

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Ceremony of Innocence"

Story by

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& Alex Ganza

Teleplay by

George R.R. Martin

Directed by

Gus Trikonis

(Blue)

(Grey)

(Goldenrod)

(Green)

FIRST DRAFT
April 20, 1989

April 19, 1989

April 18, 1989

April 18, 1989

(Yellow)

April 17, 1989

(Pink)

April 14, 1989

(Blue)

April 13, 1989

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ACT I

FADE IN:

0. INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Deep midnight. PAN slowly through the gloom of the chamber. Across unlit candles sitting half-melted in pools of hardened wax; Vincent's cloak draped across the back of an empty chair; a miniature of the Empire State Building lying on its side. Everything looks somehow abandoned... lost in shadow... forlorn. Under the darkened window, Vincent's bed is empty. We PUSH PAST into the darkest corner of the chamber, where the blackness is almost TOTAL...

EYES look out of the darkness. Unblinking, cold, steady. We MOVE IN on them slowly, and there in the deepest shadow FIND Vincent seated, alone, hands locked beneath his chin, staring out at the dark with an intensity that is almost frightening. We know just from looking at him that he has been here for a long time, that he has not slept, will not sleep. His face is tense and terrible; behind his eyes some ferocious power burns.

When he MOVES, it is abrupt, startling. He strides across his chamber, gathers up the cloak, every motion swift, deliberate. Under it all is a rage and grief of epic proportions, barely held in check. He exits.

0A.INT. - VARIOUS TUNNELS - SERIES OF SHOTS

Vincent strides through the tunnels, his cloak flowing behind him, his face stern. The world below sleeps. Vincent walks alone, haunted by his memories.

0B.INT. - MIRROR POOL - NIGHT

The shining black waters of the pool are full of STARS as Vincent enters. He stops on the bridge, stares down, closes his eyes in pain, and sinks slowly to his knees.

DISSOLVE TO:

1. INT. - CATHY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Cathy wakes from a restless sleep, sits up in bed, the blankets tangled around her. Her face is drawn, tired. It's been a bad night. All the nights have been bad lately, since she said goodbye to Vincent.

2. WITH CATHY

as she drags herself out of bed, slips into a bathrobe. Barefoot, she pads through the apartment to the front door... but hesitates when she gets there. It's been four days since she said goodbye to Vincent; four days since Bernie Spirko took the photographs that shattered their dreams forever; four days that she's risen expecting to read the worst in the morning paper. Every day it gets harder to open that door.

Hating it, dreading it, but knowing that it has to be done, Cathy steels herself, undoes the chain, opens the front door. The paper is there on the threshold.

3. CLOSE ON THE NEWSPAPER

The New York Sentinel. The headline screams at us as Cathy bends to pick it up. DA'S DEMON LOVER IN MURDER SPREE, the banner reads. Beneath, a subhead warns Police promise full investigation. It's the lead story, slugged with Bernie Spirko's byline. The rest of the front page is taken up with photographs. A head shot of Cathy, a grotesque artist's rendering of Vincent at his most bestial, and several of Spirko's graphic action shots (from "What Rough Beast") depicting Vincent in the act of ripping apart Gus and Vic. There are no other stories; the whole front page of the newspaper is devoted to Spirko's photographs and story.

4. RESUME CATHY

She stands in the doorway, holding the newspaper, almost numb with shock. We can see that's she torn up inside. She HEARS a door open, and looks up.

5. A LITTLE GIRL is standing in the door of the apartment at the other end of Cathy's hall. Cathy forces a smile.

CATHERINE

Hi, Amy...

But the girl doesn't reply, and suddenly her AMY'S MOTHER appears in the doorway behind her. She gives Cathy a look that tells all, WHISPERS something to the child and pulls her inside, then pauses to look at Cathy with fear and loathing, before she SLAMS her door behind her.

Cathy fights to hold back the tears as she takes the newspaper, and retreats back into her apartment.

DISSOLVE TO:

6. INT. - DA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Heartsick and tired, Cathy drags herself through the front doors of the DA's office, and finds a small battalion of REPORTERS camped out waiting for her; newspapermen, photographers, television news crews. They descend on her the moment she appears. Cameras FLASH, minicams begins to roll, microphones are thrust into her face, she's surrounded, jostled. Voices fling questions at her from every side, dialogue OVERLAPPING.

TV REPORTER
Miss Chandler! What about the
Sentinel story?

NEWSPAPERMAN
How many men has
he killed for you?

TABLOID REPORTER
We'll pay ten thousand cash
for your exclusive story.

WOMAN REPORTER
What did your father
think about Vincent?

TV REPORTER
How did you feel the first time
you saw him tear someone apart?

TABLOID REPORTER
There's big bucks if
you get us a picture.

NEWSPAPERMAN
Moreno's called for your
resignation. Are you going
to fight for it?

WOMAN REPORTER
Was Vincent the one who
slashed up your face?
you think he's human?

Cathy is in SHOCK for a moment as the reporters close in around her. She looks from face to face, terrified, in pain. She tries to move through them, but they only press

closer. Other employees in the DA'S office just stand and watch, their faces cold. As the questions get uglier, Cathy finally covers her ears and fights her way through the press, shoving and struggling, until she reaches the sanctuary of Joe Maxwell's office.

7. INT. - JOE'S OFFICE

Cathy slams the door behind her, shutting out the Reporters. She's close to tears

CATHERINE

Joe, you've got to help me...

She stops suddenly when Joe looks up from the morning Sentinel spread across his desk. There's no warmth or affection in his face.

JOE

It's a little late for that, don't you think?

(accusatory)

I trusted you. How long were you going to keep up the lies, Chandler?

Cathy reels back under the unexpected assault. Joe rises from behind his desk and comes up at her. He grabs a fistful of the newspaper, thrusts it in her face.

JOE

Look at these pictures. Look at them! Didn't it ever make you sick? These were human beings, damn it... which is more than I can say for your boyfriend!

CATHERINE

You don't understand. Vincent isn't like that... Spirko made him out...

JOE

Vincent's a monster...

CATHERINE

No... Joe, please... don't...

JOE

He's an animal. And what does

that make you, Radcliffe?

Cathy, shell-shocked by this verbal assault, cringes back against the door as Joe grabs her shoulders and begins to shake her, SHOUTING into her face.

JOE

(shouting)

What does that make you, huh?
What does that make you?

Cathy turns away, covers her ears, and SCREAMS, and we

SMASH CUT TO:

8. INT. - CATHY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

as she sits bolt-upright in bed, SCREAMING, covered with cold sweat, her heart triphammering in her chest. Everything up to now has been a DREAM, a nightmare of what awaits her with Spirko's story hits prints.

Cathy realizes where she is. She SHIVERS, hugs herself. For a moment she looks too drained and exhausted to move. We CRANE UP, away from the small, huddled figure in the tangled bedclothes, and

DISSOLVE TO:

9. INT. - CATHY'S TERRACE - LATER

Showered and dressed, Cathy looks a little better, but the strain and the loneliness are still apparent on her face. She carries a steaming mug of COFFEE as she steps out onto her balcony for a breath of morning air. She stands for a moment looking out over the city. Then her gaze lights on her newly-planted rosebush in its planter. The bush is in full bloom now, covered with a profusion of both RED and WHITE ROSES, all mixed together in a tangles of leaves, thorns, and branches. It reminds her of Vincent. She heads back inside with a bittersweet look on her face.

