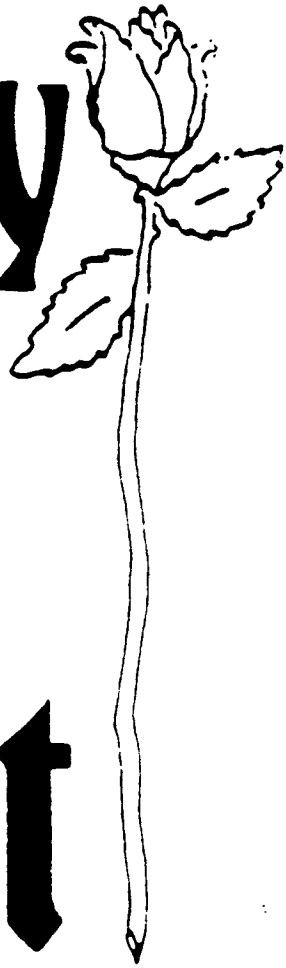


**Beauty**  
and  
the  
**Beast**



**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST**

"Terrible Angel"

by

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**FIRST DRAFT**

July 30, 1987 (Blue)  
July 29, 1987

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Terrible Angel"

FADE IN:

1 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

1

A few hours before dawn, the subway deserted. The last car is filthy, littered, scarred by graffiti, its lights FLICKER ON AND OFF as the train shakes along the tracks.

A FAT MAN sits at one end, reading a morning tabloid. At the back of the train a black cleaning lady, MRS. DALBY, small, fiftyish, and bone-tired, clutches her oversized purse and stares wearily out at nothing. They shake and sway to the motion of the train with the obliviousness of veteran subway riders.

ANGLE ON DOORS

as the car pulls into a station, and the doors HISS open. TWO PUNKS enter, laughing and joking loudly. They're teenagers, wearing gang colors and shades, with hard, street-scarred faces.

BACK TO THE SCENE

The fat man looks up at the punks, doesn't like what he sees, folds up his newspaper, and quietly slips out, moving up to the next car. The punks LAUGH.

ANGLE PAST PUNKS ON MRS. DALBY

She has shrunk back in her seat, frightened.

FIRST PUNK  
Who you looking at?

She looks down, tries to ignore him.

SECOND PUNK  
Hey, lady, we're talking to you.

MRS. DALBY'S POV

The first punk whispers something unintelligible. They laugh and turn to look at her. The lights GO OUT again.

When they come back on, the punks are right on top of her. Their smiles are arrogant, predatory.

FIRST PUNK  
Got a match, lady?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

## BACK TO THE SCENE

Mrs. Dalby shakes her head, clutches her oversized purse even more tightly.

MRS. DALBY  
No... please...

The car lights go off, come back on.

SECOND PUNK  
Bet you got some matches in the bag, lady. Give it here.

MRS. DALBY  
No matches. You leave me alone.

FIRST PUNK  
(reaching for bag)  
Let's have a look.

He pulls at the bag, she resists, and the second punk HITS her hard with back of his hand. She lets go of the purse, slumps in the seat. The lights go on, off. The first punk rummages through the purse.

## CLOSE ON DOOR BETWEEN CARS

as it slides open just a crack. The lights flick on, off. A HAND is curled around the doorframe, a hand with matted fur and claws.

FIRST PUNK  
(o.s.)  
Nineteen dollars! She's only got nineteen dollars!

## BACK TO THE SCENE

The punk empties the purse on the floor. Mrs. Dalby CRIES OUT and falls to her knees, trying to retrieve her possessions. The punks start having fun, kicking at her things as she grabs for them. The lights go out again as they begin kicking her. In the dark, the punks are dim silhouettes kicking at her, cursing. We hear their GRUNTS and LAUGHTER, her PLEADING, the impact of their BOOTS -- and then the sound of the door sliding open.

SECOND PUNK  
What was that?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

Something large and fast explodes out of the darkness and slams into him. The train enters a long station, and screams through without stopping, but the STATION LIGHT strobes through the windows as they fight.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Images in the dark, lit against the windows: the first punk locked in struggle with the attacker, a clawed hand upraised to strike, the sound of RIPPING FABRIC, SCREAMS, the second punk opening a switchblade, the punk's face, all the arrogance suddenly gone from it, just a terrified boy now, darkness, a SLASHING sound, the face again, with a series of jagged slashes down his cheek, the blood welling from them, the knife spinning from his grasp, claws, upraised again to strike, the punk staggering, clutching his stomach, falling, a dark silhouette bent over him, SLASHING.

ANGLE ON MRS. DALBY

She scrabbles back, holding her empty purse to her chest as if for protection. A dark shape looms over her, raises a hand. Mrs. Dalby whimpers, shrinks in on herself, as if to avoid the blow. But the claws close around the emergency pull, yank, and the subway comes SCREECHING to a sudden halt. The dark shape opens the rear door, and runs off down the tracks, vanishing in the dark as Mrs. Dalby watches.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. MAXWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

2

Deputy DA Joe Maxwell has a huge stack of files on his desk as Cathy enters. She looks at them doubtfully.

CATHY

I have a horrible suspicion that those are for me.

MAXWELL

Bingo, Radcliffe. It's your own fault. You told the old man you wanted in. First thing I learned in the Army -- never volunteer.

CATHY

I can help on this, Joe.

MAXWELL

Ever seen a dead body? I'll give you odds you haven't seen any like this. Take a good look.

