

Beauty and the Beast

Nor Iron Bars a Cage

Original Air Date – November 13, 1987

Created by Ron Koslow

Story by Alex Ganza, Howard Gordon & Ron Perlman

Teleplay by Alex Ganza and Howard Gordon

Directed by – Thomas J. Wright

Director of Photography – Bradford May

Production Designer – John Mansbridge

Editor – Drake P. Silliman

Theme by – Lee Holdridge

Music by – Don Davis

Supervising Producer – Ron Koslow

Co-Supervising Producer – Stephen Kurzfeld

Producer – David Peckinpah

Co-Producer – John David

Associate Producer – Christopher Toyne

Produced by – Harvey Frand

Executive Producers – Paul Junger Witt & Tony Thomas

Executive Story Consultant – George R. R. Martin

Executive in Charge of Production – Harry Waterson

Unit Production Manager – Ann Kindberg

1st Assistant Director – Robert Simon

2nd Assistant Director – Bruce Alan Solow

Art Director – Peter Smith

Set Director – Lenny Mazzola

Property Master – Wally Wall

Make-up Artist – Jack Wilson

Hair Stylist – Gloria Montemayor

Beast Make-up – Margaret Beserra

Script Supervisor – Kathy Barrett

Stunt Coordinator – Fred Lerner

Special Effects Coordinator – Larry Fioritto

Sound Mixer – Pat Mitchell

Sound Editing – Anthony Mazzei

Music Editor – Don Sanders

Costume Designer – Judy Evans

Casting by – Joyce Robinson C.S.A. & Penny Ellers C.S.A.

Beast designed & created by – Rick Baker

Special Thanks to Patricia Livingston

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Catherine Chandler – Linda Hamilton

Vincent – Ron Perlman

Father – Roy Dotrice
Joe Maxwell – Jay Acovone
Edie – Ren Woods
Kipper – Corey Danzinger

Dr. Edward Hughes – Michael Ensign
Jonathan Gould – Christian Clemenson
Byron Trask – Basil Hoffman
Quint – Darryl Hickman
Anna Lausch – Ellen Albertini Dow

Literary references

William Wordsworth – "Surprised By Joy"
William Shakespeare – "Merchant of Venice"
William Shakespeare – "Romeo and Juliet"
Richard Lovelace – "To Althea, From Prison"

ACT ONE

EXTERIOR NIGHT – Central Park

A man and a woman are seen jogging in the park through a red-filtered video camera lens. The joggers pass and a man and his dog enter the view-screen. The dog, a Doberman, growls.

A man (*who will later be identified as Professor Edward Hughes*) is seen operating a sophisticated video camera. He pans the camera to the right, adjusts the focus, pans left, capturing an owl on the limb of a tree. He pauses to take notes on a pad of paper. The owl flies away. With the pencil in his teeth, the man bends to the camera again, pans left. A shape is threading through the trees. Drawing his eye away from the camera, he stares at the spot, then quickly returns to the camera. Though the lens he sees Vincent—his face shadowed by his hood—behind some branches. The man's eyes grow wide with surprise; he pulls the pencil out of his mouth. Leaving the camera he hurries down a hill, slipping and sliding until he comes to a stop and stares at the entrance of the drainage tunnel. A steady stream of water reflecting the moonlight, flows away from the opening. Quickly the man goes back up the hill, back to his van and equipment.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR – In the Man's office

The man plays the videotape on a television screen, freezing it on Vincent's face. He steps back, stunned, and sits down on a stool, never taking his eyes off the screen, and takes a nervous drink from a mug.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR DAY – Criminal Courts building

CUT TO:

INTERIOR – Joe Maxwell's office

Joe stands at his desk, scanning several photographs of a woman who has clearly been beaten. Catherine paces the office, agitated.

CATHERINE

(Pacing, arms crossed)
There are also bruises on her back!
(Vehemently, leaning on Joe's desk)
For God's sake Joe, they've been married twelve years!

JOE

All right. I'll have an arrest warrant out for Alberti before he can put down another six pack, all right?

Catherine heads for the door.

Hey, stick around.

CATHERINE

(Turning back to him)
I have a deposition.

JOE

There's something we need to talk about.

Catherine turns back to the door, closes it, returns to Joe's desk. Joe hands her a large, white envelope.

JOE

Just came in this morning.

