

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"The Watcher"

Written by

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Directed by

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NUMBERED HOUSE DRAFT

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"The Watcher"

CHARACTERS

CATHY
VINCENT
FATHER
JOE

JENNY
DETECTIVE COHEN
TROOPER DAN
TROOPER PAUL
TROOPER FRED
TROOPER RAY
FLORIST DELIVERY BOY
SECRETARY
LOCKSMITH

EXTRAS

BUSINESSMAN
MAN
WOMAN
EXTRAS
-in elevator
WOMAN'S VOICE

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"The Watcher"
SETS

INTERIOR

CATHY'S APARTMENT (N)
- corridor
- living room
- deadbolt/doorknob

WATCHER'S APARTMENT (N)

CATHY'S SUB - BASEMENT
• threshold

D.A.'S OFFICE (D)

ELEVATOR
- panel
- floor indicator
- doors

STAIRWELL

- door

JOE'S OFFICE (D)

CATHY'S BEDROOM
- pov from closet
- nightstand drawer
- closet

CATHY'S BATHROOM

JENNY'S APARTMENT

PARKING GARAGE
- door "G"
- angle inside car

BASEMENT STAIRWELL

CATHY'S LOBBY

CATHY'S CAR
- trunk

FATHER'S CHAMBER

TUNNELS

EXTERIOR

CATHY'S BALCONY (N)

GREENWICH VILLAGE
- outdoor cafe

CATHY'S OFFICE BUILDING (D)
- foyer
- corridor

CATHY'S APARTMENT ROOFTOP (N)

CATHY'S CAR
- windshield

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE (N)

MARSHY LAKE (N)
- woods

POLICE DEPARTMENT
- rooftop helicopter

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

The Watcher

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

DISSOLVE VARIOUS IMAGES of the City on a spring night, each one full of people, full of twinkling lights: crowds strolling under the electric billboards of Times Square...a yacht alive with music, noise, and partygoers ...crowds exiting Lincoln Center, the rich and famous moving to the queue of limosines at the curb... crowds spilling out of a Broadway theater...cars and buses playing bumper cars on Central Park West, past Tavern on the Green. GO IN ON the Tavern wrapped in its light-strewn trees, like a storybook ice palace glimmering in the night...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

...a magical, sweeping view of Central Park West and the lights beyond, twinkling against a night sky (MATTE). SLOWLY GO IN amongst the tens of thousands of tiny lights until we find...

CATHY'S BALCONY

Cathy and Vincent there talking, a stolen moment. The night air chills Cathy. She looks inside the apartment. The soft glow of a dancing FIRE in the fireplace spills across the living room.

CATHY

...It's warm by the fire...

Vincent follows Cathy's look through the open doors and the breeze-swept gossamer curtains. Then he takes his cloak off and drapes it around her shoulders, Cathy accepting
It...end of discussion.

VINCENT

...You don't press me.

CATHY

(a little smile)

...I haven't pressed you yet.

VINCENT

It's your world. I don't belong there.

Inside the apartment, the PHONE RINGS. After TWO RINGS, the ANSWERING MACHINE in the living room picks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY
Positive.

JENNY'S VOICE
(filtered)
Why are you awake?

CATHY
Jenny, go back to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WATCHER'S APARTMENT SIMULTANEOUS POV - CATHY'S BALCONY (FULL FRAME)

as seen through a telescope from a balcony vantage point somewhere across the park. Cathy hangs up her phone and heads back towards Vincent. THE IMAGE MOMENTARILY BLURS, as focus is adjusted, then SHARPENS AGAIN.

ANOTHER ANGLE • THE WATCHER'S HAND

reaches for a phone setting near a high-powered telescope. He is unidentifiable except for a high-tech, multi-function black WRISTWATCH. The WRISTWATCH'S ALARM BEEPS TWICE. He starts to dial a number (555-8291). His attention goes back to the telescope.

POV - CATHY'S BALCONY (FULL FRAME)

as seen through the telescope. Cathy reacts to her phone ringing again, goes to answer it.

TELESCOPE POV FOLLOWS CATHY. FOCUS is adjusted to a sharp MEDIUM-SHOT - CATHY veiled by gently billowing gossamer curtains.

CATHY'S VOICE
(filtered/expecting
Jenny)
Hello?

WATCHER
Cathy?

CATHY'S VOICE
(filtered)
Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A pause, then...

WATCHER

I can see you.

Not fully believing, Cathy does look towards the french doors (and therefore the telescope).

WATCHER

Hi.

A chill down Cathy's spine. Her glance shoots towards Vincent. The Watcher lets her squirm an extra second.

WATCHER

Yeah, I can see him too.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Cathy hangs the phone up as if it's on fire, switches the LAMP OFF and is instantly on the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Her tone urgent, violated...

CATHY

Get off the balcony.

VINCENT

What's wrong?

CATHY

Someone's watching. Go!

Vincent, immediately alert, steps back into the shadows, his eyes darting across the cityscape.

CATHY

I'll meet you downstairs.

He doesn't move.

CATHY

Vincent, please go!

Their eyes lock. Finally he moves to exit. Cathy watches for a split second then heads back into her apartment.

GO WITH CATHY.

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cathy pulls the drapes in the dining room then moves through her dark apartment to pull the drapes in the bedroom. She grabs her keys. The PHONE RINGS as she is headed for the door. She waits. After TWO RINGS, the ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

CATHY'S VOICE

(on machine)

You have reached 555-8291. Please
leave a message after the beep.

BEEP.

WATCHER'S VOICE

(on machine)

Open the drapes.

Cathy hesitates only a second, thinking 'the hell with you,' then exits. STAY ON THE DOOR as we hear her LOCKING IT O.C. then immediately UNLOCKING IT. She sticks her hand back in and FLIPS ON THE LIGHT, pulls the door shut, LOCKS it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THRESHOLD - CATHY'S SUB-BASEMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Cathy is pacing, Vincent contemplative, their sense of safety shattered.

CATHY

There was a call on my machine yesterday, but I didn't think
anything of it. I thought it was just a prank call.

(a beat)

What are we going to do?

VINCENT

Nothing in what he's said, the sound of his voice...seem
familiar?

Cathy shakes her head.

CATHY

No.

VINCENT

A noise in the background?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY

(tries to replay the
calls in her head)

...I don't think so.

(a beat)

There are ten million lights outside that balcony; he could
be behind any one of them...

VINCENT

What would you normally do?