Maxwell hands her a thick gray envelope. Cathy opens it, and slides out some glossy police photographs.

- 3 INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPHS 3
- 4 INT. MAXWELL'S OFFICE - DAY 4

We glimpse them very briefly, as Cathy rifles through them: they're police shots of the bodies of the two punks.

MAXWELL (V.O.)

Seventeen and sixteen. They look like they tried to go a round with a tiger. Only this animal walks around on two feet, and half the city thinks he's a hero.

BACK TO THE SCENE

MAXWELL

You look a little green. Sure you've got the stomach for this?

Cathy is clearly shaken. She's seen something like this before -- she's seen Vincent tear men apart. She can't admit that now.

CATHY

I'm sure. What do you want me to do?

MAXWELL

Our subway slasher knows how to take care of himself. Five victims in three weeks, and nobody's laid a hand on him.

(slaps stack of files)

So what you got here, you got your self-defense classes, your karate schools, your kung fu instructors. Be the first deb on your block to collect the whole set.

Cathy opens the topmost file on the pile.

MAXWELL

You know the profile we're looking for. Recent crime victims, maybe someone who's lost family. Flag anything subway-related. You've heard of the subways, right?

CATHY

(wry, sarcastic)

I think someone mentioned them to me once.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

She gathers up the cumbersome stack of files and heads for the door.

MAXWELL

Hey, Radcliffe...

(Cathy looks back)

Five'll get you ten you don't know  
what a token costs.

Cathy hesitates for a beat, and Maxwell grins.

CATHY

(smiles)

Ninety cents...

With a grimace, Maxwell reaches for his wallet, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - CATHY'S - DAY

5

At her desk, the stack in front of her, Cathy picks up the top file, and opens it.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

6  
thru  
12

OMITTED

6  
thru  
12

12A

INSERT - THE FILE

12A

A data sheet on ISAAC STUBBS, with his photograph clipped to the upper left-hand corner.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. SOHO WAREHOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

13

An old converted warehouse. In the loft windows is a sign: STUBBS ACADEMY OF STREETFIGHTING.

CUT TO:

14

INT. ISAAC STUBBS' LOFT - DAY

14

Cathy enters, hesitates, looks around. No one in sight.

CATHY

Come on out, Isaac. I know you're here.

(CONTINUED)



14 CONTINUED:

14

Isaac Stubbs steps from behind a heavy bag, smiling. He's wearing boxing gloves; she's caught him in the middle of working out.

ISAAC  
Can't fool you anymore.

CATHY  
I had a good teacher.

ISAAC  
Come for the refresher course,  
or is this a social call?

CATHY  
Neither, I'm afraid. I need to  
ask you a few questions.

ISAAC  
(lightly)  
Anything makes you sound that  
serious, it's got to be pretty  
heavy. Are we talking money,  
baseball, or love here?

CATHY  
We're talking the subway slasher.

Isaac REACTS; his smile and easy-going manner vanish suddenly.

ISAAC  
Who'm I talking to here, a friend  
or a district attorney?

CATHY  
Me.

ISAAC  
Wrong answer.

He turns his back on her and resumes his workout, pounding the heavy bag. Cathy moves closer to him and continues the talk, but Isaac bites out his replies between punches.

CATHY  
He's killing people, Isaac.

ISAAC  
That so?  
(beat, punch)  
I notice...  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

ISAAC (Cont'd)  
 (beat, punch)  
 ... you don't say...  
 (beat, punch)  
innocent people.

CATHY  
 Guilt or innocence is for the  
 courts to decide, Isaac. If you  
 know anything --

ISAAC  
 I don't know nothing.  
 (beat, punch)  
 ... and if I did...  
 (beat, punch)  
 ... I wouldn't tell no DA.

CATHY  
 Whose side are you on, anyway?

Isaac stops very suddenly, and turns to face her.

ISAAC  
 You give me ten minutes to shower  
 and change, and I'll show you.

Cathy NODS, and we

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

15

Cathy and Isaac (now in street clothes) are walking through  
 a seedy Lower East Side neighborhood. The buildings are run  
 down, at least a century old.

ISAAC  
 You got any idea how many students  
 I had last year?  
 (beat)  
 Too damn many. Don't matter if  
 it's me or one of those egg foo  
 young places uptown, we've all  
 got more than we can handle. Why  
 do you suppose that is?

CATHY  
 You're the teacher. You tell me.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

ISAAC

Cause people are scared. You ain't the only one come to me after something bad went down.

Self-consciously, Cathy touches her face. Beautiful now, but she remembers. She'll always remember. Isaac notices.

ISAAC

Yeah. And you got off easy, compared to some. They all come to me, after.

(beat, then bitterly)

You can't do much after. 'Cept maybe teach them a few tricks, so they won't be so scared no more.

(beat)

Here we are.

16 EXT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

16

They're standing in front of a refurbished three story tenement building at least a century old. It was a cheap hotel once, but now it's been converted to other uses: the modern sign on the door says PROTECTORS HQ. A young couple wearing distinctive snow-white berets exit and descend the stairs as Cathy turns to Isaac.

CATHY

The Protectors? They're --

ISAAC

-- the nuts in the white hats who ride around on the subways looking for trouble, right?

(takes her arm)

C'mon.

CUT TO:

17 INT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

17 \*

As they enter, RED is standing inside by the door. Behind him is a corridor and a number of tiny cubicles where people are at work. They're of various ages and races, dressed casually, but all of them wear the white beret.

\*  
\*

RED

Isaac! How's it going?

