

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Night Must Fall"

Teleplay by

Lee Goldberg & William Rabkin

Story by

Andrew Laskos

1988

HOUSE DRAFT  
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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST  
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FADE IN:

INT. TEENAGERS BEDROOM – NIGHT

A typical teenage boy's bedroom -- if the typical teenage boy lives in Beverly Hills. You can practically see the money dripping off the furniture, the stereo, TV, VCR, CD; some families don't make enough money in a year to buy the clothes that are scattered over the floor.

JIM

(off)

If you judge me by my academic record, then there's no question: I don't belong in such a prestigious school. But the past is not always a reliable guide.

Seventeen-year-old JIM WELBY sits before a very expensive computer – no Mac for Bud Welby's son. Jim may have all the money in the world, but he looks just like any other teenage boy – except for the extremely satisfied smile on his face as he reads aloud what he's just written.

JIM

Could Terry Fox have run across a continent before he lost his leg? As the poet says, sometimes the true measure of a man is revealed only through adversity. All I'm asking from your school is the chance to be tested.

He nods as he finishes -- this is good. But as he leans forward to continue typing, he's interrupted by a KNOCK. He turns around to see JUANITA, the Puerto Rican maid, standing in the doorway.

JUANITA

Excuse me, Senor Jim. Your father wants you.

Jim nods and hits the "save" key on his computer as he gets up.

JIM

Thanks, Juanita

JUANITA

May I clean in here now?

JIM

Just be sure not to touch the  
computer. That's my future on the  
screen

She nods and starts picking up his clothes as he leaves.

INT. WELBY HOUSE – NIGHT

BUD WELBY, the nicest guy you'll even meet, and MARGARET, his loving wife, stand at the foot of the stairs, looking extremely stern as their son comes down. Jim notices halfway down and hurries the rest of the way.

JIM

What's wrong?

BUD

We want to talk to you. About  
your future.

JIM

My future?

MARGARET

We know how much you want to get  
into the right school. But you have  
to remember that we can't always  
have what we want.

Jim looks at his parents, trying to figure out what's going on here. But their stern faces reveal nothing.

BUD

That's why we wanted to give you this.

He hands Jim an envelope. Jim, still not understanding, looks at it.

JIM

From the admissions office?

He tears it open and reads it.

JIM

"... we're pleased to offer you a place in the graduating class of 1993."

BUD

Welcome to the Ivy League, son.

Now Jim and Margaret are all smiles. And Bud is even more confused.

JIM

But I haven't even finished my essay yet.

BUD

There are two kinds of people in the world: Those who write essays -- and those whose fathers pledged with the admissions officer.

Bud grins. Margaret kisses her son's forehead.

MARGARET

Congratulations, Jim. We love you.

Jim looks close to tears. He turns and runs the stairs. His parents stare after him, confused.

INT. JIM'S ROOM – NIGHT

JUANITA brushes off Jim's very dirty silk jacket as the boy storms in.

JUANITA

I found this under the bed. You should take better care of --

JIM

Get out of here!

She stares at him, shocked. He never talks to her like this.

JIM

Get out!

He grabs the jacket and throws it on the bed. She scurries out, hurt. He slams the door behind her and goes angrily to his computer.

JIM

"The chance to be tested"

Furious, Jim picks up the computer monitor and smashes it on the ground. On the CRASH,

CUT TO

INT. WHITE MERCEDES 450 SLC – NIGHT

Jim sits in the passenger seat next to his good buddy, the incredibly cool RUSTY THOMAS. Jim is still upset; Rusty doesn't get it.

RUSTY

You're not going to be whining when you get there. You ever see what Ivy League girls look like?

JIM

That's not the point.

RUSTY

And they're crazy for sex. It comes from spending all that time cooped up in the library. College

is going to be good to you.

Jim sighs. There's nothing like an intellectual conversation with Rusty.

JIM

Don't you want something that's all yours?

Rusty flips down the visor over Jim's window and points to the registration.

RUSTY

Does that say "Rusty's father bought him this car because he drove the Beemer into the Suzie Kaplan's swimming pool?" No. It says "Owner: Rusty Thomas." All mine.

Jim shakes his head – – but he smiles. Rusty grins at Jim, then opens the glove compartment.

RUSTY

But if you're really worried about it...

He pulls a gleaming GUN out of the glove compartment and puts it in Jim's lap.

RUSTY

. . . this one's all for you.

Jim stares down at the gun.

INT. TAILOR'S CHAMBER – NIGHT

A cluttered mess of fabrics, scavenged from above-ground strewn everywhere over every conceivable surface – rock formations, archaic sewing machines, lopsided mirrors, hat racks, coat trees, wobbly chairs and over THE TAILOR himself, a cherubic, middle-aged man who kneels at Vincent's feet, fixing a hem. Tailor's assistant, HATCH, labors frantically over a pedal-powered sewing machine.

TAILOR

A change of color wouldn't kill you, Vincent. Maybe a nice green robe next time.

VINCENT

There are many others who need clothes. I could not take you away from them to service my own vanity. But thank you.

Tailor shrugs and finishes the hem. He stands.

TAILOR

That should hold... until you let me make you a new robe.

HATCH

Sure, force a new robe on Vincent. Don't help your apprentice. I'm just dying over here.

TAILOR

You haven't finished your wedding suit yet?

HATCH

My suit? I haven't even finished Colleen's dress.

VINCENT

You marry Colleen in three days.

HATCH

Only if she's willing to get married in rags.

He holds up what he's done on the wedding dress. "Rags" is a polite term.

HATCH

Vincent, tell him to help me.

TAILOR

This way you learn a lesson. Now that you know how important your own clothes are, you'll never be tempted to do a sloppy job for anyone else.

Vincent is about to say something, but tailor gives him a conspiratorial wink and leads him behind a SCREEN.

TAILOR

We'll find you a nice green -- just in case.

HATCH

Lot of good a lesson will do if Colleen isn't talking to me on our wedding night.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

Tailor motions for Vincent to be silent as he opens a large, upright TRUNK.

TAILOR

You marry for a lifetime, some days you won't be speaking to each other. Might as well get used to it now.

He winks again at Vincent and opens the trunk. Inside are a WEDDING DRESS and a WEDDING SUIT, both in the style of Underground clothing, but both gorgeous. Vincent is moved by their beauty -- and by the gesture.

VINCENT

They are as beautiful as the day you and Rochelle were married in them.

TAILOR

God rest her soul.

Vincent nods.

VINCENT

Why haven't you told him?

TAILOR

Tonight I get the material to finish the alterations on the dress. I don't want him to see it until it's done.

There's a TEARING sound from outside the screen.

HATCH

Damn!

TAILOR

Besides, a little humility never hurt anyone

He smiles at Vincent. Vincent nods, understanding.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY LOT – NIGHT

A DOBERMAN sleeps soundly by his food dish, which is half-full of raw ground beef. WILD TOMMY, an aging derelict, creeps up silently towards the dog. The dog snarls in a dream, and Wild Tommy stops dead. This is crazy, this is dangerous -- but that's meat. Wild Tommy hesitates for a second, then snatches the food dish and runs like hell. The dog is up and after him in a flash, barking and snapping, getting closer every second. Wild Tommy runs as fast as he can -- another second and he's gonna be the doggie's dinner. Then again, maybe not, because here's a CHAIN-LINK FENCE. The dog's on his heels, but Wild Tommy's on the fence, climbing over. The guard dog hurls himself at the thief, but it's too late -- it slams into the fence.

