

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"No Way Down"

by

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"No Way Down"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR - STATUE OF LIBERTY (STOCK) - NIGHT 1  
The Lady, bathed in electric luminescence, noble and mysterious on her island in the night... Far off a lonely FOGHORN SOUNDS...

CUT TO:

2 EXT. GHETTO STREET - NIGHT 2  
Decay and disrepair have long since extinguished any nightlife this neighborhood might have supported. Tennants have fled the near-crumbling buildings. Commercial establishments once pockmarking the street are now barren, tomblike.

A yellow cab slides INTO FRAME and stops.

3 INT. CAB - NIGHT 3  
as the CAB DRIVER turns nervously to his fare.

CAB DRIVER

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

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

CATHY

Are you sure this is the right address?

CAB DRIVER

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

CATHY

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

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

CAB DRIVER  
Forget about it!

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

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

CUT TO:

4 EXT. GHETTO STREET - WITH CATHY - NIGHT

4

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

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

CLOSE - CATHY

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

VINCENT

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

VINCENT  
Catherine...

She sags with relief; he steadies her.

CATHY  
Vincent... You startled me.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

VINCENT

(looking around)

You were right to be afraid. This is a dangerous place. I sensed your fear.

CATHY

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

VINCENT

Can you trust him?

CATHY

I think it's worth the gamble.

VINCENT

Sometimes your fear can keep you alive. You should listen to it more often.

(a beat)

I'll come with you.

CATHY

I have to go alone. I gave my word.

VINCENT

Then: know I'll be near.

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

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

5

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

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

PAST CATHY

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

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

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

CUT TO:

6 EXT. REAR OF BAR BUILDING. NIGHT

6

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

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

7

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

CATHY

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

She hears the floor CREAK behind her, whirls to SEE

A RAGTAG GANG OF YOUNG HOODS

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

CATHY

Which one of you is Shake?

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

SHAKE

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

CATHY

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

SHAKE

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

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

CATHY

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

SHAKE

(thinks about it)

That's cool. He can handle that.

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

SHAKE

(continuing)

Sit. Beer or somethin'?

CATHY

(an edge)

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

SHAKE

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

CATHY

(starts for the door)

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

SHAKE

(a laugh)

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

(Cathy comes over, sits down)

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

CATHY

(gets out her pad and pen)

No. I'm listening.

ANOTHER ANGLE. SHAKE

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

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

SHAKE

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

CATHY

Stolen.

SHAKE

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

He shoots... We follow the ball, then.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. THE BAR - NIGHT

8

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

CUT TO:

9 INT. BAR - NIGHT

9

As before...

CATHY

This 'Chris' have a last name?

SHAKE

(making another shot)

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

CUT TO:

10 EXT. BAR - ANGLE ON EL DORADO. NIGHT

10

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

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ANGLES - WEAPONS

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

WIDER ANGLE - THE GROUP

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

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

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

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

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

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

TONY

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

CHRIS

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

PYTHON

(urgent, excited)  
Let's do it... let's do it...

CHRIS

Now...

The group brings their weapons up...

CUT TO:



11 INT. THE BAR . NIGHT

11

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

CATHY

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

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

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

ANGLE. VINCENT

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

CUT TO:

12 EXT. BAR. NIGHT

12

Chris waves off the shooting, listening...

CHRIS

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

CUT TO:

13 INT. BAR-NIGHT

13

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

CATHY

I'm all right...

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

15 INT. BAR. AT REAR DOOR. NIGHT 15

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

CATHY

He's alive...

VINCENT

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

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

CUT TO:

16 EXT. BAR. WITH GANG. NIGHT 16

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

TONY

Don't you think that's overkill?

CHRIS

Let's go see what's left.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CATHY

Vincent... oh god...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

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

SCO

You set us up...

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

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

CATHY

Goes down... and out...

SMASH CUT TO:

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

18

jerking awake. His eyes blink, squint...

