

# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

## "The Watcher"

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Directed by Victor Lobl

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### ACT ONE

FADE IN:

PAN ACROSS a view of the City at night.

DISSOLVE TO Vincent settling himself on a rooftop to look out at the lights.

Focus on Vincent's face as he finishes speaking – a voice over.

VINCENT

I look out on this city of night... and tonight I am one with it. I see the pathways and crossroads... the rush of possibilities, and I feel every point of light that is a life... each with its wonders... and terrors. I see how, in a single night, a world can be transformed. How in one terrifying and wondrous moment my world was transformed... on a night as dark and glittering as this. Two years ago I found Catherine.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO CATHY'S BALCONY

There are many candles lit on the balcony. The living room door is open, and the inside of the apartment glows with candlelight.

FOCUS ON Cathy lighting the last of a lot of candles. She looks up, sees Vincent waiting on the balcony, and goes to meet him.

CATHY

Two years ago...tonight.

Vincent looks over her shoulder as if questioning the candlelit apartment.

CATHY

I thought maybe we could go inside...by the fire.

(Vincent hesitates)

It's warm.

Vincent follows Cathy's look through the open doors. He hesitates, then seems to intend to follow her inside.

Inside the apartment, the PHONE RINGS. After TWO RINGS, the ANSWERING MACHINE in the living room picks up.

CATHY'S VOICE

(on machine)

You have reached 555-8291. Please leave a message after the beep.

BEEP

JENNY'S VOICE

Are you there? It's Jenny.

Cathy, pick up the phone if you're there. Cathy. Pick up the phone.

CATHY

Yeah, Jen. I'm here. What's wrong?

JENNY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Are you okay?

CATHY

Yeah. I'm fine. Why?

JENNY

I don't know. I just had one of those weird dreams, and you were in it.

CATHY

Well, I'm fine.

JENNY

You sure?

CATHY

Positive.

JENNY

Why are you awake?

CATHY

Go back to sleep, Jen.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WATCHER'S APARTMENT SIMULTANEOUS POV - CATHY'S BALCONY (FULL FRAME)

As seen through a telescope from a balcony vantage point somewhere across the park. Cathy hangs up her phone and heads back towards Vincent. THE IMAGE MOMENTARILY BLURS, as focus is adjusted, then SHARPENS AGAIN.

ANOTHER ANGLE • THE WATCHER'S HAND

Reaches for a phone setting near a high-powered telescope. He is unidentifiable except for a high-tech, multi-function black WRISTWATCH. The WRISTWATCH'S ALARM BEEPS TWICE. He starts to dial a number (555-8291). His attention goes back to the telescope.

POV - CATHY'S BALCONY (FULL FRAME)

As seen through the telescope. Cathy reacts to her phone ringing again, goes to answer it.

TELESCOPE POV FOLLOWS CATHY. FOCUS is adjusted to a sharp MEDIUM-SHOT - CATHY veiled by gently billowing gossamer curtains.

CATHY'S VOICE  
(filtered/expecting Jenny)  
Hello?

WATCHER  
Cathy, I can see you.

Not fully believing, Cathy does look towards the french doors (and therefore the telescope). A chill down Cathy's spine. Her glance shoots towards Vincent. The Watcher lets her squirm an extra second.

View of Vincent waiting on the balcony, facing the watcher

WATCHER  
And I can see him, too.

SLAM CUT TO:  
INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS  
Cathy hangs the phone up as if it's on fire and runs back to the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS  
Her tone urgent, violated...

CATHY  
Get off the balcony.

VINCENT  
What is it?

CATHY  
Someone's watching. Go! I'll meet you down Below.

Vincent, immediately alert, his eyes darting across the cityscape as she speaks. He doesn't move.

CATHY  
Please, Vincent. Go!

Vincent leaves.  
Cathy watches for a split second then heads back into her apartment.

GO WITH CATHY.  
INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cathy pulls the drapes in the dining room then moves through her dark apartment to get her coat from the bedroom. She grabs her keys. The PHONE RINGS as she is headed for the door. She waits. After TWO RINGS, the ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

CATHY'S VOICE  
(on machine)  
You have reached 555-8291. Please leave a message after the beep.

BEEP.

WATCHER'S VOICE  
(on machine)  
Open the drapes.

Cathy hesitates only a second, thinking 'the hell with you,' then exits.

WATCHER'S VOICE  
Open the drapes, Cathy.

DISSOLVE TO:  
INT. THRESHOLD - CATHY'S SUB-BASEMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Vincent is waiting.

VINCENT  
Do you have any idea who it might be?

CATHY  
There was a call on my answering machine yesterday. I... I didn't think anything of it. I just thought it was just a prank call.

VINCENT  
What do we do now?

CATHY  
I can't go to the police. We can't take that chance. We don't know what he has. I mean... maybe he took pictures. Vincent... the balcony isn't safe anymore. That was the only part of my world that belonged to us. I will not let him destroy it.

DISSOLVE TO:  
INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER – NEXT DAY  
FATHER and Vincent's discussion has grown heated.

FATHER  
Vincent, someone has seen you. If you go to her, he'll see you again.

VINCENT  
How can I leave her alone? She must be protected.

FATHER  
If she is in danger... we'll find a way to protect her. There are other ways.

