

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Nor Iron Bars A Cage"  
Story by  
Alex Gansa & Howard Gordon  
and  
Ron Perlman

Teleplay by

Howard Gordon & Alex Gansa

Directed by

Tom Wright

WITT/THOMAS PRODUCTIONS  
956 North Seward Street  
Los Angeles, CA 90038  
(213) 856-0589  
(213) 856-4994

FIRST DRAFT  
September 15, 1987

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ACT ONE

- 1 FADE IN: 1
- PANNING CENTRAL PARK NIGHTSCAPE
- as seen through an infrared video camera. The lens gives the trees and grass and lamps a surreal aspect -- an orange irradiance. The time, measured in milliseconds, pulses in the corner of the frame. CAMERA HOLDS on the image of an owl, a lone sentry keeping watch over the park...
- 2 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT 2
- A research scientist, EDWARD PIERSON, late fifties, takes his eye away from the viewfinder, runs a hand through his woolly intellectual hair, and then jots some notes in a ledger. He sits in a field chair, a blanket draped over his lap. Beside him, on a small fold-up table, is a thermos of coffee and a package of Malomars, his private sin, which he now indulges. A van is parked adjacent, the two rear doors swung open to reveal an array of electronic and photographic equipment inside.
- 3 ANOTHER ANGLE 3
- finds Vincent returning from a foraging run. He carries a large canvas sack over his shoulder and moves with caution and skill through the shadows.
- 4 RESUME PIERSON 4
- bent forward from the waist to look through the infrared camera.
- 5 HIS POV - THROUGH INFRARED CAMERA (MATTE) 5
- Along an area of dense foliage. Something large and hulking is moving there. CAMERA FOLLOWS the movement, catching various glimpses of Vincent's figure through holes in the brush. Then, suddenly -- momentarily -- a flash of Vincent's tremendous head and shoulders... gone as quickly as it appears.

6 RESUME PIERSON 6

as he reacts, pulling away from the viewfinder to scan the area with his naked eye. Nothing. His hand reaches out for the focus.

7 HIS POV - THROUGH INFRARED CAMERA 7

ZOOMING in on a section of empty space between branches. Vincent's shoulder and torso enter the frame. CAMERA ADJUSTS, and for a full second, Vincent's face is captured, staring straight at us...

8 RESUME PIERSON 8

who can't believe what he's just seen. He stands quickly and hurries in the direction of the sighting. At the top of a small rise, he looks down at the drainage duct. But Vincent has already disappeared.

CUT TO:

9 INT. PIERSON'S OFFICE - LAB 9

Pierson is hunched over a small video monitor, replaying the recorded images.

10 INSERT - VIDEO MONITOR 10

The screen fast forwards, then slows, and finally FREEZES on Vincent's face -- distorted, unworldly, more like an X-Ray image than a photograph, but unmistakably Vincent.

11 CLOSE ON PIERSON 11

studying the image in wonder. Then, as he leans back in his chair and begins to consider the possible explanations, we:

CUT TO:

12 INT. MAXWELL'S OFFICE - DAY 12

CATHY stands before Maxwell's desk, while MAXWELL peruses black and white photographs of a young woman with a badly bruised face.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

There were also cigarette burns  
on her back...

(as concern surfaces  
through her cool,  
professional veneer)

For God's sake, they've been  
married for fifteen years.

MAXWELL

(nods)

I'll have an arrest warrant out  
before Alberti can put down  
another six pack.

Maxwell closes the folder conclusively. Cathy smiles, then  
crosses to the room to leave, and:

MAXWELL

Hey, Radcliffe --

Cathy turns at the door.

MAXWELL

Come in for a minute.

CATHY

I have a deposition --

MAXWELL

(overriding)

Hit the pause button for a second,  
will you?

(beat)

There's something we need to talk  
about.

Cathy closes the door, approaches Maxwell with a quizzical look.  
Maxwell takes an eight-by-ten envelope from the top of a pile on  
his desk, hands it to Cathy.

MAXWELL

Just came this morning.

CATHY

(reading return address)

Providence, Rhode Island...?

(CONTINUED)

MAXWELL

The D.A. up there's a friend of Moreno's. He's been looking for someone from outside his office to head up their Domestic Violence Bureau.

(re: envelope)

Go ahead. Open it.

The envelope's already been opened. Cathy takes out the letter. Peruses it.

CATHY

I don't understand...

MAXWELL

What's not to understand? You got an impressive record, and Moreno's word is like gold with the guy. He wants you.

Cathy looks down at the letter again, then up to Maxwell.

MAXWELL

-- A week from yesterday.

CATHY

A week...

(recovering)

I don't know what to say.

MAXWELL

(facetious)

You don't know what to say.

CATHY

Well, I'm honored and I'm flattered, but it's kind of sudden, isn't it?

MAXWELL

Yeah, like everything else in life.

(he leans forward;  
persuasive, emphatic)

But we're not just talking about a promotion here -- we're talking about a quantum leap in your career. Read the job profile. You'll be coordinating everything from counseling services to court appearances. Right up your alley.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Joe --

MAXWELL

(interrupting)

Not to mention a fifty percent salary hike, minimum. Which I know isn't exactly a top priority for you, but...

He breaks off, shakes his head. Cathy is speechless.

MAXWELL

Listen. No one knows better than me how good you've been for this office. But let's be honest: here, you're just another foot soldier, anonymous and underpaid.

CATHY

(beat)

I still need time.

MAXWELL

Fine. Only Moreno needs to know by tomorrow.

CATHY

Tomorrow?

MAXWELL

(no bullshit)

Cathy: you don't say no to this kind of job, because it doesn't come up again. Not like this. And if it does, it won't be for a long time.

Cathy can't deny Maxwell's conviction. Nor can she deny the forces Maxwell can't begin to imagine. On Cathy's torn expression, we:

CUT TO:

As CAMERA PANS the lunchtime throng:

(CONTINUED)

EDIE (O.S.)

If you ask me, we should be celebrating at Trader Vic's over duck l'orange 'stead of having the great debate over whatever this is...

CAMERA FINDS CATHY AND EDIE sitting at a small table.

CATHY

Edie, it's more complicated than that.

EDIE

Is it?

CATHY

I just don't want to make the wrong choice. Leaving my father's firm for the D.A. was easy because I knew it was right. I felt it. But this time...

She breaks off, shakes her head, frustrated.

EDIE

Have you made a list yet?

CATHY

A list?

EDIE

Yeah. You know, take the issue and write out the pros and cons. It's a little trick my therapist taught me.

CATHY

Does it work?

EDIE

For seventy-five dollars an hour, it better work.

Cathy laughs -- and Edie is glad to have lightened the moment. Then:

EDIE

Now, since we both know it's the right career move, we should consider the emotional - slash-romantic side of things.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Such as?

EDIE

Let's face it, Cathy. For eight-million people, New York is one lonely place. So who knows? Maybe a new city'd be good for you. Give you the chance to meet somebody.

Cathy's eyes react to the truth of this, to the omnipresent, invisible influence of Vincent.

CATHY

(absently)

Maybe...

EDIE

(sensing Cathy's ambivalence)

Why don't you sit on it for a couple of days. It'll come to you.

