

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"TERRIBLE SAVIOR"

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**Aired Episode
Transcript**

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OPEN on empty subway station

FADE IN:

INT. SUBWAY CAR – NIGHT

It's a few hours before dawn, the subway is deserted. The last car is filthy, littered, scarred by graffiti, its lights flicker on and off as the train shakes along the tracks. A man sits at one end, reading a paper. At the back of the train a black cleaning lady, Mrs. Dalby, clutches her oversized purse and stares wearily out at nothing.

ANGLE ON DOORS

The car pulls into a station, and the doors open. Two punks, teen-aged boys, enter looking for trouble. They move close to the man, intimidating him. He folds up his newspaper, and quietly slips out, moving up to the next car.

FIRST PUNK

(Watching him leave)

Ain't you got no pride?

Mrs. Dalby has shrunk back in her seat, frightened, watching them.

SECOND PUNK

Who you looking at?

She tries to ignore him, but they move in to surround her.

FIRST PUNK

Hey, lady, we're talking to you.

SECOND PUNK

Got a match, lady?

MRS. DALBY

No... please...

The car lights go off, come back on.

FIRST PUNK

Got a match in the bag, lady. Why don't you give it to me?

MRS. DALBY

No matches. Leave me alone.

SECOND PUNK

(reaching for bag)

Let's have a look.

He pulls at the bag, she resists. He raises his hand to hit her, and she lets go of the purse and cowers in the seat. The lights continue to flicker as he rummages through the purse.

SECOND PUNK

(o.s.)

Nineteen dollars! She's only got nineteen dollars!

FIRST PUNK

That's bad.

One of the boys empties the purse on the floor. Mrs. Dalby cries out and falls to her knees, trying to retrieve her possessions. As both boys start assaulting her and kicking at her, a furred hand opens the door.

FIRST PUNK

What was that?

A cloaked figure runs toward him and he reacts with fear. The train enters a long station, and screams through without stopping, but the station light strobes through the windows as they fight.

The first punk is knocked out of the way, and a furred, clawed hand slashes the one still attacking Mrs. Dalby, frightening her as well. The second punk pulls a switchblade, but the hand knocks his arm aside, sending the knife spinning from his grasp, and the cloaked figure slashes at him and runs from the car.

Mrs. Dalby shrinks back, afraid, but the cloaked figure runs past her and leaves. With a look of admiration and appreciation, Mrs. Dalby watches him leave

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTERIOR OF CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING – DAY

INT. MAXWELL'S OFFICE – DAY

Deputy DA Joe Maxwell has a huge stack of files on his desk.

MAN'S VOICE ON JOE'S RADIO

The subway slasher struck again last night, killing two armed men who allegedly assaulted an elderly woman. The DA's office has issued a statement saying they are working with transit authority police on a number of leads.

As Cathy enters. She looks at the files on Joe's desk doubtfully.

CATHY

I have a horrible suspicion those are for me.

MAXWELL

Bingo, Radcliffe, and it's your own fault. First thing I learned in the Army...never volunteer... and this is an ugly one.

Cathy opens a large gray envelope from the top of the stack, and slides out some glossy police photographs of the bodies of the two punks.

MAXWELL (V.O.)

Take a good look. 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 this city thinks he's a hero.

Cathy is clearly shaken. Her thoughts flash back to Vincent killing to protect her.

MAXWELL

Hey. You look a little green. You sure you got the stomach for this?

CATHY

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

MAXWELL

Our subway slasher knows how to take care of himself. So what do you got here? (He picks up the files as he speaks.) You got your karate schools, kung fu instructors, self-defense classes. Be the first deb on your block to collect the whole set. (He hands her the stack of files.) Now you know the profile we're looking for. Recent crime victims, maybe someone who's lost a family member. Flag anything subway-related. (He follows Cathy to the door as she leaves.) Oh, um... You have heard of the subways, right?

She turns and smiles at him, and he closes the door.

EXTERIOR STREET

Cathy is getting out of a taxi in front of Isaac's gym.

INTERIOR OF ISAAC'S GYM

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

CATHY

Isaac!

(she walks farther into the room.) You can come out, Isaac. I know you're there.

Isaac Stubbs steps from behind a heavy bag, smiling.