EXT. SLUM STREETS – NIGHT

With a whoop of triumph, Wild Tommy leaps from the fence to the ground. But his triumph sours as he lands badly and falls, dropping

## THE FOOD DISH

Which rolls away, finally coming to a stop upside down on a pair of EXPENSIVE SHOES. RUSTY THOMAS leans down and picks up the food dish that's on his feet.

### EXT. SLUM STREETS – NIGHT

Rusty turns to Jim with a pitying look on his face.

RUSTY

How pathetic. He's been reduced to eating dog food.

JIM

Do you think we can help him?

RUSTY

I think you can help him.

Wild Tommy looks worried as the two rich kids approach him. He tries to stand, but his ankle goes out under him. Rusty holds the food dish out to him. When Wild Tommy doesn't reach for it, Rusty puts it on the ground.

RUSTY

We've got something for you.

Jim pulls out a CRISP, NEW \$50 BILL and holds it out to Wild Tommy. The bum reaches for it, then snatches his hand back.

JIM

Take it.

He moves it toward Wild Tommy, who takes it.

WILD TOMMY

What do I have to do for it?

JIM

Just survive.

Wild Tommy doesn't get it. Jim takes the gun out of his pocket. The bum's eyes go wide.

RUSTY

Just survive the next half hour  
and you can keep the money... and  
your life.

Now Wild Tommy gets it. Terrified, he scrambles to his feet. His ankle threatens to go out, but he backs away, then turns and runs. Rusty glances at his watch, letting the bum get a head start, then smiles at Jim.

RUSTY

Your play, Ace.

Jim starts out after the bum.

EXT. ALLEY – NIGHT

Below a sign reading OLEK FASHIONS, the TAILOR goes through a dumpster full of cloth remnants, looking for just the right piece. Hearing a GASP, he looks up and sees WILD TOMMY scrambling desperately towards him. The Bum grabs the tailor.

WILD TOMMY

Help me!

But it's too late. JIM stands at the mouth of the alley, silhouetted by a streetlight, casting a giant shadow. Wild Tommy pushed Tailor away and runs to the other end of the alley just as THE WHITE MERCEDES screeches up, blocking his way. Rusty pops up from the car, levelling a gun on Wild Tommy.

RUSTY

You blew it, Jim.

Rusty kills Wild Tommy.

THE TAILOR

Frightened, shrinks against the wall, trying to be silent as he watches.

EXT. ALLEY – TAILOR'S POV – NIGHT

Jim and Rusty meet by the dumpster. Jim looks disgusted.

JIM

Big thrills. Next time, pick one who can walk, Rusty.

RUSTY

I didn't see you racking up bonus points.

JIM

Maybe the game's getting a little old.

THE TAILOR

Shrinks back in horror. Unfortunately, he bangs the dumpster. He prays the killers didn't hear.

EXT. ALLEY – NIGHT

Jim starts to say something, but Rusty stops him. Rusty creeps over the dumpster, then pushes it aside. Tailor freezes, then bolts, clutching his cloth. Rusty lets him run to the end of the alley, then shoots. The Tailor is hit, but staggers out of the alley, bouncing off the Mercedes. Rusty and Jim chase after him.

EXT. STREET – NIGHT

Rusty and Jim emerge from the alley, guns drawn. But the Tailor has disappeared. Rusty pockets his gun.

RUSTY

I hit him pretty good. He won't get far.

JIM

What if he does? What if he gets  
to a cop?

RUSTY

What if he does?

JIM

I don't want to throw away my  
future for some damn bum. We're  
talking about my life here.

Rusty thinks about that -- then smiles.

RUSTY

Kind of puts the excitement back  
into the old game, doesn't it?

Jim doesn't look thrilled.

CUT TO:

INT. DA'S OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Outside Catherine's office, a middle-aged SECRETARY opens the  
mail,  
ignoring a disturbed MOUSE, who paces before her desk.  
Catherine and Joe can be heard behind the closed door.

CATHERINE'S VOICE

It's just like the other three.  
All we've got to go on is a .38  
caliber bullet and a crisp \$50 bill.

JOE'S VOICE

There's six hundred special interest  
groups screaming that we're dragging  
our feet, that we'd have results if  
the victims were registered voters  
instead of anonymous transients. The  
longer it takes for us to catch this

whacko, the worse it looks.

MOUSE

Must see Miss Chandler. Urgent.

SECRETARY

I told you. She has meetings all day today.

CATHERINE'S VOICE

I'm not a magician, Joe. I'm only as good as the clues we get, and we don't have any.

JOE'S VOICE

If we don't find something soon, the next thing we'll be investigating are the want ads.

MOUSE

Urgent!

SECRETARY

If you want to schedule something for tomorrow, leave your name and number.

MOUSE

Not leave name. Not leave number. Leave Arthur.

She doesn't even look up as he reaches into his satchel.

THE SECRETARY

Continues to open her mail for a moment, then reaches for something on the desk. Her hand brushes against ARTHUR THE RACCOON. The secretary looks at her desk -- and SCREAMS.

INT. DA'S OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Catherine's door flies open and Joe comes out, followed by Catherine. Joe rushes over to the screaming secretary as

Mouse hides his furry friend in his satchel. Catherine stops dead when she sees her visitor. She pulls his aside quickly, her face drawn with worry, and speaks in a whisper.

CATHERINE

Is it Vincent? Has he been hurt?

Mouse shakes his head. Catherine is relieved, but confused.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAILOR'S CHAMBER – DAY

TAILOR is stretched out on a cot, his wound tended by FATHER. VINCENT and CATHERINE stand nearby. Father gives them a grim look -- Tailor is in very bad shape.

FATHER

You must lie still.

But the Tailor isn't paying attention to Father. He's looking at HATCH, who is holding up the Tailor's dress and trying not to cry. Tailor's voice is weak.

TAILOR

The hem isn't straight there. It's off by a mile. Can't you see?

Hatch nods and goes to work on the hem. Tailor turns to Catherine.

TAILOR

It was a game to them, understand?  
What kind of man takes human lives for sport?

FATHER

Be calm, Tailor.

TAILOR

You must stop them, Miss Chandler.

CATHERINE

The description and the names you gave me will help a great deal. But I'm not sure --

VINCENT

Catherine will see they are brought to justice.

Tailor nods and turns back to Hatch.

TAILOR

Show me.

Hatch lifts up the dress.

TAILOR

Bring it here.

Hatch does. Tailor examines the hem and approves.

TAILOR

Show me the back.

Hatch turns the dress around.

HATCH

The new material was perfect. You can't tell the new from the old.

TAILOR

You can't tell? You've been with me two years and you've learned nothing! Father, Vincent, I've failed you.

VINCENT

No, Tailor. You have taught him well.

Catherine delicately touches the dress.

