

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Islands"

(a/k/a No Safe Place)

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and

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ACT ONE

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

A beautiful sunset reflects off magnificent glass and steel monuments and shimmers on the water's surface. This is New York at its best -- from a distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO WAREHOUSE - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

The rainbow hues are invisible here. Isaac Stubbs' street-fighting academy sits in a fringe area, where Soho artists and punks vie for control of the neighborhood's future. We HEAR the grunting exertions of two people engaged in combat as we -

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC STUBBS' LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Isaac is in mid-attack advancing, with a series of lunges, on Cathy, who wears sweat clothes. The tenacious instructor, in protective vest and headgear, expertly backs her into a corner, as she tries to fend him off.

ISAAC
I'm movin' in... and you ain't doin'
nothing to stop me.

She blocks a lunge, but he's still controlling the action. She looks for an escape, can't see one, keeps backing up. She's growing frustrated, and he's coming down on her.

ISAAC
Come on, Cathy. Is that all you got?
(she blocks a lunge)
You fightin' like a helpless
schoolgirl!

He rips off his headgear and tosses it, like she's wasting his time.

ISAAC
What do I need this for?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

Cathy flares. She comes at him hard, really trying to hurt him with a combination of kicks and punches -- the last of which gets through. Isaac lands on his butt.

CATHY

So I don't tear your head off.

ISAAC

Now we're talkin'!

He's up like a cat, and they circle again. Cathy spots an old pool cue leaning against a wall, and grabs it. Isaac is pleased with her determination, but still taunting her.

ISAAC

(sarcastic)

Uh-oh. Now I'm in trouble.

He lunges for her, but she blocks him with the stick.

ISAAC

Thought you was gettin' a little soft. Too much desk time.

CATHY

Keep talking, Isaac.

ISAAC

Anger is good...

She attacks with the stick, but he grabs it and flips her to the mat. He drops to her throat, in full control.

ISAAC

But it ain't enough, see? You got
to stay focused. Get it?

She nods, timidly. Isaac relaxes and leans forward to help her up. She innocently takes his hand, then -- WRAP! -- flips him onto his back and jumps down for the kill, ready to punch his lights out.

ISAAC

Whoa -- hold up!

She freezes, but stays ready. Isaac breaks into a grin.

ISAAC

That's good -- real good.

But Cathy's not budging from her attack stance.

ISAAC

Lesson's over.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

She finally relents and helps him up, her blood pressure returning to normal.

Thanks, Isaac. You really made me listen.

He smiles, puts an arm around her, and we -

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Isaac walks Cathy, who is now dressed in work clothes and carrying a gym bag, away from the building. It's an hour when the streets begin to turn mean.

ISAAC
Ain't no yellow cabs comin' round here at night.

CATHY
(motioning ahead)
Maybe I can get one on Canal.

ISAAC
(knows different)
Uh-uh. A gypsy's your only chance.

They step past a wino, then a bum wrapped in newspaper and cardboard. Cathy registers a trace of sympathy, Isaac only vigilance.

CATHY
How do people live like that?

ISAAC
That ain't livin'. It's called survival.
(notices something)
Hold it.

He takes Cathy's arm protectively, as they watch -

THEIR POV - THE STREET

Two predatory, black 20-year-olds -- CHULO, a Dominican wearing a red head-rag; and DION, a tall, muscular thug with a Carl Lewis flat-top -- hang in their "temporary office," a darkened doorway of a shuttered storefront.

CATHY'S VOICE
What's going on?

BACK TO SCENE - CATHY AND ISAAC

He moves her gently into the shadows near an apartment building doorway.

ISAAC
Make yourself part of this wall.

Cathy, disturbed, knows better than to argue. She backs against the wall, as -

ISAAC

Strides across the street for the two, who think he's some business coming their way. Chulo steps out to meet him.

CHULO
Hey, Homes, what's the hap?

ISAAC
Take a walk -
(pointed)
-- bro'. You and your friend -- I
want you gone.

Chulo looks at his friend like Isaac's a kind of nut. Dion saunters over, his hand in his pocket.

DION
What's your case, cuz? This our
street.

ISAAC
Not any more, it ain't. Pack it out of
here.

Behind this, a new Saab with two scared looking, college guys pulls up, HONKS. Chulo goes to talk to the driver. Isaac tries to stop him.

ISAAC
You hard of hearin'?

Chulo doesn't hesitate. Dion tries to hold Isaac back.

DION
You'd best let the man be.

Isaac flings Dion aside, as -

CHULO'S VOICE
Five dollars'll set you right one
time.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

Isaac stares Dion down, then moves to Chulo, who's removing two small vials of white crystal rocks from his pocket, in exchange for a ten. Isaac moves in, snatches the vials and pushes Chulo aside.

CHULO

Hey, you crazy...?!

ISAAC

(snarls, to driver)

You wanna die, I can help you do it quicker.

The car SCREECHES off, as Chulo and Dion converge on Isaac.

DION

We axed you not to mess with...

Before he can finish, Isaac whirls to face them, ready to do some serious damage.

ISAAC

(overriding)

And I told you to get out my sight. Go on!

They look at each other, considering whether they want a piece of Isaac. Then they get smart, and back off.

CHULO

(to Dion)

Come on. We catch this fool later.

They saunter off, down the street.

ISAAC

Watches for a beat, pours the white rocks onto the street and crushes them under his heel, then crosses to Cathy, who emerges from the shadows.

CATHY

(sharing his anger)

What was that about?

ISAAC

Sellin' crack.

He looks -

THEIR POV - DOWN THE ROAD

Chulo and Dion laugh and slap five as they strut off.

ISAAC'S VOICE

Their disease is infecting my
neighborhood.

BACK TO SCENE

Isaac takes Cathy's arm and they continue walking.

CATHY

I thought this part of town was on
its way back.

ISAAC

(resentful)

I thought so too -- for a while.

CATHY

Can't the police do anything?

ISAAC

(rhetorical)

You see any cops around here?

They stop at a corner before Canal, where there's no traffic or legitimate business. A few outcasts mill about, including a young runaway -- white, 15, sitting on the opposite curb wearing tattered clothes, no socks. The boy's bleak face sears Isaac's soul.

ISAAC

It hurts to see these kids with their heads
all messed over.

CATHY

You can't turn things around by
yourself.

ISAAC

(ominous)

We'll see about that.

