, weeping.

CATHERINE'S VOICE

(Echoing)

But for a moment, I thought it might be possible.

CUT TO:

TUNNELS – VINCENT'S CHAMBER

The stained glass window glows in the background. Vincent is sitting on his bed, panting through gritted teeth. Anguished, he hears the remembered voices of different people echo in his mind.

CATHERINE'S VOICE

I should have never have asked.

VINCENT'S VOICE

Your pain is my pain.

VINCENT

(Breathless)

No.

FATHER'S VOICE

A life that can never be.

VINCENT

(Growling)

No!

FATHER'S VOICE

Do you know what they'd do, if they caught you up there, or found you down here? They'd kill you.

Vincent get up off the bed. With a roar, he picks up his heavy chair. He throws the chair across the chamber.

FATHER'S VOICE

Or put you behind bars and make you wish you were dead.

The chair smashes into pieces against the wall. Vincent leans over his table, head bowed, struggling to breathe.

VINCENT'S VOICE

I've never regretted what I am, until now.

CATHERINE'S VOICE

(With a sob)

No.

VINCENT'S VOICE

No more than a moment, the briefest moment.

Vincent stands up, roaring. He shoves his table, overturning it. The voices continue to resound in his memory.

FATHER'S VOICE

A tragic mistake.

The voices mingle into an overlapping echo. Vincent picks up his satchel by its handles. He swings it around and throws it at his window. The glass shatters. The voices fade. Vincent drops slowly to his knees, grieving and spent.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

TUNNELS – ALTERNATE VINCENT'S CHAMBER

Vincent is lying asleep on the bare stone floor. A pulsing light wakes him. A female figure enters the darkened chamber as the light shines brightly from behind her. Vincent raises his right hand to shield his eyes from the light.

VINCENT

Who's there?

The woman stops just inside the entrance.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

TUNNELS – ALTERNATE VINCENT'S CHAMBER

Vincent is reclining on his side, lying in the sand on the bare floor of his chamber. The chamber is empty of all his furnishings. It is a dark cave with two entrances: one where the stained glass window once shone from a constructed inset in the wall's opening, the other the main entrance where the woman's figure is standing. Light continues to pulse around her.

VINCENT

Who's there?

The light changes, revealing the woman's face. The figure looks like Catherine, wearing a flowing white gown and veil. Her demeanor is serene and angelic.

VINCENT

(Uncertainly)

Catherine?

ANGEL

(Her voice is distorted, surreal and echoing)

I am the image of her within you. I am your heart, your mind.

VINCENT

Why are you here?

ANGEL

You have nothing to fear from me.

Vincent sits up and looks at the empty chamber around him.

VINCENT

What is this place?

ANGEL

Don't you recognize it?

VINCENT

(Bewildered)

My chamber.

ANGEL

Yes.

Vincent looks at her intently, questioning without speaking any words.

ANGEL

In another life.

VINCENT

Another life?

ANGEL

The one you never lived.

VINCENT

(Half to himself)

Am I dreaming?

ANGEL

Call it what you will. Sleep. A waking dream. In a world without you... where you don't exist.

VINCENT

But I'm here. I can feel myself.

ANGEL

This vision was yours, don't you remember? You died as a child.

VINCENT

(Considering)

I remember thinking: there would be less pain for those I love.

ANGEL

It's already begun. You're here, but you're no one.

Vincent clutches at his shirt, then looks down at his chest, suddenly alarmed.

VINCENT

My rose.

ANGEL

It's not there.

Vincent looks up at her, apprehensive.

ANGEL

Catherine never gave it to you. She never knew you.

Vincent shifts from his half-sitting position on the floor, so that now he kneels upright in front of the Angel.

VINCENT

(Urgently)

Is she alive?

ANGEL

Nothing of what you knew remains.

VINCENT

(Forceful)

Is she alive?

ANGEL

Yes.

VINCENT

Take me to her.

ANGEL

Vincent, there are other things for you to see first. Believe me.

(She holds out her hand to him, whispering)

Come. I will answer all your questions.

Vincent stands. The Angel turns and walks out of the chamber. Vincent follows her.

CUT TO:

TUNNELS – ALTERNATE STONE TUNNELS

Vincent and the Angel proceed through the tunnels until the Angel stops at the foot of a stone stairway. She looks up at Vincent, who is still standing on the stairs.