CATHY

It's departmental policy to turn
it over to the police.

VINCENT

...Then do it.

CATHY

Vincent, we don't know what he
has, we can't take that chance.

A beat. For Vincent, a sad truth.

VINCENT

Who would believe him?

So much goes unsaid as Cathy looks at Vincent, feels his shame, wishing
she could sheathe him from it. Finally, she goes to him, gently touching
him.

CATHY

Don't...

A long, pensive beat...

VINCENT

...It was wrong of me to ever come
to your balcony.

Cathy looks at him sharply, 'no' in her eyes.

CATHY

Do you think I've been wrong every
time I've wanted you there?

(a beat/needling to
convince him)

Vincent, it's the one part of
my world that belongs to us .. it's
ours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT

...And because we've shared it,
you may now be in danger.

CATHY

(snapping)
I might have been in danger
anyway!

VINCENT

And you would have gone to the
police!

Cathy cannot deny that. After a moment...

CATHY

Don't worry about me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE CITY (STOCK) - NEXT MORNING

WOMAN'S VOICE

(on audio tape/ friendly-
tempting)

...There's fresh powder at Aspen.
Just wanted to let you know...

SOUND: ANSWERING MACHINE BEEP.

WATCHER'S VOICE

(on audio tape)

I like that green sweater you wore
today. But---

a

(BG SOUND: WRISTWATCH
BEEP-BEEP)

I didn't like your hair...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. D.A.'S OFFICE

CLOSE ON - CATHY

sitting at her desk, oblivious to everyone and everything going on around her. There's a legal pad in front of her where she's penciled various notes. She is wearing a set of mini-earphones which are plugged into a small cassette player. She has been repeatedly listening to a phone message from an answering machine tape, trying to hear something she's missed, to recognize the voice, identify a background noise... something...

WATCHER'S VOICE (CONT.)
 (on audio tape)
 ...don't wear it that way again.

SOUND: ANSWERING MACHINE BEEP.

WE HEAR Cathy REWIND THE CASSETTE TAPE.

She glances at the recorder counter, presses the 'play' button.

SOUND: DEAD AIR then ANSWERING MACHINE BEEP.

TIGHT ON CATHY

WATCHER'S VOICE
 (on audio tape)
 I like that green sweater you wore today. But---
 (BG SOUND: WRISTWATCH
 BEEP-BEEP)
 I didn't like your hair. Don't wear it that way again.

She rewinds the tape again, presses the 'play' button.

WATCHER'S VOICE
 (on audio tape)
 ...green sweater you wore today. but---
 (BG SOUND: WRISTWATCH
 BEEP-BEEP)
 I didn't like your---

She rewinds the tape again, presses the 'play' button, trying to focus, to identify, or at least to memorize the beep-beep sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATCHER'S VOICE

(on audio tape)

...sweater you wore today. But--

(HG SOUND: WRISTWATCH

BEEP-BEEP)

I didn't---

Just now, Cathy is startled by a man's hand suddenly rapping sharply on her desk top. She looks up and sees JOE in front of her as she quickly turns off the cassette player and takes off the earphones, fighting the urge to wad up her page of notes. Joe is wearing an overcoat, carrying his briefcase, and holding a half-inch thick computer print-out.

JOE

Forget something this morning,
Radcliffe?

(off Cathy's blank look)

Brian Crater? His deposition...?

A missed appointment registers with Cathy, her heart sinking.

CATHY

I'm sorry.

JOE

It's okay, I got it.

(handing her print-out)

Dave caught me on the way by.

This is for you.

Cathy knows what it is. She hopes Joe hasn't noticed.

CATHY

Thanks.

JOE

Look, is something going on here
I should know about?

CATHY

No. Why?

JOE

Because you missed a deposition,
(re: print-out)
and you requested a status list
on all your prior cases.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Behind Joe, JENNY ARONSON has come up and stopped several feet away, not wishing to intrude. Cathy notices her. Jenny gives a casual 'hi, there' wave.

CATHY

Jenny

As Cathy comes around desk to give Jenny a hug...

JENNY

Hi, Joe.

JOE

Hi, Jenny.

CATHY

What are you doing here?

JENNY

Surprising you and taking you to lunch, I hope.

CATHY

(glancing at watch)

Is it---

('lunchtime'/it's not)

It's eleven o'clock.

JENNY

I'm hungry.

CATHY

You're always hungry.

(to Joe)

You want to go over that deposition right now?

JOE

No, it can wait---

CATHY

(to Jenny)

---Then we're on---

JOE

(continued from
above/re: print-out)

--- but I do want to know about this.

Cathy puts the tape and tablet in her purse, grabs her jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CATHY

I order those to keep my files
up-to-date, but you're cute when
you're worried.

JENNY

Why are you worried?

CATHY

(sotto/grabbing Jenny's
arm)

I missed an appointment -- can
we drop it?

On the women's exit...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE OUTDOOR CAFE - NOON RUSH

Cathy and Jenny are seated at a table, in mid-conversation.
Jenny keeps stalling on telling about her bad dream.
Cathy's interest is piqued, but deep down she's also a
little afraid.

CATHY

You were asleep. You were
dreaming. And you saw...?

JENNY

...I feel like I'm putting a curse
on you.

CATHY

I'm going to throw something on
you if you don't tell me about
this dream.

Jenny still hesitates, thinking "this is serious..."

CATHY

Come on, not all of your bad
dreams come true.

(a beat)

Like the polka-dotted guys from
Mars? That hasn't happened yet.

JENNY

(a warm smile)

You remember that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY

Yeah. Come on, what was this one?

Finally, a deep breath...

JENNY

Okay. It was one of those weird, quick, flash dreams. You were--- I don't know where you were -- you were somewhere, and all of a sudden, the lights went out, and you were in the dark, and you wanted to move but you couldn't, and there was this--- this hand, but it wasn't connected to anything, and it was trying to touch you.

CATHY

Uh-huh...

JENNY

You tried to scream, but you couldn't.

CATHY

Okay, wait, wait -- see right there -- that's not going to happen. A severed hand's coming at me, I'm gonna scream. Guaranteed -- I will scream. So what happened next?

JENNY

Well, then I see you running -- you know how dreams are, they don't make sense -- so now you're running---

a

CATHY

(without a smile)

Is the hand still after me?

JENNY

(genuinely although subtly trying to warn Cathy)

I don't know, Cath, but listen, you're running. I don't know if you were running from someone, or maybe to someone... I don't know. But you can't catch your breath... you can't breathe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY

And then what?