CATHY

Vigilante justice isn't the answer. I'll
talk to the D.A., ask for more police
protection...

ISAAC

Don't waste your time. This part of the
world don't exist to City Hall. Believe
it.

He spots a gypsy cab -- an '83 Impala -- cruising their way.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

CATHY
(appealing to him)

Isaac -

ISAAC
(bitter; cuts her off)
Looks like you got a ride.

Isaac waves him over.

CATHY
I'm going to try and help.

ISAAC
(unimpressed)
Fine -- but this is the last time I see
you 'round here at night. It's just
lookin' for trouble.

CATHY
I can take care of myself.
(tries to cheer him)
I learned from one of the best.

ISAAC
(with finality)
I mean it -- daytime or no time.

Cathy, troubled by his hardening attitude, opens the car door. Instinctively, they both check out the driver -- a tough but clean looking young black man in a hip leather hat. The car's interior is decorated with tassles and other funky artifacts, including a sign that reads, "Armande's Limo Deluxe."

CATHY
(re: the ride)
It's okay.

ISAAC
(pointed; for the
driver's benefit)
It better be.

She closes the door, and they pull off. then Isaac watches them go, turns back, alone, into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHERINE'S TERRACE - NIGHT

A clear spring night. Vincent is there with Cathy, and the stars are shimmering. But something is gnawing at her, as she looks out across Manhattan.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

CATHY

From here, the city seems like a big, shiny gift -- waiting to be unwrapped. . .

VINCENT

(musing)

It is a lovely evening.

CATHY

...But when you get down into it, there's a whole darker reality.

He realizes she's disturbed about something, and tries to appeal to their common spirit.

VINCENT

Few things are what they seem on the surface. That's why, when you find something real... you must treasure it forever.

Cathy smiles sadly, getting his point, but allowing herself only a little comfort by it.

VINCENT

What's troubling you, Catherine? Was it your time with Isaac?

He's "tapped" into the source of her pain, and she lets it flow out.

CATHY

He confronted two men selling crack outside his studio tonight.

VINCENT

Is he all right?

CATHY

For now... but they'll be back... There are hundreds like them...

(passionate)

Teenagers... with hard, cold faces ...spreading death across the city, like a plague.

This touches a nerve. Vincent stares off sadly, thinking of another time, another victim.

VINCENT

Yes... A plague that robs us all... of our children... our friends... our humanity .

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

She shares the moment, remembering Rolley, as she knows Vincent is too. Then, sadly -

CATHY

But why, Vincent? Kids trading lunch-money for crack-cocaine. What kind of world do we live in?

VINCENT

A world of beauty... and ugliness. Hatred, and love...

She's connected to him now. His words transform the sadness they both feel into something more meaningful.

VINCENT

A newborn infant doesn't know anger or despair. He learns those feelings... the same way he can be taught trust, hope... compassion.

CATHY

But there are so many obstacles...

VINCENT

...And many stumble. But some are determined... to choose the right path... and to shine a light, so others may follow.

His message begins to restore her faith and banish her demons of powerlessness. Off their mutual appreciation and love, we -

CUT TO:

INT. JOE MAXWELL'S OFFICE -DAY

Joe, harried as ever, is looking for something in the bottom drawer of his file cabinet. Cathy stands over him, putting on the heavy pressure.

CATHY

There's got to be something we can do. That neighborhood can go either way -- and we can make a difference.

Joe stands, frustrated, unable to find the file. He sits on his desk, picks up the phone and punches a button, practically ignoring Cathy, who resents it.

CATHY

Joe!

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

JOE
 One second, Radcliffe. This new
 filing system has got me crazy.
 (into phone)
 I need a little assistance here -
 the Kaminsky brief.

A beat, as his secretary responds, directing him to a neat stack in his
 out-basket.

JOE
 (humbly)
 Who put it there?

He hangs up.

CATHY
 Joe -- listen to me.

He puts aside the file, giving her a second.

CATHY
 People are sleeping on the streets
 ...selling themselves for drugs.

JOE
 You just noticed?
 (chastened by her
 look)
 And you want to do what about it?

CATHY
 Put pressure on the mayor's office. Bring
 enough police in there to make a
 difference.

JOE
 (stands)
 Can we be a little realistic here?
 The National Guard couldn't sweep all
 that sleaze out of town. There's too
 much of it.

CATHY
 (angry)
 So we're supposed to just give up the
 neighborhood and walk away.

JOE
 I didn't say that.

He senses the depth of her frustration and tries a different
 approach.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

JOE

Look, Radcliffe -- you know cops can't change things by themselves.

Cathy's heard this argument before, and it sounds like a copout.

JOE

Those people have to do it from inside -- with self-help programs, community outreach... There's a solid core there already.

CATHY

And we have to support them!

JOE

And we do -
 (off Cathy's cynical
 look)
 -- as much as our resources allow.

Joe, unable to offer more, goes back to his paperwork. The dead-end seems to intensify Cathy's determination, as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A quiet night in Isaac's part of town.

INT. ISAAC'S LOFT - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS the darkened, seemingly empty studio. A dim bluish light from outside casts ominous shadows across the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ISAAC'S BEDROOM

Isaac, wearing a t-shirt and sweatpants, is asleep in bed in this spacious, partitioned area at the back of his loft. This room, too, has shadows -- and some of them are converging on Isaac.

CLOSE ON ISAAC

As arms enter the frame on both sides, grabbing him. He jumps with a start, but is held virtually in place, as a blinding flashlight beam hits his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TURNER'S VOICE

Mister Stubbs -- I thought I could find you here.

ISAAC

(squinting)

Didn't your mama teach you no manners?

WIDER ON THE SCENE

The man with the flashlight is EDGAR TURNER, 38, the slick, black, college-educated head of Soho's Eastside community Club. Dressed in a plain brown suit, Turner carries himself as a revered community leader -- which he is, despite running a local crack and extortion ring on the side.

Chulo and Dion, the two crack dealers we saw before, hold Isaac down, along with a third thug, a big, mean-looking killer, LAMAR. A very tough white bodyguard, PERRY, stands next to Turner, who shines the light an extra beat, then shuts it off. He nods to the three thugs, who allow Isaac to sit up -- slowly.

TURNER

Don't get yourself agitated. I just wanna have a few words with you.

ISAAC

(recognizes him)

Then make an appointment.

