

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"A Kingdom by the Sea"

Written by
George R.R. Martin

Directed by
Gus Trikonis

WITT/THOMAS PRODUCTIONS
956 N. Seward St.
Hollywood, CA 90038
(213) 465-7415-Hollywood, CA
(213) 583-1630-Vernon, CA

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"A Kingdom by the Sea"

CHARACTERS

CATHERINE
VINCENT

JOE MAXWELL
ELLIOT BURCH
STANLEY KAZMAREK
BIGGS
BRYANT
RESIDENT
DETECTIVE GREG HUGHS
TYLER
MORLEY
CARLOS
*RIVERA
*RAMON
*JAMIE
REPORTER #1
REPORTER #2

EXTRAS

REPORTERS
CAMERA CREWS
SECURITY GUARD
HELICOPTER PILOT

CHARACTERS OMITTED: DREADLOCK, SANGUJA, GORDURA, WOMAN REPORTER

CHARACTERS ADDED: RIVERA, RAMON, JAMIE, REPORTER #1, REPORTER #2

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"A Kingdom by the Sea"

SETS

INTERIOR

D.A.'S OFFICE (D)
JOE'S OFFICE (D)
HOSPITAL (D) (N)
-Corridor
-Hospital room
TENEMENT APARTMENT (N)
PARKING GARAGE
ELLIOT'S LIMO
COURTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM
WATCHMAN'S SHED
TUNNELS
-Tunnel junction
-Tunnels (STOCK)
-Concrete tunnel
-Water tunnels
VINCENT'S CHAMBER
WHISPERING GALLERY (STOCK)

EXTERIOR

WATERFRONT TENEMENT (N)
-Establishing shot
CATHERINE'S BALCONY (N)
ELLIOT'S LIMO (N)
EAST RIVER PIER (N)
-Series of shots
WHARF PILINGS (N)
WATCHMAN'S SHED (N)
INDUSTRIAL STREET (N)
-Dead end alley

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"A Kingdom by the Sea"

ACT I

FADE IN:

1 EXT. - WATERFRONT TENEMENT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 1

A rundown old apartment building somewhere near the waterfront. We HEAR the mournful cry of foghorns.

2 INT. - TENEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT 2

A down-at-heels apartment full of cheap furniture that has seen better days. The only light is the flickering images off an old black-and-white TV. A western is playing. An old man named STANLEY KAZMAREK sits watching it, dressed in a sleeveless undershirt, unshaven, with a cigarette in his mouth and a can of beer in his hand.

When the sudden, sharp sound of a KNOCK interrupts Kazmarek's movie, the old man looks back over his shoulder without moving, and SHOUTS.

KAZMAREK

Yeah?

(beat, no reply)

What the hell you want?

There's no answer but another KNOCK, louder and more insistent this time. Kazmarek finishes his can of beer, slides his feet into a pair of slippers, and gets up.

KAZMAREK

Who is it? Damn it...

He goes to the door, PEERS through the eyehole.

3 KAZMAREK'S POV - WIDE-ANGLE 3

Through the FISHEYE LENS, he sees a delivery man holding a bouquet of exotic tropical flowers. The man is dark-skinned, with long hair and a wasted, pock-marked face.

4 RESUME 4

Kazmarek SHOUTS through the door.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

KAZMAREK

You got the wrong apartment.

The KNOCK comes again, even louder. Now the old man is angry. He takes the chain off, opens the door.

KAZMAREK

You deaf or what? I said you got the wrong damn apartment...

The messenger's voice is faintly accented, musical.

RIVERA

I do not think so...

The old man's REACTS with puzzlement.

5 ANGLE ON RIVERA

5

as he moves the bouquet aside, and REVEALS a small automatic. Still smiling, he FIRES.

6 RESUME

6

as Kazmarek is SLAMMED BACKWARD by the force of the bullet. Rivera FIRES TWICE MORE, and Kazmarek goes down, knocking over a table covered with knickknacks. Rivera enters the apartment. When the old man does not move, the killer TOSSES the flowers on top of the body, then turns and walks away, satisfied.

PUSH IN TIGHT

on Kazmarek as we HEAR the SOUND of the door closing softly. The body is covered by the bright tropical flowers. We move in TIGHTER until we FIND a card among the flowers. We HOLD CLOSE on it and read:

LOVE, FROM ANNABELLE LEE

DISSOLVE TO:

7 EXT. - CATHY'S TERRACE - NIGHT

7

Cathy's wearing patched jeans and a faded flannel shirt, kneeling in front of a new PLANTER. A garden trowel is beside her, and she has a pair of pruning shears in hand, working on a newly-planted ROSE BUSH. Its branches show plenty of leaves and hard green buds, but no flowers yet in bloom. Cathy's hands are dirty, and she's intent on what she's doing. As she leans in to prune, she catches her thumb on a thorn, and drops the shears with a yelp.

CATHY

OW! Damn it...

She's startled to see Vincent step from the shadows.

VINCENT

Catherine... are you hurt?

CATHY

Vincent?

She hadn't expected Vincent tonight, and was so intent she didn't hear him arrive. She's briefly flustered.

CATHY

I didn't expect... how long...

VINCENT

Only a moment. You were so absorbed in your work, I didn't want to intrude.

CATHY

(rueful smile)

I was never cut out to be a gardener. I must have looked ridiculous.

VINCENT

No. You looked... determined.

Cathy LAUGHS lightly. Vincent moves closer.

CATHY

I thought... the terrace gets so much morning sun, maybe a rose bush would do well here.

VINCENT

Roses...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

CATHY

The man at the nursery said this bush is very special. If it don't kill it with my gardening, it's supposed to...

But Vincent has noticed something else.

VINCENT

(concerned)

Catherine... your hand...

Cathy had almost forgotten. She finds a single small bead of BLOOD on the thumb where it was pricked by the thorn. Vincent reacts almost by instinct, taking her hand in his own, lifting it to his face. Cathy looks up at him, wordless, as Vincent places a single soft KISS on the end of her wounded finger. He acts with spontaneous tenderness, and the whole thing is over in an instant... then, at the same moment, both of them realize what has just happened. They stand frozen for a long beat: her hand touching his lips, eyes locked together, as if each of them is holding their breath, waiting to see what might come next. Then Vincent releases her hand, and starts to turn away. But Cathy turns his face back toward her own. Then, before either of them can react...

A loud, insistent KNOCK on Cathy's door. The moment is shattered. Vincent steps back from her.

VINCENT

I... I should go...

CATHY

No... don't...

VINCENT

You have visitors...

CATHY

Not for long... wait...

VINCENT

(troubled, uncertain)

Catherine...

But Cathy is already on her way to the door, leaving Vincent on the balcony.

8 INT. - CATHY'S APARTMENT

8

Cathy strides across her living room and throws open the door. Out in the hall wait two tall, imposing men in dark suits: BIGGS and BRYANT.

BIGGS
Catherine Chandler?

CATHY
This isn't a good time. If you
don't mind...

Biggs puts his hand flat against the door and forces it all the way open, pushing past her into the apartment.

BIGGS
I'm afraid we have to insist.

Biggs fishes out his wallet, and lets it fall open to display a PHOTO ID. Cathy is taken aback when she looks at it. Bryant shuts the door to the apartment.

CATHY
CIA?

Biggs gives a curt nod, moving around the apartment as he talks, his eyes roaming, taking everything in and filing it away for later consideration.

BIGGS
You alone, Ms. Chandler?

CATHY
Yes. I don't see that it's any
business of yours...

Bryant speaks up, unflappably polite.

BRYANT
It isn't. We thought we heard
voices. My apologies if we're
intruding.

Biggs is still on the move, glancing into the dining room and then the kitchen. Cathy watches him with mounting alarm as she tries to talk to Bryant.

CATHY
I was listening to the radio.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

Vincent's SHADOW moves across the drapes that close off the terrace. Bryant is facing the wrong way, but Cathy sees it out of the corner of her eye. So does Biggs. He slides a hand suspiciously into his jacket, reaching for a shoulder holster, and moves toward the French doors.