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

VINCENT'S POV

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

PYTBON'S VOICE

Hey, it's comin' to!

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

CHRIS

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

CHRIS

ROWRRR!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18 .

WIDER ANGLE

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

CHRIS

Those chains secure?

TONY

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

CHRIS

Yeah?

TONY

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

PYTHON

... He's ug -lee!

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

COZY

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

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

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

MISS PATRICIA

Chris always brings me such nice things...

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

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

Vincent hangs his head, great sadness overcoming him.

THE CHAIN AROUND THE PIPES

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

CUT TO:

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

19

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

GRIMES (COP)

(watching)

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

(she nods)

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

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

CATHY

No. There was no one else.

CUT TO:

20 INT. SILKS GARAGE/CLUBHOUSE. NIGHT focus IS

20

BLURRED... Shapes... the MUSIC...  
WIDER ANGLE

Python'S got a crow bar, and is prodding Vincent with it poking harder and harder.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

PYTHON  
(eyes glittering)  
Look at that! He don't even  
flinch!

HOWIE  
Cut it out. He ain't hurtin'  
nobody.

PYTHON  
(whirling)  
You tellin' me what to do, Pigmeat?  
You wanna make me?

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

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

PYTHON  
(jerking her back)  
Get away from it, you crazy?

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

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

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

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

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

CHRIS  
(shove Tony aside)  
If you can't talk, maybe you can  
howl... howl, freak... It's a full  
moon... howl for us...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

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

\*  
\*

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21 INT. STEAM TUNNEL. WITH CATHY. NIGHT '21

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

ELLIE'S VOICE  
Catherine...

Cathy spins to SEE

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

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

CATHY  
(urgently)  
Ellie, is Vincent all right?

ELLIE  
(puzzled)  
He went above tonight. Be hasn't come back yet.  
(as Cathy reacts)  
Is there something wrong? Is Vincent in trouble?

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED:

21

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

As Ellie leads her into secret chamber we

CUT TO:

21A INT. TUNNELS

21A

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

21B INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER

21B

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

FATHER  
(urgently)  
What's happened?

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

FATHER  
(takes her shoulders)  
Tell me!

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

FATHER  
My god...

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

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

(CONTINUED)

21B CONTINUED:

21B

Vincent FATHER

. . .

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

FATHER

(continuing)

Where did this happen?

CATHY

The lower East Side.  
Broome Street

FATHER

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

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

CATHY

(softly)

He was with me.

Father turns away in disgust.

FATHER

I've warned him, pleaded with him... Now this! If he's caught above...

Cathy is stunned, wounded by his fury, but her concern for Vincent's safety pushes aside any thought of defending herself. A long beat of silence...

CATHY

I care for him more than anyone in my life.

FATHER

(a long beat; anger  
slackening)

Your... relationship with Vincent is a tragic mistake... for both of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat...

CATHY

Help me... I'll find him. I promise  
you. But I need your help.

FATHER

(a beat; despairing)

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

CATHY

Can you show me?

21BA ANOTHER ANGLE

21BA \*

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

FATHER

Here... and here...

CATHY

Vincent must know of these places...

FATHER

(nods sadly)

If he can reach them.

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

CUT TO:

21C INT. SILKS' GARAGE - HOURS LATER

21C

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

(CONTINUED)

21C CONTINUED:

21C

HOWIE

You okay, mister? I didn't want 'em to hurt you, but Chris and Python... they can be real mean.

(leans closer; looks into Vincent's eyes)

Can you talk, like Miss Patricia says? I bet you can, you just don't wanna, on account of 'em bein' mean to you... Can you talk, Mister? I won't tell 'em if you can...

VINCENT

(a long beat; softly)

Yes.

Howie grins with delight.

HOWIE

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

VINCENT

I need your help, Howie. You're not like the others... I know that. Set me free...

HOWIE

(he wants to, but he's too frightened)

Chris'd kill me if I did. He gets crazy sometimes, him and Python...

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

COZY (O.S.)

Get away from him, dummy!

ANOTHER ANGLE. COZY AND PYTHON

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

COZY

Wanna get yourself killed? He's dangerous'

(CONTINUED)

21C CONTINUED: (2)

21C

HOWIE

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

Vincent lowers his head, hope slipping away...

ANOTHER ANGLE. CHRIS AND MISS PATRICIA

come in from another room, arms around each other, Tony following. Cozy passes out beers; they gather around Vincent again. His eyes are closed...

CHRIS

Want a beer, freak?

22 CLOSE ON VINCENT

22 \*

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

VINCENT'S POV BLURRED SHAPES

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

WIDER ANGLE

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

TONY

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

MISS PATRICIA

I guess he doesn't talk, huh Chris?

Python hits Vincent hard on the shoulder with a tire iron;. Vincent endures it silently. Howie winces, looks away...

PYTHON

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

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

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

HOWIE

Why you wanta hurt him for,  
Python?

The giant is still squeezing Python's wrist, almost as if he's forgotten he has hold of it. Python struggles, beats at him with his free hand.

PYTHON

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

CHRIS

Let him go, Howie... Let him GO!

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

PYTHON

You stinkin' freak!

HOWIE

He was gonna hurt him, Chris... \*

CHRIS

(to Python; sharply)  
Put it away.

PYTHON

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

CLOSE - THE CHAINS

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

ANOTHER ANGLE. FAVORING VINCENT

Chris turns up the FLAME on the torch...

CHRIS

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

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2) PYTHON 22  
 Burn him..

Chris brings the flame in close to Vincent's face... closer... The flame touches his skin. And with the pain comes The Beast... Vincent roars in pain and rage, pulling against the chains that bind him... Suddenly, the pipes rupture: scalding STEAM belches in clouds, driving Chris and the other gang members back... Chris drops the torch: it rolls across the floor into a pile of boxes.

ANGLES - VINCENT'S ATTACK

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

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

Now Vincent turns, lunges for a window...

CUT TO:

23 EXT. REAR OF GARAGE. WITH VINCENT 23

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

VINCENT'S POV - RUNNING

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

A STREET

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

CUT TO:

23 CONTINUED:

23

IN AN ALLEY - VINCENT

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

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

CUT TO:



24 INT. SILKS GARAGE - NIGHT

24

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

CHRIS

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

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

CHRIS

(anguished)  
My brother ....no, I can't leave  
Tony.

PYTHON

(as he runs up)  
We gotta kill that freak,  
Chris! Make him pay for what  
he done!  
(helping Howie pull Chris up)  
Let's get him, man!

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

CHRIS

(almost a scream)  
I want the freak! I want him!

CUT TO:

25 EXT. SILKS GARAGE - NIGHT

25

Chris, Howie, Python and the two women run out of the garage, pile into the EL Dorado parked at the curb. Chris fires the engine; the car roars away from CAMERA. BOLD for a long beat, then

CUT TO:

26 OMITTED

26

27 EXT. DARKENED STREET. NIGHT

.27

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

VINCENT'S POV . ANGLED UP

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

Now he's MOVING...

\*

CUT TO:

27A EXT. STREET - THE EL DORADO - NIGHT

27A \*

passes the mouth of an alley...

MISS PATRICIA  
He coulda gone down there!

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

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

DOWN THE ALLEY

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

CHRIS  
Damn! Let's move!

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

VINCENT

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

CUT TO:

28 OMITTED

28

29 EXT. BOMBED-OUT BAR - NIGHT

29 w

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

CATHY  
Thanks for coming, Isaac.

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

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

CATHY

(evasive)

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

ISAAC

(a beat)

You can trust me.

CATHY

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

ISAAC

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

CATHY

(nods)

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

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

ISAAC.

(takes her arm, starts toward them)

Maybe we got a couple of eyeball witnesses...

WITH THE WINOS

as Cathy and Isaac get there.

ISAAC

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

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

ISAAC

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

WINO

(pockets the money)

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

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

30 INT. A WAREHOUSE. NIGHT

30

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

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

BLINDING WHITE LIGHT - HIS POV

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

WIDER ANGLE

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

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

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

VINCENT  
 Where am I? What part of the city?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT to:

31 EXT. STREET. WITH VINCENT. NIGHT

31

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

CUT to:

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

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

REVERSE ANGLE

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

CABBIE

Thought I saw something up  
there.. .

CATHY

(leaning forward;  
urgently)

Hurry!

CUT TO:

33 EXT. A STAIRWELL - NIGHT 33

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

CUT TO:

34 INT. CAB - TRAVELLING - NIGHT 34

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

CABBIE

Guess not. Sorry...

CUT TO:

3S EXT. STAIRWELL - WITH THE DRUNKS - NIGHT 3.5 ~

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

VINCENT

(softly)  
Catherine...

CUT TO:

36

EXT. STREET - PAVEMENT LEVEL (EYEMO) - NIGHT

36

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

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO



## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

37 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

37

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

CUT TO:

38 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

38

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

VINCENT

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

VINCENT'S POV

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

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

ANGLE ON EL DORADO

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

COZY  
Where'd he go??

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

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

COZY  
(she leans over the  
seat, puts her arms  
around him)  
Know what...?

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

CUT to:

VINCENT POV

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

THE INTERSECTION

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

VINCENT

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

. ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD

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

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

HOWIE

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

PYTHON

You're always hungry.  
 (pushes the barrel of  
 his gun at Howie's  
 face)  
 Here, chew on this, fat boy.

CHRIS

Shut the hell up, both of you.

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

INSERT - REAR VIEW MIRROR

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

SERIES OF SHOTS

intercutting between Vincent and the El Dorado...

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

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

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

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

e) Vincent grasps the edge of the heavy drainage grate, his fingers trying to find purchase on its slick edges. He HEARS the SOUND of the El Dorado, looks up, SEES the oncoming LIGHTS briefly...

f) Chris grins and TURNS OUT HIS LIGHTS.

g) From VINCENT'S POV, the on-coming car is gone. He turns his attention back to the drainage grate, pulls the edge of it up, gets his hands underneath it and begins to shift it to one aide...

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

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

ANGLE. THE EL DORADO

As it veers, striking Vincent a glancing hit -- knocking him against a parked car. The big car then goes out of control, jumps the curb on the opposite side of the street, blowing both front tires.

VINCENT

is on his back on the sidewalk, trying to turn over, to get to his feet... WE HEAR shouting, screams, running feet. Vincent hears it too, knows he must get to cover. He lurches to his feet, feels his way along the wall, limps into an alley...

ANGLE - THE STREET

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

ANGLE - THE CADILLAC

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

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

MISS PATRICIA

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

CHRIS

(coming out of it,  
pinning Howie,  
venomous)

You moron...

HOWIE

(frightened)

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

Chris reaches to slap him;...

HOWIE

(cowering)

Don't, Chris...

CHRIS

You worthless piece of meat!

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (4)

38

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHRIS  
 Let's find him!

As they run down the street,

CUT TO:

39 EXT. SILKS' GARAGE. NIGHT

39

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ISAAC

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

CATHY

(frantic)

He's hurt, Isaac... I know it... He's hurt and alone...

ISAAC

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

CATHY

We've got to...

ISAAC

(looks at her, "reading her")

Hey look, I'm not gonna ask you any questions, alright?

CATHY

Thanks...

ISAAC

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

CATHY

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

ISAAC

Okay... That's cool...

CATHY

(hesitant)

His name... is Vincent.

ISAAC

(nods)

... Vincent.

CATHY

(heartfelt)

... I owe him my life.

ISAAC

(beat, then a reassuring smile)

C'mon .. if he's out there, we'll find him.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

40

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

41 EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

41

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

LUCY'S POV

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

LUCY

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

LUCY

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

VINCENT

(from the dark, in great pain)

Please... I won't hurt you.

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

LUCY

You drunk?  
What's wrong?

VINCENT

(urgently)  
... Don't come any closer ...  
please...

LUCY

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

\*

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

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

VINCENT

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

LUCY

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

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

42 INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

42

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

LUCY

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

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

LUCY

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

(beat, abashed)

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

Vincent shakes his head no.

LUCY

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

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

(CONTINUED)



42 CONTINUED:

42

VINCENT

No light... please...

LUCY

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

VINCENT

My appearance may... frighten you.

LUCY

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

She laughs lightly, nervously, but Vincent does not.

LUCY

(beat, more softly)  
You got to trust somebody,  
sometimes...

CLOSE ON LUCY'S HAND

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

ANGLE PAST LUCY ON VINCENT

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

CLOSE ON LUCY

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

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

43 INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

43

VINCENT'S POV OF LUCY

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

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

VINCENT  
 I won't hurt you...

LUCY  
 (yelling)  
 Don't come near me!

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

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

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

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

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

LUCY  
 You gotta get to a doctor...

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

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

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

LUCY  
I'll help you...

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

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

VINCENT  
Tell me the way.

LUCY  
I'll take you there...

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

LUCY  
(strangely shy)  
... Lucy.

VINCENT  
Thank you, Lucy...

CUT TO:

43A EXT. THE BEAUMONT BUILDING. ESTABLISHING. NIGHT

43A

Dark and spooky.

44 EXT. PLAYGROUND AT BEAUMONT BUILD. . NIGHT

44

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

CHRIS  
What the hell kept you?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

PYTHON

(excited)

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

CHRIS

(mad)

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

MISS PATRICIA

Be mighta just crawled off in some  
bushes and died.

COZY

My feet are killing me...

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

CHRIS

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

CUT TO:

45 EXT. RUNWAY LOUNGE INTERSECTION - NIGHT

45

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

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

CATHY

So close...

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

ISAAC

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

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Cathy nods slowly, obviously afraid to hear what he'll say next, but knowing she has to.

CATHY

He's not dead... I'd know it if he were dead...

ISAAC

Judging from the skid marks, they were doing at least fifty... and he still gets up and runs off.

Cathy breathes a tremendous sigh of relief and throws her arms around Isaac.

CATHY

Oh, god... he's out there somewhere... somewhere close.

ISAAC

(grimly)  
Yeah... and so are the Silks.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. PLAYGROUND. NIGHT

46

Vincent, with Lucy's support, is limping across the same small playground where the Silks met earlier.

Suddenly we HEAR the sound of approaching footsteps. Vincent and Lucy hear it too.

ANGLE. COZY

She stands in an alcove just off the playground. She's spotted Vincent and Lucy. She dashes off...

COZY

(running)

Chris..! Chris..! I found him!

Vincent and Lucy pick up the pace but not fast enough... We now HEAR the sound of APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS growing LOUDER...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

LUCY  
 (pulls back from  
 Vincent)  
 You go on ahead...

VINCENT  
 No...

LUCY  
 (urgent whisper)  
 The church is just ahead there. You want to get  
 home or not?  
 (steps back from him)  
 Go on, get out of here. Go.

For a moment he hesitates, but when Lucy TURNS HER BACK on  
 him and walks away, Vincent finally departs, his cloak  
 swirling behind him.

A moment later, python ENTERS the playground, wary, spooked,  
 hyper. Lucy steps out from behind a barrel, and he WHIRLS toward  
 her, snaps his gun up to firing position... then sees her, and  
 LAUGHS.

PYTHON  
 (unpleasant smile)  
 Juicy Lucy... what are you doing  
 out?

Lucy's posture, attitude, and personality change: she's very  
 much the hooker now, standing provocatively, taunting him,  
 working her trade.

LUCY  
 Looking for company...

They both REACT to the sound of others approaching.  
 Howie enters the playground.

HOWIE  
 Hi, Miss Lucy. Look what I found.

Howie pulls an old-fashioned glass paperweight with a winter  
 scene inside.

HOWIE  
 (showing them)  
 When you shake it, it snows  
 inside...

LUCY  
 Nice...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

Howie SMILES happily, pockets the paperweight just as Chris and the girls arrive.

LUCY  
(edgy, anxious)  
I'll be going, I don't want no trouble.

She starts to step away, but Chris GRABS her by the arm and spins her around savagely. He SHOVES her at Howie, who holds her by the arms, immobile, as Chris gets in her face.

CHRIS  
Where is he? Where'd he go?

LUCY  
Who...?

CHRIS  
(icy)  
I don't have time for this.

LUCY  
I don't know who you...

CHRIS  
Where, Lucy? Show me?

CLOSE ON LUCY AND HOWIE

He moves his huge hand up to her throat, leans down to whisper in her ear, to plead with her... but he's so carelessly strong that he begins choking her, without even meaning to...

HOWIE  
(concerned)  
You got to tell him, Lucy. You got to tell him or he'll hurt you. Please, Miss Lucy, you got to tell...

Lucy begins to make CHOKING SOUNDS...

CLOSE ON LUCY

Frantic with fear, choking...

LUCY  
Inside...

(CONTINUED)

THE SCENE

CHRIS  
He's in the building.

Howie releases Lucy, who tumbles to the ground sobbing  
And gasping for air as the Silks head off.

CUT TO

47  
Thru OMITTED  
48

49 EXT. THE PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Lucy is still on the ground, weeping- Isaac and Cathy, drawn  
by her sobs, enter the playground and rush to her. She looks  
up at them, tearful.

ISAAC  
Hey, you okay?  
(bends to help her)

(  
LUCY  
(frantic)  
I'm okay.. you gotta help  
Vincent.

CATHY  
Vincent! Where is he?

LUCY  
(beside herself)  
The Silks .. they're gonna kill  
him.

(CONTINUED)



49 CONTINUED:

49

CATHY  
(shouts)  
Where? Where'd they go?

LUCY  
... In the building...

Isaac and Cathy EXCHANGE FEARFUL GLANCES and RUN OFF...

CUT TO:

49A EXT. BEAUMONT BLDG. - WITH VINCENT - NIGHT

49A

as he feels his way along the side of the building, looking for a way in... Now he reaches a ledge, drops down a level and finds a BARRED DOOR. He grabs the bars, begins ripping them free... a GUN COCKS behind him.

PYTHON'S VOICE  
You're dead, freako!

ANOTHER ANGLE - PYTHON

stands above and behind Vincent, the big revolver cocked and aimed at him.

PYTHON  
(calling)  
Chris! Over here -

Vincent rips the section of bars free, flings them at Python. The little man goes down hard under the weight of the wrought iron as Vincent disappears through the door...

49B INT. VAULTED CORRIDOR - WITH VINCENT - NIGHT

49B

Vincent comes down the arched corridor toward CAMERA, limping, dragging himself, feeling his way... SHOUTING from the gang outside...

CUT TO:

49C EXT. BEAUMONT BLDG. - NIGHT

49C

Howie is lifting the heavy grate off Python. He helps him up.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49C

                          HOWIE  
He must be awful strong, Chris.

                          CHRIS  
He's gonna be awful dead.

Chris leads the way in...

49D INT. BEAUMONT BLDG. . NIGHT

49D

The gang comes down a long corridor, searching...

                          CHRIS  
We gotta spread out.  
                          (to girls)  
You stay here. I don't want no  
company dropping in. Howie, give 'er  
your gun.

                          HOWIE  
Aw Chris, that's mine...

But he gives Miss Patricia the shotgun anyway.  
The three men move out.

49E INT. A STAIRWAY. WITH VINCENT. NIGHT

49E

He's feeling his way down a narrow flight of stairs when a  
SHOT RINGS OUT; plaster chips near his head. Be ducks, rolls  
down the stairs as more SHOTS are fired...

                          PYTHON'S      VOICE  
Down here!

49F INT. CORRIDOR. WITH CATHY AND ISAAC

49F

They react to the sound of shots, run forward down the  
corridor and into

COZY AND MISS PATRICIA

Miss P covers them with the shotgun...

                          MISS PATRICIA  
Back off. Private party.

Isaac and Cathy trade looks, raise their hands...

                          ISAAC  
Never argue with a shotgun...

(CONTINUED)

49H CONTINUED:

49H

HOWIE

You got to shush now, mister. Don't make no noise, or Chris will hear. I can help...

Howie starts to work on the bars while Vincent watches warily, uncertain of the giant's intentions. But he's got to trust him. Be sets to work; the two of them attack the bars together, finally pull them free. They both sieze the heavy oaken door, begin pulling...

HOWIE

It's heavy...

As the door slowly creaks open, beams of light filter out -- the characteristic golden light of our underworld...

HOWIE

(peering into the light;  
putting his finger in  
it)

There's steps down there!

(with wonder)

That where you live, mister?

VINCENT

Yes...

HOWIE

(urgent)

You gotta go now, before Chris hears...

CHRIS (O.S.)

Little too late for that, Howie.

CHRIS

stands behind them, his Beretta aimed.

HOWIE

steps in front of Vincent, blocking Chris' aim.

HOWIE

Let him go, Chris. He's hurt bad, he just wants to go home.

(CONTINUED)

49H CONTINUED: (2)

49B

CHRIS  
(furious)  
Get out of the way!

Howie doesn't move, but something occurs to him. He reaches into his pocket and takes out the glass paperweight he found.

HOWIE  
Look, Chris. I'll trade you this if you let him go. It's real neat, it snows if you shake it...

Chris SHOOTS HIM. Howie grunts in surprise.

HOWIE  
(moving toward Chris)  
But it snows...

Chris SHOOTS again; Howie lurches forward to grab him, bearhugging him, pinning his arms to his sides as he begins to squeeze...

HOWIE  
Go home, mister, go home...

THE BERETTA

FIRES... again... again... until the slide locks open, the gun empty... Now it slips from Chris' lifeless hand as

CHRIS AND BOWIE

fall down INTO FRAME, the giant on top, both men are dead...

CATHY AND ISAAC

come down the basement stairs, move toward the small chamber, where GOLDEN LIGHT is spilling out. Cathy puts a hand on his arm, restrains him.

CATHY  
No questions, Isaac. Thank you for everything. Leave us now.  
I have to take him home.

Isaac starts to follow her, then nods, goes off the other way as Cathy goes across the basement...

(CONTINUED)

49H

CONTINUED: (3)

49H

AT THE DOORWAY

to the world below, Vincent stands framed in the golden light. He hears Cathy coming, turns to see

CATHY. HIS POV

Through the haze of his distorted vision we can distinguish Cathy approaching...

CATHY AND VINCENT

She goes to him...

VINCENT  
(hoarsely)  
Catherine...

CATHERINE  
(tears of strength)  
I'm here...

She embraces him thankfully...

VINCENT  
I knew... you were close by...

CATHY  
I wasn't giving up...

She helps him to his feet and leads him down into the earth. HOLD from a LOW ANGLE as their shadows, cast by light from below, MOVE against the walls, gradually diminishing.

When the shadows are gone we BACK FOCUS to the extreme foreground, on Howie's prized paperweight. Inside, it's still snowing...

FADE OUT:

50 thru  
52 OMITTED

50  
thru  
52

THE END