CATHERINE

Providence, Rhode Island?

JOE

The DA up there is a good friend of Moreno's. He's been looking for someone outside his office to head his Domestic Violence Bureau. Go ahead, open it.

Catherine reads the letter.

CATHERINE

(puzzled)
I don't understand.

JOE

Well, what's not to understand? You've got an impressive record. Moreno's word is like gold with the guy. He wants you ... in Providence ... a week from yesterday.

Joe grins up at her.

CATHERINE

(stunned)
I'm very flattered, but ... this is very sudden, isn't it?

JOE

Well, yeah, like everything else in life. But we're not just talking about a promotion here. We're talking about a quantum leap in your career. Go ahead, read the job profile. You'd be coordinating everything from counseling services to court appearances. That's right up your alley, kiddo.

CATHERINE

Joe!

JOE

Not to mention a 50% salary hike, minimum, which I know to you isn't exactly a top priority, but it would certainly make me smile. Look, nobody 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.

CATHERINE

I'll need some time.

JOE

Fine, only Moreno needs to know by tomorrow.

CATHERINE

Tomorrow?

JOE

Cathy, look. 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.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR DAY – OUTDOOR EATING AREA

Catherine and Edie carry trays to an empty table.

EDIE

Well, if you ask me, we should be celebrating with at 21 over Dom Perignon, as opposed to having this great debate over a couple of diet Pepsi's.

CATHERINE

I don't know, Edie, it's just ... more complicated.

EDIE

It is?

CATHERINE

(sighing)

Leaving my father's firm was easy. You know? I felt it. This is different.

EDIE

You made your list yet?

CATHERINE

What list?

EDIE

(Unwrapping her straw)

You know. Your list where you take the issue, you write out the pros and cons. Little trick my therapist taught me.

CATHERINE

Does it work?

EDIE

For \$75 an hour, it better work.

(Sips her Pepsi)

Okay, we know it's the right career move, so we must consider the emotional, slash ...

(sniffs a flower on the table)

romantic side of things.

CATHERINE

(chuckling)

And what are those?

EDIE

Well, let's face it, for eight million people, New York is a hell of a lonely place.

Who knows? Maybe a new city would be good for you, give you a chance to meet somebody worthwhile.

CATHERINE

Maybe.

EDIE

Okay, okay I know what to do. We chill a couple of days until the right decision comes to you.

CATHERINE

Moreno needs an answer by tomorrow.

EDIE

Nice of him to let you sleep on it. This is a hard one, huh? If you want, I know this astrologer. Have you ever heard of Madame Sharonova?

CATHERINE

I don't think so, Edie. If I do decide to go, I'm going to miss you.

EDIE

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

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR DAY – Campus of Columbia University

MAN'S VOICE

This is the best shot.

**CUT TO:
INTERIOR OFFICE**

PROFESSOR HUGHES

Extraordinary, isn't it?

Two men look at still photographs of Vincent. A third is standing back, grimly watching the proceedings.

LELAND

You have something more? 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? Why, I'd be laughed out of the office.

HUGHES

I'm not asking for a grant.

LELAND

I know you're not.

HUGHES

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

LELAND

I'm sorry, Edward.

HUGHES

But you saw the evidence!

LELAND

A four second video clip and some inconclusive enlargements?

HUGHES

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

LELAND

You're wasting your time - imagining things.

HUGHES

At least I'm not blind to them.

(hangs his head)

Forgive me. I didn't mean that.

LELAND

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

HUGHES

This university owes me something.

LELAND

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 15 years ago.

HUGHES

Stole the credit.

LELAND

Well, I'm sorry, Edward, but its ancient history.

A young, blond-haired man with glasses peers through the blinds as the men in the room conclude their discussion. Evil music plays as he releases the blind and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR NIGHT – AERIAL VIEW OF CITY

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR – DRAINAGE TUNNEL

Catherine paces before the iron bars of the gate that leads into the tunnel world. She stops, approaches the gate, peers through the bars, then resumes pacing. She turns back, approaches the gate again. Vincent stands on the other side.

VINCENT

You look like an angel standing there.

CATHERINE

I wanted to see you.

(She clutches a bar of the gate.)

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

He opens the gate, passes through, closes it behind him. He stands with his back to it as she speaks to him.