CATHY

Moreno needs an answer by tomorrow.

EDIE

'Least they're letting you sleep on it.

CATHY

The last thing I'll be doing tonight is sleeping.

EDIE

(compassionate)

You're really on the fence, huh?

Cathy nods. Then:

EDIE

If you want, I know this great astrologer, Madame Sharonova...

CATHY

(laughs)

I don't think so, Edie.

Now Cathy regards Edie for a tender moment. Then:

(CONTINUED)



13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

CATHY

If I do decide to go, I am really going to miss you.

Cathy opens her arms, embraces Edie.

EDIE

I know it. Who else're you gonna get to do all your work?

The two women laugh, acknowledging the friendship that has grown between them, as we:

CUT TO:

14 PROJECTED SLIDE-SHOT OF VINCENT

14

in Central Park, half-turned -- from Pierson's evening of observation.

PIERSON (O.S.)

Next please.

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - LECTURE BOWL - DAY

The lights are out, and Pierson stands before the large screen upon which the slide changes. Pierson shields his eyes from the bright light, until the next slide drops in -- this one of Vincent facing at the camera. (PRODUCTION NOTE: as with the video tape from which these have been taken, these blown-up photos of Vincent should appear murky -- enough to cause skepticism as to their veracity.)

PIERSON

This is the best angle.  
Extraordinary, isn't it?  
(beat)  
Lights, please.

The lights come up, and we find Pierson addressing three colleagues from the Department of Anthropology. They are sitting on the ground level of a steep lecture bowl. There's a moment of awkward silence. LELAND QUINT, the head of the department, now speaks.

QUINT

You have something more?

Pierson is silent. Quint continues sympathetically:

(CONTINUED)

QUINT

You can't seriously expect me to go to the Provost with this, Edward. A research team? Funding? For what? Our own Loch Ness monster. I'd be laughed out of the office.

PIERSON

I'm not asking for a grant...

QUINT

I know you're not --

PIERSON

I'm asking for a week, maybe two, at the most, in our own backyard.

Quint considers this, looking to his colleagues, who don't care to venture an opinion. But their disapproval is made apparent by their neutral faces. Then:

QUINT

I'm sorry, Edward...

PIERSON

But you saw the evidence.

QUINT

A four-second video clip and some inconclusive enlargements?

PIERSON

I was there, Leland. I saw the creature... looked into his eyes.

QUINT

You're wasting your time, imagining things...

PIERSON

At least I'm not blind to them.

QUINT

(admonishing)

Edward --

PIERSON

(overriding)

Look at us. Already old men. Myopic, prejudiced; and, if someone has a new idea -- God forbid! -- we beat him down and then claim it as our own.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

This touches Quint and the others where they are most sensitive. Their faces heat. Pierson backs down.

PIERSON

Forgive me. I didn't mean that.

QUINT

(simmering)

You're here largely because this University has chosen to humor you.

PIERSON

(quietly; with strength)

This University owes me something.

QUINT

We owe you nothing. You haven't published in God knows how long. You're still full of self-pity because someone else received the credit for your work twenty-five years ago.

PIERSON

Stole the credit...

QUINT

Well I'm sorry, Edward. But it's ancient history. -

Quint stands, and as he and the other professors file out past Pierson:

HIGH SHOT (FROM TOP OF BOWL)

of Pierson, small and lost at the podium.

15 REVERSE ANGLE - JONATHAN GOULD

15

31, graduate student, standing on the upper rim of the bowl, looking down at the older man through small, round wire-rimmed glasses. The intensity of his gaze is alarming.

16 EXT. THRESHOLD TO TUNNEL WORLD - NIGHT

16

Cathy stands at the iron gate, trying to find some solace in the stillness and quiet of the underground. She peers down the tunnel. Nothing. Finally, she turns to leave and sees Vincent against a far wall, deep in shadow.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Vincent... I thought you weren't coming.

VINCENT

I almost didn't...

CATHY

(moving toward him)

Vincent...

VINCENT

Please. Come no closer.

She stops and is haloed in a shaft of light. A long beat.

VINCENT

You're like an angel... standing there...

Cathy senses an enormous reticence in Vincent, as if it's too painful for him even to look at her.

CATHY

I needed to see you.

(beat)

I have a decision to make... and I want your help...

Vincent is silent. Cathy struggles to say what she has come to say.

CATHY

I've been offered another job, Vincent. With more responsibility. Doing what I was trained to do... helping people more than I'm able to now.

Vincent remains perfectly still.

CATHY

But it would mean leaving New York.

Long beat. Finally;

VINCENT

No one can help you decide what you feel...

CATHY

You can help.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

No, not even me. Part of you is unhappy, Catherine. A part of you I can't reach...

CATHY

What should I do?

VINCENT

I don't have the answer...

Vincent motions to leave. Now Cathy intercepts him, holding his arm.

CATHY

Please, stay!

Vincent halts, but he won't look at her.

CATHY

Vincent...

He raises his head, and their eyes lock -- complete understanding.

CATHY

(intense)

I care about you... but you're right: part of me is unhappy, and I don't know why... and that's frightening to me.

Cathy releases Vincent's arm, flushed by her own intensity.

VINCENT

Then you have no choice...

CATHY

But I do, Vincent. That's why I'm here.

Vincent shakes his head sadly.

VINCENT

No, Catherine. You didn't come this far to turn back. I know that...

(beat, bowing his head;  
disappearing into  
shadow)

And I understand...

Cathy is about to call to Vincent as he disappears down the tunnel, into the shadows, but she stops herself.

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

ANGLE - VINCENT

who has rounded a corner and now fully reacts to the impact of Cathy's news. He's devastated, punched in the heart, and slumps against the wall.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. CATHY'S TERRACE - NIGHT

17

Cathy looks out over the sleeping city, as the wind blows, pressing her nightgown against her body. The CAMERA MOVES IN as she wipes a tear from her face, and we see now that she's been crying. Hold. Then, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

18 A WALL CLOCK

18

reads 7:48, and we are:

INT. MAXWELL'S OFFICE - MAXWELL - DAY

bushed and busted at 8:00 A.M., behind a desk piled high with case files, jotting something from a legal tome. There's a knock at his door.

MAXWELL

(calling out; not  
looking up)

Come in.

THE DOOR

opens to reveal Cathy, as she steps into the office, and closes the door behind her. Now Maxwell looks up from his work, and notices that Cathy also hasn't slept a wink.

MAXWELL

(deadpan sarcasm)

You look terrific.

CATHY

Thanks. You look pretty good  
yourself.

MAXWELL

(re: work before him)

The Alberti case, believe it or  
not. Guy's got a pair of pit  
bulls for attorneys, but we'll  
break 'em.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

CATHY

We were a pretty good team, huh?

Maxwell reacts to the meaning of the tense. Then:

CATHY

I'm going to Providence, Joe.

Maxwell regards Cathy for a moment before he nods, and laughs softly.

CATHY

What's so funny?

MAXWELL

(shrugs)

I don't know. I guess I was half hoping you'd go the other way.

CATHY

But you said --

MAXWELL

(overriding)

Yeah, yeah, I know what I said.  
I even meant it. But...

He shakes his head, and leans back in his chair, regarding Cathy with more than a trace of emotion.