\*

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

ISAAC  
Can't complain. Okay if I give  
her the ten-cent tour?

RED  
Go ahead.

18 INT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

18

Isaac leads Cathy past the desk, down the corridor. The camera FOLLOWS them as they walk down the hall. The offices bustle with activity, full of Protectors from every strata of society, all wearing the white berets.

CATHY  
They know you?

ISAAC  
I teach here. Two classes a week.

They pass a room where a half-dozen people sit waiting by telephones, or talking into receivers.

ISAAC  
That's a 24-hour victim's hotline.  
They get people over the hump,  
tell 'em their rights, their  
options, where to get help.

In another room, a man in a three piece suit can be seen talking to a sobbing woman. The door says LEGAL AID.

CATHY  
They do litigation?

ISAAC  
(nods)  
Got about twenty lawyers who  
volunteer time. Sue the bad guys  
on behalf of their victims.

In another office a psychologist is working with a therapy group. The patients are not wearing berets.

ISAAC  
A victims' group. People get  
screwed up bad even by what they  
call minor crimes. Anger,  
violation, even shame, like it  
was somehow their fault.  
(softer)  
But you been there, I don't have  
to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Cathy nods, impressed despite herself.

They reach the end of the hall, where a stairway goes up to the second floor.

ISAAC

This way. The main event's upstairs.

CUT TO:

19 INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

19

They enter a large, airy gymnasium, the hardwood floor covered with mats. Around the room, several instructors in karate whites and black belts are working with small groups of students, teaching them various self-defense techniques -- karate, judo, boxing, street-fighting, etc.

ISAAC

Look around. These folks ain't crazed vigilantes in training, Cathy -- just ordinary people trying to take care of each other. You wanted to know whose side I was on?

He points across the floor to one corner, where SUKI, a lithe young Oriental woman, is instructing a half-dozen senior citizens. The woman she's working with is diminutive, wizened, at least seventy.

ISAAC

(continued)

I'm on their side.

Cathy watches for a beat, as Suki shows the little old lady some self-defense techniques.

CATHY

Is that responsible? A woman that old could get seriously hurt if she tries to resist a mugger.

JASON WALKER steps up behind them as Cathy speaks. He's a tall, handsome black man, ten years younger than Isaac but almost as muscular, with the fluid grace of the most accomplished martial artists. He's dressed informally, with his white Protectors beret slanted rakishly. Obviously educated and articulate, Walker has considerable charm and dynamism.

(CONTINUED)

JACE

She didn't resist the last time. She just couldn't get her wedding ring off her finger. The mugger was a helpful guy, figured he'd make it easy for her by cutting off the finger. One of our people stopped it.

ISAAC

They spend a lot of time hanging out around senior citizens' projects.

(beat)

This is the man who put this whole place together. Cathy Chandler, Jason Walker.

JACE

Jace, please.

(smiles)

Stubbs, how does someone as ugly as you happen to know so many beautiful women?

They shake hands. Jace turns on all his charm and holds her hand for a long beat.

CATHY

I've seen you on TV.

JACE

None of it's true, I swear.

ISAAC

Cathy was one of my students.

JACE

You actually paid this man money?

ISAAC

She's with the DA now.

Jace pulls back his hand, but he's still smiling, joking.

JACE

Uh-oh. We in trouble again?

CATHY

I don't know. Have you done anything?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

JACE  
 (more seriously)  
 Not as much as we'd like to.

CUT TO:

20 INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

20

Jace is PACING behind his desk in a large office furnished with comfortable but inexpensive second-hand furniture. Isaac stands near the door, listening. On the walls are photos of Jace with various celebrities and politicians, some framed maps of Manhattan, and a collection of various weapons and martial arts implements: samurai swords, nunchuks, throwing stars, crossbows, a morning star, etc. Among the collection is A SET OF METAL "TIGER-CLAWS." The tiger claws should be clearly visible on the wall in shots of Jace, but the camera should not linger on them or emphasize them in any way.

JACE  
 If a transit cop had rescued that lady, he'd get a commendation. This guy is minus a badge, so that makes him a psychopathic monster.

CATHY  
 No. Ripping two teenagers to pieces makes him a psychopathic monster. A transit cop would have arrested them.

JACE  
 Right. And seeing as they were juveniles, they would have served a little soft time and then been back on the subways, kicking another old lady to death. Great system you got there, Ms. D.A.

CATHY  
 It's not perfect --

JACE  
 (wryly)  
 You noticed.  
 (beat, with passion)  
 This is where they come, Cathy. The old people who have steel bars on their windows and still can't sleep at night.  
 (more)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

JACE (Cont'd)

The mother who can't understand why the boy who killed her son walked free. The rape victims who scream when their husbands touch them. This is where they come when the police say, sorry, there's nothing else we can do. This is where they come when the plea bargaining is over. Believe me, they know that the system isn't perfect.

CATHY

Do you know a better system? I don't. Yes, you can find failures to point at... but most of the time, the system works. It's all we've got.

JACE

No. We have ourselves. Our courage, our strength, our compassion. We have each other.  
(beat)  
And now we have him, whoever the hell he is.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

21

as Cathy and Isaac exit.

CATHY

You gave me a lot to think about.

ISAAC

That was the whole idea.

CATHY

(with difficulty)

Isaac, if you thought... if you even suspected that this... this vigilante was someone you knew... a friend... what...