CATHERINE

(watching Vincent intently)

I've been offered another job, Vincent. A much better job ... with more responsibility, a chance to use my training and to help people more than I'm able to now. But it would mean ... leaving New York.

VINCENT

(casts his eyes downward)

Where would you go?

CATHERINE

Providence. Rhode Island

VINCENT

(sighing, with a little smile)

Providence is when ... something is meant to be.

CATHERINE

I don't know what's meant to be.

(She turns and walks a few steps away from him, then turns back.)

Vincent, I care about you so deeply, but a part of me is unhappy ... and we both know why.

VINCENT

Well, then you don't have any choice.

CATHERINE

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

VINCENT

You didn't come this far, Catherine, to turn back now.

CATHERINE

I came this far because of *you*. I don't want to leave you behind.

VINCENT

(with determination)

Beyond these tunnels, beyond this city, is a world of possibilities and wonders ... and ... and things calling out to be done. These things I could only dream about until you came into my life. Catherine, don't you understand?

(He steps toward her, closing the distance between them.)

You must go. You must ... see. You must ... do everything you were meant to do, for me, for both of us. And then, I can truly be with you. Always.

CATHERINE

There's no other way?

VINCENT

No ... not for us.

Slowly he opens the gate and passes through it, looking at her as he closes it between them. He walks away, leaving her staring after him. Out of sight of the gate, around a corner of the tunnel, Vincent reaches out a hand to steady himself on the tunnel wall. He leans against the wall and clutches his chest, panting heavily, gasping for air as his heart breaks.

FADE TO:

EXTERIOR NIGHT - Catherine's balcony

Catherine stands alone gazing out at the city. Crying, she reaches up to wipe tears away.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR DAY - Joe's office

Joe is sitting at his desk. Catherine enters.

JOE

(leans back in his chair admiring her)

Oh, you look terrific.

CATHERINE

(walking to the desk)

You look pretty good yourself.

Books and papers cover Joe's desk.

JOE

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

CATHERINE

We were a pretty good team, weren't we?

Joe looks at her, startled.

CATHERINE

I'm going to Providence, Joe.

Joe looks down and swivels his chair to the side.

CATHERINE

What?

JOE

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

CATHERINE

Yesterday you said...

JOE

Yeah, I know what I said yesterday. I even meant it.

Joe gets up from his chair and circles the desk to stand in front of her.

JOE

I'm not too crazy about losing you.

CATHERINE

Thanks, Joe ... for everything.

JOE

You made the right call, Radcliffe. I'm gonna miss you.

They hug.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR TUNNELS – Father's Study

Vincent is sitting in a chair in Father's chamber. Suddenly, he flings himself out of it and begins to pace. Father, at his desk, is looking over some papers, his glasses perched on the

end of his nose. He watches his son, sighs, and takes off his glasses. Vincent places his hands on a table, bending in despair. Father calls out to him:

FATHER

Vincent, the pain you feel now *will* lessen in time and finally pass. That I promise.

Vincent jerks himself upright and faces Father.

VINCENT

So the best I can hope for is to forget her? Forget everything?
(He paces, picks up a book and slams it against a table.)
Mine was another life before Catherine! I'm changed ... *forever*.

FATHER

All right! Then *accept* the change. *Learn* from it.
(sighs)
But you must let the woman follow her own path.

Agitated Vincent, starts up the stairs.

FATHER

Vincent!

Vincent stops frozen on the stairs.

FATHER

For your sake ...

VINCENT

(turning with a glare)
Those are just words, Father, shadows of feelings. They offer no consolation.

He continues up the stairs, disappearing into the tunnels.

FATHER

Vincent!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - Professor Hughes' office at the University

Professor Hughes is sitting behind his desk, a pencil gripped in his mouth. On the desk are Egyptian statuettes and a glass case with a mummy in it. There is a knock on the door.

Prof. HUGHES

Come in.

The blond haired, bespectacled young man who had been peeking through the blinds earlier peers around the office door.

YOUNG MALE STUDENT (later identified as Jonathan GOULD)

Professor Hughes?

Prof. HUGHES

(preoccupied)

Yes?

GOULD

My name is Jonathan Gould. I'm a grad student. I'm in your section this semester.

HUGHES

(finally looking up)

Yes, how can I help you?

Gould enters the room, closing the door behind him.