ANGEL

Remember love.

Vincent hears a sound behind him. He whirls to look, but sees nothing there. When he faces the foot of the stairs again, the Angel has disappeared.

Vincent goes down the steps, then walks deep into the tunnels, hearing the sounds of underground wind and dripping water. At the end of one tunnel, a shadow darts past the opening. Vincent warily follows after the person. Suddenly, someone leaps down from above, landing on top of Vincent and knocking him to the ground. Vincent tries to get up, but his attacker kicks him in the ribs to keep him down. As Vincent tries to rise a second time, holding up one hand to ward off the blows, his attacker strikes him across the back with a metal pipe, then runs away.

Vincent gets to his feet and follows, alert now. Stalking forward, he looks and listens, observing all the details of his surroundings. The attacker leaps at him again from around a corner. This time Vincent is ready for him. He grabs the man by the arms and shoves him against the rock wall. He discovers that the attacker is Pascal.

VINCENT

Pascal! It's me, Vincent.

Pascal nods, but does not seem to recognize Vincent. He punches Vincent in the face. Vincent lets go of him. Pascal runs away. Vincent recovers immediately and chases after Pascal.

VINCENT

(Seeing Pascal race around a corner)

Pascal?

A new figure approaches out of the mist. It is a dirty and disheveled Jamie.

JAMIE

(Aggressive)

This way...
(She retreats into the mist)

Vincent moves forward.

PASCAL'S VOICE
(Hollow, from a different misty tunnel)
How now, nuncle? Over here!

VINCENT
(Whispering)
Pascal.

Jamie darts out of a side tunnel and stops to glance at Vincent.

JAMIE
Come on.

VINCENT
Jamie.

Jamie runs down a different tunnel. Cautiously, Vincent follows.

CUT TO:
TUNNELS – ALTERNATE FATHER'S STUDY

Vincent enters what should be Father's chamber. The cavern is dim, furnished like a primitive laboratory. Moving cautiously from the pathway along the wall, he descends the iron steps to the lowest level of the cavern. As Vincent gazes around at the unfamiliar space, a dark figure steps forward on the balcony above him.

PARACELSUS
(Flatly)
Welcome.

Vincent turns around and looks up.

VINCENT
Paracelsus.

PARACELSUS
There are some who call me by that name. Who has sent you here?

While Paracelsus speaks, Vincent turns in a circle, looking at everything.

PARACELSUS
There's no one here, just the two of us. Who has sent you?

VINCENT
(Looking up at Paracelsus)
I came of my own will.

PARACELSUS

(Smiling)

There is always room for strangers here.

VINCENT

You know who I am.

PARACELSUS

You presume too much, my friend.

VINCENT

Your face, the scars! I watched you burn in the fire.

PARACELSUS

(Gesturing at his unmarked face)

I have no scars.

VINCENT

Where is Father?

PARACELSUS

Who?

VINCENT

Jacob Wells!

PARACELSUS

Jacob Wells. And what business could you possibly have with him?

VINCENT

I need to find him.

PARACELSUS

He has nothing to offer, I assure you.

VINCENT

Where is he?

PARACELSUS

Here, there is only me.

VINCENT

(Shaking his head)

No. Pascal. I saw him, and heard the others.

PARACELSUS

All extensions of myself. My eyes and my ears.

PASCAL'S VOICE

(From behind Vincent)

For years and years.

Vincent turns and sees Pascal enter the chamber, smirking, tapping a pipe against the palm of his hand. Other people follow, silent and menacing, men, women, and children. They form a sullen crowd. Jamie is among them, swinging a chain in anticipation of a fight. Many of the people are holding clubs, chains, and other weapons.

VINCENT
(Staring in disbelief)
This cannot be.

PARACELSUS
'He shall be the greatest who is the loneliest, the most hidden, the most deviating.'

The mob slowly surrounds Vincent.

PARACELSUS
The human being beyond good and evil.

VINCENT
Beyond good and evil lies only death.

PARACELSUS
Join with me, and you will choose life.

PASCAL
Last chance, nuncle. Choose carefully.

Vincent looks at the armed children who have slunk up behind him. He turns to address Paracelsus.

VINCENT
I could never join you.

PASCAL
Wrong choice.

