

Episode # 92-012

FOREVER KNIGHT

"Hunters"

written by

Peter Mitchell

NICK KNIGHT PRODUCTIONS INC./PARAGON ENTERTAINMENT CORPORATION

SHOOTING DRAFT
JUNE 16, 1992

19/06/92 PINK - FULL SCRIPT
22/06/92 BLUE - PAGES ONLY
24/06/92 YELLOW - PAGES ONLY
29/06/92 GREEN - PAGES ONLY

"HUNTERS"

CAST LIST

NICK KNIGHT.....Geraint Wyn Davies
SCHANKE.....John Kapelos
NATALIE.....Catherine Disher
STONETREE.....Gary Farmer
JANETTE.....Deborah Duchene
LACROIX.....Nigel Bennett
MACAVOY (formerly Cummings)
ANDERSON
ALVES
STRUTHERS
MERLIN
ALICE
VLAD THE HUNTER (formerly Hunter 1)
CLEANER

*

SETS

EXT. STREETS
EXT. FILLMORE ROOF
EXT./INT. NICK'S CAR
INT. POLICE STATION BOOKING AREA
INT. SQUAD ROOM
INT. STONETREE'S OFFICE
EXT. THE WOODS (LATE 1700s)
INT. A SMALL STONE BUILDING (1700s)
EXT. SEEDY MOTEL
INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM
EXT. THE RAVEN
INT. THE RAVEN
INT. NICK'S LOFT
INT. ROOM - RAVEN
INT. APARTMENT (CUMMINGS')
EXT. MEMORY LANE
EXT. NEWSSTAND
AN ALLEYWAY
EXT. A ROOFTOP IN MEMORY LANE
INT. MEMORY LANE BUILDING
INT. A CORRIDOR (MEMORY LANE BUILDING)

HUNTERS

Page History

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREETS -- NIGHT

1

What the action in front of the Fillmore Hotel most resembles is a Frederick's of Hollywood runway show. (CAUTION: Women's wardrobe MUST BE ACCEPTABLE)

*

The "models'" audience are the occupants of the cars trolling by -- one guy hooting out a cat call... another just sitting in his car watching. There's a lot of them so he can afford to be choosy.

*

*

Through the din and noise we can make out a voice.

ANDERSON (O.S.)

What? You want me to give up all this?

Angle on -- Nick, Schanke and Jim Anderson walking down the street. They push by a blonde in a push-up and little else.

SCHANKE

It's a promotion, Jimbo.

ANDERSON

It's homicide, Donut. Why the hell would I want to go back to that?

A look at Anderson. He's unshaven. He's wearing jeans and a sleeveless denim vest. He's got a cigarette that he flips between his fingers but never lights -- he's trying to quit.

NICK

Donut? Did you just call him "Donut"?

ANDERSON

You guys don't?

NICK

(smiling)

Maybe we do now.

SCHANKE

Back off, Knight - I'm warning you. I got that name when I used to have an... affinity... for junk food.

NICK

I guess now it's grown to a full-blown addiction.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

SCHANKE

Excuse me. Did we come out here tonight to trash Schanke? I don't think so.

NICK

(back to Anderson)

Stonetree just wanted us to push you a little, Jim. He thinks you're the right guy for the job.

ANDERSON

Daytime commander? I dunno. Pay might be nice... but, personally, I'm a night owl.

NICK

I can relate to that.

They walk past a tall raven-haired beauty.

ANDERSON

Hey Chrissy, how's tricks?

She makes a sign with her hand. A big fat zero.

ANDERSON

You see Ramirez you tell him I'm still looking for him, understand?

Chrissy sticks out her tongue, just the tip, at him.

ANDERSON

Two years ago, she went by the name Christopher. Miracles of modern science.

Schanke still looking at Chrissy. It is a miracle.

ANDERSON

Put your eyes back in your head or I'm gonna have to tell Myra.

Schanke snaps his gaze away from Chrissy.

SCHANKE

Four years he's my partner - never let me get away with anything.

ANDERSON

You don't know how good you got it with her, Donny. She's a helluva woman.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

He stops. He takes out a box of wooden matches. He flicks at the end of it with his fingernail. He finally stops playing with the damn cigarette and lights it.

ANDERSON

Look, tell Stonetree I appreciate the offer... but I'm a dyed-in-the-wool vice cop, now. These are my people down here, y'know? Looking out for them makes me feel like I'm doing something.

NICK

Can't convince you otherwise?

ANDERSON

I ain't cut out for dragging bodies outta the Don River.

(smiles)

Besides if there was the slightest chance I'd have to work with this slacker again...

They smile... Schanke eyeing Anderson's cigarette.

SCHANKE

I thought you told me you quit.

ANDERSON

What I told you was -- you quit I quit -- that's the deal.

SCHANKE

I haven't had a cigarette in two weeks.

ANDERSON

Not according to your wife...

THE FIRST SHOT hits Anderson square between the shoulder blades. Nick and Schanke drop to their knees and draw their guns. Shout at the bystanders...

NICK /SCHANKE

Get down! Get down!

THE SECOND SHOT rips into Anderson as well.

SCHANKE

Jim!

SCHANKE AND NICK scramble. Pull Anderson to cover behind a car. Then Nick runs back... into

AN ALLEY. Out of sight, now. His eyes yellow with rage, as he TAKES OFF.

2 EXT. FILLMORE ROOF -- NIGHT

2

Nick lands on the roof. Discarded on the roof is a scoped rifle. Nick looks around...

HIS VAMPIRE VISION reveals nothing. His sensitive hearing: only the distant shouts from the street. The approaching sirens.

Nick exhales wearily, frustrated. The vampire gone. Crosses slowly to the edge of the roof and looks down.

THE STREET - HIS POV. Schanke is cradling Anderson's body in his arms. It's hard to tell from this distance but he could be crying...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. STREET (MURDER SITE) -- NIGHT 3

An army of cops. Forensics. The whole nine yards -- a cop has been shot and it should show. The crime scene is being gone over with a fine-tooth comb. Uniforms are talking to the hookers. One of them is crying.

WITH NICK AND NATALIE - crossing over to Schanke who is sitting half in/half out of a squad car. The humid night air sits heavily on their shoulders.

NATALIE

You sure you didn't see any more casings up there?

NICK

Two shots - two casings. What's the problem?

NATALIE

Hit Anderson in the kill zone both times. Makes him one hell of a shot.

NEW ANGLE -- Stonetree's car pulls up. The Captain gets out and walks over to Schanke. Stonetree gives him a hug -- it's an awkward moment.

Nick and Natalie watch.

NATALIE

You see or hear anything...?

Nick's frustration bubbles to the surface.

NICK

Nothing - I told you. Not one damned thing.

Nick crosses to:

SCHANKE AND STONETREE. To Nick as he approaches:

STONETREE

Hell of a deal.

Nick looks over at Schanke. His partner looks like he's replaying what happened in his mind and the ending ain't changing.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

STONETREE
Can you take him home?

Nick nods -- he moves over to Schanke.

NICK
Hey Schanke, let's call it a night,
okay?

Schanke looks up at him.

SCHANKE
You outta your mind?

Stonetree crosses.

STONETREE
Don, take a couple days, all right?

Schanke stands up. Angry.

SCHANKE
In case you forgot that was Jimmy
Anderson bleeding to death on the
pavement. You think I'm going back
to my freaking house?

STONETREE
It's the right thing to do.