ISAAC

... would I do?  
(more)

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED:

21

ISAAC (Cont'd)

(shrugs)

Talk to him, maybe. Ask him.  
 Go to where the man lives, and  
 look him in the eyes. But first  
 I'd be real sure of one thing.  
 I'd be real sure that I wanted  
 to know.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. CATHY'S BASEMENT - THAT NIGHT

22

The basement is pitch black. We HEAR Cathy's footsteps as she carefully descends the stairs, then pulls the chain on the bare bulb swinging overhead. She's carrying a heavy wrench. She looks briefly but meaningfully at the ceiling-high stack of cardboard boxes against the far wall, then crosses to the large STEAM PIPES and begins to BANG against them with the wrench. The bangs are carefully spaced, like Morse code -- she's sending a message. We MOVE IN on Cathy as she repeats the message, each blow harder than the one before. Her face is tight with longing and apprehension.

CATHY

(whispering)

Vincent... please...

She repeats the message again, banging as hard as she can, a wordless metallic shout of concern. We HOLD TIGHT on Cathy's face as she swings.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - NIGHT

23

She's waiting out on the balcony, waiting for Vincent to come to her. The light spills through the glass doors behind her, and all around her are the city lights. She's reading a heavy hardcover book, probably something that Vincent gave her, but her mind isn't on the book -- she keeps LOOKING UP, anticipating his arrival.

A tabloid newspaper lies on a small table beside her. ANGLING PAST Cathy, we see the headline: "SUBWAY SLASHER -- PSYCHOPATH OR SAVIOR?"

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - LATER THAT NIGHT

24

Many of the city lights are out; it's the silent, dark hours just before dawn. Cathy is asleep in her chair, the book on her chest. Cathy stirs restlessly in her sleep. We PAN slowly past her to the railing and the city beyond.

CLOSE ON RAILING

as Vincent's HAND suddenly appears from below. He grips the metal rail, pulls himself slowly into view. His grip is so strong that we see the rail slowly begin to BEND.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Cathy stirs, blinks, sees Vincent, and sits up abruptly.

CATHY

You came...

Vincent climbs over the rail as Cathy rises.

CATHY

You don't know how much I needed to see you.

They embrace, but Cathy suddenly PULLS BACK. She can tell that something is dreadfully amiss.

CATHY

Vincent, what's wrong?

CLOSE ON VINCENT

Wordlessly, he smiles. Briefly, it looks like Vincent's normal smile: gentle, melancholy, full of compassion. Then it grows wider, turns into a mocking predatory grin for a moment, until his fangs are bared and we are looking into the eyes of the beast. Vincent SNARLS.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Terrified, Cathy tries to break free, but Vincent holds her tight, still snarling. They struggle.

CATHY

No... Vincent, no!

But it's no use, the humanity is gone from him. He attacks her savagely. Cathy begins to SCREAM, and we

SMASH CUT TO:

25 EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - DAWN 25

as she wakes, still screaming and struggling, from her dream. It takes her a moment to realize it was just a dream. When the realization comes, Cathy sinks slowly back into her chair, staring bleakly out at sunrise. She covers her face with her hands.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CATHY'S BASEMENT - DAY 26

Cathy descends the cellar stairs. She's carrying a heavy-duty flashlight and wearing jeans, boots, a heavy workshirt. She moves aside the cardboard boxes stacked against the wall, revealing a jagged entrance to the tunnels. She enters.

27 INT. STEAM TUNNELS - BELOW THE CITY - DAY 27

Cathy walks confidently down the long tunnel, her footsteps ECHOING loudly as she goes.

She reaches a T-shaped junction, starts right, hesitates, then retraces her steps, goes left.

She opens a heavy iron door marked NO ADMITTANCE. The door behind is bricked shut. Cathy REACTS, clearly startled. She touches the bricks, but they're solid. She moves off uncertainly.

28 INT. BRICK TUNNEL - NIGHT 28

She gropes along an unfamiliar passage, its walls ancient brick, covered with nitre. Water is dripping here. This is a very old, spooky section of the tunnels, and it's clear that Cathy has never passed this way before. Somehow she's gotten lost, and her face shows her alarm.

She comes on an old brick WELL in the center of the passage, and brushes against a loose brick on its rim as she squeezes by. The brick falls for a long beat before we hear the faint SPLASH. Cathy moves past.

An old WROUGHT IRON GATE blocks her passage. Cathy sets the flashlight on a ledge in the brick wall, pushes at the gate, but she can't move it. She feels around the brick walls for a release, a key, anything, finds nothing. She grasps the bars, SHOUTS.

CATHY

Hello... Vincent... anyone ...  
hello...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Her voice echoes a long way, reverberating in the dark, but there's no reply. Cathy hears a NOISE behind her, reaches for her flashlight. There's a huge grey RAT on the ledge where she set it down. It screeches at her, and Cathy gives a yelp of startled fear, before she works up the courage to snatch her flashlight back, and run back down the narrow tunnel.

She backtracks to the well, almost passes it, then stops. She shines the light into the well, SEES iron rungs descending into nothingness. Cathy studies the well, pushing, prodding, and finally touches a LOOSE BRICK set in its base. It turns slowly when she pushes at it, and from below we hear a GRINDING NOISE, followed by the rush of DRAINING WATER.

29 INT. IN THE WELL - NIGHT

29

Cathy descends carefully, the flashlight held awkwardly in her hand. She stops, twists around on the rungs, shines the flashlight down.

CUT TO:

30 CATHY'S POV

30

Darkness, and a long, long dizzying drop.