In the dining room, Cathy puts down her cup, stuffs a shoulder bag full of case files, and strides toward the door... and hesitates, just like in the dream. It takes

all her strength to open the door.

10. OMITTED

11. INT. - CATHY'S HALLWAY

No paper on the stoop. Shouldering her bag, Catherine locks her door, starts down the hall. Then the door to the other apartment opens, and there's the little girl again, looking at her with those same wide eyes. Cathy stops suddenly, nervously. She has to force the smile.

CATHERINE

Hi, Amy...

The little girl just stares, until suddenly her mother appears behind her. But this time the woman smiles warmly, and speaks playfully to the child.

AMY'S MOTHER

(to little girl)
What's the matter, cat got your tongue? Say good morning to Cathy.

AMY

(very shy)
Good morning, Cathy...

OFF Cathy's relieved smile, we

CUT TO:

12. INT. - MIRROR POOL - DAWN

The stars are fading, and the black waters shimmer with a hint of blue. Dawn is coming to the world above, and we see its first glimmerings reflected dimly in the pool. Vincent has not moved in all these hours. Father enters behind him, leaning heavily on his cane.

FATHER

Vincent. Your bed hadn't been slept in, I was worried. Have you been here all night?

Vincent does not look back at Father.

VINCENT

Catherine dreamt. I could taste... the nightmare...

Troubled, Father struggles for a reply. He sees the water, tries to frame a hopeful comment.

FATHER

Dawn...

VINCENT

No... only its reflection...

Father hears all the anguish in Vincent's voice. He puts a comforting hand on Vincent's shoulder.

FATHER

It's been four days... long enough to hope. Perhaps this man reached into his heart, and... realized the harm his story would do... reconsidered.

VINCENT

Perhaps...

(beat)

But as long as I go above... as long as Catherine is in my life... there will always be another man waiting. . . with a camera or a notepad or a gun. And one day, one of them will not... reconsider.

Father struggles with that, but can't deny the truth.

FATHER

It was a dream, Vincent... you knew that from the start... this is your world...

VINCENT

No, Father...

(rises)

This is my tomb.

He walks off into the dark, leaving Father alone.

CUT TO:

13. INT. - JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Cathy sticks her head into Joe Maxwell's office.

CATHERINE

Rita said you wanted to see...

She stops suddenly. Joe is behind his desk, reading the morning Sentinel, just as he was in her dream. He looks up, his face grave, worried.

JOE

Yeah. You seen this morning's Sentinel?

CATHERINE

No...

JOE

You better sit down.

Cathy steps inside, shuts the door.

CATHERINE

Just tell me.

JOE

Cath, this is...

CATHERINE

(shrill, on edge)
Just let me see...

She strides over to his desk, grabs the newspaper, and stares at the headline in SHOCK.

14. CLOSE ON THE HEADLINE

The major headline reads: MISSING REPORTER FOUND MURDERED, over a grainy photograph of police carrying a body, concealed in a body bag, toward a morgue wagon. Under the photo, the slugline reads: Mutilated body of SENTINEL reporter Bernie Spirko washes ashore in Brooklyn.

15. RESUME CATHY

as she REACTS to the news. It's not what she had expected, not what she had feared, but in a way, it's just as bad. We see the doubt in her eyes.

JOE

You want to talk about it?

CATHERINE

There's nothing to talk about.

Cathy glances away, unable to look Joe in the eyes.

16. FLASHBACK - INT. SUB-BASEMENT

as Vincent, roaring in a bestial frenzy, looms over Spirko, about to kill the cringing reporter. The cut should be hard, fast, almost SUBLIMINAL.

17. RESUME JOE'S OFFICE

JOE

What's going on, Radcliffe?

Cathy shakes her head, answers softly.

CATHERINE

... nothing...

It's tearing her up inside to lie to Joe; he baffled.

JOE

How come I don't believe you?

CATHERINE

(sharply)

I can't help what you believe

JOE

Hey, Cath, time out. I'm on your side, remember?

He gets up and comes around the desk, close to her.

JOE

I don't know what's going on here, but if you need a lawyer... or a friend...

CATHERINE

I know, Joe. I... appreciate that...

JOE

I gotta tell you... as a lawyer and a friend... if you've got any idea why Spirko got knifed, you ought to --

Cathy picks up on something and reacts, INTERRUPTING.

CATHERINE

Knifed?

JOE

Yeah, the autopsy said...
(beat, hesitates)
Cath, I'm not sure you need to
hear this.

CATHERINE

Go on, Joe...

JOE

Coroner says he was killed with
a double-edged blade... 'bout yo
long...
(indicates with his
hands)
... razor sharp, like some kind
of surgical tool. Entry wound
was in the lower abdomen, but
he was... sliced open clear up...

Joe hesitates, looking at Cathy's face, a strange, taut
mixture of horror and relief: Vincent didn't kill Spirko.

JOE

You sure you're okay?

CATHERINE

Yes. I think I am...

CUT TO:

18. INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

A glum Father tells MOUSE of his concern for Vincent.

FATHER

He feels trapped now. His home
has become a prison, cutting him
off from the world above. He
needs the night sky, the stars...

Father is groping for something -- anything -- to help
Vincent in his hour of darkness. But Mouse, with his
innocent wisdom, cuts right to the heart.

MOUSE

Not stars. Needs Catherine.

Father gives him a look. Both men know it's true. Very
wearily, father shakes his head.

FATHER

How I wish I could... make

it so. Everything I say and do
seems so small... still, we must
help... however we can.

Mouse listens, understands. They cannot touch the real
cause of Vincent's grief, but as his friends, they must
do whatever small things they can.

MOUSE

Okay good, okay fine. Bring down
the sky.

(thoughtful)

Something better than the mirror
pool. Sun and stars and stuff,
all alive, moving.

(doubtful)

Hard. Harder than hard.

(determined)

Mouse will work on it.

Father brightens slightly and puts a hand on Mouse's
shoulder in thanks. JAMIE enters, her MINER'S HELMET
cocked rakishly, carrying a thick manila envelope.

JAMIE

One of the helpers sent this down.

(to Mouse)

What's going on?

She hands Father the envelope, looks curiously at Mouse.
As Jamie and Mouse talk, Father SLITS OPEN the envelope.

MOUSE

(very serious)

Making plans.

JAMIE

What kind of plans?

MOUSE

Secret plans.

Mouse EXITS. Jamie looks curiously after him, then back at
Father just as he glances at the contents of the packet.
He stares, unable to hide his REACTION.

JAMIE

Father? Are you all right? What
is it?

Father recovers his poise, stuffs the contents back inside
the concealing envelope.

FATHER

Just a...bit of news... nothing
To concern you.

Jamie doesn't know quite what to make of this. He sits heavily, lost in thought, almost as if he's forgotten Jamie is there. She waits a beat, SHRUGS, and leaves.

No sooner has she gone, than the fear returns to Father's face. His hands TREMBLE just a little as he re-opens the packet and slides out its contents, a file of 9x12 glossy black-and-white photo blow-ups. INTERCUT from the images to Father's face as he begins to go through Spirko's photographs, crystal clear enlargements of Vincent caught in the act of ripping apart Gus and Vic.

FATHER

Dear God...

