

EPIISODE # 92-005

FOREVER KNIGHT

"Dance By The Light Of The Moon"

written by
Roy Sallows

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SHOOTING DRAFT (WHITE)

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21/04/92 Pink (Full Script)
23/04/92 Blue (Pages Only)
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DANCE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

PAGE HISTORY

21/04/92 PINK - FULL SCRIPT

23/04/92 BLUE - PAGES:

2, 3, 6, 8, 8A, 10, 11, 12, 12A, 16, 17, 18, 19, 19A, 21, 21A,
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27/04/92 YELLOW - PAGES

3, 48

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4, 5/6, 7

"DANCE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON"

CAST LIST

NICK KNIGHT.....Geraint Wyn Davies
SCHANKE.....John Kapelos
NATALIE.....Catherine Disher
STONETREE.....Gary Farmer
JANETTE.....Deborah Duchene
ANN/WOMAN
FORENSIC TECHNICIAN
BILLY
BUSINESSMAN
KILLER
LACROIX

SETS

EXT. STREETS
EXT. BUILDING
INT. PRECINCT
INT. A SMALL INN (1228)
INT. MORGUE
EXT. JILLY'S
INT. JILLY'S
THE STAGE
INT. MUSIC BOOTH
EXT. SMALL INN (1228)
INT. JILLY'S BACKSTAGE
INT. CANDLELIT ROOM PARIS 1228
INT. NICK'S LOFT
EXT. ALLEY
EXT. HIGH`RISE APARTMENT
INT. APARTMENT LOBBY
EXT. ANN'S APARTMENT
INT. ANN'S APARTMENT
INT. STONETREE'S OFFICE
INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY
EXT. ROOFTOP (BUILDING)

"DANCE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 1

Sheeting rain, through the streetlights. Pounding against the side of a building. Pounding against

A SIGN *

"UNSAFE - DO NOT ENTER" Everything still. Dead. Except the rain and... *

2 OMITTED 2*

3 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT 3*

...FEET... in expensive shoes... as a man picks his way along, carefully but hurriedly... stepping over fallen timbers - testing the floor...

He's a BUSINESSMAN, very well dressed - hugs a brown package half-protected under one lapel of his Aquascutum. His hair is wet. His breath jets in puffs of safety-orange mist as he searches the wet, scorched shadows...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Looking for someone?

He turns - something SNAPS. Soft LAUGHTER.

BUSINESSMAN

Where are you?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Over here...

(as he starts for her)

- Careful...

(a whisper; teasing)

It's dangerous.

And then he finds her. Gropes for her mouth. The CRUMPLE of the package caught between them. SHUFFLE and CREAK as the weakened floorboards are forgotten... She pulls away. Their breath co-mingles in silhouette as a veil of dark and strange shadow reveals only her parted lips... half-smile.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

The sound again of the CRINKLING package.

WOMAN

I see you brought it.

He only nods, looks down at it.

WOMAN

Very good...
(whispers; teasing)
...Very bad.

She goes to kiss him. He begins to respond. She stops.

WOMAN

Wait.
(beat)
I want to hear you describe it to
me - What it felt like to be a
thief.

His breath becomes ragged...

BUSINESSMAN

I don't know...

*

WOMAN

(scolding; sexy)
Sure you do. It felt good, didn't
it?

He starts pulling at her coat, tugging it back off her shoulders. Groping for her skirt - tugging it up as he pushes her against a wall.

BUSINESSMAN

- Yes. Yes.

*

WOMAN

Tell me, how did it feel?

*

His eyes open suddenly as his words are CHOKED OFF. His hands fly to the cord around his neck, tearing at something. Struggling.

The Woman shrinks back... watching in fascination. The Businessman thrashes back and forth, slowly sinking to his knees... then THUD. SILENCE.

...Except for the Woman's HARD BREATHING... and someone else's HARD BREATHING - as the KILLER steps into the dim light... trembling... frightened. Helpless. Clean-cut...

She reaches for him.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

WOMAN
Oh, Baby...you're shaking.

(CONTINUED)

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3 CONTINUED: β

3

KILLER
I can't believe it - I can't
believe I did that -

She begins to move her hands over him.

WOMAN
But you did. I knew you could. You
liked it.

No answer. Just HEAVY BREATHING.

WOMAN
Admit it.

KILLER
...Yeah. I loved it.

WOMAN
How did it feel?

Beat. He GASPS. Goes rigid. Stares at her in shock. Stagger
back... She watches him, excited, almost laughing, almost
crying - The THUD and CREAK as she watches his body slump to
the floor. His still form sprawled amongst the debris - a
knife glinting orange in his back.

4 OUTSIDE - THE RAIN

4

pounds HARDER as the wind tosses the torn ends of yellow
tape near the entrance... OVER THIS...

WOMAN'S VOICE
(whispered)
...It felt good. It always
feels good.

*
*

TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 OMITTED

5

5A INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

5A

Schanke and Nick bustle into the busy police station. We can tell by their tone that they have been "discussing" the case in the car on their way in.

SCHANKE

You're wrong, Knight. Officer Burkhart was a straight arrow. He had six commendations in twelve years. No busts, no disciplinary actions, 'nosebleed section' of Stonetree's golden boy list for just about ever. Him, a murderer? It don't make any sense.

NICK

You didn't read the preliminary report?

Schanke shakes his head.

NICK

Burkhart's fingers were covered with abrasions. Abrasions that match the pattern of the cord used to strangle "our accountant guy" Crawford.

SCHANKE

So why'd Burkhart kill him, Knight? 'Cause he did a bad job on his taxes?

NICK

Lipstick.

SCHANKE

What?

NICK

Natalie found traces of the same lipstick on both bodies.

Schanke shakes his head.

SCHANKE

So the golden boy had a lover. Wonder if that'll knock him outta Stonetree's good books.

Schanke looks up. He's walked right up to Stonetree.
Stonetree's upset.

6 OMITTED

6

SCENE 5A CONTINUED:

STONETREE

Shut up, Schanke. David Burkhart
forgot more about being a good cop
than you ever knew.

(beat, to Nick)

It's bizarre.

(shakes head)

I can't figure any of this.
They're positive about the marks on
his fingers?

Nick nods. Stonetree sighs as if very tired.

STONETREE

Who was the other guy?

NICK

Ben Crawford. Corporate accountant.

STONETREE

What's his story?

NICK

From what we've got on Crawford so
far - he was well- liked,
well-respected. Even won 'Most
Conscientious Employee' at last
year's company dinner. Why
Burkhart would've killed him...

(beat)

I'm sorry. Schanke told me you and
Burkhart were close.

STONETREE

Close. I was just over at his house
- a couple of days ago.

(beat; looking at the bag)

He was showing off the new family
room...

He trails off as he stares at the bag. Then turns to
Schanke...

SCHANKE

Don't look at me. This whole
thing's too weird.

Beat.

STONETREE

Well... I want to know. I don't
care how deep you have to dig... I
mean - I've seen my share of cops
turn but...

(beat)

Not David Burkhart. I don't think
I've ever known anyone more honest,
upstanding... a good person.

(beat)

You think you know someone, and
then... What makes a man change
like that? What brings something
like that out in a man?

Nick shakes his head... but from his eyes we see that maybe
he does know:

7 INT. A SMALL INN - 1228 - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

7

A WOMAN (JANETTE) in the doorway across the room. Beautiful.
Sensuous... Waiting? Firelight makes her glow with inviting
warmth as she smiles.

NICK

At the head of the table, tunic emblazoned with a bold
cross, staring at her... over the forest of upraised arms,
his friends toasting his health and happiness in boisterous
oblivion... We know he's seeing her for the first time as...
...she begins to melt away... her voluptuousness enveloped
slowly by the caressing shadows. A whisper of beseeching on
her face... CLOSER ON HER FACE

7 CONTINUED:

7

As her lips part in anticipation... the firelight glowing in her eyes...

JANETTE

(a whisper only Nick can hear)

...How badly do you want me?

...And then she is swallowed by the darkness.

8 INT. PRECINCT - NICK - RESUMES

8

Coming out of his reverie... the far-away look still in his eyes as -

STONETREE

What makes a good man evil?

*
*

NICK

(almost to himself)

The eternal question...

STONETREE

Well, do your best to answer it.

(beat)

I get to go tell David's wife.

Nick and Schnake nod as Stonetree goes out. The door swings slowly shut behind him.

9 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

9

Natalie is bending over a stainless steel table. She has her hands under the neck of Crawford's body - lying face up. Next to it, on an adjoining table, the body of David Burkhart under a sheet.

NATALIE

...Severe petechia in the sclera, consistent with strangulation... feels like... lateral displacement of the third cervical vertebra and fracture of the process... ah... memo - have to get full sections of the cord at C2-3 and C3-4.

The door opens to admit Nick and Schanke. Natalie glances up as they enter.

SCHANKE

Whoa! Hope we're not interrupting anything.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

NATALIE

Hi, guys. Gimme a minute, here.

She carefully lowers the head and straightens to click off her tape recorder.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

SCHANKE
(nudge, nudge)
Take all the time you want.

Natalie rolls her eyes. She gives Nick a look. Indicates the bodies.

NATALIE
This is one of your cases?

NICK
Yeah.

She takes him by the hand and leads him around the table, Schanke, never one to be left out, follows.

NATALIE
Take a whiff.

Nick looks at her...leans close to the first body. Smells. She leads him to the second and pulls back the sheet. Again, indicates for him to smell.

NATALIE
Like it?

Schanke leans down to take a tentative sniff while Natalie peels off her latex glove and holds up her wrist for Nick. He takes it, inhales. Looks at her.

NICK
The same?

NATALIE
It's called 'Provocateur'...and he didn't get his over the counter.

Behind them, Schanke replaces the sheet on Burkhart.

SCHANKE
Smells like 'Eau de Love Triangle' to me.

NICK
Certainly looks like a possibility.

SCHANKE
(shrugs)
It's a matter of putting two and two together. *

NATALIE
Or in this case, one and two-

She turns to pick up a file.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 3

9

NICK

How much does the perfume narrow it down?

NATALIE

Not much. Maybe one in ten thousand women. You might find this more helpful.

She hands the file folder to Nick.

NICK

The lipstick?

NATALIE

I got the lab report this afternoon. The samples taken from the clothing are consistent with what was in and around the victims' mouths.

He opens it, reads.

NICK

It says 'theatrical'.

NATALIE

Unlike the perfume, it's not a standard type. The colour's nothing out of the ordinary but its base is a little unusual. Wax and some oils have been added.

She looks at them both. Shrugs.

NATALIE

Actresses. Models -?

A loud BEEP BEEP BEEP. Schanke grapples with the pager on his belt. Natalie reaches to hand him the phone.

SCHANKE

Thanks.

(as he's dialling)

With any luck that'll be Patrice. I had her check outgoing calls. See if our guys called any of the same numbers over the past few-

(into phone)

-Hello? Patrice?... Uh-huh?

(beat; smiles)

Come - to - Papa.

(into phone)

Yeah. Thanks hon - I mean, 'Patrice'.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 4 9

Sheepish, he hangs up.

SCHANKE

Boy - You gotta watch who you call
'honey' these days-

NICK

What's up, honey? *

SCHANKE

A strip club downtown. Jilly's.

Beat. They're out the door. Another beat. Natalie smells her
wrist, thinking.

10 EXT. JILLY'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT 10

Schanke and Nick get out of the Caddie. A scraggly-looking
VALET hungrily offers to take the keys. Nick pockets them
and continues past.

NICK

(under his breath)

In your dreams...

The THUMPING MUSIC snarls out at them as they go in. The
door slowly swings shut behind them.

11 INT. JILLY'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT 11

The place is alive. The music is hot. The dancers are
interesting. Nick and Schanke split up to do their
questioning - Nick heading for a cocktail waitress and
Schanke heading for the bartender... keeping one eye glued
in the direction of

12 THE STAGE 12

where Serena gyrates slowly.

A cocktail waitress points Nick towards a door at the back
of the room. We follow Nick as he makes his way to it.
There's a sign on the door "DANCERS AND STAFF ONLY" - Nick
walks straight through.

13 INSIDE MUSIC BOOTH

13

BILLY, the manager, swivels in his chair and turns down the volume so we can only hear its base THUMPING through the glass window. Not pleased, he looks up at Nick.

BILLY
Hey, buddy, you didn't see the sign?

NICK
What, you don't have a ladies night?

*
*

BILLY
Help you with something?

NICK
Detective Knight, Toronto P.D.
You're the manager?

BILLY
Yeah?

Nick pulls out photos of Burkhart and Crawford. Hands them to him.

BILLY
What about 'em?

NICK
Anything at all.

Billy hands them back. Shrugs. Shakes his head.

BILLY
I get a lot of guys in here. It's hard to keep track.

Nick stares at Billy as he goes back to watching the stage.

NICK
...Listen, if this is where I'm supposed to peel off a wad of bills - I'm a little low on cash -
(pulling out a cellular)
But if you'll hold on a minute while I make a call -
(smiles)
Hey, out of thirty or forty uniforms, there's got to be a pocket with some spare change.

*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

*
*
*

BILLY

Okay, okay. Just lemme have another look...

(pointing to Crawford)

Yeah, I recognize him. 'Been coming in for months. The other one... you probably already know - a cop. He was only in here a couple of times but he made a big impression.

NICK

How?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

BILLY

Because he was here on business.
Asking a lot of questions. Working
on some fraud case or something.

NICK

Who did he talk to?

BILLY

(shrugging)

Couple of the girls. Excuse me a
second...

(reaching for the
microphone)

Serena, Ladies and gentlemen. Sexy
sexy Serena. Now put your hands
together for the unforgettable...
Miss Priss.

ANGLE THRU GLASS - THE STAGE

As the MUFFLED SOUND of APPLAUSE seeps into the booth. The
figure of a woman illuminated by a single spot...

14 ON STAGE

14

APPLAUSE LOUDER as yellow light slowly warms the striking
shape of a girl in a demure navy suit and pearls. Her hair
is in a chignon on top of her head - she's carrying a
briefcase. A lawyer? The MUSIC starts, slowly... she smiles.
Just stands there... shy... puts down the briefcase.
Confronts the leering faces of the men before her... begins
to sway to the music, as if reluctantly, gently at first...

Then suddenly, she reaches up to release her hair. Grabs the
necklace and pulls. PEARLS scatter around her high pumps.

15 THE BOOTH - NICK

15

Watches with growing fascination. Billy notices.

BILLY

She's really something, eh?

Nick doesn't answer. He's watching. Intently.

16 ON STAGE - HER HANDS

16

rip apart her jacket, scattering the buttons. She caresses
herself with long, pink-nailed fingers. Underneath the
jacket, something black and webbed - not pretty... evil.
TILT UP to her face... her smile spreads as the APPLAUSE
GROWS... she licks her lips as she emerges from the last of
her disguise - holding them all under her dark spell as she
begins to dance...

17 IN BOOTH - NICK 17

Steps closer to the glass, mesmerized. That's Billy's answer. Behind Nick, he smirks - proud of her.

BILLY

Yeah, she's really something...
Your two boys there thought so too.

But this doesn't even register. Nick isn't listening.

ANGLE INTO BOOTH - THRU GLASS

NICK staring... as Miss Priss' reflection gyrates and sways sensuously on the surface of the glass...

18 INT. INN - 1228 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 18*

NICK stares at Janette as she *

walks slowly away, watching him... beckoning... becoming... *

19 INT. JILLY'S - NIGHT 19*

The image of Miss Priss, moving sensuously on the stage, reflected in the glass of the booth, over the surface of Nick's mesmerized face...

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

20 INT. JILLY'S STRIP CLUB/ BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 20

Nick leans to one side of the dressing room door. We see flashes within of bare skin as the dancers get dressed, put on make-up or prepare to go on.

The MUSIC in the BACKGROUND stops. Distant APPLAUSE, spilling in as the stage door is opened. Nick's attention is drawn to it as

Miss Priss, ANN FOLEY, walks past in a thin robe. Her feet are bare and her hair is wild. She stops when she sees Nick. There is mutual admiration.

ANN

You must be strictly V.I.P. for Billy to have let you into the booth.

Nick holds up his badge. She doesn't look at it. Keeps her eyes on his face.

ANN

(beat; smiles)
Good guess.

NICK

I'm Detective Nick Knight.
According to Billy, you're Ann Foley.

She looks at him for a long moment, sizing him up.

ANN

...Come on in.

21 IN DRESSING ROOM 21

Ann moves behind a changing screen to change, while Nick moves casually to her littered dressing table. *

ANN

What can I help you with tonight, detective? *

NICK

Billy says you might be able to answer a few questions.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Tantalizing glimpses of her body as she moves around in the room, removing her costume. Nick surreptitiously reaches for something on the table while he watches her. *

ANN
I might. May I ask what this is concerning?

A LIPSTICK

as Nick removes the top and gouges out some of the paste with a fingernail.

He replaces the lid and moves to the next one.

NICK
...Ben Crawford and David Burkhart... The manager says you knew them.

ANN
Could you pass me my jeans, please? *

Nick turns casually, letting his hand move easily away from the make-up table - *

She's behind the screen, shielding herself with it. Other than that, there's nothing else between herself and Nick. She waits, an expectant look in her eyes. *

Nick fumbles ever-so-slightly as he retrieves the jeans from a chair piled with skimpy costumes. When he turns to hand them to her, there is a smile in her eyes. *

ANN
Thank you.
(beat)
I wouldn't go quite that far. *

NICK
Excuse me?

She disappears again.

ANN'S VOICE
(from within)
Talked to them, yes. Crawford a few times. Burkhart only twice... but I wouldn't say that constitutes 'knowing' them.
(beat)
Damn.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 2

21

ANN

I'm sorry... my camisole. Would you mind?

She's pointing to a hanger. Nick pulls the camisole down and hands it to her. She smiles at him. Disappears again.

NICK

Mind if I ask what you talked about?

Beat. She comes from behind the screen with the jeans and camisole on - a towel in front of her for added coverage.

*
*

ANN

Not at all. Ben Crawford mostly talked about work, his golf score...

She turns her back to Nick and discards the towel. He stares at her back as she reaches up into a cluster of sparkley, feathery, g-stringy things and withdraws... a standard white shirt. She slips into it, careful to maintain her privacy.

*
*
*
*
*

ANN

David Burkhart... well... He just wanted what you want.

She turns to him finally, as she does up the buttons of her shirt. Looking at him directly, pleasantly... almost challengingly. Beat.

*
*
*

ANN

...Answers.

NICK

Answers.

She smiles.

ANN

He was here on an investigation. A fraud case, I think.

She begins to brush her hair.

NICK

Any details?

ANN

Not really. Someone who used to frequent the place. No names.

She stops brushing her hair, straightens and looks at Nick. He seems almost to snap himself out of watching her.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 3

21

She smiles apologetically.

ANN
I'm afraid I'm not going to be much
more help than that...

Nick shrugs.

ANN
I wish I could be.

She gives him a penetrating look. Sexy but innocent at the
same time.

ANN
...I really do. Good luck with the
investigation.

NICK
Thank you.

ANN
I guess...
(she shrugs)
You'll have to keep digging...
pulling back layers...

Something in his expression changes slightly. He smiles
-but is returning a challenge.

NICK
Investigational theory 101?

ANN
(smiling)
Stripping 404.

They burn a look into each other. Casual enough to play the
game, intense enough to convey a smoldering mutual interest.
Then a movement at the door causes them both to look up -
SCHANKE, standing there at the threshold with a funny look
on his face as he looks from one to the other.

Nick frowns and pushes away from the counter. He goes to the
door, not even bothering to introduce Schanke. Beat. He
looks at her one last time.

NICK
...Maybe we'll talk again sometime.

ANN
I think we will...

Ann closes the door after them, then pauses with an
intrigued look on her face.

22 INT. JILLY'S - NIGHT

22

WITH NICK as he heads for the door, a strange look on his face. Schanke hustles to keep up.

SCHANKE

Jeez, somebody's got a spring in his step... for a guy who should be having trouble walking.

*
*

The two are walking through the club. Schanke's got a drink in his hand. Nick looks down at it.

*
*

AT TABLE

*

SCHANKE (cont'd)

Relax. It's just a cola.

(beat)

Well...?

*

NICK

Well, what?

SCHANKE

You find out anything from her, or you just there to enjoy the view?

Nick ignores Schanke's leer.

SCHANKE (cont'd)

Well, I guess you can't blame a guy for trying, I mean... that girl was born with oven mitts and a tube of tanning oil.

*
*

NICK

(annoyed)

Are you just about done?

Schanke looks at him, a little surprised at the note of temper in his voice.

NICK

Because when you are, I'd be interested in anything you have to say about the case.

SCHANKE

(put out)

Yeah, I do.

*

He takes a seat near the stage. Nick sits down as well.

*

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

SCHANKE (cont'd)
All right. Yeah, I came up with
something... Found out some stuff
about Crawford.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

(calmer)

What d'you find out?

SCHANKE

Found out he had a reputation in there. Bartender says he had a nickname behind his back - Flipper the Tipper.

(off Nick's askance look)

A pretty conservative spender most of the time - never ran up a very big bar tab... then from time to time he'd suddenly go crazy throwing money around - once he joked it didn't matter 'cause it wasn't his.

NICK

What could that mean?

SCHANKE

That it wasn't his?

(shrugs)

Tomorrow maybe I'll see if I can find out who's it was.

(turns to stage)

Get a look at that!

On stage is a well-built stripper. She gives Schanke the classic two-second stare, then spins away from him.

Schanke turns back to see Nick. He's digging out the lipstick from under his fingernails and transferring it onto a silk handkerchief.

SCHANKE

(beat; watching Nick)

What the hell are you doing?

NICK

It depends. We back on duty, Skank?

SCHANKE

Excuse me, Knight. I'm not the one with high-heel punctures in his tongue.

(off his look)

Jeez, you should'a seen yourself - I guess you just never know what it's going to be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

NICK

What what's going to be?

SCHANKE

What's gonna do it for you.

(shakes his head)

With me it's plaid skirts. Ever
since junior high.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 4

22

SCHANKE (cont'd)
Martha Brecker...
(he trails off, thinking)
She let me tatoo 'Ringo Forever' on
her knee with a ballpoint. I
spelled it "Ringo Forerev". That
was it. To this day, when I see a
plaid skirt...

NICK
You forget how to spell.

SCHANKE
Something like that... You think
they have any idea what kind of
effect they have on us? What power
they have over us?...

ON NICK, not answering, as he thinks back...

23 OMITTED

23*

24 INT. CANDLELIT ROOM - PARIS 1228 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

24

JANETTE at Nick's chest. Her fingers gather the material of
his tunic... twisting the cross into streaks of abstract
colour - gripping it -

JANETTE
Nicolas... brave knight. Brave
crusader... conqueror...

She smiles, rising above him. Her hair falls around her as
she looks down on him. He stares at her with eyes full of
dark passion. She opens her mouth, lowers it, kisses his
throat very... slowly... up to his chin, his mouth -
stopping...

JANETTE
Are you ready to be conquered?

NICK
...Yes...

JANETTE
Can you truly surrender? After all
you've won?

He tries meet her mouth with his, but she pulls so slightly
away.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

JANETTE
Surrender to the darkness of the
soul... the weakness of desire? The
richness of the night?

He closes his eyes, tortured.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

JANETTE

How badly do you want me, Nicolas?

NICK

Very...

JANETTE

Just how strong... is your weakness...?

25 INT. JILLY'S - NICK

25*

Stares at the envelopes in his hand. Any offence previously taken is long forgotten as Schanke continues...

SCHANKE

Ah, it's all a game anyway. A big game. Comes right down to it, you can't really trust 'em as far as you can throw their credit cards.

He pauses, thinking. Nick looks at him.

NICK

Schanke, get out of the dark ages. You can't blame women for the evils of the world.

*
*

Schanke considers this, appreciating the change in Nick's tone.

NICK (cont'd)

Everyone's got a dark side. Can be triggered by a million things - greed, fear, lust for power -

SCHANKE

(cautious grin; he can't resist)

- Women.

Beat. Nick doesn't take offence. He turns on the ignition.

NICK

Yeah... for some guys it's women.

He gets up, and together he and Schanke walk out of the club.

*
*

26 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

26

Nick lies in the semi-darkness, looking up at the ceiling. He turns his head to look at the glowing LED of his clock radio. "3:24 p.m." He rubs his face. Gets up.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Nick stands at the entrance to the living room and looks
across at

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 2

26

THE TIGHTLY-CLOSED SHUTTERS

He runs his hand down the glass. Thinking.

*

Beat. He moves aside and hits a switch - CREAK - they begin to open - then off.

THE FLOOR

thin streaks of hot daylight.

Nick contemplates them a long time... then... slowly, with a dreamlike motion, he touches the switch again - until darkness is all we see...

27
THRU OMITTED
30

27
THRU
30

31 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - DUSK - LATER

31*

Nick opens the door to his apartment. Schanke comes barrelling in.

*

*

SCHANKE

*

Rise and shine. I got something for you.

*

Schanke's got a file folder in his hand.

*

SCHANKE

Just finished talking to Ben Crawford's boss. It seems the company had been watching him for the last two weeks. Old Benny-boy was dirty.

*

*

*

NICK

How dirty?

SCHANKE

Up to his eyeballs in grade A, high sulphite, low mulch content manure.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

SCHANKE (cont'd)

He was embezzling from one of his clients - Viastar Oil.

NICK

Viastar Oil? That's a huge multi-national corporation. Why would he try a high-visibility manoeuver like that?

SCHANKE

Cheap thrills?

NICK

Cheap?

SCHANKE

Not exactly. Over a two-month period he took fifty grand.

He gets up. Prowls around the apartment. *

SCHANKE *

Jeez, working with you is hazardous to my health. I got two hours sleep today and I'm not even going to waste my time looking for a drink 'cause red wine ain't gonna cut it.

(beat)

On second thought -

NICK

(stopping him)

I'm all out.

Schanke looks at him. Collapses back in the chair.

NICK

Find anything out about what he did with the money?

SCHANKE

Nope. Checked the banks - no deposits. Looked into recent purchases - nothing. If he spent it he didn't buy anything permanent with it. *

Nick's eyebrows go up. The phone RINGS. *

NICK

(answering)

Knight.

(beat; listening)

Yeah... he's right- *

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 2

31

He glances at Schanke. Schanke is pointing to himself, shaking his head and making cut-throat gestures, beddy-bye gestures. Nick tries to figure out...

NICK
...at home... sleeping.

Schanke nods vehemently.

NICK
I'll be right in.

He hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 3

31

SCHANKE

I gotta get some 'z's. I ain't worth a wagon of buffalo chips unless I get eight hours.

NICK

That explains so much.

Off Schanke's look of mock appreciation -

32 INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S LAB - NIGHT

32

Natalie is typing at the computer when Nick enters.

NICK

I hope you're delighted to see me...

NATALIE

Always. Read this...

Without slowing down, she tosses a report at him.

NICK

What is it?

NATALIE

Your lipstick samples. From the little bags. None of them match.

NICK

So why am I interested?

NATALIE

Because three of the four samples are exotics. Two of the lipsticks are oriental - One from Japan, one from Taiwan.

(beat)

The lipstick found on the bodies was from Taiwan.

NICK

Different colour... same type?

She looks at him. Bingo.

NICK

Theatrical.

NATALIE

Theatrical.

Natalie sees the look in his eyes. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

NATALIE

When Schanke brought me the samples this morning, he said you'd taken them at the strip club.

NICK

That's right.

NATALIE

Got anyone in particular in mind?

There's more to this question, and it's clear more came out of Schanke's mouth than she's letting on. But Nick is already deep into his own thoughts.

NICK

(almost to himself)
Someone very much in mind.

A long moment on Nick. Then he turns to go. Natalie stares off into space as the door shuts, leaving her alone once again.

33 OMITTED

33

33A EXT. JILLY'S - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

33A*

34 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

34

The back door of the club opens and Ann comes out in a long overcoat with a knapsack over one shoulder. She digs a hand in her pocket and strides purposefully for the end of the alley. When she gets to the street... She pauses. Senses something behind her... looks around.

THE ALLEY

is empty and dark. PULL FOCUS on her face as she faces front again. Curiosity. She continues on her way.

ON NICK

As he steps slowly from a darkened alcove. We hear her RECEEDING FOOTSTEPS and see a strange look on Nick's face.

35 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

35

Ann in her car. She checks in the rearview mirror. We see Nick following. She smiles to herself, enjoying this.

35A EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - (SECOND UNIT) 35A*
Ann's car passes through frame. Nick's cadillac follows. *

35B EXT. ANN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 35B*
Ann's car pulls up to a garage door. It slides open. The car descends into the garage. The door closes. Nick's caddie pulls into frame. *
*
*
*
NICK'S POV - he looks up, way up, to the top of the apartment building. *

36 THRU OMITTED 36*
37 37*

38 EXT. STREETS - FLYING POV - NIGHT 38
SOARING POV as the windows of the building zoom past... the night sky... the roof...

38A EXT. ANN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 38A
*

39 EXT. ANN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 39
LANDING on a high balcony. A patio door opens, it's sheer curtains billowing out as the warm air meet chill...

40 INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 40
She comes in her door and tosses her purse on a white sofa. Kicks off her high heels and reaches up to the collar of her coat -

GASP

As she sees Nick standing just inside the balcony door - staring at her.

Her mouth opens in wonder and... something else...

Nick stares at her.

...Slowly, she smiles.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

41 INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

41

NICK AND ANN

Standing opposite, they regard one another. Nick looks particularly unearthly the way the curtains billow around him... the way he's staring at her.

Ann returns the stare with an unconcealed look of victory and excitement in her eyes.

ANN

I admire a man who isn't afraid to go after what he wants.

He doesn't take his eyes off her or move.

NICK

Because you aren't afraid to go after what you want?

ANN

That could be it.

(beat)

I didn't know the service elevator came up this far...

NICK

Nice place.

ANN

It's very comfortable.

He looks away.

NICK

How does a stripper afford a place like this?

She lets her coat slide to a chair. Under it, she's wearing a loose white HARVARD sweatshirt and jeans. She turns to walk into the bedroom.

ANN

A stripper doesn't.

NICK

Who does? An accountant? Surely not a cop on basic salary...

ANN

Wrong on all three counts.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

She turns to him through the open door. A faint smile.

ANN
Someone practicing corporate law...

NICK
Who would that be?

He hears a soft LAUGH and looks -

THROUGH THE BEDROOM DOOR

A glimpse of her naked back in the dresser mirror as she slips on a white robe. He turns away. She is having an effect on him.

ANN
(from within)
You're relying too much on appearances, detective. Appearances can be deceiving...

She comes to the door and smiles at him.

ANN
The corporate lawyer who bought this place was... me.

Her laugh again...

42 INT. CANDLELIT ROOM - 1228 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

42

Nick stands in the middle of the room, looking around...
Janette walks slowly around him, watching him, smiling...

JANETTE
Brave crusader... Strong and good... Defender of the cross...

Her SOFT LAUGH... as she steps closer, places her hand on his chest...

JANETTE
...Who are you really?

He looks at her in confusion and desire.

43 INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - NICK

43

He stares at her.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

NICK

I had a feeling it would be a
mistake to underestimate you.

Ann comes back into the living room again. She smiles at
him.

ANN

It's good to trust your feelings.
(beat)
Most people never dare.

NICK

There are a lot of things most
people never dare.

ANN

It's such a shame. Not to dare...
is not to live.

She looks at Nick and lifts her brush to her hair. Her robe
falls open for a second and she pulls it closed, without
taking her eyes off him. She becomes...

44 INT. CANDLELIT ROOM (FLASHBACK)

44

Janette. Pushing Nick backwards onto the cushions. Holding
his hands away from her... leaning towards him...

JANETTE

(whispered)

Can you feel my darkness, Nicholas?
Feel it absorbing your light -

She pulls at her robe and it begins to fall away.

JANETTE

Feel the power and the danger of my
darkness? The beautiful risk?

NICK

Yes...

Absolute desire on his face...

45 IN ANN'S APARTMENT - NICK

45

Something so enticing... it's becoming tougher to stay on
track... She knows it and she casually steps closer.

ANN

Now that you know how the apartment
was paid for - was there anything
else you wanted to discuss with me?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

NICK

The murders of David Burkhart and Ben Crawford. You're a suspect.

She looks at him - intrigued.

NICK

You knew both of them. They didn't associate with one another. Lipstick similar to yours was found on both bodies.

ANN

And you're looking for the murderer's murderer.

There is a slight change in Nick's expression.

NICK

Interesting that you should make that distinction.

ANN

It's big news when a cop strangles someone... regardless of what happens to the cop afterwards.

NICK

Not this time it wasn't. We never released that information to the press.

Ann looks at him, her calm expression unchanging. He stares back. Beat.

NICK

The lipstick would have convicted you anyway.

ANN

No it wouldn't... No it won't.

She steps closer. Her look becoming more intense.

ANN

Your evidence is all circumstantial. You know that as well as I do.

NICK

What about your alibi? Have you got one?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 2

45

ANN

Let's suppose, for the sake of argument, that I needed one... So many men in high places would love to think I owe them something.

NICK

They'd be lying.

ANN

And you never lie, detective?

(beat)

I don't know... In my experience, everyone lies. Everyone likes to pretend they're something else... To hide the dark parts of themselves...

(beat)

It fascinates me.

She comes even closer, holding the robe around herself, looking up into his eyes.

ANN

Do you want me to tell you why I gave up law? I know you're curious. I know you're more curious about what I am - than what I might have done.

Nick is almost perspiring.

ANN

I left law because I wanted purity. I wanted to live in the part of myself that most people are afraid to even visit...

(beat)

I dance because I want to make others do the same. And because I love to watch that descent... their helplessness as their civilized selves slip away...

NICK

Is murder civilized?

ANN

Are you?

He is taken aback. She is almost touching him, whispering...

ANN

Or are you lying? Is your life a lie?

He stares back at her intensely.

46 INT. CANDLELIT ROOM - 1228 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 46

Janette entwines her fingers in the material of Nick's tunic. She pulls at it with preternatural strength, her eyes never leaving his face. He gazes back into her hypnotic gaze... wanting her... *

47 INT. ANN'S APARTMENT 47

Nick stands as if unable to move. Ann lets the robe fall open as she brushes against him.

ANN

(whispering)

Tell me you don't want me to have an alibi.

(beat; insistent)

Tell me you don't want me right now so badly you can't even remember your name.

NICK

Don't. You don't want me to forget myself - believe me.

ANN

I want you to forget half of yourself. And give me the other half. The dark half.

NICK

Don't...

But his hands are pushing the robe the rest of the way off, an expression of self-loathing on his face as he finds himself giving in.

She MOANS and leans into him. As he wraps his arms around her naked back.

His mouth searches for hers she murmurs into his.

ANN

I want the darkest, most dangerous part of you.

NICK

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

ANN

Yes I do. I can feel it in you. I can feel... the evil.

(beat)

It makes me want you so badly...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

He stares at her, afraid to move... his eyes are beginning to change. He looks away to hide them.

ANN (cont'd)
I want you to bring me that part of you. Do something for me to bring out that part of you.

He is beginning to shake his head. She whispers close to his lips.

ANN (cont'd)
...There' so much more to life if you're willing to play a little outside the rules. Take a few chances... I want you to do something for me. Something that takes us over the edge... Steal for me. Have you ever stolen anything? I want you to steal for me and tell me how it feels...

He looks at her sharply. She smiles with excitement.

ANN (cont'd)
Something important. Something that'll be missed. That's a dangerous thing to take.
(beat)
Bring me Burkhart's casebook. *

A huge conflict plays on his face as he watches her, the vampire in him so close to the surface - closer than we've ever seen without changing him completely. What will he do?

48 INT. CANDLELIT ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

48

Janette moves closer...their lips brush.

JANETTE
Say goodbye to the light, Nicholas. Now you know it will never satisfy you. Only darkness can truly satisfy you... No matter how shining and good a knight you were... the darkness of your passion was always there - always stronger than anything else in your heart or mind... Always will be....

Beat. He hesitates... then kisses her. Very passionate. Very sexy. The culmination of a long seduction.

48A EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

48A*

To establish. *

49 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

49

Cops milling about. One looks up. Taken aback as he sees
NICK

Standing just inside the door. He looks like hell. A little
out of it. Schanke calls to him, so loud everyone can hear.

SCHANKE

Well, if it isn't Cassanova,
himself! Where were you last
night - as if I didn't know...

Nick looks at him sharply, almost a snarl.

50 STONETREE'S OFFICE

50

Stonetree closes the door and confronts Nick while Schanke
shadows him.

STONETREE

You look like hell.

NICK

I didn't get much sleep.

STONETREE

What's going on with the case?
Any progress?

NICK

....I'm still working on it.

Schanke grins.

SCHANKE

You call it work? You spent last
night with a stripper who's a
suspect in the murders.

NICK

A lead. That's all. There was more
than one stripper at Jilly's.

STONETREE

What, you're saying she checks out?

Nick looks momentarily confused.

NICK

I'm not sure...

Shanke rolls his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

SCHANKE

(to Stonetree)

I try callin' him at three a.m. and he's not in - 'cause he's out doing 'undercover' work on this little piece of work who might'a done a piece of work - and now he's not sure.

(to Nick)

What do you need now? - Toothpaste samples?

Nick glares at him. He's got no patience tonight. The vampire in him is still so close to the surface. He's acting different... darker. Less willing to put up with Schanke.

STONETREE

The man says he's not sure. Have you got anything?

SCHANKE

Hey, while some of us were going skinny dipping, others were working... Just so happens I got a lead on Burkhardt. His wife mentioned a case notebook or something, he always carried it around.

Nick looks up sharply. The casebook Ann mentioned.

STONETREE

(smiles)

That thing. He never put it down.

SCHANKE

Well, he put it down somewhere. It's missing.

STONETREE

It's at my house. I was checking to see if there was anything useful in there.

NICK

(interested)

Is it still there?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: 2

50

STONETREE

Yeah.

NICK

You mind if I go and pick it up?

SCHANKE

Good idea. You do that. I'm off
duty as of now.

Schanke goes to the door. Stonetree turns to Nick, digging
in his pocket. He pulls out keys and removes one.

STONETREE

My apartment key. Bedroom dresser.
Top left-hand side, under the
trophy with the little accordion on
it.

Nick nods and takes the key, goes out, pushing past
Schanke - who stands there looking at Stonetree.

SCHANKE

Accordion?

Stonetree nods. Straight-faced.

STONETREE

Hapsburgh Festival '88. I played
a polka. *

*

And walks out.

51 INT. THE MORGUE - NIGHT

51

Natalie is deep in thought. She starts as Nick comes in. *

*

NATALIE

There you are.

But Nick is not himself. She sees it instantly.

NATALIE

What happened?

NICK

What are you talking about?

She stares at him. Shakes her head. Hurt.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

NATALIE

I left word I wanted to see you because I thought you might like to know - I found out something that'll help your case... but I'm wondering if you even care about your case any more-

NICK

What did you find out?

NATALIE

Three other murders within the last four years. Unsolved. One a double murder like this one - same situation.

Nick's expression barely changes, if anything, this news makes him more dazed.

NATALIE

(bitter)

Never mind. Schanke filled me in on your new little 'diversion'. It's clear you have other things on your mind.

She turns away and walks out leaving him.

52 INT. ANN'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

52

Nick standing at a door. He looks at it. Beat. *

The door opens. ANN. She smiles at him. Beat. He reaches in his coat and pulls something out --

BURKHART'S CASEBOOK. She takes it from him and smiles into his eyes. He stares hard at her. They begin to kiss and move inside. The door closes.

53 INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

53

Nick and Ann. Kissing. She breaks away, taking the book. He watches as she carries it over to the fireplace... and tosses it onto the flames -

NICK frowns in surprise. She turns to him full of victory and excitement.

ANN

How did it feel? To steal?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

NICK
Simple... easy. Good. *

She laughs and comes to him. Arms around him, robe falling away completely. Whispers into his mouth.

ANN
This is just the beginning. There is so much more for us. So much deeper we can go.

He looks at her hard, full of passion.

ANN
Don't you want to? Don't you want to go deeper? Wouldn't it feel good to let yourself do something far, far... worse?

On Nick, his breath shortening. His eyes saying 'yes'. *

TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

54 INT. PRECINCT - STONETREE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

54

Nick is standing by the closed door. He looks better tonight. A new look in his eyes. Determination.

Stonetree is rifling through his files. He gives up. Looks at Nick.

STONETREE

I can't understand it. I just saw it there the other day. - At least I think I did.

NICK

I looked where you told me to look.

STONETREE

(shaking his head)
I must be losing my mind.

Nick moves to the door.

NICK

Maybe it'll turn up.

STONETREE

Maybe Schanke found it.

NICK

What?

STONETREE

He called in earlier. Said he had something. That he thought we might be able to close the case pretty soon.

Nick's expression changes slightly.

NICK

Really? Like what?

STONETREE

All I know is he was looking for you.

Nick nods. He opens the door, suddenly in a hurry to get out of there.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

*
*
*
*
*

STONETREE

And Nick?

Nick stops.

STONETREE

If she's a suspect, bring her in.
I don't want you getting into this
too deep.

Nick smiles. Stonetree doesn't.

55 INT. PRECINCT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

55

WITH NICK as he strides down the hall. Schanke comes in the
door behind him.

SCHANKE

Knight!

*

Nick turns around. Glad-to-see-you smile.

NICK

Schanke.

*

Beat. Taken aback.

SCHANKE

Hi.

NICK

Just the man I was looking for.

SCHANKE

Oh yeah?

NICK

Yeah. Listen. I feel kinda bad. I
know I've been a little intolerant
lately.

Schanke's eyes widen.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

NICK

I kinda wanted to apologise before we got too far off track.

SCHANKE

Well... Jeez, that's okay. I mean, this case has had us both on edge.
(beat)

Although... some of us have found better ways to deal with stress than others...

He couldn't resist. Nick takes the dig in stride.

NICK

Stonetree says you have something.

SCHANKE

Yeah, on the girl of your dreams.
(beat)

Y'know, Knight, a few years back there were a couple of similar murders in Buffalo. Real interesting. All the guys who bought it were regulars at a strip club there.

NICK

And...

SCHANKE

Your girl Ann was there. Working.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 2

55

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

He pauses for the effect of his triumph. Nick's expression changes momentarily.

SCHANKE

So I think it's time to make our move. Tell Stonetree. Bust this thing wide open.

(off Nick's look)

What? What is it?

NICK

I think this goes even deeper and further than that.

*
*
*

SCHANKE

How?

*
*

NICK

Ann wants to talk to us before we go to Stonetree.

(beat)

I think she wants a deal.

*
*
*
*

Off Schanke's reaction, to:

*

56 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

56

Nick and Schanke get out of the Caddie. They walk to the entrance. Nick is acting nervous... high.

SCHANKE

All right, we stay in control, right? If she starts talking in circles, we bring her in... Knight?

*
*
*
*

NICK

Come on. I don't want to keep her waiting.

*

They disappear inside.

57 INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

57

The light fills the space with an eerie illumination as they walk through the building.

SCHANKE

(whispering)

I knew we should'a brought the flashlight.

NICK

I can see fine. Just follow me.

They go a little further and then Nick suddenly stops. We hear his BREATHING.

NICK

Ann? Are you here?

SCHANKE'S GASP...as Ann steps in front of him, very sensual.

ANN

Hello Schanke.

SCHANKE

Look, we're not here to play games, so...

*
*

He cuts himself off, looking... seeing...

HER PLAID SKIRT.

ANN

So, so what? You're such a tough guy.

*
*

(seeing his expression;
re: the skirt)

You like it?