MAXWELL

I'm not too crazy about losing you.

CATHY

(in kind)

Thanks, Joe. For everything.

MAXWELL

You made the right call,  
Radcliffe. Congratulations.

On Cathy, who tries to smile with the satisfaction that she's made the right decision, we:

CUT TO:

19 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

19

Vincent moves about the chamber, deeply distraught, while FATHER watches him, concerned.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

But I love her...

FATHER

Which is why you must let her go.  
Why you must forget her.

VINCENT

(flashing)

I can never forget her.

(shakes his head)

Even now, the pain is  
impossible...

FATHER

(gently)

It will lessen, in time, and  
finally pass. Then it will be  
as it was. Before the woman.

VINCENT

No. Mine was another life before  
Catherine. I am changed.

FATHER

Then accept the change in  
yourself. Learn from it. But  
allow the woman to follow her own  
path. Vincent...

Father's tone stops Vincent, who looks away, searching within himself.

FATHER

There is no other way.

VINCENT

(beat)

Those are just words, Father.  
Shadows of feelings. They offer  
no consolation.

With which Vincent moves to exit...

FATHER

Vincent ...

But Vincent is already gone. And on Father's face, helpless  
and worried, we:

CUT TO:



20 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY. PIERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

20

A small cubicle lined with books, overlooking a common. Pierson sits behind his cluttered desk, grading papers, eating malomars from an open box. Over this, an andante movement of the Brandenburg Concerto PLAYS, interrupted by a knock at the door.

PIERSON  
(calling out; not  
looking up)  
Come in.

Jonathan Gould steps into the office and stands before Pierson, who now looks up.

PIERSON  
Yes?

GOULD  
Professor Pierson. My name's  
Jonathan Gould. I'm a grad  
student. I was in your section  
last semester.

PIERSON  
(half remembering)  
Yes...  
(beat)  
How can I help you?

GOULD  
You may have that backward...

Off Pierson's quizzical look, Gould smiles. It's a remarkably seductive and charming smile. Then he turns suddenly serious.

GOULD  
I was there this morning. In the  
lecture hall. Leland Quint is  
a fool.

Pierson isn't sure how to take this, but his interest is definitely piqued. He puts down his pen.

GOULD  
Mind if I sit?

Pierson gestures to a chair before his desk. Gould sits.

PIERSON  
You were saying?

Gould picks up some archeological trinket from Pierson's desk. Fingers it as delicately as he phrases what follows:

(CONTINUED)

GOULD

Just that Quint is the head of the department. He's an administrator, not an academic.

PIERSON

(warily)

But you believe me...?

GOULD

(intense)

I believe you saw something, and I'm curious enough to find out what it was. Any scientist worth his salt would be.

Pierson smiles, appreciating the young man's bravado -- seeing himself thirty years before. He begins to assume the role of master to Gould's willing apprentice.

PIERSON

So your interest in the matter is what exactly?

GOULD

The truth. I'm only interested in finding out the truth.

PIERSON

Truth is an abstraction.

GOULD

But that creature is no abstraction. It's real, isn't it?

PIERSON

Mr. Gould, I appreciate your enthusiasm. Believe me: I once felt that way myself. Probably before you were born. But I think the wisest thing would be to forget it.

GOULD

(vehement)

I can't do that.

(then)

Think at what you saw. What it would mean.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

PIERSON

I've already jeopardized what little is left of my career. Take my advice: you're young, don't make my same mistakes.

Gould shakes his head, disgusted, and rises.

GOULD

I guess I'm wasting my time.

He crosses to the door, as:

PIERSON

You don't understand. There's no support. No funding.

This stops Gould. He turns to face Pierson, standing over him.

GOULD

(strongly)

With all due respect, Professor Pierson, I do understand. That's why I'm here.

Pierson is affected by the almost intoxicating persuasiveness of Gould's argument. After a moment, he nods with interest, and we:

CUT TO:

21 - A SMALL BIRCH TREE

21

moonlit, inanimate -- until it is disturbed and Vincent's shadowed face moves INTO FRAME, visible through the thin branches, a mask of turmoil. And we are:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MOVING WITH VINCENT - NIGHT

who has just stepped from the drainage duct, into the mist and fog. He makes his way through the park for a few hundred yards, keeping to the shadows -- when he is suddenly illuminated by a flood of bright light. A staccato sibilant SOUND. Vincent's shoulder jerks back. He's been hit by a tranquilizer dart. He looks up, horrified, and:

22 VINCENT'S POV

22

the blinding light of a mini-van -- modified on either side by a pair of mounted hand-operated search lights, both of which are now trained on Vincent. The silhouette of a MAN holding a gun is barely discernible on the driver's side.

23 VINCENT 23  
 pulls the dart from his arm, and takes off through the park like a deer.

24 CLOSER ANGLE 24  
 to reveal that the silhouette is Gould's. Pierson sits behind the wheel, visible in b.g. through the windshield. Gould reloads his rifle with practiced speed, then takes off after Vincent, as:

25 INT. VAN 25  
 Pierson guns the engine. A pistol rests on the seat beside him. The van lunges forward.

25A GOULD - RUNNING 25A  
 after Vincent, who scrambles up a steep bank toward a line of trees. Gould kneels on one knee, aims, and fires. Vincent stumbles, hit in the back of the leg. He yanks out the dart and continues up over the bluff, under the cover of trees, before Gould can finish reloading his rifle. Gould scans the tree line, catches a glimpse of Vincent's running figure, and sprints off toward him.  
 Gould runs, first losing, then regaining sight of Vincent, who slaloms among the trees through moonlight and shadow.

26 OMITTED 26

27 RESUME SCENE - INT. VAN 27  
 as Pierson turns the wheel onto a path parallel to the tree line. With the search light he rakes the trees, and catches a glimpse of Gould two hundred yards away, before losing him again, as:

27A GOULD 27A  
 breathing hard, stops and scans the woods before him.

28 OMITTED 28

29 HIS POV 29  
 nothing. He's lost Vincent.

29A	GOULD	29A
	continues cautiously forward, as:	
29B	ANOTHER ANGLE - VINCENT	29B
	moving through the woods, disoriented. He braces himself against a tree, looks around.	
29C	HIS POV	29C
	the trees bend in the moonlight and the ground tilts up before levelling. The poison of the darts is affecting his equilibrium.	
30	OMITTED	30
31	INT. VAN	31
	Pierson sweeps the trees with his light, but sees no one.	
31A	VINCENT	
	stops short, ducking behind a tree as the search light sweeps across. Just then, he hears a SNAP nearby, and presses closer against the tree, and:	
31B	GOULD	31B
	stalks carefully into the shadow of a tree, but flies backward several feet, as if struck by a powerful blow. Vincent steps from the shadow, woozy, and makes his way back past Gould, who's left groaning on the ground.	
32 thru 33	OMITTED	32 thru 33
34	EXT. DRAINAGE DUCT - NIGHT	34
	Vincent staggers toward the duct, but turns at the sound of an ENGINE kicking alive. Bright light cuts through the fog, illuminating Vincent, who raises his arms to shield himself.	
35	HIS POV	35
	the lights blur, then move across his field of vision, until they block the entrance to the duct.	