ISAAC

(He laughs.) Can't fool you anymore.

CATHY

I had a good teacher. Hi.

(She hugs him.)

ISAAC

So...Did you come for the refresher course, or is this a social call?

CATHY

Neither, I'm afraid. I need to ask you some questions.

ISAAC

(lightly)

Anything makes you sound that serious, got to be pretty heavy. We talking, baseball, money or love here?

CATHY

We're talking the subway slasher.

Isaac reacts, his smile and easy-going manner vanish suddenly.

ISAAC

Who am I talking to here... friend or DA?

CATHY

Me.

ISAAC

Wrong answer.

He continues his workout, pounding the heavy bag. Cathy moves closer to him and continues to talk.

CATHY

He's killing people, Isaac.

ISAAC

(Speaking harshly between punches) That so?

I notice... you don't say... innocent people.

CATHY

Innocence or guilt is for the courts to decide, Isaac. If you know something...

ISAAC

I don't know nothing... And if I did... I wouldn't tell no DA.

CATHY.

Whose side are you on?

Isaac stops very suddenly, and turns to face her.

ISAAC .

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

Cathy nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

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

ISAAC

Here it is.

CATHY

The Protectors?

ISAAC

The nuts in the white hats who ride around on the subways looking for trouble, right? Right. (takes her arm) C'mon.

CUT TO:

INT. PROTECTORS H.Q. – DAY

They enter a large 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.

ISAAC

Look around. And these people 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 a lithe young woman is instructing an elderly woman.

ISAAC

I'm on their side.

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

CATHY

Is that responsible? A woman that old could get hurt trying 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 an accomplished martial artist. He's dressed informally. Obviously educated and articulate, Walker has considerable charm and dynamism.

JACE

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

ISAAC

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

JACE

Jace, please.

(smiles and turns on all his charm)

CATHY

(Reaches to shake his hand)

I've seen you on TV.

JACE

None of it's true, I swear. Stubbs, how does someone as ugly as you happen to know so many beautiful women?

ISAAC

Cathy was one of my students.

JACE

You mean you actually paid this man money?

ISAAC

She's with the DA now.

Jace looks wary, but keeps smiling.

JACE

Oh. Are we in trouble again?

CATHY

I don't know. Have you done anything?

JACE

(more seriously)

Not as much as we'd like to.

CUT TO:

INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jace is standing in front of a wall of martial arts implements. Among the collection is a set of metal tiger-claws. Isaac stands near the door, listening.

JACE

(Starts as v.o.)

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. Right. Then seeing as how they were a juvenile, they would have had to serve a little soft time and they would have 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)

Tell me about it.

(He walks to a window that looks down on the activity in the gym.) This is where they come, Cathy. The old people. They have steel bars on their windows and still can't sleep at night. The woman 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 plea bargaining is over. Believe me, they know the system isn't perfect.

CATHY

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

JACE

Well we have ourselves. Our courage, our... Our strength, our compassion. We have each other.

(beat)

And now we have him, whoever the hell he is.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - DAY

Cathy and Isaac exit.

CATHY

It gave me a lot to think about.

ISAAC

That was the whole point.

CATHY

(with difficulty)

Isaac, if you thought... if you even suspected that this... vigilante was someone you knew... a friend... What would you do?

ISAAC

(shrugs)

Talk to him. Ask him. Go to where the man lives, and look him dead in the eye. But first I'd be real sure about one thing. I'd be real sure I wanted to know.

DISSOLVE TO:

SPIRAL STAIRWAY, INT. OF TUNNELS, THEN CATHY'S BASEMENT THAT NIGHT

Cathy appears worried, and she's tapping on a pipe, looking as if she's been at it for a while. She finally gives up, looking dejected and frustrated as she returns to climb back up the ladder.

DISSOLVE TO:  
EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY. NIGHT

Cathy is sitting on the balcony reading, glancing up from her book now and then as if waiting for Vincent to come to her. A newspaper lies on the table beside her. The headline reads: "SUBWAY SLASHER - PSYCHOPATH OR SAVIOR?"

The wind increases and blows the large plants at the corner of the balcony. The camera moves back to show that Cathy is asleep in her chair. Vincent's hand suddenly appears as he pulls himself slowly onto the balcony.