CATHY

Hey!

Biggs doesn't even hesitate. Stepping out onto the terrace, he looks around carefully. Cathy holds her breath... and sags with relief when the federal agent shakes his head and returns to the apartment. Biggs SHRUGS and seats himself, uninvited, on Cathy's couch. By now Cathy is barely containing her fury.

CATHY

If you don't tell me what this is all about right now, I'm phoning the police.

BIGGS

The name Elliott Burch ring a bell?

BRYANT

Mr. Burch is wanted for questioning in connection with a matter relating to the national security. We were hoping you might have some information on his whereabouts.

CATHY

I haven't seen Elliott in almost a year. The last I heard, he was building a resort down in the Caribbean.

BIGGS

That what Burch told you?

CATHY

(sharply)

That's what I read in the papers.

BIGGS

Let's not play games, Ms. Chandler. Your relationship with Burch is pretty well documented.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

CATHY
My relationship with Burch is
over... and so is this
conversation. That's the door
right over there.

The CIA men exchange glances. Biggs gets up.

BRYANT
If you do happen to hear from Mr.
Burch, please give us a call.

He gives Cathy a business card. She holds it, disquieted,
as she watches them leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. - JOE MAXWELL'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

9

Joe is more than slightly astonished by what Cathy has just
told him about last night's visitors.

CATHY
... and since when is the CIA
authorized to conduct internal
operations?

JOE
It isn't. You sure these guys
were legit?

CATHY
The ID sure looked convincing.

JOE
Wonder what they want with Burch?
(shrugs)
Well, that's his headache. We got
some of our own. Here, take a
look at this.

He hands Cathy a file folder off his desk. She opens it
to a composite police drawing of Rivera.

CATHY
Nice hair. Friend of yours?

Joe shoots her a look.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

JOE

Last night he delivered some flowers to an old guy name of Stanley Kazmarek... and shot him three times for no particular reason. Maybe Kazmarek stiffed him on the tip. Bag lady outside gave us the face, but the cops haven't been able to make him.

(beat)

Turns out Kazmarek was a lot tougher than anybody figured. He's still hanging on.

CATHY

You want me to get a statement.

JOE

Bingo.

Cathy NODS, and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

10

ANGLE THROUGH the window in the double doors to the ICU. Stanley Kazmarek is comatose, hooked up an array of life-support equipment, his chest and stomach bandaged, an IV feeding into his arm, breathing equipment over his face. OVER this we hear the voice of a young black RESIDENT.

RESIDENT

Frankly, at his age, the odds weren't encouraging, but Mr. Kazmarek came through surgery better than we had any right to expect.

We PULL BACK and find Cathy and DETECTIVE GREG HUGHS standing with the resident, outside the doors to the ICU.

CATHY

When do you expect him to regain consciousness?

RESIDENT

Could be hours. Could be never.

HUGHS

So when can we talk to him?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

RESIDENT

Any time you want. Just so long
as you don't need him to talk
back. If you want to wait, the
family room is down the hall.

The resident moves off. Cathy glances back through the
door at the comatose Kazmarek.

CATHY

I read the file in the cab. It
doesn't make much sense...

HUGHS

Tell me about it. Shooter just
pops the old guy, drops the
flowers, and takes off.

CATHY

A professional hit?

HUGHS

You got it. Only why would a pro
bother whacking a 72-year-retired
sanitation worker?

Cathy doesn't know either. She shakes her head, and they
start down the corridor toward the waiting room.

CATHY

Any leads on Annabelle Lee?

HUGHS

(morose)
It's a poem.

CATHY

That much I knew.

HUGHS

Jonesy suggested an APB on Edgar
Allen Poe.

CATHY

Maybe Annabelle Lee was a pet name
for some woman he knew... a
daughter, an ex-wife...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

HUGHS

Wife was named Betty, died twelve years ago. Only one kid, a son, Stanley Junior, also deceased.

Biggs and Bryant come around the corner, all business. They're as surprised to see Cathy as she is to see them.

BRYANT

(polite, formal)
Miss Chandler.
(turns)
Detective Hughs?

HUGHS

Yeah. Who are you?

Bryant produces his identification.

BRYANT

CIA. We'll be taking it from here.

HUGHS

What? Who says?

BRYANT

Your captain, if you'll be good enough to give him a call.

Hughs gives Cathy a baffled look, then shrugs and moves off to find a phone.

BIGGS

Some reason you're hanging around, Ms. Chandler?

CATHY

I have a job to do.

BIGGS

Not here you don't. You're off the case.

CATHY

You can't do that!

BRYANT

Maybe you'd better discuss that with your office, Miss Chandler.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Furious, Cathy whirls and storms off to do just that. Biggs calls out after her.

CUT TO:

11 INT. - JOE MAXWELL'S OFFICE - LATER

11

Cathy comes into Joe's office breathing fire, SLAMMING the door behind her.

CATHY

Do you mind telling me what the hell is going on?

Joe's ready for her. He gets up, comes around the desk.

JOE

Calm down, Radcliffe. There's nothing we can do about it.

CATHY

So they can just walk in and order us off and that's it? It's not even legal, their jurisdiction doesn't --

JOE

(interrupts)
Hey, hey. Cool it.
(beat, glumly)
Since when does the CIA worry about legal? I don't like it any better than you do, but Moreno didn't ask my opinion. Sit down.
(she doesn't)
Sit. Down.

Cathy sits. Joe leans against his desk.

JOE

Officially this case no longer exists, as far as we're concerned.

CATHY

And unofficially...

JOE

Unofficially... they shared a few crumbs... Ever heard of Santo Irisado?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

CATHY

It's a group of islands in the Caribbean. Sugar cane, seashells...

JOE

And an average per capita income of about twelve cents.

CATHY

What does Santo Irisado have to do with Stanley Kazmarek?

JOE

Two weeks ago, they intercepted a freighter carrying a big shipment of illegal arms. Liberian registry, but they traced back ownership to a Hong Kong shipping firm, controlled by a holding corporation in the Cayman Islands... controlled by Burch.

CATHY

You're suggesting that Elliott is involved in arms smuggling?

JOE

It goes way beyond arms smuggling. Cath, the CIA thinks Elliott Burch was trying to take over his own country...

Joe hesitates; this is the hardest part of all. He takes a deep breath, shakes his head, and plunges on.

JOE

Kazmarek might have been the leak that queered the arms deal. Somebody didn't appreciate that. Somebody figured it was payback time.

SHOCK is written all over Cathy's face. Once, she came that close to falling in love with Elliott Burch; this is far beyond anything she thought him capable of.

CATHY

Joe, Elliott Burch has done some shady things... but hiring out a murder?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

JOE

Cathy, the freighter... Burch's
freighter... was named the
Annabelle Lee.

Cathy is shocked and dismayed, but after she has moment to
digest the news, she SHAKES HER HEAD.

Even if Elliott did want this man
killed, there's no way he'd flag
his involvement with a card. I
don't believe a word of it, Joe...

Joe SHRUGS as Cathy stomps back out of his office.

12 INT. - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

12

The hour is late as Cathy arrives home from work.
Everything is still, quiet, deserted. Rows of other cars,
dark and empty, sit in DEEP BLACK SHADOW.

Cathy parks, kills her ignition. When she turns out her
headlights, it gets VERY DARK inside the garage. She grabs
her purse, climbs out. For a moment she thinks she HEARS
something. She looks around carefully. There's nothing.

She begins to walk toward the elevator. The bulbs overhead
throw POOLS OF LIGHT on the bare concrete floor. Cathy
walks from light to darkness and back again, heels
CLICKING. We HEAR a second pair of footsteps, echoing her
own. Cathy stops suddenly. The other footsteps go on an
instant too long. She turns. A figure stands in shadow
across the garage. Cathy starts to walk faster. The
footsteps resume. She moves from light to shadow, faster.
Just ahead is the FIRE DOOR that leads inside to the
stairway and the elevators. She's going to make it.

