

Beauty and the Beast



"No Way Down"

#005

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

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by

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"No Way Down"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR - STATUE OF LIBERTY (STOCK) - NIGHT 1

The Lady, bathed in electric luminescence, noble and mysterious on her island in the night... Far off a lonely FOGHORN SOUNDS...

CUT TO:

2 EXT. GHETTO STREET - NIGHT 2

Decay and disrepair have long since extinguished any nightlife this neighborhood might have supported. Tennants have fled the near-crumbling buildings. Commercial establishments once pockmarking the street are now barren, tomblike.

A yellow cab slides INTO FRAME and stops.

3 INT. CAB - NIGHT 3

as the CAB DRIVER turns nervously to his fare.

CAB DRIVER

Like I told you, lady -- there's no bar here. Ain't nothin' here but nightmares.

REVEAL CATHY sitting in the back, dressed down, dark colors, nothing flashy. She takes in the ominous gloom outside her window, anxious and uncertain.

CATHY

Are you sure this is the right address?

CAB DRIVER

Let's get outta here, whaddya say? I'll buy ya a drink with the extra twenty ya laid on me to bring ya down to this hellhole.

CATHY

There's another twenty in it for you if you'll wait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3

CAB DRIVER
Forget about it!

Cathy's hand trembles as she reaches for the door; she doesn't want to leave the safety of the cab. But she sucks in a deep breath, opens the door. STAY WITH THE DRIVER as she climbs OUT into the threatening night...

CAB DRIVER
(continuing)
I ain't waitin', lady, ya hear
me? Lady...?

CUT TO:

4 EXT. GHETTO STREET - WITH CATHY - NIGHT

4

The cab pulls away, accelerates. She watches its tail lights fade into the darkness, draws her coat about her to ward off the chill, then starts down the sidewalk, her footsteps LOUD, echoing in the oppressive silence...

CATHY - MULTIPLE SHOTS - HIGH AND LOW ANGLE, TRACKING WITH her as she walks through the lifeless landscape... very much alone...

CLOSE - CATHY

as she stops, listens... hears nothing. But she feels a presence. She looks warily up and down the empty street, the gnawing fear in her belly closing into an icy fist... Just as she starts forward, A HAND shoots out of the darkness, CLAMPS ON HER SHOULDER. She whirls, a startled cry breaking as she bats the hand away with a classic self-defense move, to see

VINCENT

step from the shadows, phantom-like, yet regal.

VINCENT
Catherine...

She sags with relief; he steadies her.

CATHY
Vincent... You startled me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4

VINCENT
 (looking around)
 You were right to be afraid. This
 is a dangerous place. I sensed
 your fear.

CATHY
 I'm supposed to meet a witness.
 He set the time and place.

VINCENT
 Can you trust him?

CATHY
 I think it's worth the gamble.

VINCENT
 Sometimes your fear can keep you
 alive. You should listen to it
 more often.
 (a beat)
 I'll come with you.

CATHY
 I have to go alone. I gave my
 word.

VINCENT
 Then, know I'll be near.

She smiles tenderly, gratefully... A long beat... then she
 leaves him... STAY WITH VINCENT as Cathy walks up the empty
 street, deeply concerned for her, yet moved by her courage.
 He slips OUT of FRAME, disappearing into the shadows.

5 EXT. A SCARRED BRICK BUILDING - ON A FADED METAL SIGN - NIGHT 5

creaking in the wind, weatherbeaten and faded... "BAR &
 GRILL." We HEAR approaching FOOTSTEPS...

TILT DOWN to FIND CATHY walking up the street...

PAST CATHY

as she stops, taking in the old building... the windows are
 boarded up, but LIGHT SEEPS between the boards. Someone's
 inside...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

She goes to the door, tries the handle... the DOOR SCREECHES OPEN... She hesitates, reaching down inside herself for strength, then goes IN...

CUT TO:

6 EXT. REAR OF BAR BUILDING - NIGHT

6

Vincent is going up the fire escape. He reaches the landing on the second floor, crouches there... He twists the trusted door knob; it breaks off in his powerful hand.

*
*

7 INT. BAR - PANNING - CATHY'S POV - NIGHT

7

the large room... illuminated by flickering LAMPS... tables and chairs, a pool table, posters and graffiti on the walls... cigarette smoke hangs in the air. Obviously a clubhouse of some sort, but none of the members seem to be here...

*

CATHY

moves further into the room, walks along the bar. The broken backbar mirror is spray-painted with the legend: SAVAGEES.

*
*

She hears the floor CREAK behind her, whirls to SEE

A RAGTAG GANG OF YOUNG HOODS

that have stepped from a door at the end of the bar. Young, with eyes that mirror a hundred lifetimes of anger and misery. FIVE in all. Cathy fights the urge to bolt and run...

CATHY

Which one of you is Shake?

A thick, stocky blonde kid in a denim vest smiles, rolls his toothpick with his tongue, looking her up and down like a butcher appraising beef. This is SHAKE, leader of the Savages. (Mirrored sunglasses)

*

SHAKE

That'd be me. You're the lawyer lady.

CATHY

I'm from the D.A.'s office, yes.

SHAKE

I talk to you, my man Willie gets cut some slack?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY

I can't make any promises. He'll do some time, but if you help me, I think we can get the charges reduced. He'll do a year, two at the outside.

SHAKE

(thinks about it)

That's cool. He can handle that.

He and the others peel off to tables, take chairs. Shake kicks one out for Cathy.

SHAKE

(continuing)

Sit. Beer or somethin'?

CATHY

(an edge)

Willie says you saw that convenience owner beaten to death outside his market, that you can identify the man that did it. Is that true?

SHAKE

Don't push, babe... I like to ease into things, kinda feel my way...

CATHY

(starts for the door)

Fine. You can feel your way into Attica to visit your buddy Willie.

SHAKE

(a laugh)

You're cold, lady... Come on, we'll talk.

(Cathy comes over, sits down)

Dude's name is Chris. Number one gun for the Silks, you heard of 'em?

CATHY

(gets out her pad and pen)

No. I'm listening.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SHAKE

gets up, moves to the pool table and begins making shots as he speaks...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

SHAKE

They all dress up in suits, even the chicks. Chris has got him a good source for those suits, new ones all the time, price tags still on 'em...

CATHY

Stolen.

SHAKE

Protection. He's shakin' down store owners, takin' it out in trade... Watch this.

He shoots... We follow the ball, then

CUT TO:

8 EXT. THE BAR - NIGHT

8

A car is approaching. It's HEADLIGHTS cut OFF as it nears the bar, whispers into the curb. It's an old El Dorado ragtop. The top is UP.

CUT TO:

9 INT. BAR - NIGHT

9

As before...

CATHY

This 'Chris' have a last name?

SHAKE

(making another shot)

Whattaya, takin' a census? Like I said -- Chris.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. BAR - ANGLE ON EL DORADO - NIGHT

10

The CONVERTIBLE TOP begins FOLDING BACK, like a sardine tin being opened, REVEALING "THE SILKS" sitting inside... Five in all, young men... All are dressed in flashy suits and ties. (Modern, ultra-hip Armani rip-offs...) All are armed...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ANGLES - WEAPONS

being readied for attack... SLIDES on automatic PISTOLS being drawn back... A pistol-grip SHOTGUN is pumped... the CYLINDER of a PYTHON REVOLVER is SPUN... A CLIP is slapped into the butt of a 9mm PISTOL...

WIDER ANGLE - THE GROUP

pile from the car in a stylized, flashy way... They line up facing the bar... CAMERA MOVES down the line, giving us a look at each...

PYTHON... a small, gaunt man in his twenties, slicked back hair and ferral eyes. The .357 Python he carries looks outsized in his small hand...

HOWIE... a huge hulk of a man. It's hard to tell how old he is, but his brain never made it past ten or eleven. Probably early twenties. He cradles a pump shotgun; it looks like a toy in his meaty grip...

CHEECH... Short and stocky, a bodybuilder. Buzz cut hair. He carries a .45 auto...

TONY... Tall and lithe, the build of an athlete. Mid-twenties, a 9 mm. auto is his weapon of choice.

CHRIS... The leader of the Silks... Handsome in a cruel, challenging way. Sculpted hair, Elvis-style, hawk-like features. Charismatic and dangerous. He's Tony's younger brother, but obviously in command. He methodically taps a PIPE BOMB against the palm of his hand.

TONY

You sure about this, Chris? It ain't really our style.

CHRIS

Styles change, big brother. Somebody shoves, we shove back. Harder.

PYTHON

(urgent, excited)

Let's do it... let's do it...

CHRIS

Now...

The group brings their weapons up...

CUT TO:

11 INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

11

As before. Cathy is making notes, Shake still at the pool table.

CATHY
I'd like you to tell me exactly
what you saw at that --

The room EXPLODES IN GUNFIRE... The boards over the windows are splintered; the door is nearly blown off its hinges.

Cathy dives to the floor as the gang scrambles for cover. Shake is hit, goes down... Two more Savages, DICE and SCO make it OUT the back door...

*
*
*

ANGLE - VINCENT

as he leaps INTO SHOT from the top of the stairs, a bone-chilling GROWL from the core of his being riding over the GUNFIRE from outside...

CUT TO:

12 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

12

Chris waves off the shooting, listening...

HRIS
(in the sudden silence)
What the hell was that?

CUT TO:

13 INT. BAR - NIGHT

13

The air is thick with dust and smoke. Vincent helps Cathy to her feet.

CATHY
I'm all right...

He hustles her toward the back door. The other gang members have fled and DO NOT SEE Vincent.

*

CUT TO:

14 EXT. BAR - WITH CHRIS AND GANG - NIGHT 14

Chris flicks his lighter, lights the fuse of the pipe bomb...

CUT TO:

15 INT. BAR - AT REAR DOOR - NIGHT 15

Vincent and Cathy are going out when Cathy looks back, SEES Shake on the floor, unconscious. He moans softly. Cathy starts forward.

CATHY

He's alive...

VINCENT

I'll get him... go...

He sweeps Cathy out. GO WITH HIM as he hurries back to the fallen Shake. The remnant of a window suddenly breaks -- the lit PIPE BOMB lands on the floor in front of Vincent.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. BAR - WITH GANG - NIGHT 16

The BOMB EXPLODES inside with tremendous force. Smoke and debris billow from the windows.

TONY

Don't you think that's overkill?

CHRIS

Let's go see what's left.

The group moves toward the bar's entrance. Howie looks worried, ill at ease, like a child that knows he's being bad...

CUT TO:

17 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BAR - WITH CATHY - NIGHT 17

The shock of the explosion has knocked her off her feet; she's getting to her feet, still groggy, leaning against the wall for support. Smoke still drifts from the open rear door. She starts forward, anguish stark on her face.

CATHY

Vincent... oh god...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

The two survivors of Shake's gang, DICE and SCO, suddenly appear and block her. Dice flicks open a knife; Sco holds a two-by-four as a club.

SCO
You set us up...

Dice pins her arms; Cathy stomps his instep, drives her elbow into his solar plexus, shoves him into the dirt, as Sco swings at her, misses. She moves on him, but Dice grabs her ankle, knocking her off balance...

Sco pivots, swings and hits her flush on the jaw. *

CATHY

Goes down... and out... *

SMASH CUT TO:

18 INT. AN OLD GARAGE - TIGHT ON VINCENT - NIGHT

18

jerking awake. His eyes blink, squint...

CAMERA BACK SLIGHTLY as he tries to clear his vision, to orient himself. HARSH HEAVY METAL ROCK MUSIC pounds from a source nearby. He's been bruised and cut, his hair is matted... He's in a standing position, oddly but securely stationary. He tries to focus his eyes, tries again...

VINCENT'S POV

EVERYTHING'S A BLUR. Shapes - vaguely human - swim in and out of range...

PYTHON'S VOICE
Hey, it's comin' to!

Sounds of movement, excited whispers... now a pinpoint of LIGHT moves at CAMERA... getting LARGER, BRIGHTER... The whole SCREEN WIPES WHITE...

CHRIS

kneels beside Vincent, shining a mini-mag flashlight directly into his eyes. The other gang members -- and a few we haven't seen before, are gathered around, staring curiously.

CHRIS
ROWRRR!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

WIDER ANGLE

We're in the Silks' clubhouse, an old abandoned garage on the lower East Side. Tables and chairs, an old sofa, refrigerator, etc. We see now that Vincent is chained to some overhead steam pipes. He tries to move forward, but is securely chained. The gang is grouped around him, keeping back a safe distance, watching him with a mixture of awe and fear. ROCK MUSIC THROBS from a ghetto blaster.

CHRIS

Those chains secure?

TONY

Look at his teeth, man... those claws, like some kinda jungle cat... We can make some money with this thing.

CHRIS

Yeah?

TONY

Sure. Ain't nobody ever seen nothin' like this before. We'll be on TV, newspapers, this thing'll make us famous!

PYTHON

... He's ug -lee!

A dark, sensuous young WOMAN steps forward. Her name is COZY. Barely out of her teens. Cruel and sadistic.

COZY

Nothin' ugly about him. He's just... different. Yeah, real different...

Now another young woman pulls Cozy roughly aside, asserting her authority as Chris' lady. This is MISS PATRICIA. She's tall, busty, punkish hairstyle, tight leather from head to spike heeled shoes.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

MISS PATRICIA

Chris always brings me such nice things...

(Chris comes up, slides his arm around her waist)

How'd he get like that? You think he's human?

Vincent hangs his head, great sadness overcoming him.

THE CHAIN AROUND THE PIPES

is grating, drawn tight by the pressure Vincent's exerting, trying to break free.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. BOMBED-OUT BAR - WITH CATHY - NIGHT

19

A number of emergency vehicles are at the scene. Uniformed cops, firemen, a video news crew... Cathy's being interviewed by a young plainclothes COP. She looks past him to SEE Shake's body wheeled out on a gurney...

GRIMES (COP)

(watching)

Lots of casualties in these street wars. You sure you're okay?

(she nods)

You were lucky, Ms. Chandler. Anybody else in there when it went off?

She knows there was someone else, and is deeply concerned, but can't let him see it... can't let him in on the secret... She looks away.

CATHY

No. There was no one else.

CUT TO:

20 INT. SILKS GARAGE/CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

20

FOCUS IS BLURRED... Shapes... the MUSIC...

*

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

*

Cozy steps in close to Vincent, leans forward...

COZY

What's goin' on in that brain of yours...

PYTHON

(jerking her back)

Get away from it, you crazy?

MISS PATRICIA

It's not an 'it' -- it's a him.
Bet he even talks.

Chris draws a heavy-blade hunting knife from a sheath on his belt and kneels before Vincent, waves it slowly back and forth threateningly...

CHRIS

You talk, freak, like Miss Patricia says? Huh? Maybe I'll carve you a little, make you bleed till you tell me to stop...

He reaches to jab Vincent on the chest with the knife; Vincent GROWLS. The others laugh as Chris jerks away. Chris is embarrassed, pissed off; he moves menacingly toward Vincent with the knife, but Tony restrains him.

TONY

It won't be worth nothin' dead, little brother...

CHRIS

(shoves Tony aside)

If you can't talk, maybe you can howl... howl, freak... It's a full moon... howl for us...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

As he brings the glittering KNIFE BLADE up, a savage grin
on his face,

*
*

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21 INT. STEAM TUNNEL - WITH CATHY - NIGHT

21

Cathy's alone in the deserted, dank tunnel. Her attitude is anxious as she bangs a message on the pipes with a loose brick. No response. She beats out the same message again, with increasing desperation. We should sense that she's been trying for a long time, getting nowhere.

ELLIE'S VOICE

Catherine...

Cathy spins to SEE

ELLIE standing behind her. The little girl has emerged from a secret panel, which is still ajar.

ELLIE

Sorry it took me so long, but it's
a long way --

CATHY

(urgently)
Ellie, is Vincent all right?

ELLIE

(puzzled)
He went above tonight. He hasn't
come back yet.

(as Cathy reacts)
Is there something wrong? Is
Vincent in trouble?

CATHY

(deeply concerned, but
she doesn't want to
alarm the little girl)
I just wanted to see him,
Ellie.

*
*

ELLIE

(sensing that Cathy's
holding back)
He's... okay, isn't he?

*

Cathy goes to one knee to hug the little girl, gives her a
brave smile.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

CATHY
(concerned)
I'm sure he is, but I need to
speak with Father.

As Ellie leads her into secret chamber we

CUT TO:

21A INT. TUNNELS

21A

FOLLOW, as Ellie leads Cathy down into the world below...

21B INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER

21B *

Cathy enters. Father is at his reading table. He rises, concern in his eyes. There is an atmosphere of great tension between them.

FATHER
(urgently)
What's happened?

CATHY
(beside herself)
It's Vincent -- I'm afraid he's
been hurt.

FATHER
(takes her shoulders)
Tell me!

CATHY
(she can hardly get it
out)
There was an explosion... A man
was killed... Vincent was trying
to save him when the bomb went
off.

FATHER
My god...

CATHY
The firemen searched the rubble.
They found the man's body...
(on Father's look)
... But no sign of Vincent.

Father turns away from her, numb with shock and concern. He suddenly seems older, more frail and vulnerable.

(CONTINUED)

21B CONTINUED:

21B

FATHER

Vincent...

He sways, overcome with grief. Cathy makes a tentative move to reach out, to comfort him, but holds herself back...

FATHER

(continuing)

Where did this happen?

CATHY

The lower East Side. Broome street...

FATHER

That's the most dangerous part of the city for us! He knows that! What was he doing there?

He gives her a look that cuts to her soul; he knows what Vincent was doing there. Cathy can't hold his challenging, demanding eyes, looks away...

CATHY

(softly)

He was with me.

(Father turns away in disgust)

... It's my fault, but we've got to find him! Help me!

FATHER

(a beat; thinking)

Our access to that part of the city is limited. Only two entrances to our tunnels exist there... they're rarely used...

CATHY

Can you show me?

21BA ANOTHER ANGLE

21BA *

Father goes to a high bookshelf, pulls down some dusty maps and brings them to the table. Cathy comes to look over his shoulder as he spreads the maps and bends over them, his finger tracing the ancient yellowed parchment...

FATHER

Here... and here...

(CONTINUED)

11BA CONTINUED:

21BA

CATHY
Vincent must know of these
places...

FATHER
(nods sadly)
If he can reach them.

CATHY
(from her heart)
Whatever you may think of me, or
my world -- please know that I
care more for him than anything
in my life -- and that I will find
him. I promise you...

FATHER
I'm afraid you may be the only
one who can...
(softening)
Take great care, Catherine...

They share a long look, each aware of the unavoidable bond
between them...

CUT TO:

21C INT. SILKS' GARAGE - HOURS LATER

21C

The place is quiet. Chris and Miss Patricia are off
somewhere together, and Cozy and Python have been sent on
a beer run. Howie has been left to stand guard over
Vincent. He's kneeling, studying Vincent with child-like
fascination. Vincent's head is lowered, his eyes closed...
now he looks up, blinks, tries to focus. Howie shrinks back
in fear, then finds the courage to come closer. He looks
around, makes sure no one's watching. There is a gentle,
caring quality to this giant with the mind of a little boy.

(CONTINUED)

21C CONTINUED:

21C

HOWIE

Can you talk, Mister? I bet
you can... I won't tell 'em,
honest...

VINCENT

(a long beat; softly)

Yes.

Howie grins with delight.

HOWIE

I knew you could! Shhhs,
Chris and Miss Patricia's in
the other room, they'll hear.
My name's Howie, not 'Pigmeat'
like Python calls me.

VINCENT

I need your help, Howie. Set
me free...

HOWIE

(he wants to, but he's
too frightened)
Chris'd kill me if I did. He gets
crazy sometimes, him and Python...

Howie feels for Vincent, and his concern inches past his
fear. He rises, looks around furtively, then reaches to
fool with the chains binding Vincent's hands...

COZY (O.S.)

Get away from him!

*

ANOTHER ANGLE - COZY AND PYTHON

have come into the garage, back from their beer run. They
carry grocery bags. Howie jumps back, all innocence.

(CONTINUED)

21C CONTINUED: (2)

21C

HOWIE

I was checkin' to make sure the
chains was tight, that's all...

Vincent lowers his head, hope slipping away...

CLOSE ON VINCENT

22

as a spritz of beer hits him in the face. He raises his
head, blinks, trying to see...

VINCENT'S POV - BLURRED SHAPES

swim in and out of focus. The MUSIC still pounds...

WIDER ANGLE

Tony has sprayed Vincent with his bottle of beer. He
laughs, steps back as Chris lights a small BUTANE TORCH and
moves toward Vincent...

TONY

Guess he don't like beer. Don't
burn his pelt, man. Maybe we'll
sell him to a furrier...

Python raises a tire iron.

*

PYTHON

He don't even flinch! How hard
you think I'd have to hit him to
break that bone right there?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

He's raising the iron when Howie grabs his wrist, squeezes. Python struggles, grunting with pain; the iron slips from his hand.

PYTHON
(shrill; in agony)
He's breakin' my wrist...

CHRIS
Ease off, Howie... Let him go!

Howie smiles, releases his grip. Python sags back against the wall, doubled over with pain, holding his wrist. Now he reaches under his jacket with his good hand, pulls his .357 and cocks it, aiming it at Howie.

PYTHON
You stinkin' zoid!

HOWIE
He was gonna hurt him, Chris...

CHRIS
(to Python; sharply)
Put it away.

PYTHON
(hesitates, then lowers
the hammer and tucks
the gun away)
One of these days, man...

CLOSE - THE CHAINS

binding Vincent to the pipes are twisting, grating as he puts pressure on them...

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING VINCENT

Chris turns up the FLAME on the torch...

CHRIS
(steps in with the torch
again)
I wanta see some beggin' in those
eyes. Some fear.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

PYTHON

Burn him...

Chris brings the flame in close to Vincent's face... closer... The flame touches his skin. And with the pain comes The Beast... Vincent roars in pain and rage, pulling against the chains that bind him... Suddenly, the pipes rupture; scalding STEAM belches in clouds, driving Chris and the other gang members back...

ANGLES - VINCENT'S ATTACK

Vincent reacts more savagely than we've ever seen before, roaring and slashing at his captors in a blind fury... WE INTERCUT with HANDHELD POV SHOTS... Vincent sees only shapes, splashes of light... *

Vincent attacks TONY, mauling him savagely, throws him aside... slashes CHEECH across the throat... The other gang members run for cover...

Now Vincent turns, lunges for a barred door...

CUT TO:

23 EXT. REAR OF GARAGE - WITH VINCENT

23

as he comes through the door, lands heavily on his side. He rolls, comes up running... falls over some trash cans, gets up, keeps going...

VINCENT'S POV - RUNNING

down the darkened alley toward splashes of LIGHT at the other end... Breaks out into the open... disorienting NOISE... LIGHTS bearing down on him from all directions... HORNS BLARING, TIRES SCREECHING...

A STREET

Vincent has run out of the alley directly into the street. Cars are swerving around him, HONKING, skidding, as he holds his cloak up to shield his face, totally disoriented. Now he runs wildly across the street, almost hit a number of times, disappears into the shadows on the other side...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

IN AN ALLEY - VINCENT

leans against the wall, catching his breath. Even though robbed of his sight, his other senses are heightened. (WE should sense more of Vincent's animal nature through the remainder of the script through the use of intensified sound effects.)

He rests a moment, then moves off down the darkened alley.

CUT TO:

INT. SILKS GARAGE - NIGHT

24

Chris is kneeling by his dead brother, Tony, crazed with grief, as he cradles him rocking back and forth...

CHRIS

Come on, Tony! Don't quit on me!
Don't quit, big brother...

Miss Patricia and Howie come to pull Chris away. He struggles against leaving his brother, but Howie's too strong...

CHRIS

(anguished)

My brother.... no, I can't leave
Tony.

PYTHON

(as he runs up)

We gotta get that freak, Chris!

Make him pay for what he done!

(helping Howie pull

Chris up)

Let's get him, man!

A frightening chill comes into Chris' eyes as he stares at his brother's body, touches the stain of blood on his own jacket -- his brother's blood...

CHRIS

(almost a scream)

I want the freak! I want him
dead!

24A ANOTHER ANGLE

24A *

Chris, Howie, Python and the two women run to pile into the El Dorado. Chris fires the engine; the car roars away from CAMERA, OUT INTO THE NIGHT. HOLD for a long beat, then

CUT TO:

25

OMITTED

25
thru
26

27

EXT. DARKENED STREET - NIGHT

27

Vincent moves along the darkened street, ducking back into alleymouths and shadowy alcoves when cars or people pass. He's disoriented; the neighborhood is an unfamiliar one. He's quite lost. Now he reaches the corner, peers up at the street signs...

VINCENT'S POV - ANGLED UP

at the street signs... only a blur... TILT DOWN... PAN SLOWLY as he looks around... A world gone dark, shadowy... Blurred dabs of colored neon in shop windows... traffic lights... moving pinpoints of light growing larger, washing to black as cars pass...

Now he's MOVING...

CUT TO:

27A EXT. STREET - THE EL DORADO - NIGHT

27A *

passes the mouth of an alley...

MISS PATRICIA
He coulda gone down there!

Chris stabs the brakes, slams it in reverse... screeches to a halt near the alley mouth... The gang piles out, guns up and ready. Chris leads them toward the alley, wary and cautious...

They step into the mouth of the alley, guns up, ready to fire..

DOWN THE ALLEY

It's more an alcove than an alley -- a dead end. And no sign of Vincent.. nor any place for him to hide...

CHRIS
Damn! Let's move!

They turn, race back to the car, pile in. The car roars away as CAMERA PUSHES DEEPER into the alcove and TILTS UP TO FIND

VINCENT

lying on a narrow ledge above, eyes glinting in the darkness, listening to the sound of the car fade into the night. As he slowly rights himself,

CUT TO:

28 OMITTED

28

29 EXT. BOMBED-OUT BAR - NIGHT

29 *

Cathy is waiting near the bombed-out Savages bar when a taxi comes INTO SHOT. She goes to meet it. PUSH IN as Isaac climbs out, and she comes into his arms for a strong, steady embrace.

CATHY
Thanks for coming, Isaac.

ISAAC
Friends do for each other, that's what it's about. What can you tell me about this friend of yours?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

CATHY

(evasive)

He's... very special to me, Isaac.
I know it's strange, but I can't
give you more than that.

ISAAC

(a beat)

You can trust me.

CATHY

I do trust you, but I... it's hard
to explain...

ISAAC

Then don't. Him bein' your
friend's enough. He was in there
when the bomb went off?

CATHY

(nods)

He must have gotten out. They
didn't find his...body.

Isaac looks around, spots a couple of winos on a bench
across the street.

ISAAC

(takes her arm, starts
toward them)

Maybe we got a couple of eyeball
witnesses...

WITH THE WINOS

as Cathy and Isaac get there.

ISAAC

You here when the bomb went off?
You see anything?

The 1st Wino tilts his brown bag; the bottle inside is
empty. He looks at her expectantly... Cathy gets money from
her purse, gives it to him.

ISAAC

Tell it true, old dude. We're
not buyin' tall tales.

WINO

(pockets the money)

I was sleepin' over there,
explosion woke me up.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

ISAAC
(he waits; the wino's
silent)
Talk! You must've seen something!

WINO
(bleary)
Buncha punks, all wearin' suits,
big fancy convertible... seen
'em drag a feller out, stuff him
in the trunk...

CATHY
(hollow)
The Silks... my God...

Isaac takes her hands reassuringly, trying to give her hope.

ISAAC
I know their turf. If your
friend's alive, we'll find him.

They walk back to the cab, climb in. As it pulls away,

CUT TO:

30 INT. A WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

30

Vincent is resting inside a warehouse, his head on his
knees, trying to regain his strength. He's in bad shape.
The long hours on the run are taking their toll on him. *

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM pins him in its glare; he raises his cape,
peering up and into

BLINDING WHITE LIGHT - HIS POV

RED'S VOICE
What're you doin', buddy? Can't
sleep here...

WIDER ANGLE

A night Watchman on patrol, a stocky ex-pug named RED, has
come across Vincent. Vincent shields his eyes against the
glare...

VINCENT
The light... it hurts my eyes...

Red pulls the light from Vincent's eyes, rakes it across
him... *

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

RED
 You hurt, mister?
 (Vincent flinches,
 pulls away)
 I ain't gonna hurt you, not ol'
 Red...

*
*
*

Vincent keeps his face turned away; Red doesn't get a look at him. He senses Red's kindness and concern, but can't take a chance...

VINCENT
 Where am I? What part of the city?

RED
 The lower East Side, Broome just
 offa Pitt... Man, you're hurt...

*
*

Vincent knows where he is... and where the nearest entry to the world below is. His attitude becomes urgent.

Red helps him to his feet, gets out a half-pint bottle and uncaps it, offers it to Vincent.

RED
 Have a jolt... it'll help.

Vincent shakes his head, 'no.' Red has a deep pull.
 Vincent slides OUT of FRAME...

*
*

RED
 I fought golden gloves, turned
 pro in fifty-one... Little Jersey
 Red, maybe you heard of me?

Red looks around... but Vincent's gone...

CUT TO:

31 EXT. STREET - WITH VINCENT - NIGHT

31

as he hurries through the slashes of light and shadow, his sense of purpose giving him a second wind... He HEARS a CAR coming toward him... breaks into a trot, trying to find cover... HEADLIGHTS nip at his heels...

CUT TO:

32 INT. YELLOW CAB - TRAVELLING - THROUGH WINDSHIELD - DRIVER'S POV - NIGHT 32

We catch just a glimpse of VINCENT as he slips OUT of SHOT. *

REVERSE ANGLE

The Cabbie reacts to what he's seen. Cathy and Isaac are in the back.

CABBIE
Thought I saw something up
there...

CATHY
(leaning forward;
urgently)
Hurry! *

CUT TO: *

33 EXT. A STAIRWELL - NIGHT 33 *

A group of drunks sleep on cardboard in foreground; the CAB comes toward CAMERA... slowly passes the sleeping men, goes on OUT OF SHOT.

CUT TO:

34 INT. CAB - TRAVELLING - NIGHT 34

Cathy peers out the window hopefully... then sinks back into her seat dejectedly, hope slipping away, as Isaac looks at her with concern.

CABBIE
Guess not. Sorry...

CUT TO:

35 . EXT. STAIRWELL - WITH THE DRUNKS - NIGHT 35 *

They sleep peacefully as the cab moves off down the street. Now Vincent raises up INTO SHOT from the stairwell, watching after the cab, great sadness in his eyes... He's sensed Cathy's presence, knows she was in the cab...

VINCENT
(softly)
Catherine...

CUT TO:

36 EXT. STREET - PAVEMENT LEVEL (EYEMO) - NIGHT

36

The cadillac powers down the street and OVER CAMERA
HEADLIGHTS WASHING THE SCREEN WHITE AS WE

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

37 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

37

The camera FOLLOWS Vincent as he makes his way slowly down the street, past a row of delapidated tenements. He stays close to the buildings, feeling his way along the walls, hugging the shadows, his features hidden by his hooded cloak. From the way he moves, it's obvious that he's hurt and in pain, his vision still badly impaired.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

38

The small street Vincent has been following intersects here with a broader avenue; along the the block we see various closed shops, most pretty seedy (pawnshops, used clothing stores, a greasy spoon, etc.), with apartments above them. Most are shut for the evening, but a half-block down a strip joint called SQUEAKY'S is open, its neon lights reflecting off the wet pavement. There's a cluster of activity down by the strip joint, and PARKED CARS all along the block. A couple of CABS and a car or two whiz by the intersection, until the TRAFFIC LIGHT at the corner turns red.

VINCENT

emerges from the side street, crouching low, wrapped in his cape. He SCRAMBLES quickly across the sidewalk, and crouches low between two parked cars near the corner. But there's no real cover here, and he's painfully exposed, and he knows it . . . but his escape is somewhere in the middle of this street.

VINCENT'S POV

We PAN as he scans the intersection, trying to make some sense of these twisted shadows and blobs of colored lights. The street is a distorted blur. He can see motion, shadow, the headlights of passing cars, but everything is indistinct. The neon of the strip joint flickers on and off, but so blurred that he cannot discern what it is. But he does recognize the steady RED eye of the traffic light. We HOLD on it as Vincent stares, waiting for it to change.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

ANGLE ON EL DORADO

as it pulls up to the intersection and stops for the light. Chris drums his fingers against the wheel impatiently.

COZY

Where'd he go??

CHRIS

He's around here somewhere. He can't get too far.

His cold eyes flick around restlessly. We INTERCUT between Chris and Vincent, crouching by the cars, waiting for his chance.

COZY

(she leans over the seat, puts her arms around him)

Know what...?

The light TURNS, and Chris floors the accelerator. The El Dorado roars out of the intersection, throwing Cozy back in the rear seat. Miss Patricia LAUGHS.

CUT TO:

VINCENT POV

The blur of the traffic light goes from red to green.

THE INTERSECTION

With a speed born of desperation, Vincent darts across the the street, crouched low. He STOPS in the middle of the intersection, drops to his knees.

VINCENT

A drainage grate is clearly visible a few feet to his right -- his sanctuary, the road that will take him underground and home. But he can't see it, black metal against the rain-slick black asphalt. He feels for it with his hands, slowly widening his search. *

ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD

as the El Dorado moves up the street, away from Vincent, who is visible in the far b.g.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

HOWIE

He prob'ly went home, Chris...
 (beat)
 I'm hungry.

PYTHON

(mocking)
 Pigmeat's hungry! Anybody got
 some raw meat?

CHRIS

Shut the hell up, both of you.

As he speaks, Chris' eyes flick to rear-view mirror and he
 REACTS.

INSERT - REAR VIEW MIRROR

Vincent's cloaked, hooded form is clearly visible, still
 groping for the drainage grate.

SERIES OF SHOTS

intercutting between Vincent and the El Dorado.

a) Chris smiles with icy savagery and spins the wheel hand
 over hand...

b) The El Dorado skids into a tire-smoking 180 turn...

c) Vincent's FINGERS brush against the edge of the iron
 drainage grate.

d) Chris floors the gas pedal; the El Dorado leaps forward
 with a squeal of rubber, picking up speed....

e) Vincent has grasped the edge of the heavy drainage
 grate;; he's working it loose when he HEARS the car coming,
 looks up, SEES the oncoming LIGHTS briefly... *
 *
 *

f) Chris grins and TURNS OUT HIS LIGHTS.

g) From VINCENT'S POV, the on-coming car is gone, but he
 still HEARS it, knows it's bearing down on him... He pulls
 the grate free... But he knows he's out of time; he
 crouches, readies himself to spring aside... *
 *
 *

h) As the car bears down on Vincent, Howie grabs the
 steering wheel at the last minute...

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

ANGLE - THE EL DORADO

Vincent springs out of the way just as it veers and strikes him a glancing hit, knocking him against a parked car. The big car then goes out of control, jumps the curb on the opposite side of the street, blowing both front tires.

VINCENT

is on his back in the street, trying to turn over, to get to his feet... WE HEAR shouting, screams, running feet. Vincent hears it too, knows he must get to cover. He lurches to his feet, feels his way along the wall... We SEE his shoulder is slashed and bloody... Now he ducks to safety in a darkened alley, limping badly...

ANGLE - THE STREET

Lots of commotion. Various patrons emerge from Runway Lounge. Among them we SEE LUCY, a tired-looking middle-aged hooker in her "working clothes."

ANGLE - THE CADILLAC

Chris has banged his head on the wheel; Cozy and Miss Patricia are hovering over him. The crash has shaken them all.

Python's on the floor of the car, searching for his gun; Howie rolls his head, rubbing his neck and wincing.

MISS PATRICIA

CHRIS? Baby...? Your poor head...

CHRIS

(coming out of it,
pinning Howie,
venomous)

I'm going to kill you!

HOWIE

(frightened)

I'm sorry, Chris... you were gonna hit him.

Chris reaches to slap him...

HOWIE

(cowering)

Don't, Chris...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

38

He moves to hit him again, then changes his mind and starts the car.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Some of the patrons from the Runway Lounge are moving to surround the car when Chris tries to back away. Both front tires are ruined; they flop loudly.

Chris jumps out, wild with fury, looks at the damage and kicks the car savagely a couple of times...

CHRIS
 (looking around for
 Vincent)
Where is he? One of you must have
seen him! Where the hell is the
freak!

No one says anything; the guy's obviously off the long end of a short pier. The other gang members are now out of the car...

CHRIS
 (to gang members;
 starting away)
 Let's go!

They follow him back across the street to the spot where they hit Vincent...

CHRIS
 Let's find him!

As they run down the street,

CUT TO:

39 EXT. SILKS' GARAGE - NIGHT

39

A CORONER'S WAGON pulls up as we watch. On the sidewalk are TWO SHEETED BODIES.

We ANGLE DOWN from across the street and Cathy, accompanied by Isaac, moves down the row, looking under each sheet in turn, shaking her head.

We MOVE IN as she and Isaac start off down the street, while the bodies are loaded up for the morgue in b.g.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ISAAC
Well, he ain't dead... That's
something...

CATHY
(frantic)
He's hurt, Isaac... I know it...
He's hurt and alone...

ISAAC
We'll just keep lookin'. We'll
find him...

CATHY
We've got to...

ISAAC
(looks at her, "reading
her")
Hey look, I'm not gonna ask you
any questions, alright?

CATHY
Thanks...

ISAAC
But if there's anything you can
tell me about him...

CATHY
Isaac, I'd tell you if I could.
I can't...

ISAAC
Okay... That's cool...

CATHY
(hesitant)
His name -- is Vincent.

ISAAC
(nods)
... Vincent.

CATHY
(heartfelt)
... I owe him my life.

ISAAC
(beat, then a reassuring
smile)
C'mon -- if he's out there, we'll
find him.

CUT TO:

40

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

40

We HEAR the click of heels against the pavement on a dark, empty street. LUCY, the hooker we glimpsed earlier, walks briskly past the darkened tenements, her purse swinging at her side. She's heading home alone, having turned her last trick for the night.

41

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

41

A squalid three-story six-flat with a small stoop, narrow basement windows visible along the sidewalk. Lucy has the basement apartment, under the steps. She starts down the stairs, fumbling for her key, then stops and REACTS.

LUCY'S POV

Huddled in his cloak, Vincent leans against the wall at the foot the steps near her door, his features hidden by the darkness.

LUCY

looks briefly afraid, then angry -- she's been ripped off by muggers before. She has a hand in her purse, and tries to bluff it out, all tough street-wise hooker.

LUCY

What do you want? Get out of here, you! I got a can of Mace in here, I'm telling you, you try anything I'm goin' to make you real damn sorry.