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

CATHY  
You came...

She smiles, stands and hugs him.

CATHY  
You have no idea how much I needed to see you.

She pulls back when he doesn't return the embrace.

CATHY  
What's wrong?

Vincent snarls, and it quickly becomes a vicious growl, fangs bared. He grabs her arms. Terrified, Cathy tries to break free, but Vincent holds her tight, still growling. They struggle, and she begins to scream.

DISSOLVE TO:  
EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - DAWN

She wakes from her dream, still screaming and struggling. It takes her a moment to realize it was just a dream. She drops her head and covers her face with her hands as she recovers.

CUT TO:  
INT. N.Y.P.D. COMPUTER ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

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 a Mrs. Beatrice Dalby.

EDIE  
That's the cleaning lady saved by the slasher, right?

CATHY

Right.

EDIE

I didn't know you were supposed to question her.

CATHY

I'm not.

EDIE

Then, why?

CATHY

Let's just say I have a very dirty apartment.

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

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE OFFICES – NIGHT

Mrs. Dalby is at work cleaning as Cathy enters. She stops briefly now and then but continues to work through their conversation, dusting, emptying wastebaskets, etc.

CATHY

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

MRS. DALBY

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

CATHY

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

MRS. DALBY

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

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

MRS. DALBY

(Continuing)

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

Well, surely when the lights came on, you saw something, if only for a second...

MRS. DALBY

I was on the floor, hurting. I still have bruises where those boys kicked me. I didn't see no part

of that man.

CATHY

(gently)

You're protecting him, aren't you?

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. This is personal for me. I have a friend. (with great difficulty)

I think... I don't know what to think. I'm afraid that he was involved. If you could tell me what you saw, anything... his face... his hands...

Mrs. Dalby relents.

MRS. DALBY

(softly)

His face.... His hands.... He didn't have hands...just claws... and his face, I'll never forget that face. He wasn't a man. He wasn't a human man at all. He was like...like...an angel...a terrible angel, come to save me.

CLOSE ON CATHY

She reacts with dismay, seeing Vincent in Mrs. Dalby's words.

CATHY

A terrible angel... Thank you.

Cathy moves quickly to the door, anxious to be gone.

MRS. DALBY

You won't tell them, will you?

CATHY

(Turning back reassuringly)

No.

MRS. DALBY

(plaintive)

I got to ride that same train tonight, Ms. Chandler.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCENES THROUGH TUNNELS

We hear voice overs as the scenes progress through the tunnels

VINCENT

It's a good thing we found you, Catherine.

CATHY

I thought I'd remember... I must have gotten turned around somehow. Everything seems so different... strange.

VINCENT

The ways change, Catherine. For every safe road there are a hundred paths that lead only to darkness.

FADE IN:

INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER

Cathy stands with a shawl around her shoulders. Vincent stands a few feet away.

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. I banged on the pipes...but you never came.

VINCENT

I could feel your fear, Catherine. Even now... I frighten you.

Cathy moves closer to him.

CATHY

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

VINCENT

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

(gently)

Catherine, I would never hurt you.

Vincent moves toward her. Cathy can't help an involuntary move away from him. Vincent pulls back and looks at her for a moment, devastated, then moves away from her.

CATHY

(anguished)

No, Vincent, no... I'm sorry. I didn't mean...

VINCENT

(gently, but pained)

... to pull away? I know. (He turns and walks away, raising his hand to swing at the air in frustration.) I know your heart, Catherine, but sometimes the words that are not spoken are the truest words of all ... however much they hurt.

CATHY

What are you saying?

VINCENT

We both know what these hands can do... have done. Catherine, if your heart does not trust, then no words I speak would help.

Vincent picks up his cloak and swings it over his arm.

VINCENT

It's time for you to go home.

He leads her unresisting from the chamber.

CUT TO:

INT. WHISPERING GALLERY

Vincent is sitting dejectedly in the center of the bridge, a hundred feet below the roof, his legs dangling over the side. Vincent sits silently as Father appears behind him, carrying a torch.

FATHER

Vincent?

(no reply) .

Are you all right?

(steps forward, gazes around – places a torch in a holder on the wall.)