But when Cathy reaches the door, she's PINNED in a sudden
glare of brilliant LIGHT as a long black stretch limo
hidden in shadow flicks on its high-beam HEADLIGHTS. In
the dim garage, the lights are blinding.

Cathy throws up a hand to shield her eyes as the running
man -- TYLER -- comes up beside her. At the same moment,
a heavy-set black man, MORLEY, bangs open the fire door
and steps out from inside. Cathy is caught between them.
Blinking, wary, she looks from one to the other.

TYLER

Take it easy, Miss Chandler.
Nobody's going to get hurt.

Before Cathy can reply, we HEAR the sound of a car door
opening and closing. Cathy looks toward the limo.

13 CATHY'S POV

13

The high-beams shine right into camera, blinding. A man moves around the limo, haloed in the light for a moment before we see him clearly. He has a beard now, and there's something different about him, something changed. It takes even Cathy a moment to recognize ELLIOTT BURCH.

CATHY

Elliott?

He moves closer, holds out a hand.

ELLIOTT

Please... come... we don't have
much time.

(beat)

Cathy, they're trying to kill
me...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II

FADE IN:

14 INT. - ELLIOTT'S LIMO - NIGHT

14

Morley and Tyler gently -- but firmly -- help Cathy into the back of Burch's limo, then move to the front compartment. Elliott gets in beside her. Cathy slides away from him. The interior is leather, luxurious.

CATHY

What kind of game are you playing this time, Elliott?

ELLIOTT

It's no game. Cathy, I'm sorry to involve you in all this...
(to Tyler, the driver)
Get us out of here.

TYLER

Where to?

ELLIOTT

Anywhere. Nowhere. So long as we keep moving.

As Tyler puts the limo in motion, Elliott presses a button, raising the privacy shield. Beyond the tinted windows, the lights of the city pass as the limo speeds through the Manhattan night.

ELLIOTT

We're safe in here.
(taps window)
Bulletproof glass.

Cathy watches him closely. This is a changed Elliott Burch; bearded, tan, his hair shaggier than before, his clothes a shade less precise. There's a haggard look to him, an edge, as if he is desperately trying to hang on to his self-control and not quite doing it.

CATHY

Safe from what?

Elliott's mouth quirks a strange, tight half-smile as he opens the bar and begins to mix himself a drink.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

ELLIOTT

It's a who.

(ironic)

The good doctor. Phillipe Torreon.

CATHY

The president of Santo Irisado?

ELLIOTT

President-for-life. Like his father before him, and his father before him. The good doctor wants me dead.

CATHY

Because of the Annabelle Lee.

That gets Elliott's attention. His head snaps up.

ELLIOTT

What do you know about the Annabelle Lee?

CATHY

You were backing a coup.

Elliott looks at Cathy for a long beat. Then he turns away from her, stares off out the window, into the night.

ELLIOTT

I helped finance some opponents of the Torreon regime, yes.

CATHY

Financing? Is that the latest polite term for illegal arms shipments?

She's angry, and the scorn in her voice gets Elliott angry too. He comes right back at her.

ELLIOTT

Torreon gave me no choice. This is a war, Cathy.

CATHY

Who gave you the power to declare war?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

ELLIOTT

You're just as infuriating as I remember. Fine. I don't care if I have your approval... all I want now is your help.

Cathy starts to refuse; Elliott points an angry finger.

ELLIOTT

(hard, pointed)

You owe me, Cathy.

Cathy hesitates; it's true.

ELLIOTT

(wearily)

I need you to get a man named Kazmarek out of the hospital... bring him to me...

CATHY

(incredulous)

You want me to deliver the man they claim you tried to kill?

Elliott REACTS with extreme dismay, confusion, SHOCK.

ELLIOTT

What? Who told you that? Why would I want him killed? He had nothing to do with the Annabelle Lee.

CATHY

Then why was he shot?

Burch looks off; he doesn't want to discuss it.

ELLIOTT

That doesn't matter. He's an old man, Cathy, and...

(hesitates)

... he's important to me. He has no part in any of this, but that won't stop them. They'll try again.

CATHY

He's being guarded by two babysitters from the CIA.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

Burch doesn't seem the least bit surprised by that... or the least bit reassured.

ELLIOTT

Two people aren't going to stop the gorronistas.

CATHY

Gorronistas?

ELLIOTT

Torreon's secret police. Oh, officially there's no such thing, but take my word for it, Cathy. They exist.

CATHY

A death squad? Here in New York?

ELLIOTT

You don't believe me.

(explodes)

For god's sake, can't you trust me for once?

CATHY

I... I don't know...

Elliott's fury vanishes suddenly; his face goes cold. He lowers the privacy shield to snap an order to Tyler.

ELLIOTT

Stop at the next corner. Miss Chandler is getting out.

(polite, cold)

I'm sorry to have bothered you.

The limo pulls over to the side of the street. Cathy opens the door to get out, then hesitates.

CATHY

Elliott... give me some time to think about it... all right?

Elliott looks tired and lost for a second, but he accepts her verdict with resignation. He scrawls a number on a sheet of paper, rips it off, hands it out to her.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (4)

14

ELLIOTT

Here... It's the car phone. It's too dangerous for me to go near my home or my office.

Cathy takes the number and watches the limo drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. - TUNNEL JUNCTION - THE NEXT DAY

15

Catherine has told Vincent about her meeting with Elliott. Both are troubled.

VINCENT

Elliott Burch...

CATHY

He says this man is important to him, whatever that means.

VINCENT

And you wonder whether you can believe him...

CATHY

The way Elliott talked about Kazmarek... there was something in his eyes... in his voice... I can't believe he means to hurt him... but...

VINCENT

But you have been wrong about Elliott Burch before...

CATHY

(nods)

If I make the wrong choice...

(frustrated)

Elliott's a master of half-truths... he's keeping something from me, I know it. I don't know what to believe!

Vincent hesitates a moment, then speaks quietly.

VINCENT

Earlier tonight... for a moment... I felt your fear.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

CATHY

In the garage... yes...

VINCENT

I was coming to you. Then...
suddenly... the fear was gone.

(beat)

When you saw... him...

Catherine nods slowly, beginning to understand.

CATHY

Elliott may be... many things...
but I know he'd never hurt me.

VINCENT

Your mind is full of doubts. But
your heart still trusts this man.

She thinks about this for a long moment, then -- slowly,
almost reluctantly -- answers with a small NOD.

CATHY

Then... you're saying that I ought
to help him...

When Vincent replies, his words include both of them.

VINCENT

We must, Catherine. I owe him
my life...

OFF Cathy's reaction, we

TIME CUT TO:

16 INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - THAT NIGHT

16

Cathy strides along beside the young black resident.

RESIDENT

We moved him to a private room
early this morning. He's still
heavily sedated... drifting and
out of consciousness... but all
the signs are encouraging.

CATHY

Has he said anything?

RESIDENT

Nothing coherent, I'm afraid.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

CATHY

Do you think he's strong enough
to be moved?

RESIDENT

I wouldn't advise it, but... yes,
probably...

BRYANT (O.S.)

Mr. Kazmarek isn't going anywhere.

17 REVERSE ANGLE

17

as Cathy and the resident REACT to Bryant's sudden,
threatening appearance.

BRYANT

Don't you have rounds to make,
doctor?

(he does; he leaves)

I thought you were told to stay
away from this case, Miss
Chandler.

CATHY

I wanted to share some information
with you.

BRYANT

(pleased)

I'm glad you've decided to
cooperate.

CATHY

I have reason to believe that the
man who shot Stanley Kazmarek was
a gorronista.

Bryant's smile fades.

BRYANT

You've been misinformed. The
gorronistas are a myth, Miss
Chandler. Dr. Torreon is a great
humanitarian. There are no death
squads in Santo Irisado.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CATHY

But if there were, you'd know
about them?