35 RESUME SCENE

35A

As Vincent stumbles toward the entrance, Pierson emerges from the van. He hefts the pistol. It's a little awkward in his hand, but Vincent is twenty yards away, and nearing. Pierson steadies the pistol and squeezes the trigger, hitting Vincent in the chest. Vincent stops, then moves forward, as Pierson quickly and nervously reloads a second cartridge. Vincent is now only ten yards from him, as Pierson squeezes off another shot, which flies into Vincent's abdomen. Vincent doubles over, then falls headlong onto the ground before Pierson, into an unconscious heap. Illuminated by the van's lights, Pierson stands silently over his quarry, greatly awed, even humbled, by its magnificence. Gould steps up, his face smudged with dirt and blood.

PIERSON  
(quietly)  
Get the light.

A moment before Gould peels his eyes from Vincent and moves to the van.

35B ANOTHER ANGLE - LONG FOCAL LENGTH

35B

as the distant lights illuminating the scene go off.

35C REVERSE ANGLE

35C

a lighted third story window which frames an old woman peering out, holding something up to her face. CAMERA MOVES IN on her, and we see that she is holding an antique brass telescope. And as she lowers the telescope, we:

FADE OUT

36  
thru  
41

OMITTED

-

36  
thru  
41

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

42 INT. TUNNEL - CLOSE ON KIPPER - MOVING - DAY 42

as he runs, carrying a sealed envelope, his footsteps echoing. He comes to an intersection in the tunnels, where he hands the envelope to a YOUNG GIRL.

KIPPER

It's for Catherine.

Envelope in hand, the Girl takes off down an adjacent tunnel.

43 HER POV - MOVING 43

as the floor of the tunnel seems to roll beneath her nimble feet.

MATCH CUT TO:

44 EXT. CITY STREETS BENNIE'S POV - MOVING 44

as the concrete flies by beneath Bennie's wheels.

45 ANOTHER ANGLE - BENNIE 45

navigates past a cab taking a fare, then sharply cuts a corner, gliding to a stop before Cathy's apartment building.

46 INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - DAY 46

CAMERA PANS the place, which has been laid bare -- rugs rolled, curtains down -- and STAYS ON Cathy, muted and pensive, packing books into a carton. One book stops her. A leatherbound volume of Shakespeare's sonnets. She opens the cover.

CATHY'S POV - TITLE PAGE - INSERT

Vincent's VOICE READS (OVER) the cursive:

"... 'With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;  
For stony limits cannot hold love out...'

Vincent."

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

RESUME CATHY

confronted again with the consequences of her decision. A sad resignation spreads over her face before she gently closes the book, and places it among the others, when the doorbell RINGS. Cathy moves to the door.

ANGLE - DOOR

where Cathy finds the envelope that Bennie has left. She picks it up and as she opens the envelope:

CUT TO:

47 A FLASHLIGHT BEAN - CATHY'S POV

47

sweeping past assorted debris -- a rusted bicycle, a broken washing machine -- finally falling upon a stack of cartons against the wall, and:

INT. CATHY'S BASEMENT - ON CATHY - DAY

as she pushes aside the cardboard boxes, exposing the jagged entrance to the tunnel world. She steps through, and:

48 IN THE TUNNELS

48

beneath the building's foundation, Cathy follows her flashlight, stepping carefully over odd-shaped hunks of concrete, brick, and cinder block. She is startled by a RUSTLING SOUND to her right, and swings her flashlight in that direction, as:

49 HER POV - A CAT

49

stares up from the ground, transfixed by the light. The cat meows, then trots away, up the tunnel, and:

50 RESUME CATHY

50

as she blows out a breath, relieved:

FATHER (O.S.)  
I'm here.

Cathy wheels toward the sound.

(CONTINUED)



ANGLE - TO INCLUDE FATHER

who stands off in the shadows, his face etched with concern. Cathy snicks off the flashlight. Her eyes adjust to the darkness as she moves to Father.

CATHY

I wasn't sure where to find you.  
(beat)  
Your message said it was urgent.

FATHER

Vincent is missing.

Cathy tries to articulate her confusion, but before she can say anything:

FATHER

He's been gone since the night before last.

CATHY

But I saw him that night.

FATHER

I know. And now the second day is almost done.

CATHY

Isn't there anywhere he might have gone? To be alone?

FATHER

No. He would never cause me such undue worry.

(gravely)

He's nowhere below.

Cathy is silent, shocked by the full realization of the news. Then:

FATHER

He was not himself after he spoke with you. He was disconsolate, beyond reason... The pain must have made him careless... or worse.

CATHY

I though he understood. We made the decision together.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

(beat; low)

But it was you who decided to leave. You put Vincent in an impossible position. Certainly, the consequences must have occurred to you.

CATHY

I only meant to do what was best. For both of us.

FATHER

Once I thought I knew the answer...

(softer; as he shakes his head)

No longer.

(off Cathy's thoughtful silence)

We must find Vincent. Quickly.

CATHY

What can we do?

FATHER

Our friends above are searching the city. Beyond that, I don't know.

(turning to leave)

So goodbye...

CATHY

Why did you come to tell me?

Father half-turns toward her...

FATHER

I thought you should know.

He then slips out of the earth-orange light, into the shadows, leaving Cathy alone to digest the difficult news, as we:

CUT TO:

51 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY. LAB - RIGH ANGLE - DAY

51

Vincent is prostrate on a long, steel examining table -- naked under a white sheet. An operating light illuminates his face. Heavily tranquilized, he is connected to an array of equipment and monitoring devices.

(CONTINUED)

Electrodes all over his body register heartbeat, body temperature, breathing rate, etc. Pierson and Gould stand adjacent at a data center, trying to make sense of the incoming information.

ANOTHER ANGLE. PANNING VARIOUS INSTRUMENTS

with Vincent's body in the foreground. HOLD on Vincent's head, and bring his face INTO FOCUS. Over this:

PIERSON (O.S.)

How long until the tranquilizer wears off?

GOULD (O.S.)

Twelve, fourteen hours at least.

PIERSON (O.S.)

Heart rate still constant?

GOULD

Twenty-one beats a minute.

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING PIERSON

who seems vitally rejuvenated.

PIERSON

Remarkable... and his lungs must be just as powerful... the blood is so highly oxygenated.

Pierson turns toward Vincent. Gould follows. They stand over the creature.

PIERSON

He's a miracle... like nothing I've even dreamed of...

(beat)

We saw him run, Jonathan... complete bipedal locomotion. That can only suggest one thing.

GOULD

Human? You think he's Human?

PIERSON

He was clothed, he stood upright -- what other conclusion can you draw?

(CONTINUED)

GOULD

Large lower canine teeth,  
exaggerated musculature, extensive  
body and facial hair. An  
animal

PIERSON

...but with anthropomorphic  
features

GOULD

(interrupting)

Professor...

Pierson looks over at him.

GOULD

...we're speculating. Both of  
us. And even if you are right,  
we'd have to do a cellular  
analysis to determine his DNA  
code. And we don't have that kind  
of equipment here.

PIERSON

We don't need it... yet. We run  
all the preliminary tests first,  
compile a body of knowledge --

GOULD

(interrupting)

Why wait? Why not issue a public  
statement right now. Tomorrow  
we could have the scientific  
community at our feet.