His eyes are wide, horrified. He looks at as many of the enlargements as he can stomach, then shoves them away. There's a handwritten note with them. He opens it.

666 Sutton Place
come alone
or see these published

The note is unsigned.

His face grim, Father picks up the first photograph and holds it over a candle flame until it catches and begins to BLACKEN. As the photograph burns, we PUSH IN TIGHT on the flames, and

DISSOLVE TO:

19. MONTAGE - DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Over the continuing imagery of the photographs burning, one by one, of all that horror and blood vanishing in the cleansing fire, SUPERIMPOSE a

SERIES OF SHOTS

Of Father preparing to journey above, changing into his old suit, and finally -- in his last act before leaving -- opening a drawer and removing the PISTOL that Cathy brought him in "The Outsiders." He holds it for a long moment, then slides it into a pocket, and slowly exits.

CUT TO:

20. INT. - ELLIOTT BURCH'S OFFICE - DAY

ELLIOTT BURCH stands behind his desk, facing private detective CLEON MANNING, a tall, slender, impeccably attired black man, about 40. Burch has a rolled up copy of the Sentinel in his hand

ELLIOTT

I hired you to get some answers out of Bernie Spirko for me.

(slaps down paper)

So maybe you can tell me why I have to buy a paper to read that he's been fished out of the East River?

MANNING

Floaters are tough to find, Mr. Burch. Even tougher to question.

ELLIOTT

What about the story he was working on? Somebody was feeding Spirko information about Catherine Chandler. I want to know who.

Manning looks distinctly uncomfortable at that one.

MANNING

Problem is, Mr. Burch, that Spirko told his editor that you were his source...

ELLIOTT

That's absurd!

MANNING

I figured that much out for myself.

ELLIOTT

He must have left something behind. Notes, photographs, computer files...

MANNING

All gone. We'll keep looking, but...

Manning gives an eloquent SHRUG. Elliott controls himself, sits down, thinks it over for a beat.

ELLIOTT

I want to know everything that

Spirko did last week. Every place he went, everyone he talked to, every phone call he made. I want to know what he ate for dinner and how much he paid for it and whether he or not he liked it.

MANNING

I'll need a lot more men.

ELLIOTT

Put your whole agency on it if you have to. Just do it.

MANNING NODS

CUT TO:

21. INT. - PENTHOUSE TOWER - DAY

Father warily descends the STAIRS in the penthouse apartment. The interior is dimly lit, silent, gloomy; dust motes swim in a SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT between the heavy drapes, but otherwise there is no light,

FATHER

John...

PARACELSUS (O.S.)

I'm here, Jacob. I've been waiting for you.

22. REVERSE ANGLE

Father turns. Paracelsus sits the high-back choir chair in a corner of the room. He has donned the golden mask, but otherwise wears the clothing of the world above.

FATHER

(very calm)
It had to be you.

PARACELSUS

You always were a perceptive man, Jacob... in your own way.
(rises, moves closer)

I trust that you enjoyed the photographs?

FATHER

I burned them.

PARACELSUS

Pity. I thought they showed the boy in an... interesting light. But your appetite for truth was always... rather limited, as I recall.

FATHER

There was nothing of truth in those pictures.

PARACELSUS

The camera does not lie, Jacob.
(beat)
But not all of us are strong enough to look on the face of the Medusa, are we?

Father has grown impatient with this sparring.

FATHER

You wanted me. Well, I'm here. What is this all about?

PARACELSUS

What it has always been about. you. Me. The child.

FATHER

I will not allow you to publish those photographs...

PARACELSUS

Ah. And how do you propose to stop me, old friend?

Father's face is grim as he reaches inside his jacket with a trembling hand and pulls out a PISTOL. He aims it at Paracelsus, pulls back with hammer with a CLICK. The alchemist seems only mildly surprised.

PARACELSUS

I see. So is this what it has come to in the end, all your fine

talk of love and turning the other
cheek?

(shrug, smiles)

Kill me then. You'll find me
quite unarmed...

Paracelsus turns, walks to the window with calm
deliberation. Father keeps him in his sights, but cannot
bring himself to shoot the man in the back. Paracelsus
pulls back the drapes, flooding the room with SUNLIGHT.
Father must raise a hand to shield his eyes from the glare.
As he stands blinking, gun in hand, Paracelsus gazes out
over Manhattan, then turns back.

PARACELSUS

Does the light offend your eyes?
Forgive me. You've spent too long
in the dark, Jacob. Perhaps we
all have.

Father LOWERS the gun. He cannot shoot; both men know it
now.

FATHER

(bone weary)

What do you want, John? It's more
than my death... you might have
had that a dozen times over. For
god's sake, tell me your price...

PARACELSUS

A small thing, really.

He crosses to a ROLLTOP DESK, opens a drawer, removes
something from inside.

PARACELSUS

It is time for the boy to claim
his birthright...

In his hand Paracelsus fondles an antique LOCKET of solid
gold, with a golden chain. Smiling, he holds it out to
Father. His thumb presses the release, and the locket pops
open. OFF Father's look of DREAD, we

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II

FADE IN:

23. INT. - CATHY'S HALLWAY - AFTERNOON - WITH CATHY

as she gets off the elevator. When she turns the corner, she's startled to discover Father slumped in a chair, deeply troubled, a thick MANILLA ENVELOPE on his lap.

CATHERINE

Father... what are you doing here?
Is something wrong?

Father seems almost dazed.

FATHER

Yes... I... I...

He stares off into space. Something has Father as troubled as Cathy has ever seen him.

CATHERINE

You'd better come inside.

Father NODS, gets up. Cathy unlocks the door and he follows here into the apartment.

24. INT. - CATHY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cathy puts down her things and looks at Father with mounting concern.

CATHERINE

Are you alright? Can I get you
anything?
(he shakes his head)
tell me what's wrong...

Wordlessly, Father gives her the envelope. Cathy opens the flap, glances inside. Her eyes widen.

CATHERINE

Spirko's photographs...

FATHER

Everything is there. The negatives, story notes...

CATHERINE

(astonished)
But how...

FATHER

From Paracelsus
(off her reaction)
It was him from the start...
always him...

Up to this moment, Catherine thought the secret source was ELLIOTT. She's STUNNED by Father's news.

CATHERINE

Paracelsus...

FATHER

There was... a price. We made a devil's bargain. He... made me promise to tell Vincent... certain things... that I have... kept from him...

CATHERINE

What sort of things?

FATHER

Hard things...
(beat)
If you could be there... I think... afterwards... Vincent will need you...

Father removes the gold locket from the pocket of his suit, and opens it. We PUSH IN on the picture within, a woman's face. She's mid-thirties, dark hair worn in an old-fashioned cut, her face plain but pleasant.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

25. VINCENT'S HAND

holding the locket, as Father speaks OVER

FATHER(O.S.)

On the way down, I thought...
better to drop it into the
abyss, as if it had never
been...

26. INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

Vincent looks up from the locket. Father is still dressed
in his street clothing. Cathy stands close.

VINCENT

Why would you ever consider such
a thing?

FATHER

To... to protect you...
(beat)
But Catherine convinced me you
had a right to know the truth.

Vincent looks from Cathy to Father. He's troubled.

FATHER

Please understand... no one ever
wanted to lie to you, but... there
some things that I thought you...
you did not need to hear...