GOULD

(with creepy grin on his face)

You may have that backward. I was here yesterday in your office, dropping off a paper. Leland Quint is a fool. Do you mind if I sit?

Hughes shakes his head in acquiescence. Gould pulls a chair close to the desk.

HUGHES

So, *ah*, what is your interest in this matter exactly?

GOULD

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

HUGHES

The truth is an abstraction.

GOULD

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

HUGHES

I appreciate your enthusiasm, Mr. Gould. I once felt that way myself, believe me. Probably before you were born. But I think it would be wise to forget it.

GOULD

I can't do that. Think of what you saw. What it would mean.

HUGHES

I've already jeopardized what little is left of my career. Take my advice. You're young. Don't make the same mistakes I did.

GOULD

I guess I'm wasting my time.

Gets up and heads for the door.

HUGHES

You don't understand. There's, um, no support, no funding.

GOULD

With all due respect, Professor Hughes, I do understand.

(He walks back to the desk with another creepy look.)

That's why I'm here.

CUT TO:**EXTERIOR NIGHT – ARIEL VIEW OF PARK****ZOOM IN:****INTERIOR – DRAINAGE TUNNEL**

Vincent is slowly exiting the tunnel. His cloak sways from side to side with every stride. Moonlight glints on his hair that escapes his concealing hood. The lower branches of the trees pluck at him as he moves deeper into the park. He hears a noise and stops for a moment, then continues on. Suddenly the bright lights of a specially equipped van illuminate him and he turns to look behind him, his face fully exposed. He raises his right arm to shield his eyes from the light. In that moment Gould, armed with a tranquillizer gun, shoots. A dart catches Vincent just below his left shoulder; he grunts in surprise at the impact and pulls the dart out. Gould reloads as Vincent turns to flee. Gould chases after him as Hughes guns the motor of the van and follows. Feeling the effects of the drug, Vincent, panting, struggles to run. He stops with his back against a tree and sees Gould still following in the van. The spotlights illuminate the area.

Gould slowly makes his way to the tree where Vincent is hiding. With a roar, Vincent lashes out and cuffs Gould to the ground. Vincent continues on and is in sight of the drainage tunnel when he staggers and falls. He gets up and moves on, but Hughes is there with the van, blocking the way. Hughes gets out of the van gripping a pistol and cocks it. From behind the door of the van, Hughes fires another dart into Vincent's chest. Vincent's vision blurs and he stumbles toward the light. Hughes reloads and fires another dart. Vincent staggers onward, staring at Hughes, his face fully exposed, but finally collapses, unconscious, in front of the van. Cautiously Hughes squats down beside Vincent as Gould appears, blood on his face.

Hughes looks up at Gould:

HUGHES

I'll kill the lights.

CUT TO:**INTERIOR – APARTMENT, NIGHT**

An old woman sits in the dark and peers through a telescope from her apartment window. Her expression implies she has witnessed everything.

FADE IN:**ALTERNATING CUTS:****INTERIOR – VARIOUS TUNNEL LOCATIONS**

The subway clatters overhead. Kipper runs through one of the tunnels and hands a message to Ellie.

KIPPER

It's for Catherine.

Ellie runs down a tunnel.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR – DAY – CATHERINE'S APARTMENT

Boxes are piled about the apartment. many of Catherine's items are already packed away. She stands at a table, loading a box. She picks up a book, *The Sonnets of William Shakespeare*, and slides it out of its protective case. She opens it to the inscription.

VINCENT'S VOICE

(reading the inscription)

With loves light wings did I o'er perch these walls; For stony limits cannot hold love out.
Vincent

She looks out the French doors, terribly sad. There is a knock on the door, though she doesn't hear it at first. The knock comes again, and she goes to answer it passing through the living room striped bare of its usual contents.

Opening the door, she finds an envelope on the floor in the hallway. She opens it, reads it, and looks back into her apartment.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR – TUNNEL ENTRANCE BELOW CATHERINE'S APARTMENT

Catherine shines a flashlight beam around before turning and climbing down the ladder steps set into the concrete wall. She goes through an opening in the bricks. Father steps through another opening and waits for her.

CATHERINE

Your message said it was urgent.

FATHER

Vincent is missing. He's been gone since night before last.

CATHERINE

But I saw him that night.

FATHER

I know.

CATHERINE

Is there somewhere he might have gone?