31 BACK TO THE SCENE

31

As she stares down, the rung she's clinging to comes right out of the crumbling brick. Cathy starts to FALL, grabs another rung. She hangs on precariously by one hand, but loses her grip on the flashlight. It falls, shatters. Cathy clings to the ladder, alone in the dark, breathing hard, scared. The rung she's clutching begins to pull loose of the brick wall. She grabs for another, misses, the run comes loose.

CLOSE ON CATHY

Screaming, she FALLS... right into Vincent's arms.

32 INT. BOTTOM OF THE WELL - NIGHT

32

Vincent stands silhouetted in the golden light spill from a secret door he has opened in the bottom of the well.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Cathy is shaking and shuddering, breathing hard from her close call. She throws her arms around him and hugs him with all her strength. Without saying a word, Vincent turns and carries her into the warm light and the wall closes behind them, swallowing them up.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

33 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

33

Cathy sits huddled in a blanket, hot tea in front of her, untouched. Vincent stands a few feet away, his face averted and hidden by his hood, greatly troubled by her presence.

CATHY

I thought I'd remember... I got turned around somehow, everything seemed strange, different... frightening.

VINCENT

The ways change, Catherine. For every safe road, there are a hundred paths that end only in darkness. Parts of these tunnels are very old. Older than your subways and your sewers, and far more dangerous.

Cathy shivers, looks up at him.

CATHY

I had to come. I had to see you. I was afraid...

Vincent's eyes are deeply sorrowful.

VINCENT

I know.

CATHY

You didn't come... I called... on the pipes... but you never came.

VINCENT

I could feel your fear, Catherine. Even now.

(turns away from her)

I frighten you.

Cathy shrugs off the blanket, stands, goes to him.

CATHY

You taught me always to face my fears, Vincent... tell me...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

VINCENT

What shall I tell you? That I am not this... shadow, this man-monster you hunt? Must you hear those words before you can trust? Hear them, then. It is not me.

(gently)

I would never hurt you, Catherine.

Vincent slowly raises a hand to touch her cheek. Cathy tries, but the fear is still in her, and she cannot help a small, involuntary FLINCH away from his claws. Vincent pulls back, devastated, moves away from her.

CATHY

(anguished)

Vincent, no... please, I didn't mean...

VINCENT

... to pull away. I know, Catherine. I know your heart.

(gently, but pained)

But sometimes the words we cannot speak are the truest words of all ... however much they hurt...

CATHY

What are you saying?

VINCENT

You know what you've seen. You know what I am.

(beat)

You know what you fear.

He raises his hands in front of him, stares down at them.

VINCENT

We both know what these hands can do... have done. Catherine, if your heart does not know the truth, no words of mine will help.

Vincent takes her gently by the arm.

VINCENT

It's time for you to go home.

He leads her unresisting from the chamber.

CUT TO:

34 INT. STEAM TUNNELS - NIGHT

34

as Vincent leads Cathy home. They walk in silence, an air of melancholy hanging over them, both bereft.

35 INT. CATHY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

35

Vincent turns to go. Cathy stands helplessly for a moment, then calls after him, beseeching.

CATHY

Don't go. Vincent, please. I'm afraid --

VINCENT

None of us is without fear, Catherine... in your world or mine...

(beat)

The killings draw their eyes downward. The subways now, but soon deeper... to the hidden places where we dwell... We will be watching. It is all that we can do.

Vincent turns and leaves her, his cape billowing behind him. As he vanishes from her sight, Cathy calls after him with desperate longing.

CATHY

Vincent...

As her anguished call hangs in the air, we

CUT TO:

36 VINCENT

36

Out of Cathy's sight, he SLUMPS against the tunnel wall, torn up. We HEAR Cathy calling again, her voice faint with distance. Vincent, unable to hold in the pain any longer, throws back his head in torment, and SMASHES his fists against a large steam pipe in a blind moment of rage. The pipe breaks, and STEAM RISES all around him, obscuring his figure. His shape, lost amidst the steam, gives a terrible blood-curdling ROAR that echoes up and down the tunnels.

DISSOLVE TO:



37 INT. N.Y.P.D. COMPUTER ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

37

Cathy enters, looking morose, and goes to Edie at her computer console.

EDIE

You look sadder than my last date.  
Anything I can do?

CATHY

I need to see the file on Mrs.  
Beatrice Dalby.

The name clearly rings a bell with Edie. She frowns.

EDIE

That's the cleaning lady who got  
saved by the slasher, isn't it?  
I didn't know you were supposed  
to question her.

CATHY

I'm not.

Edie looks very dubious. This isn't by the book.

EDIE

Then why --

CATHY

Let's just say I've got a very  
dirty apartment.

With a sigh and a shake of her head, Edie starts hitting her computer keys.

CUT TO:

38 INT. WHISPERING GALLERY (MATTE) - NIGHT

38

A HUGE brick tunnel, cavernous, empty, full of darkness and the distant sound of rushing water. It's quieter here than elsewhere in the world below -- no subway sounds, no tapping. The tunnel extends as far as we can see, vanishing in the distance. Its roof, brick, arches overhead, but the floor is not visible at all. The walls descend steeply into utter blackness. The black mouths of a myriad of tunnels open onto this great space at a dozen different levels. A series of narrow brick LEDGES run along the walls, connecting the tunnel mouths. Here and there, a few arching BRIDGES of ancient brick cross the abyss, some high above

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

us, some far below. We SEE that several of these bridges are in ruins, their center spans collapsed. Various sections of the walls, ledges and bridges are festooned with a sort of Spanish moss which GLOWS with a soft violet phosphorescence, filling the huge chamber with a wan half-light.