That's even more disturbing to Vincent, but the need to
understand is growing in him. He goes to the point.

VINCENT

Father, who was she?

For a moment Father has difficulty speaking as he struggles
With old memories, old emotions.

FATHER

Her name was... Anne. She was
one of us... in the beginning...
a good woman...

(struggling)

One night... it was the
coldest night of the year...

Father cannot continue, but Vincent has gotten the idea.

VINCENT

Anna was the one who found me?

Father hesitates a long time, struggling with some inner
doubt. But finally he shakes his head: no.

FATHER

That was... only a story. You
were never... found...

(long beat)

Anna was... your mother.

27. CLOSE ON VINCENT

SHOCKED, he struggles to digest this. A few short words;
but they have ripped the underpinnings out from beneath
Vincent's world, and left him adrift. A storm of
emotions passes across his face; a thousand questions
pass across his eyes.

VINCENT

My...

Even the word is too much, the concept too overwhelming.
Vincent has to turn away, suddenly speechless. He looks
at the locket, then back at Father.

28. RESUME

Father nods weakly. Lost, stunned, Vincent looks at Cathy.

CATHY

I told Father that you'd want to know... no matter what...

A formless anger takes hold of Vincent.

VINCENT

Why did...

There are so many questions. Vincent hardly knows how to frame them, or where to begin.

VINCENT

All these years... you said...

Father knows what he said, so often and so long. He looks down, guilty and ashamed of the secrets he's kept.

VINCENT

Father... what happened to her?

FATHER

She... she died, Vincent...

(beat)

It was... an accident... so long ago. We buried her... down in the catacombs...

(imploring)

Vincent, please... let it go...

VINCENT

(hard, angry)

No!

(deeply hurt)

How can you even ask that?

And with that, Vincent WHIRLS and strides from the chamber, his hand closing hard around the locket. Cathy follows as Father remains helplessly behind.

CUT TO:

29. INT. - ROCK TUNNELS - NIGHT

Vincent and Cathy walk through the candle-lit tunnels.

VINCENT

(very troubled)
Father lied to me...

CATHERINE

Father's a good man... but he's
only human, Vincent. Maybe he
just... loved you too much...

VINCENT

She was my mother... and he
took her from me!

CATHERINE

He must have had some reason.

Vincent gives her a long, haunted look. He knows Father
Must have had a reason; that hidden reason is what he
Fears. OFF his doubt and growing apprehension, we

DISSOLVE TO:

30. INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Father sits alone, looking forlorn, worried. Mouse comes
bursting in carrying a rolled up parchment.

MOUSE

Got it! Look!

With a dramatic flourish, Mouse unfurls the parchment in
front of Father. He crosses his arms and beams proudly as
Father studies the diagram.

FATHER

A camera obscura. Ingenious.

MOUSE

Sun and stars. Rain and snow.
light and shadow. Bring up top
down here.
(beat, eager)
Lots of work. Better start now.

Father rolls up the parchment, hands it back to Mouse.

FATHER

A lovely idea... but for the moment, dear Mouse, a bit impractical...

MOUSE

(crestfallen)
But... you said...

The discussion is interrupted as WILLIAM enters the chamber, followed closely by PASCAL and two other men.

FATHER

Ah, there you are. Please, be seated. Mouse, please stay... this concerns you too.

Mouse looks confused for a moment; he's not usually invited to council meetings. But he stays.

PASCAL

Will this take long? I hate to leave Zach alone on the pipes when the crosstalk gets heavy...

FATHER

I'm afraid this is rather serious. It concerns... Paracelsus.

Everyone REACTS to the name.

CUT TO:

31. INT. - ELLIOTT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cleon Manning stands in front of Elliott's desk, making his report. Burch is in shirtsleeves.

MANNING

We got lucky. Spirko didn't believe that no-parking signs applied to him. In the past month, he was cited four times in the same two-block area. I put twenty legmen on the street, flashed his picture around... Spirko was making regular calls to a penthouse on

Sutton.

ELLIOTT

Who's penthouse?

MANNING

Good question. The place was
Leased a month ago. No name on
File for the tenant.

ELLIOTT

Isn't that a little irregular?

MANNING

Yeah... but when you pay a year's
rent in advance... at twice the
normal rates... in gold... you're
allowed to be a little irregular.

ELLIOTT considers all this, weighing the alternatives.

ELLIOTT

(decisive)
Stake out the building. I want
full surveillance, twenty four
hours a day. Cameras, audio,
phone taps, the works.

MANNING

You got it. You want to ring the
police in on this?

ELLIOTT thinks about it, doesn't like the idea. Cathy's
Caught up in this somehow, and he's promised to keep her
Secrets.

ELLIOTT

No.
(softer, troubled)
No. Let's just... keep this

under wraps for now.

Manning nods.

CUT TO:

32. INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - LATER

as he finishes telling them about his meeting with
Paracelsus

FATHER

... I fear that this assault on
Vincent and Catherine was only
the beginning. But how and where
his next attack may come...

Father gives a doubtful shake of the head.

MOUSE

(with bravado)
Only one man. Mouse isn't scared.

PASCAL

Maybe Mouse should be.

WILLIAM

Paracelsus has always had his
followers down below us...

FATHER

And now he has made dangerous.
allies in the world above as well...

PASCAL

We have to change all the tunnel
entrances...

FATHER

John Pater discovered half of
these tunnels. He won't be fooled
by a few false walls.

MOUSE

Mouse can make more traps! Ropes,
chutes. Wrong step...
(loud clap)
... up he goes!

FATHER

He'd only cut through your ropes,
Mouse.

WILLIAM

How about deadfalls, pits... ?

Mouse gapes at him as if he's gone insane. Pascal is bothered too, and speaks up.

PASCAL

Someone might get hurt.

William touches his ample stomach, as if the wound he received from Paracelsus was still fresh.

WILLIAM

This is Paracelsus we're talking about. He murdered Lou...

MOUSE

Killed Winslow too...

WILLIAM

I still have the scar where he cut me. And you're worried that he might get hurt?

(beat)

I say we arm our sentries.

The suggestion provokes a shocked, awkward silence.

PASCAL

I don't know, William...

Something has occurred to Mouse. He looks around.

MOUSE

Hey! Where's Vincent?

FATHER

Vincent has concerns that weigh heavily on him right now.

(beat)

William, what sort of weapons would you suggest?

And as William begins to expand on his plan, we

CUT TO:

33. INT. - MIRROR POOL - NIGHT

On the way up to the surface with Catherine, Vincent stops on the bridge, looks down at his own reflection in the dark

waters of the pool, trying to find some truth there, some hint of who or what she is. Catherine stops too, looks back at him, worried

CATHERINE

Vincent?

Vincent slowly lifts his eyes from the image to Cathy. Something has hold of him now; it won't let go.

VINCENT

Catherine, I must go...

A long beat. She knows what he is talking about.

CATHERINE

To her tomb?

(off his nod)

Vincent, give yourself time...

VINCENT

Too much time has passed already.

Seeing him, Cathy knows he cannot be talked out of this.

CATHERINE

Then I'm going with you.

VINCENT

(brusque)

No.

(softer)

This is something I must face alone.

CATHERINE

Why? Don't you see what you're doing? You're throwing up walls... isolating yourself from the people who love you...

VINCENT

Sometimes... walls help keep us safe, Catherine.