FATHER

No, he would never cause me such undue worry. We've searched everywhere. He's nowhere below. Vincent was not himself after he spoke with you.

CATHERINE

About my ... going away?

FATHER

Mm-hmm

CATHERINE

I'm only doing what we both thought best.

FATHER

Once, I thought I knew the answer.

(Shakes his head.)

No longer. We must find Vincent, quickly.

CATHERINE

What can we do?

FATHER

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

Father turns to leave.

CATHERINE

Why did you come to tell me?

FATHER

(half-turning back to her)

Because I know you care.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR – LABORATORY

Gould is checking a monitor with Hughes standing right behind him.

GOULD

The tranquillizer seems to be wearing off. Heartbeat still constant. 21 beats a minute.

Hughes moves to a table where Vincent is laying, flat on his back, strapped down, stripped of his cloak and outer layers of clothing.

HUGHES

Remarkable

(Moving around the table, inspecting Vincent.)

His lungs are just as powerful and the blood is so highly oxygenated, he's a miracle. Like nothing I even dreamed of.

(He stops and stares in amazement at Vincent's face.)

Jonathan, we saw him running. Complete bipedal locomotion. That can only suggest one thing.

GOULD

Human? You think he's human?

HUGHES

He's clothed. He stood upright. What other conclusion could you draw?

GOULD

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

HUGHES

But with anthropomorphic features.

GOULD

Even if you're right, we'd have to do a complete cellular analysis to determine his DNA code and we don't have that kind of equipment here.

HUGHES

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

Vincent is rising in consciousness. His breathing deepens. His head turns from side to side.

GOULD

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

HUGHES

I can't risk it

GOULD

What's at risk?

HUGHES

Jonathan, don't you see? It could happen again. They could take him away. They could steal my work, the benefit of my research ... like they did before.

GOULD

(menacingly)

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

Startled Hughes looks from his young associate to Vincent's face. Vincent grows agitated as the effects of the tranquilizer wear off.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR DAY – CATHERINE'S BALCONY

Catherine walks through the French doors of her apartment, out onto the balcony to the balustrade and stares out at the city, a worried expression on her face. She leans on the railing.

CATHERINE

(whispering)

Vincent ... be well.

**CUT TO:
INTERIOR – LABORATORY**

Hughes is watching the paper print out which shows Vincent's brain waves grow agitated. We see Vincent's head turning sharply, hair streaming out. He is dreaming; the scene has a blue cast. In his dream he is in Catherine's apartment; moonlight streams in through the balcony doors. He picks up a book that is lying open on the coffee table then moves into her bedroom. He walks over to her dressing table, picks up her hairbrush. The lights on her makeup mirror are on, he leans into the brush touching it to his forehead then notices his reflection in the mirror. Suddenly he turns and Catherine is there, standing on the step that fronts the balcony doors. She smiles at him and he starts forward, but as he draws closer she disappears. He stares at where she had been then slowly lowers his head. The bright laboratory light looms above him. Back in the lab he whispers her name:

VINCENT

Catherine ...

He opens his eyes and raises his head, startled when he sees Hughes bending over him.

HUGHES

I'm telling you he spoke. The name of a woman – Catherine.

GOULD

(preparing a syringe)

It's probably mimicry, He heard the name somewhere and learned to reproduce it.

HUGHES

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

Vincent watches the two men and growls low in his throat.

GOULD

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

Gould walks over to Vincent with the syringe in his hand.

HUGHES

He's disoriented.

GOULD

And dangerous. Who know the extent of his strength?

He prepares to give Vincent the injection

HUGHES

(touching Gould's arm)

Don't!

GOULD

We have to keep him sedated!

HUGHES

He has intelligence, Jonathan!

GOULD

You're romanticizing him. We don't know that.

Vincent growls, showing his teeth.

HUGHES

I'm telling you ... he's not what you think

GOULD

What, you think he fell from the sky?

HUGHES

(clutching Gould's arm as the younger man prepares to inject Vincent)
Jonathan!

Vincent roars, frees his arm and swats the syringe out of Gould's hand. He knocks Gould away sending him flying into a lab cart. Vincent jumps off the table, but sinks to the floor, still suffering the effects of the tranquilizers. Gould grabs a dart gun, loads it and shoots a dart into Vincent's chest. Vincent pulls it out and stands but Gould shoots another dart and Vincent falls to his knees, collapsing on the floor at Gould's feet. Hughes, crouching at a table, looks on horrified.