A beat. Jenny edits.

JENNY

And then I woke up. And I guess
I needed to hear the sound of your
voice, so I called you.

Cathy can't help but think of the Watcher. Of f her look...

JENNY

What?

CATHY

(still absorbed)
...It's just so weird that you
have these things...

JENNY

Why?

CATHY

About a minute after you called,
I got another call from some guy.

JENNY

Who?

CATHY

I don't know -- I don't know him,
but he said something that scared me.

JENNY

What did he say?

CATHY

It's not important. But if I ever
find out who he is, I'm going to strangle him,
and that'll be the end of your dream.

Jenny has reacted to the word 'strangle' with wide-eyed alarm.

JENNY

Oh, my god, I can't believe you
said that.

CATHY

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNY

Because that's what I saw. You
couldn't breathe because something
was around your neck. You were
trying to pull it off, but you couldn't.
You were being strangled.

(a beat)

You died Cathy.

As they look at each other...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - SAME DAY

FATHER and Vincent's discussion has grown heated.

VINCENT

If Catherine is in danger---

FATHER

We don't know that she is in
danger. If she is, then we'll
find a way to protect her. We'll send John,
or Pascal, one of the helpers---

VINCENT

No.

FATHER

Vincent, someone has seen you.
If you go to her, he'll see you again.

VINCENT

He frightens her.

FATHER

We are all frightened at times---

VINCENT

I don't want Catherine frightened.

FATHER

Then why are you here -- to ask
my permission to let you be
trapped and killed, or worse?

ON VINCENT knowing this risk, accepting it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER
 Vincent, you are willing to risk
 everything'--

VINCENT
 (snapping)
 This is Catherine.

A beat.

FATHER
 What is she doing to find this
 man?

VINCENT
 All she can, but she's alone.
 She won't ask for help because
 she's afraid for me.

FATHER
 And he probably knows that.

VINCENT
 ...And will use it...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHY'S OFFICE BUILDING FOYER - THAT AFTERNOON

Cathy's watch. She's running late. She has to hurry at the last moment to catch one of the elevators, its doors already closing, the 'UP' button lit. A BUSINESSMAN holds the door while she slips inside.

CATHY
 Thanks.

Two other people, a WOMAN and a MAN, hurry in after her, pushing her back from the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR- CONTINUOUS

The doors close. FIVE OTHER PEOPLE are in the elevator with Cathy. Cathy glances over at

THE PANEL

to see if her office floor is lit. It is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON - CATHY

a lot on her mind. After a moment, she glances up at the
FLOOR INDICATOR.

Floor 2's light goes out...Floor 3 lights up and holds.

CATHY

watches the

ELEVATOR DOORS

open. Someone gets off. FIVE MORE PEOPLE -- all business-suits,
four of whom are talking to each other, part of a relocating meeting --
board the elevator.

Suddenly the fifth person realizes he should be going down,
not up, and he exits the car.

THE DOORS

close. Cathy finds herself in the middle of eight other
people.

CLOSE ON - CATHY

She glances up at the

FLOOR INDICATOR.

Floor 4 lights up, then Floor 5...and holds. a THE DOORS

open. A FEW MORE PEOPLE board the elevator.

CLOSE ON - CATHY

her mind still weighted with other issues. Only when it's too late to exit
does she wake from her thoughts and realise she is completely surrounded
and positioned more in the rear of an elevator packed beyond capacity.

CATHY'S POV - HANDS

struggle to reach through the throng to punch the appropriate panel
buttons.

THE DOORS

start to close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLOSE ON CATHY

uncomfortable, feeling increasingly claustrophobic.
Suddenly she can take it no more, makes a move to squeeze through the crowd.

CATHY

Excuse me...

But

THE DOORS

close.

Cathy's eyes dart around. She wishes the doors would open. She feels other people pressed against her. Suddenly, she has a

FLASHCUT - JENNY

at lunch.

JENNY

You wanted to move, but you
couldn't.

CLOSER ON - CATHY IN ELEVATOR

The image only adds to Cathy's claustrophobia. She's breathing but doesn't feel as if she's taking in any air. She glances up at the

FLOOR INDICATOR.

Light #6 is lit, goes out, Light #7 lights up...

CLOSE ON - CATHY

uncomfortable. Suddenly she has a second

FLASHCUT - JENNY

at lunch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNY
You died, Cathy.

ON CATHY IN ELEVATOR

reacting as the elevator suddenly halts abruptly. THE LIGHTS GO OUT. From somewhere in the darkness, we hear a SOUND: BEEP-BEEP. As Cathy's heart stops...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CATHY'S OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

THE ELEVATOR DOORS

open. The front of the crowd begins pouring out. We don't see Cathy before we go to

TIGHT ON - A FLURRY OF LEGS AND FEET

exiting the elevator. Then, THE SCREEN IS MOMENTARILY OBSCURED

as two men cross in front, close to the CAMERA. The WIPING EFFECT REVEALS CATHY, propped with her back against a wall near the elevator, unnerved, on the end of a panic attack. Her eyes dart to other people who were in the elevator with her, perhaps a couple of glances towards their watches...

ON CATHY.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Cathy sits at her desk, absorbed in the paperwork of a case. Her concentration still on a file, she stands and moves to the general filing cabinets near Joe's office, opens an appropriate drawer, and searches for a file. She does not notice

A FLORIST DELIVERY BOY

enter through the double door with a bouquet of blood red roses. He stops at the front desk. Joe is there, checking a reference book.

DELIVERY BOY
(to SECRETARY behind
counter)

Cathy Chandler...?

Joe glances over then back to text.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECRETARY
 (glancing towards
 Cathy's desk)
 Cathy is---
 (spotting Cathy on her
 way back to her desk)
 right there.

FOLLOW THE DELIVERY BOY to Cathy's desk.

DELIVERY BOY
 Cathy Chandler?

Looking up, Cathy blanches.

CATHY
 Yes?

DELIVERY BOY
 (re: clipboard)
 Would you sign--- right here?
 Nineteen.

CATHY
 (taking pen)
 Did you see who ordered these?

ANOTHER ANGLE -

Joe heads back to his office as Cathy signs the clipboard.

JOE

a Reel 'em in, Radcliffe.

ANOTHER ANGLE CATHY

hesitantly opening the card (the florist's name stamped on the envelope).
 We can almost feel the chill run down her spine.