PIERSON

I can't risk it.

GOULD

What's at risk?

Pierson moves a few steps away from the examining table -- the  
bitter taste of the past rising up in his throat.

PIERSON

Don't you see, Jonathon. It could  
happen again. They could take  
him away, steal what's mine.

Gould gazes at Pierson for a long beat. Then, quietly, but with  
intensity:

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51.

GOULD

He's ours, Professor. And we will  
decide what to do with him.  
Remember that.

The two men exchange a tense look. PUSH THROUGH THEM to Vincent,  
cauterized, unconscious; as we:

CUT TO:

52 EXT. ESPLANADE - ALONG EAST RIVER - DAY

52

The sun is setting as a tug boat chugs languidly down the river.  
CAMERA FINDS Cathy walking slowly along the strand, passed by  
joggers and young mothers pushing perambulators.

CLOSER ANGLE - CATHY

tired-looking and emotionally spent, she sits on a bench and  
stares vacantly out over the river. Then:

CATHY -  
(whispering urgently  
to herself)  
Vincent... please be well.

Overcome by her helplessness, she breaks down and buries her face  
in her hands, as we:

CUT TO:

53 - E.E.G. NEEDLES

53

jumping on the rolling graph, and:

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LAB - DAY

as Pierson notices the graph registering Vincent's heightened  
brain activity, etc. He approaches the apparatus, then regards  
Vincent -- whose limbs, torso, and neck are now fastened to the  
table with thick leather straps. And on Vincent's unconscious  
face, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

53A INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

53A

Vincent stands tentatively in the empty room. Although the room remains dim, everything seems brightly, strangely lit -- the furniture, the floor -- as if glowing unto itself. There is a pervasive, almost surreal pristineness, even a sterility here (NOTE: remember the end of 2001?). On a table, Vincent sees the volume of sonnets. His gift to Catherine. He lifts the book and holds it for a moment when he bears footsteps behind him. He turns quickly, and:

VINCENT'S POV

an empty doorway. No one's there.

RESUME VINCENT

as he reacts, curious, then moves out of the room.

INT. BEDROOM

The same eerie atmosphere as the livingroom. Strangely empty, silent, and still. Vincent looks around, then moves slowly to Catherine's vanity. A shrine to her beauty. The lights are on along the perimeter of the mirror. Vincent lifts her hairbrush, and holds it tenderly for a moment, before replacing it. Then he regards his own face in the mirror, when Catherine's reflected nightgown-clad figure appears behind him. Vincent wheels around, and:

HIS POV

nothing. Only the terrace curtains billowing inward from a gust of wind.

RESUME VINCENT

as he replaces the book on the table. He moves to the French doors, and out onto the terrace.

EXT. TERRACE

Cathy stands, staring out over the jeweled city, her back to Vincent. The wind flutters her nightgown, and her hair. Vincent approaches her slowly. He reaches out and touches her shoulder. She turns, revealing the face of an old woman. Catherine Chandler, half a century older. She regards Vincent with a sad longing in her eyes, as we:

CUT TO:

54 OMITTED

54

55 INT. LAB - VINCENT &amp; PIERSON

as Vincent slowly regains consciousness...

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

VINCENT  
(weak; slurred)  
Catherine...

And Pierson steps closer to Vincent, dumbstruck by the creature's capacity for speech. He is almost standing over Vincent, when Vincent's eyes open and focus on Pierson. And on Pierson's incredulous expression, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

55A SYRINGE

55A

as Gould draws 10cc of some powerful sedative from a rubber-topped bottle.

PIERSON (V.O.)

I'm telling you, he spoke.

55B INT. LAB - DAY

55B

Vincent remains strapped to the examining table. His eyes, deep-circled and angry, follow the conversation between Pierson and Gould.

PIERSON

The name of a woman: Catherine.

GOULD

Probably mimicry. He heard the name somewhere, and learned to reproduce it.

PEIRSON

But the cortical areas of his brain are developed enough for language...

Gould now removes the syringe from the bottle and depresses the plunger, forcing out several droplets of the solution.

GOULD

If what you say is true, why doesn't he speak now and explain himself?

Vincent remains mute, but stares challengingly out at Gould.

CLOSER ANGLE

as Vincent tests the strength of his bonds, pulling the thick leather arm restraint taut.

PIERSON (O.S.)

He's disoriented and afraid...

(CONTINUED)



55B CONTINUED:

55B

RESUME SCENE

GOULD  
... and dangerous. Who knows the  
extent of his strength.

Gould approaches Vincent with the syringe.

PIERSON  
Don't!

GOULD  
We have to keep him sedated.

PIERSON  
He has intelligence, Jonathan.

GOULD  
You're romanticizing him. He's  
a genetic mistake --

PIERSON  
(overriding)  
We don't know that.

GOULD  
(facetious)  
What, you think he fell from the  
sky?

PIERSON  
(pleading)  
Jonathon...

As Gould prepares to inject, Vincent's rage explodes. With Herculean effort he breaks the uppermost strap, freeing one of his arms and knocking Gould powerfully back into the bank of electronic and surgical equipment.

ANGLE - PIERSON

astounded and terrified by this tremendous display of strength.

RESUME SCENE

As Vincent's monumental rage grows and he succeeds in breaking another strap, Gould scrambles for the dart pistol, and shaking, loads it.

(CONTINUED)

553 CONTINUED: (2)

55B

GOULD

fires, catching Vincent in the side. Vincent pulls out the dart and capsizes the examining table with a tremendous crash. Frantically, Gould reloads, negotiates a new angle and fires again hitting Vincent in the shoulder. Vincent stands for a moment, stunned by the poison flooding his veins. He makes a lunge for Gould before he staggers and falls. Recovering, Gould sags and then pops out the empty cartridge. He shoots Pierson a long look. Then:

GOULD

(facetious)

Human, all right.

56 EXT. CATHY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

56

to establish the beautiful morning that it is.

EDIE (O.S.)

Change your mind?

57 INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - DAY

57

still a mid-move mess. Edie steps into the apartment, and Cathy closes the door behind her.

CATHY

More like second thoughts.

EDIE

(looking around)

Yeah, well I just thought I'd come by before work, find out for myself what's what, so I don't have to rely on nasty rumors.

CATHY

I'm still here.

EDIE

(re: mess)

I noticed.

CATHY

(smiles)

Want some coffee? I just made a fresh pot.

EDIE

Yeah, but only if it's the real thing. Decaf makes me nervous.

(CONTINUED)

Cathy smiles and moves into the kitchen, while Edie sets down her leather bag, half-spilling onto the floor copies of Cosmopolitan, Us, and The Daily Inquirer. She sits on a carton -- testing it first. On an adjacent carton is a half-filled mug of coffee, and the book of sonnets Vincent gave Cathy, open face-down. Edie picks it up. Begins to read -- just as Cathy ENTERS FRAME, and sits on an upturned mulk crate.

EDIE

(lifting her eyes from  
books scrutinizing  
Cathy)

So who's this Vincent?

Cathy hands Edie a steaming mug of coffee. Cathy is evasive, but the mention of Vincent affects her deeply. Over the following, Edie sips her coffee.

