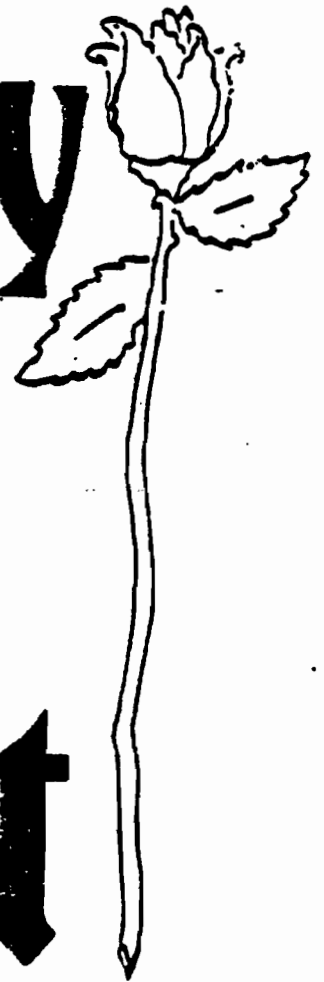


Beauty and the Beast



"Snow"

Written by

George R.R. Martin

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Snow"

Written by
George R.R. Martin

Directed by
Gus Trikonis

FIRST DRAFT
September 26, 1989 (Yellow)
September 19, 1989 (Pink)
September 18, 1989 (Blue)
September 13, 1989

Beauty and the Beast

"Snow"

CHARACTERS

VINCENT
FATHER

JOE MAXWELL
DIANA BENNETT
GABRIEL
SNOW
MARY
WILLIAM
STEPHEN
BROOKE
PASCAL
JAMIE
MARK
ZACH
EVE
LIBRARIAN
OLD SAM

EXTRAS

D.A. OFFICE STAFF
TWO TUNNEL ELDERS

* NOTE: GEOFFREY HAS BEEN OMITTED.

Beauty and the Beast

"Snow"

SETS

INTERIOR

VINCENT'S CHAMBER

FATHER'S CHAMBER

CONCRETE TUNNELS (D,N)

THRESHOLD (D)

BRICK TUNNELS (D)

DIANA'S LOFT (D)

GABRIEL'S ESTATE (N)
-Hallway

D.A.'S OFFICE (D)
-Cathy's desk
-Moreno's office

HALL OF RECORDS (D)

DRAINAGE TUNNEL
-junction

WATER TUNNELS (N)

SENTRY OUTPOST (N)

AIR SHAFT (N)
-iron ladder

ROCK TUNNELS (N)

BRICK TUNNELS (N)

PIPE CHAMBER (N) (MATTE)
-Pascal's nook

VARIOUS TUNNELS AND CHAMBERS

TWISTY TUNNEL (N)

MIST CAVERN (N) (MATTE)

SALT CAVE (N)

EXTERIOR

CENTRAL PARK ZOO (N)
-Panther cage

GABRIEL'S ESTATE (N)

CENTRAL PARK (N)

GABRIEL'S TOWER (N)
-Rooftop Helipad

THE WELL (N)

*Note: AIRSHAFT and THE WELL
have been added to Interior
sets.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Snow"

ACT I

FADE IN:

1 INT. - CONCRETE TUNNELS - DAY/ M.O.S. 1

This sequence to be shot in BLACK & WHITE.

Open on a WINTER STORM. The b.g. is a stark, blinding WHITE; blowing SNOW moves across the lens. A silent, frozen, white-on-white world. HOLD on the cold, the whiteness, the snow for a long beat; then RACK FOCUS to find the concrete tunnels, transformed.

At the far end of the tunnel, the door to the junction is open, and a silent BLIZZARD howls through. The pipes are heavy with ICICLES; a bitter WIND is blowing; SNOWDRIFTS creep up the walls.

VINCENT appears in foreground. His cloak snaps behind him in this arctic wind, and an arm shields his face against the blowing snow. There's wonder on his face; astonishment at the transformation of the tunnels. His eyes find the open door. Somehow he senses that death lurks in the chill of this storm. He must close the door. He begins to struggle toward it, fighting against the howling snow, the terrible wind. Every step is a battle. The wind picks up; the snow becomes blinding.

Then Vincent SLIPS. As he falls to one knee, he sees a human HAND, frozen and still, the body buried in a drift.

SMASH CUT TO:

2 CLOSE ON VINCENT - COLOR 2

He sits up suddenly in bed, brow beaded with cold sweat.

MARY (O.S.)

Vincent, what is it?

VINCENT

(disoriented)

I... was lost... the storm...

3 INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

3

MARY sits beside Vincent's bed in the candle-lit warmth of his chamber, moping his forehead with a damp cloth. His chest is HEAVILY BANDAGED; the wounds he received in the last episode were grievous, and he's still weak, in pain, fevered and delirious.

MARY

You were dreaming. There's no storm. You're in your chamber.

VINCENT

My chamber...

(remembering)

Last night... I was above... in the park...

MARY

Jamie found you at the junction door. You'd been shot...

Vincent SHIVERS, as if the cold in his dream still had a grip on him, wraps his arms around himself for warmth.

MARY

I've sent for Father. He'll be here in a moment... rest, Vincent. It will be all right.

But Vincent looks terrible. OFF his face, we

CUT TO:

4 INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - SIMULTANEOUS

4

WILLIAM stands before Father's desk with STEPHEN, a tunnel boy, about nineteen. Pretty young BROOKE waits behind them, looking nervous.

WILLIAM

It's the second time he's fallen asleep on watch.

Father sighs wearily, looks up at Stephen.

FATHER

Is this true, Stephen?

The boy nods guiltily. He can't look Father in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

STEPHEN

I never meant to... I was tired,
that's all. I didn't... I didn't
get much sleep.

William, who knows the facts, sighs. Behind him, Brooke
blushes and averts her eyes.

WILLIAM

You didn't get any sleep at all.

It's true. Father doesn't get it yet. He's concerned.

FATHER

You should have told me. How long
has this been going on? Insomnia
can be a symptom of...

Father's voice trails off as he notices Stephen glance at
Brooke. He can't help smiling. The girl smiles back.

BROOKE

It's my fault too. Stephen was
with me.

(defensive)

It's not like there were intruders
or anything. Nobody got hurt.

FATHER

This time.

(gently)

There's nothing wrong with wanting
to be with... someone you care
about... but that doesn't mean
you can ignore your other
responsibilities...

STEPHEN

Maybe... if I did some extra turns
at sentry duty...

FATHER

I think that would be fair. You
could start...

(smile)

... tomorrow might be good.

Father looks at William. He nods. Brooke and Stephen
exchange happy looks; they have today to spend together.
Brooke rushes forward to Stephen's side.

BROOKE

Thank you, Father.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

She takes Stephen's arm and they EXIT. Father watches them exit, then turns to William with a bemused look.

FATHER

How long has this been going on?

William shrugs, a fond smile on his face.

WILLIAM

Last time I looked, they were still fighting over toys.

Father chuckles, but his heart isn't in it. Vincent is very much on his mind. At the sound of RUNNING FEET, he looks up. JAMIE enters, through the balcony. *

JAMIE *

Mary needs you... right away...
Vincent's waking up...

FATHER

Thank god...

He's on his feet at once, grabbing for his medical bag. As he rushes out to Vincent's side, we

CUT TO:

5 INT. - THRESHHOLD - DAY

5

WITH DIANA

as she climbs down the ladder from the sub-basement of Cathy's building. She's in jeans and a man's shirt, a battery-powered lantern in her hand, her handgun, a 9mm Beretta, in a shoulder holster. Diana jumps down the last foot, and stands in the SHAFT OF LIGHT, looking around carefully, listening. She hears only silence.

Diana switches on the lantern. Dust motes swim in the bright beam of light as it lances out into the dark, picking out the jagged hole in the brick wall that opens on the underground. She clambers through the threshold, pausing a moment to run a hand across the broken bricks. We can see the question on her face; what did this?

She steps through, flashing the lantern this way and that, at the BRICK TUNNELS that stretch away into darkness, listening to the faint sounds of DRIPPING WATER and BANGING PIPE. Choosing a direction at random, Diana heads off.

CUT TO:

6 INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

6

Father sits at Vincent's bedside, listening to his heart through a stethoscope. Mary stands behind him.

FATHER

How are you feeling? Are you cold?

VINCENT

I dreamt... there was a storm in the tunnels...

MARY

He's still feverish.

FATHER

We'll get a grip on that soon enough. Peter sent down some antibiotics.