We PAN slowly down the tunnel, and find Vincent sitting in the center of one of the bridges, a hundred feet below the roof, his legs dangling over this great space as he gazes out into the darkness.

The light of a torch appears in the tunnel mouth at the end of the bridge, and begins to cross the span.

VINCENT

sits silently as Father appears behind him, carrying a torch that does little to pierce the gloom of this place.

FATHER

Vincent?

(no reply)

Are you all right? Kipper told me where to find you.

(steps forward, gazes around)

Is it safe here? This place looks very old.

VINCENT

I used to come here often, when I was smaller. If you stand at one end of this bridge and whisper, you can be heard at a certain spot a mile away. But only if you stand in just the right spot.

Father smiles fondly, puts a hand on Vincent's shoulder.

VINCENT

The water makes a soothing sound. One of the main water pipes runs close to here, but as a boy I thought it was a river going out to sea.

FATHER

It's Catherine, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

VINCENT

(very sad)

I can hear her fears whispering  
to me, no matter where she stands.

FATHER

She cannot help being afraid.  
They've built their world on fear,  
Vincent. It's all they know.  
In that city up there, it's all  
that keeps them alive. They'd  
be insane if they weren't afraid,  
with the lives they're forced to  
live.

VINCENT

And us? Are we so very different?

FATHER

We have something they only dream  
of, Vincent. We have a safe  
place, a secret place beyond their  
madness and fear.

For the first time, Vincent turns and looks at Father  
directly, his gaze penetrating.

VINCENT

When I was a child, I had a dozen  
secret places where I could  
hide... but before the games were  
over, they always found me. Even  
here.

39 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

39

Cathy gets out of a cab in front of high-rise glass-and-  
steel office building. She rings the night bell, and a  
SECURITY GUARD comes to the door. She flashes her DA's  
identification, and he admits her. Through the glass, we  
SEE them talking for a moment, as he directs her.

CUT TO:

40 INT. CORPORATE OFFICES - NIGHT

40

Mrs. Dalby, in her uniform, is at work cleaning as Cathy  
enters. She continues working all through their  
conversation, dusting, emptying wastebaskets, etc.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

CATHY

Mrs. Dalby? I'm Catherine  
Chandler, from the DA's office.

MRS. DALBY

When you people going to leave  
me alone? I got work to do. I  
already told the police everything  
I know.

CATHY

This won't take long, I promise.  
You said you never got a good look  
at the slasher --

MRS. DALBY

Don't you call him that! That  
man saved me, and all you people  
want to do is hunt him down like  
some animal. Where were all of  
you when those boys were kicking  
me?

She turns her back to Cathy, empties a wastebasket, then  
relents a little and turns back.

MRS. DALBY

I didn't see him. I told you  
people that, I told you and told  
you. The lights were going on  
and off. What kind of subway is  
that, we can't even keep the  
lights on?

CATHY

Surely, when the lights went on,  
you must have seen something, if  
only for a second...

MRS. DALBY

Maybe so.

(beat)

But I don't remember nothing.  
I was on the floor, hurting. I  
still have bruises where they  
kicked me. I didn't see no part  
of that man.

Cathy looks her in the eye for a long beat. Mrs. Dalby  
looks away. She's hiding something, and Cathy knows it.

CATHY

(gently)

You're protecting him, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

Mrs. Dalby busies herself with her work, ignoring her.  
Cathy decides to take a risk.

CATHY

Mrs. Dalby, I'm not even supposed  
to be here.

(off her sharp look)

This is personal for me. I  
have... a friend...

(with great difficulty)

I think... I don't know what to  
think, but I'm afraid that he  
might be... involved... if you  
could only tell me what you saw...  
anything... his face... his  
hands...

Mrs. Dalby looks at her for a long beat, then NODS.

MRS. DALBY

(very softly)

His hands... he didn't have  
hands... just claws... and his  
face, I'll never forget that  
face...

(more loudly)

He wasn't a man. He wasn't a  
human man at all. He was like  
an angel... a terrible angel, come  
to save me.

CLOSE ON CATHY

as she REACTS with shock and dismay. There's too much of  
Vincent in Mrs. Dalby's words.

CATHY

A terrible angel...

(off her slow nod)

Thank you.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Cath moves to the door, anxious to be gone. Mrs. Dalby  
looks guilty, confused, troubled.

MRS. DALBY

You won't tell them, will you?

Cathy shakes her head no. Mrs. Dalby looks relieved.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

40

MRS. DALBY  
 I don't hold with lying, you know.  
 I just couldn't tell them, I  
 couldn't...

(beat, then plaintive)  
 I got to ride that same train  
 tonight, Ms. Chandler.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

41

Cathy is tossing and turning in bed, in the grip of another  
 nightmare.

42 CATHY'S POV - HER DREAM

42

Everything is hazy and surreal. Images from her memories  
 and fears blur together:

- a) Vincent's face, sad, wise, haloed in light
- b) a clawed hand, wet with blood
- c) Vincent's face, in a feral snarl
- d) a dark shape, glowing with light, pacing
- e) flashback to pilot, Vincent mauling heavies
- f) Vincent lifting his hand to Cathy's cheek
- g) the dark shape, more clear now, still pacing
- h) close on Vincent's hand
- i) the dark shape turns, we see Jace's face

The word "claws" ECHOES over and over, louder, as the dark  
 shape becomes Jace in his office. The camera ZOOMS IN on  
 him, and over his shoulder, gleaming with reflected light,  
 we SEE the metal "TIGER CLAWS" on his wall.