EDIE

Come on, girl: out with it.

CATHY

He's a friend...

EDIE

A friend, huh?

Edie closes the book, then hands it to Cathy, who continues to hold it, as:

EDIE

He have anything to do with those  
'second thoughts' of yours?

CATHY

(beat)

Sort of...

EDIE

Wanna talk about it?

CATHY

Not especially.

Edie shrugs a whatever's-best-for-you shrug and sips her coffee. Just then, Cathy's attention falls on layered magazines beside Edie's bag. She picks up the Daily Inquirer and reacts to one of the front page headlines,

HER POV - INSERT HEADLINE: "GRANDMA SEES WOLFMAN CAPTURED"

EDIE (O.S.)

Now don't gimme a hard time --

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

RESUME SCENE

as Cathy tries to conceal her interest.

EDIE

(embarrassed; defensive)

I read it to keep up on my soaps.

CATHY

Do you mind if I borrow this?

EDIE

Sure...

But she's not at all sure what to make of Cathy's request, as we:

CUT TO:

58 INT. LAB - VINCENT'S POV - DAY

58

An impressionistic blur of color and sound. The bars of a cage are wavy lines, and everything beyond them is indistinguishable, formless. Voices from previous scenes echo in Vincent's brain:

CATHY'S VOICE

A part of me is unhappy, and I don't know why...

FATHER'S VOICE

(overlapping)

... why you must let her go. Why you must forget her.

Then, a voice from the present intrudes on Vincent's waking dream, and his eyes focus, bringing Gould and Pierson into clear view.

58A NEW ANGLE

58A

Vincent now lies prostrate in the gorilla cage, his head resting in the crook of his arm. Pierson and Gould continue to converse, unaware of Vincent's conscious state.

GOULD

You can't possibly be that naive.

PIERSON

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

GOULD  
(hefting a thick sheaf  
of test data)  
When the research is completed,  
and the articles published. What  
do you think happens then?

Pierson is struck by the dawning consequences of Vincent's  
capture.

PIERSON  
I won't allow it...

GOULD  
There won't be a choice.

Pierson is disconcerted by Gould's assertiveness, and changes  
his tone in an attempt to reason with him.

PIERSON  
When you introduced yourself to  
me, you said you were interested  
only in the truth.

GOULD  
Yes...

PIERSON  
(gesturing to Vincent)  
Well, there it is.  
(beat)  
Why do you insist on perverting  
and degrading it?

GOULD  
The truth isn't meant to be  
hoarded like a secret...

PIERSON  
... nor is it meant to be twisted  
and exploited.  
(then)  
Yes, the creature is extraordinary,  
and should be shared. But we must  
know what we're dealing with first.

GOULD  
I'll tell you what we're dealing  
with: a freak of nature, a deformed  
outcast. You saw what he was capable of.

(CONTINUED)

PIERSON  
(pointed)  
He was provoked.

GOULD  
You really believe this thing has  
a conscience, don't you?

Pierson just stares at the younger man.

GOULD  
Well, for his sake, I hope you're  
wrong. For his sake, I hope he's  
an imbecile. Because like it or  
not, the world's about to make  
a circus act out of him.

Gould looks in at Vincent in the cage and then starts for the  
door. Pierson goes after him, blocking his way.

PIERSON  
Where are you going?

GOULD  
You and I made a bargain,  
Professor. Now it's time to see  
it through.

PIERSON  
(pleading)  
Please...

GOULD  
Out of my way, Pierson.

PIERSON  
(standing his ground)  
I won't let you --

Gould shoves him away, hard. Pierson crashes back into a table  
of equipment and collapses to the floor. From the ground, he  
watches Gould exit. Then, panicking, he looks toward Vincent.

59		CUT TO:	59
thru	OMITTED		thru
60			60
61	INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - CLOSE ON A DOOR DAY		61

As it bangs open, and Gould and Leland Quint step out into the  
musty, wood-paneled corridor. The floor creaks under their  
weight. Afternoon light seeps in under doorways. MOVING WITH  
THEM down the long hallway. They turn a corner, entering a  
modern wing, and stop before an elevator.

62 CLOSE ON - ELEVATOR DOORS

62

As they whoosh open, and Gould and Quint emerge into another hallway -- this one ultra-modern. They proceed down the hallway and approach Pierson's lab. Gould doesn't break stride as he pushes through the door. Quint is right on his heels.

CUT TO:

63 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - LAB - SAME TIME

63

Gould scans the room, Quint stands beside him.

QUINT

Well?

The cage is gone, and so is Pierson. And on Gould, his face heating in anger and embarrassment:

CUT TO:

64 INT. DAILY INQUIRER OFFICES - DAY

64

Amid the clatter, bustle, and smoke of the newsroom, BYRON TRASK sits behind his desk, talking on the phone. A cigarette with an inch of ash dangles from the corner of his mouth. Mid-forties; tall and thin and attractive, if somewhat weaselish; pronounced English accent; suspenders and a bow-tie.

TRASK

(angry; into phone)

-- Then ask the bloody doorman...  
of course he'll tell you... for  
two thousand dollars, he damn well  
better tell you.

Trask slams the phone into its cradle, drags on his cigarette one last time before mashing it into the already full Charles and Di ashtray on his desk. He returns to the article in his IBM Selectric, starts typing, when;

CATHY (O.S.)

Excuse me, are you Byron Trask?

ANGLE - TO INCLUDE CATHY

standing before Trask, who looks up and smiles. Her beauty immediately elicits Trask's transparent version of charm -- markedly different from his telephone manner.

TRASK

Yes I am.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

I'm Catherine Chandler. From the  
D.A.'s office.

Trask's smile turns to ice.

TRASK

See my editor or my lawyer, but  
leave me alone. I'm busy.

As he returns to his typewriter...

CATHY

(overlapping)

You don't understand. I'm not  
here for anything like that.

(and as Trask continues  
typing)

Please...

Cathy's desperate tone stops Trask. He looks up at Cathy, then  
nods grudgingly. Cathy removes the Inquirer from her bag. It's  
been quarter-folded. She turns the paper and hands it to Trask.

TRASK

What about it?

CATHY

Did it happen?

TRASK

(handing the paper back  
to Cathy)

It's there in black and white,  
isn't it?

(beats off her  
skepticism)

Ms. Chandler, we may not be the  
New York Times, but we are a  
newspaper. News is our business.

(picks up press release)

Did you know that this morning,  
an orangutan at the Bronx Zoo  
saved his keeper from choking on  
a bagel by using the Heimlich  
maneuver?

Cathy shakes her head: no, she didn't.

TRASK

And where do you suppose the  
orangutan learned the Heimlich maneuver?

(CONTINUED)



Cathy shrugs.

TRASK

(with emphatic  
satisfaction)

Television. It's the truth. The  
whole truth and nothing but the  
truth.

Cathy digests this information with renewed hope. Then:

CATHY

Did you believe the woman, the  
grandmother you mention?

TRASK

It's my job to believe her.

CATHY

But what do you believe?

TRASK

(considers this for  
beat, then)

I've come to know the old woman  
quite well. She's what you might  
call a voyeur. But she's no liar.

CATHY

I have to see her...