(off his nod)

Why don't we ask Mr. Kazmarek who
shot him?

BRYANT

I'm afraid that's out of the
question.

CATHY

I can get a court order.

BRYANT

That decision could be as...
unfortunate... as the one Burch
made when he decided to
destabilize a foreign government.

CATHY

That's your exclusive prerogative,
right?

(beat)

What are you hiding? A drug
connection? Torture?

(louder)

That's it, isn't it? This is all
some kind of cover-up...

Bryant GRABS Cathy by the arm, hard, and yanks her back
down the corridor toward the exit.

BRYANT

Keep your voice down.

But Cathy doesn't go along docilely. She whirls on Bryant,
breaking free of his grasp, shouting.

CATHY

Let go of me!

A NOISY SCUFFLE breaks out.

CUT TO:

18 INT. - HOSPITAL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

18

Stanley Kazmarek lies sleeping in a hospital bed. He's still looked up to an IV, but no longer needs the oxygen or the life support monitors. Biggs paces the room, bored but still wary. He HEARS the distant sounds of Cathy's struggle with Bryant. Alarm crosses his face. He pulls out a silenced Beretta, and exits running.

No sooner is he gone than Vincent silently enters the darkened room through an open window.

CUT TO:

19 INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

19

Bryant has finally managed to get Cathy under control as Biggs come rushing up. When he sees who it is, Biggs grins and slides his gun back out of sight.

BIGGS

Well, if it isn't our crusading lady D.A.

BRYANT

Miss Chandler was just leaving.

Cathy has no choice. She NODS. Bryant releases her.

CATHY

I'll be back.

The CIA men watch Cathy exit. Biggs turns to Bryant.

BIGGS

Is she safe?

BRYANT

So long as she stays away from Burch. The gorronistas don't know about her.

BIGGS

(ominous)

Yet...

They begin walking back toward Kazmarek's room, and the surprise that is -- or rather isn't -- waiting there.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 EXT. - ELLIOTT'S LIMO - LATER THAT NIGHT

20

The limo is cruising through dark, rainy streets. Morley sits in the back with his boss while Tyler drives. Elliott stares out the window, brooding. The car phone RINGS suddenly, and Burch snatches it up.

ELLIOTT

Yes?

(surprised)

Cathy? Yes, of course. All right. We'll be there in twenty minutes.

Elliott hangs up the phone, snaps an order to Tyler.

ELLIOTT

Central Park West. Fast.

The limo makes a sharp turn, accelerates off uptown.

MORLEY

What if it's a set-up?

Elliott thinks about that for a moment, shakes his head.

ELLIOTT

It isn't. I trust her.

He picks up the phone, punches in a sequence of numbers.

ELLIOTT

Simons? Burch. Listen, I want a medical team out on the Bellerophon a.s.a.p. Pay them whatever it takes, just get them there. Have a chopper ready for pick up at...

(thinks about it)

... pier two-oh-four. Forty-five minutes.

Elliott slams down the phone and leans back with a grim, determined look to his face.

CUT TO:

21 INT.- PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

21

Stanley Kazmarek, wrapped in a thick blanket, lies cradled in Vincent's arms in the shadows of Cathy's parking garage. He's sedated, groaning softly. Cathy stands above them protectively, pacing, looking at her watch. Kazmarek suddenly begins to MUTTER aloud. His words are slurred, almost unintelligible.

KAZMAREK

No... shoulda smack you one...
too good... leamme 'lone...

Then, suddenly, the old man's eyes OPEN. He SEES Vincent's face and begins to GASP, terrified. Vincent looks to Catherine; she kneels beside the old man as Vincent gently gives him over to her and steps into the darkness.

CATHY

(to Kazmarek)
It's all right. Don't be
frightened, no one is going to
hurt you.

She strokes his forehead, and the old man quiets. He looks at her face for a long time, raises a trembling hand to touch it. His eyes don't quite seem to focus, and it's clear that he doesn't know where or when he is.

KAZMAREK

(confused)
Betty? Where... no... you're not
her...

We HEAR the sound of car wheels on wet pavement, approaching fast. Cathy and Vincent exchange one last, long, lingering look. Then Vincent steps backwards, into a deep pool of shadow, and vanishes just as Elliott's limo comes down the ramp into sight. When it stops, Morley and Tyler spill out with guns drawn, looking around warily. Nothing.

MORLEY

All clear.

Elliott Burch gets out the limo. He stands for a second too long, looking at Cathy and Kazmarek, his face full of emotion. Quickly he recovers, snaps orders.

ELLIOTT

Get him into the limo.
(they do)
Gently. Damn it, he's hurt.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

As Tyler and Morley help Stanley Kazmarek toward the car, Elliott and Cathy have a moment alone.

ELLIOTT
I don't know how you did it,
but... thank you.

CATHY
We're even now.

She turns to leave, but Elliott stops her.

ELLIOTT
Cathy... don't...
(she stops)
Come with us. Just a little way.
There's not much time. There are
things I want to tell you...

For a moment we don't know whether Cathy will accept or walk off. Then she gives a small NOD; they walk off.

CUT TO:

22 INT. - ELLIOTT'S LIMO

22

Streets flash by quickly outside the tinted windows as the limousine heads for its rendezvous. Stanley Kazmarek lies across the rear bench seat, covered with his blanket, drifting in and out, while Elliott sits on the carpeted floor of the limo, close to Kazmarek. The old man tosses and turns, struggling against some inner demon. When he speaks, his voice is weak, SLURRED.

KAZMAREK
A monster... saw it...

ELLIOTT
Just a bad dream. Rest easy.
You're safe now.

Elliott's voice reaches Kazmarek; his eyes open, stare.

KAZMAREK
... you...

ELLIOTT
We're taking you to a doctor.

KAZMAREK
Lemme go... you killed her...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Cathy is definitely alarmed by Kazmarek's accusation, and the loathing in the old man's voice.

ELLIOTT

You don't know what you're saying.

KAZMAREK

Killed her... death of me too...
get away, make me sick.

(scornful)

Elliott Burch!

ELLIOTT

Why do you have to be so damned stubborn? Just listen to me for once...

KAZMAREK

... shut up... make me sick...
leamme 'lone...

Elliott reaches out, puts his hand on Kazmarek's, but the old man doesn't want to be touched.

KAZMAREK

Don't you touch me... you make me ashamed...

Wounded to the point of fury, Elliott pulls back his hand as if stung. He moves away, to sit beside Cathy.

CATHY

Elliott...

ELLIOTT

(bitter)

He'll be all right. Once he's strong enough, we'll get him a bottle. He's fine once he's good and drunk.

Cathy looks at Kazmarek, then back at Elliott. Maybe she sees the resemblance, maybe not. But it's clear that the two men have a long and checkered history. The old man falls slowly back into sleep, muttering to himself. Elliott looks sick at heart, weary beyond words.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

ELLIOTT

For a nickle I'd walk away from
it all...

(beat, softly)

There's an island down in Santo
Irisado... the most perfect place
on earth, Cathy. I fell in love
the moment I saw it. Coral reefs,
mountains, waterfalls, white sand
beaches that go on for miles...
and the water... until you see
that ocean, you don't know what
blue really looks like... I wanted
to build a city there, but...

(takes her hand)

Cathy, come with me. We can be
there inside of a week. Just the
two of us.

Gently, with great tenderness, Cathy disentangles her hand
from his.

CATHY

Elliott, I thought we'd settled
all that...

Elliott looks into her eyes for a long beat, then away.
He stares out the window.