(removes stethoscope)

I wish all my patients had heartbeats this strong. We have to watch for infection, but otherwise... I'd prescribe a few weeks of bed rest.

Vincent scarcely seems to hear. He throws back the blankets and struggles to get up.

VINCENT

I have to go above...

FATHER

Out of the question. You're much too weak.

VINCENT

I have to...

A wave of dizziness hits Vincent as he tries to stand. Father catches him and helps him back into his bed.

FATHER

(sternly)

I took two bullets out of you last night. You've been running a fever for hours. You're in no condition to go anywhere.

Vincent lies back, shivering. Mary covers him with the blanket again. Father rises.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

FATHER

I'm going to ask William to bring up a light meal, if you think you can manage some food. You need your strength.

He kisses Vincent tenderly on the forehead, and moves toward the exit. Mary walks with him to the door.

7 WITH FATHER AND MARY

7

as they talk in low urgent voices, Vincent behind in b.g.

FATHER

Keep him in bed, and let me know at once if there's any change in his condition.

MARY

Father, that fever... he's burning up...

Father's more worried than he let on in front of Vincent.

FATHER

It frightens me too, Mary. Maybe the antibiotics...

(beat)

You know how quickly he heals... but with such massive blood loss...

MARY

Maybe... a transfusion?

FATHER

With his blood chemistry, a transfusion would likely kill him. No, the only cure is time. He mustn't re-open those wounds. Any more blood loss and...

Father gives a grave shake of his head. Mary nods; she understands. With one last, worried glance back, Father exits, while Mary returns to Vincent's bedside.

CUT TO:

8 INT. - BRICK TUNNELS - DAY 8

Diana turns a corner, and comes right up against a DEAD-END. Except... she moves closer, shines the beam from her lantern slowly up and down, then stops...

9 DIANA'S POV - TIGHT ON THE BRICKS 9

Under the beam of Diana's lantern, it's clear that a section of brick is a slightly different color from the surrounding wall. Brighter. Newer. The rest of the tunnel is ancient, bricks starting to crumble. Not here.

10 ON DIANA 10

as she probes at the mortar between two of the "new" bricks. It's rock hard, unyielding. She moves a few feet away, to the older bricks, and tries again. Here the ancient mortar is dry and powdery; it crumbles to DUST between her fingers.

With a thoughtful look on her face, Diana studies the new section of tunnel wall for a long moment. We see the knowledge on her face; someone has sealed this tunnel.

But there's no way to procede. Reluctantly, Diana heads back the way she came, returning to the surface.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. - CENTRAL PARK ZOO - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 11

Midnight. The zoo is lonely, deserted.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. - PANTHER CAGE - NIGHT 12

A black panther paces restlessly in its cage. We HEAR the ominous sound of FOOTSTEPS; heels clicking on stone, loud in the silence of the night. The step is measured, deliberate, confident.

GABRIEL pauses by the cage. He's alone, dressed with understated elegance, a scarf draped around his neck against the cold of the night. He stares at the restless cat, hands shoved into his pockets, his expression unreadable. A voice addresses him from the shadows.

SNOW (O.S.)

Cold night.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Gabriel turns toward the sound, but his face shows not a flicker of surprise.

GABRIEL

Yes. Winter's coming.

13 GABRIEL'S POV

13

as a man emerges from the deep shadows beside the cage, walking with an easy grace that is unsettling... and somehow dangerous.

He moves toward Gabriel. We don't hear footsteps; when he wants to be, this man is as silent as smoke. He wears soft-soled black shoes, black jeans, a heavy black sweater, a black leather jacket, a black knit cap. He's tall, fit, graceful and deadly as a tiger. There's a RING on his right hand, but all we see now is a flash of GOLD. He steps into the light, and we see his face for the first time. His features are gaunt, chiseled, his eyes a vivid glacial blue, but the most striking thing about him is his hair, so fair it looks white. *

This is SNOW.

14 RESUME

14

as Snow moves to the cage beside Gabriel. These two men have a history, but neither makes a move to shake hands. They don't work that way. Gabriel looks at Snow for a long beat, then turns his gaze back to the panther.

GABRIEL

How long have you been here?

SNOW

Long enough to make sure you came alone.

GABRIEL

I've outgrown those games. *

(beat)

I have a job for you.

SNOW

I'm retired.

GABRIEL

Un-retire.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

SNOW
Why should I?

GABRIEL
There's money in it.

SNOW
You're boring me.

Gabriel smiles a thin, sardonic smile.

GABRIEL
For old time's sake...

There are years between these men, but they're hardly friends. Snow's reply is casual, chilling. *

SNOW
(soft, casual)
For old time's sake... I could kill you... *

GABRIEL
You could try...

Snow just SMILES. An easy, confident smile. Gabriel looks at him uneasily. There are worlds of subtext in the moment. Gabriel is a dangerous man, but in the realm of one-on-one, physical confrontation, Snow is the best there is. He could kill Gabriel if he wanted. Both men know it; it colors the moment.

Gabriel finally looks away, and breaks the silence.

GABRIEL
But then you'd be alone...
with no one left to blame... *

Snow's smile fades. He turns away, unhappy.

SNOW
I've heard about your little war. There's no challenge in killing a man like Elliott Burch. *

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

GABRIEL

Burch is... an inconvenience.
I wouldn't dream of wasting
your talents on him. There are
others ways to solve that
problem.

(beat)

You've read about our little
merry-go-round murders.

SNOW

(sardonic)

Friends of yours?

GABRIEL

I had years invested in Moreno.

SNOW

Too bad politicians don't come
with a warranty.

GABRIEL

Moreno and Cates were torn apart.
Eviscerated by some thing with
inhuman strength and speed.
The police are keeping a lid
on it. They seem to think the
particulars are... too ugly for
public consumption.

For the first time, we see a flicker of interest in Snow's
eyes. Gabriel reaches inside his topcoat, extracts a video
CASSETTE, offers it to Snow.

GABRIEL

I thought this might interest you.
My apologies for the picture
quality.

Intrigued, Snow reaches out for the tape. Gabriel does
not let go of it right away. For a second, both men are
holding the cassette.

15 INSERT - THE CASSETTE

15

Snow's hand, and Gabriel's, both hold the videotape. They
are wearing THE SAME DISTINCTIVE GOLD RING.

16 RESUME

16

as Gabriel continues.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

GABRIEL

The night this tape was made,
eight armed men were killed.
Ripped to pieces. Like Moreno.

Gabriel releases the tape. Snow hefts it thoughtfully.

SNOW

Creature features. Maybe I should
make popcorn...

But he's hooked, and Gabriel knows it. As Snow starts to
slide back into the shadows and silence of the zoo, Gabriel
calls after.

GABRIEL

Snow.

Snow glances back. A long beat. When Gabriel smiles,
there's something almost shy about it, as if the years had
suddenly peeled away, to a time when the two men were
friends, when they were younger and more innocent, before
the world shaped them into what they are now.

GABRIEL

I have a child. A son.

A haunted look crosses Snow's face.

SNOW

I don't kill children any more.

(beat)

Not even yours.

And Snow vanishes into the shadows of the night.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II

FADE IN:

17 INT. - DIANA'S LOFT - DAY

17

In b.g., we HEAR a radio playing while Diana wanders her loft in a terrycloth robe, watering her plants.

RADIO

Police continue to remain silent on last night's brutal slasher murders at the Central Park carousel, pending the results of an autopsy. The appointment of an acting District Attorney to serve out the remainder of John Moreno's term is expected by the end of the day, but so far the mayor's office has refused comment on rumors linking Moreno to organized crime. On Wall Street, spokesmen for Burch Properties Group had no comment on the company's continued sharp decline. Off four points in yesterday's heavy trading, the stock --

*
*
*
*
*
*

Diana SNAPS OFF the radio, and turns to the last plant; the brown, withered rose bush from Cathy's terrace. As she begins to water it, MARK emerges from the bed area, tucking the ends of a safari shirt into his jeans. He comes up behind her, peering down at the rosebush as he gives her a hug.

*
*
*

MARK

What's that?

DIANA

A rose bush.

MARK

(kidding)

A former rose bush. Don't you usually prefer live plants?

DIANA

It was Cathy Chandler's. I found it on her terrace.

(to the bush)

C'mon, kid. You can make it. Have a drink.

MARK

Still talking to your plants?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

DIANA

I'm hoping this one will talk back.

MARK

I think it's a lost cause.

DIANA

No. There's life inside it. I can feel it.

