

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"An Impossible Silence"  
(Formerly "The Witness")

Written by  
Howard Gordon & Alex Gansa

Directed by  
Christopher Leitch

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

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"An Impossible Silence"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SOUTH STREET DOCKS - LONG SHOT - NIGHT 1

Down this wet and empty street. An industrial area, after hours. Complete stillness, except for a neon sign which blinks uncertainly over the doorway of some bar from which two lone figures emerge.

2 CLOSER - MOVING 2

With NICK PEROTTA, handsome, mid-thirties, jeans, leather jacket, boots, and a Brooklyn accent; and with DANNY YATES, same age, all-American good looks, courderoy jacket over a sweater. Perotta's got a nervous edge that's been dulled a little by booze. A car passes in b.g. with an adhesive sound against a glistening pavement. Yates casually follows its progress, as:

YATES

Keller's on edge like the rest  
of us.

PEROTTA

Yeah, well he lost it when I told him.  
(he exhales an ironic laugh)  
All we have to do is return it to  
property. They don't keep track.  
They'll never know it was missing, and we  
can all wipe the slate clean. Who needs  
that kind of pressure?

YATES

(overriding; firm)

I said, don't worry. I'lll smooth things  
over with Laine -- then we'll talk about  
it.

Perotta smiles and nods his appreciation. Beat. Yates buttons his jacket with the sudden realization:

YATES

It's getting cold, huh?

Yates slips on a pair of leather gloves as they move to Perotta's late model Mustang. Perotta fishes out his keys, jingles them to isolate the right one. He opens the driver's door and gets inside. Rolls down the window.

YATES

You okay to drive?

PEROTTA

I've driven worse.

(then: nervous laugh)

Listen to me: some cop, huh? So where'd you park?

YATES

Couple blocks down on South Street.

PEROTTA

C'mon. I'll give you a lift.

YATES

Thanks, but I'm gonna walk.

PEROTTA

(nods)

Sure. See you tomorrow.

YATES

(beat)

Yeah. I'll see you.

Yates takes another casual glance around - before we see him pull a .44 Bulldog from the back of his waist band. And as he raises the gun from behind his back:

3 PEROTTA'S POV

3

as Yates, neutral-faced, extends his arm and fires twice at point-blank.

4 LONG SHOT

4

Framing the execution, as Perotta falls hard into the car, out of sight behind the dash. Yates arm remains extended, as the gunshots reverberate through the empty streets.

5 REVERSE ANGLE 5

to reveal a seventeen year old girl crouched in the shadows across the street, behind a garbage can, still holding the crate of oranges she had been carrying. Her name is LAURA and her expression tells us she's seen everything.

6 YATES 6

lowers the gun and stares down at Perotta's motionless body which is splayed at an odd angle in a growing puddle of blood.

7 LAURA 7

quietly sets down the crate. She backs up slowly, inadvertently displacing the garbage can lid so that it SCRAPES the pavement, and:

8 YATES 8

reacts, wheeling around. He scrutinizes the darkness for the sound's source, but sees nothing. He cuts a diagonal across the street, moving toward the sound, and:

9 LAURA'S POV 9

as Yates nears, sweeping the area.

10 CU - LAURA 10

trying to control her nervous breathing. Moment of decision: there's no choice. She bolts out from the shadows and takes off down the sidewalk, and:

11 YATES 11

empties his .44 at her running silhouette, until it disappears down an adjacent alley. He takes off after her.

12 EXT. DOCKSIDE ALLEY 12

Laura runs, pumping her legs and arms with everything she's got. She glances back over her shoulder to find Yates a hundred yards behind her. But the distance between them is decreasing. Quickly.

13 EXT. STREET 13

Laura breaks out around the corner and tries to flag down a cab that has just passed. Too late. She stops in the middle of the street. Left or right? With Yates crescendoing footsteps, she chooses to go right, in the direction of the cab.

14 CU LAURA - MOVING 14

with her as she runs, and doesn't look back. Her eyes tear with exhaustion and her face begins to show the ebb of adrenalin. Twenty yards more, and she staggers, falling headlong onto the concrete.

15 LOW ANGLE - LAURA 15

her head bowed, her body heaving for oxygen - as a pair of spit-polished shoes step INTO FRAME. Laura looks up, startled:

16 ANOTHER ANGLE 16

a UNIFORMED COP regards her with a mixture of concern and confusion

COP#1

You okay?

Laura exhales her great relief. He helps Laura to her feet. She nods tentatively, still gasping, then looks back.

17 HER POV 17

no sign of Yates. They are in the parking lot of a run down commercial corner consisting of a Laundromat, a hamburger shack, and a mini-market. All closed. A lone streetlamp casts an oblong circle of pale yellow light.

18 RESUME SCENE 18

COP#1

What the hell are you doing in this part of town anyway?

But Laura is strangely shy. She regards the Cop in grateful silence, then looks away, as we:

CUT TO:

19 INT. TUNNELS - PASCAL'S PIPE CHAMBER - NIGHT

19

This is one of several communication junctions, where hundreds of pipes of varying diameters run along the walls and ceiling - even the floor. Where the metallic tapping is constant, creating an incredible, echoing symphony. Where messages from various parts of the tunnel world converge and are relayed to their proper destinations. It is in this room that CHARLIE PASCAL spends most of his time - monitoring, sending, and receiving. Armed with foot-and-a-half long rods in each hand, Pascal moves from one pipe to another with a dancer's grace and a neurosurgeon's intensity.

CHARLIE

See? I worked out this abbreviation for express stuff.

He taps a staccatti code.

CHARLIE

You wouldn't believe how much we cut down on congestion.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE VINCENT

watching Charlie from the chamber entrance, amused.

VINCENT

Oh, I believe it. But don't you ever get tired, Charlie?

CHARLIE

(deadpan)

Only when I stop.

Vincent smiles. Then he turns at the sound of running footsteps, and:

20 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Laura rounds the corner, crying, gasping for air, and flies into Vincent's arms. He holds her with soothing firmness. She continues sobbing, choked and breathless. Charlie is visible in b.g., concerned, but bound to the pipes. And on Vincent's deeply trouble face, we:

CUT TO:

A EXT. AVENUE C - NIGHT

20A

The cars, mostly junkers, are jam-packed along the curb. We find Yates as he jimmies open the driver's door of an old Chevy Nova with a piece of flat steel. Then, from his coat pocket, he removes a wrinkled paper bag, which he tosses onto the passenger seat. He closes the door - and CAMERA MOVES IN through the window, until we see the tip of the .44 Bulldog barrel peeking just over the lip of the bag.

21 INT. DA'S OFFICE - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

21

Maxwell checks himself out in front of the mirror. He combs his hair, patting it into place, and straightens his tie. he takes a deep breath, marshalling his cool before marching out into the:

22 CORRIDOR

22

where Cathy is waiting for him. MOVING WITH THEM as they wend their way through office traffic to the Press Briefing Room. Unconsciously his hand wanders up to check his tie again. And, as he catches a reflection of himself in a glass cabinet, he runs his hand through his hair.

CATHY

You look fine, Joe.

Maxwell shoots her a gimme-a-break look. Then:

MAXWELL

I hate these guys. They move in packs,  
like wolves... or sharks.

CATHY

(amused)

It's only a roomful of  
reporters ...

MAXWELL

Easy for you to say.

CATHY

Relax. It's not like you're running for  
office.

Maxwell's sideways-look at her betrays the political aspirations he hides beneath his easy smile and manner.

CATHY

Or are you?

They stop before a door. Maxwell's tone is serious.

MAXWELL

Let's just say that putting a copkiller  
away won't hurt my career any.