ELLIOTT

Yeah. So we did.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. - EAST RIVER PIER - NIGHT

23

The limo swings past a half-collapsed chain-link fence
surrounding an abandoned concrete pier. A billboard
outside features the Burch Enterprises pyramid logo, and
proclaims COMING SOON - RIVER VISTA, A LUXURY CONDOMINIUM.
Various pieces of decaying equipment litter the pier; a
huge, rusting CRANE, stacks of WOODEN CRATES, a FORK LIFT.
The nearest warehouse is clearly abandoned, its bricks
defaced with graffiti, its windows broken. FOG rolls in
off the East River and we HEAR the sound of water against
the pilings, but there are no boats moored here. But at
the end of the pier, near the water, sits a small two-man
bubble-front HELICOPTER. The PILOT grounds out his
cigarette when the limo pulls up.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Tyler and Morley are out first, guns drawn, looking around warily. Elliott emerges, followed by Cathy. Burch sees the chopper and reacts angrily.

ELLIOTT

What the hell is this? This thing can only take one passenger!

PILOT

I thought it was just you, Mr. Burch. Simons didn't say no different.

ELLIOTT

Damn it, don't you people understand anything?

(cools a bit)

Alright. Take the old man out to the Bellerophon, then come back for me. And make it fast.

Morley and the pilot help Kazmarek to the helicopter.

CATHY

Where are you taking him?

ELLIOTT

Out of the country. My yacht's a mile offshore. I've got a medical team standing by.

(beat)

If you won't come with me, let me assign you some bodyguards.

CATHY

Elliott, I can't...

ELLIOTT

You don't understand the danger you're in. They'll go after anyone who matters to me.

Morley straps Kazmarek into the passenger seat as the pilot starts the copter's rotors. Elliott takes Cathy by the arm and pulls her back toward the limo.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

ELLIOTT

(fervent)

Listen to me. This whole thing started when Torreon decided he wanted a half interest in my project down there. He was very gracious when I refused. The next day the wife of my crew chief disappeared. Her body turned up a week later in the swimming pool of our hotel. Cathy, she'd been flayed.

Cathy looks horrified. In b.g., Morley backs off, and the chopper's blades begin to TURN. A powerful wind kicks up around them. Elliott shakes her as he pleads.

ELLIOTT

That's the kind of people I'm dealing with. Torture, terror, murder... they're fanatics, their own lives mean nothing to them... you have got to let me protect you...

As he talks, the helicopter LIFTS, turns, angles off over the water and begins its ascent. They turn to watch.

24 CATHY'S POV - HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT

24

Elliott continues to plead his case as the copter flies off into the night sky.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)

At least come out to the Bellerophon for a few days. You can --

He never finishes the thought. The chopper EXPLODES suddenly into a huge ball of BRIGHT ORANGE FLAME.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT III

FADE IN:

25 EXT. - EAST RIVER PIER - NIGHT 25

The fireball blooms in the night sky; Cathy, Elliott, and the bodyguards stare in horror. Tyler draws his gun and looks around nervously as Morley goes to Burch.

MORLEY

We'd better get out of here, Mr. Burch.

Elliott doesn't seem to hear a word. But Cathy does. Gently, she takes his arm, tries to draw him back toward the limo, but Burch reacts VIOLENTLY to the touch, refusing to move, refusing to accept what's happening.

ELLIOTT

No!

26 ANGLE ON TYLER 26

Beside the limo, Tyler is frantic. He shouts.

TYLER

Come on! We got to --

A sudden BURST of semi-automatic weaponry drowns out his words. Bullets whine out of the fog, HAMMERING Tyler back against the limo. The shots punch right through him and go pinging off the metal and bulletproof glass. As Tyler slides to the ground, a long smear of BLOOD down the door behind him, other GUNS open up. The tires EXPLODE, one after one; the bulletproof glass in the windows SPIDERWEBS but does not shatter; ricochets carom off the armored sides in all directions.

CUT TO:

27 INT. - WHISPERING GALLERY - (STOCK) 27

Vincent stands on the bridge, staring out over the abyss, then senses Catherine's peril. He whirls and runs.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. - PIER - CATHY AND ELLIOTT

28

Cathy PULLS Elliott to the side, taking cover behind a towering heavy-duty FORK LIFT, as bullets whine around them. Morley ducks down next to them, snapping off a few shots. Gunfire is pouring down on them from the warehouse roof, from behind a stack of crates, from under the crane. Elliott seems to come out of his daze.

ELLIOTT

We have to get help.

MORLEY

How? Bastards got us cut off.

It's true. They're down at the far end of the pier, with the unseen enemy between them and the street. But a few feet behind them, Cathy sees a rusted LADDER.

CATHY

The ladder...

MORLEY

(glances back)

Nothing down there but the East River...

CATHY

I'd rather take my chances in the water than wait here until you run out of bullets.

Morley pops up to fire, and his pistol CLICKS, empty. He ducks back down behind the fork lift again to reload.

MORLEY

Lady's got a point.

ELLIOTT

Who starts?

CATHY

Ladies first...

Keeping low, Cathy grits her teeth and makes a sudden run for the ladder. Bullets hit all around her, but she ZIGZAGS, moving fast, and in a blink she grabs the ladder and swings over the side, clambering down out of sight.

CUT TO:

29 INT. - TUNNELS - (STOCK) 29

Vincent is running through various sections of tunnel, heading toward Catherine as fast as he can.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. - PIER - ELLIOTT AND MORLEY 30

remain trapped behind the fork lift. Morley gestures.

MORLEY

Go on. I'll cover you.

Elliott puts a hand on Morley's shoulder, a brief, silent moment of thanks. Then he's off. Morley comes up firing. As soon as Elliott vanishes down the ladder, Morley follows. He has swung his leg over the topmost rung when a line of bullets stitches across the concrete and up his torso. Morley loses his grip and FALLS backward, out over the water.

31 LONG SHOT 31

as Morley makes a spectacular backwards FALL from the pier into the water below, while Cathy and Elliott cling halfway down the ladder and helplessly watch him die.

32 ANGLE ON CATHY AND ELLIOTT 32

Elliott climbs down next to her. For a moment they cling to the rungs side by side, pressed very close together by the narrowness of the ladder. Elliott stares down at the water below, then over at Cathy.

ELLIOTT

Cathy... if we don't make it...

She looks at him. Elliott leans across the small distance between them, and gives her a long, lingering, KISS full on the lips. When he breaks it off and pulls back, Cathy looks troubled, sad, but before she can speak, Elliott hushes her with a finger to the lips.

ELLIOTT

At least I can die happy.

And with a strange smile on his face, Elliott JUMPS... out and away, as far from the pier as he can get, into the water. Cathy lingers behind a moment, then FOLLOWS.

CUT TO:

33 SERIES OF SHOTS - THE PIER

33

The gunfire has stopped; the pier has fallen ominously quiet. The limo is a ruin. Pieces of FLAMING DEBRIS from the chopper are still burning. Through the desolation of this battlescape, the gorronistas emerge.

Rivera slides out from under the treads of the crane, Uzi beneath his arm. RAMON, with Amerindian features, rises from behind some trash barrels. CARLOS, a slender Hispanic, clambers down a ladder from a rooftop. JAIME, a muscular black, steps through a veil of smoke from a fragment of the chopper. They converge on the end of the pier. Ramon methodically SPRAYS the river with bullets, until Rivera comes up and stops him.

RIVERA

No. You waste your fire. They are gone.

(beat)

The water is too cold and angry to swim far. They will come ashore soon... down river...

(beat, turns)

Find them.

As the gorronistas move out, we begin a slow PULL BACK AND UP, until we are looking down on the pier from high above, watching the hunters vanish into the night.

34 REVERSE ANGLE

34.

finds Vincent high on the rooftop of the storehouse overlooking the pier, watching. He's there at last, but too late. The drama has already been played out. He turns and vanishes into the shadows, cloak billowing.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 EXT. - WHARF PILINGS - LATER THAT NIGHT

35

A woman's HAND reaches into frame, clutches a splintered wooden piling. Cathy pulls herself up out of the water and COLLAPSES on the wharf. She's soaked and battered, her clothing torn and filthy. She climbs to her feet, looks back out, searching for Elliott. The river is dark, with no sign of a swimmer struggling in the water.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Cathy forces herself to turn away. She's on another dock. Towering stacks of WOODEN CRATES loom almost as high, with a maze of narrow aisles winding between them. There's another CRANE HOIST, various FORK-LIFTS of assorted sizes, and all the other paraphernalia of a working dock. The silence is profound and frightening.