MARK

Will I see you for dinner?

Diana puts down the watering can, turns to Mark.

DIANA

Not tonight.

MARK

Spelunking again?

Diana nods. Mark gives her a rueful smile, a dubious shake of his head.

MARK

Only in Manhattan...

He kisses her goodbye, grabs a battered briefcase, and EXITS. As the elevator descends, Diana turns back thoughtfully to consider the rosebush, a thousand questions in her eyes.

CUT TO:

18 INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

18

Vincent sits in his chair, book in hand, bandages covering shoulder and chest. He opens his book to the first page, but cannot find the concentration to read. Distracted and fatigued, he sets the book aside and regards it gloomily as PASCAL enters.

VINCENT

Pascal...

PASCAL

I'm not disturbing you...

VINCENT

No. Come in.

(CONTINUED)

PASCAL

I just wanted to see how you were doing... whether you needed anything...

VINCENT

Father and Mary have made sure I lack for nothing, though they're both determined to keep me in this chamber.

PASCAL

Only until you're well. You need to recuperate.

Vincent gives him an "Et tu, Pascal" look.

VINCENT

It seems as though I've spent half my life recuperating.

Pascal nods. An awkward moment. Neither man wants to talk about Vincent's wounds. Pascal's sees the book Vincent was reading. He picks it up.

PASCAL

Great Expectations.

(fond smile)

Do you remember the first time we read this book? We all took turns... Devin, Winslow, Molly...

But Vincent has other, sharper memories.

VINCENT

It was the book I read to Catherine... when I...

He stops, overcome by grief, by the poignance of memory.

PASCAL

I didn't mean to... awaken painful memories.

VINCENT

Some memories never sleep, Pascal. Bitter and sweet, dark and bright, they stay with us...

PASCAL

Always... I know...

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

When I read the books I shared with Catherine, I can feel her presence... as though she were in the room, just beyond the light of the candles, listening, smiling...

(beat)

... but afterwards... when the story ends and I close the book to look for her...

(very long beat)

... all stories end, Pascal.

Pascal is deeply moved by Vincent's words.

PASCAL

Yes. But... we can always read them again.

He picks up the book. Vincent puts a gentle hand on his friend's arm.

VINCENT

Don't you need to return to your pipes?

PASCAL

Crosstalk is light this time of day. Zach will do fine by himself. Besides...

(opens book)

... I've always loved Dickens.

As Pascal begins to read, a kind of peace settles over Vincent's face. He leans back in the chair, shuts his eyes, and listens. We PAN SLOWLY around Pascal and PUSH IN on the book, as we hear the opening of the story.

PASCAL

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip...

When the page FILLS THE FRAME, we

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

19 CU - A LARGE MAP (FORMERLY: CU - A SET OF BLUEPRINTS) 19 *

of subterranean New York: subway tunnels, steam pipe lines, sewer conduits, all straight lines and right angles, the small print below full of engineering specs. As a woman's hand UNROLLS THE MAP, we PULL BACK TO: *

20 INT. - HALL OF RECORDS - DAY 20

An alcove in a corner of a municipal building. Diana sits at a long table, surrounded by maps and blueprints. She has a notebook with her, and from time to time she's making notations. The LIBRARIAN, a white-haired little man in a cardigan sweater, passes by. Diana stops him. *

DIANA

Are these the only maps of the tunnels under Central Park?

LIBRARIAN

I'm afraid so. What are you looking for?

DIANA

Last night I was under a building on Central Park West. There's a whole network of old brick tunnels down there...

LIBRARIAN

... and you can't find them on the maps. It doesn't surprise me. There are hundreds of miles of old tunnels down there. Did you know that when they built the subways, they found a station from an earlier subway that had been forgotten for thirty years? It's true. Can you imagine, losing a whole subway station?

Diana takes the news with weary resignation; she is, after all, a New Yorker. Sighing, she gets up.

DIANA

Just so it's not 4th Street. That's where I change trains.

She slips her notebook into a purse, and heads for the exit. But just as she gets there, the door SWINGS OPEN and Diana almost bumps into Snow, entering.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

SNOW

Pardon me.

There's a strange magnetism to Snow that holds Diana's eyes for an instant.

DIANA

It's okay.

She pushes past, EXITING. Snow watches her walk off, then turns and enters the Hall of Records.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 EXT. - GABRIEL'S ESTATE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 21

A sprawling mansion in a rural part of Staten Island. The house is huge, Victorian, gabled and turreted. A high stone WALL circles the densely wooded grounds.

22 SERIES OF SHOTS (STOCK) 22

Surveillance CAMERAS track back and forth tirelessly around the perimeter of the estate. ATTACK DOGS prowl the grounds. A GUARD in a gatehouse watches the front gate.

23 INT. - HALLWAY - NIGHT 23

TRACKING with Gabriel as he walks down a long, shadowed corridor in the interior of the manse, his footsteps ECHOING. Moonlight pours through high, narrow windows, striping the stone floor in patterns of light and darkness. He moves between two rows of black marble columns, toward a door at the far end of the room. Flanking the door, like twin guard, two figures stand in shadow. Moving closer, we see that they are STATUES; Chinese terracota GRAVE FIGURES, the eternal guardians of an emperor's tomb, six-feet tall, faces, armor, and weapons all exquisitely detailed, two thousand years old.

Gabriel is at the door when Snow's voice stops him.

SNOW (O.S.)

Gabriel...

As Gabriel turns, the video cassette sails out of the shadows at his head. He catches it deftly. Snow is leaning against a column, half draped in shadow, all in black, arms crossed.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

GABRIEL

How did you get in here? I have
twenty men patrolling the
grounds...

SNOW

Nineteen.

(beat)

I watched your tape... *

Gabriel knows Snow; knows that once he saw that tape, he
was hooked. He's one step ahead of him. *

GABRIEL

... and then you went to the
carousel. *

Snow moves into the light. There's a weapon slung under
one arm; black, brutal, a hell of a lot bigger than a
handgun.

SNOW

Your man Moreno wounded him.
I followed the blood spots.
Very faint... our friends in
the NYPD seem to have missed
them. The trail dead ends in a
drainage tunnel under the park. *

GABRIEL

Sometimes a dead end is the best
place to begin.

Snow runs a hand lightly over the huge terracota statue.

SNOW

(musing)

He's beautiful...

GABRIEL

It's a Qin dynasty grave figure.
Two thousand years old.

Snow turns, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

SNOW

I'm not talking about your damned statue.

(Gabriel gets it)

He's not human.

GABRIEL

So few of us are these days.

SNOW

What do you think he is?

GABRIEL

My enemy.

SNOW

Does he frighten you, Gabriel?
Does it keep you awake nights,
knowing he's out there somewhere?

He puts out a hand, lightly touches Gabriel's cheek.
Gabriel recoils from the touch. Snow grins.

SNOW

Don't worry. I'll fix it so you
can sleep like a baby.

Gabriel keeps an iron grip on his control, but he's
furious.

GABRIEL

Then do it.

Snow nods, starts to walk away. But Gabriel, stung by the
last exchange, can't resist one final taunt.

GABRIEL

If you can...

A big mistake. Without saying a word, Snow swings up his
weapon, spinning, aiming, and FIRING in one single
movement, all speed and grace.

The weapon is short, black, brutal; a streetsweeper with
a twelve-round DRUM, modified to accept both shot and
rifled armor-piercing rounds. It's an absolutely
devastating close-range weapon. It won't just kill a man;
it will cut him in half.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

Gabriel FLINCHES as Snow opens up. The fire is DEVASTATING; but it's directed not at Gabriel, but at the huge terracota warrior just behind him. Snow lets go with a half-dozen rounds, fired in such rapid succession they're almost simultaneous. The Chinese warrior isn't just hit; he literally seems to EXPLODE as round after round hammers him to pieces, fragments and dust flying off in all directions.

Gabriel is forced to shield himself from chunks of flying rubble as his prized statue disintegrates. But finally, when silence settles down over the shadowed corridor once more, he straightens to find Snow still staring at him, his smoking weapon in hand.

SNOW

(very soft, simple)

I can.

CUT TO:

24 INT. - DA'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

24

The office is bustling as Diana enters. She stands just inside the doors for a moment, the office staff all around her, everyone intent on their own errands, nobody paying her the slightest attention. Diana glances about, as if she were looking for someone... then she sees something, and her eyes lock onto it...