VINCENT  
This is Catherine. I must protect her.

FATHER  
Of course. And what is she doing to find this man?

VINCENT

All she can, but she's alone in this. She refuses to seek help. She's afraid for me... for our secret.

FATHER

And he probably knows that.

VINCENT

And will use it to torment her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON - CATHY

Sitting at her desk, oblivious to everyone and everything going on around her. There's a legal pad in front of her where she's penciled various notes. She is wearing a set of mini-earphones which are plugged into a small cassette player. She has been repeatedly listening to a phone message from an answering machine tape, trying to hear something she's missed, to recognize the voice, identify a background noise... something...

WATCHER'S VOICE (CONT.)

(on audio tape)

I didn't like your hair. Don't wear it that way again.

SOUND: ANSWERING MACHINE BEEP.

WE HEAR Cathy REWIND THE CASSETTE TAPE.

She glances at the recorder counter, presses the 'play' button.

SOUND: DEAD AIR then ANSWERING MACHINE BEEP.

TIGHT ON CATHY

WATCHER'S VOICE

(on audio tape)

I like that red sweater you wore today, but... I didn't like your hair. Don't wear it that way again.

She rewinds the tape again, presses the 'play' button.

WATCHER'S VOICE

(on audio tape)

I didn't like your hair. Don't wear it that way again.

She rewinds the tape again, presses the 'play' button.

WATCHER'S VOICE

(on audio tape)

Open the drapes.

(HG SOUND: WRISTWATCH

BEEP-BEEP)

She rewinds the tape again, presses the 'play' button.

WATCHER'S VOICE

(on audio tape)

Open the drapes.

(HG SOUND: WRISTWATCH

BEEP-BEEP)

She rewinds the tape again, presses the 'play' button, trying to focus, to identify, or at least to memorize the beep-beep sound.

WATCHER'S VOICE

(on audio tape)

I like that red sweater you wore today, but... I didn't like your hair. Don't wear it that way...

She rewinds the tape again, presses the 'play' button.

WATCHER'S VOICE

(on audio tape)

I like that red sweater you wore to...

Just now, Cathy is startled seeing JOE in front of her. She quickly turns off the cassette player and takes off the earphones. Joe is wearing an overcoat, carrying his briefcase, and holding a two-inch thick bound computer print-out.

JOE

Forgetting something this morning, Radcliffe?

(off Cathy's blank look)

Brian Crater? His deposition...?

A missed appointment registers with Cathy, her heart sinking.

CATHY

Oh my God. I'm so sorry.

JOE

It's okay, I got it.

(handing her print-out)

Dave caught me on the way by. That's for you.

Cathy knows what it is. She hopes Joe hasn't noticed.

CATHY

Thank you.

JOE

Look, is there something going on here I should know about?

CATHY

No. Why?

JOE  
Because you missed a deposition,  
(re: print-out)  
and you requested a status list for all your prior cases.

Behind Joe, JENNY ARONSON has come up and stopped several feet away, not wishing to intrude.  
Cathy notices her.

CATHY  
Jenny

JENNY  
Hi. Hi, Joe.

JOE  
Hi, Jenny.

CATHY  
What are you doing here?

JENNY  
Surprising you... and taking you out to lunch, I hope.

CATHY  
(glancing at watch)  
Lunch time already? I... It's only eleven o'clock.

JENNY  
I'm hungry.

CATHY  
You are always hungry.  
(to Joe)  
Do you want to go over that deposition right now?

JOE  
No. No, it can wait---

CATHY  
(to Jenny)  
---Then we're on---

JOE  
(from above/re: print-out)  
--- but I do want to know about this.

CATHY  
I ordered these just to keep my files up-to-date, but you're cute when you're worried.

JENNY  
Why are you worried?

CATHY  
I missed an appointment – can we drop it?

Cathy grabs her jacket. On the women's exit...

DISSOLVE TO:  
EXT. CITY STREET

Cathy and Jenny are seated in a booth inside a restaurant, in mid-conversation. Jenny keeps stalling on telling about her bad dream. Cathy's interest is piqued, but deep down she's also a little afraid.

JENNY  
I don't know. It's just a crazy dream. I... I feel I... I'm putting a curse on you.

CATHY  
I'm going to throw something at you if you don't tell me about this dream. Come on, Jen. Not all your bad dreams come true.

Jenny still hesitates, thinking "this is serious..." Finally, a deep breath...

JENNY  
Um... Okay. You were... well, I don't know where you were, but there were flowers... all around. And um...all of a sudden the lights went out, and you were in the dark. And you were... uh... trying to move, but you couldn't. And there was this... ah... hand, but it wasn't connected to anything, and it was trying to touch you.

CATHY  
Uh-huh...

JENNY  
And... uh... you wanted to scream, but you couldn't.

CATHY  
Severed hand comes at me, I'm gonna scream. Guaranteed -- I will scream.

JENNY  
Okay, so you started running --

CATHY  
And the hand is still after me?

JENNY  
(genuinely although subtly trying to warn Cathy)  
I don't know, Cath. Um... You were running, a-and I don't know whether the... you were running from someone... or maybe to someone... But you couldn't catch your breath... you couldn't breathe.

CATHY  
And then what?



A beat. Jenny edits.

JENNY

I woke up. I guess I needed to hear the sound of your voice, so I called you.