PARACELSUS
So be it.

VINCENT
(Turning to Pascal again)
Pascal!

Pascal and the others glare menacingly at Vincent.

VINCENT

Jamie.
(He reaches for her)

Jamie lunges at him. Vincent catches the chain she holds and pulls it away. He drops the chain on the floor. Jamie grasps a mace she is carrying over one shoulder. Vincent turns his back to her.

VINCENT
(To Paracelsus)
What have you done here?

PARACELSUS
Take the beast.
(He starts down the spiral stairs from the balcony)

Pascal slams his pipe onto Vincent's back. Vincent cries out. Two men grab Vincent's arms and hold him, shoving him backward against the stone.

VINCENT
I'm not gonna hurt you.

A man from the crowd hits Vincent in the stomach with a pipe. A woman crouches behind him to press a long pipe across Vincent's throat. The crowd closes in. They immobilize his arms. Children rush to hold his legs in place. Vincent is their prisoner.

PASCAL
Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince.
(He steps aside for Paracelsus)

Paracelsus approaches Vincent. He holds up his fist. He springs his wrist blade. Vincent snarls. Paracelsus readies a strike. Vincent roars.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:
TUNNELS – ALTERNATE FATHER'S STUDY
Vincent, restrained by the crowd, is roaring at Paracelsus. Paracelsus raises his blade overhead. Vincent roars louder and the knife comes down. Reflexively, Vincent turns his face from the blow. He is suddenly surrounded by black space and silence. Disoriented, Vincent watches as the space expands around him.

FADE OUT:
END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:
INTERIOR SPACE
Vincent is standing alone in a dark place. The Angel appears.

VINCENT
Gone. Everything gone.

ANGEL

Yes. Paracelsus rules now. The world below and everyone in it belongs to him. They all do his bidding now.

VINCENT

How could such a thing be?

ANGEL

You weren't there to stop him. Knowledge and beauty are fragile things. They need protection.

VINCENT

But I was only a baby!

ANGEL

Even as a baby, you were a symbol to the community and when you died, hope and possibility died with you. People lost heart.

VINCENT

Is there nothing I can do for them?

ANGEL

No, nothing. It is already done.

VINCENT

Tell me, what happened to Father?

ANGEL

He faltered. Paracelsus crushed him.

VINCENT

Where is he now?

ANGEL

The way begins... here.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP OF VINCENT DURING REVOLVING PAN ACROSS WAREHOUSE INTERIOR

Background light suddenly reveals rows of bagged and stacked goods inside a warehouse. Vincent glimpses a hunched figure running across the aisle at the end of a row. He jogs after the figure. Suddenly, the person he is pursuing jumps onto one of the pallets and ducks behind it. Then a frightened face peers over the top of the stack of stored sacks.

VINCENT

Mouse?

Vincent moves toward him. Mouse runs away. Vincent leaps to the top of the bags stacked on the pallet, watching Mouse climb up on top of another row of goods and dive into a narrow hole in the warehouse wall. Vincent crosses the room, climbs the stack, and reaches the hole. The black space is solid to Vincent's touch. He cannot follow Mouse through.

ANGEL'S VOICE

Nothing of what you knew remains.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR NIGHT – A TRASH-FILLED ALLEY

Mouse is rummaging through a pile of garbage. He spots Vincent on the other side of the alley, whimpers in fear, and runs away. Vincent follows. They turn a corner into a dead end. Mouse scrambles at a stack of boxes, trying to force his way through, gasping and groaning. Vincent slows his approach.

VINCENT

Don't be frightened.

Mouse cannot escape. He faces his pursuer, a filthy, feral boy looking frantically for a way out.

MOUSE

(He makes inarticulate sounds of distress)

VINCENT

(Moving slowly toward him)

Mouse? Trust me. I'm a friend.

MOUSE

(He moans in fear, ready to run)

Vincent steps closer. When he stops moving, Mouse shrieks and tries to bolt past him. Vincent catches Mouse, pulling him close.

VINCENT

(Hugging Mouse)

Shh. Shh. It's all right. It's all right.

Don't be frightened. I'm a friend.

MOUSE

(He becomes quiet)

Vincent gently releases his companion so he can look into Mouse's eyes. They stand facing each other, Vincent grasping Mouse's shoulders. Mouse resumes his wordless sounds of fear and confusion.