25 DIANA'S POV

25

of Cathy's desk. No one is sitting there now, but the desk is obviously in use. There are scattered papers, a stack of files, and a BOUQUET OF ROSES in a crystal vase.

26 ON DIANA

26

as she stares at the empty desk for a long beat, then crosses the office toward it, as if drawn there. The rest of the world might as well have vanished; her concentration is that intense. She glances down over the papers, looks out the window, then lightly touches the roses. Finally... hesitantly... she sits down.

EVE (O.S.)

Can I help you?

27 RESUME

27

Startled out of her reverie, Diana looks up guiltily at EVE, a bright young attorney fresh out of law school. Eve has an armful of case files, and she's wondering who the hell this woman is who just sat down behind her desk.

DIANA

No... I'm fine...

EVE

(puzzled but polite)

Well... ah... you're sitting at my desk...

DIANA

This was Cathy Chandler's desk, wasn't it?

EVE

That was before I was hired.

(tactful)

Did you know her?

DIANA

No, I...

But she hesitates for a moment before completing the denial. A strange look passes across her face.

DIANA

Yes... I know her...

Diana rises and comes out from behind the desk.

DIANA

(more briskly)

Where would I find the new acting D.A.?

EVE

Down the hall. Third door on the right, past the water fountain.

Diana nods her thanks. Eve watches her stride off, her face full of curiosity.

CUT TO:

28 INT. - MORENO'S OFFICE - DAY

28

The place seems bare at the moment; Moreno's personal effects have been boxed up, but not yet removed, and the new man hasn't had the chance to move in yet. The big chair behind the desk is facing the window when Diana steps inside, its occupant hidden from view.

DIANA

Excuse me... I'm Diana Bennett,
I'm looking for the acting...

The chair SWIVELS around to reveal Joe Maxwell. Diana is momentarily startled.

DIANA

Joe.
(it hits her)
You?

JOE

Till the next election, anyway.
(beat)
The weird thing is, the suspension worked in my favor. With all the dirt turning up on Moreno, it was as good as a commendation. They figured I was the one guy they damn well knew was clean.

DIANA

You don't look too happy about the promotion.

JOE

I used to dream that someday I'd sit behind this desk...
(wearily)
But this isn't how I wanted it to happen. I trusted John Moreno.

Diana's face hides what she's feeling, as if she's keeping herself carefully under control.

DIANA

We all trust people we shouldn't. Get used to the feeling. You got no friends in this world.

Joe shoots her a surprised look.

JOE

I don't believe that.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

DIANA
 Good for you.
 (all business)
 You sent for me...

JOE
 Yeah. I want you on the Moreno
 case.

DIANA
 Does this mean you're taking me
 off Cathy Chandler?

JOE
 It's the same case. We both know
 that.

DIANA
 Yeah. I guess we do...

DISSOLVE TO:

28A EXT. - CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT - SNOW'S POV 28A

Looking through Snow's eye as he crosses the night-shrouded
 park. Moving swift and steady across grass and footpaths,
 past streetlamps and trees, he enters the DRAINAGE TUNNEL.

CUT TO:

29 INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 29

Vincent twists and turns in the grasp of a nightmare.

CUT TO:

29A INT. - DRAINAGE TUNNEL - SNOW'S POV 29A

Moving down to the JUNCTION. We PAN across the open
 tunnels, the POV scanning the concrete walls, the hard-
 packed dirt floor, finally reaching the iron GRATE and the
 secret door behind it. Snow's gloved hand ENTERS FRAME
 and pulls open the grate.

CUT TO:

30 INT. - CONCRETE TUNNELS - NIGHT - M.O.S. 30

This sequence to be shot in SILENT BLACK & WHITE.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Again, Vincent finds himself battling through an arctic storm. He's made progress, moved further up the tunnels, but the struggle grows more intense with every step he takes. As he struggles past the drifts, we see more BODIES; faces covered by frost, hands clutched in death, half-buried in the snow. The dead wear TUNNEL CLOTHING, but we do not recognize any of them.

The blowing SNOW comes faster and faster, blinding, driven at him by a gale-force wind howling through the open door. Vincent STAGGERS as he fights his way past the bodies, arm shielding his face. There's ICE in his hair, his eyebrows. His cloak whips furiously behind him. A sudden gust of wind buffets him, but he goes on, and finally he is about to reach the door...

And there, dead on the tunnel floor, he SEES HIMSELF; his own frozen corpse, eyes closed, hair covered with frost, a faint deadly blue to his features.

The snow swirls thicker and thicker as Vincent stares at his own body. When he looks away, he sees a long, jagged icicle hanging from the pipe. Slowly, a dark tinge of RED begins to creep down inside the icicle, the ONLY COLOR in an otherwise BLACK & WHITE frame. The color spreads to the other icicles; they blush pink, then turn a darker and darker red, until they're the color of blood... as if winter itself had begun to bleed.

Vincent throws back his head and ROARS in pain and fury. We HEAR it; the first and only sound in the otherwise silent dream sequence, it ECHOES louder and louder, cutting through the eerie quiet like a knife.

SMASH CUT TO:

31 VINCENT

31

in his chamber, still ROARING, his eyes wide open, alive and fevered. He gets to his feet, reaches for his cloak; he's going up, no matter the cost. But before Vincent can leave, Father enters, drawn by the roar.

FATHER

Vincent! Dear god, are you all right? What is it?

VINCENT

The storm... I saw it coming, Father... snow howling through through the junction door... a wind as cold as death...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

FATHER

There's no storm.

VINCENT

I could feel it... there was blood
on the snow...

FATHER

You had a dream...

VINCENT

Then I dreamt true.

CUT TO:

32
thru
33

OMITTED

32
thru
33

34 INT. - JUNCTION - NIGHT

34

Snow, dressed in black, lowers a black nylon BACKPACK to the floor, presses both hands against the sliding door, fingers spread. He pushes with the fingertips; the concrete does not yield, but Snow senses something. He kneels, runs a fingertip along the groove at the bottom of the door. He steps back, opens his backpack.

SERIES OF SHOTS

as Snow readies himself:

35 OMITTED

35 *

36 b) loading super-magnum rounds into his handgun, a massive stainless steel Cassul .454 five shot revolver, sliding it into a shoulder holster.

36

37 c) slipping a BANDOLIER of ammunition -- shotgun cartridges and armor-piercing rounds both -- over one shoulder.

37

38 d) donning a lightweight set of EARPHONES, plugging them into a AUDIO PACK at his waist. When the connection is made, SOUND should come up sharply from whatever direction he's facing -- we hear the distant sound of traffic when Snow looks down the exit tunnel, a faint muffled BANGING of far-off PIPES and HISS OF STEAM when he turns back to the concrete door.

38

39 e) removing a high-tech INFRARED VISOR out of the pack,, 39
slipping it on over his face. His eyes vanish behind
smooth, curving red-black plastic.

40 f) finally, pulling the brutal black shape of the 40
streetsweeper out of the pack, Snow carefully slides in
an armor-piercing round, WHIRLS, bringing the gun to bear
on the secret door as we

CUT TO:

41 INT. - CONCRETE TUNNELS - SLOW-MOTION 41

We're on the other side of the hidden door as it suddenly
EXPLODES INWARD, chunks of concrete flying end-over-end
toward the camera, everything in agonizing SLOW MOTION.
For a moment, DUST from the explosion obscures the scene.

CUT TO:

41A RESUME VINCENT'S CHAMBER - SIMULTANEOUS 41A

Dreams and omens hold no power for Father.

FATHER

Listen to yourself, Vincent.
Snow... wind... it's absurd. No
storm can reach us down here.
It's your fever talking.

For a moment, Father's iron certainty shakes Vincent. He
wrestles with his own doubts for a moment.

VINCENT

No. I saw the dead... frozen,
faceless... I saw my own death...

FATHER

And now you seek it out! Do you
want to die, is that it?
(with desperate heat)
Vincent, she's gone! You can't
buy her life back with your own
blood. You won't find her again
by embracing death.

Vincent looks at him sharply. His reply is soft, quiet...
and chilling.

VINCENT

Are you so sure, Father?

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED:

41A

He rips free of Father's restraining hand, and EXITS.
Father shouts after him.

FATHER

Vincent...

But Vincent will not hear, will not turn back. OFF
Father's face, full of desperate fear, we

CUT TO:

41B INT. - INSIDE JUNCTION DOOR - SIMULTANEOUS

41B

When the dust settles, a jagged, gaping HOLE has been
punched through the cement by Snow's armor-piercing rounds.
Snow steps through the ruins. His head moves from side to
side; he's watching, listening, wary and alert. The
infrared visor over his eyes GLOWS FAINTLY; a dim,
smouldering, ominous RED, somehow hellish.