GOULD

(Sarcastically, looking at Hughes)
Intelligent, all right.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR – CATHERINE'S APARTMENT

Catherine's apartment door swings open and Edie is there.

EDIE

Change your mind?

CATHERINE

More like second thoughts

EDIE

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

CATHERINE

Well, I'm still here.

EDIE

I noticed.

CATHERINE

You want some coffee? I just made a fresh pot.

EDIE

Yeah, long as it's the real thing. That decaf makes me nervous.

She sits down on the couch and picks up a book from Catherine's table. Catherine comes back into the room from the kitchen with a steaming mug. A look of apprehension, and then a strange smile, small crosses her face as she places the mug on the table and sits across from her friend.

EDIE

(Examining the book's fly leaf)
So who's this Vincent?

CATHERINE

A friend.

EDIE

Does this friend have anything to do with these second thoughts you're having?

CATHERINE

Sort of.

EDIE

You want to talk about it?

CATHERINE

Not especially.

Catherine glances down at the newspaper Edie had brought with her, one of those sensational rags with outlandish stories. The headline reads "Grandma Sees Monster Captured". She picks up the newspaper.

EDIE

Now don't give me a hard time about that. I only read that to keep up with the soaps for my aunt. She's deaf.

Catherine turns the pages to read the story.

**CUT TO:
INTERIOR – LABORATORY**

Vincent lies on the floor of a cage in the lab, propped up on one elbow. Time passes as if it is nighttime and he sinks lower and lower to the floor. Finally his head is on his arm in utter dejection.

GOULD

You can't possibly be that naïve, Professor.

HUGHES

(standing face to face with Gould)
What do you mean?

GOULD

When the research is completed and the articles published, what do you think happens then?

HUGHES

I won't allow it.

GOULD

There won't be any choice.

HUGHES

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

GOULD

Yes

HUGHES

Well there it is. Why do you insist on ... on perverting and degrading it?

A tear trickles down Vincent's face as he listens to the two men arguing.

GOULD

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

HUGHES

Nor is it meant to be twisted and exploited! Yes, the creature is extraordinary and should be shared, but only when we know what we're dealing with first!!

GOULD

I'll tell you what we're dealing with.

(he goes to the cage and looks down at Vincent)

A freak of nature ... a genetic accident. You saw what he was capable of.

HUGHES

He was provoked!

GOULD

You really believe this thing has a conscience, don't you? 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 heads for the door.

HUGHES

Where are you going?

GOULD

(menacingly)

You and I made a deal Professor. Now it's time to see it through.

HUGHES

Please!

Hughes rushes past Gould to bar the door.

GOULD

Out of my way, Hughes.

HUGHES

I won't let you do this!

Gould shoves Hughes, who falls to the floor. As he pushes himself upright, he stares at Vincent who doesn't seem to react to the happenings, and after a moment, Gould hangs his head.

FADE OUT

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR DAY – COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

Gould is leading Larsen to the lab. He opens the door expecting to see Vincent but the room is empty. Gould looks about the room astonished.

LARSEN

Well?

CUT TO:

INTERIOR – NEWSPAPER OFFICE

A man sits at a cluttered desk, a cigarette dangling in his fingers, on the telephone.

TRASK

(mid-conversation)

Then ask the bloody doorman.

Catherine enters at the door of the office.

Of course he'll tell you for two thousand dollars. He damn well better tell you.

CATHERINE

Excuse me, are you Byron Trask?

Shifting his glasses from the top of his head down to his nose, Trask looks at Catherine appreciatively

TRASK.

Yes I am

CATHERINE

I'm Catherine Chandler with the District Attorney's office.

TRASK

(disappointed)

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

He shoves his glasses back to the top of his head and turns back to his work.

CATHERINE

Wait a minute. You don't understand. I'm not here for that.

She hands him the newspaper Edie had with her.

TRASK

What about it?

CATHERINE

Did it happen?

TRASK

(belligerently)

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

(He turns back to the desk but then pauses sliding his glasses back down.)