CATHY'S POV - FLORIST CARD

CATHY
 (reading to herself)
 "You're starting to feel me with you,
 aren't you? Could you feel me
 in your room last night?
 ...I was there."

ON CATHY'S REACTION...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Cathy knocks on the door.

CATHY

Do you have a second?

JOE

Sure.

Cathy enters.

JOE

What's up?

CATHY

If--- Let's say someone calls
you in the middle of the night...

(couple of edited
thoughts)

...and they hang up. How would
you go about finding that person?

JOE

Well, what did that person say?

CATHY

Nothing really. I just want to
find him.

JOE

(a beat then)

You know what departmental
procedure is regarding---

CATHY

---I don't want the police involved.

For a second Joe is thrown by this.

JOE

Have you called the phone company?

CATHY

Yeah, they said--- actually they said
this summer there's going to be
some new things on the market,
but right now I'm on my own.
Unless I want to change my number.

JOE

That's a possibility---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY
---I want to find him.

JOE
...What about a tap?

CATHY
(no police)
No.

JOE
Tracing unit?

CATHY
I've ordered one. It's going
to be put in tomorrow, but I don't know
if he'll stay on the line long enough.

A beat.

JOE
Does this have anything to do
with you ordering that list of your prior cases?

CATHY
I don't think it's a prior case.

JOE
Is he threatening you?

Cathy hesitates in answering...and that's Joe's answer.

JOE
What's this guy saying?

CATHY
Nothing.
(off Joe's unconvinced
look)
Benign things.

JOE
Like what?

CATHY
Like benign things.

JOE
Like give me an example.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY

Like he likes my sweater, hates
my hair, I don't know.

Joe reacts by holding the phone receiver out to her.

JOE

Call the cops.

CATHY

Why?

JOE

(checking rolodex)
Because he's watching you.

Joe is dialing a number, still holding receiver out. Cathy is immediately there to block the dialing.

CATHY

No.

JOE

Cathy, call Mike Cohen.

CATHY

I don't want to overreact.
People like this fantasize,
but deep down they don't have any guts.

JOE

Usually. You want me to pull some files
with some not so pretty pictures?
You don't fool around with creeps like this.

CATHY'

Please.

Joe returns the phone receiver to the cradle.

JOE

...What does this guy have on you?

CATHY

...My phone number and my address.

Joe is well-aware he's not getting the full story. A beat.

JOE

Where are you keeping your gun?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CATHY
It's in my nightstand.

JOE
Carry it in your purse.

CATHY
All right.

On Cathy's subtle relief that Joe is showing support...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE CITY (STOCK) - EVENING

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CATHY'S ROOFTOP - THAT EVENING

His head hidden by his hood, Vincent casts an ominous dark figure against the backdrop of city lights. He is surveying the buildings across the park with an antique brass telescope when he turns at the sound of SOMEONE APPROACHING via the stairwell. The door CREAKS as it opens.

CATHY

emerges from the stairwell which is located so Vincent cannot immediately see her. She takes a moment to steel herself, to psyche herself into an act...she hopes.

ANOTHER ANGLE -

Cathy comes up alongside Vincent.

VINCENT
What's happened today?

CATHY
Nothing.

Vincent looks at her.

VINCENT
What happened?

CATHY
I got paranoid, but I'm fine now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT
Did this man contact you?

CATHY
...He sent me flowers.

VINCENT
(having felt her panic)
It was more than just flowers.

CATHY
But I handled it. Alone.
He knows about you, Vincent.
Until we find out what he wants,
you have to stay away.

Vincent looks at Cathy, finally walks away...

VINCENT
He wants you.

Cathy comes up to him.

CATHY
What can I say -- or do -- to
convince you?

VINCENT
Catherine, I feel your fear. How
can I leave you alone with that?

CATHY
Because I can handle fear, Vincent
-- but if something were to happen to you...

A beat.

VINCENT
Stay below tonight.

CATHY
I'm not going to let him do that
to me. And it gets us nowhere.

Momentarily, Vincent walks away, his eyes back on the cityscape. As Cathy watches him...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - SAME EVENING

Cathy exits the elevator and goes to her apartment, unlocks the door.

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cathy reaches in, SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT, enters. She locks the door behind her, including the chain, glances around, throws her stuff down, seeing the ANSWERING MACHINE blinking (one call). She tentatively REWINDS THE TAPE, switches to 'play.'

WATCHER'S VOICE

(on machine)
 Why aren't you there?
 (pause/anger deep)
 You're with him, aren't you?
 (pause)
 Of course, you're with him. Why
 do I even ask?
 (pause/firmer)
 Whore.
 (a long beat then
 softening, like a hurt
 husband)
 No more. Okay, Cathy -- no more?

DEAD AIR THEN ANSWERING MACHINE BEEP.

Cathy SWITCHES OFF the machine, ends up going to the balcony doors. She SWITCHES OFF THE LIVING ROOM LIGHT at a nearby switch, opens the drapes, and unlocks that door.

EXT. CATHY'S BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Cathy steps out onto the balcony. CAMERA WATCHES FROM THE REAR as she moves to the railing to look out across the city. BEGIN SLOW CRANE AROUND -- we half-expect the CAMERA at any moment to reveal someone in the shadows behind Cathy. HOLD ON CATHY'S FACE as she looks out across the thousands of pin-prick lights, knowing one of them could be the Watcher, wondering which one.

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

CATHY'S SILHOUETTE

on the balcony against the thousands of lights, the gossamer curtains blowing gently in the night breeze. Cathy turns and reenters the apartment, locking the balcony door behind her, pulling the drapes. She does not switch on the living room light. As she heads towards the bedroom, she starts to undo her clothes.

INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

POV FROM INSIDE CATHY'S CLOSET - CATHY

enters the bedroom, flipping THE LIGHT ON, still undoing her clothes. We see her through the closet louvers. She takes off her shirt, hangs it casually on the closet knob, and heads for the bathroom.

INT. CATHY'S BATHROOM . MINUTES LATER

CATHY

is taking a shower. Suddenly, behind the almost-closed bathroom door, she sees the LIGHT IN THE BEDROOM GO OUT. CLOSE ON - CATHY'S FACE

reacting, for a moment paralyzed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHY'S ROOFTOP - SIMULTANEOUS CLOSE ON - VINCENT, his head turning as he senses Cathy's fear.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHY'S BATHROOM SIMULTANEOUS

Cathy thinks to look for a weapon.