Picking his way through the shards of concrete, emerging
from the dust and the smoke, the brutal streetsweeper ready
at hand, Snow looks demonic, devastating.

Death has entered the tunnels.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

42 INT. - WATER TUNNELS - NIGHT 42

Runoff trickles down the middle of the tunnel. Snow stays close to the wall, sliding silently from shadow to shadow, gun held at the ready. The tunnels are EXTREMELY DARK; Snow should be a DIMLY-SEEN SHADOW moving through other shadows, indistinct, the faint glow of his visor like the eyes of some feral beast in the blackness.

CUT TO:

43 SNOW'S POV - INFRARED (SFX) 43

The same tunnel, now transformed. The infrared paints everything in shades of RED and BLACK. Hotter objects GLOW RED; cold objects are dimmer. Through the visor, the tunnel looks as bright as daylight; the walls gray and cold, gratings brighter, glowing red with warmth.

Augment SFX with ENHANCED SOUND; Snow's audio equipment makes the trickle of water sound like a gushing stream, and the clanging of pipes is loud and distinct.

CUT TO:

44 INT. - ROCK TUNNELS - SIMULTANEOUS 44

TRACKING with Vincent. His injuries are apparent. He walks more slowly than we're used to, and there's something unsteady about him. A wave of sudden PAIN hits him. Vincent has to stop for a moment, and lean back against the tunnel wall. It takes a beat for him to recover. He pushes himself away from the wall with an effort, and presses on... but one hand clutches a PIPE as he walks, to steady him.

CUT TO:

45 INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 45

William and Mary are waiting as Father returns to his chamber. They look at him anxiously.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

MARY
Vincent... how is he?

FATHER
(grimly)
He's gone up.

MARY
He can't. He's in no
condition...

FATHER
I know. He won't listen.

Wearily, Father collapses into his chair.

WILLIAM
We'll go after him. Bring him
back. For his own good.

Father shakes his head; he knows that would be folly.

FATHER
No, but...
(hesitant)
William, send word to Pascal.
I want an all quiet on the pipes.
And have the sentries put on
alert.

WILLIAM
(confused)
But... why?

Because of Vincent's dream; but Father can't bring himself to say that. He's not even sure why he's giving the order. He just sighs, deep concern on his face.

FATHER
Just... in case...

When William realizes that he's not going to get any answer, he shoots a look at Mary, shrugs, and goes off to relay the message to the pipe chamber.

CUT TO:

46 CU - A BRICK WALL

46

as a blow from a SLEDGEHAMMER suddenly smashes it apart. We stay TIGHT on the wall as a second and third blow rain down, smashing apart the bricks. Then someone PUSHES from the other side of the wall; the barrier falls in.

47 INT. - BRICK TUNNELS

47

Diana steps through the jagged hole in the bricks. She's wearing an army surplus fatigue jacket, her battery-powered lantern in one hand, the sledge in the other. She lays the hammer against the tunnel wall, shines the flashlight ahead. Diana moves a few steps down the tunnel, then produces a big square of soft CHALK from her pocket, chalks an ARROW and #1 on the wall, and proceeds cautiously down the tunnels.

CUT TO:

48 INT. - PIPE CHAMBER - NIGHT
(FORMERLY: INT. - PIPE CHAMBER (MATTE) - NIGHT)

48 *

The sounds of the pipes are all around us as ZACH moves through the twisting metal labyrinth where thousands of pipes converge from all over the city. He ducks under a low-hanging steam pipe, balances on a larger corrugated conduit set in the floor, puts an ear to a rusted old water main. He listens; we see sudden concern on his face. *

49 CLOSE ON PASCAL
(FORMERLY: INT. - PASCAL'S NOOK - CLOSE ON PASCAL)

49 *

He's sound asleep in a rope hammock that hangs between two pipes in this small, cozy nook behind the main pipe chamber, snug beneath a patchwork quilt of fur and leather. Pascal sleeps as peacefully as a baby, the familiar music of the pipes all the lullaby he needs. *

But suddenly the noise begins to fade, as pipe after pipe goes quiet. Pascal turns over in his sleep, a frown crossing his face. Then the pipes go silent entirely. Pascal's eyes pop open; he's awake instantaneously. He sits up in the hammock. *

PASCAL
What's wrong?

50 OMITTED

50 *

(CONTINUED)

51

RESUME
(FORMERLY: PASCAL)

51 *

Zach turns back to Pascal.

*

ZACH
An all-quiet.

Instantly Pascal is out of his hammock.

*

PASCAL
An all-quiet? What's going on?

ZACH
I don't know. Father wants the sentries on special alert...

Pascal is baffled, concerned.

PASCAL
An intruder?

ZACH
No one's seen anything.

PASCAL
Have you heard from all the outposts?

ZACH
Except Stephen. He's on the water tunnels.

PASCAL
He's probably asleep.
(thoughtful)
Send it again. Use the emergency reply code.

Zach NODS, starts banging out a message, while Pascal watches, an apprehensive look on his face. As Zach bangs, we MOVE IN TIGHT on the pipes, and

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SCENES - VARIOUS TUNNELS

The sound of the alert remains CONTINUOUS over all:

52

a) DIANA

52

Listening in a junction in the CONCRETE TUNNELS. There's a strange urgency about this new message coming over the pipes. She fails to make sense of it, chalks another arrow and #2 on the tunnel wall, and moves off.

53 b) SNOW 53

listening in the WATER TUNNELS, the sounds MAGNIFIED by his audio. Snow knows it's a code too. He can't understand the content of the messages, but he can follow the sounds. Swinging up his streetsweeper, he changes direction to follow the sound.

54 c) VINCENT 54

climbs the slick stone steps of THE WELL, fighting his way up. We can see how weak he is; every step is an effort. His face is a mask of pain. But when he hears the alert over the pipes -- dim and distant down here -- he redoubles his effort, climbing faster than before. We see a tiny SPOT OF BLOOD on his shirt, where his wounds have bled through his bandages.

55 d) STEPHEN AND BROOKE 55

Sitting on the floor of the CONCRETE TUNNELS at the base of an IRON LADDER that leads to a sentry post above. They're kissing, lost in each other and the moment, both of them oblivious to the alert on the pipes. The kiss lasts a long time. When they break apart, Brooke gently touches Stephen's cheek, smiling, drowning in his eyes.

BROOKE
(softly)
I love you...

The sound of her words BLEEDS OVER as we

SMASH CUT TO:

56 SNOW 56

In the water tunnels. His head turns sharply as he HEARS Brooke's whispered endearment over his amplified audio. He stops dead, looking up and down the tunnel. There's nothing; the empty tunnels, the shadows, and... a few feet behind him... a louvered grating, low on the wall.

CUT TO:

57 RESUME BROOKE AND STEPHEN 57

Stephen finally hears, pulls back from the kiss.

BROOKE
What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

STEPHEN
 (whisper)
 The pipes... listen...

She starts to say something, but he quiets her with a finger on her lips.

STEPHEN
 I better go check. Stay here.

He picks up a pipe baton like Pascal's, gets to his feet, and starts to climb the iron ladder up a narrow AIR SHAFT to a sentry outpost that looks out on the water tunnels.

58 CU - STEPHEN'S BOOTS

58

Climbing rung by rung. The leather boots make a faint SQUEAK against the iron ladder as he climbs.

59 RESUME SNOW

59

The sounds of Stephen's climbing, MAGNIFIED, are clearly audible through Snow's audio, coming closer and closer. Snow adjusts, the listening device, homes in on the louvered grating in the wall of the tunnel as...

60 STEPHEN

60

arrives at the sentry post, at the top of the shaft, behind the grating. It's unlit, very dark; there's a single PIPE beside the ladder. Stephen peers out through the louvers at the tunnel beyond.

61 RESUME SNOW

61

Waiting. All attention on the louvers. We PUSH IN until the grating fills fills the frame.

It is PITCH BLACK behind the louvers. Until we

MATCH CUT TO:

62 SNOW'S POV - INFRARED (SFX)

62

The louvers shimmer with warmth, and behind we see the unmistakable outline of Stephen's head and shoulders.

63 ANGLE ON SNOW 63

In an eyeblink, the gun comes up, and FIRES.