Turner smiles, taking in the surroundings. He acts as if the two were old pals, which they're not.

TURNER

I hear you doing good things with your academy. Teachin' people self-defense and such -- that's important.

ISAAC

Save your jive for the politicians, Turner. What do you want?

TURNER

(patient)

You've been interfering with my business... at the street level.

ISAAC

(pointed)

Crack-dealing.

He leans in to Isaac, trying to tell him what he thinks is the most obvious thing in the world.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TURNER .

Look it, man -- us have-nots gotta work together in this town... to get our fair share. That's what it's all about -- the American dream.

ISAAC

You been hurtin' people with your poison... That's what it's about.

TURNER

(warning)

Smarten up, Stubbs. I'm providing a service here -- just like you are.

This one really gets to Isaac. Livid, he spits out his response.

ISAAC

I know who you are, Turner -- and you're goin' to war with the wrong guy.

Turner smiles and shakes his head, resigned to protect his interests.

TURNER

The war's over, brother.

(beat)

And you lost.

Isaac tries to spring up suddenly, but Chulo and Dion force him back down, pinning his arms. Turner and his bodyguard turn and walk toward the door, leaving the others.

TURNER

(calling back)

See you in the next life, Stubbs.

Turner and Perry exit as, in the shadows, Chulo and Dion secure Isaac in his sitting position -- one gripping each arm. Lamar rears back and slugs him in the face... then again... then another shot to the stomach, as the others hold him still. The beating continues until Isaac appears to go limp.

LAMAR

Hold back his head.

He takes out a switchblade and flicks it open, as Dion loosens his grip to grab Isaac's head. Isaac, sensing the moment, rallies to free his right arm and elbow Dion in the kidney, doubling him over. Isaac's hand darts quickly under -

HIS PILLOW

He whips out a wooden billy club hidden there, and -WIDER

Smacks Lamar's knife-hand, then whacks his head on the backhand swing. The guy goes down, but Chulo holds on, and Dion recovers, pulling a gun from his waistband. It's hard for Dion to aim at the struggling men in the dark.

CHULO
(losing the fight)
Waste him, man. Do it!

Dion waits too long. Isaac gets hold of Chulo and flings him into the gunman, sending them both staggering back. He streaks for the door, as Dion's SHOTS fire wild. Chulo gives Dion a dirty look and goes to help Lamar, as Dion moves cautiously out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISAAC'S LOFT - NIGHT

Dion, gun in hand, then Chulo and Lamar, burst out of the building onto the street. They look down the empty street, realizing their target has disappeared into the night. As Dion puts away his gun, we -

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ISAAC'S STUDIO - DAY

Cathy, concerned to find the door unlocked, enters Isaac's studio slowly, not wanting to intrude.

CATHY

Isaac...?

(calling)

Hello... Anybody here...?

She moves through the undamaged studio toward his room in the back, beginning to feel a little uncomfortable.

CATHY

Isaac -- it's Catherine...

She gets to the bedroom partition, and KNOCKS on the partially open door.

CATHY

Hello...

She pushes inside and is disturbed to see -

THE BEDROOM

Messed up from last night's fight. Cathy sees the phone lying on the floor, its receiver off the hook. She registers increased concern, then fear, as she studies the room, seeing:

Spots of blood on the sheets of the unmade bed;

More blood on the floor, where Lamar went down;

Two bullet holes in the wall near the doorway.

As Cathy examines the bullet holes, careful not to disturb any evidence, she HEARS a noise inside the studio. Alarmed, she flattens herself against the partition by the door. The NOISE STOPS, and she risks a glance out the door, seeing -

CATHY'S POV - THE STUDIO

From her partially obscured view, the room appears empty. She notices the pool cue she used in her earlier self-defense lesson leaning up against a side wall.

WITH CATHY

She decides to go for the stick. She edges out into the studio, stopping to reassess her position behind a heavy support beam. Seeing and hearing nothing, she moves quickly toward the cue, but -

A YOUNG LATINO MAN

RICKY, about 18, wearing an old baseball jacket and jeans, jumps out from behind the heavy bag and grabs the stick first, ready to defend himself.

CATHY

GASPS, alarmed, and backs off, bumping into an end table. She grabs a wax-splotched wine bottle (a makeshift candleholder) from the table and brandishes it menacingly.

CATHY

Stay away from me. I mean it.

RICKY

(softly; re: her
posture)

Isaac teach you that?

Cathy realizes he's probably not dangerous, but she maintains her guard. Ricky lowers the stick.

CATHY

Who are you?

RICKY

He taught me too.

He puts the stick down, and she sees he's a softspoken, friendly kid -- at the moment, feeling down.

RICKY

My name's Ricky Menendez. I live in the corner building.

CATHY

(lowers the bottle)

Where's Isaac?

RICKY

You didn't hear nothin'?

She picks up a sense of dread from his tone.

CATHY

(anxious)

What? Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

RICKY

I came to see for myself... I heard on
the street... Isaac's dead.

Off her look of horror and despair -

CUT TO:

EXT. ISAAC'S LOFT - DAY

Cathy and Ricky -- two newly teamed allies -- stand outside the
entrance, each ready to pursue a different course.

RICKY

I know a kid whose brother hangs with the
crackheads. I'll see what they heard about
Isaac.

CATHY

Be careful, Ricky.
(hands him a card)
If you find out anything -- no matter how
small -- call me.

RICKY

(acknowledging)
Same here. That guy was always there
for me and my family.

Cathy nods her appreciation, and Ricky heads off. She turns and
goes in the other direction, toward -

HER CAR

Parked on the corner. Cathy moves toward it, alert to the relatively
quiet street life around her. But as she looks in her purse for her
keys, she passes an open alleyway, and -

WITH CATHY

She's startled, when a black arm reaches out of the alley and yanks
her off the sidewalk.

ISAAC'S VOICE

It's me.

IN THE ALLEYWAY

Cathy, reeling, tries to gain composure, as she looks at Isaac, who is
bloody, puffy, bruised... and angry.

CATHY

Isaac. . . What are you...?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

ISAAC

Since when you walk past an alleyway with
your head in your purse?!

CATHY

What... happened?

He puts off an answer, as he leads her deeper into the protection of the alleyway. His movement and breathing are hampered by aching ribs. He exudes the manic intensity of a wounded animal.

CATHY

Who did this to you?

ISAAC

You heard of a guy, Edgar Turner -always
mouths off about rebuilding the
neighborhood?