36 WITH CATHY

36

She shivers from cold, gives one last wary look around, then moves away from the water. We TRACK with her, step by careful step, as she moves between the stacks of cargo. The boxes tower high above her head, forming a strange, claustrophobic labyrinth of twisting aisles and deep, chilling shadows. She moves ahead warily.

Her aisle TURNS suddenly. Cathy stops at the corner, listens. Nothing. She swings around the corner, moving faster now. AN INTERSECTION looms, but as she reaches it, we hear a FOOTSTEP, somewhere nearby. Cathy freezes, presses herself against the side of the crates, her whole body taut. She listens.

We HEAR foghorns on the river, the rumble of a TRUCK far off in the distance. Nothing else. Slowly the tension drains from Cathy's face. But just as she starts to move again, the FOOTSTEPS resume. Slow at first, then faster, more pronounced. There's someone on the other side of these crates, moving down the next aisle.

Cathy looks for a weapon. A STEVEDORE'S HOOK is stuck into the wood of a nearby crate. She wrenches it free, backs away from the approaching footstep into a small, dark alcove between the looming crates.

37 ANGLE PAST CATHY

37

in her hiding place. Only a small section of aisle is visible from here. She raises the hook, waits. The footsteps turn down her aisle, growing CLOSER AND LOUDER. Cathy raises her weapon, grits her teeth. A SHADOW falls across the aisle. Cathy is about to LEAP OUT... when she sees that it's Elliott. He's bruised, his hair is damp and dissheveled, but he's wearing warm, dry clothes (flannel shirt, jeans, an oversized PEA COAT).

ELLIOTT
(startled)
Cathy! My god...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

Cathy is as startled as he is. The hook slips from her fingers to the ground. Elliott steps forward and HUGS her fiercely, both of them trembling with relief.

ELLIOTT
I thought you were...

CATHY
(breathless)
I know... me too...

Elliott breaks off the embrace.

ELLIOTT
We've got to get you into some dry clothes.

CATHY
There's no time...

ELLIOTT
For once, don't argue.

Elliott leads her through the maze to a small WATCHMAN'S SHED. The door is closed, but a soft push from Elliott and it swings open, its lock broken.

38 INT. - WATCHMAN'S SHED - NIGHT

38

A bank of battered metal LOCKERS line one wall, secured with cheap combination padlocks. One locker, its lock smashed, already hangs open. There's an old steel desk with a blotter and a telephone, a hotplate, a chipped coffee pot badly in need of washing... and a wet pile of Elliott's expensive clothing on the floor.

CATHY
A phone...

ELLIOTT
You can't dial out. I tried.
(goes to lockers)
Let's find you some dry clothes.

CATHY
They're locked.

ELLIOTT
I've got the combination.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Elliott produces a BRICK, hefts it, brings it down hard on one of the locks. On the third swing, the hasp shears off, and the locker swings open. He grabs a handful of men's clothing, tosses it over to Cathy.

ELLIOTT

I don't vouch for the fit, but
it's better than hypothermia.

39 ANGLE PAST ELLIOTT

39

on Catherine as he turns politely away to the window to give her the privacy to change. Cathy hesitates, then begins to unbutton her wet, torn blouse.

40 ANGLE ON THE SHED WINDOW

40

as Elliott looks out into the night. We see his face reflected in the grime-encrusted glass, and Cathy behind him in b.g. She remains partially (and strategically) shielded from the camera as she changes.

CATHY

Do you know where we are?

ELLIOTT

More or less. I grew up a few
blocks from here.

Elliott falls silent, remembering things that he would much rather forget. Then, very slowly, he continues.

ELLIOTT

I used to work summers on these
docks...

(beat, haunted)

My father got me on. He knew some
guys in the union, said it beat
the hell out of riding a garbage
truck in the August heat. There
was always a breeze down here...
the smell of the ocean... and the
ships... they'd stencil the
destinations on the cargo...
Zanzibar, Rio, Shanghai... so many
places... he'd never gone any
further than Cleveland, but I was
going to be different, I was...
I was going to...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Elliott can't bear to go on. Cathy, now dressed in ill-fitting (but warm) men's clothing, comes up behind him, puts her hands gently on his shoulder.

CATHY

Elliott... I'm so sorry.

ELLIOTT

So am I. About a lot of things.

41 ON CATHY AND ELLIOTT

41

Elliott turns to face her, struggling with emotion.

ELLIOTT

He said I'd kill him. For the first time in his life, it turns out he was right.

CATHY

It wasn't your fault.

ELLIOTT

It should have been me in the helicopter.

CATHY

Your father wouldn't have wanted that.

Elliott laughs bitterly, and turns away from her, his grief buried under old wounds, old angers.

ELLIOTT

Elliott Burch doesn't have a father. He sprang full-blown from the forehead of a god. Don't you know that all great men create themselves?

(softer)

He was Stosh Kazmarek's father. The way he saw it, I killed his son... and his wife...

CATHY

Your mother...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

ELLIOTT

(nods)

It was cancer, but somehow that was my fault too. Maybe if she hadn't died... maybe she could have made him understand. There was so much I wanted... so many dreams that were just... out of reach for... who I was... what I was...

For a moment, there's such pain in his voice that Cathy moves closer, not knowing what to say, but wanting to give him some comfort, some hint of the forgiveness he never got from his father.

CATHY

(with great compassion)

Elliott, don't fight it. Let yourself grieve.

But the moment is past. Elliott Burch regains control of his emotions with a visible effort, and shakes his head.

ELLIOTT

I've been grieving for twelve years. That's long enough.

Elliott opens the door and goes back out into the night.

42 EXT. - WATCHMAN'S SHACK

42

Cathy and Elliott exit.

ELLIOTT

This way. There used be a pool hall a few blocks from here. Maybe it's still there.

They walk back into the labyrinth of stacked cargo.

43 HIGH ANGLE

43

down on Cathy and Elliott as they walk down a narrow aisle between the crates. A SHADOW moves into frame. We PULL BACK and find Carlos, atop the crates.

44 CARLOS 44

sees Cathy and Elliott turn a corner. With quiet, catlike stealth, Carlos crosses atop the piled cargo, LEAPS nimbly across an aisle, and moves ahead of them.

45 CATHY AND ELLIOTT 45

Turn another corner. The street is visible ahead of them at the end of the aisle. They move toward it... then FREEZE as a shadow blocks their path. Cathy glances up.

46 CATHY'S POV 46

Carlos stands astride the boxes, Uzi under his arm. We HEAR a metallic click as he throws off the safety... and then a dark, cloaked figure hurtles out of the darkness, crashing into Carlos and knocking him to the side. The gorrionista is dead before he even has a chance to scream.

47 RESUME CATHY AND ELLIOTT 47

Elliott gapes upward. Vincent and Carlos have vanished from sight, and a sudden SILENCE reigns.

ELLIOTT

What the hell was that?

Cathy pulls him toward the street.

CATHY

Your Caribbean friends have found us. Come on.

She starts to run. Elliott hesitates a moment, gives one last lingering look behind him, then follows.

48 EXT. - INDUSTRIAL STREET - NIGHT 48

Cathy and Elliott run from the wharf down a railroad track between two warehouses. Suddenly, without warning, Rivera steps out of the darkness half a block in front of them. A streetlamp behind him throws his shadow, thirty feet long, across the path of their flight.

Cathy jerks to a sudden stop with a GASP, whirls... only to see Ramon materialize from at the other end of the block. They're trapped between the two gorrionistas.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

A narrow ALLEY off to one side beckons. Elliott sees it first, grabs Cathy's hand, pulls her that way. They disappear down the alley. The gorronistas begin to run.