CATHERINE

It's beautiful.

The Tailor studies her, and then Hatch.

TAILOR

It is... adequate.

Hatch smiles, moved. This is the biggest compliment Tailor's ever given him. He can't hold back the tears any longer.

TAILOR

I wish I could see it on your  
Colleen.

Hatch takes Tailor's hand.

HATCH

You will.

But Tailor hasn't heard.

TAILOR

I know she will be as beautiful  
as Rochelle.

With that, Tailor lies back on the cot, gently passing away. Father checks Tailor's pulse, then closes the Tailor's eyes. Hatch lays his head on Tailor's chest and sobs quietly. Catherine hugs Vincent's arm and we

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUM STREETS – NIGHT

A BLACK-AND-WHITE POLICE CAR cruises the slum streets.

INT. POLICE CAR – NIGHT

OFFICERS MAHLER, at the wheel, and HUBBLE, slouching in the passenger seat, look bored as they cruise along.

HUBBLE

... so Starsky has about three hours to find the antidote or Hutch croaks. Now that's real police work.

MAHLER

Hey, I raced against time to get you that Pepto-Bismal last week.

HUBBLE

That's not the same thing. Mad Mel's chili dog did that to me, not a rare poison injected into my veins by a sadistic mob chieftan.

MAHLER

Face it, we're frauds. Tell you what, I'll turn around now and we can hand in our badges.

HUBBLE

Wait a sec. Isn't that the white Mercedes the DA's office is looking for?

Mahler looks. Sure looks like it. He makes a U-Turn.

EXT. SLUM STREET - NIGHT

The police car pulls up behind the white Mercedes, which is parked next to the mouth of an alley. Hubble and Mahler get out, drawing their guns and moving cautiously into the alley.

THE ALLEY

is cluttered with trash cans and garbage. A BUM sleeps under a pile of newspapers. The echo of HURRIED FOOTSTEPS still reverberates off the bleak walls.

The COPS walk slowly down the alley. They are nearly at the next street when JIM and RUSTY rush around the corner towards

them. Both cops move into a FIRING STANCE.

MAHLER

Freeze!

Rusty and Jim raise their hands.

RUSTY

Thank God you're here, officer.  
We thought we'd never find our  
way out of this neighborhood.

The cops exchange puzzled looks

INT. DA's OFFICE – DAY

Catherine is in an interrogation room with Rusty and Jim.  
A POLICE OFFICER stands silently against the wall.

CATHERINE

We found a gun in the alley,  
the same one used to kill the  
four transients.

Rusty gives her a cocky grin.

RUSTY

That's great news. I hope you  
find whoever is responsible for  
the killings.

CATHERINE

We also found a brand new \$50  
bill in your wallet.

Rusty gives Jim a confused look.

RUSTY

Is that why we're here? Has owning  
a \$50 bill become a crime?

She stares at Rusty, who has a smug look on his face.

CATHERINE

You were in the neighborhood to play your little game. You were going to kill the man sleeping in the alley, but the passing police car scared you away. You ditched the gun and ran.

Jim looks at Catherine with sincere, sad eyes.

JIM

We made a wrong turn, Ms. Chandler. That's all.

She glares at both of them.

JIM

I'd really like to go now.

That's when the door opens and SHELDON THOMAS, 50s, prim and proper in a Brooks Brothers suit, marches in, Joe Maxwell in tow. Rusty's smug expression vanishes, replaced instantly by the face of a frightened child, lost in the woods.

RUSTY

Oh, Dad, I'm so glad to see you. I don't understand what's happening to us.

Sheldon pats his son firmly on the back and faces Catherine angrily.

SHELDON

You're coming home now, son.

Rusty looks relieved. Catherine turns to Joe for an explanation, but his face reveals nothing. Sheldon catches the exchange.

SHELDON

What's happened here is a travesty, Ms. Chandler, and don't think the proper authorities won't hear about it.

The boys shuffle towards to the open door. Catherine is shocked.

CATHERINE

Joe, you can't let them just walk out of here.

SHELDON

Mr. Maxwell doesn't have a choice, and neither do you. As a lawyer myself, I can't understand how you could even hold these fine boys on such preposterous circumstantial evidence.

He steps closer to Catherine.

SHELDON

As a man who's known your father for 20 years, I can't believe so little of his integrity and respect for the law would rub off on you.

He glances at Joe and then takes his leave. Joe closes the door hard, leaving him alone with Catherine.

CATHERINE

They're guilty, Joe. You know it, and I know it.

JOE

What I know is that you had the police pick up these guys based on information you got from a source you can't produce.

CATHERINE

He died, Joe. Bet he ID'd their car,  
he gave me their names! And he was  
right, they were there, they were  
going to do it again.

But Joe continues on, raising his voice to drown out her  
words.

Joe

What I know is that anybody could  
get lost, that anybody could have  
fifty bucks on'em, and that anybody  
could walk down an alley where somebody  
had ditched a murder weapon.

CATHERINE

It's a game to those guys. They kill  
for fun.

JOE

You gotta prove it, Radcliffe.  
And you didn't.

CATHERINE

Are you to say you honestly believe  
its just one big coincidence?

JOE

I'm saying you screwed up.

Joe storms out, leaving Catherine alone to fume.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION – DAY

As Sheldon, Rusty and Jim walk out.

JIM

Thank you, Mr. Thomas. I don't  
know what we would have done  
without you.

Sheldon puts one arm around Rusty and one arm around Jim.

SHELDON

I now it's been a terrifying  
ordeal for both of you. I'm  
proud of the way you handled  
yourselves

RUSTY

I'm just glad it's over, Dad.

Sheldon pats his son on the back.

SHELDON

I'll go get the car and then  
buy you boys the best meal in  
town. How does that sound?

RUSTY

Sounds great, Dad.

He grins warmly at them and goes for the car. Jim watches him  
go.

JIM

They had us, Rusty. We almost  
bought it in there.

Rusty is charged. This has been an E ticket ride.

RUSTY

Isn't that wild?

Jim looks at him.

JIM

You don't get it. She must've  
talked to the guy who saw us. She  
knows, Rusty!

Rusty grins.

RUSTY

Yeah, and if she could make it stick we'd be frying right now. We won, buddy boy, we're the champions.

Jim relaxes. Rusty has a point.

JIM

You're right, it's behind us.

Rusty claps Jim on the back.

RUSTY

Now you're talking.

They chuckle, and Jim claps him back.

JIM

We beat it, easy.

Rusty nods, a big old grin on his face.

RUSTY

So now we gotta take on something a little tougher.

Jim gives Rusty a puzzled look just as the JAGUAR with Sheldon Thomas at the wheel pulls up to the curb towards them.

JIM

What?

Rusty looks conspiratorially at Jim.

RUSTY

Cathy Chandler.

Before Jim can respond, Rusty opens the passenger door of The Jaguar and gets in.

RUSTY

Let's go Dad, I'm ravenous.

Jim piles in after him and the car drives off.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WHISPERING GALLERY – DAY

TAILOR'S BODY lies wrapped in a quilt-like cocoon hanging suspended over the bottomless abyss by ropes extending from poles on either side of the chasm. FATHER stands on the bridge, holding a candle and looking down at the body suspended below him.