EXTREME CLOSE ON TIGER CLAWS

as they begin to BLEED. The blood trickles slowly down the  
 wall, and we

SMASH CUT TO:

43 CLOSE ON CATHY

43

as she sits bolt upright in bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 EXT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - THE NEXT DAY

44

Cathy gets out of a cab and hurries up the steps. As she opens the doors, she glances at the building's cornice. Chiselled into the stone, very faint and eroded with age, are the words SEAMAN'S SAFE HAVEN.

45 INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

45

Jace rises from his desk and gives Cathy his most charming smile as she enters. Cathy is all smiles too.

JACE

I hadn't expected to see you again so soon. Come to sign up?

CATHY

I'd look silly in one of those white hats.

JACE

I disagree. Besides, the guys in the white hats always win.

CATHY

Do they?

JACE

At least in fairy tales.

(beat)

The city has its own myths, you know. We're all so rational, so cynical and sophisticated -- but we still need our gods and demons, our heroes and villains.

(beat)

I knew a man used to work the IRT. He swore that he saw a monster down there once, when he was troubleshooting some track. You hear the street people talk about it too -- some terrible fierce creature who haunts the dark places, some thing with the face of a demon and the soul of an angel.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

CLOSE ON CATHY

as she REACTS, startled -- it's some distorted street myth of Vincent that Jace is speaking about and she knows it.

CATHY

You don't -- you can't possibly believe that, can you?

## BACK TO THE SCENE

JACE

(wistful)

Of course not. But they believe it, don't you see? Because they need to believe. Inside, we're all children, scared of the dark, wishing there really was a Batman...

CATHY

But Batman was never half so formidable as you, was he? How many black belts do you have hanging in your closet?

JACE

(smiles, shrugs)

I can take care of myself. But I tell you, all the fighting techniques in the world don't equal what I learned from Isaac Stubbs in one afternoon. You remember his first rule?

CATHY

(hesitates)

On the streets... there are no rules.

Jace gives her a long, meaningful stare before he smiles.

JACE

That's the problem with doing things your way. You believe in rules, and the predators don't.

CATHY

So we throw away the rules?

(off Jace's shrug,  
smile)

Then what's the difference? The color of our hats?

(CONTINUED)



45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

JACE

I don't have to tell you the difference. You know it already, or you wouldn't be here.

(beat)

Isaac tells me that you were a star pupil.

CATHY

Isaac exaggerates. I still have a lot to learn...

She moves casually back of his desk, to the wall where his weapons collections is mounted, and begins to examine them. Jace swivels in his chair, watching her carefully.

CATHY

(by samurai sword)

These weapons, for instance. Can you really use all of these?

JACE

Some. I wouldn't touch that sword. The samurai kept their blades razor sharp.

CATHY

Does that make you a samurai, Jace?

(off his smile)

What are these?

JACE

Throwing stars. I can see that you don't make it to many ninja movies.

CATHY

Unless Woody Allen made one, I'm not interested.

She steps away, pauses by the tiger claws, looks at them silently for a long beat, then turns to find Jace staring at her. We INTERCUT between their faces; the look that passes between them tells everything.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

46

Cathy and Jace emerge from the building, and Cathy walks briskly down the steps. Jace's smile fades as Cathy starts down the sidewalk. One of his lieutenants, RED, appears in the door and gives Jace a questioning look. Jace NODS. Red saunters after Cathy.

CUT TO:

47 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

47

Deputy DA Joe Maxwell has an incredulous look on his face as Cathy finishes telling him her suspicions.

CATHY

Call it a hunch. Instinct. Intuition. I don't care what you call it, as long as you do something about Jason Walker.

MAXWELL

This is the Jason Walker who heads the Protectors, right? Heavily into karate, aikido, ju-jitsu, ninjutsu, has been sued maybe a half-dozen times by perps he's brought in on citizen's arrest. Collects secret ninja death toys. Pops up on TV saying how the subway slasher is a hero, not a nut case, and isn't it too bad we don't have a dozen guys just like him.

(beat, off her reaction)

We talking about the same Jason Walker here?

CATHY

(catching on quickly)

I have a sinking feeling that you're ahead of me...

MAXWELL

Don't be fooled by the gravy stains on their ties, Radcliffe. The cops aren't as dumb as they look.

CATHY

But it all fits! He has the right attitudes, the skills --

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MAXWELL

-- Only one problem -- he's also got  
an alibi.

CATHY

Then someone's covering for him --

MAXWELL

The cops?

(beat)

Jason Walker has been under  
twenty-four hour police  
surveillance since this  
investigation began.

Off Cathy's confused look, we

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

48 INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

48

Another late night subway rolls through the tunnels. The car is almost empty. A DRUNK, covered by newspapers, lies across several seats, a tiny balding OLD MAN sits clutching a metal cane, very alert. A TRANSIT COP enters through the door between cars, whaps the drunk across the heels with his nightstick. The man sits up groggily. The cop moves on to the next car. The drunk lies down and covers himself with newspapers again.

We hear a soft THUMP. The old man looks UP, puzzled.

The train stops. A PRETTY GIRL of about sixteen enters, dressed demurely. She's followed closely by a CREEP with long greasy hair. It's clear at once that he's bothering her, and that she's scared and trying to get away from him. He sits right next to her.