He turns away from her, walks brusquely back in the direction from which they came, leaving her there.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

34. INT. VARIOUS TUNNELS - MONTAGE

Vincent begins his quest. USE STOCK from previous episodes as he journeys ever downward: through the concrete tunnels and rock tunnels, across the bridge in the Whispering Gallery, down the great stone stairway in the Chamber of the Winds. Somewhere along the way, he removes a burning TORCH from a wall sconce, and carries it to light his way.

DISSOLVE TO:

35. INT. - WELL - NIGHT

Vincent descends the stairs of the well into subterranean depths. He's far below the surface now. Down here, the well is VERY DARK; the only light is his torch. The walls are DAMP, covered with FUNGUS and NITRE. Far below, MISTS swirl so the steps seem to descend forever. We hear the sound of DRIPPING WATER, the SCURRYING of RATS. Finally Vincent STOPS, wary. We sense that's something is wrong. He lowers the torch. . . and we SEE that the next step is MISSING, the stone broken off raggedly. The step below that has been shattered too, and the one after that. One more step and Vincent would have plunged to his death.

There's no way to continue down, unless... Vincent LEAPS down over the gap. But the step BREAKS under the impact of the landing. Stone and torch FALL into the endless, echoing depths of the well, but Vincent GRABS hold of another step, hangs suspended for a moment, then pulls himself up.

DISSOLVE TO:

35A.CLOSE ON A BURNING TORCH

as Vincent pulls it down from a wall sconce. The flames push back the darkness; Vincent moves ahead into:

36. INT. BONE TUNNELS

Vincent moves through a natural ROCK TUNNEL, narrow and dark, its floor uneven. Thick FOG swirls around his feet, and here and there we see the BONES of long-dead animals. The passage twists and turns; in places the walls press so close he must squeeze through sideways. A low ceiling makes him duck. Jagged stalagmites thrust up from the floor like daggers; beads of water drip off the stalactites that descend from the ceiling.

As he edges around one turn, Vincent comes on an ancient MUMMY, gaunt and hideous, LYING in a horizontal niche in the stone wall. Its grave wrappings are brown with age, its eyeholes like two black pits. As Vincent looks down at it grimly, we hear

NARCISSA(O.S.)

Let him sleep, Vincent. It is not good to wake the dead.

36A.REVERSE ANGLE

Vincent turns as NARCISSA emerges from the MISTS of a nearby tunnel, reaching out for him with a trembling hand, blind eyes full of concern.

VINCENT

(startled)
Narcissa...

NARCISSA

So far from home, Vincent...
there is nothing for you down
here... what is it you seek?

VINCENT

Anna...

That name seems to frighten Narcissa. She turns away.

VINCENT

You know these catacombs...

show me the way, Narcissa.

NARCISSA

Her bones have no answers.
Go back, Vincent...

VINCENT

It is too late for that...

Narcissa looks up at him. His face is grim; he will not turn back, cannot turn back. With a reluctant nod, the old blind woman leads Vincent deeper into the earth.

CUT TO:

37. INT. - CATACOMBS (MATTE) - NIGHT

A vast, cavernous chamber. This in an ancient place, gloomy and foreboding. What little illumination we find is a dim, sickly GREEN and a faint VIOLET, from the areas of FUNGUS that festoon the walls, GLOWING with its own faint phosphorescence. Below runs a swift, treacherous UNDERGROUND RIVER, its black waters thundering around a landscape of rocks and fallen pillars.

Narcissa leads Vincent along a narrow LEDGE that hangs over the river. A series of CAVE MOUTHS open onto the ledge like the mouths of hungry beasts. Other ledges -- MOVE IN TIGHT, we see that many -- though not all -- of the small caves have been CAPPED with huge rocks, made into sepulchres for the dead.

Vincent stops, and we TILT BACK to reveal that he has stopped in front of the tomb.

The sepulchre is closed by a massive stone, covered with purple-white nitre. We can read the name ANNA, chiseled deep into the stone. There is more writing, but it is so OVERGROWN by nitre that the words CANNOT BE READ.

37A.INT. - ANNA'S TOMB - NIGHT

Narcissa touches Vincent's arm, to draw him away.

NARCISSA

There is nothing here but cold
stone... death... her spirit is
gone, child...

VINCENT

Once you told me you could
summon spirits...

Narcissa shakes her head; she can't, or won't.

NARCISSA

Some who walk in death are...
fearful... cold and bitter as the
wind that roars up from the
abyss... evil...

VINCENT

Anna was a good woman.

NARCISSA

In life... but death can twist
a heart... poison it... and Anna's
death was... terrible.

VINCENT

How did she die, Narcissa?

Sadly, Narcissa reaches up, touches Vincent's face.

NARCISSA

Ask the Father.

Vincent's mouth twists unhappily at that suggestion; he
is beginning to doubt the answers he gets from Father.
He turns his attention back to the stone, reaches up,
begins to pull away the clinging vines, to clean off the
thick covering of nitre that obscures the tombstone.

37B.CLOSE ON THE STONE

as Vincent exposes the other words. The large deep letters read ANNA PATER. Underneath is carved Beloved wife to John.

38. CLOSE ON VINCENT

He stares at the tomb in SHOCK, whispers one portentous word as the realization hits him.

VINCENT

(whisper)
... Paracelsus...

It all began to come together for him. The fears, the doubts, the suspicions too terrible to say aloud. OVER we hear the first, faint beginning of a steady, ominous POUNDING on the sound track, a dim, insistent throb behind Vincent's eyes. As it grows louder, we INTERCUT the CU of Vincent with a series of QUICK, SHORT CLIPS from previous episodes:

39. a) Father telling the children how Vincent was found and brought to him (from "God Bless the Child"),
40. b) Paracelsus asking Vincent if he really believes the story Father told him (from "The Alchemist"),
41. c) Father telling Vincent that Anna was his mother from earlier this episode,
42. d) Paracelsus avowing that he loved Vincent, was not allowed to take him with him (from "To Reign in Hell"),
43. e) Paracelsus with his knife at Father's throat at Winterfest, saying "but we remember, don't we?" (from "Dead of Winter")

44. RESUME

Wild-eyed and frantic, Vincent turns to Narcissa... but the old woman is gone, melted away as mysteriously as she appeared. He is alone. The POUNDING inside his head is DEAFENING now. He bares his fangs in a silent snarl, throws back his head, covers his ears, and lets loose with a ROAR of pain and rage to drown out the noise.

Maddened, he begins to pull at the massive stone that seals Anna's tomb, trying to open the sepulchre, but the stone is too heavy even for Vincent's strength and his efforts come to nothing. As Vincent SLUMPS in tortured defeat, we

DISSOLVE TO:

45. OMITTED

46. INT. - ELLIOTT BURCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

ELLIOTT Burch is reviewing some blueprints when his intercom BUZZES. He picks up the phone.

ELLIOTT

Burch.
(beat, reacts)
Yes. Send her right in.

His office door opens, and Cathy enters. ELLIOTT rises and comes around his desk. There's a certain tension in the moment, given their last meeting.

ELLIOTT

If you're here to make some
More accusations, you can go
Right out the way you came in.

CATHERINE

I'm here to say I'm sorry. I
Was wrong about you, ELLIOTT.

ELLIOTT considers that for a moment, then nods.