CATHY'S POV - THE BATHROOM

her eyes searching for a weapon...the BLOW DRYER...SOAP
...PERFUME...NAIL FILE... Her eyes lock on the CAN OF HAIR SPRAY.

CATHY

quietly opens the shower door, reaches for a towel.

TIGHT ON - CATHY'S HAND

struggling to reach the towel that is a little beyond reach. She grasps it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHY'S ROOFTOP - SIMULTANEOUS

As Vincent disappears down a rooftop ladder...

CUT TO:

INT. CATHY'S BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

CATHY

pulls the towel around her as she steps out of the shower. She steps softly, cautiously over to pick up the can of hair spray. She turns off the shower water. She steels herself, opens the bathroom door, prepared for the Watcher to be standing in the doorway. No one is there. She enters the dark bedroom, ready for the Watcher to be on either side of the doorway.

INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

No one is there. Now, he could be anywhere. The closet door, closed earlier, is now open. The drapes are open. She makes her way to the nightstand, keeping her eyes on the room, the shadows, even as she slides the drawer open. She reaches in, glances down for the gun.

POV - NIGHTSTAND DRAWER

The gun is not there.

ON CATHY'S TERROR.

a

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - DIRECT PICK-UP

CATHY

is at the nightstand. Her hand trembles as she reaches to turn on the BEDSIDE LAMP, her eyes constantly scanning the bedroom. She SWITCHES ON THE LAMP.

CATHY'S POV - THE BEDROOM

No one else appears to be in there.

CATHY

suddenly hears A SLIGHT SOUND from the direction of the dark living room. Her head turns sharply in reaction.

INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cathy moves from the bedroom into the living room, her eyes scanning the room.

CATHY'S POV - LIVING ROOM

The drapes ar- - -e open wide, the MOONLIGHT streaming in. Her eyes lock on the DOOR CHAIN DANGLING.

a Suddenly, behind her, she hears

SOUND: BEEP-BEEP.

Cathy spins. At first, nothing. Then she sees...

CATHY'S POV - HIGH-TECH WRISTWATCH

left by the Watcher next to the phone.

Suddenly, Cathy is startled again by an ABRUPT KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR.

CATHY

Who is it?

JOE (O.C.)

It's me -- Joe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY
(to herself, immediately
going to door)

Joe.
(flipping ON THE
LIGHT/opening door
wide)
Did you see him?
(moving past Joe)
He was just here-

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

JOE
(immediately alert)
Who?

CATHY
Him! He was just in here!

Having not seen anyone between the elevator and the door, Joe heads for the stairwell. Cathy catches him as he throws that door open, in determined pursuit.

CATHY
No-- he has my gun.

Joe steers Cathy quickly back into her apartment.

JOE
(as they move)
Did he hurt you?

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

CATHY
No.

JOE
Did you see him?

CATHY
No.

Cathy catches a fleeting glimpse of Vincent on the balcony; he steps out of view, into the shadows. Headed for the phone, Joe does not notice.

CATHY
What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
You know what I'm doing.

CATHY
(going to block)
No---!

JOE
Yes.
(as he dials)
I'm not waking up to a call that
says this guy got to you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM LATER THAT EVENING

CATHY

is sitting against the back of her sofa, focused on the floor, her mind disassociated from the room's activity. She is now dressed in casual clothes.

JOE

is closer to the door, watching her. He hands three twenty-dollar bills to a LOCKSMITH in exchange for a set of new keys.

LOCKSMITH
It's a good lock. I don't think
she'll have any problems.

JOE
Thanks.

The Locksmith tests the new deadbolt one last time on his way out.

Nearby, a PLAIN-CLOTHED COP is packing up and closing his fingerprinting case. DETECTIVE MIKE COHEN enters from the bedroom, putting away his note pad.

DETECTIVE COHEN
Okay, I think we've got everything
we're going to get tonight.

Cohen's entry pulls Joe and Cathy from their thoughts, but Cathy is as close as she needs to be, does not move with Joe, Cohen, and the cop to the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
Did you find anything?

The cop pauses in the corridor, waiting for Cohen.

DETECTIVE COHEN
(sensitive to Cathy)
No, it looks pretty clean. If we do get lucky on any of the prints, it won't be until late tomorrow.

JOE
(nodding)
If you do come up with something, I want the information to go directly to Cathy.
(a glance to Cathy)
If you can't find her, then to me. No one else.

DETECTIVE COHEN
('whatever you say')
Sure.

CATHY
Thanks, Mike.

DETECTIVE COHEN
(to Joe)
You want a cop outside?

Joe looks to Cathy.

CATHY

(already answering
Cohen)
No.

Joe and Cohen exchange a look, Cohen following cop into corridor.

DETECTIVE COHEN
(for Joe's ears)
Can't live with 'em and---

JOE
---I know...
(ready to close door)
Thanks, Mike.

Just as Cohen is in the corridor, Joe closing the door behind him, Cathy has a last thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY
(catching the door)
Mike?
(Cohen has paused)
I owe you a favor. Don't file
a report, okay?

DETECTIVE COHEN
(reluctantly)
Okay.

Cohen exits. Joe closes the door, an uncomfortableness between him and Cathy,
both still at the door.

CATHY
Thanks.

JOE
(heading for couch)
So...what's on tonight?

Cathy catches his elbow, steers him back towards door, grabbing his jacket to
hand him.

CATHY
Nothing.

JOE
Radcliffe ---

CATHY
Thanks for checking up on me.

JOE
I'm not leaving. I'm sleeping right there,
on that little-short-dinky couch.

CATHY
No, you're not.

JOE
Yes, I am.

CATHY
No, you're not.

JOE
Why not?

CATHY
...I have my reasons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE
 ...Whatever it is, Cathy, we can
 get you out of it.

CATHY
 (her own meaning/
 kissing his cheek)
 No, we can't.

Her attitude is unwavering; he's not staying.

JOE
 Okay. Lock your door.
 (gives her set of keys)
 Put a chair in front of it.
 Actually put that couch in front of it.

CATHY
 Good-bye. Good-night.

Cathy pushes Joe out the door, closes the door.

JOE (O.C.)
 Lock it!

Cathy turns the deadbolt, locks the door securely, turns to lean against
 the door.