I've heard the children talk of this place.

VINCENT

(nods)

It was our secret place, when I was a child. I used to come down here with my friends.

We thought it was magic.

FATHER

Magic?

VINCENT

All the tunnels...

If you stand in just the right place, you can hear sounds... whispers from the world above...

People on the subway, children playing in their homes, lovers walking in the park... sounds of a thousand different lives, if you know just where to stand. The magic places, we called them.

Father smiles fondly and kneels beside Vincent.

FATHER

It's Catherine, isn't it?

VINCENT

(very sad)

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

FATHER

She cannot help being afraid, Vincent. Her world is built on fear. It's all they know. With the lives they're forced to lead, if they weren't afraid, they'd be insane.

VINCENT

I know.

FATHER

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

VINCENT

(Shifting to look at Father)

Sometimes I would run down here when we played hide-and-seek. But before the game was over, Father, they always found me. Even here.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM. THAT NIGHT

The breeze is blowing the sheer curtains, and Cathy is dreaming again.

CATHY'S DREAM

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

- a) A cloaked figure, Vincent roaring, then back to the cloaked figure
- b) Vincent saying "It is not me."
- c) The cloaked figure, then Mrs. Dalby saying "A terrible angel."
- d) Back to the cloaked figure
- e) Her conversation with Jason..."Have you done anything?" "Not as much as we'd like to."  
The last line repeats itself a couple of times.
- f) The cloaked figure comes closer, and it's Jason.
- g) the dark shape, more clear now, still pacing

Cathy wakes up and sits bolt upright in bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PROTECTORS H.Q. - THE NEXT DAY

Cathy gets out of a cab. Two men are sitting outside the building talking and laughing as she arrives.

FIRST MAN

You can go in now

INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

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

JACE

Well...I hadn't expected to see you again so soon. You come to sign up?

CATHY

I'd look really 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. You know, the city has its own myths. We're all so rational, so sophisticated and cynical, but we still need our gods and demons, our heroes and villains. I knew a man used to work the IRT. He swore 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.

CATHY

You can't possibly believe that, can you?

JACE

(wistful)

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 as formidable as you, was he?

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

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. The predators don't.

CATHY

So we throw away the rules? Then what's the difference? The color of our hats.

JACE

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

Cathy moves casually to the wall where his weapons collections is mounted, and begins to examine them. Jace watches her carefully.

JACE

Isaac tells me you were a star pupil.

CATHY

Isaac exaggerates. I still have a lot to learn. These weapons, for instance. Can you really use all of them?

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)

Catherine moves further down the wall of weapons.

And what are these?

JACE

Those are throwing stars. I can see you don't make it to many ninja movies.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PROTECTORS H.O. – DAY

Cathy and Jace emerge from the building, and Cathy walks briskly down the steps. They shake hands, and he watches as she walks away. One of his lieutenants, Red, appears from the doorway and gives Jace a questioning look. Jace nods, and Red follows Cathy.

CUT TO:

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

CATHY

We should move on Jason Walker.

MAXWELL

This is the Jason Walker who heads the Protectors, right? Heavily into karate, aikido, ju-jitsu, ninjutsu, He's been sued maybe half-dozen times by perps he's brought in on citizen's arrest. Collects secret ninja death toys. Pops up on TV and says how the subway slasher is a hero and 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 you're ahead of me?

MAXWELL

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

CATHY

Well, he has the right skills, the right attitude...

MAXWELL

Yeah, well, there's only one problem with that. He's also got an alibi.

CATHY

Well then someone's covering for him -

MAXWELL

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

CATHY

I'm not wrong about this, Joe.

FADE IN:

INT. SUBWAY – NIGHT

Another late night subway rolls through the tunnels. The car is almost empty. A man covered by newspapers, sleeps lying across several seats, an old man sits with his hands resting on a cane. A transit cop enters on his rounds through the cars and exits at the opposite end.

The train stops. A pretty young girl enters, dressed pretty conservatively. She's followed closely by a creep, a young guy who speaks to her from outside as she enters the train. It's clear at once that he's frightening her, and that she's trying to get away from him.

CREEP

Hey, baby, that's a real nice dress.