SCHANKE
(angry)
Thanks for the advice, but the best
thing I can do, the thing I'm going
to do, is hunt him down. *

A standoff. Nick pulls Stonetree aside.

NICK
Cap, cut him a little slack on this
one?

Stonetree looks at him... then to Schanke...

STONETREE
I lost a partner. Billy Wisdom,
back in '78. Great cop. Family man.
Taught me everything I know. Some
crazy-ass parolee ambushed us with
a shotgun.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

STONETREE (cont'd)

(beat)

I emptied my revolver into the guy... blew a hole the size of a fist into him. But it didn't bring back Billy. Never does.

(beat)

You keep an eye on him.

(to Schanke)

I'm gonna give this to you guys, Schanke. But if the I's aren't dotted and the T's aren't crossed...

SCHANKE

They'll be crossed. Believe me... they'll be crossed.

He turns and starts with his partner to Nick's car.

4 EXT./INT. NICK'S CAR -- NIGHT

4

Schanke and Nick drive to the police station.

SCHANKE

...So Jimmy climbs up onto the roof. He walks up to the leaper and says "go ahead, but give me a second. In this neighbourhood I can sell tickets to this." And he just walks away and leaves the SOB on the ledge. Guy was holding onto the drain pipe so tight it took two uniforms to pry his hands off...

Nick looks at Schanke askance.

SCHANKE

The point being -- it worked. This was our second week after getting out of the Academy but Jimmy knew how to handle it. He knew people. Knew what made them tick inside, that's what made him a good cop...

Nick lets Schanke ramble, but he is trying to get some info on the case.

NICK

He have any enemies?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

SCHANKE

Who doesn't? Town's full'a
citizens that'd like to pop us off.

NICK

There's big difference between
those who'd like to and those who
do. Can you think of anybody in
particular?

SCHANKE

Been three - four years since I
worked with Jimmy. I dunno...

Schanke turns away, lost in his own thoughts. Then he turns
to his partner.

SCHANKE

I appreciate you backing me up with
the Captain, back there...

NICK

That's what partners do.

SCHANKE

Yeah... that's what partners do...

HOLD on Schanke. Then to:

5 INT. POLICE STATION (BOOKING AREA) -- NIGHT

5

Nick and Schanke push past the riff-raff to the main desk.
Behind it, a SERVICE TECHNICIAN wearing white overalls with
a "DataCorp" patch on the back, is hunched over a computer,
back to camera. Working with him is a uniformed police
woman, NORMA ALVES.

NICK

Norma - you up and running yet?

ALVES

Maybe by tomorrow. We're still
working out bugs in the software.

NICK

Then will you have Gray in Vice
come see me? Tell him to bring all
the files on Jim Anderson's
outstandings.

ALVES

You got it. Hey, Schanke... I'm
sorry.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SCHANKE

Thanks, Norma. Anything in my box?

She hands him a newspaper, some letters, and a manilla folder.

SCHANKE

Oh... finally my "Police Gazette". What is the point of having a subscription, if you get it a week late? I mean, I wind up buying it off the rack...

Schanke tosses the paper into a waste can, then follows Nick into:

6 THE SQUAD ROOM

6

SCHANKE

It's a conspiracy to sell papers, is what it is. They know I gotta read the thing the moment it comes out... and they also know I'm one of those guys who just has to have a subscription.

NICK

A sucker.

SCHANKE

A police officer who's interested in the material.

NICK

So they get you to buy the paper twice.

SCHANKE

That's what I'm telling you..

NICK

If it looks like a sucker, and tastes like a sucker...

Schanke sits at his desk - opening the manilla folder. Pulls out its contents... and suddenly freezes...

Nick catches his alarm.

NICK

What is it?

7 INT. STONETREE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

7

Close on -- a remarkably good picture of Schanke, but, judging from the grain, probably taken with a long lens and blown up. A target is neatly drawn on the middle of Schanke's forehead.

SCHANKE (O.S.)

Jeez... He was after me - not Jimmy...

Schanke, Nick, and Stonetree study the picture in the spooky, late-night light.

STONETREE

(shakes head)

This guy would have hit you right then and there if he'd wanted to.

SCHANKE

(points to picture)

Then what the hell's this tattoo doing on my forehead?

NICK

He's after both of you. Except he wants to make you sweat first.

SCHANKE

It's working.

STONETREE

Don, you still have that cabin up country?

Schanke nods.

STONETREE

Be a good idea to send Myra and Jenny up there, with 24-hour-a-day uniforms. Just until we catch this guy.

SCHANKE

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

STONETREE

It'd also be a good idea if you went along.

SCHANKE

Sorry.

NICK

(shakes head)

This is different now. You're a target. The equation's changed.

SCHANKE

Oh, the expert. You wanna tell me what the hell you know about it?

8 EXT. THE WOODS (LATE 1700s) -- DAY

8

Sunlight shafting down through the leafy canopy. HEAR THE SOUND OF HOOFBEATS, at a desperate, full gallop. Then

THREE HORSES come thundering over a rise. THREE CAPED FIGURES are the riders. Their faces shielded by hoods. Their BODIES SMOKING as they streak through the patches of light.

AT A DISTANCE BEHIND - riding hard in pursuit - is a POSSE of FOUR MEN. Big men. Professional. Dangerous. Armed with axes, flintlocks, and wooden stakes. Vampire killers.

THE LEAD GROUP steers into a glade. The horses crashing along a narrow path, through the trees. The smoking riders ducking under overhanging branches.

JANETTE

Nicholas! Nicholas!

The trio pulls up in the shade... and now we see that they are:

NICK, LACROIX, AND JANETTE. All have face burns. Janette looks weak. The smoke rising from the inside of her cape.

JANETTE

I can't... I can't go on...

NICK

It's just up ahead!

JANETTE

I can't...

The YELLS OF THE PURSUERS can be heard now. Their thundering horses.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

LACROIX
Nicholas! Leave her!

NICK
No!

Nick sweeps Janette off her horse and onto his. Rides off with her in front of him... following Lacroix to:

9 A SMALL STONE BUILDING - IN THE WOODS

9

A thatch-roofed out-building of some kind from a long-dead farm.

THE SMOKING VAMPIRES pull up their mounts in front of the stone building. Lacroix hops off his horse. Nick pulls Janette off his. They run for the building as Lacroix whips the horses sending them scurrying -- in the hope they will create a diversion.

10 INT. STONE BUILDING -- DAY

10

Nick slams a rude table up against one of the small windows. Janette rips off her long black dress, trying to cover the other. The vampires work quickly, desperately, as they try and cover all possible light sources.

JANETTE
They'll follow the horses won't they? They won't stop here...

Lacroix is thinking, wheels turning, impatient with the annoyance:

LACROIX
Silence!

And they listen. Breathless. Weak. Burned.

Lacroix slowly moves toward one of the windows... a tense pause... then

A GUNSHOT. The ball tears through the makeshift curtain. Lacroix screams... Not from the pain of the musket ball tearing into his flesh but from THE BEAM OF SUNLIGHT the hole in the curtain brings. He hits the ground. He looks over to Janette.

LACROIX
I believe they've just answered your question.

Off Nick's concern and desperation...

11 INT. SQUAD ROOM / BOOKING AREA - NIGHT 11

Nick leads Schanke out of the bullpen, through the booking area, and toward the front door...

SCHANKE
I thought you were on my side on this one.

NICK
Not when you're one of the hunted.

SCHANKE
You make it sound like open season.

NICK
Look, I'm not making you go up north with Myra and Jennie...