CATHY'S POV - HER APARTMENT

ON CATHY

We see her fear...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

ALL THE LIGHTS ARE OUT. START ON THE TELEPHONE which has been moved to the
 coffee table. BEGIN A SLOW PAN to find CATHY'S WATCH near the phone; it
 reads: 12:15. CONTINUE PAN...over to the front door...past the locks and
 knob, shiny in the dark...across the apartment... until we find CATHY next
 to the balcony door, the drapes pulled shut. Cathy is looking out between
 the drapes with binoculars. The fireplace shovel is propped within ready
 reach. Suddenly she reacts to the SOUND OF THE ELEVATOR MOVING, her head
 turning sharply, listening, perfectly still...her nerves raw. THE ELEVATOR
 moves past her floor without stopping.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THRESHOLD - SAME NIGHT

Vincent leans against the wall, his head falling back as he lets out a deep breath, the pull strong, perhaps stronger than him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

START ON the balcony drapes where we last saw Cathy with the binoculars. She is no longer there. The room is now FAINTLY LIT with one TABLE LAMP. FIND CATHY sitting on the sofa, her bed pillows propping her up, a blanket over her legs, which are pulled up, the fireplace shovel nearby. She is transfixed on

THE DEADBOLT AND DOORKNOB.

EVERY APARTMENT SOUND SEEMS LOUDER THAN USUAL...the WRISTWATCH TICKING... a REFRIGERATOR HUMMING...A FAUCET DRIPPING...THE ELEVATOR MOVING... Somewhere far away, outside of Cathy's world, a SIREN drones faintly through the night. All efforts to sleep have been useless.

MOVE IN SLOWLY ON CATHY

as various SOUND BITES haunt her:

WATCHER (V.O.)
(from first call)
I can see you...

CONTINUE TO MOVE IN CLOSER ON CATHY

transfixed on the door...

WATCHER (V.O.)
(from first call)
Hi.

CONTINUE TO MOVE IN CLOSER ON CATHY

transfixed on the door...

WATCHER (V.O.)
(from answering machine)
Of course, you're with him. Why do I even ask?

CONTINUE TO MOVE IN CLOSER ON CATHY

transfixed on the door...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOUND: BEEP-BEEP (FILTERED, IN CATHY'S MIND)

CONTINUE TO MOVE IN CLOSER ON CATHY

transfixed on the door...

WATCHER (V.O.)
(answering machine)

Whore.

Cathy remains transfixed on the door. We hear The ELEVATOR ASCEND in the corridor, IT STOPS AT HER FLOOR, THE DOORS OPEN.

NOW TIGHT ON - CATHY

transfixed on the door, waiting...

JENNY (V.O.)
You died, Cathy...

TIGHT ON - CATHY

We hear THE DOORS CLOSE, THE ELEVATOR MOVING ON. No other sounds from the corridor.

CATHY'S POV - THE DOORKNOB AND DEADBOLT

CATHY

throws the blanket off, is moving, a decision made.

CUT TO:

INT. THRESHOLD - SIMULTANEOUS

Vincent through the light, towards the ladder, to wait...

CUT TO:

INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Her jacket on, Cathy unlocks the various door locks and exits the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Cathy locks her door and walks to the elevator, pushes the 'down' button and waits, poised at the door. She glances up at the FLOOR INDICATOR which shows the elevator is starting to move up from the third floor.

We continue to INTERCUT between Cathy in front of the doors, Cathy impatiently punching the 'down' button, and the Floor Indicator. Once...

CATHY

Come on.

Each time we see the Floor Indicator, the lights indicating a progressive approach, we get the feeling something is wrong, something evil is coming up in that elevator, this foreboding only heightened by the fact that Cathy seems unaware of it.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CATHY'S PROFILE

standing just inches away from the elevator doors. She glances up.

THE FLOOR INDICATOR

shows the elevator at Floor Twenty.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CATHY

backing away from the elevator, a sudden bad feeling hitting her.

THE FLOOR INDICATOR

shows the elevator reaching Floor Twenty-one.

ANGLE - THE STAIRWELL DOOR

as Cathy exits into the stairwell.

ANGLE • ELEVATOR

The doors open. Joe exits, dressed more casually, a large, covered styrofoam coffee cup and a rolled-up 'Sports Illustrated' in hand. FOLLOW him to the corridor chair near Cathy's door. He is set for the night, it appears.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - SIMULTANEOUS

Cathy moving down the stairs, her paranoia growing...our paranoia growing...Cathy pausing suddenly when she hears a DOOR SEVERAL FLOORS DOWN FAINTLY OPENING, CLOSING then THE LIGHT PAD OF FOOTSTEPS GOING DOWN A FLOOR AND ENTERING ANOTHER DOOR. She moves on.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHY'S CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS

Joe looks up when he hears Cathy's PHONE RINGING in her apartment. He goes quietly to her door to listen, ready if he senses trouble.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - SIMULTANEOUS

Cathy continues down the stairs.

CATHY'S POV - STAIRWELL

ominous before her, every landing, every turn, every door, frightening...

She thinks she hears another set of footsteps in the stairwell. After two or three more steps, she pauses, listening. We hear a FAINT CREAK. It stops. It might be someone, it might not... Cathy tries to look back up the stairwell.

CATHY'S POV - LOOKING UP STAIRWELL

Seeing nothing out of the ordinary, she moves on, her pace gradually quickening... -

CUT TO:

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

THE PHONE IS STILL RINGING. O.C., Joe KNOCKS AT THE DOOR, anxiously wondering why Cathy isn't answering, at least, his knocks.

JOE (O.C.)

Cathy?! Radcliffe?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, THE DOOR IS KICKED OPEN. Joe rushes in, can see by the TABLE LAMP LIGHT that Cathy isn't in that room. We STAY IN LIVING ROOM as Joe moves directly to the bedroom and the bathroom.

JOE
Cathy, it's Joe... Cath?

Joe comes back into the living room, grabbing the RINGING PHONE.

JOE
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS JENNY, frantic, turns suddenly in the middle of a pace, carrying her phone.

JENNY
Who is this?

INTERCUT TWO-WAY BETWEEN JOE AND JENNY:

JOE
Who's this?

JENNY
Jenny---

JOE
---Jenny, it's Joe.
Do you know where Cathy is?

JENNY
No, but she's in trouble.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - SIMULTANEOUS

Cathy is racing down the stairs...passing the second floor door...the first floor door...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY'S POV - THE GARAGE FLOOR DOOR

a large 'G' on it.

Cathy flings the door open, exiting into...