Ms. Chandler, we may not be the New York Times, but we are a newspaper. Did you know that this morning at the Bronx Zoo, an orangutan saved his keeper from choking on a bagel by applying the Heimlich maneuver? Now where do you think an orangutan learned the Heimlich maneuver? Hmm? Television. It's the truth. It's the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

CATHERINE

Did you believe this woman? This Anna Lausch that you mention?

TRASK

It's my job to believe her.

CATHERINE

Did you believe her?

TRASK

I've come to know the old woman quite well. She's what you might call a voyeur, but she's not a liar.

CATHERINE

I need to talk to her

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR – DAY – A TALL BRICK APARTMENT BUILDING

CUT TO:

INTERIOR – DARK APARTMENT

A small dog lies on the floor. Classical piano music plays softly in the background.

ANNA LAUSCH

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

Catherine is seated next to a fussily dressed elderly woman, who sits by a desk that holds a telescope pointed out the window. A small dog lies placidly on the floor at their feet.

Winnie knows,
(speaking to the dog)
don't you, Winnie? With this,
(she gestures to the telescope)
I can see all over the park.
Many different people. I look down on all of them. Here, try for yourself.

CATHERINE

No thank you.

ANNA

Go on.

Catherine gets up and peers through the scope into the treetops of the park.

ANNA

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

CATHERINE

Mrs. Lausch, I need to know what you saw that night.

ANNA

The night? I watch the night, too.

She turns from Catherine with a faraway expression on her face.

When the noises hush like children and on come the street lamps and people of the dark.

CATHERINE

Mrs. Lausch, try to remember. What did you see?

ANNA

Two men were running and a truck was following with a bright light ... fast and they go down by the tunnel. And the man ... turns, and I see his face ... a terrible animal face ... with such pain. And then the other man in the truck, he comes and he...

CATHERINE

He what?

ANNA

Shoots at him.

CATHERINE

(horrified)

Shoots at him? Could you show me where?

ANNA

(Positioning the telescope)

There

Catherine looks through the scope and sees the drainage tunnel entrance.

CATHERINE

(taking Mrs. Lausch's hands)

Thank you.

ANNA

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

Catherine nods her head then turns to leave.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR – DAY – CENTRAL PARK

Anna watches Catherine through her telescope as she searches the area around the drainage tunnel entrance. She finds two of the darts that had been fired at Vincent. She looks up in Anna's direction knowing that she is being watched.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR – BASEMENT OF HUGHES' OFFICE

Hughes stands staring at Vincent who is lying on the floor of the cage, tears trickling down his face. Hughes walks over and squats down.

HUGHES

Speak to me... please. I know you can, I heard you. You've got to let me help you.

VINCENT

(without raising his head)

Then release me.

HUGHES

(sighing with relief)

So you can speak and you can understand what I say?

VINCENT

Yes.

HUGHES

Why did you keep silent in front of Gould?

VINCENT

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

HUGHES

(through the bars of the cage)

I never meant you harm. You must believe that. Do you have a name?

VINCENT

Vincent.

HUGHES

Vincent.

(raises his brows and looks pleased)

My name is Hughes. I have so many questions. You spoke the name ... Catherine. Who is Catherine?

VINCENT

(startled, but dejected and resigned)

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

CATHERINE

Is she like you? Another of your kind?

VINCENT

(sighs)

There is only me.

GOULD

Vincent ... what are you?

VINCENT

I am only 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.

(raises his head just a little)

Look at me.

HUGHES

I don't know what to do.

VINCENT

(Raising his head from the floor of the cage, breathing in ragged gasps)

Let me go.

GOULD

I can't. Not now, not yet. I still have so many unanswered questions

VINCENT

Hughes ... I'm dying

He bows his head, his forehead on the bars of the cage. Hughes is on his knees at the cage.

FADE OUT

INTERIOR – DAY – UNIVERSITY BUILDING HALLWAY

Gould is having a drink at the water fountain as Catherine rounds the corner. She knocks on Hughes' office door. Hughes has his hip hitched up on a credenza and is gazing out the window. She knocks again.

HUGHES

Leave me alone!

CATHERINE

Professor Hughes?

HUGHES

Who is it?

CATHERINE

My name is Catherine Chandler. Please may I speak with you?

Slowly Hughes gets up and goes to the door.

HUGHES

(murmuring)

Catherine?!

CATHERINE

Thank you.

HUGHES

(Closing the door)

How can I help you?

She reaches into her purse and pulls out the two darts she found by the drainage tunnel. He takes them from her.