FATHER

We know not what lies below this cavern, just as we know not what lies beyond this life. None has even ventured into the depths and returned.

VINCENT and many members of the Underground fill both sides of the chamber. They all hold lit candles, except for MOUSE, who stands by a pole, holding a ceremonial knife. Across the chasm, Vincent stands by the opposite pole, looking for someone. COLLEEN, a beautiful, red-haired woman comes up to him, looking distraught, and whispers.

COLLEEN

Vincent...

VINCENT

Colleen, our custom says that the dead are sent off by those whom they loved most of all. Hatch belongs here.

COLLEEN

He won't come. He won't leave the tailor's chamber.

VINCENT

Then you must fulfil his obligation.

COLLEEN

It's no longer my place. Hatch has broken our engagement.

She breaks into tears.

COLLEEN

Please help him. He is so unhappy.

VINCENT

When his grief has lessened, he will regret all he has said today. For now, you must do what he can not. Save him from that regret.

Vincent presses a ceremonial knife into her hand. She accepts it.

FATHER

Some believe there is another world far below, gentler and more kind than our own, just as our world is gentler and more kind than the one above. If so, we may envy the people there, for they shall have the pleasure of knowing our old friend. We only have his memory.

Father leans forward and places his candle on the cocoon. Colleen chokes back her tears and readies herself for her task.

FATHER

To light the way to the next world.

Father steps back and gives a signal. On either side of the chasm, Mouse and Colleen raise their knives and cut the ropes holding up the body. The Tailor falls, his candle flickering

until it disappears into the distance. Vincent steps to the chasm's mouth and tosses in his candle.

VINCENT

To light the way.

slowly, the others move to the mouth of the chasm, each dropping a candle and repeating "To light the way." As Vincent moves away, Colleen stares at him through her tears, silently pleading for help.

EXT. REAR OF WELBY HOME – DAY

A dead-ringer for "stately Wayne Manor." The lawn is better tended than most people's children, though few children are looked after by a shirt-less, bronzed God-like YARD MAN, whom we now see trimming the hedge. The swimming pool looks like something out of an Ester Williams movie -- only it's not Ester that Rusty Thomas, in his Yves St. Laurent casuals, is shooting his winning grin to. It's Margaret Welby in her bathing suit, sunning herself on a float.

RUSTY

I didn't know Jim had a younger Sister.

Margaret smiles.

MARGARET

Rusty, you're a shameless charmer.  
Don't ever change.

EXT. TENNIS COURT – DAY

A SERVER machine shoots tennis balls at Jim, which he easily lobs over the net. He stops as he overhears Rusty and his mother taking and spies them through the cyclone fence that rings the court.

RUSTY'S VOICE

Where's the next name on the Princeton honor roll?

MARGARET'S VOICE

Practicing his back-hand.

Jim clicks off the server as Rusty strolls casually onto the tennis court.

RUSTY

When did she have her tummy tucked?

JIM

Sssh, she might hear you.

He snickers, and shoots a glance at the yard man.

RUSTY

The only thing she can hear is  
the sweat rolling down Sven's pecs.

Jim bounces a tennis ball off the ground and back into his hand.

JIM

Wanna play?

Rusty yawns, and jerks his head towards the net.

RUSTY

This?

Jim bounces the ball again.

JIM

You got a better idea?

Rusty grins and snaps a \$50 bill between his hands. Jim tries to snatch it, but Rusty is quicker.

JIM

You're crazy.

Jim looks in all directions.

JIM

Somebody could have seen that!

RUSTY

Seen what?

Rusty waves the \$50 bill in the air. This time, Jim does snatch it.

JIM

Cool out, damn it.

RUSTY

What are you so uptight about?

JIM

We were arrested, Rusty. We're lucky we aren't in jail, okay? So let's just forget it.

Rusty shakes his head in disbelief.

RUSTY

So that's it, huh? The jolt was too big for you. Too much adreniline in the old blood stream. Now it's back to knocking the little ball over the net, back-and-forth, back and forth. That's the end—all for you, more excitement than a body could ever want, right?

Jim just stands there, pondering his tennis ball. BAFF! Rusty slaps Jim's head, shocking him.

RUSTY

Snap out of it, buddy boy. Get a good look at life. You're either the steamroller or you're the road.

Rusty walks off. Jim waits a minute, simmering in indecision, then jogs after him. When Jim comes alongside, Rusty puts his

arm around Jim's shoulder and they laugh together.

RUSTY

Thattaboy!

INT. TAILOR'S CHAMBER – DAY

Hatch sits at a whetstone, angrily honing the blade on one half of a pair of scissors. He is so involved in his work he doesn't notice Vincent coming up behind him until a very hairy hand lands on his shoulder. He turns, startled.

VINCENT

We missed you at the funeral. You look after the tailor's shop, but neglect his memory.

HATCH

Neglect his memory? There is nothing else left in me. I open my eyes and see him smiling at a joke, or scowling because I missed a stitch. I see the way he lit up when he talked about Rochelle. When I close my eyes, I see him die.

Hatch studies the extra-sharp blade.

HATCH

This is not meant for cloth and thread. It is meant for his killers.

VINCENT

The Tailor was a man of peace, a man of love. Violence will not honor his memory.

HATCH

I can avenge him.

VINCENT

At the cost of your freedom, perhaps of your life. And with your life, his

life's work, all he has labored to teach you. Would he find that a bargain?

Hatch has no answer. He turns his back on Vincent and resumes sharpening the knife.

VINCENT

There is no harm in turning your back to me. But to turn your back to the woman who loves you, that is unconscionable.

HATCH

A man I loved was brutally murdered by people who saw him as nothing more than a moment's sport. Can you ask me to ignore what I learned from that -- that the world is ugly and brutal? Can you ask me to pretend that a life of sewing buttons and mending rips matters in such a world?

VINCENT

It is what he would ask.

Hatch sits still, his back to Vincent.

VINCENT

What I will ask of you is much simpler: Patience. Give the world above a chance to bring its own to justice.

HATCH

If they fail, you won't stop me from going after the killers?

VINCENT

If Colleen's love couldn't stop you, how could I?

Hatch nods. Vincent looks sadly at the young man.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Catherine sleeps, fully-clothed, on her couch, a file from work spread out over her chest. It's a fitful slumber. Obviously, she's not having sweet dreams. A GUNSHOT jars her awake. She bolts straight up, the file full of papers spilling out across the shag carpet. But she doesn't notice. her eyes are asking the question: Was the gunshot in my dream, or was it real? She goes to the window to find out.

THE STREET – CATHERINE'S POV – NIGHT

A crowd of WELL-DRESSED PEOPLE are huddled around something in the street below.

CATHERINE

Rushes out of her apartment.

EXT. CATHERINE'S BUILDING – NIGHT

As Catherine runs out of the lobby and pushes her way through the sidewalk crowd to the object of their attention. And what she discovers is

A DEAD BUM

With a BLOOD-STAIN on his chest, and a \$50 bill clutched in his hand.

CATHERINE

Looks away, the sick realization on her face.