VINCENT

Do you have somewhere I can take you? Do you have a home? Mouse?

There is no comprehension in Mouse's expression. Suddenly, Mouse screams. He shoves the bloodied stump of his wrist in Vincent's face then runs away, forcing a path through the stack of boxes and disappearing into the night. Vincent stands silently in the alley where Mouse has left him. The Angel appears in front of him.

ANGEL

Mouse has no language. You weren't there to reach out to him.

VINCENT

(Briefly shutting his eyes, pained)
There was no one else?

ANGEL

No. No one.
He lived for many years, stealing to survive, alone and undiscovered, until Paracelsus.

VINCENT

His hand.

ANGEL

Paracelsus is an exacting judge.

VINCENT

(Strained, closing his eyes again for a moment)
Please. I've seen enough.

ANGEL

No. There is more.

The Angel disappears into a swirl of mist.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR NIGHT – A TRANSIENT SHANTYTOWN IN THE CITY

A hooded Vincent finds himself walking through a squalid camp of homeless people. Behind him, the lights of a truck flash on and an engine rumbles. Vincent glances back as a band of thugs arrive in a car and a truck, waving baseball bats and other bludgeoning weapons. Vincent hurries away from the men, ducking into the shadows behind an outcropping of exposed pipes. The armed men stop their vehicles. They jump off the back of the truck and advance on the homeless people. The driver of the car gets out of his vehicle holding a shotgun. He fires the gun into the air. Vincent flinches at the sound, watching in silent dismay.

MAN WITH GUN

We'll clean this place up! You bums, get out of here. You're on our turf.

ONE OF THE THUGS

Move it!

The thugs begin to disperse the camp, knocking over makeshift furnishings and hitting people.

THUG

(Approaching one of the homeless men)

What are you looking at?

(He jabs the end of his stick into the transient's stomach)

HOMELESS MAN

What're you doing? I didn't do nothin'!

Another thug holding a baseball bat walks toward a ragged figure who sits slumped on some grungy sofa cushions that have been propped against the rear bumper of an old camper trailer.

THUG WITH BASEBALL BAT

Hey. Get up. I said get up!

The thug swings his bat. The blow hits the seated man on the side of his head. He utters a quiet cry of pain. As the man turns away from his attacker, Vincent recognizes the man's face.

VINCENT

(In a horrified whisper)

Father!

With a roar, Vincent attacks the thug, disarming him with one swipe of his claws, then shoves him head-first against the back of the trailer. The thug falls to the ground, unconscious. Vincent pulls Father up from the cushions, draping the old man's body over one shoulder. He carries Father away from the brawl.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR NIGHT – A DAMP ALLEY LINED WITH OVERFLOWING TRASH BINS

Vincent walks quickly into the alley, still carrying Father. He goes to a relatively dry patch of ground beneath an overhead lamp and gently sets Father down. Father cringes against the graffitied wall behind him, clutching a glass bottle wrapped in a torn paper bag.

FATHER

No, no. I'm old. Don't hit me, please.

(He pulls away from Vincent's outstretched hands)

VINCENT

You're bleeding. Let me help you.

(He holds up a clean white cloth)

It's all right. I won't hurt you.

Father leans against the wall, moaning and whimpering softly. He winces in pain as Vincent begins to clean Father's head injury. Father lies still while Vincent tends to his wound. His lips move soundlessly as he mutters something.

VINCENT

What?

FATHER

(With his eyes closed)

Sleep... at the shelter.

VINCENT

Please, look at me.

Father only moans.

VINCENT
Father!

Father gives Vincent a bleary-eyed glance and tries to wave him off.

VINCENT
Tell me your name.

Father leans away, rubbing his injured head.

VINCENT
Your name! Jacob.

Father pauses, becomes quiet.

VINCENT
Jacob Wells.

FATHER
Jacob Wells.

VINCENT
You were a doctor.

FATHER
Doctor...
(He nods vaguely)

VINCENT
How did this happen to you?

Father does not answer.

VINCENT
You created a world, Below. You spoke the truth. People followed you. You gave us everything. You took care of us. Everyone. Jamie, Kipper, Mouse. You saved my life.

Father stares at Vincent, squinting, confused.

VINCENT
There was a child, a baby, found among the garbage behind St. Vincent's Hospital.

FATHER
(Slowly remembering)
Wrapped in rags.

VINCENT
You took him in, raised him as your son. But he was not an ordinary child. He was different from the others.

FATHER

How did you find out about him?

VINCENT

Tell me what happened.

FATHER

No! No!

(He rolls onto his side and covers his face)

VINCENT

Please?

FATHER

Please, go away.

VINCENT

(Pressing Father's ragged coat with his hands)

What happened to you, Father? What happened to the child?

(He gives Father a little shake)

FATHER

(He moans and mutters incoherently)

VINCENT

Tell me!

At last Father turns to speak to Vincent. His shaking fingers pick at the mouth of his bottle.

FATHER

(Weeping softly)

He died. Died.

Father mutters weakly and begins to drift into sleep. Vincent removes his cloak.

VINCENT

Rest now.

Vincent sits on the pavement with his back to the wall. He covers Father with his cloak.

Father sleeps. Vincent sighs and rests too, deeply troubled.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP OF VINCENT, ZOOMING OUT TO ALTERNATE CATHERINE'S BALCONY

Vincent, hooded, wearing his cloak, is leaning against a wall. He looks around, becoming startled as he realizes he is now sitting in a new location. He stands up, goes to the French doors. Both Catherine's balcony and her apartment are dark.

VINCENT
Catherine?

He touches a glass pane in one door. The Angel appears at the other end of the balcony.

VINCENT
(He turns to speak to the Angel)
Where is Catherine? Please. Help me.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

VINCENT
Please. Help me.

ANGEL
I cannot do it alone.

VINCENT
She's gone.

ANGEL
Is she?

VINCENT
I have no sense of her.

ANGEL
She never knew you.

VINCENT
You said she was still alive.

ANGEL
She did not die, but her spirit is gone.

VINCENT
Catherine's spirit could never change. Never!

ANGEL
You were not there to strengthen her heart.

VINCENT
I want only to see her. Just to see her. That would be enough.

The Angel disappears. Lights brighten in Catherine's apartment. Vincent looks into Catherine's bedroom through the French doors. He sees Catherine, dressed in a blue robe, opening her closet. She takes one garment with its hanger from the closet rod and carries the dress to her bed.

VINCENT
(Whispering)
Catherine.

Catherine lays out her dress on the bed. She returns to the closet and selects a second dress. Holding it in front of her, she walks across the room and looks at her reflection in a mirror. She seems very sad, tired and listless. She turns away from the mirror. She sits on the bed with the second dress spread across her lap, lost in thought. Vincent touches the glass pane in the door, watching.

TOM'S VOICE
Cathy! We're going to be late.

Catherine starts up from the bed and hurries to the closet as Tom, wearing a tuxedo, enters the bedroom from the living room.

TOM
(Surprised)
What are you doing? You're not even dressed yet!

CATHERINE
I'm sorry, Tom. I couldn't decide which dress to wear.

TOM
(Exasperated)
I can't always be making excuses for you.

CATHERINE
(Weakly)
I'm sorry, Tom.

TOM
I'm not going to miss this dinner. It's important to me. I'm going for the car. Be down in five minutes, or I'm leaving.

Tom walks out of room. Catherine takes a quick step toward door.

CATHERINE
Tom?

The front door slams shut. Catherine hesitates, looking at her dress. Then she tosses it onto the bed and begins to cross the room to her balcony doors. Vincent quickly withdraws to the far end of the balcony. Catherine opens a door and walks slowly to the balcony railing. She looks out at the view, then closes her eyes, completely dispirited. Vincent watches her from the shadows. Catherine suddenly senses that she is not alone. She gasps, turning toward Vincent's hiding place.

CATHERINE
Who is that? Who's here?

VINCENT

I am no one. Don't let me frighten you. Turn away from me. Look out into the city.

Catherine obeys him, very frightened, expecting the worst.

CATHERINE

(Trembling, near to tears)

Oh, please. Don't hurt me.

VINCENT

I could never hurt you. I never meant for you to see me. You will never see me again.

CATHERINE

You're scaring me!

VINCENT

I'll go now.

Vincent starts to move out of the shadows. Hesitantly, Catherine turns to look at him.

VINCENT

(Desperately)

Turn away! Please, Catherine!

Seeing Vincent, Catherine gasps in terror and disgust.

VINCENT

Catherine!

Catherine screams and backs quickly into her bedroom. Vincent follows her.

CATHERINE

No! Get away!

She misses the steps down into her room and falls to the floor near her writing table.

VINCENT

(From the balcony doorway)

Catherine.

CATHERINE

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

(She scrambles backward across the floor)

VINCENT

I'm sorry. I never meant to—

Catherine snatches the handle of a drawer in her table. She yanks the drawer out. It drops onto the floor and Catherine grabs a handgun from the scattered contents. Still lying on her back, she aims the gun at Vincent.

VINCENT
Catherine!

CATHERINE
I'll kill you!

Vincent stares at her. Catherine fires the gun. The sound of the shot reverberates. The image remains focused on Catherine, following Vincent's point of view. Catherine tracks his movement with her gun as Vincent slowly falls to the balcony floor outside Catherine's doors. The image blurs and becomes tinted with red as we:

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT TO:
INTERIOR SPACE

Vincent is lying on the ground in a dark place. Mist flows across his body. A light begins to pulse in the darkness, waking Vincent. He opens his eyes and sits up. The Angel appears. She kneels down in front of him.

VINCENT
She's gone. I've lost her.

ANGEL
Nothing is ever lost. We're all on the same journey. We create that journey for each other.

VINCENT
If I could begin again. Start over.

ANGEL
Anything is possible.

Vincent lies down on the floor.

VINCENT
I don't know what to believe.

ANGEL
Yes, you do.

Vincent turns his head and looks at her.

ANGEL
Remember love.

The Angel leans toward Vincent. He closes his eyes. She closes her eyes too, moving closer and closer.

BLANK TO WHITE:

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

TUNNELS – VINCENT'S CHAMBER

Catherine, smiling, leans back from Vincent's face. She is wearing the clothes she had on during her conversation with Vincent at the secret door. Vincent slowly opens his eyes.

VINCENT
Catherine.

Vincent reaches for her and touches her face and hair. He is lying on his bed. Catherine sits on the edge of his mattresses, holding his hand and smiling lovingly at him.

VINCENT
It was a dream. A terrible dream.

Vincent looks around at his chamber. Nothing is out of place. The stained glass window is whole.

VINCENT
Everything was changed. I couldn't wake up!

CATHERINE
Well, it's over now. I'm here.

VINCENT
Yes.
(He caresses her hand)
Oh.
(He pulls her hand to his cheek and mouth)

Catherine smiles, bemused.

VINCENT
I thought I lost you!

CATHERINE
Oh, Vincent, don't you know? You could never lose me. We could never lose each other. As long as we remember.

VINCENT
(Thinking about her words)
Remember?

CATHERINE
Remember love.

They share a long look. At last Vincent smiles. Smiling back, Catherine leans forward to rest her head on Vincent's chest and he holds her, gently caressing her hair.

FADE OUT:

THE END

Closing Credits

Executive Producers - Paul Junger Witt, Tony Thomas, Ron Koslow
Associate Producer - Anthony Mazzei

Co-Starring

Irina Irvine – Jamie
Nicholas Hormann – Tom
Unit Production Manager - Tony Brown
1st Assistant Director - Robert Yannetti
2nd Assistant Director - Gabriela Vasquez
Set Decorator - Peg Cummings
Property Master - Bill Dietz
Assistant Producer - David F. Schwartz
Literary Consultant - Patricia Livingston
Main Titles - Robert Farina, Chris Arnold
Script Supervisor - Patience Thoreson
Beast Make-up - Margaret Beserra
Make-up Artist - Fred Blau Jr.
Hair Stylist - Josephine McCarthy
Costumers - Mary Taylor, Ron Hodge
Sound Mixers - Pat Mitchell, Rick Ash
Sound Editing - Dave Hankins
Music Editor - Erma Levin
Stunt Coordinator - John C. Meier
Special Effects Coordinator - Gary Bentley
Costume Designer - Judy Evans
Casting by - Joyce Robinson C.S.A. & Penny Ellers C.S.A.
Beast designed & created by Rick Baker
Executive in Charge of Production - Ken Stump

Poetry excerpt from "Fern Hill" by Dylan Thomas