ELLIOTT

Apology accepted. I've given you
reason to doubt me in the past,
and... well... it seems even
Spirko thought he was dealing with
me.

CATHERINE

(surprised)
How do you know that?

ELLIOTT

I had to try and clear my good name.

(beat, wry)

Such that it is. I've got a private detective looking for Spirko's source.

CATHERINE

ELLIOTT, be careful. The man you're after is very dangerous. I know him...

ELLIOTT REACTS, raises an eyebrow.

ELLIOTT

Then why haven't you gone to the police?

(she can't answer)

More secrets. Of course.

Cathy turns to leave. At the door, she hesitates.

CATHERINE

If you can find him...

ELLIOTT

Don't worry. You'll be the first To know.

Cathy nods her thanks and departs. ELLIOTT sits back down, makes a steeple of his fingers, and stares thoughtfully off into the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

47. OMITTED

48. INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - DAY

Father is working alone, going over some maps of the tunnels, as Cathy enters, worried. He looks up, almost expressionless for a moment.

FATHER

Catherine. Vincent's not back yet, I'm afraid...

CATHERINE

I need to talk to both of you. It's ELLIOTT, he -

She breaks off as Vincent enters suddenly; the look on his face drives all thought of ELLIOTT from her mind. There is something grim and terrible about him, an intensity that is almost frightening. When he speaks, his voice is brusque, a little scary. Although he addresses Catherine, his eyes never leave Father even for a second.

VINCENT

Catherine, leave us.

Cathy moves closer to him. She can see he's in pain; she wants desperately to console him.

CATHERINE

Vincent, what...

Vincent still stares at Father as he interrupts her.

VINCENT

(curt, hard)
Anna was John Pater's wife.

Visibly shaken, father averts his eyes. Stunned by the news, Cathy can only look between the two men. Silence hangs in the air, and the tension is almost palpable. Cathy realizes she has to let them alone to settle this.

CATHERINE

I'll wait in your chamber.

Vincent gives a tiny, almost imperceptible NOD. Cathy EXITS, with a last, concerned look behind. Only when her footsteps have died away does Vincent speak.

VINCENT

Is it true, then? Was...
Paracelsus... my father?

Father's face is twisted in pain as he looks up. He tries to speak, to frame some kind of answer, but the words will not come. His mouth works, but nothing emerges but a helpless choking sound; he is barely holding back the tears. Finally, unable to answer, Father buries his head in his hands.

VINCENT

(agonized)
Father, what have you done?

At that, Father looks up, forces himself to speak.

FATHER

It was done... out of love...

VINCENT

The greatest crimes are always
committed in the name of love.

FATHER

Once it all seemed so... so
obvious... now... dear god,
sometimes I feel so lost...

VINCENT

Tell me...

Father meets Vincent's implacable stare, looks away.

FATHER

The beginning... was John.

Vincent listens with a grim face, never sitting, moving restlessly around the chamber as Father speaks, his motions progressively faster and more abrupt, like a caged animal that can barely contain its rage.

FATHER

He and Anna... had tried for so long to have a child, but... it was impossible, Vincent. The fault was in John. He was... unable to father a child.

VINCENT

Yet Anna became pregnant...

FATHER

Anna thought it was a miracle.
but John just... smiled... as
if, somehow... he knew...

Father stops suddenly, struggling with painful memories.

VINCENT

Go on.

FATHER

Vincent, please...

VINCENT

(very sharp)
Go on!

Father looks away, fighting back tears at the bite in Vincent's voice. He seems to have lost the track of the story; Vincent prompts him to continue.

VINCENT

Why did you lie to the others?

FATHER

I... thought it best not to...
frighten them...

VINCENT

I was an infant. What could they
Have feared?

FATHER

The unknown.
(beat)
Men are afraid of what they
cannot understand... and they
hate what is different...

VINCENT

But surely someone must have known. Anna was pregnant...

FATHER

No one knew. Anna...
(beat, shaken)
Vincent, she was only in her third month when she went into labor.

We see Vincent's SHOCK as he whirls back on Father.

VINCENT

Her third month?

FATHER

The moment it began, I knew something was... wrong... but I never could have imagined...

VINCENT

Paracelsus...

FATHER

John was a genius in his own way, but... unorthodox... still, none of us ever dreamed that he would... experiment... on his own wife...

VINCENT

Did Anna know what he was doing?

FATHER

Right at the end... when she was too weak to scream... she looked at John and I saw the knowledge there in her eyes...
(beat)
Afterwards... I made myself perform the autopsy. What I found was... unspeakable...

There's a long, ominous silence as Vincent, pacing tries to come to terms with what father has said. But finally he stops, turns, stares into Father's eyes.

VINCENT

Then... Anna died in childbirth...
like Devin's mother...

FATHER

(evasive)
Not. . . precisely like Devin's
mother, no...

Father looks away. Vincent turns his face back.

VINCENT

Then how?

When Father will not speak, Vincent SHAKES him roughly.

VINCENT

How?!

Father looks at Vincent with fear in his eyes.

FATHER

Vincent, you... were not...
born... like other children
you... you... ripped your way out
of your mother's body. There was
nothing I could do...
(weeping)
Dear God, there was nothing I
could do...

Some dark part of Vincent had suspected it all along, so he reacts not with surprise, but with the stunned sickness of a man who realizes his worst fears are true. He shoves Father away as if he no longer mattered, raises his clawed hands, stares at them.

CUT TO:

49. INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - SIMULTANEOUS

Catherine waits alone in Vincent's chamber, restive, uncomfortable, worried. She moves restlessly about the room, silently struggling with her own thoughts, her own fears. The room is dim, with the only sound of her footsteps to break the silence.

Then, suddenly, ECHING down the tunnels from Father's chamber, comes a terrible wordless SCREAM that goes on and on and on, an endless despairing wail of unspeakable anguish... the cry of a human being in unbearable pain, but laced with inhuman desperation and animal rage.

It's like no cry Vincent has ever made before, and the sound of it chills Catherine to the bone. OFF her REACTION, we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT IV

FADE IN:

50. INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Catherine waits anxiously. When Vincent enters, she starts to rush toward him, but the look in Vincent's eyes freezes her where she stands. Suddenly Cathy is afraid.

CATHERINE

Vincent, what is it?

Vincent looks away from her. He cannot meet her gaze.

VINCENT

Catherine, you must leave me.

CATHERINE

No...

WHIRLING suddenly, Vincent snaps out at her in rage.

VINCENT

YES!

(softer, contrite)

Go back to your world, Catherine.
Go back to the life you once
lived, and put all memory of me
behind you.

Catherine is devastated, but not about to give up.

CATHERINE

What did Father tell you?

VINCENT

He told me... that all my worst
fears are true...

CATHERINE

Tell me what he said.
(off his silence)
Vincent, I love you... whatever
it is, we can face it together.

VINCENT

What you love is only part of me.

CATHERINE

No. I love all of you,
Vincent.

VINCENT

You cannot know what you're
saying. There are darkneses
within me that you cannot
imagine...

CATHERINE

Whatever Father said ... it
doesn't matter. You haven't
changed. You're still gentle...
strong... wise...

But Vincent, tormented to the breaking point, interrupts
her.

VINCENT

(sharp, angry)
Stop!
(she falls silent)
You and father... neither of you
will admit the truth, even as it
stands right in front of you.
Look at me, Catherine. Look at
me! What do you see?

CATHERINE

(simply, with dignity)
The man that I love.

The look on Vincent's face says it all; he is not a man
at all. He turns away, struggling with grief, rage, a
thousand other emotions. There's a long silence.

VINCENT

(very softly)
There are no mirrors in this
chamber, Catherine...
(beat)
... but there are mirrors in the
soul, and I cannot live with what

I see there.

Vincent's back remains turned. Catherine moves close, reaches out to him, to soothe him with her touch, perhaps embrace him. But he seems to sense her approach.

VINCENT

(very sharp)
Don't...
(she draws back)
... touch me.
(long beat)
It is... not safe to love me,
Catherine.

Vincent raises his clawed hands and regards them for a moment with loathing. He closes them into fists, and his next words are so soft we barely hear them.

VINCENT

I killed Anna. These hands...
ripped apart my mother's
flesh. . . tore me from her
womb... I was born in blood.

51. CLOSE ON CATHY

as she reacts to the revelation. There's a brief moment of stunned shock, but it's gone almost at once.

CATHERINE

(quiet passion)
No. I don't believe it.

52. RESUME

VINCENT

(lost in despair)
Believe what you want. Just...
leave me...

Silence falls over the chamber. Cathy stands very still for a long time, facing Vincent's back, wanting so much to touch him. She reaches out... and Vincent, sensing her, whirls, SNARLING. Cathy draws back, suddenly afraid. Vincent turns away again, every muscle taut with tension, forbidding and somehow... alone... beyond her comfort. There's nothing more to be said. Helpless, Catherine starts to leave. She's at the exit when Vincent speaks.

VINCENT

Catherine...

Hopes flare briefly in Cathy's face; is he going to ask her to stay? But Vincent does not move. He speaks with his back still to her.

VINCENT

Don't. . . look back.

Tearful, Catherine turns and EXITS. The camera lingers on Vincent, alone in his moment of existential torment.

DISSOLVE TO:

53. OMITTED

54. INT. - ELLIOTT BURCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Burch is in shirtsleeves as Manning gives him an update.

ELLIOTT

Patience is not one of my virtues, Manning. How long is this going to take before we get some answers?

MANNING

Stakeouts are like souffles Mr. Burch. Can't rush 'em.

Cathy enters unannounced, intent, a woman with a mission.

ELLIOTT

(startled)
Cathy, what are you --

She glances at Manning, figures out who he must be.

CATHERINE

This is your detective?
(no one denies it)
Spirko's source... how much have you found out?

Manning looks at Burch. Elliott nods.

MANNING

We've traced him to a penthouse
on Sutton, but the man seems
to have vanished.

CATHERINE

He's good at that. I have to
get inside the penthouse.

She looks at Elliott. Burch studies her face;
there's a desperation there. He can tell how important this is.
Elliott make his call, turns to the detective.

ELLIOTT

That shouldn't be too hard to
arrange, should it?

MANNING

You're talking about breaking
And entering, Mr. Burch. I
Could lose my license.

ELLIOTT

I'll buy you a new one.

Manning hesitates a beat, then SMILES.

MANNING

Let's go.

Elliott grabs his jacket. They all head out.

DISSOLVE TO:

55. - 57. OMITTED

58. INT. - SUTTON PLACE TOWER - NIGHT

The penthouse is dark, but light FLOODS IN as the door opens. Two of Manning's operatives, HANDGUNS drawn, move inside and down the stairs. They conduct a swift, silent, methodical search; opening doors, closets, checking out other (unseen) rooms. Finally one of them holsters his weapon, calls back.

OPERATIVE

We're clear. There's nobody
home, Cleon.

Manning steps inside the penthouse, flips on the lights. ELLIOTT and Cathy enter just behind him.

MANNING

Toss the place. I want to know
who lived here and where he's
gone.

59. WITH CATHY

as she moves down the stairs with ELLIOTT and Manning.
The detective gives the room a once over, notices
something. He kneels beside a couch, inspects the carpet,
then looks up at Burch.

MANNING

Let's get this moved.

ELLIOTT and Manning wrestle the couch out of the way,
revealing an irregular RED-BROWN STAIN on the rug. In
b.g., one of the operatives is running his hands over the
walls, the other checking the windows.

CATHERINE

Bloodstains...

MANNING

This makes it a police matter.
(to Burch)
You want to do the honors, or
should I phone in an anonymous
tip?

Burch looks at Cathy, but before they can reach a decision, the operatives in b.g. TAPS against a wall, and produces a HOLLOW sound. He turns

OPERATIVE

Cleon, I think we got something here...

The others move to him. Guns are drawn again. Manning searches the trim, finds a secret release. A hidden WALL PANEL swings silently open, opening a secret room.

Inside, an older man - - dressed in the same clothing we saw Paracelsus in during act one - - sits manacled to a choir chair. He's weak from thirst, badly injured, his head bowed, unconscious. Manning's men level their pistols and we HEAR the sounds of hammers being cocked.

MANNING

All right. Who the hell are you?

Slowly, the man raises his head. It's FATHER, the face swollen and bruised, lips dry and cracked.

FATHER

(weak)
Catherine...

Cathy rushes to him. Elliott is baffled.

ELLIOTT

Is this him? I thought you said this guy was dangerous?

CATHERINE

This isn't the killer! Help me get him out of this...

Manning looks at Elliott. Burch nods. Manning moves to help Cathy with the manacles. Father is delirious.

FATHER

Vincent... warn him...
Paracelsus is...

CATHERINE

. . . below. We have to get down there before it's too late.

MANNING

Somebody mind telling me what the hell he's talking about?

The first manacle POPS OPEN. Manning moves over to work on the second.

ELLIOTT

Don't even ask Manning. It never

does a bit of good.

Cathy gives him a look of gratitude and understanding. The second manacle OPENS. As Cathy helps Father to his feet, we

CUT TO:

59A.INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT
(FORMERLY SCENE 55)

Dim RED light paints the chamber in ominous hues. Father sits alone, reading by the light of a single black candle, burned low. There is NO SOUND at all, but suddenly Father senses something. Spooked, he looks up.

59B.FATHER'S POV - ON VINCENT
(FORMERLY SCENE 56)

Standing in the doorway. His coming has been COMPLETELY SILENT, and he stands still, unmoving, eyes fixed on Father, a forbidding, dangerous presence. His face is half in shadow, half drenched in blood-red light. It is cold, frightening. When Father sees him, he speaks.

60. RESUME

False father is HORRIFIED at the suggestion that he ought to have killed the infant Vincent.

FATHER

You don't know what you're saying...

(beat)

I remember... the moment when I first held you. You were so tiny... drenched in blood... but I could feel the life in you...

VINCENT

Death has its own power. Perhaps that was what you felt.

FATHER

You opened your eyes, Vincent! You looked at me. You knew me! And I knew that something new had come into the world, that you were destined for... for unimaginable things...

A storm of emotion crosses Vincent's face as he surges abruptly to his feet, looming over Father, anger held barely in check.

VINCENT

(scornful, raging)

And it was up to you to see that nothing stood in the way of that destiny!

FATHER

Yes, yes!

Vincent spins away angrily, begins to PACE the room like a caged animal. A dull POUNDING begins in his head.

VINCENT

No matter who you hurt... how many lives were warped or destroyed by your lies...

FATHER

They didn't matter! Don't you see that? They were ordinary,

unimportant... but you...

Father comes to his feet, moves after Vincent. In the passion of the moment, he walks without a limp and his cane remains, forgotten, at the side of the chair.

FATHER

No! You have to listen! You have to understand!

Father GRABS Vincent's shoulder, whirls him around. Vincent bares his teeth and GROWLS, low, ominous.

CUT TO:

61. INT. - CONCRETE TUNNELS - WITH FATHER AND CATHY

as they hurry down. Injured and without his cane, Father leans heavily on Cathy.

FATHER

When Anna lost the child in her third month, it did something to John... then she found the baby in the snows outside St. Vincent's, and somehow... in John's mind... it all became... confused...

CATHERINE

He began to see Vincent as the son he lost...

FATHER

Yes. Anna loved Vincent, but she could see how unhealthy John's obsession was getting. It broke her heart, but... she thought it was best if the child stayed with me.

CATHERINE

Didn't she know how Paracelsus would react?

FATHER

In spite of everything, she still loved John. She thought his grief would pass... that he would forgive her... instead...

(long beat)

He gave her the poison in a glass of wine... he told me later it was the hardest thing he'd ever done... that he'd done it for Vincent. He actually seemed to think I'd understand, and give the child to him.

They are INTERRUPTED by a sudden challenge.

JAMIE

Halt. Give me the password!

62. REVERSE ANGLE - TUNNEL JUNCTION

as Jamie steps out of a side tunnel. She's holding her crossbow, aimed and ready.

CATHERINE

Jamie, Father's hurt. Help me!

She starts forward, but Jamie quickly raises the bow

JAMIE

Don't come any closer.

(stares at Father)

Father said that... Paracelsus might disguise himself...

CATHERINE

Paracelsus is down below. This is Father.

JAMIE

How do I know that?

For a moment, they all stand frozen. Cathy replies.

CATHERINE

You know...

OFF Jamie's indecision, we

CUT TO:

63. INT. - FATHER'S CHAMBER

Father and Vincent stand inches apart.

FATHER

Do you think it was easy for me?
you can't know... the price I
paid... for you.

Vincent rips free of Father, paces, his rage building.
each word is a body blow.

FATHER

For years afterward, I could
see her face... sometimes, when I
pass through the Chamber of the
Winds, I can hear it still...
the screaming, and the... the
sound you made as you... tore
your way into the world.

Vincent's hands flex, unflex; the ominous, dull POUNDING in
his skull grows louder. He's sick with horror.

VINCENT

Stop it! Stop it!

FATHER

You have to hear.

VINCENT

No more!

FATHER

Why do you resist your own
nature?

VINCENT

NO!

His voice is hoarse; he can barely speak. Tortured,
Vincent pushes past Father, toward the exit.

FATHER

Where are you going? You
can't run from it. You know
that, Vincent.

Vincent stops, tries to speak, but his language has
deserted him. The sound he makes is subhuman.

FATHER

They've tried to smother it
with piety. . . chain in their
little moralities... but you
can still hear the singing in
your blood, can't you?
(very soft)
Can't you?

Vincent closes his eyes, hangs his head. He can. Father
moves closer behind him, almost whispering.

FATHER

Don't fight it. It's you,
Vincent. It's who you are. It's
who you always were... from the
moment of your birth...

Vincent's head snaps around, and he stares at Father, his
face bestial, the bloodlust just below the surface.

FATHER

Good and evil are human
concepts. Let go of them,
Vincent. Let the power fill
you... make you its own...

Even Vincent's language fails him now. All he can do is weakly shake his head, trying to deny it. But he's lost.

FATHER

Your victims knew the truth.
Could you see it in their
faces? Remember the look in
their eyes as they beheld
you... the smell of their blood
on your hands...

(beat, seductive)

Imagine... the taste of it...
like copper and fire on your
tongue...

64. CLOSE ON VINCENT

as he finally BREAKS. The last desperate humanity in him vanishes, snuffed out like a candle in a hurricane, and the BEAST emerges... wild, wounded, in pain. He ROARS, blind with bloodlust and rage.

65. ANGLE ON FATHER

as Vincent strikes out at him. There is no fear on Father's face; he looks triumphant, almost ecstatic. Vincent seizes him roughly, SLAMS him backward over the table, plunges a clawed hand deep into father's chest, and RIPS down, disemboweling him in one terrible, deadly stroke. Still father does not scream, even as a thin froth of BLOOD bubbles from his mouth.

66. VINCENT

Horror fills his eyes as he realizes what he's done. He stares down at his hands, red with Father's blood.

67. ANGLE PAST VINCENT ON FATHER

smiling as he lays dying. When he speaks, we hear John Pater's voice at last.

FATHER

(Paracelsus' voice)

It's alright. Don't be afraid.

He reaches up to his neck, pulls off the mask. We see the alchemist as we've never seen him before; a warm smile on his face, his eyes full of his own strange kind of love. he lifts himself on an elbow, grasps Vincent's bloody hands, kisses him.

PARACELSUS

Now you are... my son... at
last...

And with that, John Pater falls back on the table, dead

68. VINCENT

backs away, still unable to take his eyes off the carnage, until he HEARS sounds, and looks up as we...

69. ANGLE PAST VINCENT

and RACK FOCUS. Cathy and Jamie stand in the tunnel entrance, supporting Father between them. They can see everything; the body, Vincent's blood soaked hands, his shame. Their faces are filled with a desperate horror. He looks up, into Catherine's eyes.

There's nothing more to say.

Off this endless, terrible moment, we

FADE TO BLACK

70. BLACK FRAME

We HOLD on blackness for a LONG, SOLID BEAT, before we

FADE BACK IN

71. INT - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - CLOSE ON VINCENT

Somehow they have gotten Vincent to the sanctuary of his chamber, but the scene is still with him, will always be with him. He sits in a chair, unmoving, staring off at nothing. Father and Catherine are with him, but Vincent,

lost in his own nightmare, seems almost unaware of their presence. Father puts away his stethoscope, closes his medical bag. Cathy approaches, shaken and concerned, and speaks to him in an URGENT WHISPER.

CATHERINE

Will he be alright?

FATHER

(troubled, afraid)
In time... I hope...

His voice trails off; clearly, Father is worried. He forces himself to continue more briskly.

FATHER

I'll sit with him if you...
have to go...

CATHERINE

No. I'm staying... as long as
he needs me.

She leaves Father, moves close to Vincent, takes his hand in her own. Her voice is gentle, full of love.

CATHERINE

Vincent, it's finished. You
only did what had to be done,
and now... we're free... the
nightmare is finally over.

Vincent's head turns SHARPLY. He stares at her, and we MOVE IN TIGHT on his eyes.

72. VINCENT'S POV

as he looks at Catherine and Father behind her. When he speaks his voice sounds strange; deeper, harsher, as if the very act of speech was painful to him.

VINCENT

(ominous)
No. It's not over.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

73. VINCENT'S POV - INFRARED (SFX)

on Catherine and Father. It's as if Vincent can see the hot blood coursing through their bodies, their hearts alive in their chests. OVER we hear the steady THUMP-THUMP-THUMP sound of their HEARTBEATS, growing louder

and louder. The screen goes to dark, dull RED and we

FADE OUT

THE END