64 STEPHEN 64

is fumbling for his baton when Snow's shot blows out the grating and a chunk of the surrounding wall. Twisted metal, shattered concrete, and a rain of shot SLAM Stephen back against the ladder; he's already dead as he begins to fall.

CUT TO:

65 BROOKE 65

at the bottom of the ladder. At the sound of the shot, she looks up in sudden fear... then SCREAMS in shock and horror as Stephen's mangled body crashes down beside her.

CUT TO:

66 INT. - CONCRETE TUNNELS - NIGHT 66

Diana is in the process of chalking another arrow and a #7 on a tunnel wall, when she HEARS the muffled BOOM of Snow's streetsweeper. The sound is far-off, indistinct, but Diana's alarmed. She draws her Beretta from its shoulder holster, presses herself against the tunnel wall, looking warily in all directions. *

CUT TO:

67 BROOKE 67

Sudden terror overwhelms her grief when she HEARS footsteps on the ladder above her. After one final, agonized glance at Stephen's shattered body, she bolts and RUNS, fleeing down the tunnel as fast as she can. *

CUT TO:

68 SNOW

68

clammers down the ladder fast, the streetsweeper slung over his back as he descends. He drops the last foot, unships the gun, listens. Brooke has already vanished, but over his enhanced audio, he HEARS the noise of her flight. Swiftly, he follows.

*
*
*
*
*

69 OMITTED

69 *

CUT TO:

70 INT. - PIPE CHAMBER

70

The silence in the pipe chamber is ominous as a worried Pascal comes up behind Zach.

PASCAL

Still no word from Stephen?

Zach just shakes his head.

PASCAL

You used the emergency-reply code?

ZACH

Twice. You think something's wrong?

PASCAL

I don't know.

(thoughtful)

Who's manning the outpost under Belvedere Castle?

ZACH

Old Sam.

PASCAL

He's the closest. Have him go check on Stephen.

Zach NODS, turns to obey, but before he can begin the message, Pascal lays a hand on his shoulder.

PASCAL

And Zach...

(he looks up)

... tell him to be careful.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

The boy begins to bang out the message.

CUT TO:

71 INT. - CONCRETE TUNNELS - WITH DIANA

71

Her gun in hand, the lantern in the other, she moves quietly and quickly down the tunnels, searching... but finding nothing. She's tense, on edge, ready for anything. A tunnel junction looms ahead. As she moves into the junction, she's assaulted by a sudden loud HISS from the darkness on the left.

Diana WHIRLS, snapping the pistol down into firing position, raising the light...

In the center of the tunnel, a RACCOON -- maybe Arthur -- stands up on its hind legs, glares at her, HISSES again, and scrambles off down the tunnel.

Diana smiles despite herself, shakes her head. Relaxing visibly, she holsters her Berretta, takes out her chalk again, and starts to put another arrow on the wall.

CUT TO:

72 INT. - ROCK TUNNELS - SERIES OF SHOTS

72

as Snow stalks the terrified Brooke.

The girl runs down tunnels, around corners, ragged with fear. She throws frightened looks over her shoulders. Before long, she's breathing hard, staggering, but still too frightened to stop.

INTERCUT with shots of Snow, coming after her, down the same tunnels. He moves easily, tirelessly, almost silently. Whenever the tunnel forks, he hesitates, turns his head from side to side, listening... until his audio picks up the SOUND of the girl's running feet from one branch or the other. Then, inexorable, he follows.

Brooke is getting more and more tired; Snow follows, closer and closer, until finally we're...

73 CLOSE ON BROOKE

73

as she stumbles on the uneven, rocky floor, and FALLS, hard, in front of black WROUGHT IRON GATE. Behind the gate is darkness, the soft sound of DRIPPING WATER... and maybe sanctuary. Beyond this gate is THE WELL; the way down.

Brooke grasps the iron bars, tries to pull herself to her feet. It's too late. Suddenly, silently, shockingly, Snow's feet ENTER FRAME, standing right above her. Brooke looks up, SOBS.

74 ANGLE UP

74

on Snow. The yawning barrel of the streetsweeper pointed down at her. There's no escape.

SNOW

What was his name?

75 ANGLE ON BROOKE

75

on the tunnel floor. She scuttles backward, away from Snow, away from the gate. But there's no where to go. Snow prompts her again.

SNOW

His name...

BROOKE

Stephen...

That seems to give Snow a strange satisfaction.

SNOW

And you...

Crawling backward, Brooke shakes her head from side to side. She doesn't understand. Snow remains patient.

SNOW

Your name...

BROOKE

B...Brooke...

He nods, brings up the gun, speaks almost tenderly.

SNOW

Close your eyes, Brooke. You won't feel any pain...

*

But before he can fire, Snow's enhanced audio picks up the sound of approaching FOOTSTEPS. He looks up.

76 ANGLE PAST SNOW

76

as OLD SAM, a tough, wiry man in his sixties, appears at the far end of the tunnel, leaning on a staff. He has only a second to gape at the tableau in front of him. Then the streetsweeper swings around, and FIRES.

The impact BLOWS Old Sam clear off his feet, SNAPS the staff into splinters and shards, SMASHES the man back against the wall behind, his chest a red ruin. When he slides down, his body leaves a LONG SMEAR on the rock.

CUT TO:

76A INT. - THE WELL - SIMULTANEOUS

76A

The BOOM of the huge weapon ECHOES down the well to where Vincent, weak and bleeding, leans dizzily against the stone wall. The enemy is close. Somehow that knowledge renews Vincent. He swallows the pain, the dizziness. As he straightens, we can almost see the power fill him; a power beyond mortal frailty, a power that takes no notice of wounds or weakness or fear. Vincent throws back his head and ROARS, and the sound is a challenge, a defiance, and a terrible promise all in one.

76B RESUME ROCK TUNNELS

76B

Brooke uses the moment when Snow turns and fires to make a break for it, scrambling to her feet and running down away from Snow. He turns back toward her, raises the streetsweeper. She's dead meat... and then Snow HEARS Vincent's roar, echoing up the well.

A look of almost religious AWE crosses his face. Suddenly Brooke is no longer important.

Snow lowers the gun, lets her go. The girl turns a corner. Snow grasps the IRON GATE, opens it.

SNOW
(very softly)
Coming...

As he steps into the darkness of the well, we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE WELL - NIGHT
 (FORMERLY: SERIES OF SHOTS - ROCK TUNNELS - NIGHT)

INTERCUT between Snow and Vincent as they move toward each other, Snow descending, Vincent climbing:

77 SNOW 77

slides downward, cat-footed, moving from shadow to shadow, the sounds of DRIPPING WATER loud as thunder over his audio system,

78 VINCENT 78

climbs swiftly toward his enemy, up the slick stone steps. He begins to run... rushing blindly toward his enemy... his destiny... his death...

79 SNOW 79

pauses to listen. Under the sound of the water, he HEARS Vincent's footsteps, pounding upwards.

80 VINCENT 80

suddenly STAGGERS. For a moment he reels, dizzy, close to falling. His face twists in pain; he's pushed himself too far. His hand clutches at his chest. In the dimness of the well, Father's voice whispers in his head, the words rising and falling, tormenting him.

FATHER (O.S.)

She's gone... Do you want to
 die?... She's gone... You won't
 find her again... she's gone...
 gone... gone...

Vincent grits his teeth against the pain; the pain in his chest, the pain in his heart, or perhaps both. When he takes his hand away from his chest, we see more BLOOD spotting the fabric of his shirt.

He stares upward, at the steps ascending endlessly above him. Now it's his turn to listen. He can HEAR Snow's careful descent.

(CONTINUED)

- 80 CONTINUED: 80
- Vincent weighs his choices for a long moment. Then, he takes his first step... downward... away from Snow.
- CUT TO:
- 81 CONCRETE TUNNELS - WITH DIANA 81
- Diana pauses at a the junction to make her chalk marks; the arrow, and #13. She turns a corner, and REACTS.
- The floor of the tunnel ahead of her is strewn with RUBBLE. At its end is the jagged man-sized hole Snow blasted through the secret door. Warily, Diana moves toward it.
- CUT TO:
- 82 INT. - TWISTY TUNNEL - WITH SNOW 82
- He bursts out of the well shaft, whirling around the corner, gun at the ready. Nothing's there. He listens, looks. This tunnel is damp, narrow; shallow pools of water spread across the floor.
- Snow kneels, examines the ground, finds evidence of Vincent's passage. Rising, he moves after him, weaving between two waist-high stalagmites, ducking under a jagged stalactite descending from the rocky ceiling.
- MATCH CUT TO:
- 83 SNOW'S POV - INFRARED (SFX) 83
- The cold, damp tunnel registers in shades of soft GRAY and dark BLACK through his IR visor, but a tunnel mouth ahead glows a soft radiant PINK, a sign of warmer air. Snow moves toward it. Magnified by his audio, we HEAR the sounds of DRIPPING WATER and the chirping of a CRICKET. Then, under them, faint at first, another sound; the distant pounding of running feet.
- CUT TO:
- 84 ANOTHER PART OF THE TWISTY TUNNEL - SIMULTANEOUS 84
- Vincent rounds one of the twists in the tunnel. There's a big STEAM PIPE behind him. He's not far ahead of Snow, a few turns away...