GIRL

Stop bothering me!

CREEP

(He sits down right next to her.)

Okay.

GIRL

Leave me alone.

CREEP

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

She tries to get up, but he pulls her into his lap.

CREEP

Whoa. Gimme a kiss, sweetie. Come on.

GIRL

(struggling, close to tears)

Don't touch me. Let me go.

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

CLOSE ON GIRL

She reaches the door and starts to slide it open, but he grabs her. He has her pinned against the door.

GIRL

No!

CREEP

You hurt me!

GIRL

(tearfully)

Please. Please let me go. Please.

OLD MAN

You let her be!

The creep looks back.

CREEP

You keep out of this, grandpa, if you know what's good for you.

OLD MAN

There's a police officer on this train.

CREEP

Oh, yeah, I'm scared.

(o.s.)

Okay, baby, let's have some fun.

He turns his attention back to the girl, begins to grope her legs.

The old man gets to his feet and walks away, back in the direction the transit cop went.

GIRL

(desperate)

No! No, please don't leave me! Help me! Please don't leave me!

The old man turns back, trying to reassure her.

OLD MAN

Don't... don't be afraid. I'm going to get the police officer. I'm going to get him.

GIRL

No! Don't leave me! Please help me!  
Stop!

The old man slides open the door. A clawed hand reaches through the door and pushes him aside. The vigilante closes the door and goes to where the girl is struggling with the creep. He grabs the creep's hair, yanking his head back sharply and grabbing him around the chest. As his claws are poised to strike again, the transit cop enters from the next car.

TRANSIT-COP

All right. Hold it right there.  
(He moves forward and draws his gun.)

The vigilante drops the creep on the floor and whirls around. He disarms the transit-cop, knocking him into one of the seats. As the vigilante grabs an overhead bar and swings his feet to kick out a window, the cop gets to his feet and tackles him. They grapple briefly, but it's no contest. The vigilante is faster and stronger. He shoves the cop aside, rakes him with a clawed hand and escapes through the window.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL – NIGHT

The lights of the train are receding in the distance. The vigilante runs across the track, stops, slides open a secret door and vanishes inside. When he's gone, a young girl steps silently from the shadows, staring behind him as the door closes. She runs to find pipes and taps a message.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS, THEN FATHER'S CHAMBER – NIGHT

Father is working at his desk, as a runner enters, breathless.

RUNNER

Father, Lana saw him.

FATHER

Go and find Vincent. I'll get Lana to show him where. Now go quick. Quickly! There's no time to lose.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Cathy is working late and listening to the radio. Her desk is covered with law books, legal pads, briefs.

MAN'S VOICE ON RADIO

As the city awaits the next attack of the subway slasher, many New Yorkers are hailing him as a hero, the savior of the subways. According to the young woman who was rescued by him last night, the mysterious beast-like creature with claws, wearing a black cloak, appeared out of nowhere, slashed her assailant to death, critically wounding a transit policeman...

Vincent's shadow appears at the balcony doors.

VINCENT  
Catherine!

Cathy moves to Vincent as the radio newsman goes on.

MAN'S VOICE ON RADIO

... then escaped out the window of the moving train. In a joint news conference, Police Chief Reardon and District Attorney Moreno confirmed that they are following several leads, but declined to comment further. And now more news from Metro Station...

EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY. NIGHT

CATHY  
I thought I might never see you again.

VINCENT  
You have enough fear in your world. I could never bring you more.

Cathy takes his hands.

CATHY  
Vincent, forgive me for doubting you.

VINCENT  
(gently, sadly)  
Catherine, you were right to be afraid.

CATHY  
My heart knows how gentle you are.

VINCENT  
Even the gentlest man has a demon locked inside of him.

CATHY  
Not you. Not a demon.

VINCENT  
We've seen your vigilante. He has a secret door from your subways to the older tunnels...the secret tunnels.

CATHY  
(quick, excited)  
Vincent, if you can show me, I'll go to the police... they'll stake it out.

He turns away, troubled.

VINCENT

Catherine, there are a thousand miles of tunnels beneath this city, all of them connected. If the police find his door, they'll search through all of them.

CATHY

(understands)

Then we'll do it another way...from above, not below. I promise you, Vincent, I won't betray your world.