CATHERINE

I traced the serial number to the supplier in Albany to the university, and then to you. He's here, isn't he? Is he alive?

HUGHES

He's spoken of you.

CATHERINE

Take me to him!

HUGHES

I can't do that, I'm sorry.

CATHERINE

Please!

HUGHES

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

CATHERINE

No, there's only Vincent! If you've spoken with him then I know you understand that!

HUGHES

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

CATHERINE

Is that worth the pain he must be suffering?

HUGHES

There's still so much to learn from him, so much we don't know.

CATHERINE

(furious)

Who gave you the right?

HUGHES

It's too late! Don't you understand? Another man's already seen him!

CATHERINE

Professor Hughes, I don't know how to explain this to you. I don't even pretend to understand it, but Vincent and I ... are connected. I know him, and I know that, whatever he is, he's also the best part of what it means to be human. And if you take away his freedom, then you take away that very part that makes him most human!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR – HUGHES' OFFICE BASEMENT

Hughes opens the door and leads Catherine into the room where Vincent is imprisoned. She rushes to the cage, squatting down to peer at him through the bars. She puts her hand through the bars and strokes his head.

CATHERINE

Vincent!

He lifts his head to look at her.

Let him out of here. NOW!

HUGHES

Where will you take him?

Gould is at the door. He closes it behind him.

GOULD

(evily, advances on Hughes)

He's not going anywhere. Give me the key.

HUGHES

No!

GOULD

Give me the key!

HUGHES

No!

GOULD

Shoves Hughes against the wall. Give me the key!

HUGHES

NO! Listen to me, will you.

GOULD

We've gone too far Hughes, both of us.

HUGHES

You don't understand. He does speak!

GOULD

Yells and goes through Hughes' pockets as he is pressed against the wall.

Vincent raises onto one elbow.

GOULD

Give me the key!

A crowbar lies atop one of the boxes in the room. Hughes grabs it and strikes Gould in the head. Gould smashes backward into a fire hose box, breaking the glass, and then drops to the floor, dazed.

HUGHES

I'm sorry, Jonathan, but I can't allow you to do this!

(He scrambles to Gould, kneeling beside him.)

Not now! Not with what we know!

Gould picks up a large screwdriver that he finds on the floor.

HUGHES

We have no right.

As they rise from the floor, Gould stabs Hughes in the stomach with the screwdriver. Hughes screams in pain and slips to the floor. The keys fall to the floor. Catherine scoops them up, brandishing them between her fingers as Hughes drops to the floor. Gould advances on her. Vincent gets up on his knees, watching, waiting.

GOULD

Give me the keys!

Catherine circles around Gould, stabbing at him with the keys. She positions him with his back to the cage and Vincent. Gould grabs her, she twists around in his arms so that her back is to his chest. She stomps his instep, then pushes off the wall to propel them both backwards. Gould slams into the cage and Vincent reaches out for Gould's neck. Catherine falls to Hughes who is lying on the floor with the screwdriver sticking out of his stomach. Vincent twists Gould's head, breaking his neck, then slumps back against the bars of the cage. Catherine rushes to the cage and unlocks the door, falling to Vincent's side the minute the door swings open.

VINCENT

(To Catherine)
Hughes ...

Catherine goes to Hughes who is breathing shallowly. Blood pours from the wound. Gently, she lifts his head.

HUGHES

(faltering, fading)
Forget me. Take him away. Far away.

CATHERINE

I will.

HUGHES

I wish I co ... could have known him better. Vincent ... forgive me ... Forgive me.

Hughes dies and Catherine lowers his head to the floor. She turns to look at Vincent.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INTERIOR – PAN OF VINCENT'S CHAMBER

CATHERINE

*But how could I forget thee?
Through what power,
even for the least division of an hour
have I been so beguiled as to be blind ...*

Vincent is seen lying on his bed, propped up on his elbow, listening as Catherine reads to him. She sits in his big chair.

*... to my most grievous loss?
That thought's return was the worst pang
that sorrow ever bore, save one,
one only, when I stood forlorn knowing
my heart's best treasure was no more.
That neither present time
nor years unborn could to my sight ...*

She looks up from the book and gazes at Vincent.

... *that heavenly face restore.*

Vincent and Catherine exchange a very meaningful look and Catherine smiles.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END