CUT TO:

THE DEAD BUM

As the BODY BAG is zipped shut over his face and two

CORONER'S lift the bag onto a stretcher.

CATHY'S VOICE

Are you going to tell me this  
is another coincidence?

EXT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING – NIGHT

The street is aglow with the reds, blues and yellows flashing from the crush of squad cars, morgue wagons, and detective sedans. Joe leads Catherine away from the scene, motioning her to calm down.

JOE

We don't know who did this.

CATHERINE

It was them! What more do you  
Want? Their signatures on the  
Sidewalk?

JOE

At least that would be something.

Catherine glares at him.

JOE

You don't have one single piece  
Of evidence connecting them to  
Any of the killings, not one.

CATHERINE

It doesn't bother you that the day  
those guys are released, the next  
victim is on my doorstep.

He stops her, and meets her eyes.

JOE

It bothers me a lot.

Catherine lowers her eyes.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry, Joe. I know you're right. But I also know I'm right. I'm going to stop them.

Joe gives her a stern look.

JOE

Don't become a loose cannon on me, Radcliffe. We can't afford any more mistakes on this.

She stares past him, into the night.

CATHERINE

No more mistakes.

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

as she comes back in. It's been a long night, and you can see every taxing second of it on her face. She's only a few feet into the room when she realizes she's not alone. She stops cold.

VINCENT

Catherine.

Vincent emerges from the shadows, and Catherine relaxes.

CATHERINE

Vincent. You shouldn't have come, there are police officers all over --

VINCENT

You were afraid... and angry.

CATHERINE

It's not safe.

VINCENT

I'm here to help you.

Catherine turns away, ashamed.

CATHERINE

Forgive me, Vincent. We caught them,  
but had to set the free. I ruined  
the case, and now another man is dead.

A concerned look crosses Vincent's face -- this isn't what he wanted to hear. But Catherine has enough worries; he will not burden her with his own.

VINCENT

The shame is not yours; if you have  
erred, it is only because you cared  
too much.

CATHERINE

Tell that to the man who died tonight.  
Tell it to the next victim. Tell  
that --

She breaks off in mid-sentence, staring across the room at something she's just seen. Vincent, concerned, comes to her side.

VINCENT

Catherine...

She goes to the coffee table and looks down at a CRISP \$50  
BILL

CATHERINE

They've been here. They've been  
in my apartment

She stares up at him, shaken and frightened.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CATHERINE'S OFFICE – DAY

A desperate, exasperated Catherine is standing behind her desk, facing weary lab tech LESLIE WHITNEY, 30s, who casually dangles a baggie containing the \$50 bill between her fingers.

WHITNEY

I'm telling you, lady, the only ID you're gonna get off this bill is Ulysses S. Grant. It's clean.

CATHERINE

I know I rushed you. Please, take more time, run a few more tests.

WHITNEY

We shoot any more rays at this baby, it's gonna be climbing the Empire State Building and swatting B-52s.

She drops the baggie on her desk and leaves, passing Joe coming in.

WHITNEY

Hope you're wearing lead skivvies, killer.

Joe ignores her and goes to Catherine's desk. He's not happy.

JOE

I just got a call from the mobile lab. they checked your entire apartment and didn't find any prints besides yours. now they want authority to do a microscopic analysis on the dirt they found I your carpet.

CATHERINE

I'll take care of it.

JOE

I took care of it. I told them to pack up their equipment and go home.

CATHERINE

What are you doing? We finally have our first solid evidence against these guys, and you're blowing it.

JOE

What we have is one \$50 bill with no fingerprints on it -- and one \$5,000 lab bill with your fingerprints all over it.

CATHERINE

I can't believe I'm hearing this. Our job is to catch criminals, not pinch pennies.

JOE

Our job is not to throw away taxpayer money on Catherine Chandler's personal obsession.

CATHERINE

They were in my apartment!

JOE

We don't know that. You probably left that fifty there yourself and forgot about it.

CATHERINE

Sure. Right after I wiped off all my fingerprints.

Joe goes to the coat rack and yanks Catherine's gloves out of her coat pocket. He slams them on the table.

JOE

It's winter, Radcliffe. Even good guys wear gloves.

He goes to the door, then stops.

JOE

Ease up on this case a little. You're too close to it.

CATHERINE

You're the one who said this was a priority case --

JOE

I know what I said. I didn't say make it your life.

Joe stops himself. He doesn't want to get into a shouting match.

JOE

Why don't you take the rest of the day off. Do something pleasant.

CATHERINE

I suppose I could use some rest. And there's a gallery opening I'm supposed to be at tonight.

JOE

That's the spirit. And when you come back tomorrow, give some attention to your other cases.

Something clicks for Catherine. A look of dread comes over her face.

CATHERINE

Oh no... the plea bargain on the Shinomiya case.

She quickly grabs her coat and things

CATHERINE

I was supposed to meet the lawyer  
at Chez Coco ten minutes ago.

Catherine flies past Joe, who looks after her, shaking his  
head.

INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER – DAY

HATCH sits, shocked, hardly believing what VINCENT and FATHER  
have told him.

HATCH

The killers were freed?

VINCENT

A fault in their legal system.  
Tailor's killers will be brought  
To justice.

HATCH

And until they are, you'll just  
close your eyes and pretend that  
everything is fine in the world.

FATHER

We will exercise caution -- warn  
our people not to go aboveground  
alone after dark.

HATCH

But down here nothing will change.  
You'll continue to live as if the  
world rewards kindness.

VINCENT

We will continue to reward kindness  
with kindness.

HATCH

And when the next person dies, you'll turn your heads again. You'll refuse to see the truth for fear it will disrupt your fantasy. Not me. I won't stay and live this lie.

FATHER

I saw the photograph once of a small village in Sicily after a war. The town had been destroyed, all the men had been killed. But in the middle of a pile of rubble that had once been a house, a young mother embraced her child. And on that child's face was a smile of purest joy. Was that smile a lie? No. The ability to find beauty even in the face of such tragedy is the greatest truth the world can offer.

HATCH

Pretty words. But words aren't enough anymore.

He leaves. Vincent turns mournfully to Father.

VINCENT

I have failed him, Father. I can't make him see.

FATHER

Do you remember a poem by Auden called "Musee des Beaux Arts?"  
"About suffering" --

Vincent remembers.

VINCENT

"About suffering they were never wrong/  
The Old Masters; how well they understood/  
Its human position; how it takes place/  
While someone else is eating or opening  
a window or just walking dully along..."

Listening to the words he speaks, Vincent understands.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT – DAY

CATHERINE, briefcase-in-hand, emerges with a BUSINESS-LIKE MAN, ending what seems to have been, from their formal attitude, a pure business lunch. Catherine shakes his hand, bids him farewell, and they walk away in separate directions.

EXT. STREET – DAY

As Catherine walks, carried along by the tide of people. She stops outside a FLORIST'S STAND, sniffs a rose, exchanges a few words with the FLORIST, and then freezes.

ACROSS THE STREET – CATHERINE'S POV

is RUSTY, standing at a newsstand, flipping through a magazine with the screaming headline "POLICE STUMPED BY HOMELESS KILLINGS." He smiles wickedly at her.