CATHY

I've seen him on the news -- he runs the
East Side Community Club.

ISAAC

That sleaze is headin' up the crack
business around here. He wants me dead.

Her mind races, as the enormity of the news sinks in.

CATHY

You've got to tell the police what
happened... see a doctor...
(looks around
nervously)
Get off the street...

ISAAC

(burning)
No one's kicking me out of my own
neighborhood. This is my home.

Cathy knows he's beyond reason, but she tries again anyway.

CATHY

No one wants to. Come to the D.A.'s
office... I'll go with you...

ISAAC

No! I'd be dead before Turner went to
trial.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

CATHY

We can protect you.

ISAAC

(cynical)

Yeah, right... Turner has as many friends in City Hall as he does on the street.

Isaac's face is hardened into a look she hasn't seen before -and it scares her.

ISAAC

It's too late for talkin' now.

He starts to back away from her... and from the rules of society she represents. Cathy knows he means serious harm.

CATHY

Isaac -- this isn't the way... Please!

ISAAC

Go talk to your friends uptown.

(bitter)

See if anybody believes what I say.

She watches helplessly, as he disappears into the shadows. Off her grave concern, we--

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL ENTRY - DAY

Even in this place of calm, Cathy has trouble standing still, as she updates Vincent about Isaac.

CATHY

I'm scared for him, Vincent. He's all alone out there.

VINCENT

Is there no one he trusts?

CATHY

(with an edge)

He's desperate... He won't let anyone close to him.

Vincent recognizes himself in her words. He's knows what it's like to defend a community under siege.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

VINCENT

The path he's chosen is a lonely one... He's protecting those he loves... from danger.

CATHY

(frustrated)

What about protecting himself?

Vincent looks away, realizing she would not understand any answer he could give her.

CATHY

Is it his courage that drives him like this... or just pride?

VINCENT

Perhaps both.

(a beat)

Isaac is willing to stand up for what he believes. That's what you admire about him... and what others fear.

CATHY

But even the bravest warrior can't conquer an army by himself.

Cathy looks into the tunnel's darkness, frightened for Isaac's safety.

VINCENT

Stares past her, into the light, his course of action becoming clear.

CUT TO:

EXT. EASTSIDE COMMUNITY CLUB - NIGHT

A refurbished tenement in a rundown part of Isaac's neighborhood. Three kids with gym bags, one of them bouncing a basketball, move out of the building and down the sidewalk, past -

ISAAC

Who stands in the shadows next to the building... watching. His eyes dart across the street, as he notices -

ISAAC'S POV - BOARDED-UP STOREFRONT

Turner, carrying a heavy satchel, exits from a door stenciled: E.C.C. ANNEX, past Lamar, the knife-wielding thug from last night. Turner says something to his bodyguard Perry (MOS), who's standing by a new Cadillac at the curb. The two get in the car, and Perry drives off.

WITH ISAAC

He darts across the street toward the annex, hugging the shadows to remain unseen. He makes it unnoticed to the side of the storefront and waits there quietly, as a car passes on the street nearby.

ON LAMAR

cracking his knuckles. Stretching. Bored.

WIDER

Isaac moves toward him, so quickly and fluidly, Lamar barely has time to react.

LAMAR

Hey -

He reaches inside his jacket, but Isaac pounces, striking him with a glancing blow that knocks him back against the wall. Lamar goes for Isaac's throat, but Isaac gives him a quick shot to the gut. Then, perhaps remembering last night, he slams Lamar's head twice against a brick wall, sending him slumping to the ground.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Isaac tries the door, but it's locked. He hurriedly pats Lamar's pants pocket, grabs a key and opens the door, dragging the unconscious henchman with him.

INT. ANNEX OUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is a narrow rectangle with card tables and folding chairs scattered about and travel posters of Jamaica and Puerto Rico on the walls. Isaac closes the door and leaves Lamar lying there, as he edges toward a back room, where MUSIC is playing.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNEX BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A small room, where Chulo and Dion sit at a card table under a hanging light. The table is covered with wax paper, on top of which sit Dion's handgun; two fist-sized rocks of crack cocaine; a sensitive, digital scale; and about fifty small glass vials. As MUSIC plays from a nearby boom-box, Chulo and Dion carve the rocks into pebbles, which they weigh and drop into the vials.

ON THE DOOR

As Isaac BUSTS it open with a powerful kick.

DION

Grabs his gun, but Isaac kicks it away and slugs him, knocking him back, CRASHING outside through a closed window. Isaac turns just in time to intercept -

CHULO

Who charges with his blade. Isaac tries to blocks Chulo's attack, but his forearm is gashed in the process. Chulo thrusts again, but Isaac grabs his arm, steps aside and elbows him hard in the ribs, putting him down.

ISAAC

Sees a small fire extinguisher on the wall beside him, grabs it and bashes Chulo upside the head as he tries to get up. He lifts the semi-conscious Chulo a few inches off the floor by the collar..

ISAAC

You tell Turner I'm takin' back the neighborhood.

He drops him, then focuses on the table, covered with dozens of doses of white death. His back toward the door, he lifts the extinguisher's nozzle and BLASTS the poison with a layer of foam, destroying it.

ON LAMAR, IN THE OUTER ROOM

standing, woozy, in the middle of the room, loading shells into a pump-shotgun. He finishes, pumps a shell into the chamber, and aims at -

HIS POV - THROUGH THE DOORWAY - ISAAC

Back to him, still spraying away on his holy mission. But before Lamar can shoot, we hear a terrible ROAR, and Isaac turns just in time to see -

VINCENT

His hood up, he jumps Lamar from out of the darkness, ROARING as he forces the thug to drop the gun. He hurls Lamar into a wall, causing him to crumple in a heap.

ISAAC

Lowers the fire extinguisher, watching, motionless, in awed gratitude, as -

VINCENT

Lowers his hood, but his face is still obscured in the shadows. For a moment the two warriors stand their ground, acknowledging their mutual respect. Then Vincent lifts his hood, whirls and disappears into the night, leaving -

ISAAC

To ponder what he's seen.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. CATHY'S TERRACE - NIGHT

Vincent's just finished telling her about the fight at the Club annex. It's late, but Cathy is wired -- her concern and frustration mounting.

CATHY

Are you sure he's safe?

VINCENT

Isaac's instinct to survive is strong... The night will protect him.