Trask regards Cathy, a sycophant's smile tugging at the corners  
of his mouth. Then:

TRASK

What's it worth to you?

As Cathy rolls her eyes, we:

CUT TO:

Winnie, a pousy overfed poodle, sits at ANNA'S feet as she speaks  
with Cathy. The old woman, clearly a little batty and definitely  
a character, is excited by the company -- animated and  
theatrical. The apartment is a museum of exotica and travel  
memorabilia: stuffed birds, carved ivory, Indian shields, etc.  
Anna's high-backed chair commands a spectacular corner view of  
Central Park through a large picture window, and that is where  
she now gestures grandly:

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

Better than the movies. You would  
be surprised the things you see...  
if you sit here long enough.

She gives Winnie a gentle nudge with her tiny slippered foot.

ANNA

Winnie knows, don't you Winnie?

CATHY

Mrs. Lausch --

Anna rests her hand lightly on the antique telescope.

ANNA

With this, I can see all over the  
Park. Many different people...  
(beat)  
I look down on all of them...

She swivels the telescope on its stand toward Cathy.

ANNA

Here, try for yourself.

Politely, Cathy accepts it.

ANNA

Go on.

Cathy bends down to the telescope and makes a pretense of  
looking through it.

ANNA

Did you know I once saw Greta  
Garbo? She was walking...

CATHY

(taking her eye away  
from the viewfinder)  
Mrs. Lausch, I need to know what  
you saw that night.

ANNA

The night? I watch the night,  
too. When the noises hush like  
children... and on come the street  
lamps... and the people of the dark...

Anna trails off.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

CATHY

(intense)

What did you see?

(waits; then)

Please, Mrs. Lausch...

Anna's eyes narrow as she slowly brings the power of her memory to bear.

ANNA

Two men running... a truck following... a bright light. They go down by the tunnel... and the man turns and I see his face... a terrible wolf face... in pain. And then he comes, the other man in the truck... and he...

CATHY

What?

ANNA

Shoots at him.

CATHY

Shoots at him? Where?

Anna shrugs, looks through the telescope, adjusting it.

ANNA

There.

Cathy bends to look through the telescope again.

66 HER POV - DRAINAGE DUCT - TROUGH TELESCOPE - MATTE

66

The same angle Anna had on the night of Vincent's capture.

67 RESUME SCENE

67

CATHY

Thank you, Mrs. Lausch.

As Cathy starts to leave:

ANNA

You'll come back to see us, won't you?

CUT TO:

68 EXT. DRAINAGE DUCT - LATER - DAY

68

Cathy walks the area, her eyes peeled for evidence of blood, for... anything. She turns at the dead-end and starts back toward the street. Her eyes scan the wall. She kicks some grocery boxes out of her way, and something clatters along the ground. She bends down and picks up one of the tranquilizer cartridges. Studies it. She sees another and stoops down for that one also. She straightens, rolling the two cartridges in her hand, thinking. Then she looks up at the old woman's window.

CATHY'S POV - ANNA

a tiny figure in her third story window, once again at her telescope. Cathy herself has now become another event in the old woman's visual history.

CUT TO:

69 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - SUB-BASEMENT - VINCENT - DAY

69

caged, his face buried in the crook of his arm.

PIERSON (O.S.)

Speak to me. Please...

Vincent looks up: his face is sallow, his feverish eyes focus somewhere o.c. His condition has worsened considerably.

WIDER - TO INCLUDE PIERSON

pacing beside the cage, haggard and anxious. In b.g. boiler pipes of varying diameters climb the wall, crisscross the ceiling.

PIERSON

I know you can. I heard you.

But Vincent stays silent, continues to regard Pierson intensely.

PIERSON

You've got to help me help you.  
It's the only way.

(beat)

I want to help you.

VINCENT

(dry-mouthed and hoarse,  
but deeply resonant)  
Then release me...

(CONTINUED)

Pierson stops and regards Vincent through the bars, astonished anew by the creature's ability to speak. Indeed, everything that follows from Vincent sparks and kindles Pierson's great wonder.

PIERSON

So you can speak...  
 (recovering)  
 And you can understand me?

VINCENT

Yes...

PIERSON

Why did you keep silent in front  
 of Gould?

VINCENT

The other man means me harm. No  
 words would change that.

Pierson looks down, suddenly ashamed. Perhaps it is Vincent's tone. Perhaps Pierson already knows it himself, or has known it all along. A secret knowledge he was willing to bear from the outset in exchange for the magnificent creature who is now before him.

PIERSON

(troubled)  
 I never meant you harm. You must  
 believe that.

Vincent swallows. Blinks slowly as he nods. Then:

PIERSON

Do you have a name?

VINCENT

-- Vincent.

PIERSON

(astounded)  
 Vincent... My name is Pierson.  
 I have so many questions...  
 (trying to organize his  
 thoughts)  
 You spoke the name Catherine  
 (as Vincent's eyes lock  
 on Pierson's with  
 laser-intensity)  
 Who is Catherine?

Long beat. Then Vincent lowers his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

She is everything... but she lives  
only in my heart...

PIERSON

Is she like you? Another of your  
kind?

VINCENT

(shakes his head)

There is only me...

Pierson breathes deeply, sensitive to the fact that his is a  
difficult question.

PIERSON

How did...

(he breaks off; then)

Vincent -- what are you?

VINCENT

I am what I am. If you cut me,  
I will bleed. If you strike me,  
I will strike back. And if you  
keep me in chains, I will die.

PIERSON

What do you mean?

VINCENT

(by way of explanation)

Look at me...

Pierson regards Vincent: he knows Vincent is right. But the  
burden of this possibility is too much for Pierson, as he turns  
and steps away from the cage.

PIERSON

I don't know what to do.

VINCENT

Let me go.

PIERSON

I can't. Not now. Not yet.  
There are still so many unanswered  
questions...

VINCENT

Pierson --

Now Pierson turns to Vincent.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT  
I am dying...

On Vincent, whose very life seems to be draining from him, then  
on Pierson, deeply troubled by his indecision. Hold.  
Then:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

70 HIGH SHOT - A CLUSTER OF STUDENTS 70

joking among themselves, as their peers cross on their way to class. RACK FOCUS, and we are:

71. INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY. - PIERSON'S OFFICE - DAY 71

as Pierson stares out his window at the activity below. Recent events have exacted a visible toll on the old professor. The KNOCK at the door startles him. He doesn't do anything at first. Another KNOCK, more urgent this time. He moves apprehensively to the door.

PIERSON

Leave me alone.

CATHY (O.S.)

(through door)

Professor Pierson?

Pierson reacts to this strange female voice, at once relieved and guarded.

PIERSON

Who is it?

CATHY (O.S.)

(through door)

It's Catherine Chandler. Please  
-- I need to speak with you.

PIERSON

(realizing; then sotto,  
to himself)

Catherine...

A moment of decision, and then Pierson steps back and opens the door. Cathy enters the room apprehensively.

CATHY

Thank you.

PIERSON

How can I help you?

From her shoulder bag, Cathy fishes out the tranquilizer cartridge, and hands it to him.

(CONTINUED)



71. CONTINUED:

71

CATHY

I traced the serial number through  
the supplier in Albany, to the  
university -- then to you.