VINCENT

They hunt for this man as they might hunt me, if they dreamed of my existence. You have your laws and your courts to tell right from wrong... your police to protect you. We have only ourselves. By what right do I condemn him? Am I so very different?

CATHY

(strong and sure)

Yes, Vincent. You are.

VINCENT

Bring me a map.

CUT TO:

RED GETTING IN PLACE TO WATCH CATHY'S APARTMENT

Cathy goes inside, re-emerges with a map in hand, and she and Vincent lean over them, talking. Cathy and Vincent are seen on the balcony through Red's binoculars. Red lowers the binoculars slowly, a look of absolute astonishment on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. DA'S OFFICE SNACK ROOM – DAY

A very plain, functional space, filled with sturdy tables and chairs, its walls lined with coffee machines, soft drink machines, a microwave, etc. Cathy and Edie stand in front of a machine that dispenses sandwiches, pies, etc. Cathy hands her a quarter.

EDIE

Why is it whenever you're paying for lunch I wind up here?

CATHY

If you find out what I need, we'll have lunch at the Four Seasons.

Edie takes her sandwich from the machine, and they cross to the microwave as they talk.

EDIE

That's all right. The pleasure of your company and a microwave cheeseburger is more than enough.

(Edie puts the burger inside, closes the door, punches a few buttons.)

Pushbutton food, pushbutton job -- soon as they come out with pushbutton men, I'm set, babe.

Cathy goes to another machine for something to drink.

EDIE

The place was built in 1887. I can tell you right now, if the city has plans on it, it ain't in nobody's computer.

Edie removes the burger from the microwave, and they cross to a table and sit. .

CATHY

Could you find out anything about its history?

EDIE

It was a seedy rooming house for fifty years before The Protectors turned it into Kung Fu Central. Originally it was a cheap hotel for sailors. Seaman's Safe Haven. I found mentions in a couple old newspaper indexes... just the name – even still the stories aren't on computer yet.

(off Cathy's reaction)

Don't look at me, girlfriend. I don't go looking through those musty old files. You know dust makes my eyes water.

Cathy smiles and gets to her feet.

CATHY

Edie, I love you.

She dashes for the door, and Edie turns to call out after her.

EDIE

Hey! Who's gonna pay for my dessert?

CUT TO:

A small, tasteful brass plaque that reads BENNETT HISTORICAL LIBRARY - JOURNALISM ARCHIVES.

INT. HISTORICAL LIBRARY – DAY

In a small, cramped room Cathy is looking through huge old volumes of bound newspapers, turning pages slowly, her eyes flicking over the columns of faded newsprint. A woman moves past and leaves the room. The clock on the wall reads 2:15. At 6:25, a man brings in another huge volume for her. Cathy is obviously weary of the research but drags the new volume to her and opens it. Nearly half an hour later she turns a page, notices something, and reacts.

CLOSE ON THE NEWSPAPER

On a page from 1888, she finds a heading:  
DREADFUL MURDERS IN SEAMAN'S SAFE HAVEN  
Twenty Sailors Thought Slain  
Culprits Escape Through Secret Tunnels  
Byrnes Promises Arrests.

CATHY

Through secret tunnels.

Cathy leans over the newspaper and frantically begins to scribble notes.

CUT TO:  
EXT. DOORWAY

Cathy exits, crosses the sidewalk, and climbs into a taxi that's waiting conveniently by the curb.

INT. TAXI. NIGHT  
Cathy slides into the back seat.

CATHY  
The D.A.'s office, on 64<sup>th</sup>.

The taxi door opens, and Suki gets into the back seat beside her. At once, Cathy reacts, and grabs for a door. The driver is Red. He and Suki both work with Jace.

RED  
Don't even think about it, Miss Chandler. I know you're good, but you don't want to go up against the two of us.

SUKI  
Just take it easy and nobody will get hurt. Jace just wants to talk.

Resigned to the situation, Cathy settles back in her seat.

FADE IN:  
INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Jace is pacing restlessly when the door opens, and Red and Suki escort Cathy through the door. They remain like a pair of sentinels.

CATHY  
You didn't have to go to all this trouble. Really.

JACE  
(smile)  
You don't scare easy, do you? Please, sit down.  
(off her hesitation)  
Don't make this difficult, Cathy. There's no need for melodrama. I'm not going to hurt you.

Cathy takes a seat. Red has her purse. He opens it, hands the notepad to Jace, who scans it briefly, shakes his head.

JACE  
The sailor murders. I'm innocent, I swear. My granddaddy was a sharecropper in Alabama when all this went down.

He throws the note pad on his desk and smiles pleasantly at Cathy.

CATHY

Did you know? When you bought the building?

JACE

(matter of factly)

No. No. We had been doing renovations in the basement, and we stumbled on the tunnels. They'd been sealed up for almost a century. At the time, we had no idea why they were there. It's like a...like a regular maze down there, you know. Side tunnels and dead ends... So old you can't imagine.

CATHY

(wryly)

Can't I?

JACE

The story... the demon protector, the angel from below... The city needed him.

(Sits down at his desk)

Frightened people need symbols to make them feel safe. So many people hurting, frightened... more every day, day after day, year after year. I began to doubt, to question whether one man could make a difference. No longer.

CATHY

You call that making a difference? Killing a few muggers?

JACE

(Stands again)

The deaths weren't important. The legend was. It's time for them to be afraid now.

CATHY

What about the policeman? He's still in critical condition.

JACE

(Walks around the desk)

Legends never make mistakes. They never miss, or stumble, or strike out in panic,

(Pulls a chair close in front of Cathy)

...and they never hurt those who don't deserve to be hurt. The problem is men do all those things.

CATHY

It's too bad your legend doesn't really exist.

JACE

Oh, but he does. And you're going to tell me all about him. Aren't you?

CUT TO:

INT. WHISPERING CHAMBER. NIGHT

Vincent stands on the bridge over the abyss, a book in his hand. There's a torch mounted in a stanchion in the wall. He begins to walk, slowly until he stops at a spot where he hears music...an orchestra. He stops there to listen.

CUT TO:  
INT. JASON WALKER'S OFFICE

CATHY  
How many times have I told you – I don't know what you're talking about.

JACE  
(sighs)  
Cathy, you're trying to protect him. Fine. I admire that, but it's pointless. Red saw you together. He watched you for more than twenty minutes.

CATHY,  
Red needs a reality check.

RED  
Hey, I know what I saw...

JACE  
(conciliatory)  
Catherine, whoever he is, he has nothing to fear from me. And we're alike, he and I. We're mirror images, twins. We're the same...

Cathy gets up quickly, reacting with anger.

CATHY  
I've had enough of this.

Suki stops her.

CATHY  
Am I going to be allowed to leave?

JACE  
If you insist.

He walks from his desk then reaches out and moves the blade of the samurai sword, and a secret panel in the wall swings open, revealing an entrance to a tunnel.

JACE  
After you.

Suki takes Cathy's arm and moves her into the entrance. Cathy starts down some narrow stairs, and Suki follows.

INT. WHISPERING GALLERY

Vincent is still listening to Beethoven, his face rapt.

CUT TO:  
A LARGE ROOM BELOW JASON'S OFFICE

Red leads the way through the trash in the dark room with a lantern, Cathy, Suki and Jason follow. They stop, and Red hangs the lantern on a wall hook.

JACE  
Cozy, isn't it?

CATHY  
Not the word I'd choose.

JACE  
(to Red, Suki)  
Watch her.

He vanishes into the darkness. Cathy turns to Red and Suki, forces a smile.

CATHY  
So. How 'bout those Mets?

They don't look at all amused. Cathy looks nervous.

CUT TO:  
INT. WHISPERING GALLERY – NIGHT

CLOSE ON VINCENT

The music ends, and is followed by applause. Vincent seems to smile as he walks away.

CATHY'S VOICE  
...talk to him...

Vincent is past it before it registers. He reacts to the voice, stops, takes a step back, finds just the right spot, and now he can hear her again more clearly. It's definitely Catherine.

CATHY'S VOICE  
... He'll listen to you. He has to give himself up. If he keeps on, he'll destroy himself and all the good he's done.

Vincent runs from the bridge.