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Cathy moves to the nearby STAIRWELL door, opens it, hurries inside...

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE - CAMERA LOOKING UP FROM LOWER LANDING

Cathy shoots in, headed directly downstairs. The door behind her closes to reveal the WATCHER.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Cathy suddenly grabbed by the Watcher.

CUT TO:

INT. THRESHOLD - SIMULTANEOUS

Vincent reacting, snarling, in motion...

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - SIMULTANEOUS

Cathy is slammed against a wall, a crumpled white handkerchief tight against her mouth and nose. She struggles fiercely against the Watcher's might.

WATCHER

You're going to him, aren't you?!
I knew you would. You'll go to him,
but you won't come to me!

The chloroformed handkerchief takes effect; Cathy slips towards unconsciousness.

WATCHER

No more.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHY'S LOBBY - SIMULTANEOUS

The stairwell door blasts open, and Joe shoots out.

JOE
 (to DOORMAN)
 Did Cathy Chandler come through
 here?

DOORMAN
 No---

JOE
 (headed back into
 stairwell)
 Get the cops over here!

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - A MOMENT LATER

ANGLE - INSIDE CAR

Having used Cathy's keys, The Watcher whips open the passenger door, stuffs Cathy inside.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - A MOMENT LATER

Cathy's car screeches out of its parking place, the Watcher at the wheel.

Suddenly Vincent comes out of nowhere. The car barrels down on him, smashes into him.

CLOSE ON - CATHY

struggling with consciousness, seeing the impact, but unable to act.

CATHY
 (her lips moving, no
 sound)
 Vincent...

As she tries to look back...

Vincent is thrown between parked cars, Cathy's car speeding on...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly the STAIRWELL DOOR flies open. Joe rushes out just in time to see Cathy's car careening out of the garage, Cathy visible in the passenger seat. Joe exits back into the stairwell. PAN OVER to see Vincent just a few feet away, pulling himself up, his determination to rescue Cathy outweighing his injuries.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHY'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - CATHY THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The city's lights wipe across her face. She is unconscious.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - (STOCK) NIGHT

As the Watcher takes Cathy out of the city...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUNNELS - VARIOUS DISSOLVES - NIGHT

Vincent in motion: racing around a corner, through a tunnel...on top of a speeding subway.. finally making his way through one of the older tunnels, the pilings crumbling, the walls caving in, the way treacherous.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARSHY LAKE - NIGHT

ANGLE - CAR

The passenger side's door is open, the Watcher carrying Cathy, semi-conscious, towards the rear of the car. The trunk is already open, the Watcher apparently going to put Cathy inside.

WATCHER

I like it here. I used to play here.

Now you'll be here, and I'll come visit you.

The Watcher puts Cathy in the trunk...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY
 (mumbles)
 ... No ...

The Watcher looks at her, wanting desperately to kiss her...but ultimately he doesn't have the courage. Infuriated, repulsed by his own gutlessness, he slams the trunk down.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - SIMULTANEOUS

Vincent rushing through brush...

CUT TO:

EXT. MARSHY LAKE - VARIOUS DISSOLVES - NIGHT The GEARSHIFT shifted into neutral...

The Watcher pushes the car off an embankment, Cathy's FISTS POUNDING on the inside of the trunk...

The car nose dives into the lake with a splash...

The Watcher watching...

GO INSIDE DARK TRUNK...

as Cathy's adrenalin helps bring her back to consciousness...the cold water rushing in, rising...

FLASHCUT - JENNY AT LUNCH

JENNY
 ...You died, Cathy...

BACK TO CATHY

struggling against the rising water to get the trunk open...

CATHY
 (as if to Jenny)
 No!

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

VINCENT

in aid-leap from one level of terrain to a lower level...

VINCENT

No...!

...as he lands almost in a crouched position...never stopping...immediately onward, into the night...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR TRUNK - NIGHT

TIGHT ON - THE THIN AIR POCKET

at the top of the trunk. Suddenly, Cathy's HAND breaks the surface, frantically groping for air space. Immediately her FACE surfaces gasping for breath, choking as the water laps over her. As she tries to keep her nose and mouth in the barely sufficient air pocket...her only chance for life...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT ROOFTOP - HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Joe hurries up to the chopper, its blades thwacking.

JOE
(shouting)

The car may have been spotted near Stoney Point.
Let's head in that direction
until somebody tells us not to.

As Joe pulls the chopper door shut...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - WOODS

We hear SOMETHING MOVING RAPIDLY THROUGH THE BRUSH. Suddenly Vincent comes up, his face FILLING THE FRAME, his arm grabbing a tree trunk, half to stop his forward motion, half for support. His breathing is labored, his concern for Catherine overpowering. We see in his eyes he can feel her slipping away...the signal of her heartlight growing weaker...almost disorienting him...

VINCENT
Catherine...?

He moves on...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR TRUNK • NIGHT

TIGHT ON - CATHY'S FACE

her profile barely above the lapping water. The water slightly higher, filling the air pocket as Cathy's breathing steals the air. Little time left. Not minutes, moments.

CATHY
(choking on water, a
call for help)
Vincent.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

VINCENT

racing towards us. GO INTO SLOW MOTION. Suddenly, as if he's been shot, his legs crumple beneath him. As he goes to his knees...

-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR TRUNK - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

CONTINUE SLOW MOTION...as Cathy slips gently under the icy cold water for the last time. No fight left.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

CONTINUE SLOW MOTION...

TIGHT ON - VINCENT'S HEAD,

down. His head goes back, towards the Heavens. A bloodcurdling, agonized wail coming from the deepest part of his soul...

STOP-CUT TO:

MATCHING MEDIUM-SHOT - VINCENT

SLOW-MOTION. His head goes back. The wail.

STOP-CUT TO:

MATCHING FULL'SHOT - VINCENT

SLOW-MOTION. His head goes back. The wail. -

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

ON THE TREES AND UNDERBRUSH

as WE HEAR SOMEONE COMING THROUGH THEM. Suddenly the Watcher COMES INTO FRAME. He stops abruptly, seeing...

VINCENT.

Vincent is still down, on one knee, his head lowered. He looks up, an immediate recognition. The Watcher grins at him. Triumphant.

WATCHER

Too late.

Vincent starts to rise, the thirst for blood in his eyes. The Watcher sees what's coming, doesn't move, at some level feeling a destiny tonight. Vincent annihilates the Watcher.