CATHERINE

Enraged, marches towards him, when a

A RACK OF CLOTHING

Pushed along by a ROTUND MAN, shoots out from around the corner and blocks her path.

CATHERINE

Scurries around the man and his rack of clothes only to find Rusty has disappeared. She stands still, frustrated, scanning the crowd, uncertain what to make of this.

INT TAILOR'S CHAMBER – DAY

Hatch is packing his meager belongings into a duffle bag when

Colleen comes in. She watches him pack, love and sadness on her face, until he notices her presence. He studies her coolly -- at least, he's trying to be cool.

COLLEEN

I came here to stop you. I vowed I'd do anything to keep you by my side, even lie. I was going to tell you I was pregnant.

HATCH

Why didn't you?

COLLEEN

A love based on lies... It's better to have no love at all.

He just looks at her, then looks away. He moves towards the doorway. She grabs his arm

COLLEEN

Before you go, tell me the truth. Tell me you don't love me.

She stares into his eyes. He tries to speak, but no words come.

COLLEEN

You can't say it. You can't say it because it isn't true.

His truth revealed, Hatch explodes, his pain spilling out.

HATCH

How many of us loved Tailor -- did that keep the bullet away from his heart? Love has no strength; it's helpless against the world's brutality.

COLLEEN

There's more to life than brutality. Tailor taught you --

HATCH

Lies! How can love make a difference  
against death?

COLLEEN

Maybe just by making life that much  
more valuable.

Hatch doesn't have an answer. He kisses her forehead, then starts to go. But as he heads for the doorway, a LITTLE GIRL rushes frantically into the chamber.

GIRL

Betsy lost her arm!

She holds a tattered RAG DOLL out to him. It's missing an arm.

GIRL

You got to help her!

HATCH

I can't

GIRL

You got to! Please!

HATCH

Go away.

GIRL

But you're the tailor!

Hatch suddenly snaps at her.

HATCH

No! The Tailor is dead! There's  
nothing I can do!

She shrinks back, scared, but doesn't go. Instead, she timidly offers her RAG DOLL out to him. Hatch looks into her teary eyes and sighs with resignation. He drops his satchel

and sits down at the sewing machine.

HATCH

Let me see it.

The girl brightens immediately and gives him the doll and the detached arm. Colleen watches. Hatch quickly sews up the doll and gives it back to her. She hugs her doll.

GIRL

Thank you.

Hatch gets up and reaches for his duffle bag, but before he can go, WINSLOW comes in and hands him a torn, ragged pair of WORK GLOVES.

WINSLOW

Tore my only pair of work gloves.

HATCH

I'm not the Tailor.

WINSLOW

I got people waiting for me to excavate a chamber. I can't do it without gloves.

Hatch hesitates, sighs, and sits down to work. Colleen watches him for a moment, relieved at this reprieve, then leaves him to his work.

INT. CAVERN – DAY

Colleen emerges from the chamber and runs right into MOUSE, who holds an UNUSUAK KNIT OBJECT in his hands.

MOUSE

Arthur been bad. Chewed hole in his sweater.

Colleen nods and nearly walks into JAMIE, who appears,

a sock over her hand, wiggling her FINGER through a HOLE in the tip and grinning conspiratorially. Colleen walks past them, confused, until she sees Vincent, standing in the shadows. Now it all makes sense.

COLLEEN

Vincent...

VINCENT

Words aren't always enough. The only answer to death is to keep on living.

Colleen smiles warmly at him.

VINCENT

Besides, it's time I considered  
A new robe. A green one perhaps.

She gives him a big hug.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIC GALLERY – NIGHT

The black-tie party is in full-swing. Catherine, a knock-out in a backless dress, mingles with the high-society crowd admiring a collection of abstract art. She drifts away from a circle of people towards a wall-sized PAINTING, a jarring mix of colors and angles the artist has called "Peril." The pricetag is \$15,000.

Someone approaches Catherine from behind, gently placing his Hand on her naked back.

VOICE

You're simply ravishing tonight.  
Cath.

Catherine turns and is shocked to see RUSTY, a cocky grin on his face. She jerks away from his touch, bumping into JIM, who has appeared on the other side of her. Jim looks

uncomfortable, not nearly as cool as Rusty. She glares at them with undisguised hatred.

CATHERINE

What is this?

Rusty shrugs.

RUSTY

You got me, Cath. Morrie graduates with honors from Julliard, spends two years with the masters in Paris, and it still looks like fingerpainting to me.

CATHERINE

You murdered another man last night.

He grins.

RUSTY

I'll tell you a little secret.

He leans close to her, and whispers.

RUSTY

We sure did. And we're going to kill a few more, too.

Catherine is shocked and disgusted by the bald admission and the cold-blooded cruelty it betrays. Even Jim was surprised to hear that. The color has drained right out of his face.

CATHERINE

I'll get you, no matter what it takes.

RUSTY

We're counting on it, Cath.

MORRIS

(off)  
Rusty! Jim!

The artist comes up, embracing his friends.

MORRIS

I'm so glad you could come.

Jim glances angrily at Rusty.

JIM

Rusty couldn't keep himself away.

Morris motions to his painting.

MORRIS

What do you think of "Peril?"

Rusty puts his arm around Morris and leads him away.

RUSTY

It's compelling, moving. What  
can I say, Morris? I must have it.

Rusty is just turning his back on Catherine, when something occurs to him. He hands Catherine a fifty.

RUSTY

Cab ride's on me.

He shoots her a winning grin, and the three men walk off. Catherine stares after the two killers, seething with utter hatred.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE – DAY

Catherine charges in, enraged, catching Joe in the middle of a phone call. But does that stop her? No way. She gives it to him.

CATHERINE

Those guys are killers, round-the-  
Clock surveillance could save lives!

Joe mumbles a hurried, awkward "I'll call you back" and hangs  
up.

CATHERINE

How could you tell the police to  
Ignore my request?

JOE

I made a mistake.

CATHERINE

You sure did. I'll send it through  
again, then I'll hit judge Crimsby  
up for some search warrants --

Joe tries to interrupt, but Catherine barrels right along.

JOE

That wasn't my mistake.

CATHERINE

-- I don't think wiretaps would be  
out-of-line...

JOE

Chandler!

She stops.

JOE

No surveillance. No search warrants.  
And no wiretaps.

CATHERINE

You just said --

JOE

That I made a mistake. Squashing

your request wasn't it.

She doesn't get it.

JOE

I've been getting a load of flack on this case from outside, and a lot of pressure from upstairs. I should have kept it right here, instead I heaped it on you. I pushed you too hard. It was stupid.

Catherine looks at him with disbelief.

CATHERINE

You're taking me off the case.

He sure is, you can see it on his face.

CATHERINE

But you can't. I'm closing in on these guys.

JOE

Yeah, I know.

Joe tosses a file at her. She picks it up off the desk.

JOE

The official grievance Rusty's father filed says the kids can't shake you, you're on their tail night and day. I warned you not to go nutso on this.

She looks up from the file, a look of anger and confusion on her face.

CATHERINE

No, no, that's all backwards. They've been following me.