CATHY

(urgently)

We need to stop him, Vincent...

Saddened by Isaac's plight, she looks for support. Vincent's reticence indicates a different perspective.

CATHY

This crusade has become a personal vendetta... It's dragging him down to Turner's level.

Vincent remembers with shame what it's like to be overtaken by rage.

VINCENT

I fear it's too late to change Isaac's course.

CATHY

To prevent him from killing... or being killed himself...? I can't believe it's too late for that.

Vincent looks out into the darkness of the city, focusing on something he knows she can never fully understand.

VINCENT

Catherine, your friend is in a world apart from you now... His thoughts, his actions... are surrounded by danger. . .

(facing her)

You cannot help him... To be near him is to put yourself at risk... and to endanger his life as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

CATHY
(determined)
Then I'll find another way...I
won't abandon him.

VINCENT
You must trust that the purity of his
purpose... will see him through.

CATHY
I can't do that...

VINCENT
Then follow your own path, as Isaac does
his...

CATHY
And what will you do?

VINCENT
(grim)
I will follow mine.

And with that, he turns slowly away from her and leaves. She
watches with dread, and we -

CUT TO:

INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - MORNING

Cathy, tired from lack of sleep, walks through the outer office, looking
at a couple of late phone messages from last night. Joe pokes his head
out from his office and motions for her.

JOE
(formal tone)
Miss Chandler.

Cathy walks over, sensing from Joe's manner that there's someone in his
office.

CATHY
What's up?

JOE
Have a minute?" There's someone I'd like
you to meet.

His look alerts her to some awkwardness, as they enter -

JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cathy recognizes Turner, who gets up to greet her. She tries to disguise her distaste, as -

JOE

Assistant D.A. Chandler, this is Edgar
Turner, director of the Eastside
Community Club.

Turner offers his hand and a charming smile. Cathy returns both gestures -- with difficulty, as Joe moves to his desk.

TURNER

Pleasure to meet you.
(to Joe; good-natured)
'Bout time you got a woman in here --
and a pretty one too.

JOE

(as they sit)
Don't be fooled; she's tough as nails.

CATHY

And to what do we owe this pleasure?

JOE

Mister Turner is here to report some
vandalism at the Club annex.

TURNER

This is just the latest in a series of
incidents: People being harassed on the
streets, destruction of property...

JOE

All by the same man?

TURNER

Yeah, Isaac Stubbs...I
(disdainful)
The man teaches street-fighting all
day, then he goes out and does it at
night.

Joe knew this was coming. Cathy did too, but she's taken aback by the brazenness of Turner's accusations.

TURNER

It's getting so the old folks in the
neighborhood are afraid to come out for
our weekly Bingo games.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

CATHY

(restrained)

What exactly happened last night,
Mister Turner?

TURNER

Stubbs broke in on a gin rummy game
at the annex around 10:30. Beat up
my staff

(to Joe)

He's dangerous, and I want him off
the streets. Guy like that gives a
neighborhood a bad name.

Joe opens his mouth to respond, but Cathy jumps in first, barely
concealing an accusatory tone.

CATHY

You have any idea why Mister Stubbs is
behaving this way?

TURNER

(sympathetic)

I don't think he's right in the head. The
man's a lunatic.

CATHY

(flaring)

Maybe he objects to the crack being
pushed on the streets right outside his
business.

TURNER

(self-righteous)

That's a terrible problem. We
all do.

CATHY

(biting)

Except for those who profit from it,
hiding behind a veil of community
leadership.

Turner is visibly taken aback. He looks at Joe and responds -still
low-key, but with an edge they haven't seen before.

TURNER

Who the hell is she talkin' to?

JOE

Chandler -- back off.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

CATHY

(stands)

I'm talking to you -- about crack dealing and conspiracy to commit murder.

TURNER

(gets up)

I don't have to listen to this slanderous attack.

Joe gets up too, trying to restore a semblance of control.

JOE

I can assure you Miss Chandler's remarks in no way...

TURNER

(overriding)

I came here because I mistakenly believed you people were untainted by the poison of racial hatred...

CATHY

I'm gonna nail you, Turner. I don't have the evidence now, but I will.

TURNER

(overriding)

...but I can see I was wrong...!

She storms out past a startled colleague in the outer office, as

JOE

Chandler!

TURNER

The mayor's gonna hear about this...

Off Joe's beleaguered look, we -

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONDEMNED APARTMENT BUILDINGS - EVENING

A row of drab, once-magnificent buildings, now boarded-up and dangerous from years of neglect.

INT. ISAAC'S HIDEOUT - EVENING

The dank, decaying basement of a condemned building. Isaac is sitting on a wooden crate by a gas lantern, using another crate as a makeshift table, surrounded by weapons of war -- handguns, ammunition, knives, an assault rifle.

He opens a box of shells, pours them onto the table and begins loading them into the clip of his assault rifle. He seems to have shed all recognizable traces of his humanity, as he becomes more consumed by this mission.

A NOISE sounds o.s. -- a footstep through gravel -- and Isaac jams the clip in his gun, lowers the light and recedes into a corner like a practiced killing machine.

RICKY'S VOICE
(loud whisper)

Isaac?

Isaac moves quickly through the shadows to the broken wooden door, alert to the possibility of a trick. Ricky enters, carrying a canvas knapsack.

RICKY
Isaac, it's me...

Isaac swings the gun toward him, and Ricky freezes. Isaac motions him inside with the gun, then pokes his head out the door for a quick glance outside.

RICKY
(nervous)
It's okay, man. No one followed me -- I'm sure.

Isaac comes inside, puts down the gun and turns up the light. His movements are precise, measured. Ricky, a little unsettled by all the weapons, hands Isaac his bag.

ISAAC
(opening the bag)
Did you get everything?

RICKY
It's all there.

ISAAC
Okay, thanks. Now, take off.

He pours out the contents (adhesive tape, cord, flashlight, bandages, linament, a lighter and fluid), takes the roll of tape and rips out a three-foot length. Ricky watches.

ISAAC
What are you waitin' for?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

Isaac cuts the tape with a hunting knife, then begins taping the knife and its sheath to his shin.

RICKY

I think I know where the lab is...
where they make the stuff.

ISAAC

(intense)

Where?

RICKY

I... want to come with you.

Ricky is a good kid, and tough -- but no killer. His loyalty gets through, bringing Isaac in touch with a different emotion than the kind he's been feeling.