(then)

Wish me luck.

Cathy smiles as she follows Maxwell into the room.

CUT TO:

23 INT. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

23

Cathy leans against the wall beside the door, as Maxwell approaches a small podium to face a battery of microphones and mini-cams. Twenty reporters sit in fold-up chairs, waiting for him to say something. Maxwell pulls out a sheet of paper from his coat pocket, flattens it against the podium. He's holding two contrasting emotions in his heart - nervous but happy to be there.

MAXWELL

I'm going to read a statement. After  
that, I'm not at liberty to answer  
questions.

(looks up)

I'm sorry.

(then; reading)

Last night Curtis Jackson was arrested  
and charged with the murder of Vice Squad  
Detective Nicholas Perotta. Ballistics  
has confirmed that the handgun found in h  
is car was the murder weapon. The  
District Attorney has set a preliminary  
hearing date, and we have every reason to  
believe that justice will be served in a  
fair but expeditious fashion.

(looking up; all charm)

That's all folks.

As Maxwell makes his way out, the reporters hurl a few questions at him (e.g. Will you be handling the case personally? Is it true that Curtis Jackson had threatened Detective Perotta on numerous occasions?) which he brushes off with a wave of his hand.

MAXWELL

Excuse me ...

He and Cathy exit back into the

24 CORRIDOR

24

where they head back to their offices. After a couple of steps, Joe finally asks:

MAXWELL

Well... how was I?

CATHY

(veering away; ironic)

Look out City Hall.

ON Joe's indignant face, as he watches her go.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. YATE'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

25

A modest two-family house in Forest Hills. All's quiet. At least on the outside.

KELLER'S VOICE (OVER)

He was my partner eight years, you son-of-a -

DAVIS' VOICE (OVER)

(overriding)

Hey.

26 INT. YATE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

As JACK DAVIS wedges himself between LAINE KELLER and Yates, who look as though they might kill one another. Davis is Yate's longtime partner, early forties, black. Keller looks older than his fifty-three years: he's tough, but his time on the force has taken a visible toll.

KELLER

How the hell could you do it, Danny?

YATES

(right back)

You should be thanking me for doing your dirty work.

KELLER

That's bull!

DAVIS

Back off. Both of you.

The force of Davis' baritone eases the tension a little. Keller takes a few steps away

WIDER ANGLE

The walls and shelves are cluttered with pictures of the kids at day camp, an assortment of trophies, as well as several NYPD service commendations - which should tell us (in case we haven't already figured it out) that these guys are cops. New York cops. There's also a pool table, several bicycles, dart board, work bench with tools, and a small, adjacent boiler room that has no door, visible in b.g.

DAVIS

(to Keller; conciliatory)

Look. I'm sorry, Laine. But Danny only did what he had to. You know how Nick was, especially the last couple of weeks. he would've blown it - for all of us.

Keller is deeply troubled. he knows Davis is right. This knowledge cools him down considerably.

DAVIS

Anyway, it's done with. And if you're gonna blame Danny, you may as well blame me, too.

KELLER

What about Jackson?

DAVIS

They got him cold. Murder weapon, motive. We just sit tight and let the system do its thing. Anyway, he's a punk. Whatever he gets, he deserves.

Yates rubs a thoughtful hand over his mouth. He's the only one who knows it's not that simple; that there's a witness somewhere out there.

YATES

Listen -

Keller and Davis regard him. He can't tell them.

YATES

(to Laine)

I want you to know, Laine. I only did what was necessary.

Keller nods: it is at once a compliance and an apology. Yates moves to a frosted light fixture, which he begins to unscrew from its base -

YATES

Nick was a good man.

From the fixture he removes two plastic bagged kilos of cocaine. As he hefts these in his hands, a kind of awe spreads over his face

YATES

But we are talking about a half a million dollars ...

The power and the possibilities represented in this white powder are undeniable to the three men. For the first time, they are unanimous. Their trance is interrupted by a sound: FOTSTEPS descending the stairs. Yates quickly hides the puches into a toolbox, closing the lid, just as

MAGGIE YATES

enters, carrying a tray with three Budweisers. She's in her early thirties, pretty, and knows her place as dutiful wife and mother. She sets down the tray, and after a quick look exchanged with her husband, approaches Keller, regarding him sympathetically.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry about Nick ...

as she gives him a condolent hug

KELLER

Yeah, thanks Maggie.

Yates cracks open a beer in b.g., and on Keller's profoundly troubled face, we:

CUT TO:

LAURA'S HANDS

signing passionately in American Sign Language (ASL), shaping the very air with her words.

VINCENT (O.S.)

I'm listening ...

WIDEN

to find Vincent, who has just signed "I'm listening ..." (NOTE: in this scene, Vincent signs only where indicated and his signing should be slow and graceful, mirroring his speech.) He stands before Laura, whose expressive face reflects the passion of her silent language, and the anguish of her message. And we now understand the cause of her shy silence; she's been deaf from birth. As Laura continues to sign, Vincent overlaps.

VINCENT

(repeating to himself)

... the wrong man.

Laura touches the newspaper: which lays on a table before Vincent, folded over to the top of the fifth page.

28 INSERT - NEWSPAPER

28

the two-column headline "COPKILLER CAUGHT". Included in this article is a picture of a young black man, CURTIS JACKSON.

29 RESUME SCENE

29

as Laura regards Vincent expectantly.

VINCENT

(signing and speaking)

Are you sure?

Laura nods vigorously. Then:

LAURA

(signing)

I have eyes. I saw him. I saw everything... clearly. The man, the killer, was white - not black.

VINCENT

(echoing softly)

... a white man.

Laura nods, regarding Vincent, at once relieved of the burden she's been carrying around and frightened by its implications. Vincent's face reflects her concern - which is now their concern. Then:

VINCENT

I am sorry you've seen the worst of their world. But it's good that you came to me  
...

LAURA

(sighing)

You've always helped me... from the beginning.

VINCENT

That won't change, Laura. Ever. I'll always be here for you.

She signs - and you don't have to be an expert to understand her fear and confusion. Laura's eyes start welling, at which point she looks down. Beat. Vincent gently touches her shoulder. She looks up, regards him. Vincent shakes his head reassuringly.

VINCENT

Don't be afraid. You're not alone. I promise.

Laura nods. And as she wipes a tear, we:

CUT TO:

30 INT. THRESHOLD TO TUNNEL WORLD - NIGHT

30

At first we HEAR Vincent's voice -- timber and bass -- as the CAMERA PANS the sweating walls, CROSSES a tunnel opening leading into the gloom ...

VINCENT (O.S.)

When Laura first came to live with us, she was only a child. Alone and frightened. Her parents ...

and finally FINDS Vincent and Cathy together again.

VINCENT

... they wanted... a normal daughter.  
But there was a friend, a helper -- and  
he brought her down here... to where it  
was safe... to where she could know love.

(beat)

I remember, in the beginning she used to  
collect things... keep them on her  
bedside table. Alarm clocks... bells...  
buzzers. And she would hold them close  
to her ear... feeling the vibrations...  
trying to hear the stolen sounds...

(then)

It broke my heart.

Long beat.

CATHY

And you became her teacher.

VINCENT

I became her friend.

CATHY

Vincent... can... she speak at all?

VINCENT

She speaks with her hands... a beautiful  
language.

Cathy's concern grows as she becomes aware of Vincent's powerful connection  
to the girl, of how important she is to him.

CATHY

And she told you that she saw this  
murder?

Vincent nods gravely.

CATHY

How can she be sure it's not the same  
man.

VINCENT

The man Laura saw... was not a black man.

Cathy considers this. Then:

CATHY

Vincent... the evidence they have is  
overwhelming. Is she positive?

VINCENT

She is not mistaken.

(beat)

She knows what this might mean.

CATHY

Coming forward to tell her story...

VINCENT

Yes.

CATHY

I'll do everything I can to make that  
unnecessary. But, Vincent...

(beat)

... I don't think there's any other way.

ON Vincent's troubled reaction; we,

CUT TO:

30A INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

30A

CAMERA PANS along a length of pipe, and stays on Laura, who is touching it. Her entire body is pressed close to the wall, as she "listens" with incredible concentration. Over this we hear the amazing, syncopated tapping...

WIDEN TO REVEAL

that we are in PASCAL'S PIPE CHAMBER. Charlie works deftly around Laura as she moves to another pipe and "listens" -- her face reflecting an almost meditative serenity as she monitors the very pulse of her world.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

31 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

31

CAMERA PANS the book-lined room.

FATHER (O.S.)

I won't allow it. The problem isn't  
ours, Vincent.

and finds Father addressing Vincent, who shakes his head in heated disagreement.

VINCENT

Does our world exempt its people from  
moral responsibility?

FATHER

No. It offers them sanctuary from an  
impossible madness. Especially those who  
most need protection. Like the girl.

VINCENT

Laura is no longer a girl.

FATHER

She's still vulnerable. Exposing her  
like that...

(Father breaks off; exhales his  
frustration; shakes his head)

Vincent: here, we've given her the chance  
to heal.

VINCENT

And to hide...

FATHER

If she were simply hard of hearing, that  
would be one thing. But she's  
congenitally deaf.

VINCENT

I know Laura's pain. When she came to  
us, her soul was broken, and our love  
helped it to mend. But we've become a  
crutch, and the tunnels a shell. Some  
day, she'll need to grow beyond all of  
this... beyond us.

FATHER

And you think that day is now?

VINCENT

Without Laura's word, Catherine has no case. An innocent man will go to prison.

(beat; emphatic)

That should mean something to you.

It does. Still, Father's resolve remains firm.

FATHER

Our priority is still to Laura.

VINCENT

(turning to Father)

Before, you said that the problem is not ours.

(beat)

Neither is the decision.

Father considers this in silence. Then:

FATHER

So, what do you propose?

VINCENT

That we allow Laura herself to choose.

FATHER

Without the benefit of our guidance?

VINCENT

Father... what benefit could she possibly derive from our debate. It would serve only to confuse her...

FATHER

(understanding)

... to divide her loyalties between us.

VINCENT

Yes.

FATHER

Perhaps you're right.

(then; deciding)

Very well. We'll do as you say.

ON Vincent's agreement, we:

CUT TO:

32 INT. POLICE JAIL - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

32

Cathy meets with CURTIS JACKSON, 36, a black and facetious ex-con, through the wire-mesh of the visiting room.

JACKSON

(laughing)

That's a new one on me. Since when does the D.A.'s office go around trying to get people off.

(figuring it out)

I know, it's some kind of new psychology, right?

CATHY

(all business)

How long were you out of prison?

JACKSON

Almost a year.

CATHY

Your parole officer tells me that you've been meeting regularly.

Jackson gives her a look out of the corner of his eye. Then, unsure of what she's driving at, he reverts to sarcasm:

JACKSON

Every week, ma'am. And I've also been helpin' little old ladies 'cross the street, and going to Confession every Sunday -- repent my sins.

The heat rises in Cathy's throat and face. She remembers what a man like this once did to her.

CATHY

Let's get this straight. As far as I'm concerned, you're a piece of dirt... A man who sells drugs to kids doesn't deserve to see the light of day... ever. They say you're rehabilitated. Congratulations. But if it were up to me, I would've buried you.

(beat)

Now I'm here because I don't think you killed Detective Perotta, and I want to find out who did. And you're going to help me.

Jackson looks put upon, rearranges himself in the chair.

JACKSON

Lotta good it'll do...

CATHY

(beat)

Tell me about these threats you were supposed to have made against Perotta.

JACKSON

Man... that was a long time ago. It was stupid... He was the cop that busted me. I was pissed off... said some stupid things, you know.

CATHY

What was that gun doing in your car?

JACKSON

How the hell do I know? Somebody put it there.

CATHY

Any ideas who?

JACKSON

What you want, a list?

CATHY

(cold stare; then)

Yeah, that's exactly what I want.

ON Jackson, reacting to this ballsy lady, we:

CUT TO:

33 EXT. NYPD PRECINCT - ESTABLISHING - DAY 33

The flag waves at half-mast. Over this:

CATHY'S VOICE

Excuse me, I'm looking for Detective  
Keller.

34 INT. PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - DAY 34

Cathy is at the tall front desk, scrambling among several people trying to get the attention of SERGEANT JESSICA COOPER. A mounted bulletin board reads: Memorial service for Lt. Nicolas Perotta -- 3:00 Tuesday -- St. Marry's".

(PRODUCTION NOTE: In this and all following precinct scenes, there should be a gritty, almost stylized look and sound of chaotic activity -- in extreme contrast to the romantic lyricism to the world below.)

COOPER

(pointing)

Third desk on the right.

Amid the cacophony of voices, ringing telephones, and computer printers, Cathy wends her way through the various desks and booking areas to Keller's desk.

CATHY

Detective Keller.

Keller loops up from a thick sheaf of papers, and puts down his pen.

KELLER

Whatta you want?

CATHY

(extending her hand)

I'm Catherine Chandler, from the D.A.'s  
office.

They shake.

CATHY

I'm sorry about Lieutenant Perotta.

KELLER

Yeah. Me too. Eight years is a long  
time.

(then)

You have anything to do with nailing  
Jackson?

CATHY

-- Yes...

KELLER

I appreciate it. We all do. Believe me:  
it's no small consolation.

CATHY

Detective Keller --  
(braces herself, then)  
I don't think Curtis Jackson killed your  
partner.

KELLER

What're you talking about?

CATHY

We may have an eyewitness.

KELLER

What eye witness?  
(when Cathy doesn't answer immediately)  
C'mon tell me: who? Who says Jackson  
didn't do it?

CATHY

I can't disclose that information yet.

KELLER

(flashing)

Jackson killed my partner. He had it out  
for Nicky. Everyone knows it.  
Chrissake, they just about caught him in  
the act.

CATHY

He claims he was set up. I think the  
only thing Jackson's guilty of recently  
is stupidity.

Keller doesn't have to pretend: this is definitely news to him. he runs his  
fingers through his hair, regains his composure. Then:

KELLER

Look. I'm sorry I flew off.

CATHY

(her heart goes out to him)

I understand.

KELLER

It's just, you come here and drop this on me like a ton of bricks. Now I don't know what to think.

CATHY

If you have a few minutes, I'd like to ask you some questions about recent cases, who else might have had a motive. Just preliminary, but it might give me a place to start.

KELLER

(nods, then)

Sure: I got a couple minutes...

He puts on an I'll-do-what's-best face, but in his eyes there's an acute dread. He's wondering what the hell he's going to do.

CUT TO:

35 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

35

CAMERA FINDS Vincent, Father, and Laura intimately gathered in the golden light of the chamber. Laura's manner continues to be hesitant and shy. Sometimes when she signs too quickly, Vincent must translate for Father's benefit.

VINCENT

Father and I have talked a long time.  
The decision ... will have to be yours,  
Laura.

A part of Laura is terrified by the responsibility, and her eyes wander away from the reality of the conversation. After a moment, Father leans over and touches her shoulder, so that she can read his lips as he speaks.

FATHER

Laura ... our laws say nothing about those who want to return to the world above. That's because this place means different things to different people. For some, it's a place of healing and safety -- a way station between difficult events in their lives.

For others ...

(indicating himself)

... it's a permanent home.

(beat)

But all of us reach a point -- a moment in time -- when we must define for ourselves what this place means to us. Perhaps now is your time.

Laura considers this. Then:

LAURA

(signing, to Father)

If I do decide to go, may I come back?

Father smiles. Then, compassionately:

FATHER

Of course you can come back ...

(then)

... if you decide to go.

LAURA

(signing)

And if I want to stay above?

Father looks to Vincent, preferring that Vincent answer this one.

VINCENT

If you want to stay above... one of the helpers will look after you, and teach you what you need to know... until the time comes when you can survive on your own.

Laura looks down into her lap. She grasps her hands tightly together. The weight of the decision and the subtle tension in the air between Father and Vincent combine to make her uneasy.

LAURA

(signing)

I don't know what to do.

(to Father)

What do you think I should do, Father?

Father hesitates. he knows that by answering this question, he threatens to violate the course of action he and Vincent agreed to follow. So he treads slowly and carefully... until he just can't help himself.

FATHER

I think you should remember what you've seen of the world above, and ask yourself it that's a world you want to rejoin. The violence and the injustice --

VINCENT

(overriding; admonishing)

Father, we agreed.

FATHER

I'm sorry.

But Laura persists.

LAURA

(signing)

Is that all there is? Violence and injustice.

This is too complicated for Father's ASL vocabulary. He turns to Vincent.

FATHER

It's too quick for me. I didn't understand.

VINCENT

She wants to know whether that's all there is in the world... violence and injustice?

FATHER

(to Laura)

Of course not. There is also much beauty. it's just harder to find.

LAURA  
(signing)

Because I'm deaf?

FATHER

No, not because you're deaf. It's harder  
to find for everyone.

She regards Father for a moment, and then turns to Vincent.

LAURA  
(signing)

Tell me what to do, Vincent.

VINCENT

I can't tell you what to do.

(beat)

But you are strong, Laura. Your life...  
has made you powerful... in ways you  
can't even begin to imagine...

LAURA  
(signing)

If I can't imagine, how do I know it's  
true?

Again, Father doesn't understand.

FATHER

Vincent?

VINCENT

If she can't imagine her strength, how  
does she know it's true?

(to Laura)

Laura... you know by learning... by  
following what your heart tells you is  
right... by going... where you have to  
go.

Laura takes a long moment to consider this. Then:

LAURA  
(beat; signing)

And there's an innocent man's life at  
stake?

Vincent looks to Father before answering.

VINCENT

Yes, Laura, there's an innocent man's  
life at stake.

ON Laura, understanding that this is the primary issue on which she should base her decision.

CUT TO:

36 INT. D.A.'s OFFICE - DATA CENTER - DAY

36

Cathy is going over a file with Edie at Edie's terminal.

CATHY

Cross-reference anything and everything you can dig up on these cases; names, places, chronologies.

EDIE

That's gonna take some time, sweetheart.

CATHY

(hopeful)

Tomorrow morning?

(beat)

Afternoon?

As Edie makes a face:

MAXWELL (O.S.)

Hey, Radcliffe. Got a sec?

37 ANGLE TO INCLUDE MAXWELL

37

standing in the doorway. Seething. In fact, we've never seen him so cold-ass made.

CATHY

(to Edie)

Be right back.

EDIE

(re: Maxwell)

Don't bet on it.

Cathy goes to join Maxwell, who holds the door open for her, following her outside with laser-intensity:

38 INT. CORRIDOR - MOVING

38

with Cathy and Maxwell, as he ushers her by the arm in tense silence to a quiet corner, away from the human traffic. Then:

MAXWELL

What the hell do you think you're doing?

CATHY

Let go of me.

MAXWELL

Answer me.

CATHY

(firm)

First let go.

Maxwell releases his grip. Momentary remorse. Then he exhales some of his anger. But only some.

MAXWELL

I don't understand you, Radcliffe.  
Yesterday everything's beautiful. We  
close a major investigation like in a  
textbook. Today I find out you've been  
sniffing around behind my back.

CATHY

I just wanted to have something solid  
before I came to you.

(beat)

I had second thoughts.

MAXWELL

Why didn't you tell me about this  
yesterday?

CATHY

Because yesterday I didn't know there was  
a witness.

MAXWELL

Whoa -- back up.

CATHY

There was a witness, Joe.

MAXWELL

(sceptical)

Can you produce this witness?

CATHY

(beat; troubled)

Not yet.

Which only confirms Maxwell's doubts. He shakes his head.

MAXWELL

I've been playing this game a little longer than you. Half the secret is knowing the rules cold, and the other half is knowing when to sit out.

(emphatic)

You're blowing it on both counts.

CATHY

(angry)

What about due process, Joe? And reasonable doubt? Or do you just want me to go out and hang Jackson now and save you the trouble?

MAXWELL

You still don't get it...

(the bottom line)

Jackson killed a cop.

CATHY

If he's innocent what difference does that make?

MAXWELL

(imperative)

Leave it alone. For your sake.

CATHY

My sake? Isn't there a hidden agenda here we're not talking about? Like how the truth might make for an embarrassing press conference --

MAXWELL

Low blow, Radcliffe.

Cathy knows she's out of line. And Maxwell's anger has passed into a deeper realm. He speaks slowly.

MAXWELL

You know my father was a cop. Up in Harlem. Fifty-second precinct. He was just getting off one morning when two guys jumped him. Took his gun and his watch, slit his throat, and left him to bleed to death. There was no arrest. Nobody went to trial. They were fourteen years old.

(beat)

So was I.

He regards Cathy for a moment before starting away.

CATHY  
(calling after him)

Joe.

But Maxwell is already gone.

CATHY  
(to herself; wistful remorse)  
Joe...

On Cathy, powerfully disturbed by what has just happened, we:

CUT TO:

39 A WORLD GLOBE

39

circa 1900, on a wooden floor stand. CAMERA PANS to find Laura, seated before her dressing table mirror, staring intently at her reflection. And we are:

INT. TUNNELS - LAURA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

About the size of Vincent's chamber, decorated in much the same way as any young girl's bedroom might be. Laura takes a long time there, trying to reconcile the face staring back at her in the looking glass with what she feels about herself. She is a child, but what she regards in the mirror is a woman emerging...

She leans closer to herself. Gently touches her mouth. Something bubbles tentatively on her lips before they go still again. She exhales. Then a sound -- a soul-deep utterance issues from her lips, incomprehensible to us. After a moment she tries again -- the syllable OUW -- then again, until we can understand what she is trying to say.

LAURA  
Laura...

It is an affirmation of her identity, tentative yet somehow bold. And as the edges of her mouth sneak up into a smile, we:

CUT TO:

40 EXT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 40

Cathy slides out of a cab and, heels clacking on the pavement, crosses the sidewalk and enters her building.

41 INT. CATHY'S BUILDING - CLOSE ON ELEVATOR DOORS - NIGHT 41

As they whoosh open and Cathy steps out into the corridor. She heads for her apartment door. Balancing her briefcase on her knee, she fishes for her key and finally manages to open the door. She reaches inside to switch on the lights. But as soon as they go on, A GLOVED HAND kills them and then grabs Cathy's wrist, yanking her into:

42 INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 42

Where she is spun into another man's arms, slamming face first into a wall, and pinned there. Both are stocking-faced -- and Yates crosses through a shaft of liquid moonlight and approaches her in the deep shadow.

YATES

(to the man holding Cathy)

Turn her around.

The man puts Cathy in a full nelson and roughly turns her around the face Yates.

YATES

The only thing worse than a cop killer is  
somebody who covers for one...

as he backhands Cathy across the face. Cathy sags at the blow and would drop to the floor if it weren't for the man holding her up. She recovers and raises her head to face her attacker, spitting out the words:

CATHY

If you think this is going to stop me...

but before she gets out the next syllable, Yates drives a powerful fist into her stomach. Now the man holding her lets go, and Cathy sinks to her knees, doubling over, groping for breath.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE

43

of Yates from the waist up. We understand but don't see him viciously kick Cathy -- before stealing out, leaving Cathy unconscious, moaning on the floor.

TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE:

44 VINCENT

44

minutes later, surges through the balcony doors. He rushes to Cathy's fallen figure, bends down to her. His voice trembles with concern.

VINCENT

Catherine...

She rolls her head to look up at him.

CATHY

(weakly)

I'm all right. I think.

She tries to move, but the pain overwhelms her, and she sags. Vincent slides his arms under her body, and with no visible effort lifts her up. he carries her across the darkened living room and into her bedroom...

where he lays her on the bed. Here, too, the moonlight seeps in, making everything seem ghostly transparent.

TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE:

Vincent gently presses a cool, deep cloth to Cathy's forehead. he removes it and listens for a beat. Thinking she's finally asleep, he begins to back away.

CATHY

(barely audible)

Vincent...

He bends over her to listen.

CATHY

Please stay... I need you close.

VINCENT

I'll watch over you... don't worry. Just sleep.

Cathy, now comforted, closes her eyes. Vincent retreats to sit -- facing her -- on the two steps leading to the balcony.

TIME LAPSE DISSOLVE

45 WIDER ANGLE

45

of the scene. Cathy sleeping, and Vincent, her sentry-lover, watching over her in the moonlight, keeping her safe.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

45A INT. TUNNELS - MOVING WITH LAURA - DAY 45A

walking toward an earth-orange light at tunnel's end, and:

45B INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS 45B

as Laura crosses the threshold into Vincent's Chamber, Vincent turns his attention from the book he's reading, to her.

VINCENT

Come in.

Laura moves toward Vincent. Her tentative demeanor has given way to some new kind of self-determination, evident in her carriage and in the quality of her signing.

LAURA

(signing)

I've been thinking a lot... about everything. And I've decided: I want to go above.

VINCENT

You've decided to go above...

Laura nods and smiles proudly. But Vincent's momentary elation is troubled by a thought. He rises to face her, as:

VINCENT

Since we last spoke, much has happened. The woman I told you about...

LAURA

(signing)

Catherine...

VINCENT

Yes, Catherine. She was attacked last night.

LAURA

(upset; signing)

Is she all right?

VINCENT

She'll be fine. The damage was greater  
to her pride than to her body.

Laura is relieved, although still troubled.

LAURA

(signing)

But why? Why would anyone do that?

VINCENT

Because there are people who want the  
truth to be kept hidden.

(then)

You should understand the risks, the  
dangers, if you decide to go up.

LAURA

(signing)

I understand...

VINCENT

You can still change your mind.

Determined, Laura shakes her head.

LAURA

(signing)

I want to go...

Beat. Then Vincent accepts Laura's decision with a single, distinctly proud  
nod. The emotional connection between these two has never been more  
apparent.

LAURA

(signing)

Vincent, there's so much I have to thank  
you for.

VINCENT

You have only yourself to thank... and to be proud of.

(beat)

Sometimes, events in our lives show us what we've known all along. This last year... I've felt it in you: a need... to see a life beyond our tunnels and chambers.

(then)

You knew inside yourself that it was time...

Laura is grateful for the understanding. Then:

LAURA

(signing)

Until we see each other, I will miss you.

VINCENT

Until we see each other, I will miss you, too.

And they embrace. After a moment, Vincent pulls back.

VINCENT

I'll send word to Catherine. And when you prepare yourself, we'll go.

Laura nods, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

46	OMITTED	46
47	INT. TUNNELS - LATER	47

As MUSIC PLAYS OVER, Laura walks with Vincent down a long stretch of tunnel. They are silhouettes against the bright light glowing at tunnel's end.

VINCENT'S VOICE

This is where you go out...

Laura hesitates for a moment, looking back over her shoulder, before she and Vincent merge into the light. And as the MUSIC CONTINUES, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

48 INT. CATHY'S SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

48

Cathy is waiting for them at the jagged entrance, wearing the evidence of the previous night's attack: discoloration under one eye, a cut lip. which makes Laura's passage all the poignant. Cathy extends her hand to Laura, smiling.

CATHY  
(to Laura)  
Laura. I'm Catherine.

Laura smiles and takes Cathy's hand.

CATHY  
(to Laura)  
Are you ready?

Laura nods. Then Cathy regards Vincent with deep gratitude. What he has done means a great deal to her.

CATHY  
Thank you, Vincent.

She turns and walks with Laura, who looks back once, leaving Vincent to watch them disappear into the light of a world he can never join.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. CATHY'S TERRACE - NIGHT

49

Laura looks out over the jewelled city, her hair blown by the cool night breeze. As Cathy comes out from the living room...

CATHY  
Laura, I've --

She stops with the realization that Laura can't hear her. Then she approaches and watches Laura's tranquil observation for a moment -- before Laura senses Cathy's presence and turns towards her. (NOTE: Cathy enunciates carefully, but not condescendingly, to Laura.)

CATHY  
Are you cold?

Laura shakes her head -- then holds up her hand, thumb and forefinger about an inch apart, to admit that on second thought, she is a little cold. Cathy smiles.

CATHY  
Come inside. I'd like to show you something.

Laura nods and follows Cathy inside.

50 INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - LATER

50

Cathy removes a blue dress from her closet and holds it up to Laura. They turn together toward a full length mirror, as Cathy addresses Laura's reflection.

CATHY

I think this will fit you better than me.  
Do you like it?

Laura nods, pleased by what she sees in the mirror.

CATHY

Tomorrow you give your statement to the  
police -- so I thought we'd dress you up  
for the occasion.

Laura blushes a little, as Cathy makes the "okay" sign.

CATHY

Definitely a knockout.

Laura lowers the dress and turns to regard Cathy: something is bothering her. Cathy senses this, and tries to comfort her.

CATHY

What you're doing is very brave.

Laura shakes her head and points to Cathy.

CATHY

Me? I'm not so brave. A little crazy  
maybe, but I'm just doing my job.

LAURA

(beat; then, signing)

I'm sorry...

and she tentatively reaches out to touch the bruises on Cathy's face, as if she shares Cathy's pain. And Cathy is touched even deeper by Laura's great empathy.

CATHY

This has been a real tough time for me.  
I was very much alone on this case --  
until now. But I really believe we're  
doing the right thing. Both of us.

Laura nods. Then something occurs to her: an idea. She lays the dress down on Cathy's bed, and turns, suddenly very animated, toward Cathy.

LAURA  
 (signing)  
 Would you like to learn how to sign?

CATHY  
 (trying to translate)  
 I'm...  
 (shakes her head; frustrated laugh)  
 I don't know what you're saying.

Laura scratches her palm with her forefinger. Cathy understands, and digs out a note pad and pen from the night table drawer. She hands these to Laura, who scribbles something, then turns the note pad toward Catherine.

51 INSERT PAGE (CATHY'S POV) 51

which reads "I said: would you like to learn how to sign?"

52 RESUME SCENE 52

as Cathy smiles and nods. Laura's enthusiasm is infectious.

CATHY  
 Yes, I'd --

But Laura shakes her head vigorously, cutting Cathy off. Already assuming the role of teacher, Laura shakes her fist up and down: ASL for "yes." Cathy picks up on it quickly, mirrors the sign, and:

CATHY  
 (smiles)  
 Yes. I'd love to learn how to sign.

On the shared look of satisfaction we:

DISSOLVE TO:

52A INT. CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER 52A

where Cathy and Laura sit facing one another on the couch. They are now wearing nightgowns. A bowl of popcorn sits on the coffee table before them. Cathy reaches for a handful, when Laura slaps her hand and shoots Cathy a look of mock-consternation.

CATHY

All right, all right.

(signing)

Idea...

(then; repeating the sign)

To show a thought coming forward?

LAURA

(signing)

Yes. You're a good student.

CATHY

(speaking and signing haltingly)

And you're... a good... teacher.

Laura smiles and is suddenly seized by a yawn. Cathy glances down at her watch.

CATHY

It's late. We'd both better get some sleep.

LAURA

(signing slowly for Cathy's benefit)

Sleep... is a good idea.

CATHY

(signing and speaking)

Sleep is a good idea.

(speaking)

I'll make up the couch for you, okay?

Laura nods, but she continues to regard Cathy. Her mouth opens, as if she's about to speak.

CATHY

(sensing)

-- you want to say something...

LAURA

(signing)

Vincent was right. You are very beautiful.

CATHY

(signing and speaking)

I don't understand.

Laura picks up the pen and notepad from the coffee table. Words are scrawled all over the page: evidence of the hard work that's been achieved here. Laura flips to a fresh page and writes something, which she hands to Cathy.

52B INSERT PAGE (CATHY'S POV) 52B

which reads "Vincent was right. You are very beautiful."

52C RESUME SCENE 52C

as Cathy shares a warm moment with Laura.

CATHY

Thank you.

LAURA

(long beat; then, with great effort)  
Thank you.

And on the bond that's being forged between these women, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

52D EXT. NYPD PRECINCT - TO ESTABLISH - DAY 52D

A clear, late-autumn morning -- and the flag, still at half-mast.

CUT TO:

53 A RASTAFARIAN 53

is hustled PAST CAMERA by a pair of UNIFORMS, and we are:

INT. NYPD PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

a melange of cops, crooks, and victims, whose voices and movements combine to create a white noise over which occasional words can be discerned. From this human salad, Cathy and Laura emerge: Laura now in a knee-length blue dress. Cathy is evidently known here -- perhaps by the bruises on her face: the cops at these desks lookup at her, one by one.

54 CATHY'S POV - MOVING 54

past the intimidating faces.

55 CONTINUED:

55

OFFICER  
(pure ice)

I'm sorry, Miss Chandler.

CATHY

The hell you are.

Cathy holds her own and stares him down, until he passes. Cathy looks at Laura, who affirms her support with a look. Cathy takes a deep breath as they continue, proceeding down

56 AN ADJACENT CORRIDOR

56

that's mustard-yellow and narrow. They stop at the third door on the right. Stencilled on the thick frosted glass are the words DEPOSITION ROOM 5. Cathy and Laura exchange a last look before Cathy opens the door and:

57 INT. DEPOSITION ROOM 5 - CONTINUOUS

57

as Cathy and Laura enter the small, sterile room which, behind the closed door, offers some quiet refuge from the constant chaos outside. A long rectangular table is centered here, at which two men (GRIGGS and Homicide Detective LENNY MESSINA) and one woman are seated. Griggs has several papers fanned out before him, a pen at the ready. At one end of the table stands a tripod video camera, hooked up to a monitor which frames the empty chair at the other end of the table.

Joe Maxwell brings his chair down on all fours, stands, and approaches Cathy and Laura. His manner is cool and detached. Exaggeratedly professional.

MAXWELL

Miss Chandler, this is Detective Messina  
-- he'll be conducting the interrogation  
-- Sergeant Griggs, and Sharon Hall, from  
Social Services. She's here to interpret  
for the witness.

CATHY

(to all of them)

Hello.

(beat)

This is Laura Roberts.

Laura nods curtly to everyone.

SHARON

(signing and speaking)

Please have a seat, Laura.

Laura looks at Cathy who gives her a nod of quiet strength and silent assurance. Laura sits in the empty chair. Messina, the hard-assed veteran in charge of the case, now rises and circles around Laura. Griggs stands and moves to the video camera.

MESSINA

(turning away from Laura; to Griggs)

We ready to go?

Before Griggs has a chance to respond,  
Cathy interjects.

CATHY

Detective.

Messina angles his head toward Cathy.

CATHY

Laura's deaf --

MESSINA

(overlapping)

We know that...

CATHY

(overlapping)

... and no one speaks in here without  
facing her first.

Messina glares at Cathy, but complies with her demand.

MESSINA

All set, Larry?

GRIGGS

You can start anytime.

Messina half-sits on the table.

MESSINA

Okay, Laura. Why don't you start by  
telling us what you saw... in your own  
words.

LAURA

(signing)

I saw somebody kill a man.

SHARON

I saw somebody kill a man.

Messina waits for more, but Laura is still nervous and her hands remain still. Messina shoots a sceptical look to Maxwell. Then, his attention returns to Laura.

MESSINA

And where did you see this happen?

LAURA

(signing)

It was on Midwood Street, near the corner of Rogers.

SHARON

It was on Midwood Street... near the corner of Rogers.

MESSINA

Would you describe for us what you saw?

LAURA

(signing)

There were two men. One had a gun. And I saw him reach inside a car and shoot the other man.

SHARON

There were two men. one had a gun. I saw him reach inside the car and shoot the other man.

Messina straightens -- Laura's just given a crucial piece of testimony.

MESSINA

I'm sorry would you repeat the last part... about the car.

Laura doesn't quite understand and looks to Sharon, who signs her Messina's question. Laura nods and starts again.

LAURA

(signing)

The man who was shot... was sitting in a car.

SHARON

The man who was shot was sitting in a car.

Messina exhales sharply and addresses Maxwell in a low urgent tone.

MESSINA

Joe, that information hasn't been made public yet. There's no way she could have known that Perotta was killed in his car.

(beat)

I think we got the real thing here.

Maxwell stirs in his chair and gives Cathy an acknowledging look. Now, with more respect than before.

MESSINA

Okay, Laura, let's start at the beginning.

58 CLOSE - VIDEO MONITOR

58

as Laura's image appears on the screen, looking off at the detective. Even here, rendered in two-dimensional blue light, Laura's fear is almost palpable. But so is her strength. And as she musters the courage to start at the beginning, we:

CUT TO:

59 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

59

From the relative sanctuary and sanity of the deposition room, Cathy and Laura reenter the chaos of the squad room jungle. Cathy is charged by Laura's convincing performance and by the stamina and courage of her new friend. As soon as the door to the deposition room closes behind them, she takes Laura by the shoulders.

CATHY

You did great.

Laura isn't so sure.

CATHY

Really. No jury in the world could discount that testimony.

Cathy's genuine enthusiasm convinces Laura, and her eyes shine deeply when she smiles. Cathy squeezes Laura's shoulders and gives her an affectionate push-and-pull before they start through the human traffic for the station exit...

60 ANOTHER ANGLE

60

shows Cathy and Laura as they round a section of booking tables, pass by the Desk Sergeant, and are on the home stretch... when a young UNIFORMED COP catches up with them.

COP #2  
(to Cathy)

Excuse me.

He positions himself between them and the station entrance.

COP #2  
Are you Catherine Chandler?

CATHY  
Yes I am.

COP #2  
There's a call for you.

Cathy's first instinct is to glance protectively at Laura. Then:

CATHY  
(to cop)  
Who is it?

COP #2  
I don't know.  
(shrugs)

Sorry.

He points to an empty desk way across the squad room.

COP #2  
Take it over there, if you want. Line  
five.

Cathy turns her attention to Laura, guiding her to a low-backed bench against a wall.

CATHY  
Here. You sit here. I'll be right back,  
okay?

Laura nods and sits down. When Cathy turns away, the cop is still there.

COP #2  
(smiling)  
Come on, follow me...

which Cathy does... the length of the squad room... to the unoccupied desk and the blinking phone.

COP #2

Line five.

CATHY

Thanks.

Cathy punches the line and picks up the receiver.

CATHY

(into phone)

Hello...

Nothing. She puts a finger in her ear to block the bustling sound.

CATHY

(into phone)

Hello...

Still nothing. She holds the receiver away from her ear and calls after the retreating backside of the cop:

CATHY

Excuse me.

He pivots to face her.

CATHY

(holding the receiver out)

There's nobody there.

COP #2

(moving toward her; apologetically)

Must be busted.

He takes the receiver from her and hangs it up. Then, indicating an adjacent row of cubicles:

COP #2

Try the luxury boxes...

Cathy begins to move in that direction, as we go:

61 BACK TO LAURA

61

sitting straight-backed on the bench, her eyes in her lap. A sixth-sense is operating in her head. She knows she's being watched. She doesn't want to... she tries not to... but she has to look up.

62 HER POV - ACROSS THE CONGESTED SQUAD ROOM - MOS 62

(Post Production Note: All Laura's POV shots should be accompanied by silence to exaggerate her sense of alienation and to convey her heightened terror.)

A man's face, a pair of eyes boring into her.

63 RESUME LAURA 63

quickly dropping her gaze. And then... slowly... in her face, we see the terrifying connection made: the eyes looking at her are the eyes of the killer, and they are also the eyes of a policeman. The fear heaves up in her stomach and throat like a nausea. She forces herself to look again, and this time the eye contact with Yates is laser-intense. Shakily, she rises to her feet and scans the room for Cathy. No sign of her. She looks back at Yates.

63AA HER POV 63A

Yates has started toward her.

63B LAURA 63B

backpedals slowly, her instinct to run sweeping over her. Then she turns and bolts for the double doors. She bursts through and out into the:

63C CORRIDOR 63C

when she runs smack into Davis' arms. She looks up at him, the complete fear evident in her face. And he holds her fast, as we:

64 RESUME CATHY - IN THE CUBICLE 64

holding the receiver to her ear with her shoulder, jotting something down in her calendar.

CATHY

... and the new hearing date is set for  
Thursday at five. No, I got it. Thanks,  
Mary.

and she hangs up the phone. She steps out into the squad room, starting back towards Laura. As she grows near, we catch glimpses -- through the ebb and flow of the human tide -- of:

65 HER POV 65

The empty bench.

66 RESUME CATHY 66

as her pace quickens, the first sparks of panic firing in her breast. She reaches the bench, her eyes scanning the surrounding area for a sign of Laura. She wheels around... looking. Then, she flags a MAN passing by.

CATHY

Did you see a young woman? Dark hair.  
She was sitting right there.

The man doesn't break stride, just shakes his head and moves on. Cathy pivots and finds two BLACK MEN leaning against a wall by the precinct entrance. She rushes to them.

CATHY

Did you see a young woman leave? She was  
sitting right over there. Tall, thin,  
dark hair.

The men glance at each other and shrug. Cathy half-turns away and then swings back.

CATHY

She was wearing a blue dress.

But the men just look at her blankly. Cathy's panic begins to war with her reason and cool. She backpedals... and then pushes through the squad room's double doors into the:

68 INT. LADIES' ROOM - DAY 68

Five or six women are in there, as Cathy quickly searches the place... She stoops down to check under an occupied stall, etc. Then she's out again.

CUT TO:

69 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

69

Cathy bursts back into the squad room. The panic has consumed her, and she turns a small, tight circle in the middle of the precinct confusion, as the CAMERA CRANES BACK to show her bewildered and enraged in this place of supposed safety and order. And we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

70 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

70

Catherine sits at the edge of Vincent's bed, wrapped in a blanked, numb from crying. She stares off into herself, her face drained, her body wracked. Vincent stands several feet away.

VINCENT

Stop blaming yourself, Catherine.

CATHERINE

But you blame me. I can tell from your voice, from the way you're looking at me...

Vincent shakes his head and regards her squarely.

VINCENT

I share your pain. But what you think you feel from me comes from a part of yourself you must release.

CATHY

It's so hard.

VINCENT

It's necessary.  
(simple, yet an implicit threat)  
The blame, Catherine, rests only on those who have Laura.

Cathy nods, acknowledging all that Vincent has said. But the weight of the past few days and of Laura's abduction is still too heavy a burden. Tears start rolling down her face. She turns away.

CATHY

I don't know what to do. I've never felt so helpless.

VINCENT

You've told the police. It's all you can do for now.

CATHY

How can they find her? They have no idea where to even start looking. She could be anywhere. She could be --

Cathy breaks off. This last possibility is unutterable.

VINCENT

Rest, Catherine.

CATHY

(wiping tears)

No. I have to go back.

(off Vincent's reluctance)

Please, Vincent. Take me back.

Beat. Then Vincent nods. Knows he has no choice, as we:

CUT TO:

71 INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

71

Vincent escorts Cathy in silence along a narrow and dark stretch of tunnel. Beside them, a cluster of pipes snake along the dark walls. All is quiet as Vincent and Cathy proceed upward. Then, gently, a rhythmic and ordered CLANKING comes over the pipes, growing in urgency and volume. Vincent stops dead in his tracks to listen.

CATHY

Vincent... what is it?

VINCENT

Shh...

Vincent continues to listen.

VINCENT

There's a message... from Pascal.

(then)

Come with me, quickly.

They turn on their heels and run together, back the way they came, into the bowels of the earth.

72 INT. YATES' HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

72

Yates and Davis are seated, listening to Keller, who's pacing...

KELLER

I don't believe this. What are we doing?

YATES

Only what's necessary. Nothing more and  
nothing less.

Over this, we HEAR a metallic clanking. The noise only sharpens the fine  
edge that they're already on.

KELLER

(to Yates; flashing)

Why didn't you tell us there was a  
witness --

YATES

(fight back)

What difference would that've made?  
(off Keller's silence)

I'll tell you: zip.

As the CLANKING continues o.s....

YATES

We'd be right where we are now.

(to Davis, snapping)

Will you tell her to shut the hell up!

DAVIS

(with quiet strength)

Hey, don't talk to me like that.

Beat. Yates nods. And Davis rises and moves.

73 THE BOILER ROOM

73

where Laura sits in shadow, each wrist hand-cuffed to a pipe. She  
concentrates, tapping out a message... striking the pipes with her steel-  
bound wrists.

DAVIS (O.S.)

Hey, shut up.

But Laura doesn't hear... until Davis' legs ENTER FRAME and he squats down to  
catch her wrist. She looks up, terrified.

DAVIS

(as if to a dog)

No.

Laura stops, but her eyes turn cold and defiant, as we:

CUT TO:

74 OMITTED 74

75 INT. TUNNELS - PASCAL'S PIPE CHAMBER - NIGHT 75

Vincent and Cathy enter the organ-like pipe chamber. Pascal is huddled in a corner, his ear pressed to a pipe. The room is absolutely still, SILENT -- no one is sending any messages.

VINCENT

Pascal...

Pascal turns to face him.

PASCAL

I've put out an emergency all-quiet.

VINCENT

Was it Laura?

PASCAL

(nodding)

We think so. It was Outpost Six that picked up her S.O.S. when the tapping stopped.

CATHY

Isn't there anything we can do?

PASCAL

(shrugs)

Wait...

(off her disappointment)

But we're all waiting together, trying to get a fix on her location.

CUT TO:

75B A COLT .38 PYTHON 75B

is unwrapped from an oil cloth, and we are:

76 INT. YATES BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

76

Yates screws on a silencer with cold determination -- while Keller shakes his head.

KELLER

No way. I can't let you do this.

Yates ignores him as he loads the gun, a bullet at a time.  
So Keller turns to Davis.

KELLER

(indicating Laura)

Jack, look at her. She's just a girl.  
What is she, a year older than Nancy?  
Two?

Davis reacts with a pang of remorse.

YATES

(exploding)

Shut up!

As Yates moves threatening to Keller...

YATES

I'm getting a little damn sick of having  
to sugar coat everything for you. That's  
not my responsibility.

76A ANGLE - LAURA

76A

watching the heated argument.

YATES

You wanted in on at the beginning, just  
like the rest of us, for all the same  
reasons: you gotta wife, car, kids,  
mortgage payments -- all starting to  
weigh heavy on a cop's salary.

Laura taps once -- then again, glancing furtively toward the outer room.

76B LAURA'S POV

76B

where Yates and Keller argue MOS, leaving Laura's tapping unheeded.

76C RESUME LAURA 76C

as she continues tapping.

CUT TO:

76D INT. TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS 76D

as one of the waiting denizens reacts to the faint TAPPING, and immediately begins tapping on another pipe.

CUT TO:

76E INT. TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS 76E

as another denizen picks up the message and passes it on...

CUT TO:

76F INT. PASCAL'S PIPE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS 76F

as one of the pipes come alive. Pascal moves closer to listen as the tapping continues:

PASCAL

That's it. They've found her. She's  
in...

(surprised look)

Brooklyn --? We'll have the coordinates  
in a minute.

Cathy turns hopefully to Vincent, as we:

CUT TO:

76G INT. YATES' HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 76G

KELLER

If you kill that girl, the blood's on  
your hands.

YATES

You know the law as well as me. It's on  
all of our hands.

Long, hard beat. Keller shakes his head.

KELLER

No. Not this time. I'm leaving.

YATES

You're not going anywhere.

KELLER

Stop me.

He turns his back on Yates and starts for the door. Slowly, Yates raises the silenced pistol and aims at the retreating Keller.

77 KELLER 77

glances at Laura as he goes. When he reaches the door, he puts his hand on the knob and squeezes his eyes shut... expecting the bullet in his back, and:

78 YATES 78

holds the gun steady. Davis moves INTO FRAME and grasps Yates' forearm, shaking his head.

DAVIS

(low, even)

Forget it, man.

79 KELLER 79

opens his eyes. He turns the knob and exits the basement alive.

CUT TO:

79A INT. TUNNELS - VINCENT - CONTINUOUS 79A

running at great speed...

CUT TO:

80 EXT. YATES' HOUSE - NIGHT 80

Keller emerges from the house, and takes a hopeless look over his shoulder before walking off into the moonlit night.

80A INT. YATES' HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 80A

YATES

You should've let me...

DAVIS  
 (overriding)  
 C'mon man, you're talking crazy.

YATES  
 Yeah? Whatta you think he's gonna do  
 now? Go to confession?

Yates shakes his head, disgusted that he allowed Keller to leave. And Davis' face reveals that Yates' argument, however grim, makes perfect sense.

DAVIS  
 You want me to go after him?

YATES  
 (beat)  
 No. I'll get him as soon as I'm done  
 here.

CUT TO:

80B EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL 80B

as Vincent hurtles through the tunnel, atop a subway car, and we:

CUT TO:

81 OMITTED 81

82 INT. YATES' HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 82

Yates is standing at the entrance to the boiler room, his gun pointed at Laura, when the lights go off. Black water darkness. Davis is next to him, his face averted...

YATES  
 Keller!

DAVIS  
 What the --

YATES  
 Don't worry, the emergency system'll kick  
 in.

Just then, the emergency lights do go on -- two spots from a metal box mounted above the door.

DAVIS  
(nervous)

Get it over with, man.

Yates is raising the gun, when...

83 VINCENT 83

roaring, vaults in through the transom window -- glass cascading around him, like drops of water.

84 YATES 84

wheels and fires a wild shot over Vincent's shoulder.

85 ANGLE - LAURA 85

looking away in fear.

86 VINCENT 86

charges and catches Yates in full stride plowing him back into the boiler room container. On impact the gun SPITS again... the bullet slamming into:

87 DAVIS' 87  
chest.

88 RESUME SCENE 88

Stunned, Yates tries to level the gun at Vincent, but Vincent seizes the cop's wrist, breaks it, and then drives his claw into the smaller man's mid-section. Yates' lifeless body slumps out of Vincent's grasp, to the ground...

Vincent moves toward Laura, who now turns to see. Vincent kneels before her, and wraps her free arm around his neck. As SIRENS begin to wail in the distance, fast approaching, we:

CUT TO:

89 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON CATHY - DAY 89

drinking from a water fountain. She straightens and turns, when:

90 ANOTHER ANGLE 90

as she nearly bumps into Maxwell.

CATHY  
(startled)

Joe --

There's an awkward moment between them. They both want to say something. Maxwell breaks the ice.

MAXWELL  
Look, I'm...  
(re: her healing bruises)  
I'm sorry about what happened. I know  
it's been tough on you, and I didn't make  
it any easier.

CATHY  
No, you didn't.

MAXWELL  
(taking it on the chin)  
I let it get personal. I was stubborn --  
and I was wrong...

CATHY  
(smiles, extends her hand)  
Apology accepted.

MAXWELL  
Good.

They shake hands. But something disturbing occurs to Cathy. She regards Maxwell a bit apprehensively, as:

CATHY  
Joe. About your father --

MAXWELL  
(overriding; dismissive)  
No. I had no right bringing that up when  
I did.

CATHY  
You had every right. And I'm glad you  
told me.

MAXWELL

Yeah...

But Maxwell isn't at all comfortable with this kind of intimacy. Reading this Cathy changes the subject.

CATHY

Listen: why don't you walk me to Moreno's office? It's time for my weekly progress report.

Maxwell nods and:

91 MOVING WITH THEM

91

through the busy office.

MAXWELL

You might wanna know. Jackson's being released today.

(a bitter afterthought)

I just hope he doesn't ram it down our throats.

Cathy smiles as Maxwell's paranoia, then:

CATHY

How'd the Keller interrogation go this morning?

MAXWELL

Guy's pretty shaken up, but he sang. The two keys we recovered from Yates' basement came from the Ricardo bust last month -- which both sets of partners were on.

CATHY

So when Perotta started getting nervous, Yates killed him and set up Jackson.

(beat)

Simple enough.

MAXWELL

Only Yates didn't count on your witness being there.

They've come to Moreno's door, before which Cathy pauses.

MAXWELL

Speaking of which: where on earth did you  
find that witness?

CATHY

I didn't.

(smile; innocent shrug)

She found me.

With which Cathy pushes open the door, and enters Moreno's office.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. CATHY'S TERRACE - NIGHT

92

Laura, Vincent, Cathy scene. (Dialogue to follow)

FADE OUT

THE END