Cathy can't help but think of the Watcher. Off her look...

JENNY

What?

CATHY

(still absorbed)

... It is so strange that you have these dreams...

JENNY

Why?

CATHY

About a minute after you called, I got another call from some guy.

JENNY

Who?

CATHY

I don't know -- I don't know who he is. He just... He said something that scared me.

JENNY

What did he say?

CATHY

Nah. It's not important. But if I ever find out who he is, I'm going to strangle him, and then your dream will have a happy ending.

Jenny has reacted to the word 'strangle' with wide-eyed alarm.

JENNY

Oh, my god, I can't believe you said that.

CATHY

What?

JENNY

I didn't want to tell you. That is... what I saw. You couldn't breathe. There was something around your neck. You were trying to pull it off. You were being strangled.

(a beat)

You died Cathy.

As they look at each other...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHY'S OFFICE BUILDING – CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE DA'S OFFICES – AFTER LUNCH

Rita enters from a door across the hall and calls Cathy.

RITA

Cathy. Cathy? Are you ready for this? The judge just threw out the Santis case. There was a defect in the search warrant. What are we going to do?

Cathy notices a man working on the water fountain. We hear his watch beep and he's wearing a Hawaiian shirt with large flowers. Cathy speaks to Rita, but is distracted and keeps turning to stare at him.

CATHY

File an appeal, I guess.

RITA

You don't think we can get a conviction without the notebook?

CATHY

(VO – Thinking-)

There were flowers everywhere.

RITA

Or maybe we can track down the accountant... try to get him to testify. What do you think?

The man at the water fountain picks his things up and exits past Cathy and Rita.

REPAIRMAN

Thanks, but I'm a happily married man.

RITA

Excuse me?

CATHY

Don't ask. File an appeal.

INT. DA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The two women enter the office and go their separate ways. As Cathy nears her desk, she can see a vase of roses on it. She hesitates, looking suspicious, then reaches for the card. We see Joe notice her from the next desk before he exits.

JOE

Reel him in, Radcliffe.

CATHY hesitantly opening the card. We can almost feel the chill run down her spine when she opens it.

CATHY

(reading to herself)

You're starting to feel me with you, aren't you? Could you feel me in your room last night? ...I was there."

ON CATHY'S REACTION...

FADE

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CATHY'S OFFICE BUILDING

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Joe is standing just outside his office door reading a file. Cathy walks past several other people and touches his elbow to get his attention.

CATHY

You got a second?

JOE

Yeah. Sure. Come on in.

Cathy follows Joe into his office and Joe closes the door.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JOE

What's up?

CATHY

Cathy sits on a sofa near the door. Joe sits on the edge of his desk facing her.

(After hesitating)

If--- Let's say... someone called you in the middle of the night... and then... hung up. How would you go about finding that person?

JOE

Ah...what did this person say?

CATHY

Nothing really... just... I want to find him.

JOE

(a beat then)

You know what department policy on this---

CATHY

---I don't want the police involved.

JOE  
Have you called the phone company?

CATHY  
Yeah, they said--- actually they said there's gonna to be some new things on the market, this summer, but right now I'm on my own. Unless I want to change my number.

JOE  
That's a possibility---

CATHY  
No. I want to find him.

JOE  
... What about a wire tap?

CATHY  
(no police)  
No.

JOE  
Tracing unit?

CATHY  
I ordered one. It's going to be installed tomorrow, but I don't know if he'll stay on the line long enough.

JOE  
Does this have anything to do with ordering that list of your prior cases?

CATHY  
I don't think it's a prior case.

JOE  
Is he threatening you?

Cathy hesitates in answering... and that's Joe's answer.

JOE  
Come on, Cathy. What's this guy saying?

CATHY  
Nothing.  
(off Joe's unconvinced look as he moves to stand behind his desk)  
Benign things.

JOE  
Like what?

CATHY  
Like benign things.

JOE  
Like give me an example.

CATHY  
Like "I like your sweater... hate your hair." I don't know.

Joe reacts by returning to stand closer.

JOE  
Call the cops.

CATHY  
Why?

JOE  
Because he's watching you.

CATHY  
No.

JOE  
Cathy, call Greg Hughes right now.

CATHY  
Joe. I don't want to overreact. People like this... fantasize, but they don't really ever do anything.

JOE  
Would you like me to pull some files with some not so pretty pictures? You don't fool around with creeps like this.  
(off Cathy's reaction)  
... What has this guy got on you?

CATHY  
...My phone number... my address.

Joe is well-aware he's not getting the full story. A beat.

JOE  
Where are you keeping your gun?

CATHY  
In my nightstand.

JOE  
Carry it...in your purse.

On Cathy's response

DISSOLVE TO:  
EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE CITY (STOCK) - EVENING

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CATHY'S ROOFTOP - THAT EVENING

Vincent is waiting, looking out on the city. He turns at the sound of someone approaching via the stairwell. The door creaks as it opens.

Cathy emerges from the stairwell which is located so Vincent cannot immediately see her. She takes a moment to steel herself, to psyche herself into an act...she hopes.

ANOTHER ANGLE -

Cathy comes up alongside Vincent and puts her briefcase down.

VINCENT

Did he contact you?

CATHY

... He sent me flowers.