ISAAC

Tell me where it is, Ricky.

RICKY

You can't take out all those guys by
yourself.

Isaac goes back to taping the weapon to his leg, propped up on the table. He refuses to involve him any further, even if it means not learning the lab's location.

ISAAC

This ain't your fight, son. If you won't
tell me, I'll find it myself.

RICKY

(frustrated)

You don't know, man. They been hassling me,
my sister... my mother don't even go out to
the store, unless I come with her.

Isaac finishes with the knife and puts a hand on Ricky's back.

ISAAC

Go home, Ricky. Tell your mother
things are gonna change real soon.

Ricky doesn't move. Isaac's face hardens again, with enough anger and rage to make him unrecognizable.

ISAAC

(snapping)

I said, get out of here.

He prods the reluctant kid toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

ISAAC

And don't let nobody see where you came from.

Ricky stops at the door and turns to Isaac, who's already gone back to his preparations.

RICKY

Isaac...

(Isaac looks up)

The old warehouse on Broome street. Near the water.

Isaac's expression softens, as Ricky slips out the door. He watches him go, then resumes his task.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO STREETS - MOVING WITH ISAAC - NIGHT

Isaac, wearing black, moves swiftly through the darkness with the knapsack, his assault rifle, and various secreted weapons. He's a one-man demolition crew.

He comes to the shadowy spot next to the Eastside Community Club, from where he can see the E.C.C. Annex across the street. Both the club and its annex are closed, with no sign of life on the street. Isaac backs away, OUT OF FRAME.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POCKET PARK - MOVING WITH ISAAC - NIGHT

Isaac makes his way behind hedges and trees to the edge of the park. He sees a PATROL CAR, cruising by slowly and recedes back behind some covering brush.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BEHIND THE BRUSH

Isaac backs in safely, then turns to check his surroundings. He jerks his gun up instinctively, as he sees -

VINCENT

Standing there in the darkness, his hood up. He remains calm in the face of Isaac's threat, and slowly moves toward him.

VINCENT

It's Vincent, Isaac. I mean you no harm.

Isaac lowers the gun, as Vincent approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

ISAAC
(grateful)
I know who you are.

VINCENT
And I know you... your passion... your fury.

ISAAC
What are you doing here? This doesn't
concern you.

VINCENT
You don't have to be alone.

Vincent moves closer.

VINCENT
The most solitary islands... are
connected... beneath the water's
surface.

Isaac looks at him, then turns away. He identifies with
Vincent-- but he's fighting it.

ISAAC
You don't know how it is.

VINCENT
Your anger comes from a place deep
inside... a place others dare not go.

ISAAC
I get my strength from that place.

VINCENT
No... Your strength comes from somewhere
else. This well quenches only a thirst
for revenge...

Isaac turns cold, and hoists the gun back over his shoulder.

VINCENT
...I fear you're lost there.

ISAAC
I thought you were with me.

VINCENT
Let me be with you. We'll find
another way.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

ISAAC

There's only one way left.

He starts to go, but Vincent steps in front of him.

VINCENT

(appealing to him)

Isaac...

ISAAC

You wanna stop me, you'll have to kill me.

He pushes past Vincent, who stands there, regretfully, unable to change Isaac's thinking.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BROOME STREET WAREHOUSE - WITH ISAAC - NIGHT

As he moves through the shadows past a dumpster, then two cars -- an n.d. sedan and a souped-up Mustang -- toward the still, windowless warehouse. There's no one else on the street, and seemingly no one inside.

AT THE WAREHOUSE

Isaac sees no windows and no way to the roof. There's no way in, other than a heavily fortified steel door. He studies the door in the darkness, thinking...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - BEHIND THE DUMPSTER - LATER

Isaac's been staking out the warehouse from behind the dumpster. Finally, he sees -

THE WAREHOUSE DOOR

Opens, and a tall, angular CHEMIST, 40, wearing a protective jumpsuit and glasses, is let out by Dion, who's guarding the place from inside.

THE CHEMIST

Moves quickly to his car, the Mustang, and puts his hand in his pocket for the keys. As he does -

ISAAC

Appears suddenly from behind, pushes the guy roughly against the car with a handgun in his back and begins frisking him.

ISAAC
No talkin'.

CHEMIST
I don't have any money.

ISAAC
(finished frisking)
Who's inside?

CHEMIST
Huh?.. Don't hurt me...

ISAAC
The warehouse -- who's in there?

CHEMIST
One guy -- a guard, by the door.

ISAAC
And you?

CHEMIST
I'm just a cook -- you know... a chemist.

Isaac, disgusted, grabs him by the back collar and moves him toward the building.

CUT TO

EXT. WAREHOUSE DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The chemist is banging on the door. Isaac stands next to him against the wall, hidden from the doorway.

CHEMIST
Dion, open up... I forgot my keys.

The door opens and, in a flash, Isaac pushes him inside.

INT. - WAREHOUSE FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Isaac whacks Dion hard with the assault rifle, sending him sprawling to the floor. He checks to make sure he's out, frisks him and takes Dion's big handgun, stuffing it into his waistband.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

The chemist is cowering against a nearby wall. Isaac barks at him:

ISAAC
What'd you just see?

CHEMIST
Nothing.

ISAAC
Then why am I still lookin' at you?

The chemist thinks for a beat, then gratefully edges out the door and hauls ass to his car. Isaac slams the warehouse door shut.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE STORAGE AREA

Isaac flips the LIGHT ON and sees three long tables, each covered with wax paper. On top of each table are fist-sized, drying rocks of cocaine; bunsen burners; large, open-mouthed, glass beakers; gallon containers of distilled water; and boxes of baking soda..

He examines the setup, then moves to a side wall, where large cartons, with E.C.C. stenciled on them, are stacked. He rips open one box, pulls out stacks of Bingo cards, an empty Bingo cage, and several boxes of styrofoam balls used in the game. Feverishly, he digs deeper, sensing something more. At last, he pulls out a heavy plastic package wrapped with masking tape and filled with a kilo of cocaine.

ISAAC
(to himself)

Bingo.