Joe looks at her incredulously.

CATHERINE

They were at the party, they confessed!

JOE

Listen to yourself.

CATHERINE

It's true.

Joe walks around the desk and comes up beside her.

JOE

The decision came from Moreno,  
and I agree with it. You just  
went on vacation. Enjoy it.  
show me your tan in two weeks.

Catherine storms out, slamming the door shut behind her.

EXT. DA'S OFFICE – DAY

Catherine marches out the door and then stops in her tracks.

ACROSS THE STREET – CATHY'S POV

there's Rusty's Mercedes. Rusty's behind the wheel, his  
crossed legs hanging out the window, listening to some  
blaring rock music. Jim sits in the passenger seat, his eyes  
close, his head lolling back on the headrest, wishing he  
were anywhere but here.

EXT. STREET – DAY

Catherine is not surprised. She marches across the street to  
the Mercedes. Jim's eyes flash open and he jerks up straight.  
Rusty doesn't move: his lips curl into a snide grin. She  
leans into the passenger window, looks Rusty in the eye, and  
tosses Rusty's \$50 bill into the car.

CATHERINE

I'm game.

Catherine abruptly turns and walks away. Jim stares at the fifty in his lap like it's a tarantula. Rusty nods, sneering with superiority as he looks after Catherine.

RUSTY

Awright!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ELEGANT MEN'S STORE – DAY

The kind where all the salesman have British accents, and mahogany shoe trees are sold at cash registers as an impulse buy. Jim emerges from the dressing room in a sweatsuit that makes Fila look like a K-Mart fashion.

JIM

Well?

The proper English SALESMAN nod approvingly.

SALESMAN

It's what all the collegiate athletes are wearing.

Yeah, if the athletes have a bank account in the Cayman Islands. Jim turns and studies himself in a full-length mirror.

HIS REFLECTION – JIM'S POV

Jim admires himself, the salesman admires him, and it's a perfect world. . . but when Jim sees the SCRAGGLY STREET URCHIN staring at him through the store window. It's JAMIE.

Jim

Whirls around abruptly, startling the salesman, but Jamie is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. CORVETTE – DAY

Jim is driving down the street, his purchases in bags on the passenger seat. He comes to a stoplight and reaches over to plunk a compact disc into his Blaupunkt. When he looks up again, he nearly screams.

A DIRTY FACE.

Is peering at him through his windshield.

JIM

Recoils, scared.

THE BUM

SPITS on the windshield, wipes it with his FILTHY SLEEVE, and gives Jim a toothless grin.

THE TRAFFIC LIGHT

Turns GREEN

JIM

JAMS THE Corvette into gear and FLOORS IT.

THE BUM

Stands in the street, shrieking with laughter in the car's screeching wake.

EXT. WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD – DAY

As Jim jogs in his \$350 sweatsuit past the kind of house Robin Leach likes to rave about. Classical music blares through his headphones.

Ahh, what an afternoon. Ahh, what a run. He's trying very hard to enjoy himself, to let the sun, the run, and the music take his mind off his troubles. As he passes a large tree,

MOUSE

Steps out from behind it.

JIM

Startled, shoots a look over his shoulder.

MOUSE

Stands on the sidewalk, in his scrappy clothes, staring right At him.

JIM

Stumbles, frightened, but regains his balance and really puts on the juice as he rounds the corner, nearly colliding with

AN ELDERLY COUPLE

Walking their tiny, sweatered, poodle.

JIM

Caught by surprise, loses his footing.

THE COUPLE

Scramble, rearing their dog.

JIM

Glances painfully off a parked car – Ouch! – and keeps on Going. The dog yaps hysterically, and the couple look after Him like he's crazy.

EXT. WELBY HOME – DAY

It's "stately Wayne manor" again, with the circular Driveway, the expensive cars, the immaculately tended Shrubbery. Jim runs up the driveway, finally stopping when he Reaches the heavy, oak doors. Breathing hard, soaked with Sweat, he leans forward, his hands on his knees. As he looks Up, he plotzes.

ACROSS THE STREET – JIM'S POV

It's Mouse again, staring right at him.

JIM

Backs quickly into the house and slams the door behind him.

INT. ENTRY HALL – DAY

Jim abruptly turns and peeks through the small peephole.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE – JIM'S POV

A surreal, fish-eye view of an empty street. No one is there.

INT. ENTRY HALL – DAY

Jim turns away and falls back against the door. He looks like he just out-ran an ax-wielding psychopath -- and that's when his mother calls out to him, startling him so much you'd think the ax just came splintering through the door.

MARGARET'S VOICE

Have a nice run, dear?

Jim closes his eyes, trying to get ahold of himself.

INT. JIM'S ROOM – DAY

Jim is a nervous wreck. He's still in his sweatsuit, pacing across his room, when RUSTY ambles in.

RUSTY

So what's the big emergency?

Jim rushes over to him, frantic.

JIM

They're everywhere! They're watching me!

RUSTY

Let me guess: everybody's been replaced by alien clones and we're gonna be next. Nice sweatsuit. Is it new?

Jim grabs Rusty and shakes him.

JIM

The bums! They're coming for me!

Rusty slams Jim back hard against the wall. Rusty doesn't like to be grabbed.

RUSTY

Get a grip, Jimbo. You're losing your marbles.

JIM

They know who I am!

Rusty slams Jim against the wall again. The whole wall shudders.

RUSTY

Snap out of it.

JIM

Everywhere I go, I see them! they were here, right outside the house!

Rusty bounces Jim off the wall one more time.

RUSTY

There are no bums--

Rusty stops, a strange look on his face. You can see the lightbulb flash in Rusty's head. He smiles excitedly.

RUSTY

(to himself)  
It's her.

This is great news. Rusty bashes Jim against the wall for good measure.

RUSTY

(to Jim)  
It's her!

Jim doesn't get it, but before Rusty can explain, or slam him against the wall a few more times, BUD WELBY comes in.

BUD

What's going on in here?

Rusty smiles at Mr. Welby.

RUSTY

You know us, Mr. Welby, always  
goofing around.

Rusty gives Jim a playful swipe on the chin.

BUD

Well, if you're going to rough-house  
Do it outside.

Bud Welby shakes his head -- boys will be boys -- and leaves. As soon as Mr. Welby is gone, Rusty grabs Jim by the collar and yanks him from the wall.

RUSTY

You heard the man. Let's go  
See if Cathy can play.

INT. WHITE MERCEDES – DAY

Rusty and Jim are parked across the street from Catherine's apartment building. Rusty is excited, Jim is a bigger wreck than before.

JIM

I don't feel very good about this.

Rusty spins the chamber on a GUN, satisfies himself that it's loaded, and gives it to Jim.

RUSTY

Here, this'll make you feel better.

Oh, sure. Jim looks ill. Rusty examines his own gun.

JIM

What if it's a trap?

Rusty smiles, and shoves the gun under his waistband.

RUSTY

What if?

He looks out and sees

THE BUILDING – RUSTY AND JIM'S POV

As Catherine emerges from the building and hails a TAXI.

RUSTY'S VOICE

Heeeere's Cathy.