CUT TO:  
ROOM BELOW JASON'S OFFICE

Cathy continues the speech we heard in the whispering gallery. She's trying to talk sense into Suki and Red.

CATHY  
He'll betray the trust of all the people who believe in him, good people like Isaac. This has gone too far. You've got to help me reason with him...

Suki nods at something behind Cathy, and she turns.

Jace steps out of the darkness. His face is covered by a frightening, primitive sort of mask. He's dressed entirely in black, and on his arms he wears fur gauntlets with claws instead of hands -- not metal ninja claws like those in his office, but long animal claws mounted in the fur. The familiar handsome, charming, articulate Jason Walker is gone entirely, submerged in this primal and frightening figure.

Cathy knows it's Jace -- but it isn't, not entirely. She gasps and shies away.

CATHY  
Jace? Jason?

JACE  
(icy cold)  
Tell me.

CATHY  
(shakes her head)  
No, Jason. You promised no one would get hurt.

JACE  
(softly)  
Jace would never have hurt you.

CUT TO:  
INT. STEAM TUNNEL

Vincent hurries up a long tunnel, drawn to Cathy.

CUT TO:  
ROOM BELOW JASON'S OFFICE

SUKI  
Don't be stupid. Tell him!

She twists upward on Cathy's arm, and Cathy winces, but she still won't talk. Jace steps closer, silent, and reaches for her chin with the claws.

Behind them, Vincent steps into view and roars. Seeing Cathy in danger, he charges across the room.

Jace whirls, with lightning-quick reflexes, instinctively prepared to face this new danger before he even sees him. Vincent goes for him, but Jace does a flying ninja leap and lands behind him.

For a split-second he's in a position to rake Vincent from behind, but he finally realizes what he's faced with. He freezes, realizing that that the imitation has come face-to-face with the real thing, and he hesitates for an instant too long.

Vincent backhands him savagely, and Jace goes flying across the room, slamming into a wall, and sliding down, stunned.

Cathy takes advantage of the distraction. She slams her elbow back into Suki, breaks her hold, and grabs the other woman by the wrist, flipping her over. Suki is slammed to the ground and stays down.

Simultaneously, Red goes into a karate stance and gives karate yell. Vincent answers with a menacing roar, and Red changes his mind and runs in the other direction.

Jace gets slowly to his feet across the chamber, and darts for the nearest exit, heading toward the tunnels. Vincent sees him run, and follows.

#### INT. THE TUNNELS - SERIES OF SHOTS

Jace flees, and Vincent pursues, both of them running, leaping over obstacles, etc.

#### INT. WHISPERING GALLERY

Jace emerges at the end of the bridge. He stands awestruck, gazing out and down at the subterranean vista that surrounds him. He turns to go back, but Vincent appears in his path, so he attacks with a kick.

Vincent dodges the kicks and blows, but Jason manages a well-placed slash to Vincent's chest, bringing out the beast. Vincent advances on Jason, but the bridge gives way and Vincent falls through a section of the bridge. He catches himself with his arms, but he is at Jason's mercy.

Jace stands over Vincent, draws back to strike the blow that will send Vincent plunging to his death... and then hesitates, becoming Jason again. He doesn't strike. Instead, he grabs an old piece of rope hanging next to the bridge and tries to swing to the other side of the abyss as Vincent climbs to safety.

#### VINCENT'S POV

Jace swings easily across the space, but the rope breaks, and he falls, screaming as his body disappears into the darkness below.

Vincent reacts with sorrow and walks away.

#### CUT TO:

#### EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - DAWN

Cathy and Vincent walk across her balcony as Vincent tells her of Jason's fate.

#### CATHY

So you never found a body?

#### VINCENT

The children say that abyss goes down forever. Too deep and too dangerous for us to plumb. He's dead, Catherine... and his shadow has lifted from your heart.

Cathy smiles sadly and looks out over the breaking dawn.

CATHY

The killings will stop, but they'll never know. Never know if he's dead or gone or just...waiting down there until he's needed again... like King Arthur. I think Jace would like that.

(beat)

How can one man have so much courage and empathy and passion and so little mercy?

VINCENT

Perhaps he lost it somewhere. But he found it again in the end.

Vincent and Catherine embrace as the sun comes up over the city.

FADE OUT

THE END