Vincent turns from the carnage, walks away, desolate, in the direction the Watcher came from...in the direction Vincent last felt Catherine. Going for her body. Tears tumble down his cheeks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Vincent walking through the brush, his pace gradually quickening, the subtlest hint of spirit rising up...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Moonlight plays through the trees. As Vincent jogs past the CAMERA...

VINCENT

(going into full
speed)

Fight.

On his determination, his unwillingness to let her go...

DISSOLVE TO:

A VELVETY BLACK SCREEN.

Cathy ENTERS THE FRAME, her face bathed in a WARM WHITE LIGHT. Seeing something in the distance, a contentment washes over her. A peace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY

Momma...

(she moves towards
the light source)

Daddy...

As she moves O.C...

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE LIGHT SOURCE

large and vague yet definite in the dark expanse. Still a distance away. A
MAN AND A WOMAN are silhouetted by the Light, holding hands, waiting...

Cathy moves towards the Light.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARSHY LAKE - SIMULTANEOUS

Vincent makes a dramatic leap onto the partially submerged car, his black
cloak billowing...

CUT TO:

DARKNESS/LIGHT SOURCE

The light on Cathy's face is gradually becoming whiter, softer, warmer as she
moves towards it.

CATHY'S POV - SILHOUETTES IN THE DISTANCE

The Man and Woman are being joined by other also vague, unrecognizable
SILHOUETTES. The Woman drops the Man's hand and holds out her arms to Cathy,
waiting...

Cathy's smile deepens, her eyes tearing.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARSHY LAKE - SIMULTANEOUS

Vincent is finishing ripping the TRUNK LID off, is reaching into the icy
water...

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARKNESS/LIGHT SOURCE

We see Cathy is drawing close now to the Silhouettes in the Light, the Woman waiting with open arms. Suddenly from the dark Nowhere, Vincent appears behind Cathy, scoops her up, into his arms, taking her away from the Light.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARSHY LAKE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

...as Vincent brings Cathy back to Life at the water's edge.

START TIGHT ON THE TWO OF THEM.

Vincent has wrapped Cathy in his cloak. He pulls it over her bare shoulder, drawing it tighter around her. He holds Cathy in his lap, her face nestled into his neck, her eyes closed, her body drained, weary.

VINCENT
 (as he draws the
 cloak tighter)
 Catherine...

CATHY
 (her eyes not opening)
 ...I love you...

Vincent pulls her even tighter against him, his body warming hers.

a

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARSHY LAKE - LATER SAME NIGHT

The night is alive with activity. Three patrol cars throw red light everywhere; POLICE RADIOS SQUAWK, filling the air with disembodied voices. A TOW TRUCK slowly pulls Cathy's car from the lake. The CHOPPER has just landed, its rotors still thwacking, whipping the air. Joe jumps to the ground, runs out from under the blades to the first available TROOPER. We hear snippets of nearby TROOPER CONVERSATIONS as Joe approaches and passes:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROOPER DAN
(just returning from
mauling, approaching
TROOPER PAUL)
Paul, did you ask her about the
driver's license?

TROOPER PAUL
She said the address would be somewhere
across the park from her. What happened to him?

TROOPER DAN
(never seen a man
ripped up like that)
I don't know...

Joe catches attention of TROOPER FRED.

JOE
Where's Cathy Chandler?

TROOPER FRED
(filling out a report)
Over there.

Trooper Fred indicates one of the patrol cars. FOLLOW JOE over to find Cathy in the backseat, still wrapped in Vincent's cloak but now wearing someone's grey sweats too. Another TROOPER (RAY) is trying to question her.

TROOPER RAY
You don't remember how you got
out of the trunk?

Cathy shakes her head, still exhausted, holding a steaming cup in her hand.

CATHY
...No...

JOE
(rushing up)
Cathy! Are you okay?

Cathys nods.

JOE
Are you sure?

Cathy nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHY
Can you take me home?

He takes the cup from her hand, helping her out of the car.

JOE
Sure.
(to Trooper Ray)
You can reach her through Mike
Cohen at the New York Thirty-
third.

TROOPER RAY
(making a note)
New York Thirty-third.

As Joe and Cathy move towards the chopper, she pulls the cloak tighter around her, her security blanket.

JOE
(re: cloak)
What is this?

CATHY
Someone gave it to me to keep
warm.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT CORRIDOR - SAME NIGHT

Joe and Cathy exit the elevator, go to Cathy's apartment. The door suddenly is thrown open by an anxious Jenny.

JENNY
Oh, god, you're all right!
(immediate embrace)
I was so scared---

CATHY
(overlapping)
What are you doing here?

JENNY
The super said I could wait here.
(pushing Cathy back
slightly for a look
in her eyes)
Are you all right? Tell me you're
all right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY
 (overlapping)
 I'm fine. I'm fine. I'm just
 tired.

Cathy's look finds Joe, giving him permission to leave.

JOE
 Can you stay with her?

JENNY
 Yes--

CATHY
 ---No.

JOE
 Yes.
 (a hug)
 You scared me, Radcliffe.
 (pulling back)
 Get that door fixed.

JENNY
 I've already called.

CATHY
 (mumbled)
 What happened to my door?

JOE
 (exiting)
 I kicked it in.

Joe exits, Jenny and Cathy moving into the apartment.

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT

Jenny pulls Cathy into another hug, Cathy discreetly glancing towards the balcony over Jenny's shoulder.

JENNY
 When the police called me, I---

She breaks off, unable to verbalize the awful thought. Instead she looks at Cathy. They understand without words.

CATHY
 I'm okay.

JENNY
 What can I get for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHY
You don't have to stay.

JENNY
I know, but I am---

CATHY
--Jenny---

JENNY
I'm staying. Now what can I get
for you?

CATHY
Something hot. Hot chocolate.

JENNY
(ready to lead Cathy
in)
Okay, come on---

CATHY
(holding back, a glance
to the phone)
---Jenny... I have to make a call.

Cathy's attitude and look sends an unspoken message to Jenny.

JENNY
Oh...okay...I'll be in the
kitchen.

CATHY
Thanks.

(CONTINUED) -

CONTINUED: (2)

Jenny exits for kitchen. Cathy waits one safe second then goes onto

THE BALCONY.

Vincent is there, Cathy rushing into an immediate, tight embrace...they can't get close enough. The FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN warms the horizon.

CATHY

We don't have much time.

VINCENT

I know.

And on the statement of their destiny...

FADE OUT:

THE END