SCHANKE
Holing me up in some sleazy motel is better?

NICK
Okay... go up north.

SCHANKE
I can't find this guy sitting on my ass, Nick.

NICK
You're not going to find this guy, Schanke. And you're going to stay put so he doesn't find you.

They're out the door. HOLD for a moment, as Macavoy, the "DataCorp" computer service technician stands next to Alves.

CUMMINGS
Okay... that oughta 'bout do it...

12 EXT. SEEDY MOTEL -- NIGHT 12*

Nick's Caddy pulls up. The only lights lit are the letters O--T--E. Nick and Schanke head inside. *

HOLD... then reveal an N.D. SEDAN pulling slowly around to the rear of the building. *

13 INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT 13*

A uniform cop is banging the Vibra bed coin box in an attempt to start the machine when Schanke and Nick walk in. The cop moves to his feet. *

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

STRUTHERS

I was just, uh...

SCHANKE

Looking to relieve a little tension? Personally, I prefer the human touch - but what do I know?

NICK

This is Detective Schanke.

STRUTHERS

Will Struthers.

NICK

He's going to be a problem, Struthers. You're going to have people trying to get at him and him trying to get away from you.

*
*

SCHANKE

Hey you're not talking about a six-year-old here.

NICK

We could debate that. Now stay put Schanke. Promise me.

A beat -- then Schanke nods. Picks up a "Police Special" from the bed.

SCHANKE

Terrific. Last week's "Police Special". They get you for a subscription, too?

He tosses it back to the bed. Struthers is apologetic - offers better news...

STRUTHERS

I got some Chinese coming.

SCHANKE

(brightens)
Mu Gu Gai Pan?

STRUTHERS

(nods)
With chow mein and egg rolls.

NICK

You guys are going to get along just fine.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

Nick turns to leave. *

SCHANKE *

C'mon Knight. Since I'm batching
it in such luxurious surroundings,
you could at least stay around for
an egg roll. *

14 INT. SEEDY MOTEL -- NIGHT (LATER) 14*

Piles of Chinese food. Dinner long finished, Schanke is
reading aloud from the "Police Special". *

SCHANKE *

Listen to this: "twenty-two-year-
old Strawberry sundae. Looking for
a man in uniform to make me melt."
(beat) *

You interested, Struthers? *

Struthers shakes his head. *

SCHANKE *

How 'bout you Knight? You know, I
think you need a woman in your
life. Myra's made me a happy man.
Sure my eyes wander from time to
time but hey, who's don't? *

Nick checks his watch. Gets up. *

NICK *

Well as much as I've enjoyed this
bonding experience I have to go.
Pleasant dreams. *

Struthers looks at Nick like he wishes he wasn't leaving. *

SCHANKE *

Yeah, sure. See you later, Knight.
You'll check on Myra and Jennie for
me? *

NICK *

I'll make sure they're fine. *

SCHANKE *

And find that sucker, comprende? *

NICK *

Si, yo comprendo. Por supuesto. Es
verdad. *

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

SCHANKE
What?

Nick smiles and leaves. Schanke looks around, bored, edgy.
He picks up the cable guide. Scans it:

SCHANKE
Hey, there's a special on Puccini
on Cable.

Struthers looks at him. Schanke can see he's not
interested.

SCHANKE
Okay. How 'bout this -- the Foxy
Boxing semi-finals are on the
Kitten Channel. You wanna flick on
the tube?

Struthers nods. It's obvious staying with this Schanke
character is not going to be a picnic. He walks over to
turn on the TV.

15 EXT. SEEDY MOTEL -- NIGHT 15*

Nick is getting into the Caddy when...

BOOM! An ear-shattering explosion rips through the night!
He turns... and sees what he doesn't want to see:

FLAME AND SMOKE pouring out of the windows of Schanke's
ROOM.

NICK
Schanke?! Schanke?!

And as he starts to run toward the room, go:

TO BLACK

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

HARD CUT IN:

16 EXT. MOTEL - FLAMES AND SMOKE 16*

Nick enters coughing, pulls out Schanke. *

NICK *

Schanke?! *

SCHANKE *

Yeah... yeah... wobbly... the kid. *
I've got to get the kid... *

Schanke starts crawling back into the room; Nick holds him back. *

NICK *

He's finished... *

17 EXT. SEEDY MOTEL -- NIGHT 17*

A couple of MORGUE WORKERS are carrying what is left of Struthers out of the hotel. *

A PARAMEDIC dressing a bandage onto Schanke's arm. Schanke shaken and dazed. His clothes soot-blackened and torn. *
Soot on his face. Nick is beside him, none the worse for *
wear. The medic works on through their dialogue. *

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

NICK

Bomb squad says it was plastique on the inside of the bathroom window. Probably detonated when the bathroom light was turned on.

*
*

SCHANKE

The bastard knew what to do and right where to do it.

Schanke looks at Nick long and hard.

SCHANKE (cont'd)

Are we thinking the same thing?

NICK

Either the guy reads minds, or it's someone in the precinct.

SCHANKE

No, I don't wanna hear that! He was just tailin' us and got lucky.

NICK

(gently)

You believe that?

SCHANKE

If he is one of us, I've got no place left to hide, Nick.

NICK

(beat, smiles)

Don't be so sure.

18 EXT. THE RAVEN -- NIGHT

18

Establishing.

JANETTE (O.S.)

Absolutely not.

19 INT. THE RAVEN -- NIGHT

19

The unusual crowd. Dancing languidly to something sinister -- Sisters of Mercy -- or something of the ilk. Dark and menacing. Schanke hangs back, enjoying the scenery... while:

NICK hunkers down in a booth with Janette. Janette's dressed to kill, something she might actually be doing right now if Nick hadn't shown up.

NICK

For a day or two. That's all.

JANETTE

I can't risk it. He's an outsider.

NICK

He needs our help.

JANETTE

If he finds out what I am, you know what has to happen...

NICK

Janette, there's someone hunting him. He's a target. If anyone should be able to understand that, we should.

On Janette. Remembering....

20 INT. STONE BUILDING -- DAY

20

SLAM! SLAM! A ram pounds against the door, as Nick and Lacroix brace themselves against it.

LACROIX

(to Nick)

I'm weakening, Nicholas...

Janette is terrified. Backs to a nearby window, shouting to the outside...

JANETTE

Leave us alone! We did you no harm!

LACROIX

Don't waste your breath. These are as professional hunters as we are.

A FLAMING LANCE suddenly pokes through the fabric covering a window... narrowly missing Janette's head. She screams.

*

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

NICK extinguishes the flames with his cloak and reaches to pull the man on the other end of the lance into the room.

The window is now bare... sending in a BOLD SHAFT OF LIGHT. The vampires shield themselves like lepers...

LACROIX
Cover the window!

The big hunter, VLAD, stands with his spear in the light. Emboldened, he approaches Nick, as Lacroix continues to brace against the pounding door.

HUNTER 1
Afraid of the light, vampire? Does the sun bite at your skin?

Now he swings his lance toward Janette.

HUNTER 1
No mercy from me... Die like the witch you are...

Vlad lunges toward her... just as

NICK flies into him. Knocks him out of the light.

Nick looks up... his eyes yellow... the man in his arms. Struggling with his conscience...

LACROIX
No mercy, Nicholas. No mercy!

And Nick bites. Buries his fangs into the hunter, as Janette looks on.

21 INT. RAVEN CLUB -- RESUMING

21

NICK
He needs your help, Janette. We both do,

A beat. Then Janette, almost imperceptibly, nods her agreement.

NICK
Thank you.

Nick gets up starts over to Schanke. Nick and Schanke.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

NICK

Just do what Janette tells you and you'll be safe here.

SCHANKE

You let me know what's going on.

NICK

If I don't, I'm sure I'll hear about it...

A well-put-together dancer passes, catching Schanke's eye.

NICK

And Schanke, even though we all know you're irresistible, do everyone a favour and stay away from the women.

22 INT. NICK'S LOFT -- DAY

22

Nick is buried in police files. Organizing what he's finding on a laptop, as Natalie helps.

NATALIE

Okay, here's one Schanke and Anderson collared in '85. Daniel Geller. Assault with a deadly weapon... did five for ten...

(loses enthusiasm)

...lives in Vancouver.

(beat)

What about this Ramirez guy Anderson was after?

NICK

Small-time pimp with no connection to Schanke.

NATALIE

You don't know that.

Nick gives her an irritated glance.

NATALIE

It was a joke. Will you lighten up a little? There are other ways I can spend the day.

NICK

Sorry...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

NATALIE
Understandable that you're feeling
a little pressure.

NICK
Nothing compared to Schanke.

NATALIE
He's safe at the club.

NICK
He's a caged animal. And the longer
he's caged the more dangerous he
becomes...

23 QUICK FLASHBACK - INT. STONE BUILDING

23

Nick violently fangs the neck of Hunter 1.

24 RESUME Nick and Natalie.

24

NICK
You never feel safe when you're the
hunted.

25 EXT. RAVEN -- DAY

25

Not as mysterious in the daylight. Just another Toronto
bar.

26 INT. RAVEN -- DAY

26

Deserted during daytime. Chairs on the tables. Lonely.
Empty except for Schanke who sitting in the middle of the
bar. Impatient as hell.

Walks around a little. Plays with the hanging chains. Then
eyes THE PAY PHONE at the end of the bar. What the hell?

27 INT. NICK'S LOFT - DAY

27

Nick and Nat still going through the files. The PHONE
BLEEPS. Nick answers.

NICK
Knight.
(a look to Natalie)
How many times do I have to go over
this?

INTERCUT WITH:

28 SCHANKE - AT THE BAR PHONE

28

SCHANKE

All I'm doing here is growing my fingernails.

NICK

And getting yourself shot, that's better?

SCHANKE

Jeez Knight, you got so little faith in me? All I've heard you say is I'm the one who's gonna get iced. Who's to say I can't get him first?

NICK

This isn't about how good a cop you are Schanke...

SCHANKE

The way I see it - I could be the bait. Draw the guy out. I gotta do something...

NICK

You've already been blown halfway across a motel room. Isn't that enough for a couple of days?

SCHANKE

(beat... sighs)

Yeah... yeah I guess that's plenty...

But Schanke's not really listening. His attention has been captured by a glimpse of a sexy, gamin-like woman disappearing behind one of the columns.

SCHANKE

I... uh... I'll be here if you need me...

Schanke hangs up. He moves over to the woman, or rather, where he thinks she is...

Nothing. But then he sees some stairs that lead down... He thinks for a beat and then decides, what the hell -- he starts down the stairs...

29 INT. NICK'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

29

Nick cradles the phone, his concern showing.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

NATALIE

The animals restless are they?

NICK

Why am I suddenly feeling like I
put him in the wrong cage?

30 INT. RAVEN -- DAY

30

Schanke is walking down the stairs inside the Raven Club.
He is following the beautiful woman.

SCHANKE

Hey, anyone here? Hello...

Still nothing. He turns and sees that one of the basement
store room doors is ajar.

SCHANKE

Whoever's in there. Come out.

(beat)

I'm a police officer.

Nothing. Schanke steps into the room.

31 INT. CELLAR STOREROOM -- DAY

31

Barely lit. Schanke blinks trying to get his eyes adjusted
to the light. He sees

Rack after rack of red wine. Examines one of the bottles. No
label. Strange. Then replaces it. Continues deeper into the
room, where he's faced with

A WALL OF LARGE OAK ARMOIRS. Very old. Mirrorless. One, in
fact, seems to be a coffin.

SCHANKE

(under his breath)

I knew this place was full of
wackos...

Closer. He reaches out to open one of the armoirs... when

A HAND clamps down on his shoulder. Schanke jumps. Turns to
see:

JANETTE

What are you doing down here?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

SCHANKE

I thought I saw someone lurking around. Y'know... like... lurking.

JANETTE

Officer Schanke, I appreciate your concern, but I can take care of myself. And my nightclub.

SCHANKE

Hey... I'm sure you can. I was just trying to help...

JANETTE

But not down here, all right?

She starts to lead him out of the room.

SCHANKE

Just tell me one thing... Is that thing in the corner a coffin?

JANETTE

(smiling)

We cater the occasional fetishist. I'll be right with you.

She sends him up the steps... then returns to the wall of armoires. Opens the one he was about to.

INSIDE - hanging upside down, is the gamin-like vampire. She snarls at the disturbance.

JANETTE

He's gone. But watch out for him. All of you.

32 EXT. THE SUN SETTING - STOCK

32

The start of another night.

33 INT. POLICE STATION / BOOKING AREA - NIGHT

33

Nick sits over the computer with Norma Alves; the printer spewing out page after page...

ALVES

I wish you would've called me. We had it up and running this morning.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

NICK

Well... I'm more of a night person,
myself.

Alves rips off the pages and hands them to him.

ALVES

That there is the life and times of
Jim Anderson and Don Schanke.
Arrests, commendations, medical and
personal histories. All I gotta do
is type in their badge numbers.

NICK

Can you interface with Corrections
and give me a list of people
they've convicted? Ideally, those
recently released who are good with
weapons and explosives...

ALVES

Like former servicemen...

NICK

Good place to start.

ALVES

Gimme a few hours.

Alves turns back to her keyboard, fingers poised to type,
but pauses, glancing again to Nick. *
*

ALVES

One six five nine six?

NICK

What?

ALVES

That's your badge number isn't it?

NICK

(warily)

Yes but... *

Alves begins to type in Nick's badge number and a
'search-request'. *

ALVES

(reasonably)

You were at the scene of the
shooting - you're Schanke's
partner. There might be something
in your background... *

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

The screen comes up with a little info... but Alves frowns.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

ALVES

Gotta be a glitch. All we have on you is your last couple of years here. No medical history. No birth records. What police force were you at before this one?

NICK

It's okay, Norma. Just get me the stuff on Schanke and Anderson. No problem.

ALVES

Yeah, but....

Nick is getting away as quickly as he can.

NICK

You're terrific. Thank you.

HOLD on Alves. Her consternation. She types into the computer: "Knight, Nick -- RECORD SEARCH".

34 INT. RAVEN -- NIGHT

34

The bartender setting up. Still a long way to go before the clubbies start arriving. Janette and Schanke sit at a table. Mid-conversation of one that's been going on for awhile.

SCHANKE

I mean I normally don't go snooping around people's places - I want you to know that. But being cooped up like this... see, I'm a man of action...

Janette would rather be sleeping...

SCHANKE

...My old man always told me the best defence is a good offence. Guy goes for you, you go for the throat. You know what I'm saying?

JANETTE

Intimately.

SCHANKE

Really?

JANETTE

I've been pursued Mr. Schanke. Running and hiding get you nowhere.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

SCHANKE

Right, right, exactly. You should tell your friend Knight that.

JANETTE

Oh, I don't think he needs to be told...

35 INT. STONE BUILDING -- DAY

35

The action continues, as Nick raises his head from the neck of the dead Hunter Vlad, then rips the man's cloak off and hurls his body aside.

JANETTE

Nicholas!

Nick spins to see;

HUNTER #1 coming through the open window. This man with an axe. Nick tosses the cloak to Janette, then picks up the wooden spear. *

Hunter #1 swings at Lacroix. Lacroix ducks. The axe embeds in the door. Lacroix straightens, snarling, and breaks the axe handle with a forearm smash. *

Nick MOVES (leaps/flies) across the room with a violent, guttural yell... and *

IMPALES Hunter #1.

Janette's eyes are wide... almost frightened to see this violence in Nick. The Crusader in him. He shouts her back to the real world.

NICK

Cover the window!

36 INT. RAVEN - NIGHT

36

Schanke is amazed at what he's hearing.

SCHANKE

Wait a minute - you're telling me that Knight fought off that Chicago gang singlehandedly?

JANETTE

I'd never seen him that violent. It surprised me as well.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

JANETTE (cont'd)
But they certainly would've killed
us if Nick had done nothing.

SCHANKE
So you two go back awhile?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

JANETTE

We've been around the horn a few times.

SCHANKE

And how long ago was this?

JANETTE

Before he was a cop.

SCHANKE

Yeah... well he's a different guy now.

JANETTE

It's a shame, isn't it? He thinks that reason is the solution to every problem.

SCHANKE

And you don't?

JANETTE

I think if someone tries to take something from you, you strike back. That's what determines winners and losers.

Off Schanke -- this is a lady after his own heart.

37 INT. APARTMENT -- DAY

37

CLOSE ON -- A VIDEO GAME GUN. One of those deluxe kind that looks like something out of Star Wars. An adult, male hand squeezes the trigger over and over... as the BELLS AND WHISTLES of a video game target range sound with every accurate shot. THIS GUY NEVER MISSES.

WIDEN -- so that we can see the rest of the room but not the shooter. Just his back as he continues the game. The room is covered in posters -- cop movies, police information posters "Only Dopes use Dope" etc., there are a couple of old police uniforms on the wall. And a "DataCorp" white lab coat.

Finally the game comes to an end. The shooter hits so hard and so often that the screen erupts in a cacophony of explosions and lights.

THE SHOOTER leans over and picks up the phone - slowly reveal that this is the computer technician from the station. His name is:

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

CUMMINGS

"Police Gazette" classified
department?

(beat)

Yeah, I'd like to check on an ad I
placed the other day. Smithee,
Alan.

(beat)

It's running tonight? Perfect...

He hangs up. The "Play Again? Yes--No" message comes up on
the screen. He toggles over and hits "Yes".

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

38 INT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

38

Nick is in Stonetree's office. He has some files and the data-search info in front of him on Stonetree's desk.

NICK

Okay, I've gone over all the files, had Norma do a computer run, and what I'm telling you is I don't think it was anyone they busted.

(beat)

There's only two guys with the potential to do it. One of them is in a holding cell at the 44th. The other is living in Stratford. And he's got an alibi.

STONETREE

(quietly)

You still think it's a cop?

NICK

Or ex-cop.

STONETREE

That's not a theory you throw around lightly, Nick.

NICK

I know that.

STONETREE

So what are you asking me to do? Have IA to do a full background on every man in this precinct? You think the union's gonna let that happen?

NICK

It could save Schanke's life.

A beat.

STONETREE

I'll make a request. But don't hold your breath.

Nick nods, turns to leave.

NICK

Thanks...

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Norma Alves is just coming in. Looks a little embarrassed. Averts her eyes from Nick's.

ALVES

Um... it's okay. I can come back.

NICK

He's all yours, Norma. I was just leaving.

Nick bows out... then Norma closes the door behind her.

STONETREE

Do you have a problem, Officer Alves?

ALVES

Well... I think I do...

39 IN THE SQUAD ROOM

39

NICK vamp listens through the door... knowing what he's going to hear: (shoot on camera, as well)

ALVES (O.S.)

I know this is going to sound crazy... but I've checked it over and over on the computer. And... according to our database...

(beat)

Officer Knight doesn't exist.

Off Nick's reaction:

40 INT. RAVEN -- NIGHT

40

Schanke lies asleep on a couch. O.S. the rattle of a cleaner's trolley. A BROOM HANDLE INTO FRAME - pokes Schanke in the gut.

Schanke jolted upright; alert, angry, and reaching for his gun, when he freezes, seeing

THE CLEANING LADY, by her trolley-load of cleaning equipment. Regarding Schanke with a jaded, jaundiced eye.

CLEANER

Sorry, chief. I thought maybe you was dead.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

SCHANKE
(indignant)
Do I look it?

*
*
*

CLEANER
(laconic)
Hey, in this joint, who can tell?

*
*
*

Schanke won't argue with that. He sits on the edge of the couch, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

*
*

SCHANKE
I was dreaming...

*
*

The cleaner unlimbering equipment from her trolley.

*

CLEANER
Can you do it someplace else? I gotta get the room ready for a function.

*
*
*
*

SCHANKE
Funny thing is, it was about death. A funeral... the coffin wouldn't stay closed.

*
*
*
*

CLEANER
(starts to clean)
Me, I like weddings.

*
*
*

SCHANKE
Jimmy never married.
(explains)
He's the guy who died.

*
*
*
*

CLEANER
In your dream.

*
*

SCHANKE
No, for real. He was... you ever lose someone close to you?

*
*
*

CLEANER
One husband, the milkman, and a dog...
(sighs)
I loved that dog. Best friend I ever had.

*
*
*
*
*
*

SCHANKE
So was Jimbo. We were together four years.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

CLEANER
(suggestively)
Oh, yeah?

*
*
*

SCHANKE
Not like that! Gimme a break, I'm
a married man... He was my partner.
Solid, y'know? Like having the
rock o' Gibraltar watch your back.

*
*
*
*
*

CLEANER
You're a cop.

*
*

SCHANKE
(nods)
You know why he never married? Only
my opinion, y'understand, but I
think he had eyes for my wife.
Nothing ever happened between 'em,
I know that for sure, but I could
sense it. He was always telling me
how lucky I am - being with Myra.
And my kid. Jimmy would've made a
good father. He was a caring kind
of guy, y'know?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

The cleaner sweeping under and around Schanke's legs.

*

CLEANER
You picked a bad time to hold the
wake. Twenty minutes, they're
gonna have a reggae band in here
playin' 'Happy Birthday, Moishe'.

*
*
*
*
*

SCHANKE
(moving out of her way)
Yeah... I didn't mind him liking
Myra. Jimmy was a part of me, so
that made it okay... I'm gonna miss
him.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Saddened and reflective, Schanke is on his way out.

*

CLEANER
(calls)
Hey!
(Schanke pauses)
How come your friend's coffin won't
stay closed?

*
*
*
*
*
*

CLOSE ON SCHANKE.

*

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

SCHANKE
(flat)
Because Jimmy knows I still got
unfinished business.

*
*
*
*

OUT - ON SCHANKE'S EXIT.

*

41 INT. PRECINCT 41

Nick at his desk.

NICK
Schanke still there?

JANETTE
Every second of the day.

NICK
Good. I need a favour.

JANETTE
I'm warning you, Nicholas, you're
using them up all at once.

NICK
Is Larry Merlin still in town?

JANETTE
Oh, dear. You are in trouble.

42 INT. APARTMENT -- NIGHT 42

The camera lingers along the walls of the apartment picking up some of the newspaper headlines. "Police Drop Charges Against Saul Craven", "Mother and Daughter Killed in High Speed Chase" "Toronto Cops -- Tough Enough?"

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Sound Over -- controlled breathing. Steady. The sound of exertion.

The camera moves to the man Cummings and what he is doing. He is hanging upside down, strapped to gravity boots doing abdominal pulls. He does the last five and then stretches, grabbing the bar. He unsnaps one boot, then the other, and lowers himself to the ground.

Cummings crosses over to a closet pulls out a crisply starched blue shirt. He puts it on and walks over to the kitchen table where a freshly-oiled police issue .38 waits at the ready.

Snaps on his shoulder holster. Pops the gun into the pouch. Then whistles as he steps out of the apartment.

43 INT. RAVEN -- NIGHT

43

On Schanke. Talking edgily to a blonde at the bar. His usual comic self is bending with the stress.

SCHANKE

If the brass would let me go after this guy it'd be game over. Done. You're not interested in any of this are you?

(turns to find Nick)

What is taking him so long?

NEW ANGLE -- NICK is sitting at a table with LARRY MERLIN. He's a computer wizard. And a vampire. And not a nerd.

MERLIN

Accessing the Toronto mainframe won't be a problem.

NICK

Good. Then can you do it?

Merlin nods.

MERLIN

Right away. But that isn't all there is to it. Since you've been flagged as a blank file they'll back check everything we enter.

NICK

Meaning?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MERLIN

Meaning whatever identity we create
I'm going to have to load it into
the information systems all the way
down the line. From the hospital
you were born in to your last job.

NICK

How long is that going to take?

MERLIN

A week maybe. If I'm lucky, less.

Nick sees Schanke approaching him.

NICK

I need this dealt with now. If
they start asking a lot of
questions...

MERLIN

You should have come to me in the
first place, I'd have set you up
properly, spared you a lot of
grief.

Schanke is close enough to hear.

SCHANKE

That's the same thing my accountant
says to me every year.

Nick smiles, tightly.

MERLIN

Don't worry Nick. I'll find some
way to deal with it.

(beat)

But it'll cost...

SCHANKE

He says that too.

Merlin smiles, gets up and leaves. Schanke turns to Nick...
serious. Not a joke left in him.

SCHANKE

I'm outta here. You gotta get me
out and I mean now.

NICK

I know it's frustrating...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

Nick hands Schanke a small overnight bag (containing a change of clothes).

*
*

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

SCHANKE

No, we're not talking frustrating, Nick. We're not talking discouraged. We're talking going out of my mind and doing something rash, if I don't.

NICK

You've got to stay put.

SCHANKE

Why? What the hell are we dealing with? Who are your probables? Tell me something I don't know!

NICK

You know any cops who hate you?

SCHANKE

You're out of your mind. A cop?

NICK

That's where the leads are taking me.

SCHANKE

Then you don't know what you're doing.

Nick turns. He starts out.

SCHANKE

Where the hell do you think you're going?!

NICK

I told you I'd keep you up to date. You're up to date. I've got work to do.

SCHANKE

I'm not gonna stand around with my hands in my pockets and wait to get popped by this asshole.

NICK

(turns, angry)

You have a wife and child at home. And even though it's hard for me to imagine, they're probably better off with you alive than dead. You are going to stay out of this, pardner - comprende?

Nick walks out, leaving an angry Schanke behind.

44 EXT. MEMORY LANE - NIGHT

44

A dim deserted streetscape. The area, obviously a victim of some misguided cutback in social policy, is composed of deserted storefronts, buildings with broken windows and doorways, dirt and garbage wafting through the alleyway like urban tumbleweeds...

A SEDAN pulls up - the same sedan from the motel bombing - and pulls to a silent halt behind one of the buildings.

CUMMINGS steps out. Takes a deep breath of the damp night air.

45 INT. RAVEN -- NIGHT

45

The club is hopping. Schanke angrily nursing a beer at the bar. Alone. Oblivious to the dancing and partying going on behind him.

SCHANKE

(to himself)

Yeah Schanke, you're a real man of action. A real take charge guy. What the hell day is it? Thursday? Friday?

He checks his watch... and almost seems pleased. Gets up. Starts toward the door. As he gets close Janette stands in front of him.

JANETTE

Nick says you can't leave here.

SCHANKE

Look sweetheart. I'm going crazy with boredom in here. The Gazette comes out today and I'm gonna go across the street and get one. At least I can read about what real cops are doing.

(beat)

I'll be right back. Cross my heart.

He crosses his heart.

JANETTE

Don't do that in front of me.

Schanke exits.

46 EXT. NEWSSTAND -- NIGHT

46

Schanke leafs through a couple of magazines before he plunks fifty cents into ALICE, the vendor's, hand. It's for the new edition of the "Police Special". He flips through the pages and moves quickly to the classifieds. He starts reading through the personals.

SCHANKE

People sure are lonely, aren't they Alice?

ALICE

That's what they say.

Schanke continues to read.

SCHANKE

Hoo boy. And just a little twisted. Listen to this --

ALICE

C'mon Schanke, you're a married man you shouldn't be reading that junk...

But Schanke isn't listening to Alice. He's reading

ONE OF THE CLASSIFIED ADS: "Donut Don. It's time we took a trip down "Memory Lane". Come alone - Anytime tonight. Or I'm going to visit your family at your cottage." *

RESUME ALICE - as she continues - her back to Schanke as she organizes her cash register.

ALICE

...Stuff they run in the classifieds these days is pornography, you ask me. It's there to sell papers. I'd even bet they've got some guy on staff cranking it out. I mean, how much of that can be real...?

She turns around. Schanke is long gone.

47 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

47

Schanke is in the middle of the street. Furious. Desperate. Waving his open police I.D. at passing cars.

SCHANKE

Police business, dammit! Stop!

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Now he pulls out his gun. Points it at a car. Screech - they stop.

Schanke flings open the driver's door.

SCHANKE

Everybody out! Now! I need your car!

The occupants are out in half a second... left alone and dazed as Schanke takes off in their car.

48 INT. RAVEN -- NIGHT

48

Janette is on the phone.

JANETTE

...about fifteen minutes ago. He said he was just going across the street to buy a newspaper.

INTERCUT

49 INT. POLICE STATION (SQUAD ROOM) -- NIGHT

49

On Nick. Angry.

NICK

Janette, I asked you to...

JANETTE

And I was a good sport about it. But I am not a babysitter for your idiotic friends.

NICK

A man is out to kill him!

JANETTE

Then let him fight back! You did, Nicholas. Let the hunted become the hunter...

NICK

He'll be running on instinct. He'll be out of control...

JANETTE

Is that such a bad thing?

Off Nick to:

50 INT. STONE CABIN -- DAY

50

The frantic action continuing, as before.... NICK FLIES across the room and impales the flaming wooden spear into the second hunter... an animal out of control. As viscious as we've ever seen him. He turns to Janette.

NICK
Cover the window!

51 RESUME PRESENT DAY - NICK/JANETTE

51

JANETTE
Is that such a bad thing, Nicholas?
To be running on the instict of
self-preservation?

Nick hangs up the precinct phone. Hold... then
STONETREE emerges from his office.

STONETREE
Would you happen to know anything
about a plainclothes police officer
who just commandeered a car at
gunpoint on Richmond Avenue?

Nick looks at him. Confirms what they both don't want to
hear.

NICK
It's Schanke.

Nick heads out quickly.

52 EXT. MEMORY LANE -- NIGHT

52

Schanke rolls up in the commandeered car and pulls to a
halt.

Climbs out and surveys the scene. Scary as hell. Not
another soul in sight. But he has blood in his eyes. Calls
out...

SCHANKE
I'm here you sonnovabitch! You
gonna come out and show your face?
Or you gonna make me come in and
get you?

No answer.

Schanke takes a deep breath. Resolved. Angry. Pulls out
his .38, checks the load.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

Then he starts slowly down the alley. Both hands on his gun in combat position. A hunter on the prowl.

FADE

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

53 EXT. NEWSSTAND -- NIGHT

53

With Alice and Nick.

ALICE

He was here but don't ask me where he went, 'cause I don't know. He was reading the personals in that police rag, there...

Nick picks up the issue of "Police Gazette". He flips through it quickly... finding the personals as

ALICE - continues. Showing how she turned her back on Schanke..

ALICE

...I turned my back to to do a drawer count at the register. I'm talking to him about how disgusting those ads are... and then I turn back...

(she turns back)

And he's... gone....

So is Nick. Peeling out in the caddie. She shouts after him.

ALICE

Hey! You gotta pay me for that!

54 EXT. MEMORY LANE - NIGHT

54

WITH SCHANKE - walking slowly, deliberately down the alleyway. Knowing someone's waiting for him. Somewhere. Moves to a recessed doorway; cover while he eyeballs

THE STREET - HIS POV. The shuttered windows. The stairwells. The fire escapes. Too many places to hide.

CLANG. Schanke hears a noise to his left. He turns -- he sees a figure appear in one of the doorways. He fires. And hits...

A COMBAT RANGE TARGET -- a life size cut out of a man in a doctor's uniform. And from somewhere there is a CHILLING LAUGH.

Schanke moves off in its direction.

55 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT 55
Stonetree on the phone.

STONETREE
"...meet me on Memory Lane?"

INTERCUT

56 EXT./INT. NICK'S CAR -- NIGHT 56
Nick on the phone.

NICK
What's that mean?

STONETREE
The combat exercises. At the Academy. They called the course Memory Lane.

NICK
Where is it?

STONETREE
It's out in the east side. End of Sullivan. You think this guy went through the Academy with him?

NICK
Schanke and Anderson were in the same class. Sounds like it to me.

STONETREE
(beat, disappointed)
So it's a cop...

NICK
...or a cop wannabe.

57 EXT. MEMORY LANE 57
Schanke moving slowly through the darkness. Tense. Breathless. Suddenly,

TWO SHOTS explode at Schanke's feet. He dives for cover. Then hears another TAUNTING LAUGH.

CUMMINGS (O.S.)
Having a little trouble, Donut?

Schanke looks up -- trying to gauge the location where the shots came from. He sees a figure in one of the second-storey windows. He fires. And misses.

58 INT./EXT. NICK'S CADDY 58

Nick screaming across town, driving as fast as he can.
His face hardened in worry... haunted by a memory...

59 INT. STONE COTTAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK 59

Nick has just killed the second hunter with the flaming stake. Janette is covering the window. And there is..

Silence. Near darkness. The pounding on the door has stopped. Lacroix and Janette look exhausted... Nick, wary, feral.... A breathless pause...

JANETTE

Have they gone...?

LACROIX

Sshhhh...

They listen. A tense... long... scary... moment... then

NICK

Someone on the wall.

Barely audible scratches... ascending....

JANETTE

An animal...

LACROIX

No...

NICK

A heartbeat...

A brief pause then:

A CHUNK OF THE THATCHED ROOF is ripped away! SUNLIGHT hard and hot beaming down onto NICK! He screams in pain!

60 HEADLIGHTS - ON THE STREET 60

Burning into Nick's eyes - A CAR HORN - jolting him back to reality. He swerves... narrowly missing the oncoming car... then pulls into

61 AN ALLEYWAY 61

Stops the car. Takes a moment to recover, then climbs out. Looks toward the sky... AND LIFTS OFF.

62 EXT. MEMORY LANE

62

Schanke moving slowly... angrily... calls out.

SCHANKE

Who the hell are you?

CUMMINGS

And you made detective? I thought
a detective's best weapon was his
mind?

Schanke tries to find the voice... then spots

CUMMINGS - ON A ROOF TOP - stepping boldly into the light.
He wears a cop's hat... and a smile.

Schanke steps out into a stance and fires. Misses.

Cummings fires... and

Schanke goes down. A bullet in his left leg. Drags himself
to cover.

CUMMINGS

Now that's more like the Donut I
remember. You didn't get that name
just for the junk food, Schanke.
Donut Don... that was from your
target scores.

63 EXT. AERIAL POV - NIGHT

63

Closing in on Memory Lane. Sifting through the SOUNDS OF THE
CITY to HEAR:

CUMMINGS (O.S.)

It's a mystery to me how you ever
got out of the Academy.

64 EXT. MEMORY LANE -- NIGHT

64

With Schanke. He's crouched under cover. He is tying his
tie into a rough tourniquet that he wraps around his leg to
try and staunch the bleeding.

CUMMINGS

What was your aggregate, Schanke?
Seventy-eight out of a hundred?

(beat)

Man, that's poor.

A shot explodes over Schanke's head -- close.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

CUMMINGS

Don't you remember the rules? Keep moving. Don't make yourself a target!

Schanke struggles to his feet.

CUMMINGS

I scored a ninety-seven, Donut. You and Anderson, you never even cracked eighty. But they made you cops...

Schanke desperately scans... and spots:

A FIGURE - ON A FIRE ESCAPE. He fires... blowing away... A CUTOUT TARGET OF A NURSE.

CUMMINGS

Remember her Schanke? Alice Henderson. Three years ago? You botched the Fraser bust and she got killed. An innocent bystander.

Schanke's trying to zero in on the voice. It appears to be coming from ground level. He moves toward a doorway...

NICK (O.S.)

Schanke?!

SCHANKE

Knight?!

65 NICK - ON A ROOF

65

Scans the street with his vamp vision... picks up zip.

NICK

Stay where you are!

WITH SCHANKE - He hesitates...

CUMMINGS (O.S.)

Has the cavalry arrived, Schanke? I didn't think you could handle me alone.

The voice seems to be coming from behind a door. Schanke slowly opens it. And sees... A speaker. Schanke hits the dirt as a bullet kicks into the wall beside him.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

CUMMINGS
(from speaker)
See? You can't...

Schanke blasts a hole into the speaker.

66 ON THE STREET 66

Nick lands... and scans.

NICK
Don't move, Schanke! It's his
advantage - he's drawing you out.

On Nick... flashing to a painful memory:

67 THE STONE COTTAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK 67

Nick rolls away from the shaft of light - furious.
Yellow-eyed. Looks to the roof, as a bit more is ripped
away.

LACROIX has lifted several of the cottage's floor boards.

LACROIX
There's a crawl space, Nicholas!
Find cover!

But Nick will have none of that...

NEW ANGLE as he shoots upward... and

PULLS THE HUNTER ON THE ROOF DOWN! Straw and sunlight in the
air. Crashing down to the floor... Nick choking the life out
of the hunter as the light SEARS HIM. He screams in rage...
in pain.

INTERCUTTING WITH:

68 NICK - ON MEMORY LANE 68

His face contracting at the memory....

NICK
Schanke! Stay where you are!

69 JANETTE - IN THE COTTAGE 69

Climbing underneath the floorboards with Lacroix.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

JANETTE

Come with us, Nicholas! Into the
darkness... don't be a fool...

Nick is stubborn, burned... barely able to stand...

NICK

No... there is one more...

70 NICK - ON MEMORY LANE

70

Hears...

SCHANKE (O.S.)

I can get him, Knight!

*

Nick sighs... moves off toward his voice..

71 INT. MEMORY LANE BUILDING

71

Schanke limping from loss of blood... in pain. His eyes
scanning the darkness - a wounded animal.

ANOTHER SHOT explodes against the wall behind him. Schanke
dives to the ground... then hears a quiet voice that has to
be in this building. Has to be nearby...

CUMMINGS (O.S.)

Man, it pains me to know you're a
cop. I don't know why they took
you and Anderson instead of me.

SCHANKE

Who the hell are you?

CUMMINGS (O.S.)

Remember "Buzz Saw"?

On Schanke... remembering...

SCHANKE

Macavoy?

CUMMINGS (O.S.)

We were buddies, Donut. You and
Jimbo and me.

(beat)

Only you guys made the grade.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

CUMMINGS (O.S.)

I tried, but I died. You think that don't follow you like a bad smell?

Schanke reloads.

SCHANKE

You flunked the 'psychiatric', Macavoy. They should'a put you away then! You're crazy!

ON MACAVOY

CUMMINGS (O.S.)

You were all against me! I've been jammed up 9 to 5 ever since. Computers, Schanke. I was a lock for area manager and they passed me up a week ago! Know why? 'Cause the Academy mess is still on my file! And Anderson was set for a promotion!!! I'm sick of losing!

*
*

On Schanke, he steps out from cover. Prepares to fire. Macavoy is gone. Schanke hangs his head. He's just about had it. Steps out into:

72 A CORRIDOR

72

A training gauntlet. Rooms and alcoves on either side. He walks slowly, holding his gun ready in front.

Schanke's POV -- a wavering, out-of-focus view of the world. HIS LEFT LEG drags... leaves a trail of blood.

73 IN THE COTTAGE - FLASHBACK

73

HUNTER #3 smashes the door down!

ON THE FACE - of Hunter #3. Large and strong. A torch in one hand, an axe in the other. Reacts to the fact that:

THE COTTAGE - HIS POV - contains only one vampire. Nick... in a dark corner... smoking... exhausted.. The hunter moves toward him. Moves in for the kill.

74 ON NICK - MEMORY LANE

74

Moving silently. Remembering. Entering the building that contains Schanke and his hunter.

74 CONTINUED:

74

The guy's got a pattern that Schanke has figured out. Scare him with a target and then take a shot at him. And Schanke isn't biting.

NEW ANGLE -- The cop cut-out breaks into a smile. Raises his gun.

75 IN THE COTTAGE - THE HUNTER

75

raises his axe over Nick's head. It looks like it's all over... when suddenly,

A HAND - shoots up through the floorboards beneath the Hunter's feet! Grabs his ankle.

ANOTHER HAND - breaks up through the wood and pulls him down!

AS - A PAIR OF HANDS - break through and clutch the man's neck! Hold him to the floor.

NICK - IN THE COTTAGE - rises. Weak, now with the upper hand. He closes in with a smile... SMASH CUT TO:

76 NICK - IN THE ACADEMY BUILDING

76

NICK
Schanke! Three o'clock.

Schanke whirls. Hits the dirt. Cummings fires! Schanke fires... and

Cummings goes down. A dead-on hit.

Schanke turns, gets to one knee, and looks up to see:

NICK. A moment between them... then Schanke gives Nick a weak thumbs up.

SCHANKE
We got him...

NICK
Yeah, Donut... we did....

And then Schanke slumps back down to the ground, exhausted... as the sound of distant sirens closes in.

FADE OUT

END ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

TAG

FADE IN:

77 INT. PRECINCT -- NIGHT

77

Stonetree and Alves are hunched over the computer at the main desk. Alves looks like she's been through it the last few days - can't believe her eyes.

ALVES

I can't understand it... but there he is.

Insert -- the screen. Personal data about Nick. All fictitious. Born July 4, 1957. Chicago, Ill. Transferred from Chicago P.D. - 1991. Commendation for bravery (cited three times) etc.

ALVES

I look for a week... check every data base, every department and nothing. Then I come in here this morning and boom... it comes right up.

STONETREE

Computers move in mysterious ways, Norma. Personally, I've never trusted them.

They look up as NICK enters...

STONETREE

Nick... where were you born?

NICK

(hesitates... remembers)
Uh... Chicago?

STONETREE

(to Alves)
See? It's easier to go right to the source.

NICK

(reinforcing)
1956...

ALVES

'57.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

NICK
New Year's Day - I always get that
mixed up.

He moves quickly into:

78 THE SQUAD ROOM

78

Where Schanke has his cast-wrapped leg propped up on a desk,
as he watches a gameshow on a pocket television.

GAME SHOW HOST (OS)
In 1893, Verdi's "Falstaff" opened
in

SCHANKE
(deadpan)
Milan.

CONTESTANT (OS)
Vienna.

GAME SHOW HOST (OS)
The correct answer is Milan.

SCHANKE
Idiot.

GAME SHOW HOST (OS)
"Tosca" was...

SCHANKE
Puccini.

GAME SHOW HOST (OS)
The correct answer was Puccini.

NEW ANGLE -- Nick at the doorway, listening surprised.

SCHANKE
Henry Purcell... 1680, no 1689..

Schanke looks over and sees Knight, embarrassed, he flips
off the tube.

SCHANKE
Gotta do something to pass the
time... I hate desk duty.

NICK
I didn't know you were an opera
buff. Polka, yes... but opera?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

SCHANKE

The world of music has as many facets as the gem of life. Each beautiful in its own way.

NICK

A quote from Don Schanke.

SCHANKE

How did you know?

NICK

Lucky guess.

SCHANKE

Myra can do that, too.

NICK

She and Jennie okay, now?

SCHANKE

Thanks to you.

(beat)

I really got in over my head there, didn't I?

NICK

You brought him down.

SCHANKE

Yeah. But it would'a went different if you hadn't have warned me...

NICK

We're all capable of losing our judgement once in a while. All somebody has to do is press the right buttons.

SCHANKE

He sure pressed mine. Problem is... he was right. He had me. And those things he said... you know, you wonder how good a cop you really are.

NICK

You became a cop, and a damn good cop, for more reasons than being able to shoot. You didn't use a gun on that Jefferson bust but you probably saved three lives...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

NICK (cont'd)
you didn't have to draw your weapon
when you pulled Mary McCaffery from
her burning car...

SCHANKE
You been reading my files?

NICK
All I'm saying is that Anderson was
right. There's more to being a
good cop than picking up bodies.
(beat)
And you're a good cop.

Schanke looks at Nick surprised.

SCHANKE
Is this a compliment? I'll try
not to get a swelled head.

NICK
(smiles warmly)
You want the truth?

SCHANKE
(doesn't see it coming)
Yeah... I want the truth.

NICK
You lost that battle a long time
ago...

And as Nick continues on into the bullpen...

SCHANKE
Oh, that's very funny. Where you
going? It's easy to pick on a guy
who can't walk....

SLOWLY FADE

THE END