Pierson ponders Cathy's path to him as he fingers the cartridge.

CATHY

He's here, isn't he?

Pierson returns to the window, stares out. Cathy moves closer.

CATHY

(almost afraid to ask)  
Is he alive?

A long beats then:

PIERSON

(nods; still gazing out)  
He's spoken of you.

CATHY

Please, take me to him...

PIERSON

(faces her)  
I can't do that. I'm sorry.

CATHY

Why not?

PIERSON

I need time. Everything's happening too quickly.  
There's more at stake than you think --

CATHY

(overriding)  
No, there's only Vincent. If  
you've spoken to him, then I know  
you understand.

Pierson shakes his head -- overwhelmed, saddened by the truth of  
this.

PIERSON

My whole career, my reputation,  
the respect of my colleagues...

(CONTINUED)

72. CONTINUED: (2)

72.

CATHY

Can it be worth the pain he must  
be suffering?

PIERSON

We still have so much to learn  
from him. So much we don't know...

CATHY

At what expense?

PIERSON

It's too late, don't you  
understand? Another man has  
already seen him.

Pierson drops his gaze, ashamed of his own weakness. But the  
color rises very rich in Cathy's throat and face.

CATHY

Professor Pierson.

Pierson raises his eyes.

CATHY

(intense)

I don't know how to explain this  
to you -- I've never been able  
to explain it to myself. But  
Vincent and I are connected. I  
know him. And I know that  
whatever he is, he is also the  
best of what it means to be human.

(beat)

And if you take away his  
freedom... you take away that very  
part which makes him most human.

ON Pierson, moved by Cathy's impassioned plea, and faced with a  
monumental decisions as we:

CUT TO:

72 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - SUB BASEMENT - DAY

72

The screen is black. We HEAR a key turning in a lock. A margin of  
light appears around the door before it pushes open. Pierson  
enters and turns on the overhead lights. Cathy ENTERS FRAME --  
shock and concern spread over her face.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

HER POV - VINCENT

curled in a fetal position on the floor of his cage. With an effort, he raises his head slightly to observe Cathy and Pierson, then lays it back down.

RESUME SCENE

Cathy rushes to the cage.

CATHY

Vincent...

She kneels down and reaches through the cage to touch him.

ECU - VINCENT

whose eyes come alive at her touch.

VINCENT  
(weak)

Catherine...

RESUME SCENE

Cathy turns to Pierson.

CATRY

Give me the key.  
(off Pierson's  
hesitation)

Now.

PIERSON

(starting toward her)  
Where will you take him?

GOULD (O.S.)

He's not going anywhere.

GOULD

steps into the room, casting a long shadow.

GOULD

Give me the key...

Standoff. With Pierson between Cathy and Gould, frozen.

CATHY

Don't --

(CONTINUED)

PIERSON  
 (to Gould)  
 Listen to me --

But Gould steps toward Pierson, who backs away, toward Cathy and the cage, as:

GOULD  
 We've gone too far, Pierson. Both  
 Of us.

PIERSON  
 You don't understand. He does  
 speak.  
 (as if this might make  
 the difference)  
 His name is Vincent.

Pierson has almost reached the cage, when Gould rushes him and throws him against the wall. As Gould rifles through Pierson's pockets for the keys, Pierson grabs a pipe wrench off a nearby valve, and swings it across Gould's brow. The blow sends Gould staggering backward, into a glass firehose box which shatters. Gould falls to the floor while Pierson scrabbles to his feet, and moves to the cage. And as he fumbles for his keys:

PIERSON  
 I'm sorry, Jonathan. But I can't  
 allow you to do this. Not with  
 what we know now.

ANGLE - GOULD

recovering, he picks up a foot-long triangular shard of glass from the broken pane.

PIERSON (O.S.)  
 We have no right...

RESUME SCENE

Gould rushes Pierson.

CATHY  
 NO!

as Pierson simultaneously pivots and steps toward Gould, who buries the glass knife deep into Pierson's belly. Pierson falls heavily against Gould, his eyes wide with disbelief. Long beat. Then Gould releases Pierson, who falls to the ground. The keys skitter several feet away from him, toward Cathy, who picks them up. Gould extends a bloody hands -- his voice is eerily low, coarse, and calm.

(CONTINUED)

GOULD

Give me the key...

As Gould moves threateningly toward her, Cathy clutches the key, looking for something to use as a weapon. Nothing. Then: an idea. Cathy brandishes the key so that it protrudes from her fist. She swipes at Gould, who deftly parries the strike and grabs her, and:

VINCENT

climbs to his feet with excruciating effort -- only to watch helplessly as the struggle continues, well beyond reach. Gould locks his arm around Cathy's throat. Cathy drops the key, and struggles to pry Gould's unyielding hands from her throat. But it becomes clear that Gould no longer wants the key, but intends to squeeze the very life from her. Cathy is on her last few breaths as she swings Gould around, smashing him into the cage. Vincent's arm shoots out from between the bars, and hooks Gould's head. Vincent lets go a resounding ROAR and yanks Gould's head toward him, at once twisting it and smashing it against the bars of his cage. Gould slumps to the ground, dead, as;

CATHY

gasps to fill her lungs. Recovering, she moves to Vincent, who clings to the bars of his cage for support.

VINCENT

(weak whispers to Cathy)

Pierson -- go, help him...

But it is too late for Pierson, who lays bleeding on the floor, near death. Cathy kneels beside him. Takes his hand in hers. He regards her with a weak smile, and his words come out heavy, broken.

PIERSON

Forget me. Take him away from here. Far away...

CATHY

I will.

PIERSON

(nods)

I wish I could have known him better

(beats swallowing)

Vincent...

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (4)

72

But Pierson's eyes close, and the words die with him.  
CAMERA PULLS BACK, then ROLLS, framing the bloody aftermath  
of this tragedy, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

73 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

73

Several days have passed, and Vincent's convalescence is evident:  
he sits in a chair, reading in the soft light, when Cathy enters.  
There's a tentativeness between them.

CATHY

Father tells me you're better.  
(off Vincent's nod)  
I'm glad.

She sits nearby on the edge of Vincent's bed. Something weighs  
heavily on both of them, something between them that is unspoken  
and unfinished.

CATHY

Vincent...

VINCENT

Please, Catherine. Don't. The  
first goodbye was too much.  
(bows his head)  
Thank you far coming to see me...

CATHY

No --

Vincent stops, and slowly raises his eyes to her.

CATHY

This isn't a goodbye.  
(beat)  
Vincent, I was wrong to think I  
could solve anything by running  
away.  
(then, off Vincent's  
look of hopeful  
anticipation)  
I'm not leaving.

Vincent's heart swells with joy, but caution creeps into his  
voice.

VINCENT

I would never want to keep you  
from fulfilling your life... your  
dreams.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Don't you see? You're part of  
my life... and my dreams.

(then)

I was trying to deny that.

Vincent silently acknowledges this as the source of his hurt.

VINCENT

And now?

CATHY

I have to learn to accept what's  
between us...

After a long beat:

VINCENT

Then welcome home...

Cathy smiles. They regard each other tenderly in the warm light,  
as we:

THE END

FADE OUT