VINCENT

(from the dark, in great pain)

Please... I won't hurt you.

Her fear turns to concern at the sound of his voice, but Vincent shrinks away as she moves closer.

LUCY

... What's wrong? You drunk?

VINCENT

(urgently)

... Don't come any closer ... please...

LUCY

You're the guy got hit back by Runway Lounge... I'll call you an ambulance..

*

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

She fumbles for her key, opens the door to her apartment. Vincent struggles to his feet, using the wall for support, but he's in great pain.

VINCENT

No... no police, no ambulance...

LUCY

Yeah, okay. I been in trouble myself a time or two.

Vincent tries to take a step, and almost collapses. Lucy leads him inside. The apartment is still dark, lit only by the streetlight flooding through the basement windows. Vincent's face is still hidden.

42 INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

42

Very small, cheaply furnished and cluttered, but homey. Lucy KICKS the door shut behind her, shows him to her couch.

LUCY

You just rest there for a minute, I'll be right back.

We FOLLOW her into the bathroom, where she flicks on a light, opens her medicine chest. She gets out disinfectant, a couple bottles of pills, then turns to a closet and gets some towels. She carries it all back to the darkened living room. Vincent remains on the couch, hidden in shadow.

LUCY

Don't be scared. I used to be a nurse.

(beat, abashed)

Well, no... my old lady wanted me to be a nurse, though... you must be hurtin' bad. You want some pills? I got all kinds...

Vincent shakes his head no.

LUCY

You need something, mister... for the pain, you know? Just for the pain... I got aspirin even, and penicillin and stuff, one of my regular fellas works down the hospital and he gets me whatever I want... Lemme get a look --

She reaches for a lamp, but Vincent's hand shoots out quickly and blocks her hand. Lucy GASPS.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

VINCENT

No light... please...

LUCY

I'm tryin' to help you. What's
your problem?

VINCENT

My appearance may... frighten you.

LUCY

Honey, you don't know what it
takes to frighten me. I've seen
all kinds...

She laughs lightly, nervously, but Vincent does not.

LUCY

(beat, more softly)

You got to trust somebody,
sometimes...

CLOSE ON LUCY'S HAND

Lucy's hand moves to the lamp, turns it on.

ANGLE PAST LUCY ON VINCENT

He turns his face away from her as bright light floods the
basement apartment.

CLOSE ON LUCY

as she gets a good look at Vincent for the first time, and
RECOILS IN SHOCK and HORROR.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

43 INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

43

VINCENT'S POV OF LUCY

as she backs away from Vincent, her eyes wide...

LUCY
 (stunned)
 Oh God... What are you?

VINCENT
 I won't hurt you...

LUCY
 (yelling)
Don't come near me!

VINCENT tries to pull his cape around him, but when he moves his arm, the pain in his shoulder makes him wince...

VINCENT
 (rising)
 I'm sorry... I'll go...

LUCY sees his obvious agony -- guilt and shame replaces the fear on her face.

LUCY
 No wait... you can't... I'm sorry
 -- here... Don't go...

She gives him a towel to cover his wound. She helps him with it.

LUCY
 You gotta get to a doctor...

VINCENT
 (with grave urgency,
 he looks at her)
 My father is a doctor -- I need
 to get to him. I can't see...

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

Lucy REACTS strongly, stricken and horrified. For the first time since turning on the light, she looks Vincent in the face, and then away again quickly...

LUCY
I'll help you...

VINCENT
Somewhere near here is an old building... the Beaumont...

*
*
*

LUCY
Sure, used to be a ritzy private club, but it's all boarded up now. It's about six blocks from here.

VINCENT
Tell me the way.

LUCY
I'll take you there...

VINCENT
(a beat)
Will you tell me your name?

LUCY
(strangely shy)
... Lucy.

VINCENT
Thank you, Lucy...

CUT TO:

43A EXT. THE BEAUMONT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT
Dark and spooky.

43A *

44 EXT. PLAYGROUND AT BEAUMONT BUILD. - NIGHT

44 *

A dingy little pocket park with barrels, swings, a slide and seesaw, and a half-size basketball court. Four of the Silks stand in the shadows by the barrels as the fifth -- Python -- arrives at what's obviously a pre-arranged rendezvous point. His little eyes are gleaming.

CHRIS
What the hell kept you?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

44

PYTHON

(excited)

I doubled back to take a look,
man... It was great, I got up on
the roof and peeked down, they
got cops all over the place.

CHRIS

(mad)

I don't give a damn about no cops!
I want that freak.

MISS PATRICIA

He mighta just crawled off in some
bushes and died.

COZY

My feet are killing me...

Chris strokes the lapel of his fashionable jacket, where
there's a large stain from dried blood. When he speaks his
voice rises steadily to a scream.

CHRIS

I got blood on my jacket. Tony's
blood. You think Tony'd want us
to go home? Split up and look!
Meet back here in half an hour!

CUT TO:

45 EXT. RUNWAY LOUNGE INTERSECTION - NIGHT

45 *

We're CLOSE ON CATHY; PULL BACK to reveal her staring down
bleakly at the open drainage grate, the grate lying several
feet away, the street littered with broken glass. *

In b.g. Isaac is talking to some people (detectives, a
stripper or two, etc) at the scene of the accident. The
police have cordoned off the site with sawhorses.
Floodlights illuminate the wrecked cars. Cathy's eyes are
full of fear and concern.

CATHY

So close...

Isaac breaks off his conversation, walks over to join her.
He looks down at the open drainage grate. *

ISAAC

Near as anyone can figure, it all
began with a guy trying to climb
down that drainage grate... *

(CONTINUED)