85 RESUME SNOW

85

Listening. He turns his head with careful deliberation. There, that way... he edges forward... there's the tunnel mouth... Vincent is a few feet ahead, just beyond...

In ominous silence, Snow drops down behind a stalagmite, on one knee. There's a shallow, inch-deep POOL OF WATER where he's kneeling, but he ignores it. He braces his streetsweeper against one shoulder, and aims.

86 RESUME VINCENT

86

Vincent suddenly stops dead. The way ahead is BLOCKED by a rockfall. Snow has him cornered in a dead end.

CUT TO:

87 JUNCTION - WITH DIANA

87

as she picks her way through the rubble. The iron gate, blown off its hinges, blocks her way. She pushes it aside, and it falls with a metallic CLANG. Diana plays her light around, and catches a glint of METAL in the dirt. She picks it up; the empty cartridge from an armor-piercing round. She studies it, pockets it. Then she notices something else, and kneels to pick it up.

88 CLOSE ON DIANA'S HANDS

88

as she brushes the dust off a chunk of concrete. It's curving, a piece of the overhead arch. And, carved in the cement in a child's hand, is a single name: VINCENT.
(PRODUCTION NOTE: as seen in "Promises of Someday")

89 ON DIANA

89

Tired, puzzled, yet somehow bemused. She holds the chunk of rubble almost tenderly, and smiles.

DIANA
(soft, to herself)
Vincent... Where are you,
Vincent?

*

She takes the fragment with her as she heads back out into the Manhattan night.

CUT TO:

- 90 CU SNOW 90
Unmoving. Waiting. Endlessly patient. Over his audio, we HEAR Vincent's ragged BREATHING along with the water sounds and the cricket.
- 91 VINCENT 91
moves away from the rockfall, back toward Snow. He has no choice.
- 92 SNOW 92
is silent, motionless. Watching. Listening. Waiting. We HEAR Vincent's approach. Snow tenses. And a CAVE CRICKET, as big and black as a waterbug, crawls suddenly over the top of the stalagmite, and starts up Snow's arm, making CRICKET SOUNDS that Snow's audio amplifies. He ignores it for a beat, remaining absolutely still. But when the cricket crawls over his shoulder and onto his face, Snow plucks it off, crushes it in his fist. The cricket sounds STOP SUDDENLY and
- 93 VINCENT 93
stops suddenly too. He cocks his head to one side, listening. We hears the drip of water. Nothing else. The silence is somehow ominous.

Vincent, wary now, does not proceed. He draws back into the shadows, presses himself against the wall, listening.
- 94 SNOW 94
waits. A little edgy now. It's too quiet; the footsteps have stopped. What's wrong? Without taking his eyes off the spot he's targeting, he adjusts his audio and the water sounds COME UP; there's nothing else.

INTERCUT with pops of Vincent as Snow tries to wait out his prey. No one moves. Finally Snow decides he's lost the quarry. He has to find him again. He STANDS. But he's been kneeling in a shallow pool of water, and it makes a tiny but audible SPLASH when he rises.
- 95 VINCENT 95
hears the splash. Now he knows. The enemy is close at hand. He notices the steam pipe. It's his only chance. With a huge, defiant ROAR, he raises his hands and SMASHES DOWN on the pipe.

96 SNOW

96

At the ROAR he starts forward, but he doesn't get far before a sudden huge blast of HOT STEAM come roiling out of the cave mouth ahead. INTERCUT with Snow's POV; the vapor boiling and rolling toward him, all hot red, chaotic. As it pours over him, scalding, Snow SNARLS in sudden pain.

Vincent bursts through the steam like a shadow out of hell, ROARING, his claws SLASHING.

But somehow Snow is fast enough to dodge his charge. Vincent SLASHES at his arm, but it's only a glancing blow. DIVING out of the way, leaving his feet, spinning and FIRING in mid-air, Snow sends round after shattering round into the steam.

But Vincent isn't there. Shot ricochets in all directions, binging off the rocky wall, but when the dust clears, there's no body. Snow ROLLS under the steam, gets to his feet. His face is tender, red, scalded. Blood wells from the three deep SLASHES in his upper arm. And his infrared VISOR has been BROKEN in the fall. He rips it off with a curse, his eyes moving, searching...

SNOW

Damn it...

97 OMITTED

97 *

98 RESUME SNOW

98

He's no fool. Very carefully, he adjusts his audio, listens. The sounds are retreating. He follows.

CUT TO:

99 INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

99

Brooke and Pascal have made their way down to Father's chamber. Mary comforts the sobbing girl while Pascal, staring numbly into space, talks to Father and William.

PASCAL

(leadon)

It was my fault. I should have gone myself. I thought... Sam was closest... I sent him to be killed...

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

William looks to Father; normally, Father would say something here, some words of solace, of comfort. But Father is beside himself with fear for Vincent. William takes it on himself, puts a hand on Pascal's shoulder.

WILLIAM

Pascal, no... you couldn't have known...

JAMIE bursts into the chamber, breathless.

JAMIE

Mouse heard gunfire...

Father is on his feet at once.

FATHER

Where?

JAMIE

Down in the serpentine, under the north well. They were heading down.

WILLIAM

Vincent's leading him away from us....

JAMIE

I'm going for my crossbow...

FATHER

(explodes)

No! Do you think you're going to stop this... this butcher with a child's toy?

WILLIAM

We can't just stand here.

FATHER

Vincent is buying our lives with his own.... do you want that to be for nothing?

MARY

There must be something we can do to help him...

FATHER

We can... pray...

But by the anguished look on Father's face, we know that that is nowhere enough.

CUT TO:

100 INT. - ROCK TUNNELS - SERIES OF SHOTS

100

INTERCUT as Vincent flees deeper into the maze, and Snow stalks his trail. The tunnels here are narrow, twisty, damp, with strange echoes and numerous cave formations. As they move deeper, we begin to see the first WISPS of thick white GROUND FOG on the tunnel floor.

Vincent's wounds slow him as he leads the hunter away from the people he loves. He staggers from time to time, pauses to catch his breath. BLOOD is seeping from his shirt, the red stain growing larger and more pronounced each time we cut back to him.

Snow stops to BIND UP his own wound. Periodically he kneels, checks the dirt for footprints. We SEE him find droplets of BLOOD on the tunnel floor. His enhanced AUDIO should be used over ALL. *

The grim pursuit continues, tunnel to tunnel, until we

DISSOLVE TO:

101 INT. - MIST CAVERN - NIGHT

101 *

(FORMERLY: INT. - MIST CAVERN (MATTE) - NIGHT)

Snow emerges from a side tunnel and finds himself standing at the top of a half-ruined stone stairway, overlooking a tremendous, cavernous chamber of damp rock. The ceiling is lost in the blackness overhead. The walls are irregular, full of alcoves, small caves, deep shadows. And the floor of the cavern is covered with a moving blanket of DENSE WHITE MIST, flowing and shifting. Seen from on high, it seems to stretch away endlessly, a living ocean of fog. The mist flows past Snow's feet, a ghost river sliding down the steps.

For a moment, the eerie, otherworldly majesty of this cavern takes Snow's breath away. He stands atop the stairs, looking out over the mists.

102 SNOW'S POV

102

as he scans the cavern. The mists -- and the stone and earth they hide -- are cold, damp. The world is all gray and white, made up of blurred shifting shadows. Nothing is distinct. *

103 RESUME SNOW

103

Slowly, he begins to descend the steps. There's no sign of Vincent... until the deathly quiet of the cavern is shattered by a blood-curdling ROAR...

Snow WHIRLS toward the sound, but before he can fire there's a second ROAR, behind him... he swings toward that... a third ROAR, a little fainter, booms out of the dark from a different direction. His head snaps back and forth as the ECHOES bounce across the cavern, amplified by his audio until the sound seems to be coming from everywhere at once.