49 WITH CATHY AND ELLIOTT

49

as they dash into the alley... and stop dead, dismay written large on their faces. It's a DEAD END.

Elliott tries a metal fire door, but it's locked, and there's no time to break in. The sound of running FOOTSTEPS is growing louder. There's no other egress.

ELLIOTT

I'm the one they want. If I give myself up...

CATHY

It's no use. They're not going to leave any witnesses.

ELLIOTT

There's no other choice.

But Cathy, looking around madly, has spotted a MANHOLE.

CATHY

Yes there is. Hurry.

She kneels, tries to pull up the cover. But it's solid iron, very heavy, with no good purchase for the fingers. Elliott runs over to help. Together they struggle with the lid. It has just begun to move when Ramon appears in the alley mouth. He swings up his Uzi.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT IV

FADE IN:

50 EXT. - DEAD END ALLEY - NIGHT 50

Cathy and Elliott are dead in Ramon's sights, but before he squeezes the trigger, the tableau is shattered by a ferocious ROAR. It seems to come from everywhere and nowhere, echoing up and down the cul-de-sac as if the night itself was screaming its rage. Spooked by the noise, Ramon looks for its source.

CATHY

(urgent, to Elliott)

Go.

(off his hesitation)

Now...

Her tone brooks no argument. Elliott vanishes down the open manhole as Cathy holds the heavy metal lid.

Ramon, seeing nothing, realizes that his prey is getting away. He snaps up the Uzi, opens FIRE on Cathy. Bullets ricochet wildly off the manhole cover, striking SPARKS as they ping off the iron. Cathy crouches behind as best she can, the shots missing by inches.

51 REVERSE ANGLE 51

on Ramon as he advances into the alley, still directing a deadly stream of fire at Cathy. He never sees Vincent LEAP DOWN softly behind him. Vincent ROARS; Ramon turns. Vincent begins to tear him apart.

52 CATHY 52

REACTS to the carnage. Then, averting her eyes, she climbs down into the open manhole as Vincent's ROARS and Ramon's SCREAMS echo around her.

53 INT. - WATER TUNNELS - NIGHT 53

Elliott waits at the bottom of the ladder as Cathy climbs down. The sounds of the carnage echo down here too. Elliott looks confused and shaky.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

ELLIOTT

What the hell is going on up
there?

(grabs her)

Tell me!

CATHY

I can't...

She pulls free and takes off. Toge her they run down the tunnel, SPLASHING through the water in the central channel.

54 RESUME ALLEY

54

Vincent is still savaging Ramon, the man is now as limp and boneless as a rag doll in his hands. Suddenly, behind them, Rivera appears in the alley mouth.

55 CLOSE ON RIVERA

55

The man's eyes widen in shock and horror.

56 ANGLE PAST VINCENT

56

As Rivera opens fire at his back, Vincent WHIRLS, still holding Ramon in his claws. A stream of bullets impact on the dead man, his body JERKING with each impact.

Rivera's gun JAMS. Vincent flings the body aside, bouncing it off the alley wall.

Rivera stands his ground, tossing down the useless Uzi. He reaches behind his back, pulls out a MACHETE. Light glistens off the blade. Vincent ROARS and charges.

Rivera swings the machete down at Vincent's neck... but Vincent reaches up with incredible speed, and stops the blow with his left hand. His BLOOD trickles down over as his fingers CLOSE on the machete, wrenching it away from Rivera even as he reaches low and guts with the gorronista with his right hand. Rivera SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

57 RESUME WATER TUNNELS

57

Elliott and Cathy are a block away when the screams, roars, and sounds of gunfire suddenly STOP. A deadly quiet settles over the tunnels. Elliott stops running.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

ELLIOTT

Listen... it's stopped.

Cathy stops beside him, leans back against a tunnel wall to catch her breath. She's thinking of Vincent, worrying about him and what he's had to do.

CATHY

It's over. We're safe now.

ELLIOTT

Safe?

(beat)

What was it? Some kind of animal?

CATHY

Don't ask, Elliott. Just...
don't... ask.

As Cathy walks down the tunnel, baring holding back her tears, we PUSH IN CLOSE on Elliott's face. There are a thousand questions in his eyes as he watches her. WE

MATCH DISSOLVE:

58 CLOSE ON VINCENT

58

in the darkened, lifeless alley. He crouches astride a corpse, with blood on his hand, alone... profoundly, terribly alone, as no human being can ever be. The aspect of the beast is off him now, and nothing remains but the bodies, the blood, and the shame. Vincent throws back his head to the sky, and HOWLS his despair.

DISSOLVE TO:

59 INT. - VARIOUS TUNNELS - SERIES OF SHOTS

59

Cathy leads Elliott under Manhattan through the underworld. SLOW DISSOLVE from one segment to another to indicate the passage of hours and a long, arduous journey through miles and miles of interconnecting TUNNELS.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

The WATER TUNNELS, the round CONCRETE TUNNELS, and some BRICK TUNNELS should be used for the various stages of the journey. (NOTE: at NO point should we see them pass through any of the ROCK TUNNELS or CAVES). As they move on and on, Elliott seems increasingly awestruck by the extent of this subterranean labyrinth --and MYSTIFIED by Cathy's seeming familiarity with it.

CUT TO:

60 INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

60

Vincent enters alone. He holds his left hand, the injured hand, is his right. Both hands are still covered with the blood of his victim, and his clothing is blood-spattered as well. From the way he moves, the look on his face, we can see that he hurts, inside and out.

He strips off his cloak, lets it fall to the floor. Nearby is a pitcher of water, a basin. He fills the basin, pouring with his right hand. Then he plunges both hands into the bowl, wincing as the icy water hits the deep gash in across his left palm.

61 CLOSE ON VINCENT'S HANDS

61

immersed in water. He turns them over, tries to wash them, and as the blood comes off, the clear water slowly begins to turn PINK and then RED.

FATHER (O.S.)

Vincent? I heard you were back.
I thought --

62 RESUME VINCENT'S CHAMBER

62

Startled by the unexpected sound of Father's voice, Vincent pulls his hands out of the bowl and turns away suddenly, ashamed by the evidence of what he's done. But Father, glancing down into the bowl, sees the evidence, the telltale scarlet tinge in the water.

FATHER

Dear god... Vincent, what's
happened?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

Vincent keeps his back to Father, and does not answer. Very gently, Father comes up behind him, turns him around. He sees Vincent's hand, and the deep, raw wound left by the machete. Father tries to control his tears.

FATHER

That... should be treated,
Vincent. If it were to become
infected...

(beat, slowly)

Is... is Catherine all right?

Slowly, ever so slowly, Vincent NODS.

DISSOLVE TO:

63 INT. - CONCRETE TUNNEL - DAWN

63

Cathy stops at what seems to be the end of a section of the tunnel, a solid concrete wall in front of her.

ELLIOTT

A dead end.

(looks back)

Maybe if we doubled back to that
last intersection...

CATHY

That won't be necessary.

Cathy reaches up, and PULLS the control lever. The door SLIDES BACK, revealing the tunnel junction beyond. She pushes at the gate, and leads Elliott through.

64 INT. - TUNNEL JUNCTION - DAWN

64

Elliott steps out into the junction. Cathy closes the sliding door while he stares down the drainage tunnel and the first faint light of dawn.

ELLIOTT

I thought the night would never
end...

(beat)

Where are we?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

CATHY

Under Central Park, not far from
my apartment.

(beat)

You wanted me to trust you. Now
I have. The things you've seen
tonight... the places you've
been... whatever you may have
heard or imagined... all of it...
you must keep secret.

Elliott glances back at the gate and, by implication, at
all the tunnels beyond.

ELLIOTT

Why? What's down there?

CATHY

Nothing special. Maintenance
tunnels, storm sewers, steam
pipes...

ELLIOTT

(isn't buying)

Which you just happen to know like
the back of your hand.