He moves back to one of the long tables, tosses down the bag and opens the burner's stopcock all the way. As the gas HISSES out, he moves quickly to the other burners, repeating the process. At the last table, he removes a lighter from his pocket and sets the wax paper on fire. He hurries out of the room, as the paper burns slowly.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE FRONT OFFICE

Dion is still out on the floor, his hands tied with cord behind him. Isaac rushes in, hoists Dion over his shoulder and hustles outside, leaving the door open behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As Isaac unloads Dion onto the hood of the n.d. sedan. In the b.g., we hear a series of EXPLOSIONS, and the warehouse is engulfed in FLAMES.

ISAAC

Turns, takes a last look at the burning building and disappears into the night.

BEHIND THE DUMPSTER - VINCENT

Stands there, watching Isaac run off, the flickering flames reflected in his anguished eyes. As he bows his head, dejected, we -

FADEOUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SOHO WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Vincent, his hood up, watches sadly, as -

HIS POV - ISAAC

Runs alongside an adjacent warehouse in the darkness.

VINCENT

Decides to follow. He moves parallel to Isaac, staying in shadow, keeping a discreet distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DARKENED ALLEYWAY

Vincent stands there, just off an empty street, waiting, as a SIREN approaches in the distance. After a long beat, he sees -

ISAAC

Moving across a construction lot down the street, using the heavy equipment, shut down for the night, as cover. He comes to a cyclone fence, lifts up the bottom corner where it's loose, and slips underneath, onto the street. He looks around, seeing no one, and heads off toward a row of condemned apartment buildings.

VINCENT

Watches, then moves after him.

CUT TO:

INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING - ISAAC'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Isaac enters the dark room cautiously, using a flashlight to look for his lantern. The lantern is overturned, along with the crates used as table and chairs. Realizing something's wrong, Isaac turns off the flashlight, readies the assault rifle on his hip, and moves quietly toward -

THE BATHROOM

A dingy room with a broken-down old toilet, sink and tub. Isaac swings into the doorway, gun ready, but sees no one at first. Then, disturbed, he looks more closely at -

THE TUB

Ricky is lying in it, fully clothed.

ISAAC

Flips on his flashlight and moves closer. The walls and tub are streaked with blood. Ricky is lying there peacefully, staring straight ahead through lifeless eyes.

ISAAC

Ricky...

He gently touches his head and it falls limply to one shoulder, revealing a thick gash across the throat, from which blood oozes.

CLOSE ON ISAAC

As his sadness and guilt are overridden by a burning anger and determination.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

A seedy place in Isaac's neighborhood, with a simple, flashing neon sign. Over this, we HEAR the break of a billiard game, and we -

CUT TO:

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Cathy's by the front counter, talking to a crusty old ex-middleweight, MR. HAWKINS, who's managed the place for thirty years and seen it all. In the b.g., a few locals hang out, shooting pool and drinking beer.

HAWKINS

Stubbs...?

(faking it)

No, can't say I ever heard of him.

CATHY

Mr. Hawkins, I know Isaac plays pool here... He's in trouble: I'm trying to help him.

HAWKINS

You're gonna help Isaac?

CATHY

Yes!

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

She can't tell if the old guy is sarcastic, uncooperative or just punch-drunk. He thinks a beat, then -

HAWKINS

I'm not sayin' I know him... but if I did... I'd say he could prob'ly take care of himself.

Off her anger and frustration, we -

CUT TO:

EXT.. POOL HALL - NIGHT

She exits and stops outside the door, surveying -

THE STREET

Dark and ominous. There's a hooker smoking a cigarette outside a seedy bar across the road. She looks at Cathy with disdain.

CATHY

Screws up her courage and steps off the curb to approach the hooker when, all of the sudden -

AN OLD VAN

Comes SCREECHING around the corner, almost hitting -CATHY

Who jumps back, anxiously, catching her breath. She looks down the street after the van, which SCREECHES off. Cathy regroups, turns her attention back -

ACROSS THE STREET

But the hooker has disappeared! The street is dead, except for the SOUND of RAP MUSIC coming from a juke box inside the bar.

CATHY

Crosses toward the bar and peers inside the tinted glass window. She decides to go inside, turns and bumps smack into -

A TOOTHLESS STREET-PERSON

A grizzled vet, looking for a handout, holding a wine bottle in a paper bag and HACKING a tubercular cough. He's aggressive, coughing in her face, and she moves briskly to the bar's entrance, feeling distinctly uneasy.

INT. BAR

Cathy enters, stands near the front door, looking around for anyone who might be able to help her. She crosses toward the bar, where a young, muscular bartender in a sleeveless t-shirt serves the locals.

On her way there, she's spotted by MAURICE, a young street-tough, who stops patting out a drum solo on the juke box and calls to her.

MAURICE

Yo-- Credit Card.

Cathy looks, vaguely recalling him as he approaches. Others at the bar take notice.

CATHY

Maurice?

MAURICE

I know you didn't come in here for the funky sounds.

CATHY

(sotto)

I'm looking for my friend, Isaac Stubbs.

MAURICE

Yeah, you and everybody else.

CATHY

Do you know where he is?

MAURICE

(re: her purse)

What you holdin' this time - more plastic?

CATHY

I have money.

MAURICE

Then step into my office.

He leads her to an empty booth across the room, and they slide onto the tattered plastic seats. Again, Maurice refers to her purse.

MAURICE

I believe I hear Ulysses callin' my name.

Cathy doesn't understand at first. Then she gets it, reaches into her bag for a fifty, and hands it to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

CATHY

Here, now tell me -- where's Isaac?

MAURICE

(pocketing the bill)

Don't know for sure...

(off her glare)

...but the man's in real deep.

CATHY

What are you talking about?

MAURICE

Word is, he blew up a warehouse tonight -
- place where Edgar Turner like to do a
little home-cookin'.

Cathy is visibly disheartened, knowing this scenario can come to no possible good.

MAURICE

Dude thinks he's Rambo or somethin'. And
that was before they killed the kid.

CATHY

What kid?

MAURICE

Friend of Isaac's -- Ricardo Menendez.

Cathy takes this in, shaken, then jumps out of the booth and races for the door. Maurice watches, then pulls the fifty out of his pocket. As he admires it, we -

CUT TO:

EXT. EASTSIDE COMMUNITY CLUB - NIGHT

A middle-aged couple and two older women -- the last stragglers from a bingo game -- leave the club, happily ad libbing about the night's activities. They pass -

TURNER'S CADILLAC - ISAAC

He's leaning back against the passenger door of the car, which is parked at the curb by the club. He nods at the old folks walking by, and watches until they're OUT OF FRAME. Then he turns to look inside the car, revealing -

PERRY -- THROUGH THE WINDOW

Turner's bodyguard, tied securely to the front seat, his mouth sealed with masking tape. Perry struggles to free himself or to reach the horn, but he can't.