When the echoes have died away almost to nothingness, Snow picks up a threatening GROWL. This time he snaps toward the first sound and fires, sweeping the darkness with a devastating series of shotgun blasts that rip the mists to ribbons. A moment later, the blanket of fog is whole again, miraculously healed, but the echoes of Snow's streetsweeper sound like a firefight in progress.

The echoes are deafening, bewildering. With a muttered curse and a look of disgust, Snow rips the earpieces off, lets them dangle around his neck. His audio is worse than useless in here. He knows his prey is around here somewhere; he shouts out a challenge.

SNOW

Okay. That's one for you.

His words ECHO as Snow reloads the streetsweeper.

SNOW

I know you're out there.

More ECHOES. Snow resumes his descent, step by careful step, watching all around him as he talks.

SNOW

Who are you? What are you?

There's no answer but his own voice. Snow reaches the bottom of the stone steps, edges warily out into the depths of the cavern. The mists creep up his legs, almost to his waist.

104 SNOW'S POV

104

A world of moving gray shadows. He can't see the cavern floor right beneath his feet.

105 RESUME SNOW

105

as he moves away from the steps. There's a soft NOISE somewhere behind him. Snow WHIRLS, spraying the cavern floor all around him in a deadly circle as he turns, firing until his drum is exhausted. He's not panicked, just methodical; anyone creeping in on him through the concealing fog would be cut to ribbons.

But there's no nothing... no screams, no shouts of pain... no one there.

As Snow starts to reload, we HEAR a low, ominous GROWL somewhere near at hand. The echoes make it sound as if a dozen beasts were closing in. Snow fumbles just the tiniest bit as he slides new rounds into the drum. Only when the gun is loaded again does Snow look up.

SNOW

Time for the endgame.

His last word ECHOES. Snow moves through the mist, swinging the barrel of this gun in slow arcs.

SNOW

(deadly earnest)

Alley-alley oxen-free. Come out
come out wherever you are.

As if in answer, there a tremendous spine-chilling ROAR, and Snow catches a flicker of movement from a black, mist-shrouded cave opening under the steps. As he swings around and FIRES, we

*

SMASH CUT TO:

106 OMITTED

106 *

107 RESUME

107

Vincent melts back into the darkness of the cave. From where he's standing, Snow doesn't have the right angle to pour more fire down into the cave. He jerks the gun up, and RUNS straight toward the cave. But he's only taken three steps when suddenly...

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

... there's no floor beneath him, and Snow vanishes into a yawning chasm under his feet, a PIT that was totally hidden by the concealing fog.

There's a YELP of surprise, followed by a bone-cracking THUD of someone landing hard twenty or so feet below.

108 INT. - SALT CAVE - NIGHT

108

Snow rolls over, GROANS. He's in a small cavern that's completely filled with MIST. Jagged black stalagmites jab upward like so many spikes from the uneven floor; a few inches and he would have been impaled. The fog is everywhere, completely filling the chamber. The ground shifts underfoot as he gets up. It looks like fine white sand. It's not; it's SALT.

Snow gropes around for the streetsweeper. There's no sign of it. He gets unsteadily to his feet, reaches into his shoulder holster, yanks out his back-up handgun. He gropes through the blinding fog. *

A GROWL from the fog. Snow spins, catches a flicker of movement -- Vincent's cloak moving in the fog -- but it's gone before he can fire. *

Snow gropes for a wall, a place to brace himself where no enemy can come up behind him. But there's just blind, featureless white fog, and the treacherous footing underneath. He settles for the next best thing, puts his back to a stalagmite that's taller than he is. The fog surrounds him on all sides.

The stalagmite is crusted with patches of dried salt. Snow crushes a little between his fingers, tastes it... and we HEAR Vincent's voice.

VINCENT (O.S.)

It's salt...

Snow SPINS, leveling his gun, looking all around him, alert, ready to fire. But there's nothing. Just fog.

SNOW

Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT (O.S)

Here.

Vincent's voice seems to come from behind him. Snow edges around the stalagmite.

SNOW

I can't see you.

VINCENT (O.S.)

I know.

He's moved again. Silent. Undetectable. Snow is definitely getting edgy now. Snow edges sideways, trying to follow the voice, always keeping the stalagmite at his back, his hand bracing his wrist.

SNOW

Do you have a name?

VINCENT (O.S.)

Yes.

Snow, moving sideways to follow the voice, almost goes down as the loose salt shifts underfoot. He has to scramble back to his feet.

SNOW

I always learn the names... all the names...

(beat, softly)

Do you?

There's a long pregnant silence. Is Vincent still out there? We don't know. Either does Snow.

VINCENT

(O.S., haunted)

I know their faces...

Snow NODS; somehow he understands that. A strange sort of bond unites these two warriors for a moment.

SNOW

I don't suppose you'd want to call this a draw...

Vincent answers with a ROAR that's enough to freeze a man's blood. Killing is not a contest to him, the way it is to Snow. Snow keeps his cool.

SNOW

Does that mean no?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

108

There's a long ominous silence. Snow is starting to lose it. He can't keep walking round this stalagmite forever, and there's no way to tell where Vincent is lurking, or when he'll strike. But finally...

VINCENT (O.S.)

He sent you...

Snow hesitates, plays it coy, buying time.

SNOW

Who? Gabriel?

VINCENT (O.S.)

Is that his name?

SNOW

One of them.

Snow is starting to put a few things together.

SNOW

It's your child, isn't it? That's why he wants it...

Somehow that makes Snow SMILE. Wary, still watching the mist, he pulls off his RING, puts it on the stalagmite.

SNOW

Here. A peace offering.

(silence)

You still there?

(silence)

I'm tired of playin ring-around-a-rosey. How's that game end now?

His words echo through the mist. There's no answer. It's as if Vincent has vanished.

109 TRACKING WITH SNOW

109

Wary, he takes one step forward... then another... another. He moves through the mist... and then, dimly, right ahead of him, the fog seems to PART, and he sees a tall looming form, hidden in a black cloak. Snow smiles.

SNOW

(softly)

All fall down...

- 110 CU SNOW 110
 as he lets loose with the Cassull. The BOOM is like a thunderclap.
- 111 ANGLE ON THE CLOAK 111
 Snow fires three times, and the magnum rounds blow the black cloak... and the stalagmite it was draped over... to pieces. There's no sign of Vincent.
- 112 ECU SNOW 112
 The smile fades as he realizes his blunder. We HEAR a deep RUMBLE... the sound of a semi rumbling by, of a distant thunderstorm, an earthquake, or... Snow barely has time to look up as the unseen WALLS crumble, and TONS of powdery SALT come down on him like an avalanche.
- CUT TO:
- 113 VINCENT'S BOOTS 113
 Moving slowly over the loose salt... foot after painful foot... almost dragging himself forward... the footsteps of a wounded man in great pain.
- 114 ANGLE ON VINCENT 114
 Without his cloak. His face tense with pain. The front of his shirt is damp with blood. He's torn up... barely able to hold himself upright... yet somehow he's won. But he finds no joy in that irony.
 Only the top foot of the stalagmite is still visible; the rest is buried in the salt. But the ring is still there. Vincent picks it up. It glitters in his palm. He looks at it, wondering... then he looks down...
- 115 ANGLE DOWN 115
 on the salt. White, powdery, a great soft drift. Like the snow of his dreams. There's no movement under the salt, no sign of life, but as we watch... as in the dream... the fine white powder slowly turns to RED.
- 116 VINCENT 116
 tries the taste of the name he has learned.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

VINCENT
(softly)
Gabriel...

His hand clenches into a fist around the ring.

DISSOLVE TO:

117 EXT. - ROOFTOP HELIPAD - NIGHT

117

Gabriel's tower. The place where Catherine Chandler died in Vincent's arms. The helipad is a silent island of light, surrounded by the darkness of the rooftop, by the lights of Manhattan. Suddenly Vincent appears from the shadows, Snow's body in his arms.

He FLINGS the body down in the center of the helipad. The whole front of Vincent's shirt is red with blood now, but he stands triumphant. Snow lies face down, the long white hair bright under the lights, a stark contrast to his dull black clothing.

Vincent throws his head back and ROARS out his enemy's name, his hands curling into claws, reaching for the out into the night as if he could somehow grasp his enemy... his child... and his vengeance.

VINCENT
GABRIEL!

The sound of it thunders out over New York as we CRANE UP away from Vincent and Snow...

The message has been delivered. The war is on.

FADE OUT

THE END