A TAXI stops, Catherine climbs in, and the TAXI pulls away.

INT. MERCEDES – DAY

Rusty starts the car, grins at Jim, and pulls out behind the Taxi.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUM STREET – NIGHT

As the Taxi glides to a stop, Catherine pays the driver and gets out. The Taxi drives off, and she disappears into the alley. That's when the white Mercedes pulls up at the curb. Rusty and Jim get out.

RUSTY

Go around the other side.

They split up. Rusty dashes up to the alley, flattens himself against a wall, and peers around the corner. God, he loves this.

THE ALLEY – RUSTY'S POV

is empty.

EXT. ALLEY – NIGHT

Rusty moves cautiously into the alley, his gun drawn.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUM STREET #2 – NIGHT

Jim walks unsteadily down the street, his gun held out, very aware of how alone he is. That's why the SQUEEK he hears is like a sonic boom. He whirls around.

THE STREET CORNER BEHIND HIM – JIM'S POV

A BAGLADY pushes her wobbly shopping cart along the sidewalk.

EXT. SLUM STREET #2 – NIGHT

Jim picks up his pace, almost to a run, but then he sees

MOUSE

Standing at the corner under a streetlamp.

JIM

In a panic, ducks into a tenement doorway. THE DOOR gives against his weight, and he tumbles into the darkness with a yelp.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY – NIGHT

Rusty creeps along in the shadows.

RUSTY

Hey Cath, we're here. Just  
Like you wanted.

His voice echos off the grimy walls. He walks slowly, his eyes darting in all directions.

RUSTY

Aren't you gonna say hello?

He comes up on a person sleeping face-down under a pile of newspapers. He aims his gun at the unknowing bum and cocks the trigger.

RUSTY

Okay, I'll say hello.

VINCENT

Roars up suddenly from under the newspapers and swats the gun out of Rusty's hand. The GUNSHOT goes WILD. He hurls a stunned Rusty into a ROW OF GARBAGE CANS. Rusty CRASHES into the cans, which spill trash all over him.

CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT – NIGHT

Jim, on all fours, searches for his gun in the blackness.

HIS HAND

touches a DIRTY, OPEN HAND – which GRABS HIM!

JIM

screams as an OLD MAN jumps up at him. Jim scrambles back, freeing himself from the man's grasp, and slides along the wall, until he reaches a boarded-up window. He throws himself against it.

EXT. TENEMENT – NIGHT

As JIM crashes through the rotting, plywood boards and into the alley several yards behind

VINCENT

Who turns to face him with a ANGRY ROAR

JIM

Screams in terror and takes off blindly down the alley

RUSTY

Grabs a RUSTED PIPE and, holding it with both hands above his head, CHARGES Vincent.

VINCENT

Sidesteps the blow and throws Rusty across the alley into a stack of wooden crates.

RUSTY

Cartwheels through the air and slams into the crates, splintering them. He groans, unconscious.

JIM

Runs frantically down the alley, out of control, sobbing. In

his terror, he trips and tumbles on the ground. He struggles to his knees, and sees Catherine standing over him.

CATHERINE

Another wrong turn?

He looks at her with pleading eyes.

JIM

Help me, please, help me.

He looks over his shoulder in terror and sees VINCENT approaching. He looks back at Catherine.

JIM

(pleading, to Vincent)  
They were just bums!

Jim, a broken man, hides his face against the pavement and cries.

JIM

They were just bums.

Catherine shares a concerned look with Vincent and we

DISSOLVE TO:

AN UNDERGROUND CHAMBER – LATER

Just below street level. Catherine and Vincent are about to go their separate ways.

CATHERINE

They'll be punished this time,  
Vincent, I can promise you that.

VINCENT

They believed that anyone who  
was different from them had to be  
less than human. Is their attitude  
so uncommon -- or just the extreme

to which they took it?

Catherine looks sadly at Vincent, understanding how his words apply to their situation. She leans up and caresses his cheek.

CATHERINE

You don't know how much I wish  
the world was different.

She turns away sadly and he watches her go.

INT. WHISPERING GALLERY – NIGHT

All is as it was for the funeral: FATHER stands in the center of the bridge; the UNDERGROUND POPULATION fills the ground on either side of the chasm. But this is no funeral; there is no body this time.

FATHER

We know not what lies below this  
cavern, just as we know not what  
lies beyond this life. Some tremble  
at such uncertainty; some weep at  
the knowledge that this life can't last.  
But we do neither. We rejoice in  
the life this world offers us.  
knowing it must end only makes us  
treasure the time we have that much  
more.

HATCH and COLLEEN, in Tailor's and Rochelle's wedding clothes, stand at opposite ends of the bridge. Vincent stands next to Hatch.

HATCH

I don't know how to thank you,  
Vincent.

VINCENT

Just love her.

HATCH

I could do nothing else.

Vincent nods.

FATHER

Our time is so short, so precious;  
it is the one thing we have that  
cannot be replaced. That is why this  
moment is so sacred.

He signals Colleen. She walks slowly to the center of the  
bridge.

FATHER

Two people have chosen to give  
each other the greatest gift of  
all: the rest of their lives.

Father signals Hatch, who walks from his side to join Father  
and Colleen in the center of the bridge. Hatch takes her hands.

HATCH

I told myself it was brave to leave  
you and go to face the evils of the  
world above. It was cowardice. I  
was willing to shut out the beauty  
of life in order to spare myself the  
pain of losing it. You wouldn't let  
me.

COLLEEN

Because I love you.

She kisses him.

FATHER

May your joy be doubled by this  
union and your sorrow halved.

The crowd takes up the cry.

CROWD

May your joy be doubled and your  
Sorrow be halved!

The crowd gives a cheer, and MOUSE and JAMIE break out the celebratory bottles. Someone strikes up a tune, and the party gets underway.

VINCENT'S VOICE

"In Breughel's Icarus, for instance; how  
everything turns away/ Quite leisurely  
from the disaster; the ploughmen may/  
Have heard the crash, the forsaken cry/

Father gives Vincent a big celebratory smile. Vincent smiles back.

VINCENT'S VOICE

"But for him, it was not an important  
failure;

CUT TO:

INT. TAILOR'S CHAMBER – NIGHT

The chamber has been slightly redecorated as the new home for Hatch and Colleen, but much remains that was tailor's. Most of all, it's still a working Tailor's shop waiting for the return of its new tenants.

VINCENT'S VOICE

the sun shone/As it had to on the white legs  
disappearing into the green/ Water

ON A TABLE

Stands a PHOTO OF TAILOR AND ROCHELLE on their wedding day. they are happy and obviously in love; at the moment this picture was taken, the whole world was theirs.

VINCENT'S VOICE

"and the expensive delicate ship that  
must have seen/ Something amazing

INT. CATHERINE'S BALCONY – NIGHT

CATHERINE moves, dreamlike, onto the balcony and stares out at the night.

VINCENT'S VOICE

"a boy falling out of the sky,  
Had somewhere to get to and sailed  
calmly on."

The city stretches out before Catherine like a jewel.  
somewhere down there, an old man is dying and a baby is being  
born.

FADE OUT

THE END