PRETTY GIRL

Leave me alone!

CREEP

C'mon, baby. Don't be so mean to me.

She moves closer to the old man; he follows. She tries to get up again, but he pulls her into his lap.

CREEP

Gimme a kiss, sweetie.

PRETTY GIRL

(struggling, close to tears)

Don't touch me. Let me go.

He pulls her to him for a kiss, and she HITS him, bloodying his lip, breaking free. She runs forward, toward the next car, but he gets up and goes after her.

CLOSE ON PRETTY GIRL

as she reaches the door, starts to slide it open. His hand SLAMS INTO FRAME, trapping her. He has her pinned against the door.

PRETTY GIRL

No . . .

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

BACK TO THE SCENE

She's trapped between his arms.

                  CREEP  
You hurt me!

                  PRETTY GIRL  
          (tearful)  
Let me go.

                  CREEP  
Maybe if you're nice to me.

CLOSE ON CREEP'S HAND

as he runs it up her leg.

ANGLE ON OLD MAN

He doesn't move from his seat, but he has to intervene.

                  OLD MAN  
You let her alone!

The creep looks back and LAUGHS.

                  CREEP  
Keep out of this, grandpa, if you  
know what's good for you.

                  OLD MAN  
There's a police officer on this  
train.

                  CREEP  
I'm real scared.

He turns his attention back to the girl, grabs her blouse,  
RIPS.

CLOSE ON OLD MAN

He gets stiffly to his feet. We see the fear on his face.  
He turns and walks AWAY from the creep and the pretty girl,  
back in the direction the transit cop went.

                  PRETTY GIRL  
          (weeping)  
No... don't leave... help me...  
please don't leave me.

The old man hesitates, looks back hefts his cane. But he  
hasn't got it in him. He looks down, ashamed.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

OLD MAN

Don't... don't be afraid. I'm  
going for the police officer.

He slides open the door. We see him REACT. A clawed hand enters the frame and pushes him aside.

ANGLE PAST CREEP ON PRETTY GIRL

She's stopped struggling. We HEAR the creep's rough breathing, her sobs. A large SHADOW falls across them both, and the girl REACTS with shock and then hope. A clawed hand enters the frame and grabs the creep's hair, yanking his head back sharply; as a second set of claws go his throat, poised to slash, we

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DOORS

as the transit cop enters from the next car. For an instant, he fails to realize that anything is amiss. Then he REACTS, runs forward and draws his gun.

TRANSIT COP

Hold it right there.

BACK TO THE SCENE

The creep is dead on the floor, holding his throat, the vigilante standing over him. At the cop's shout he whirls around, and we catch a VERY BRIEF almost subliminal glimpse of a terrifying bestial face and clawed hands covered with fur. An expert karate kick sends the gun flying, and the cop drops to a knee, cradling a broken hand.

CLOSE ON THE OVERHEAD BAR

as the vigilante's hands close around it.

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW

as the vigilante KICKS IT OUT with both feet.

PRETTY GIRL'S POV

as the cop tackles him. They grapple briefly, but it's no contest. The vigilante is faster and far stronger. He SHOVES the cop aside and RAKES him with a clawed hand. As the cop falls, the vigilante bounds onto the seat, reaches outside, grabs the roof with his claws, and pulls himself out and UP.

CUT TO:

49 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT 49

The lights of the train are receding in the distance. The vigilante runs the other way. As he passes, a YOUNG GIRL steps very silently from a shadowed alcove.

CUT TO:

50 INT. STEAM TUNNELS - NIGHT 50

The YOUNG GIRL climbs amidst a tangle of steam pipes as complex as any jungle gym, and begins to tap.

CUT TO:

51 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 51

Father is bent over some tome at his desk, as a runner enters breathless. \*

RUNNER \*

Lana saw him... \*

FATHER \*

Turn out our people. We can't lose him --

CUT TO:

52 INT. STEAM TUNNELS - NIGHT 52

The runner clammers up a ladder fast as he can go.

The runner talks to a dozen subterraneans. They scatter in all directions, their faces intent.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY 53

Cathy is working at her desk when a tabloid newspaper THUMPS DOWN in front of her. The headline reads CLAW KILLER RIPS COP. Isaac Stubbs looms over her desk.

CATHY

Thanks. I've seen it.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

ISAAC

I was wrong.

(beat)

Not about everything. But maybe  
about some. Yeah. I want to  
help.

CATHY

Can you?

Isaac looks glum, shakes his head, takes a seat.

(CONTINUED)



53 CONTINUED:

53

ISAAC

I don't know anything for certain. I have some ideas. Same as you, maybe. But we got to fix it so he's not hurt. He's dangerous, and maybe he's crazy, but he got that way by caring too much.

CATHY

(interrupting)

It's not Jace.

ISAAC

What are you saying? Who else could it be?

CATHY

He's got the best alibi you can have -- the police. Last night while the vigilante was riding the subways, Jace was working late at Protectors head-quarters. The police had a car across the street until he left at two. Not to mention a man in the alley behind the building. They even had the roof covered. And there are two witnesses who swear they were with him all the time.

Isaac looks very relieved.

ISAAC

Well, hell! I don't know if I'm mad or glad.

(beat, smiles)

Yeah, I do... he's a good man, Cathy. We don't always see eye to eye, but I believe in what he's doing. And there's damn few people left to believe in anymore.

CATHY

(quietly)

I know.

DISSOLVE TO:

