

Episode # 92-010

FOREVER KNIGHT

"Dead Air"

written by

Alison Bingeman

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SHOOTING DRAFT  
REVISED: MAY 27, 1992

01/06/92 PINK - FULL SCRIPT  
04/06/92 BLUE - FULL SCRIPT  
05/06/92 YELLOW - PAGES ONLY  
08/06/92 GREEN - PAGES ONLY  
10/06/92 GOLDENROD - PAGES ONLY

"Dead Air"

CAST LIST

NICK KNIGHT.....Geraint Wyn Davies  
SCHANKE.....John Kapelos  
NATALIE.....Catherine Disher  
STONETREE.....Gary Farmer  
JANETTE.....Deborah Duchene  
LACROIX.....Nigel Bennett  
CHRISTINA NOBLE  
MATTHEW (KILLER/FIGURE)  
TED  
KAYLEY  
LANDLADY  
STATION MANAGER  
ASSISTANT  
UPTIGHT NURSE  
MARSHA

SETS

EXT. CITYSCAPE (CN TOWER)  
INT. SOUND BOOTH - RADIO STATION  
INT. BEDROOM (FIRST MURDER SITE)  
INT. STONETREE'S OFFICE  
INT. CADDIE  
INT. HOTEL BRIDAL SUITE  
EXT. SKY  
EXT. ROOFTOP  
INT. MEDIEVAL ROOM  
INT. APARTMENT  
EXT. APARTMENT STAIRS/PARKING LOT  
EXT. PHONE BOOTH  
EXT. CN TOWER  
INT. RADIO STUDIO  
EXT. HOTEL  
INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT  
INT. KING'S MILLS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL RECEPTION/HALLWAY  
INT./EXT. CHRISTINA'S CAR  
INT. NICK'S LOFT  
EXT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT  
INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT  
EXT. ROOF - CN TOWER  
EXT. APARTMENT - TOP OF STAIRWELL  
EXT. APARTMENT ROOF  
EXT. CADDIE

\*  
\*

"Dead Air"

PAGE HISTORY

May 27, 1992 - WHITE - SHOOTING DRAFT

June 1, 1992 - PINK - FULL SCRIPT

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June 10, 1992 - GOLDENROD - PAGES:

33, 33A

DEAD AIR

TEASER

1 EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT - THE CN TOWER 1

Standing erect against the Toronto landscape - signal lights sending out cryptic messages into the night.

A silky smooth, feminine late-night radio voice drifts softly into the evening soundscape.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)  
C-T-O-K 93.4 FM. Larry, tell me,  
what's on your mind tonight?

CAMERA slowly ZOOM to the tip of the tower and PUSH THROUGH to..

2 INT. SOUND BOOTH - RADIO STATION - NIGHT 2

Establish CHRISTINA NOBLE, late thirties, with curly blond hair. There's lipstick on the filter of her cigarette as she withdraws it slowly from her mouth. She's isolated in the glass-panelled sound booth - in deep relationship with her microphone. (Note: All Christina's V.O.s thru radio, to be covered in radio station)

LARRY (O.S.)  
This is really kinky...

CHRISTINA  
(exhales a languid puff  
of smoke)  
Go on...

LARRY (O.S.)  
I can't believe I'm admitting this  
but, I really get off watching my  
wife make it with other guys.

CHRISTINA  
Really... that's quite a thing to  
admit, Larry. Do you have any  
fantasies as you watch?

Larry bursts out laughing.

CHRISTINA  
What do you think Larry?

But Larry keeps laughing.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

CHRISTINA

You ponder that one while I move on  
to Carol - you're on the air, talk  
to me.

VOICE (O.S.)

(high-pitched,  
feminine-sounding)

You turn me on...

Christina smiles as she taps her ashes in a CTOK RADIO  
ashtray. \*

3 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

3

A bedroom - softly lit. FIND a figure hunched over the  
phone.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

Well thank you. Is that because  
you find it easier to be intimate  
on the phone, than with a real live  
person?

VOICE

(still high-pitched)

Oh, I like real people too.

WIDEN: We see a woman's hand tied to the headboard of the  
bed. The hand strains against a rope.

CHRISTINA

Good...

4 INT. SOUND BOOTH - NIGHT - THE VU DIAL

4

On Christina.

CHRISTINA

(into microphone)

What do you want to talk about?

But there's no response.

CHRISTINA

Carol? Are you there?

5 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

5

The shaded figure (see him in silhouette - but NEVER his  
face) hits a dial on a voice modulator. The tone deepens.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

FIGURE  
(into phone)  
Hello Doctor.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)  
Who am I talking to?

6 INT. SOUND BOOTH - NIGHT

6

VOICE (O.S.)  
Not who you think.

CHRISTINA  
Okay Mr. Not Who I Think, you want  
to pick up where Carol left off?

VOICE (O.S.)  
Well... I want to talk about...

\*

7 INT. BEDROOM

7

A tightly curled platinum wig is pulled out of a bag.

VOICE

Blondes... Sexy blondes...

\*

He's doing something with lipstick (though we can't see  
clearly). MOVING WITH HIM as he crosses in front of the  
vague outlines of a woman, picks up and examines a long,  
black cigarette holder.

\*

\*

FIGURE  
That I can talk to and say-  
(to Carol and into phone)  
'I'm not going to hurt you if you  
respect my feelings'.

\*

CHRISTINA (O.S.)  
(dry)  
I bet your girlfriends love that.

VOICE  
Well, she knows she doesn't respect  
my feelings so she tries to beg for  
mercy instead.

8 INT. SOUND BOOTH

8

CHRISTINA: Getting uneasy.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

(dry)

I bet your girlfriends love that.

FIGURE

Well, she knows she doesn't respect my feelings so she tries to beg for mercy instead.

8 INT. SOUND BOOTH

8

CHRISTINA: Getting uneasy.

CHRISTINA

This is sounding a little twisted to me...

FIGURE (O.S.)

Yeah, it is. Maybe that's why it feels so good I can't even help what comes next, Doctor.

CLOSE ON CHRISTINA: as alarm registers. She keeps her voice cool but we can see by her face that she's worried.

CHRISTINA

You can't huh? And what is it that comes next?

There is a long beat as she listens intently to the empty air in her headphones.

FIGURE (O.S.)

I'm so glad you're interested. What comes next is I pull the cord around her neck... until she's dead.

AND WE HEAR THE PANICKED MUFFLED SCREAMS OF CAROL AS THE KILLER SLOWLY PULLS A CORD WRAPPED ROUND HER THROAT.

ON CHRISTINA: STUNNED, HORRIFIED, HELPLESS TO DO ANYTHING.

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

FIGURE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(from the machine)  
I pull the cord around her neck...  
until she's dead.

AND WE HEAR THE PANICKED TERRIFIED SCREAMS OF CAROL AS WE  
FADE IN TO:

9 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

9

CLICK! Stonetree turns off the tape machine and ejects the tape. Opposite his desk sits Christina - the smooth-talking radio personality now replaced with a chain-smoking bundle of nerves, clearly on the edge.

STONETREE  
You say you have no idea who this could have been - never heard this voice before?

CHRISTINA  
No. I don't - I haven't. And I know voices. I mean - I've been doing call-in shows a long time -

Stonetree reaches to flip on the intercom.

STONETREE  
(into the intercom)  
Is Nick around? Somebody get him for me?  
(to Christina)  
We'll get somebody on it.

He passes her the ashtray. She looks at it and at him. Her cigarette is a mile of ashes. She stubs it out and gathers her things to stand.

CHRISTINA  
What happens next?

STONETREE  
I'm afraid there isn't much to go on. We'll have the tape analysed for background noise, run a voice profile-

He shrugs.

CHRISTINA  
What about the victim?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

STONETREE  
(after a beat)  
So far, there isn't one.

CHRISTINA  
(agitated)  
Well - You're going to look, aren't  
you?

.. He stands, goes to the door.

STONETREE  
We'll do everything we can with  
what we've got.

She stands and gathers her purse as he opens the door for  
her.

CHRISTINA  
I guess there's nothing more I can  
do...

It's almost a question.

STONETREE  
No, there isn't. Except maybe get  
some sleep - let us worry about it  
from here on.

Beat. She nods, frustrated, distracted... turns - and runs  
SMACK into Nick - her purse goes flying. Nick steadies her  
and grins.

NICK  
Whoa. The meter's still running.

He reaches down and picks up her purse.

CHRISTINA  
(flustered)  
I'm sorry - I didn't see you -

CLOSE ON: Christina's shaking hands. Nick steadies them as  
he slips the purse handles into her fingers.

NICK  
It's okay.

Christina takes a breath to collect herself.

CHRISTINA  
Thank you. Again, I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

CLOSE ON: Christina's shaking hands. Nick steadies them as he slips the purse handles into her fingers.

NICK

It's okay.

Christina takes a breath to collect herself.

CHRISTINA

Thank you. Again, I'm sorry.

And she's gone before anyone has a chance to say another word. Nick turns to Stonetree.

NICK

Been telling your stories again?

STONETREE

Nothing she couldn't handle if I had.

(off his look)

That was Doctor Christina Noble.

NICK

The radio shrink on CTOK?

Stonetree nods.

STONETREE

Although what her show has to do with real psychiatry... real psychiatry helps people.

(weary sigh)

Apparently some guy murdered a woman during a call-in to her show.

NICK

(reacting)

On the air?

STONETREE

(nodding)

Over the radio, beamed out to the whole city.

They look at each other.

NICK

You think it could be a hoax?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 3

9

STONETREE

Well... I have no proof it isn't.

NICK

(skeptical)

I don't know. She didn't look like she was on a publicity tour.

Stonetree grimaces at the loaded ashtray, dumps it in the trash.

10 INT. CADDIE - NEXT NIGHT

10

Schanke and Nick on a routine call.

SCHANKE

Never listen to the stuff - The job's enough of a reminder what a 'colorful' world we live in.

Nick shakes his head.

NICK

I know what real fear looks like and she was scared.

SCHANKE

Scared her ratings might slip.

NICK

No - she had that cornered look. Like she'd gotten in over her head.

SCHANKE

(wincing)

Knight. Come on. I worry about you. You're a sucker every time for that damsel-in-distress act. For your information, Christina Noble is a hardened pro and I betcha she's back in the saddle - so to speak. A slice of Heathcrunch pie says I'm right. Here.

And he turns on the radio and finds -

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

(in mid-sentence; from the radio)

-those listeners who were tuned in last night... Pretty intense...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

## 11 INT. SOUND BOOTH - RADIO STATION - NIGHT

11

Christina signals her a.v.-nerd engineer, TED, 20s. He plugs a MUSIC SPOT.

Exhausted, she pulls off her headphones. She's much more collected than she was in Stonetree's office but a long way from the smiling, smooth, confident voice of the night airwaves she was when we first saw her.

Ted's voice sifts through the speakers.

TED  
Bad day or what?

CHRISTINA  
(into the mike)  
One guess.

She pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

TED  
My offer for a massage is still open...

CHRISTINA  
I know... If I keep chainsmoking like this my lungs are gonna need a massage.

TED  
(leering)  
Like I said.

She gives him a look.

CHRISTINA  
What's tonight's subject?

TED  
Sex - where's the weirdest place you've ever had it?  
(off her sigh)  
Hey, I don't pick 'em.

She pulls on her headphones as the music comes to an end. Leans into the mike.

## 12 INT. CADDIE - NIGHT

12

The music finishes. As she talks, we see that her heart isn't in it tonight, though she does her best to make her voice, at least, sound convincing.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SCHANKE (cont'd)  
And then the week before that, the  
subject was 'Single girls who've  
made it with pizza delivery boys'.  
Please! - One time she even-

NICK  
(interrupting)  
I thought you never listened to the  
stuff Skank.

Beat. He's caught.

SCHANKE  
Well... just once in a while... \*

Nick laughs. Schanke rolls his eyes.

13 INT. SOUND BOOTH - RADIO STATION - NIGHT

13

Ted signals through the glass.

TED (MIKED)  
Hector - Line one. And I'm taking  
five.

He exits.

CHRISTINA  
(punches a button)  
Hello Hector, can you top Kayley?

KILLER (O.S.)  
(same raspy whisper)  
My name's not Hector, Doctor, but I  
think I can top anyone.

CLOSE ON: Christina - sudden frown. She keeps her voice  
light, however, to make sure...

CHRISTINA  
Go ahead.

KILLER (O.S.)  
Yeah, in a sec. First I want to  
know if you slept okay last night.

Christina's eyes; the fear. She closes them, trying not to  
react.

13 CONTINUED:

13

TED (MIKED)

Hector - Line one. And I'm taking five.

He exits.

CHRISTINA

(punches a button)

Hello Hector, can you top Kayley?

KILLER (O.S.)

(same raspy whisper)

My name's not Hector, Doctor, but I think I can top anyone.

CLOSE ON: Christina - sudden frown. She keeps her voice light, however, to make sure...

CHRISTINA

Go ahead.

KILLER (O.S.)

Yeah, in a sec. First I want to know if you slept okay last night.

Christina's eyes; the fear. She closes them, trying not to react.

14 INT. CADDIE

14

The radio dial gleams.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

...Perhaps a more appropriate question - how did you sleep?

KILLER (O.S.)

(laughter)

I was too excited to sleep. I'm still too excited to sleep - besides, no one sleeps in the bridal suite.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

Are you alone?

KILLER (O.S.)

What? In the bridal suite? Aren't you listening?

Over the airwaves THE SOUND of a WOMAN WHIMPERING.

17 INT. CADDIE

17

Nick pulls the car over to the side of the road. He and Schanke stare at the radio with concern.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)  
(clearly affected)  
I'd like to talk to her.

KILLER (O.S.)  
(annoyed)  
No Way! I'm the one who called you.

NICK  
Take over the wheel.

SCHANKE  
Wha - ho - where're you going?

NICK  
Radio-in what's going on. I'll meet you back at the station.

SCHANKE  
But you have no idea --

Nick exits the car before he can protest.

SCHANKE: turns down the volume on Christina, slides behind the wheel and picks up the radio mike.

SCHANKE  
(into mike)  
81 - KILO. Turn on CTOK we got another possible on-air homicide in progress. \*

DISPATCH  
(thru speaker)  
I got a call on Spadina and Queen. It's an emergency.

SCHANKE  
Knight's out of the car - I'm solo.

DISPATCH  
Then respond alone. It's an emergency

18 INT. SOUND BOOTH

18

Christina at the mike... thinking hard, trying to steady her voice.

(CONTINUED)



18 CONTINUED:

18

CHRISTINA  
Please, before you do anything...

\*

KILLER  
You know what I'm gonna do...

19 EXT. SKY - NIGHT 19

POV: aerial view - back and forth, abrupt, confusing motions across the urban landscape as Nick searches.

RANDOM RADIO SOUNDS tune in and out of range as the figure (Nick) flies through the night listening to Christina's show as it comes from different directions - different radios. \*

INTENSE BREATHING - Nick dips down - lands on a roof - \*

SOUND SAMPLING AGAIN as Nick resumes flight. He TUNES to the radio airwaves and picks up the KILLER'S VOICE.

KILLER (O.S.)

I'm gonna let nature take it's course - I'm gonna blow her mind. To bits. I have to. I gotta do what I'm told. Always do what I'm told. (the CLICK of a gun)

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

(urgency breaks through)  
Told by whom? Who's telling you to do this?

THROUGH THE RADIO: A woman's MUFFLED SCREAM!

20 INT. SOUND BOOTH 20

TIGHTER on Christina's brow knit with fear and concentration.

21 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 21

Nick lands on a rooftop, looks around frantically with glowing eyes. Frustration as he strains against time to locate the origin of the killer's voice, sift it from the barrage of radio sources it is being broadcast from. \*

22 INT. SOUND BOOTH 22

Christina frantically motioning to Ted - she grabs a tube of lipstick and draws 9-1-1 backwards on the glass. Ted reacts instantly and picks up the phone.

KILLER (O.S.)

Who's telling me? I don't know. All I know is she's nothing - and she has to die.

23 EXT. ROOFTOP - NICK

23

ZOOM in on him, closing his eyes, as he raises his hands to his head -

19 CONTINUED:

19

KILLER (O.S.)

I'm gonna let nature take it's  
course - I'm gonna blow her mind.  
To bits. I have to. I gotta do what  
I'm told. Always do what I'm told.  
(the CLICK of a gun)

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

(urgency breaks through)  
Told by whom? Who's telling you to  
do this?

THROUGH THE RADIO: A woman's MUFFLED SCREAM!

20 INT. SOUND BOOTH

20

TIGHTER on Christina's brow knit with fear and  
concentration.

21 EXT. THE NIGHT

21

Nick lands on a roof, looks around frantically with glowing  
eyes. Frustration as he strains against time to locate the  
sounds.

22 INT. SOUND BOOTH

22

Christina frantically motioning to Ted - she grabs a tube of  
lipstick and draws 9-1-1 backwards on the glass. He  
comprehends and picks up the phone.

KILLER (O.S.)

Who's telling me? I don't know. All  
I know is she's nothing - and she  
has to die.

23 EXT. ROOF - NICK

23

ZOOM in on him, closing his eyes, as he raises his hands to  
his head -

24 INT. MEDIEVAL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

24

The terrified face of a DERELICT. Widen to include the  
thick, gleaming blade of the knife pressed against the flesh  
of his throat. Above him, Lacroix's calm, evil stare.

(CONTINUED)

27 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

27

Pitch black. The door opens to admit Schanke. Behind him, a LANDLADY wrings her hands with anxiety. A dog barks within, shoots past Schanke out into the hall as he walks into the apartment.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NEW ANGLE FROM OVER VICTIM'S SHOULDER

LANDLADY

I know something's wrong. I just know it.

\*

SCHANKE

How do you know that?

LANDLADY

The dog! He's been barking in here like crazy - and no one's see her for two days -

\*  
\*  
\*

Schanke's shock as he looks - we see part of a blond wig on a woman's head, lipstick smeared on the side of a face and a telephone receiver propped between her ear and shoulder.

28  
THRU OMITTED  
29

28  
THRU  
29

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

30 INT. BEDROOM - FIRST MURDER SITE - NIGHT 30

Schanke, Nick, Natalie on the scene of the crime.

Nick, wearing plastic gloves, examines the objects around the bed. In the background, pictures on the wall of a smiling girl posing with friends, a dog...

\*  
\*

SCHANKE

The neighbors said she worked at Sav-mart. I called over. The manager said last time he saw her was after the late shift two nights ago.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Natalie lowers the white sheet, somewhat shaken, disgusted.

NATALIE

This stuff makes vampires look like cute little schoolboys.

(beat)

You know, I see this kind of thing over and over...I know why it happens, technically...but-

NICK

Understanding it psychologically is another issue.

She nods.

\*  
\*

Stonetree enters the room as two forensic assistants remove the body. He comes over to Nick, Natalie and Schanke.

STONETREE

Well?

\*

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

NICK

Want me to take a wild guess? \*

Stonetree looks at Schanke.

STONETREE

Do I have a choice?

SCHANKE

'Fraid not. So far we don't have a  
weapon or a motive.

NICK

We think this might be the victim  
of last night's on-air murder.

Stonetree looks at them.

STONETREE

Why?

NATALIE

Rigor mortis progression indicates  
she died between eighteen and  
twenty-four hours ago.

NICK

About the time of the call-in.

Stonetree considers.

STONETREE

Not enough.

SCHANKE

There's gotta be another link here  
somewhere.

NICK

Wait a sec - where's the phone?

SCHANKE

Bagged - we're checking for prints.

NICK

Let me see...

He retrieves it, unbags it carefully and examines it. He  
looks up, triumphant.

NICK

Here's to modern conveniences.

He plugs it in and hits a button.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

NICK  
(off their looks)  
Automatic redial.

Beat. Then the VOICE of a CTOK screener comes on the line. \*

VOICE-OVER  
(thru phone)  
C-T-O-K radio, can I help you? \*

They look at one another - BINGO.

31 EXT. APARTMENT STAIRS/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

31

With Stonetree, Nick and Schanke as they weave their way past the cops and forensics guys.

NICK  
According to the voice analysis,  
he's young, maybe twenty or so - no  
more than twenty-five. Caucasian.

SCHANKE  
And he must've known her somehow  
'cause there's no signs of forced  
entry - Not to mention the place is  
crawling with prints.

NICK  
Unless he followed her home from  
the store.

SCHANKE  
Nah, I say it had to be a date.

STONETREE  
And I say we hold our speculation  
until we get more to go on.  
Assuming we'll very shortly have  
more to go on.

They stop, look at each other.

NICK  
The body of the second victim.

STONETREE  
Assuming there is one. There's  
still a chance tonight's call was a  
copycat.

(CONTINUED)



31 CONTINUED:

31

NICK

I'll get a dub of tonight's tape.  
If the voice prints match, that  
should answer at least one  
question. \*

SCHANKE

Maybe they'll get some background  
noise off it this time, help us pin  
a location.

NICK

In any case, there might be an even  
easier way. We'll put a trace on  
Noble's phone lines at the  
station. \*

Stonetree nods. \*

STONETREE \*

And this one's under wraps. No  
press, no one. Anything the entire  
city doesn't already know is ours  
and ours alone. \*

Nick and Schanke nod their agreement. \*

STONETREE \*

(to Nick) \*

Good - I want you at the radio  
station tomorrow. In the meantime,  
I guess we better start checking  
hotel bridal suites. \*

He looks at Schanke.

SCHANKE

How come he gets to work with the  
live ones?

STONETREE \*

Because they like him. \*

Off their nods we go out.

32 EXT. CN TOWER - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 32

33 INT. RADIO STUDIO - NEXT NIGHT 33

IN BOOTH/CHRISTINA'S LIPS

near the microphone.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

CHRISTINA

Welcome back listeners. We're live on the air...

OUTSIDE BOOTH the big gun - the STATION MANAGER - is out tonight. He stands with Nick outside the glass enclosing Christina's booth. We see her lips move as she talks but hear nothing. He indicates the monitoring equipment.

STATION MANAGER

Everything plugged in, ready to go?

NICK

All we have to do is wait for him to get an itchy dial finger.

THRU THE GLASS

Christina lights a fresh cigarette with the glowing butt of the other.

NICK

She's got quite a habit - for a doctor.

STATION MANAGER

She's one of those driven types. All the driven types I know smoke. You want coffee?

NICK

No thanks.  
(he indicates Christina)  
Mind if I listen in?

While the Station Manager waves to get Ted's attention, on the other side of the booth, Nick watches Christina. There is real concern in his eyes. The Station Manager sees it and pats him on the back.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

STATION MANAGER

Don't worry about her. She's a pro.

Her voice cuts in over the speaker:

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

NICK

All we have to do is wait for him  
to get an itchy dial finger.

THRU THE GLASS

Christina lights a fresh cigarette with the glowing butt of  
the other.

NICK

She's got quite a habit - for a  
doctor.

STATION MANAGER

She's one of those driven types.  
All the driven types I know smoke.  
You want coffee?

NICK

No thanks.  
(he indicates Christina)  
Mind if I listen in?

While the Station Manager waves to get Ted's attention, on  
the other side of the booth, Nick watches Christina. There  
is real concern in his eyes.

NICK

I hope she's going to be okay.

The Station Manager slaps Nick on the back.

STATION MANAGER

Don't worry about her. She's a pro.

Her voice cuts in over the speaker:

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

- for sharing your feelings -  
Feelings most of us relate to as we  
listened to what seemed to be going  
on. The helplessness, the anger...  
It's the subject of tonight's show.  
The lines are open.

STATION MANAGER

(reacts)  
What? No -

He tries to get her attention, mouthing wide as he:

STATION MANAGER

Tonight's subject is "How you lost  
your virginity". How - You - Lost -

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Christina sits up straight, stubs her cigarette... deep breath, then hits the switch.

CHRISTINA  
Hello - you're talking on CTOK -  
who am I speaking with? \*

KILLER (O.S.)  
Guess.

Off her glance, Nick punches the button on the tracer.

INSERT TRACER SCREEN: Numbers flash by on the digital readout. The first number clicks in.

Nick gives her thumbs up.

CHRISTINA  
Why, do I know you?

KILLER (O.S.)  
You may think you do.  
(laughs)  
But... there's knowing someone...  
and then there's really knowing  
someone - And I don't think you  
have a clue, Doctor.

CHRISTINA  
Then why don't you give me one.

KILLER (O.S.)  
(an immature imitation)  
Help, help. Don't hurt me!

Christina closes her eyes and swallows. When she speaks again, her voice is steady, cool.

CHRISTINA  
You like that sound, don't you?  
That's the sound of a person who's  
afraid. A woman who's afraid.

Something different about her tonight. Determination to stay on top of this.

KILLER (O.S.)  
Afraid of me.

CHRISTINA  
(struggling to maintain)  
Why do you like making them afraid?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

CHRISTINA

Why, do I know you?

KILLER (O.S.)

You may think you do.

(laughs)

But... there's knowing someone...  
and then there's really knowing  
someone - And I don't think you  
have a clue, Doctor.

CHRISTINA

Then why don't you give me one.

KILLER (O.S.)

(a choked imitation of a  
woman's scream)

Ahhhh!

Christina closes her eyes and swallows. When she speaks  
again, her voice is steady, cool.

CHRISTINA

You like that sound, don't you?  
That's the sound of a person who's  
afraid. A woman who's afraid.

Something different about her tonight. Determination to stay  
on top of this.

KILLER (O.S.)

Afraid of me.

CHRISTINA

(struggling to maintain)  
Why do you like making them afraid?

KILLER (O.S.)

You know perfectly well.

CHRISTINA

No, I don't - Why don't you tell  
me? Talk about it.

KILLER (O.S.)

Maybe I'd rather do something  
about it... than talk about it, you  
know?

NICK: Checks the readout.

INSERT: Three numbers have clicked in.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

KILLER (O.S.)  
I mean, that's the problem with  
shrinks. You just want to sit  
around - You are a shrink, right?

CHRISTINA  
(slight hesitation)  
...A psychiatrist.

INSERT: Another number.

NICK: Motioning to her - great! Keep going!

KILLER (O.S.)  
(after a long pause)  
So why aren't you in an office with  
a couch and a big swivel chair?

ON CHRISTINA: Mute.

NICK motions to her to keep it going.

INSERT: WATCH ON THE WRIST OF THE KILLER.

Clicking off seconds.

KILLER  
Oops. Did I hurt your feelings?  
Maybe you weren't good enough?

CLOSE ON CHRISTINA

Her eyes dart to Nick. She shifts in her chair. He's getting  
to her. Nick makes a rolling motion with his hand.

CHRISTINA  
You didn't call to talk about my  
feelings, you called to talk about  
yours.

KILLER (O.S.)  
...How do you know?

INSERT TRACER SCREEN: The fifth number clicks in.

CLICK! He hangs up seconds before the call can be  
registered.

39 INT. RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT

39

Nick flicks the monitoring equipment off.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTINA

(bitter)

I guess if I wasn't so rusty I would've figured that out for myself.

NICK

What do you mean, 'rusty'?

CHRISTINA

Never mind. You know what they say - Use it or lose it.

She takes a deep drag.

CHRISTINA

I just wish I knew if this guy was for real-

TED

(over the speakers)

There's a call for Detective Knight - you want me to put it over the speaker?

NICK

(into the mike)

Who is it?

TED

(thru speaker)

Detective Schanke?

NICK

He's your biggest fan. He must have been listening in.

(to Ted)

Put him through.

SCHANKE (O.S.)

(over the speakers)

Hey Knight - I'm calling from the bridal suite at the hotel. We got body number two.

Christina looks at Nick in alarm and betrayal. Nick frowns.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 2

37

CHRISTINA

Body number two? You've found victims? But you never said-

NICK

(to Schanke)

I'll be right there, Schanke.

(beat; to Christina)

I'm sorry. Please try to understand - Police business.

He starts out. She follows, insistent:

CHRISTINA

Dammit... For all I know, my show could be the whole cause of this! That doesn't make it my business too?

NICK

(shaking his head; helpless)

Don't jump to conclusions. We'll talk later.

As he turns and hurries out, she stares after him.

37A EXT. HOTEL - DAWN

37A

38 INT. BRIDAL SUITE - SCENE OF THE CRIME - DAWN

38

Under a large, abstract painting of two hearts and two doves, Coroner's Assistants remove a body from the bed. They cross behind Schanke and Nick who is examining a plastic bag with a black cigarette holder in it.

SCHANKE

We figure he must have lured her in on some lookie-loo pretense of showing him the room. Other than that, everything - the phone, the way the body was made up - was the same as last time.

Nick puts down the bag. His expression is dark.

NICK

It's a race against time now.

(CONTINUED)



38 CONTINUED:

38

SCHANKE

Yeah. It's always that way when  
you're dealing with a serial  
killer.

Nick stares off into space, remembering...

39 INT. MEDIEVAL ROOM - NIGHT

39

We see JANETTE - LAUGHING - as she holds a battered crown poised above the head of the struggling derelict.

JANETTE  
(calling out)  
Oh, Lacroix! Come and look. He  
does look like your father!

NEW ANGLE to include LACROIX, eyes gleaming with laughter, and Nick, who stares at the scene angrily.

NICK  
Where did you find him?

LACROIX  
I found him wandering by the  
river... in search of sustenance.  
(grins)  
Since we had something in common -  
I invited him to my table.

Nick shakes his head - It's wrong.

NICK  
If you're going to drink his  
blood - do it and be done with it.

Lacroix lifts a hand to Nick's cheek.

LACROIX  
My poor, miserable creature - What  
a shallow existence you must be  
enduring...  
(beat)  
Nicholas, I hope someday you come  
to appreciate the richer depths of  
satisfaction to be plumbed in  
killing... for the pleasure - the  
sheer creativity - of doing so.

NICK  
You make me sick. \*

LACROIX  
...Then don't watch.

40 INT. BRIDAL SUITE - SCENE OF THE CRIME - DAWN

40

Nick shakes away the memory as an ASSISTANT comes to gather the samples from them.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

ASSISTANT

I'll get these to the lab. You should have a fingerprint report by noon.

SCHANKE

Which would be a big help if the guy had a criminal record.

NICK

What about a psychiatric record? Anything yet? \*

SCHANKE

(shaking his head) \*

Still working on a warrant. If he does have a record - M.O. like his'll make him stick out like a sore thumb. \*

NICK

How many psychotics can there be that are into make-up? \*

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

(from behind)

You'd be surprised.

They turn. She's standing in the doorway. As she walks in, there is a nervous energy about her - like she knows she shouldn't be here.

SCHANKE

The elevator's closed off - how'd you get in?

Her expression is intense.

CHRISTINA

The same way you get inside people's heads - the back stairway.

(beat)

I came to help.

(she holds out her hand to Schanke)

Christina Noble.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 2

40

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CHRISTINA  
You must be Detective Schanke...  
(beat; a look to Nick)  
My biggest fan.

Off Schanke's expression, she glances at the tray of evidence ready for removal.

CLOSE ON TRAY

a bright red lipstick, capless, the tip crushed slightly. Christina's finger pointing to it.

Christina looks at Nick.

CHRISTINA  
He used that lipstick on the victim. He was dressing her up, wasn't he?

Nick and Schanke look at each other. She watches for their reaction.

NICK  
Let's say you were right... How would you arrive at something like that?

\*

CHRISTINA  
Women don't crush their lipstick when they apply it.  
(off their looks; hesitant)  
...And three of my psychiatric internship years were spent in forensic psychiatry -

SCHANKE  
Hey Nick, I think we should remember certain directives from on high, if you know what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 3

40

CHRISTINA

I understand this is a guarded investigation. But just let me look around a little... Maybe I can help you get a better idea of who you're looking for.

SCHANKE

We're just about out of here and forensics won't be coming to get the rest of the evidence until later this morning.

CHRISTINA

Please let me try.

She looks at Nick. A conflict plays on his face and he glances involuntarily at the window. Beat.

NICK

It's all right, Schanke. I'll stay with her.

Christina looks at Nick with guarded gratitude. However, Schanke looks at Nick like he's off his rocker. Nick holds his ground.

SCHANKE

(beat; pointed)

Okay. I just hope you left me your rollerskates.

Schanke goes to the door and, with one last doubtful expression, he's gone, leaving them alone.

CHRISTINA

Thank you.

Beat. Christina goes to the window and pulls open the curtain, just a bit -

A shaft of light falls across Nick - he JUMPS out of the way - SMOKE snakes off his back - a HISSING sound...

NICK

(shouts)

No! Leave them closed... please -

Startled, she quickly complies.

NICK

Just - don't disturb things.  
Leave it exactly the way it is.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 4

40

ON NICK: A close call.

END OF ACT TWO

43 CONTINUED:

43

NICK

(shouts)

No! Leave them closed.

Startled, she quickly complies.

NICK

Just - don't disturb things - not yet.

ON NICK: A close call.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

44 EXT. - PLAZA HOTEL - DAY 44  
The sun is high in the sky.

45 INT. CRIMESCENE - HOTELROOM -DAY 45  
Even with the curtains closed the room has brightened with the daylight. In the shadows sit Nick, Christina

CHRISTINA  
Did he have intercourse with his victims?

NICK  
No.

CHRISTINA  
Possibly impotent - so sex isn't the key.

NICK  
But power, control is... who is he?

CHRISTINA  
(thinking)  
A bright, good looking guy - had to be or he wouldn't have had such an easy time luring his victims. And zero self-esteem. He doesn't feel part of the human race - less than - so the rules that apply to us don't count for him. That's what enables him to go on killing, punishing...

NICK (cont'd)  
Punishing women?

She thinks.

CHRISTINA  
Or punishing himself. Each murder is an act of self-hatred. Each murder confirms his own belief that he's worthless...

(beat; thinking)  
I once had a patient - a fifteen-year-old boy, so severely abused by his mother that it took me a year before he'd even look at me.

(CONTINUED)



42 CONTINUED:

42

CHRISTINA (cont'd)

Each murder confirms his own belief  
that he's worthless...

(beat, awkward)

I once had a patient - a fifteen-  
year-old boy - so severely abused  
by his mother that it took me a  
year before he'd even look at me.

Christina turns away from Nick, the memory is painful.

CHRISTINA (cont'd)

I finally gained his trust... and  
he opened up to me. Enough that he  
began to respond to me the same way  
he responded to his mother.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

Transference.

CHRISTINA

Yeah. That's what they call it.  
But I wasn't successful dealing  
with it in the therapy. I decided  
that the professional thing to do  
was to put him in the hospital.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

You blame yourself for that?

\*

CHRISTINA

I let him down. I abandoned him.

\*

NICK

Sounds like you were handling the  
situation the way you were trained  
to handle it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Christina laughs, almost bitterly.

CHRISTINA

I was attempting to work the way  
I was trained. I'd obviously  
missed a few crucial lectures.

\*  
\*

Nick frowns. Moves closer to her.

NICK

You're being awfully hard on  
yourself. Psychiatry doesn't  
promise miracles - why expect  
yourself to be a miracle worker?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

CHRISTINA

(beat)

After he was discharged... he  
brutalized and killed his mother.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

She gets up, instinctively reaches for her purse. Stops herself -

CHRISTINA

You think this is a non-smoking room?

Nick shrugs. She hesitates, then puts the purse aside.

NICK

...So our killer could be acting out a fantasy - the fantasy of murdering his mother...

CHRISTINA

Quite possibly. Only it's not really her... so he has to keep doing it over and over again.

CAMERA finds Nick and TRACKS IN - he knows this only too well.

TRACK to E.C.U. as her words penetrate deeper and deeper into his psyche...

46 INT. - MEDIEVAL ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

46

Nick stands in the doorway staring at Lacroix within - whose hand rests on the shoulder of the terrified Derelict.

NICK

How can you be so cruel?

LACROIX

(amused; he hisses)  
It was bred into me.

NICK

No. We're killers - not torturers.

LACROIX

I was referring to a more insidious kind of breeding.

He turns away from Nick and appraises his prisoner.

LACROIX

(beat; shaking his head)  
The resemblance is truly uncanny -

He crouches next to the chair and looks the man deep in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

LACROIX

Tell me you love me - Father.

ON the TERRIFIED FACE of a MAN as Lacroix grins into his face.

Janette LAUGHS with delight as Nick looks on, sickened.

LACROIX

Say 'I love you...  
(a sly look to Nick)  
...Oedipus'.

As he rises, he pulls a long, blade from his robe.

LACROIX

Say 'I'm sorry... Oedipus'. And  
'Forgive me, Oedipus my son, for  
the treacherous introduction to the  
world I gave you'!

NICK

(hissing)  
Oedipus killed his father by  
accident.

LACROIX

Nobody believes that. Not  
anymore.

SOUND: a LOUD KNOCKING - startles Nick out of his reverie  
and back to....

47 INT. - HOTEL ROOM - SCENE OF THE CRIME - DAY (PRESENT)

47

A KNOCK on the door - an OFFICER stands on the threshold.  
Nick rises.

NICK

We must leave - er, maybe we better  
get going.

48 INT. - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DAY

48

Nick and Christina step off the elevator and enter the  
parking lot. As they walk, he tries his best not to make it  
too obvious the way he dodges the shafts of sunlight that  
pierce the dark, cemented lot.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

CHRISTINA

That felt good. Really good. Thank you.

NICK

You were a big help.

CHRISTINA

(she smiles)

I was, wasn't I?

(beat; but seriously)

You gave me a chance to be.

(beat)

You know, on the radio I talk to people every night. But back there... it felt like I really had a voice - for the first time in a long time.

NICK

You should do it more often. You're very good at it.

She looks away.

CHRISTINA

(joking)

Well, let's not get too carried away -

NICK

I mean it. You're very insightful.

CHRISTINA

(smiles)

Maybe we should save the accolades until we've had a chance to test my accuracy.

They reach Nick's Caddy. She stops and waits. Seeming to want more - an invitation?

ANGLE: The sunlight streams through the cement openings on the parking lot - making a pattern - like bars on a cage.

NICK

Look, I guess I have some catching up to do. I'll see you tonight - at the station?

CHRISTINA

Yes. See you then.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

With a final smile, she TURNS and WALKS OFF as Nick climbs into the Caddy. He sits and waits until...

ANGLE: She is completely out of sight in his REAR VIEW MIRROR and he...

Slowly, climbs out of the car and gets into the trunk.

49 INT. - PROVINCIAL MENTAL HOSPITAL - DESK - DAY 49

SCHANKE stands at desk counter showing his badge to an UPTIGHT NURSE. A sign posted over her head reads, "Medical Records."

UPTIGHT NURSE  
Granted most of this stuff makes interesting reading, this is not a lending library. There's no access to patients' records without authorization.

Schanke pulls something from his pocket.

SCHANKE  
Does a warrant count?

NURSE: STONY STARE as she takes the warrant and squints at it in the light.

50 HALLWAY 50

Schanke FOLLOWS the nurse to a door which she unlocks and then opens. She flipping on the light and motions him inside. Schanke looks in - he stares - completely perplexed.

ANGLE: IN THE ROOM, stacks and stacks of old file boxes are piled on top of each other. He looks at the nurse.

SCHANKE  
Don't you have this on computer?

UPTIGHT NURSE  
Your warrant specifies our records - not our database...

Off Schanke's look we:

51 INT. - PRECINCT - NIGHT 51

STONETREE glowers at Nick.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

STONETREE

What were you even thinking letting her on that site? She's practically press. The whole city's gonna know every detail - including every potential copycat psycho from here to Great Bear Lake.

NICK

She's a team player - she's putting herself on the line to help us. She profiled the killer.

STONETREE

Oh, she did, did she? This I gotta hear - What, he's single, old-fashioned, likes to take moonlit walks - If we're gonna get a psychiatrist in on the case, let's get a real one.

SOUND: INTERCOM BUZZES. Stonetree punches a button.

STONETREE

(into intercom)

Yeah?

CLERK (O.S.)

Schanke.

STONETREE

Thanks. Put him on.

SCHANKE (O.S.)

Boy am I gettin' the runaround here. I want overtime.

STONETREE

What've you got?

SCHANKE

Blisters on my corneas, for one thing.

(beat)

And about thirty more boxes of files to go through. Is Knight there?

NICK

I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

SCHANKE

So help me out a little. Did Suzy Freud come up with any clues as to what I'm looking for?

NICK

Any young male in the last five years with a record of violence towards females - especially mothers, sisters, grandmothers. Maybe a recent discharge.

SCHANKE

(beat)

Oh. Okay. Lemme just write that down. N-o-r-m-a-n B-a-t-e-s.

Stonetree looks at Nick.

52 INT. - HALLWAY - MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

52

SCHANKE hangs up the payphone and starts down the hallway.

He passes by an open office - a lit computer screen beckons from within - He stops - glances around.

SCHANKE

(to himself)

Hello Norman. Come to Papa.

He nips inside, closing the door behind him.

53 EXT. - CN TOWER - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

53

SOUND OVER: Billie Holiday's "In My Solitude" plays softly over the airwaves.

54 INT./EXT. CHRISTINA'S CAR - NIGHT

54

She's feeling good tonight. On top of her game. Intense. She hums along with the MUSIC on the radio.

55 INT. - RADIO STATION - SOUND BOOTH - NIGHT

55

On the monitoring equipment. No one's around. We TILT up as Ted walks in, hangs up his coat. Through the glass, we see another radio personality leaning back in the chair, thumbing through cds.

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED:

55

TED through the glass cues the music down. Speaks to the man in Christina's chair.

TED  
Hey, Jake. How's it going?

The man (Jake) waves. Ted salutes then notices something -

The red light on his monitoring board is flashing. He picks up the phone.

TED  
Hello? This is the Christina Noble show.

IN SOUND BOOTH

As Jake pushes the button to segue one song into another. Behind him, we can see Ted, through the glass, on the phone. His concern.

ON TED

He's a little flustered.

TED  
(into phone)  
Gee - She'll be here any minute.  
(listening)  
Sure. No, I understand. I guess...  
I guess she might still be in her car.

56 INT./EXT. - CHRISTINA'S CAR - NIGHT

56

The PHONE RINGS. She answers.

CHRISTINA  
Yes?

TED (O.S.)  
(Thru phone)  
Dr. Noble, it's Ted. I have a call here for you and he says he doesn't want to talk to you at work - too shy or something.

CHRISTINA  
Who is it?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

TED (O.S.)  
Well that's why I figured you'd  
want to take the call... it's a  
former patient of yours.

On Christina as she reacts. Beat.

CHRISTINA  
Put him through, Ted.

57 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT

57

Nick comes in, checks his watch and heads for the  
refrigerator. He downs a half bottle of blood. Rests a  
minute, then picks up his remote for the stereo receiver.

ZAP. Music comes on.

58 INT./EXT. - CHRISTINA'S CAR - NIGHT

58

She's holding the phone, concentrating on the road.

CHRISTINA  
Hello? Hello, are you there?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Dr. Noble, is that you?

CHRISTINA  
Yes. Who is this?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You might not remember me...

CHRISTINA  
Sure I will - You were a patient of  
mine?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Yeah. Matthew Ried?

This jolts her. She reacts, then steadies her voice.

CHRISTINA  
Yes, Matthew, of course I remember  
you. How are you?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MATTHEW (O.S.)  
...Well... not so good actually.  
I've been out of the hospital for  
about a year and I was doing  
okay... I listened to you on the  
radio alot...

CHRISTINA  
Yes? That's good...

MATTHEW (O.S.)  
Well, the stuff that's been  
happening on the radio... I don't  
know - it just really disturbs me.  
I - I'm really affected by it, I  
guess, and...

CHRISTINA  
(concern)  
Matthew, I hear what you're saying.  
I think you should go to a hospital  
as soon as possible, can you do  
that?

MATTHEW (O.S.)  
No, I don't want to go back there.  
Look, I'm sorry - I shouldn't have  
called-

CHRISTINA  
(panic)  
No. No - Yes you should have -  
(thinking fast)  
Let me help you. We can talk.

MATTHEW (O.S.)  
(deep breath)  
I'm afraid to go out.

CHRISTINA  
That's okay. I'll come to you.  
Where are you?

MATTHEW (O.S.)  
Greer offramp off Route One. The  
Familytime Motel.

She memorizes.

CHRISTINA  
I'll be right over.

She hangs up. There is a courage and vitality in her eyes.

59 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT

59

Nick opens the door to admit Schanke. He's energized.

SCHANKE

You on your way to the station?

NICK

Yeah. We're going to try the trace again. I've got a feeling he's going to be calling back.

SCHANKE

Well, I got something that might help.

He waves a thick folder.

NICK

What is it?

SCHANKE

My best guess out of at least fifty candidates.

Nick looks up.

NICK

Previous homicides?

SCHANKE

One. His mother. When he was fifteen.

Nick registers something.

SCHANKE

Sat around with the body for a couple of days before he called the cops.

NICK

(realizing)

She had blonde, curly hair...

SCHANKE

Nope. But his shrink does.  
(off Nick's look)  
...Doctor Christina Noble.

Alarmed, Nick takes the file and opens it.

SCHANKE

Matthew Ried.

They look at each other.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

60 EXT. FAMILYTIME MOTEL - NIGHT 60

Christina's car pulls into the parking lot and she gets out. As she walks towards a lighted window, we TILT UP to the sign "FAMILYTIME" with its amateurish painting of a smiling mom, dad, and two kids.

61 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT 61

BOOM - the door opens as Nick comes in. He strides over to the sound booth - sees it's empty.

62 SOUND ROOM 62

Nick comes in and surprises Ted, who's got his feet up, doing a crossword.

NICK  
Where's Dr.Noble?

TED  
She's not coming in tonight.

He points to turning reels.

TED  
We're broadcasting an earlier show.  
Highlights-

NICK  
Not coming in? Where is she?

TED  
I don't know. She got a call. A  
former patient.

Nick's expression says it all.

TED  
What's wrong?

NICK  
How can I reach her?

Beat. Ted hands him the phone.

TED  
Try her car phone.

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

56 EXT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 56\*

Christina's car pulls into the parking lot beside a run-down apartment building in an industrial-looking area. She gets out and walks towards the front door.

57 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT 57

BOOM - the door opens as Nick comes in. He strides over to the sound booth - sees it's empty.

57A SOUND ROOM 57A\*

Nick comes in and surprises Ted, who's got his feet up, doing a crossword.

NICK  
Where's Dr. Noble?

TED  
She's not coming in tonight.

He points to turning reels.

TED  
We're broadcasting an earlier show.  
Highlights-

NICK  
Not coming in? Where is she?

TED  
I don't know. She got a call. A  
former patient.

Nick's expression says it all.

TED  
What's wrong?

NICK  
How can I reach her?

Beat. Ted hands him the phone.

TED  
Try her car phone.

58 INT. CHRISTINA'S CAR - NIGHT

58

The phone. Silent. TILT UP to Matthew's lighted window as:

VOICEOVER

The mobile customer you have dialed  
is away from the phone or has  
travelled beyond the service area-  
(CLICK)

INTERCUT - NICK

at the radio station as he (hangs up) stares at the phone,  
concern.

59 INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

59\*

Christina stands in the middle of the room. It's dim, almost  
dark. There is a figure in the corner in a chair.

CHRISTINA

Hello Matthew.

MATTHEW

I can't believe you're here. It's  
been so long.

The light clicks on and she withdraws her hand from the  
lamp.

CHRISTINA

That's a little better. I want to  
see you.

(beat; reacts)

You've grown up. Your voice has  
changed... You've changed.

\*  
\*  
\*

MATTHEW

In some ways.

We see him clearly now for the first time. He's of medium  
build but there's an adolescent quality to his face - his  
expression.

CHRISTINA

Good ways, I'm sure. For them to  
have released you from hospital.

He just stares at her.

MATTHEW

I think they were getting sick of  
me.

Christina smiles as if to take it as a joke, but there's  
something in his expression - not quite right. There is  
suddenly uncertainty in her eyes.

60 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

60

TILT UP from the phone, along the cord to - Nick.

NICK

(into phone)

Hello - Captain. I'll need back- up standing by. I think Christina's in danger.

(beat)

No. I don't. That's what I'm trying to find out. I'll call you.

He hangs up. Ted looks at him and swallows.

61 INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

61\*

Christina puts her purse down on the bed. Matthew stares at it. Smiles.

MATTHEW

A purse. My mother had one like it.

He stands and comes over to where she is. She stiffens slightly but hides it from him. He touches the handles of the purse.

MATTHEW

I think my mother's was a little bigger. No - maybe it was the same size...

CHRISTINA

Matthew, do you want to talk about her?

MATTHEW

I've been thinking about her.

CHRISTINA

Yes?

MATTHEW

I've been thinking about her a lot.

There is a strange tone in his voice.

62 EXT. ROOF - CN TOWER - NIGHT

62

Nick is whipped by the high-altitude night winds as he stares out over the city - frustrated.

(CONTINUED)



62 CONTINUED:

62

NICK  
(under his breath)  
Christina, tell me how to find you.

He looks around, helpless, then stops - WE MOVE IN on his face as he strains to listen, picking up... the SOUND OF CHRISTINA'S VOICE drifting to him over the airwaves.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)  
(the old Christina)  
Wow! His roommate invited his three girlfriends to his birthday party without telling him! What a guy!... Anything like that ever happen to anyone else out there? The lines are open to take your call at 555 TALK...

Suddenly something occurs to him. He hurries back inside.

63 INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

63\*

Christina picks up her purse and places it, trying to be casual, on the table near the door. She turns to him.

MATTHEW  
Maybe you should keep it nearby.

CHRISTINA  
Why?

MATTHEW  
You might want to have a cigarette.

There is an intensity the way he says this.

MATTHEW  
You still smoke, don't you?

CHRISTINA  
(trying to be light)  
Habits die hard.

And she wishes immediately she hadn't said that. Matthew smiles.

MATTHEW  
They do. I've really found that.  
And I kind of feel responsible for yours.

CHRISTINA  
How?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

MATTHEW

You mean I didn't cause you to take it up?

She smiles, shakes her head. But we know it's true.

CHRISTINA

There you go again, Matthew. You haven't forgotten all the work we did on getting you to stop taking the blame for things.

MATTHEW

Some things I should be blamed for.

CHRISTINA

Not the way your mother treated you. You never deserved that.

Beat.

MATTHEW

(grins)

Not at the time.

64 INT. RADIO STATION - OUTSIDE SOUND BOOTH - NIGHT

64

Schanke arrives to find Nick setting up the monitoring equipment. Nick places the headphones on Schanke.

SCHANKE

What for?

NICK

In case he calls in.

65 INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

65\*

CLICK. Matthew locks the door. Turns to Christina. She's trying to be professional, not act scared or affected by his behavior.

CHRISTINA

Why are you doing that? Are you afraid I'll leave?

MATTHEW

You left before. You left me in the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

NICK (O.S.)  
(in progress; from the  
radio)  
- on KING. The lines are open if  
there's anyone out there who feels  
like talking to nighttime Toronto-

Christina's eyes widen.

71 INT. RADIO STATION - SOUND BOOTH - NIGHT

71

Nick, headphones on, in Christina's chair.

NICK  
(into mike)  
Tonight the subject is fantasy -  
Have you ever acted yours out? We  
talked to Linda but she was afraid  
to act out hers. There must be one  
brave soul out there who's pushing  
the envelope. Come on Toronto -  
who's done the ultimate?

72 INT. ROOM NINE - FAMILYTIME MOTEL - NIGHT

72

Matthew stares at the radio as Nick continues along the same  
vein (ad lib). Then at Christine.

MATTHEW  
Who's that?

CHRISTINA  
It- It must be a guest host.

MATTHEW  
(intrigued)  
Fantasy, huh?

He pulls out a gun. She tries to stay calm. He points it at  
her and, beat, goes to the phone and dials. She closes her  
eyes.

73 INT. RADIO STATION - SOUND BOOTH - NIGHT

73

Ted signals wildly through the window. Nick looks at  
Schanke, who, in turn, begins the trace. Nick punches up the  
caller.

NICK  
Hello, You're on King.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

NICK (O.S.)  
(in progress; from the  
radio)  
The lines are open if there's  
anyone out there who feels like  
talking.

Christina's eyes widen. Matthew steps back in surprise.

66 INT. RADIO STATION - SOUND BOOTH - NIGHT

66

Nick, headphones on, in Christina's chair.

NICK  
(into mike)  
Tonight the subject is fantasy -  
Have you ever acted yours out? We  
talked to Linda but she was afraid  
to act out hers. There must be one  
brave soul out there who's pushing  
the envelope. Come on Toronto -  
who's done the ultimate?

67 INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

67

Matthew stares at the radio as Nick continues along the same  
vein (ad lib). Then at Christine.

MATTHEW  
Who's that?

CHRISTINA  
It - It must be a guest host.

MATTHEW  
(intrigued)  
Fantasy, huh?

He pulls out a gun. She tries to stay calm. He points it at  
her and, beat, goes to the phone and dials. She closes her  
eyes.

68 INT. RADIO STATION - SOUND BOOTH - NIGHT

68

Ted signals wildly through the window. Nick looks at  
Schanke, who, in turn, begins the trace. Nick punches up the  
caller.

NICK  
Hello, You're on CTOK.

\*

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

MATTHEW (O.S.)

Fantasies, huh? What if I told you I was acting mine out right this minute?

NICK

Your fantasy is to talk on the radio?

MATTHEW (O.S.)

Oh, I've done that before - a few times. My fantasy is something else.

Schanke gives Nick the thumbs-up through the glass. They've got it - the last two numbers. We see Schanke pick up a phone to call in a report.

NICK

Tell me about it. And let's have some detail so we can savour it right along with you.

MATTHEW (O.S.)

You want detail? I'll give you detail -

Nick pulls Schanke into the room and sits him down, slapping on the headphones.

NICK

You're me.

He glances at the paper on which Schanke has scribbled the address. Dashes out.

69 EXT. CN TOWER - NIGHT

69

AERIAL POV: as Nick swoops away from the tower, into the night.

70 OMITTED

70

71 INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

71\*

Matthew stares at the phone in his hand, suddenly suspicious. We WIDEN to include Christina, scared to death. Matthew looks down at his watch.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

MATTHEW

Damn, I blew it. I blew it. I  
stayed on too long. They'll have  
made the trace.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He grabs her, pulls her roughly to her feet and yanks her  
towards the door and out - we return to and hold on the  
dangling phone receiver.

\*

77 CONTINUED:

77

MATTHEW

You hate me. And you lied to me.

CHRISTINA

Matthew stop! Please. I never lied to you.

MATTHEW

You cheated me.

CHRISTINA

No. I never cheated you. I tried to help you. I tried to help you. I really did. Somewhere inside you believe that.

He stops sobbing and looks at her. In a moment he is eerily calm again. A strange look comes over his face. He just stares. Christina looks up at him, unflinching. He blinks, grimaces.

MATTHEW

I hate you, mother and I'm going to kill you for making me hate you.

And he raises the gun.

But Nick is there suddenly, a flying shape, knocking him to the ground. A struggle while Christina tries to see through the darkness.

Matthew fights like a maniac. Nick, fangs and glowing eyes pulls the gun from him. Matthew tears away, over - the edge of a ravine. Falls down and lies still at the bottom. TILT UP to Nick looking over the edge. He turns back -

As Schanke and the cops come running through the trees towards them.

ON CHRISTINA

As Nick helps her to her feet. While the cops swarm over the edge of the ravine. In her eyes, a haunted calmness.

CHRISTINA

Is Matthew -

NICK

Dead.

She considers this a long time.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

CHRISTINA

No. If we'd blamed you, you would have been in prison, not a hospital. Don't you see?

He sobs even harder.

MATTHEW

You hate me. And you lied to me.

CHRISTINA

Matthew stop! Please. I never lied to you.

MATTHEW

You cheated me.

CHRISTINA

No. I never cheated you. I tried to help you. I tried to help you. I really did. Somewhere inside you believe that.

He stops sobbing and looks at her. In a moment he is eerily calm again. A strange look comes over his face. He just stares. Christina looks up at him, unflinching. He blinks, grimaces.

MATTHEW

I hate you, mother, and I'm going to kill you for making me hate you.

And he raises the gun.

NEW ANGLE - Rising up to the roof from behind Christina is Nick. Matthew's eyes widen.

Nick lands on the roof. He advances toward Matthew.

Matthew fires -- he hits Nick once in the shoulder, once in the leg. Nick continues to advance, Matthew backs up into

...the electrical transformer. It sparks and he fries.

ON CHRISTINA

As Nick helps her to her feet. In her eyes, a haunted calmness.

NICK

Are you all right?

(CONTINUED)



72 CONTINUED: 2

72

He holds her close for a minute. When he releases her, he tries to lead her away, she GASPS in pain.

NICK  
What is it?

CHRISTINA  
My ankle. I think I cut it pretty badly.

She looks over at Matthew.

NICK  
You did everything you could to help him.

She nods, then tries to take a step.

NICK  
You sure you're okay?

CHRISTINA  
Yes... I'll heal... I really will this time.

They look at each other, as we hear the sound of the cops arriving.

END OF ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

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72 CONTINUED:

72

TAG

FADE IN:

72A EXT. CN TOWER - NIGHT

72A

Establish.

73 EXT. CADDIE - NIGHT

73

With Nick as he carries a burger package towards the car. We see Schanke inside as he approaches. Schanke, deeply engrossed in what he's hearing, doesn't notice. He startles when Nick slaps the roof.

IN CADDIE

Schanke's hand darts quickly away from the knob as Nick pulls open the door. POLKA MUSIC pulses through the speakers.

Nick slides in behind the wheel and hands Schanke the package. With a funny look, he glances at the radio - then looks at Schanke.

NICK

Since when do you like polka music?  
Or is this just another aspect of  
your self-administered  
media-literacy program?

Nick hits a button. A sexy WOMAN'S VOICE - MARSHA, takes over the airwaves.

MARSHA

(from the radio)

And now - more kinky talk on CTOK. \*

NICK

I thought so.

Schanke rolls his eyes.

SCHANKE

Gimme a break. I just wanted to see  
how the new host was working out. I  
knew you'd take it the wrong way.  
You so love to harass me, Knight.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

NICK

Repression is a serious thing,  
Skank.

SCHANKE

What - you're dialing? No.

NICK

It's almost as bad as denial. I  
don't like seeing you in denial.  
It's unhealthy. Keep it up and  
you'll be on Dr. Noble's new couch  
in no time.

Schanke turns to him. The phone hovers between them.

TED (O.S.)

King radio. Dr. Marsha Field's  
show. Hello?

Beat.

Schanke grabs the phone, with an expression of release he  
opens his mouth to begin talking and we -

FREEZE FRAME

THE END

75 CONTINUED:

75

NICK

Are you kidding? Tonight's subject was invented for you. You must have some old war stories.

SCHANKE

Hang it up.

Nick dials.

NICK

Repression is a serious thing, Skank.

SCHANKE

What - you're dialing? No.

NICK

It's almost as bad as denial. I don't like seeing you in denial. It's unhealthy. Keep it up and you'll be on Dr. Noble's new couch in no time.

Schanke turns to him. The phone hovers between them.

TED (O.S.)

CTOK radio. Dr. Marsha Field's show. Hello? \*

Beat.

Schanke grabs the phone, with an expression of release he opens his mouth to begin talking and we -

FREEZE FRAME

THE END