CATHY

Let's just say I have a good sense
of direction.

ELLIOTT

(softly)

Don't lie to me, Cathy. We've
been through too much.

(beat)

What happened back there?

CATHY

I can't tell you.

ELLIOTT

What kind of trust is that?

CATHY

The only kind I have to offer.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

Elliott digests that, starts to exit. But when Cathy makes no move to follow, he pauses and turns back to her.

ELLIOTT
Are you coming?

CATHY
No. Not now.

But Elliott isn't about to let her go. There's something else on his mind, something he has to say.

ELLIOTT
We were good together last night.
I wouldn't have made it without
you.
(beat, slowly)
Cathy... on the ladder... when
I kissed you. There was a moment,
a split second, when I felt...
something...

CATHY
Elliott, please don't...

ELLIOTT
Deny it if you want, but it was
there. You felt it too.

Cathy turns away. Elliott takes her by the shoulders and turns her back around to face him.

ELLIOTT
Cathy, what are you afraid of?
Why won't admit it?

CATHY
What do you want me to admit?

ELLIOTT
The possibility...

CATHY
(compassionately)
There is no possibility.

Elliott looks into her eyes for a long moment. A silent communication passes between them, an understanding.

ELLIOTT
There's someone else...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

64

Cathy hesitates a long, long time, then NODS.

ELLIOTT

I... see...

He lets go of her shoulders, steps backward. His face closes up. Cathy tries to console him.

CATHY

Elliott, I'm sorry...

But Elliott Burch doesn't want consolation. When she touches him, she SHRUGS off her hand.

ELLIOTT

That makes two of us.

And without another word, Burch turns and exits. Cathy watches him walk off into the sunlight.

DISSOLVE TO:

65 INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

65

Vincent sits alone, his wounded hand bandaged, staring blindly down a chessboard, a game in progress. But clearly he is not seeing the pieces; his self is far away, in some dark cavern of the soul. Even when Cathy enters behind him, he does not look up.

CATHY

Vincent...

He says nothing. She kneels beside him, takes his hands tenderly, presses them gently in her own.

CATHY

You're hurt.

VINCENT

That kind of hurt heals quickly, Catherine.

Vincent gently disengages his hand from hers, turns back to the chessboard. He lifts the White King from the board and studies it, as if it holds some secret.

CATHY

Please... tell me what you're thinking... what you're feeling...

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

Vincent fingers the chessman thoughtfully as he replies.

VINCENT

Elliott is a king in your world...

CATHY

... in a way... yes...

Vincent returns the chessman to the board, but not to the same square from which he took it. Pointedly, he places the King down right next to the White Queen, and studies the placement for a long beat.

VINCENT

His world is your world,
Catherine. He can offer you so
much... the power to do great
good... beauties undreamed of...
children...

Finally Vincent raises his eyes from the chessboard, and looks at Catherine.

VINCENT

He can walk beside you in the
daylight...

It's all true; Catherine can't deny it. And both of them know that Elliott, in his own way, loves her too. Cathy is silent for a moment. She frames her words with care.

CATHY

Last night I saw an Elliott Burch
I'd never known. His grief...
his passion... his courage. He
shared his secrets with me. We
almost died together. And when
he kissed me, for just an instant,
I ...

(soft)

I wished that he was...

(very soft)

...you...

A stillness hangs in the air. The moment has never been so right, the invitation never quite so clear. Cathy quietly watches Vincent, waiting. Vincent looks deep into his Catherine's eyes, and finds there an acceptance and love so total it leaves no room for Elliott.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

It is a moment when anything could happen, a moment of truth that lasts an eternity. As Vincent, ever so slightly, begins to move forward, we

DISSOLVE TO:

66 INT. - DA'S OFFICE - DAY

66

Cathy has returned home just long enough to change. Now, sleepless and exhausted but very, very happy, she drags herself to work. She's seating herself at her desk when Joe sticks his head out of his office, and calls to her.

JOE

Chandler. You better get down to the courthouse. Your buddy Elliott Burch just surfaced. He's called a press conference for...
(glance at watch)
... about fifteen minutes from now.

That wipes the happy smile right off Cathy's face. She grabs her purse, and dashes out.

CUT TO:

67 INT. - COURTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

67

Cathy rushes through a door into a large conference room in the federal courthouse. The courtroom is already packed to overflowing with reporters and camera crews. A podium has been set up. A man in the back glances over as Cathy makes her way through the crowd, and Cathy recognizes Biggs. He sees her too, nudges Bryant.

There's an excited MURMUR as a side door opens. Elliott enters, surrounded by a wedge of dark-security security. Flashes POP and various reporters toss questions at him, but he ignores everyone, heads straight to the podium.

68 ANGLE ON ELLIOTT

68

as he grasps the sides of the podium, looks over the audience. His face is almost expressionless. Then his eyes find Cathy. He stares at her for a long moment, then glances away and begins to speak.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

ELLIOT

Thank you all for coming on such short notice.

(beat)

The decision to call you all together was not an easy one for me to make. There are some who will consider what I'm about to tell you as a betrayal of the worst sort.

As Elliott continues, INTERCUT various reaction shots of Cathy, growing more and more concerned.

ELLIOTT

I recently became aware of a grim and terrible secret. A secret written in blood... nourished in darkness... part of a hidden world that few of you even know exist, a world that has been kept from the light of day for far too long. It's time the silence ended.

Elliott pauses, glances back at Cathy for a long moment. His face is impassive as he turns back to the crowd.

ELLIOTT

(with passion)

I'm talking about our nation's silent complicity to the myriad -- and continuing -- atrocities being committed in Santo Irisado by a secret terrorist cabal called the gorronistas... atrocities committed with the full knowledge of the American intelligence community, which has actively participated in a conspiracy to keep these crimes a secret...

That's as far as Elliott gets before the entire room ERUPTS in a frenzy of shouts, questions, excitement. INTERCUT with reactions from Cathy, immensely relieved.

Cathy glances back to where Biggs and Bryant were standing. Both CIA men have conspicuously vanished.

REPORTER #1

Do you have any documentation to back up these charges?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

REPORTER #2
 Dr. Torreon claims these
gorronistas are a myth... a smear
 campaign...

Elliott Burch turns his head, and gives a slight NOD to a security guard stationed over by the door. The guard opens the door... and two other beefy Burch security men hustle Jaime, the surviving gorronista, into the auditorium.

ELLIOTT
 Does this look a myth to you?

As the room goes crazy again, Elliott gives one last look toward Cathy. She SMILES; the thanks goes unspoken, but Elliott hears it. For an instant he smiles back.

ELLIOTT
 Don't worry, I'll answer all your questions. But first I have a statement I'd like to read... about how four good men were brutally murdered on pier two-oh-four last night.

DISSOLVE TO:

69 EXT. - CATHY'S TERRACE - THE NEXT NIGHT

69

Vincent sits on the parapet, intent on her story.

VINCENT
 He said nothing about you?

CATHY
 Or the tunnels or... or any of it... By the time he was done, I half believed him myself. I never thought I'd be grateful for Elliott's skill at...

VINCENT
 (delicately)
 ... half-truth?

Cathy SMILES. Vincent turns to gaze out over the city.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

VINCENT

Your world is full of such
strangeness... so different from
mine...

Cathy smiles again. She has a secret.

CATHY

Come here. I want to show you
something.

Vincent is puzzled, but when Cathy reaches for his hand
he gives it to her. She leads him across the terrace, to
the planter and her new rose bush. Vincent stares down
in astonishment and delight.

70 CLOSE ON THE ROSE BUSH

70

Two of the buds have opened. They grow from separate
branches but in the tangle of twining branches, the two
flowers appear side by side, in full bloom together: a RED
ROSE and a WHITE.

71 RESUME

71

Vincent turns back to Catherine. The surprise and wonder
on his face becomes a smile of delight that echoes her own.
They embrace, and we

FADE OUT

THE END