(smiles, charming)

It's not my usual style but...

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

SCHANKE

(disbelief; confusion)

He told you about that?... I can't believe -

She steps closer to him. Licks her lips, subtly.

ANN

There's an ongoing debate among women - do we dress to compete with one another or to impress a man? I think for me it's definitely the latter...

SCHANKE

No, listen -

ANN

(whispering)

I saw you watching me on stage. I was very flattered. I felt like you really enjoyed my performance.

SCHANKE

Wha-?

And he can't back up any more. She has him against a wall. Before he has a chance to say another word she is up against him, kissing him. She releases him. He looks around instinctively for Nick. Nick is gone.

SCHANKE

Where's-?

His words are cut off in his throat as a cord is suddenly wound around it from behind. WE HEAR his GURGLING as he fights for breath.

Ann steps back, excited. Eyes flashing.

Schanke puts up a good struggle but he's no match for -

NICK who holds the cord tight in his supernatural grip. Schanke finally stops struggling and goes limp, falling to his knees... to the floor in a heap. Ann steps over Schanke's body to reach Nick. They kiss. She pulls away. Looks up at him.

ANN

(whispers)

I was right. I saw it in you...
Tell me-

(CONTINUED)

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57 CONTINUED: 2

57

NICK

(interrupting)

No. You tell me. I was right, too.
Tell me what it felt like for you -
when you killed Burkhart.

Beat. She smiles at him.

ANN

...It felt fantastic. Sexy.
Powerful - when I stuck that knife
into him, the feeling went right
through me.

*
*
*

She reaches up to kiss him again but Nick steps away from
her.

ANN

-What? What's wrong?

NICK

You don't have to tell me any more.

ANN

(sexy)

Because you already know how it
feels -

NICK

No... Because you have the right to
remain silent.

He holds something between them. She backs up to see it,
her eyes widening as she sees

*
*

She gasps. He's wearing a wire.

She pulls away from him. Stares at him. Beat. She turns
suddenly -

ANN

(to the shadows)

Kill him!

BOOM !! A GUNSHOT rips through the building -- hitting
Nick. He is thrown forward by the impact, almost landing on
Ann as he falls.

A figure of a MAN darts from the shadows, grabs Ann's wrist.

BILLY

Come on, baby. Run.

They tear out of the building. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 3

57

SCHANKE'S VOICE

Nick! Nick! Are you still there?

NICK'S VOICE

Yeah.

Schanke gets up and brushes himself off. He hurries over to Nick.

NICK

(in pain)

It's okay. He missed me. I just fell on something.

He gets to his feet with Schanke's help.

NICK

How about you?

SCHANKE

Don't worry about it. I'll wear turtlenecks.

They turn and run for the exit.

58 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

58*

Schanke and Nick run out of the building. Schanke is the first to see Billy and Ann. He immediately takes off after Billy, who splits from Ann.

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NEW ANGLE - Nick, seeing it's clear, FLIES to the rooftop... to get a better vantage.

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*

NEW ANGLE - Billy's making a run for the street. He stops - seeing Nick on the rooftop. He turns to shoot.

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*

NEW ANGLE - ON SCHANKE

*

SCHANKE

Freeze! Police!

*
*

Billy turns and fires at Schanke. Schanke fires back. Billy drops.

*
*

58A ON THE ROOF

58A*

Ann takes the last steps up onto the roof at a RUN. She stops, sighs, and turns...

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*
*

...She's face-to-face with Nick. She backs away from him.

*

NICK

No, it's over.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

58A CONTINUED:

58A

She looks down.

HER POV - Schanke below.

She looks back at Nick.

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ANN
I thought you had it in you,
Detective. But you're just a
tourist.

NICK
Ann, it's over. Just step back
from the ledge.

ANN
(laughs)
Yeah, you're right. I know how it
feels to kill.

She looks down at the ground below.

ANN
I wonder what it's like to die.

Before Nick can get to her she steps over the edge.

60 ON THE GROUND

60

Her crumpled shape. Schanke is over her, Nick is there in an
instant.

ANN
(as she dies)
Oh God help me...
(beat)
It feels so... good.

Her stare goes vacant and her head relaxes into death.

TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

TAG

FADE IN:

61 INT. PRECINCT - STONETREE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

61

Schanke sits on the edge of Stonetree's desk eating an apple. He looks up as Nick and Stonetree come in. The mood is light, the banter friendly.

*
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*

SCHANKE

What took you guys?

STONETREE

Had a little errand to do. Nick wanted to drop something off for Natalie.

SCHANKE

What is with you, Knight? You're on the make 24 hours a day.

NICK

You know, Schanke, you got a dirty mind. Nat and I are just good friends.

*
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*

SCHANKE

Yeah, right...

*
*

NICK

I didn't think you'd understand.

*
*

SCHANKE

Of course not. You understand women so much better than me.

*
*
*

NICK

It takes years of practice, Skank.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

SCHANKE

Okay then - Since you're such an expert, how about telling me why Ann Foley wanted you to kill me.

STONETREE

Because you were onto her.

SCHANKE

No. She wanted Nick to kill me before I even had a lead on her.

(beat)

I figure it had to do with Burkhart's casebook. She knew I'd be suspicious when it went missing.

STONETREE

No. No. It isn't that either.

(to Nick)

I told you there was nothing in the casebook except some vague assumptions about Crawford's embezzling.

NICK

True.

SCHANKE

So?

NICK

This one was a very uncomplicated woman Schanke. Ultimately she had one reason for everything she did.

He leans in close, menacingly.

NICK

...Cheap thrills.

SCHANKE

Well put. Thank you very much.

STONETREE

I don't know. Those cheap thrills turned out to be pretty expensive.

Nick nods, he knows.

NICK

Certain thrills are always the ones that make you pay a price.

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62 INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 62*

A BOTTLE OF PERFUME that has been placed on her computer,
tied with a ribbon. WE MOVE IN to see it's called... *
"REMEMBRANCE" *

63 INT. CANDLELIT ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 63

Nick lying there smiling and happy looking at Janette as she
walks slowly towards the door...

NICK
Where are you going?

She turns back, smiles, but says nothing. Instead she opens
the door... to reveal Lacroix.

Nick sits up quickly as Lacroix advances toward him.

NICK
Who are you?

JANETTE
His name is Lacroix.

LACROIX
Hello Nicholas. We're going to be
friends for long long time...

ON NICK'S FACE
fear....

TO BLACK

THE END