VINCENT

(having felt her panic)

It was more than just flowers.

CATHY

He knows about you...about us. And until we find out what he wants...

VINCENT

He wants you, Catherine.

CATHY

Vincent, you have to stay away.

VINCENT

I feel your fear. How do I leave you alone with that?

CATHY

Because I can handle fear -- but if something happened to you...

Cathy leans against Vincent's shoulder, and he holds her.

VINCENT

Come below tonight.

Cathy moves back.

CATHY

I can't. I can't let him do that to me. I can't.

(a beat)

We're alone in this.

Vincent pulls her close again. We can see his fear for her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - SAME EVENING

Cathy exits the elevator and goes to her apartment, unlocks the door.

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cathy reaches in, switches on the light, enters. She locks the door behind her, including the chain, glances around, throws her stuff down, seeing the answering machine blinking (one call). She tentatively rewinds the tape, switches to 'play.'

WATCHER'S VOICE

(on machine)

Why aren't you there?

(pause/anger deep)

You're with him, aren't you?

(pause)

Of course, you are. Why do I even ask?

(pause/firmer)

Whore.

(a long beat then softening, like a hurt husband)

No more. Okay, Cathy -- no more?

DEAD AIR THEN ANSWERING MACHINE BEEP.

Cathy switches off the machine. She turns off the living room light unlocks the balcony doors.

EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Cathy steps out onto the balcony. Camera watches from the rear as she moves to the railing to look out across the city. Slow pan around. Cathy's face as she looks out across the thousands of pin-prick lights, knowing one of them could be the Watcher, wondering which one.

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cathy turns and reenters the apartment, locking the balcony door behind her, leaving the drapes closed. She does not switch on the living room light.

INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

POV FROM INSIDE CATHY'S CLOSET

Cathy enters the bedroom, flipping the light on. We see her through the closet louvers. She takes off her jacket, hangs it casually on the closet knob, and heads for the bathroom, starting to remove her shirt. .

INT. CATHY'S BATHROOM . MINUTES LATER

Cathy is taking a shower.

WATCHER'S POV

We see the closet doors open, a look around the bedroom to the armoire. He opens the drawer at the bottom and takes a piece of lingerie. He reaches to take a small box from a glass table and knocks something to the floor.

INT. CATHY'S BATHROOM SIMULTANEOUS

Cathy hears the object fall.

CLOSE ON - CATHY'S FACE

Reacting, for a moment paralyzed.

Cathy thinks to look for a weapon.

CATHY'S POV - THE BATHROOM

Her eyes searching for a weapon... She takes a pair of scissors from a drawer.

She steels herself, opens the bathroom door, prepared for the Watcher to be standing in the doorway.

No one is there. She enters the dark bedroom, ready for the Watcher to be on either side of the doorway.

INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

No one is there. Now, he could be anywhere. The closet door, closed earlier, is now open. The drapes are open. A bouquet of roses is on the bed. She makes her way to the nightstand, keeping her eyes on the room, the shadows, even as she slides the drawer open. She reaches in, searches for the gun.

POV - NIGHTSTAND DRAWER

The gun is not there.

ON CATHY'S TERROR.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - DIRECT PICK-UP

CATHY'S POV - THE BEDROOM

No one else appears to be in there. Cathy moves from the bedroom into the living room, her eyes scanning the room.

CATHY'S POV - LIVING ROOM

Suddenly, behind her, she hears sound: BEEP-BEEP.

Cathy spins. At first, nothing. Then she sees...

CATHY'S POV - HIGH-TECH WRISTWATCH

Left by the Watcher on the mantle

Suddenly, Cathy is startled again by an abrupt knock on the front door.

CATHY

Who is it?

JOE (O.C.)

It's me --- Joe.

CATHY

immediately goes to the door – locks are already unbolted.

CATHY

(opening door wide)

Joe, did you see him?



INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT CORRIDOR

JOE  
(immediately alert)  
Who?

CATHY  
Him! He was here!

JOE  
Wait here.

Having not seen anyone between the elevator and the door, Joe heads for the stairwell. Cathy catches him as he throws that door open, in determined pursuit.

CATHY  
No, Joe – he's got my gun.

Joe moves quickly back into the apartment with Cathy.

JOE  
(as they move)  
Did he hurt you?

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT

CATHY  
No.

JOE  
Did you see him?

CATHY  
No.

Cathy locks the door then turns to see Joe pick up the phone.

CATHY  
What are you doing?

JOE  
You know what I'm doing. I'm calling the police.

CATHY  
(going to block)  
No---!

JOE  
Yes.

(as he dials)

I am not gonna wake up to a phone call that says this guy got to you.

VOICE ON PHONE

New York 33<sup>rd</sup>...

JOE

Yeah. Greg Hughes, please.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM LATER THAT EVENING

We see the locksmith's hand testing the key in the new deadbolt and opening the door.

Cathy is sitting on the arm of her sofa, looking at the floor, paying attention, but not involved in the room's activity. She is now dressed in casual clothes.

Joe is closer to the door, dealing with the locksmith.

LOCKSMITH

Okay. That ought to take care of it.

JOE

Great.

LOCKSMITH

Here's your keys.

JOE

Thanks.

LOCKSMITH

And it's sixty bucks.

Joe counts out three twenties and hands them to the locksmith.

JOE

Sixty. Twenty... forty... sixty.

LOCKSMITH

All right. Thanks.

JOE

Thank you.

LOCKSMITH

That's a... that's a good lock. You shouldn't have any problems.

JOE

Okay. Great.

LOCKSMITH  
And thanks again.

JOE  
Yep.

Nearby, a plain-clothes cop is packing up and closing his fingerprinting case. Detective Greg Hghes enters from the bedroom, finishing up and putting away his note pad.

DETECTIVE HUGHES  
Okay, I think we've got everything we're going to get tonight.

Greg Hughes entry pulls Joe and Cathy from their thoughts, but Cathy is as close as she needs to be, does not move with Joe, Cohen, and the cop to the door.

JOE  
Did you find anything?

DETECTIVE HUGHES  
(sensitive to Cathy)  
No, it's pretty clean. If we do get lucky on any of the prints, it won't be until late tomorrow.  
Cop leaves – on his way out passing between Joe and Greg Hughes as they talk

JOE  
(nodding)  
Well, if you do come up with something, I'd like the information to go directly to Cathy.  
(a glance to Cathy)  
And if you can't find her, then I'd like it to go to me. Nobody else... okay?

DETECTIVE HUGHES  
(‘whatever you say’)  
Sure.

CATHY  
Thank you, Greg.

DETECTIVE HUGHES  
(to Joe)  
You want a cop outside?

Joe looks to Cathy.

CATHY  
(already answering Hughes)  
No.

JOE  
(Acknowledges Cathy has last say)  
No.

Joe and Hughes exchange a look, Hughes following cop into corridor.

DETECTIVE HUGHES

(for Joe's ears)

Can't live with 'em --- can't live without 'em---

JOE

(Laughs)

Yeah...

(ready to close door)

Thanks, Greg. Thanks a lot.

Just as Hughes is in the corridor, Joe closing the door behind him, Cathy has a last thought.

CATHY

(catching the door)

Greg?

(Hughes has paused)

I owe you a favor. Uh... don't file a report, okay?

DETECTIVE HUGHES

(reluctantly)

Okay.

Hughes exits. Joe closes the door, he and Cathy, both still at the door.

CATHY

Thank you.

JOE

(heading for couch)

So... what's on tonight?

CATHY

Nothing.

JOE

Radcliffe ---

CATHY

Listen, Joe....

JOE

I'm not leaving. I'm gonna sleep right there, on that short-little-dinky couch.

CATHY

No, you're not.

JOE

Yes, I am.

CATHY  
No, you're not.

JOE  
Why not?

CATHY  
... I have my reasons.

JOE  
... Whatever it is, Cathy, we can get you out of it.

CATHY  
(her own meaning)  
No, we can't.

Her attitude is unwavering; he's not staying.

JOE  
Okay. Here's your keys. Lock your door.  
(gives her set of keys)  
Put one of your chairs in front of it. On second thought, put one of your couches in front of it.  
(Turning as he leaves with the attitude of a stern father)  
Lock it.

CATHY  
Good-night.

Cathy turns the deadbolt, locks the door securely, turns looking into the apartment.

CATHY'S POV - HER APARTMENT  
ON CATHY  
We see her fear...

DISSOLVE TO:  
INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT  
All the lights are out. Focus on the clock, which reads 12:15. Slow pan... past the furniture... over to the front door... past the locks and knob, shiny in the dark... across the apartment... until we find Cathy next to the balcony door, the drapes pulled shut. Cathy is looking out between the drapes with binoculars.

DISSOLVE TO:  
INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT  
Start on the balcony drapes where we last saw Cathy with the binoculars. She is no longer there. The room is now faintly lit with one table lamp. Cathy is lying on the sofa, a pillow under her head, a blanket over her legs, which are pulled up, the fireplace poker in her hands. She is fighting sleep.

MOVE IN SLOWLY ON CATHY

She is startled by something, gets up with the poker to check it, and is relieved when it's nothing.

CUT TO TABLE IN WATCHER'S APT.

We see the box and lingerie taken from Cathy's apartment next to a small medicine bottle and a folded white cloth. His hand picks up the bottle and the cloth. We see his eye as he looks through the telescope again.

INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

CATHY

enters the living room with a cup of tea. She sees the shadow of feet in the light under her front door and freezes in fear.

MAN'S VOICE - OC

This way. That's not my apartment.

Cathy relaxes

CUT TO:

INT. THRESHOLD - CATHY'S SUB-BASEMENT

Vincent stands waiting, sensing her fear. The pull is strong to go to her.

INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM

Cathy sits on the sofa eyes transfixed on the locks.

Various SOUND BITES haunt her:

WATCHER (V.O.)

(from answering machine)

You're with him, aren't you? Of course you are. Why do I even ask?

CONTINUE TO MOVE IN CLOSER ON CATHY

Transfixed on the door...

VINCENT (V.O.)

(from rooftop)

He wants you, Catherine.

CONTINUE TO MOVE IN CLOSER ON CATHY

Transfixed on the door...

WATCHER (V.O.)

(from answering machine)

I liked that red sweater you wore today, but I didn't like your hair. Don't wear it that way again.

CONTINUE TO MOVE IN CLOSER ON CATHY

Reacting to fear and frustration

JOE (V.O.)

Where are you keeping your gun?

WATCHER (V.O.)  
(answering machine)  
I can see you.

JOE (V.O.)  
You don't fool around with creeps like this.

WATCHER (V.O.)  
(answering machine)  
Whore

JENNY (V.O.)  
You died, Cathy...

WATCHER (V.O.)  
(answering machine)  
Why aren't you there?

JENNY (V.O.)  
You died, Cathy...

WATCHER (V.O.)  
(answering machine)  
Why aren't you there?

JENNY (V.O.)  
You died, Cathy... You died, Cathy... You died, Cathy...

CUT TO Cathy, a decision made. She bounds from the sofa, goes into the bedroom and returns. Her jacket on, Cathy unlocks the various door locks and exits the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR

Cathy locks her door and walks to the elevator, pushes the 'down' button and waits, poised at the door. She glances up at the floor indicator which shows the elevator is starting to move up. We see it indicate the tenth and eleventh floors. She waits impatiently.

CATHY  
Come on.

We continue to intercut between Cathy in front of the doors, Cathy impatiently watching the Floor indicator.

Each time we see the Floor Indicator, the lights indicating a progressive approach, we get the feeling something is wrong.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Cathy backing away from the elevator, a sudden bad feeling hitting her.

ANGLE - THE STAIRWELL DOOR  
As Cathy exits into the stairwell.

CUT TO the elevator moving on. No other sounds from the corridor. The floor indicator shows that the elevator stopped at the eighteenth floor.

INT. STAIRWELL  
Cathy moving down the stairs, looking around, nervous.

CUT TO:  
ANGLE • ELEVATOR

The doors open. Joe exits, dressed more casually, a large, covered styrofoam coffee cup and a magazine in hand. FOLLOW him to the corridor chair near Cathy's door. He is set for the night, it appears, and sits down in a chair outside Cathy's apartment.

CUT TO: INT. STAIRWELL  
Cathy moving down the stairs, her paranoia growing...our paranoia growing...Cathy pausing suddenly when she hears a door several floors down faintly opening. She waits.

CUT TO: INT. THRESHOLD  
Vincent is waiting. He reacts, feeling her fear.

INT. STAIRWELL  
Cathy waiting on the stairs, her paranoia growing... tension growing... The door closes several floors down. She moves on.

CUT TO INT. THRESHOLD  
Vincent moving toward the light to wait at the ladder.

CUT TO: INT. STAIRWELL  
Cathy continues down the stairs.

CATHY'S POV - STAIRWELL  
Ominous before her, every landing, every turn, every door, frightening...

She thinks she hears another set of footsteps in the stairwell. After two or three more steps, she pauses, listening. We hear a faint creak. It stops. Cathy tries to look back up the stairwell.

CATHY'S POV - LOOKING UP STAIRWELL  
Seeing nothing out of the ordinary, she moves on, her pace gradually quickening...

CUT TO: INT. THRESHOLD  
Vincent is waiting ---worried.

CUT TO: INT. CATHY'S CORRIDOR  
Joe looks up when he hears Cathy's phone ringing in her apartment. He goes quietly to her door to listen, ready if he senses trouble.  
The phone is still ringing. Joe knocks at the door, anxiously wondering why Cathy isn't answering, at least, his knocks.



JOE  
Cathy?

Joe knocks at the door again.

JOE  
Radcliffe?

Joe backs up to gather momentum and kicks the door.

CUT TO: INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT

Suddenly, the door is kicked open. Joe rushes in, can see that Cathy isn't in that room. We stay in the living room as Joe moves directly to the bedroom and the bathroom.

JOE  
Cathy, it's me, Joe... Are you here? Cath?

CUT TO: INT. STAIRWELL

Cathy is racing down the stairs.. .reaches the first floor door... She opens the door quietly and looks around before exiting into the corridor to the parking garage.

CUT TO: INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT

Joe comes back into the living room, grabbing the RINGING PHONE.

JOE  
Hello?

CUT TO: INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT

Jenny, frantic, turns suddenly in the middle of a pace, carrying her phone.

JENNY  
Who is this?

INTERCUT TWO-WAY BETWEEN JOE AND JENNY:

JOE  
Who's this?

JENNY  
Jenny--

JOE  
---Jenny, it's Joe. Do you know where Cathy is?

JENNY  
No, but she is in trouble.

CATHY'S POV - THE GARAGE FLOOR DOOR

A big "G" painted on it.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Cathy enters the parking garage. She turns, reacting something behind her.

Cathy suddenly grabbed by the Watcher -- a crumpled white handkerchief tight against her mouth and nose. She struggles against the Watcher.

CUT TO: INT. THRESHOLD - SIMULTANEOUS

Vincent reacting, snarling, in motion...

CUT TO: INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - SIMULTANEOUS

The handkerchief is held hard against her face. The Watcher is angry.

WATCHER

You're going to him, aren't you?! I knew you would. You'll go to him, but you won't come to me! No more, Cathy.

The chloroformed handkerchief takes effect; Cathy slips towards unconsciousness.

CUT TO: INT. PARKING GARAGE - A MOMENT LATER

ANGLE - INSIDE CAR

Having used Cathy's keys, The Watcher has put Cathy in her car. She is crumpled down in the seat, unconscious.

CUT TO: INT. PARKING GARAGE - A MOMENT LATER

Cathy's car screeches out of its parking place, the Watcher at the wheel.

CLOSE ON - CATHY THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

She is unconscious.

Suddenly Vincent comes out of nowhere. The car barrels down on him, smashes into him.

Vincent is thrown between parked cars, Cathy's car speeding on...

Suddenly the stairwell door flies open. Joe rushes out just in time to see Cathy's car careening out of the garage. Joe exits back into the stairwell. Pan over to see Vincent just a few feet away, pulling himself up, his determination to rescue Cathy outweighing his injuries.

CUT TO: EXT. CATHY'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - CATHY THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The city's lights wipe across her face. She is unconscious.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - (STOCK) NIGHT

As the Watcher takes Cathy out of the city...

DISSOLVE TO: INT. TUNNELS - VARIOUS DISSOLVES – NIGHT

Vincent in motion: racing around a corner, through a tunnel... on top of a speeding subway..

INTERCUT between the car, Cathy unconscious in the car and Vincent trying to reach her.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. WOODS NEAR LAKE – NIGHT

We hear a car door close.

EXT. MARSHY LAKE – NIGHT

ANGLE – BACK OF CAR

The Watcher carrying Cathy, semi-conscious, towards the rear of the car. The trunk is already open, the Watcher puts Cathy inside.

WATCHER

I like it here. I used to play here when I was a kid. Now you'll be here, and I'll come visit you.

CLOSE ON - CATHY IN TRUNK

We hear the trunk lid close.

CUT TO:

Vincent on top of the subway car

EXT. MARSHY LAKE – SIMULTANEOUS

The Watcher pushes the car off an embankment, Cathy is inside the trunk... The car nose dives into the lake with a splash... The Watcher from behind... watching the car

EXT. WOODS

Vincent rushing through brush...

CUT TO: EXT. MARSHY LAKE

Car sinking

CUT TO INSIDE DARK TRUNK...

As Cathy's adrenalin helps bring her back to consciousness... the cold water rushing in, rising...

CUT TO:

Vincent running through the woods...

BACK TO CATHY

Awake, realizing her situation

Continue to intercut between Cathy struggling in the trunk, Vincent running and the car in the lake.

CATHY

struggling against the rising water...

CATHY

No! No! NO!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. MARSHY LAKE – NIGHT

Car is sinking further into the lake

INT. CAR TRUNK

Cathy is still struggling to escape.

CUT TO: EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT

DISSOLVE TO: INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT

Joe is waiting at the front desk.

DETECTIVE HUGHES O.C.

Joe!

JOE

Did you find her?

DETECTIVE HUGHES

Just got a call. The car may have been spotted near Stoney Point.

JOE

What about Cathy?

DETECTIVE HUGHES

I don't know.

The two men exit

EXT. MARSHY LAKE - NIGHT

The car in the lake

INT. CAR TRUNK

The water is rising fast. Cathy can't be seen.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Vincent comes into a clearing and stops. His breathing is labored, his concern for Catherine overpowering.

TIGHT ON - VINCENT'S HEAD,

We see in his eyes he can feel her slipping away... his legs crumple beneath him. His head goes back, towards the Heavens. A bloodcurdling, agonized wail coming from the deepest part of his soul... It is followed by sobs.

WATCHER O.C.

Too late.

ANGLE - BEHIND THE WATCHER:

The watcher stands in front of Vincent. Vincent is still down on his knees, his head lowered. He looks up, an immediate recognition. The watcher sounds triumphant.

WATCHER

You're too late.

Vincent starts to rise, the thirst for blood in his eyes. The Watcher sees what's coming, doesn't move,

at some level feeling a destiny tonight. Vincent annihilates the Watcher.

DISSOLVE TO: INT. CAR TRUNK - NIGHT

TIGHT ON – Cathy's hand floating at the surface of the water

DISSOLVE TO: A VELVETY BLACK SCREEN.

Cathy enters the frame, her face bathed in a warm white light. Seeing something in the distance, a contentment washes over her. A peace.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE LIGHT SOURCE

Large and vague yet definite in the dark expanse. Still a distance away. A man and a woman are silhouetted by the Light, waiting...

Cathy moves towards the Light.

CATHY'S POV

The man and woman are waiting in the distance.

BACK TO CATHY

CATHY

Mother.

LIGHT SOURCE

The woman holds her arms out to Cathy

EXT. MARSHY LAKE - SIMULTANEOUS

Vincent makes a dramatic leap onto the partially submerged car, his black cloak billowing...

CUT TO: DARKNESS/LIGHT SOURCE

The light on Cathy's face is gradually becoming whiter, softer, warmer as she moves towards it.

CATHY'S POV - SILHOUETTES IN THE DISTANCE

Cathy's smile deepens.

CUT TO: EXT. MARSHY LAKE - SIMULTANEOUS

Vincent is finishing ripping the trunk lid off, is reaching into the icy water...

CUT TO: DARKNESS/LIGHT SOURCE

We see Cathy is drawing close now to the Silhouettes in the Light, the Woman waiting with open arms. Suddenly from the dark Nowhere, Vincent appears behind Cathy, scoops her up, into his arms, taking her away from the Light.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO: EXT. MARSHY LAKE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

START TIGHT ON THE TWO OF THEM.

Vincent has brought Cathy back to life at the water's edge. He has wrapped Cathy in his cloak. He pulls it tighter around her. He is on his knees, holding Cathy against him, her face nestled on his chest, her eyes closed, her body drained, weary.

VINCENT  
(as he draws her tighter)  
Oh, Catherine...

CATHY  
(her eyes not opening)  
...I love you...

Vincent pulls her even tighter against him, his body warming hers.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO: EXT. MARSHY LAKE - LATER SAME NIGHT  
The night is alive with activity. Lights flash on the patrol car and the ambulance; Police radios squawk, filling the air with disembodied voices.

DETECTIVE AND TROOPER  
Walking away from the ambulance. The detective is looking at the Watcher's identification.

DETECTIVE  
And... uh... he's got a record, but he'd never gone this far before. See if his address was across the park from hers. Okay?

The detective hands the trooper the identification.

TROOPER  
Sure.

DETECTIVE  
Thank you.

The trooper walks toward the clearing where three patrol cars are parked, the lights flashing. Joe comes running toward the trooper from behind one of the cars, showing his identification.

JOE  
Joe Maxwell. DA's office. Where's Catherine Chandler?

TROOPER  
She's over there, sir.

Trooper indicates the ambulance.

Cathy is sitting at the edge of the back door of the ambulance, still wrapped in Vincent's cloak but now wearing someone's grey sweats too. Someone is refilling a coffee cup in her hands.

VOICE FROM OFF CAMERA  
Where's that coroner?

CATHY'S POV  
The detective has come back to question her.

DETECTIVE

You don't remember how you got out of the trunk?

CATHY

No.

JOE

(rushing up)

Cathy.

CATHY

Hi.

JOE

You okay?

CATHY

Yeah.

JOE

You sure?

CATHY

Yeah. Would you take me home?

He helps her down from where she was sitting.

JOE

Yeah, sure.

(to detective)

You can reach her through Greg Hughes... at the New York Thirty-third.

DETECTIVE

New York Thirty-third.

JOE

Yeah

DETECTIVE

Okay.

As Joe and Cathy move towards the cars, Joe notices the cloak.

JOE

(re: cloak)

What's this?

CATHY

Someone gave it to me to keep me warm.

DISSOLVE TO:  
EXT. CATHY'S APARTMENT BUILDING  
CUT TO:  
INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Joe and Cathy enter her apartment, an anxious Jenny at the open door.

JENNY  
Are you all right? Tell me you're all right!

CATHY  
(keeps walking past as she answers)  
Yeah, I'm all right. I'm fine. Just... tired.

JOE  
Can you stay with her tonight, Jenny?

JENNY  
Yes--

CATHY  
---No.

JOE  
Yes. You really scared me tonight, Radcliffe.  
(to Jenny)  
What about the door?

JENNY  
They're going to fix it tomorrow morning.

JOE  
All right. I'll leave a cop downstairs.

CATHY  
(mumbled)  
What happened to my door?

JOE  
I kicked it in.  
(beat)  
Goodnight.

CATHY  
Thanks, Joe.

Cathy moving into the apartment toward her bedroom.

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT  
JENNY'S POV



Cathy coming toward her from the bathroom, tying the belt of her robe.

JENNY

What can I get for you?

CATHY

Oh, Jenny, I'm really okay. You don't have to stay.

JENNY

I know, but I am---

CATHY

--Jen---

JENNY

No. I'm staying, so what can...

CATHY

Jen...

(a beat)

I'm not going to be alone.

JENNY

Oh...

(a beat)

You're not going to be alone? Well... um... What am I doing here?

Jenny picks up her coat and purse. Cathy follows her into the living room and gives Jenny a hug.

JENNY

I sure am glad that you're okay.

CATHY

Thank you.

Jenny tries to let herself out.

CATHY

(indicating the chain lock)

Yeah.

JENNY

(as she exits)

Bye-bye.

CATHY

Bye.

Cathy slides the chain lock into place, turns out the light and goes through the dark apartment, stopping briefly at the bedroom when she sees Vincent standing on the balcony in the doorway.

THE BALCONY.

Vincent is there, Cathy rushing into an immediate, tight embrace...they can't get close enough.

VINCENT

I felt you go... I felt you go.

CATHY

Hold me tighter... Tighter.

DISSOLVE TO: BALCONY – LATER THAT NIGHT

Candles are being lit on a table. Catherine is dressed for an anniversary evening.

CLOSE ON:

Cathy and Vincent

CATHY

(Looking at the city lights)

Someone else could be watching.

VINCENT

Perhaps.

CATHY

We can't be afraid, can we? We can't let that stop us.

VINCENT

This balcony is our window...our vantage point. And... perhaps, Catherine... someone behind one of those lights is watching... and smiling on us.

CATHY

Perhaps they are.

DISSOLVE TO: BALCONY – later

Vincent and Cathy are standing with their arms around one another.

VINCENT

How do you feel now? Are you still afraid?

CATHY

No. Just very grateful.

VINCENT

We have endured...much.

CATHY

Yes, we have. And I know, in the deepest part of who I am, that whatever happens now, Vincent, we will endure. We will.

FADE OUT

**THE END**