ISAAC

Seeing Perry isn't going anywhere, he heads into the club.

CUT TO:

INT. EASTSIDE COMMUNITY CLUB - TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Turner's at his desk, signing checks. The office is decorated with pictures of Turner receiving awards from local politicians, and with slogans like, "Hard work is the cure for hard luck."

ISAAC

Pushes the door open and moves slowly toward Turner's desk, closing the door behind him.

ISAAC

I hear you been looking for me.

Turner puts down his pen, figuring what to do next. He speaks with a forced calm, trying to buy some time.

TURNER

Crazy man like you ain't gonna last too long, stubbs.

ISAAC

(advancing slowly)

Get up, and keep your hands where I can see 'em.

Turner has other ideas. He grabs open a drawer, pulling out a handgun. But Isaac springs at him, yanks his gun-hand and bashes it against the desk, forcing Turner, now out of his seat, to drop the gun.

Isaac kicks the gun under the desk, then throws Turner across the room, crashing into a file cabinet. As Turner slowly recovers, Isaac moves in. SIRENS can be heard approaching faintly in the b.g.

ISAAC

I'm gonna put some hurt on you,
Turner... like you been doing to the
neighborhood. . .

Turner brandishes a spindle that fell to the floor from the file cabinet. But he circles away, not feeling confident.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TURNER

Get out of my way.

ISAAC

Why'd you kill the kid?

Turner doesn't answer. He's trying to circle toward the door, but Isaac cuts off his path.

ISAAC

Or'd you have somebody else do it?
Didn't wanna get your hands dirty...

Isaac has him backed into a corner. Turner lunges at him with the spindle, but Isaac blocks the thrust and knees him in the groin, doubling him over. He straightens him up.

ISAAC

(in his face)

Why, Turner?

TURNER

(scared)

We didn't want to... He was in the way... wouldn't back down... He was trying to protect you...

This hurts Isaac, who slackens his grip for a moment, allowing Turner to break loose and slug him in the jaw. As Isaac recovers, Turner grabs a wooden folding chair and swings it at him. But Isaac turns and rolls with it, then comes up with a kick that staggers Turner, who drops the chair.

Isaac follows with a series of punches that knock Turner crashing around the office -- bloodied and barely conscious. At last, he falls to the floor near his desk, and sees -

THE GUN

Lying under the desk, where Isaac kicked it.

TURNER

Lunges desperately for the gun, but he's grabbed first by Isaac, who bashes his head into the desk. The SIRENS are growing louder.

WIDER - ON THE FIGHT

As Isaac deftly snatches the knife from under his own pant-leg and drops to his knees, grasping the woozy Turner's head from behind. He holds up the knife to his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TURNER

Don't do it, man.

ISAAC

This the kind of blade you used on
Ricky?

TURNER

Wait... I got money...

ISAAC

Then I hope you made out a will.

He tightens his grip and brings the knife slowly to
Turner's throat.

VINCENT'S VOICE

(urgently)

Isaac -

ANOTHER ANGLE

Isaac turns his head slightly and looks back over his shoulder
to see Vincent standing in the doorway, taking down his hood. Isaac is
tight, ready to snap, as the SIRENS STOP outside.

VINCENT

The police are here.

Vincent waits for a response, but Isaac doesn't move

VINCENT

You can see that Turner gets his due.

ISAAC

I can give it to him myself -- make
sure he don't slip away.

Turner's petrified, hoping this mysterious voice of reason will be
persuasive.

VINCENT

You would sacrifice your own life... your
freedom...

ISAAC

What's my life worth, if I can't stop this
garbage from destroying everything that's
good around here?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

VINCENT

Try to put him behind you. You've revealed him for what he is... Now it is for others to act on that knowledge.

The words are finally getting through. Turner tries to sneak a look at Vincent, but Isaac jerks his head back, so he can't see.

ISAAC

What are you lookin' at?

VINCENT

What you have, Isaac -- a community of people depending on you... on each other... is something special.

ON ISAAC

As he looks away, feeling the truth of Vincent's words for the first time.

VINCENT'S VOICE

That bond... is the true source of your strength... and theirs.

still gripping Turner, he turns again, but Vincent has disappeared. Off Isaac's introspection, we -

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE TURNER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Cathy anxiously follows THREE UNIFORMED POLICE, who hurry with their guns drawn toward Turner's office. The police enter cautiously, followed by Cathy.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE

Isaac and Turner are on their feet in the busted-up office, but Isaac still has him subdued with the knife. Seeing the police, and then Cathy, Isaac lets Turner go.

TURNER

Thank the lord you're here...

CATHY

(re: Turner)

Arrest this man... First-degree murder.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TURNER
(outraged)
What?!

Two policemen handcuff Turner.

TURNER
(re: Isaac)
He tried to kill me.

FIRST COP
(leading Turner out)
You have the right to remain silent.
Anything you say can be held against you
in a court of law...

The two cops usher Turner out. The third take the knife from Isaac's hand.

THIRD COP
I'm afraid you'll have to come with me,
Mister Stubbs.

CATHY
(to Isaac)
Are you all right?

ISAAC
Tell your friend I said... thanks.

She clasps his hand, both of them glad the fight is over, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHY'S SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

Cathy is looking happy and well rested, as she meets with Vincent days later.

CATHY
The D.A. has agreed to accept Isaac's guilty
plea on a reduced charge. He's going to ask
for a sentence of community service.

VINCENT
I'm glad for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

CATHY

It's funny... Isaac asked me to thank
you...

(off Vincent's look)

...for saving Turner's life.

Vincent smiles, a feeling of satisfaction spreading over him.

CATHY

He said you'd understand.

He realizes she wants an explanation -- one that might bring her closer
to both him and Isaac.

VINCENT

To fight for what he loved, Isaac was
willing to face injury... or death...

(a beat)

But a warrior's greatest risk... is
to his own humanity.

Cathy feels a weight lifted from her, as she begins to grasp the depth of
the bond between her two friends.

CATHY

And you helped him find that humanity.

She touches his arm lovingly, and as they look deeply into each others'
eyes, we -

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR