

Episode #92-013

FOREVER KNIGHT

"Father Figure"

Written by

Michael Sadowski

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SHOOTING DRAFT

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07/02/92 PINK - FULL SCRIPT

07/03/92 BLUE - FULL SCRIPT

FATHER FIGURE

Page History

June 25, 1992 - WHITE - SHOOTING DRAFT

July 2, 1992 - PINK - FULL SCRIPT

July 3, 1992 - BLUE - FULL SCRIPT

FATHER FIGURE

Cast List

NICK KNIGHT.....Geraint Wyn Davies  
SCHANKE.....John Kapelos  
NATALIE.....Catherine Disher  
STONETREE.....Gary Farmer  
JANETTE.....Deborah Duchene  
LACROIX.....Nigel Bennett  
LISA  
CARMELLA  
DANIEL  
MARTY  
SAM  
MICK  
ALICE  
CARL  
DELL

SETS

EXT. CITY STREET  
INT. STORAGE ROOM  
EXT. ALLEY  
EXT. CAR  
INT. CASA LOMA HALLWAY (LONDON 1940s)  
INT. PRECINCT  
INT. PRECINCT INTERVIEW ROOM  
EXT. STREETS - ND CAR  
INT. NICK'S LOFT  
INT. MORGUE  
INT. SCHANKE AT HOME  
INT. CASA LOMA DINING ROOM  
EXT. STREET - PAY PHONE  
INT. NICK'S LOFT - BATHROOM  
INT. CASA LOMA CONSERVATORY  
EXT. OUTSIDE NICK'S LOFT  
EXT. ESTABLISHING SAM (OUTSIDE NICK'S LOFT)  
INT. NICK'S BEDROOM  
INT. STAIRWELL  
INT. 2ND LEVEL DECK - NICK'S LOFT

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

1

ON a CURBSIDE MAGAZINE STAND. Fluorescent-lit. Gaudy colors standing vividly out of gathering gloom. MEN thumbing idly through mags and racing forms. ALICE, the VENDOR, makes change at her register, chats with customers.

ON a WHIRLING MAGAZINE RACK filled with COMIC BOOKS, turning slower and slower, finally stopping to reveal behind it

A YOUNG GIRL, LISA COOPER, maybe ten years old.

CLOSE ON her hands as she selects comics from the rack: "X-Force", "Toxic Avenger", "Silver Surfer", "West Coast Avenger", "Janey Jinx".

ALICE has a wary eye on Lisa, who smiles back at her sweetly for a beat then, suddenly,

TAKES her HANDFUL OF COMIC BOOKS and

BOLTS OFF down the street, weaving in and out of pedestrian traffic. ALICE gives chase but only for a few yards. She shakes her fist at Lisa. She goes back to her newsstand.

ALICE

I'll remember ya, ya little weasel!  
I'll getcha!

LISA CUTS brazenly across the street, into oncoming traffic. Cars SCREECH to avoid hitting her.

She DUCKS INTO AN ALLEY and runs SMACK into

MARTY ANGELO, fortyish, ACCOUNTANT-type. Marty's unkempt, harried, obviously in a hurry of his own. They collide and Marty's overstuffed briefcase of spreadsheets EXPLODES, scattering his computer printouts to the wind. Lisa drops her comic books.

MARTY

Son of a---

ON Marty as he stoops to the sidewalk, desperately trying to recover his papers. He is panicked, distracted. SEE that one of Lisa's comic books has gotten mixed in with his paperwork.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

MARTY (cont'd)

Watch where you're going, ya punk!

Lisa gathers up her comic books. She backs away from him, continues up the alley, into the shadows.

HER POV: Marty fumbles with his sheaf of papers, his car keys. His back to LISA as

TWO MEN APPEAR OMINOUSLY at the ALLEYWAY ENTRANCE. Sinister, black-garbed figures. Call them SAM and MICK. Marty stands and faces them.

Marty backing slowly away as the killers draw their revolvers and advance on him.

ON LISA watching wide-eyed from the shadows.

RESUME HER POV

KILLER B

You should'a checked your arithmetic, Marty... you should'a checked your arithmetic.

SHOTS RING OUT. Two quick pops.

Marty staggers and falls, mortally wounded. A small tornado of paperwork settles around him. Sam takes unhurried aim and fires at Marty's head: the coup de grace.

Mick bends down to extract Lisa's comic book from the heap of computer paper. Examines it, puzzled. He glances up, sharply, as if feeling eyes on him.

POV MICK: Lisa's white face staring back at him from the shadows.

INTERCUT - THEIR EYE CONTACT

Lisa turns and bolts. Mick following, as Sam starts after her.

ON LISA: She yanks open the first door she comes to and disappears inside, slamming the door after her.

ON SAM: runs into frame, gun raised. He reaches to open the door.

CUT TO:

2 INT. STORAGE ROOM

2

LISA jamming a length of wood through the door handle to brace it against the wall/jamb. The door rattles furiously as the killer O.S. tries to open it.

3 RESUME SCENE

3

Sam struggling with the door. Mick glancing, alarmed by the SOUND OF DISTANT SIRENS wailing ever nearer. The police are on their way. Frustrated, Sam fires three bullets through the door. Mick hustles his partner away from the door.

The killers flee up the alley to O.S. SIRENS LOUDER.

4 INT. STORAGE ROOM

4

Bullet holes in the door. LISA curled up into a scared little ball, hiding behind a packing case.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

5

Forensics mop up. Flashbulbs popping; outlines being chalked. Spinning cherry-tops illuminate the alley. The coroner's meatwagon is there as NATALIE and DELL, AN ETHNIC DETECTIVE, supervise the ongoing investigation. \*

NICK ARRIVES in his Caddy, crosses to DELL. \*

NICK \*

Hi Dell. Where's Skank? \*

MICK \*

School concert. His kid is singing tonight. We switched days off. \*

NICK \*

Family men stick together, huh? So, what've we got? \*

MICK \*

Looks like a textbook rubout. Contract hit. \*

NICK \*

Wise guys. \*

MICK \*

They whacked the beancounter. (pulling up the sheet) The late Mr. Marty Angelo, C.P.A. Affectionately known to shady friends as Marty "Spreadsheets."

NICK \*

Maybe they didn't like the way he crunched his numbers. \*

MICK \*

Swim with the sharks, sleep with the fishes. Anyway, you know the drill: Marty's skimming and the Don finds eraser crumbs on his bottom line. Breaks his heart to do it 'cause Marty's like a son but, business being business--

NICK \*

So we're looking for a pro.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

NATALIE walks into the conversation, snapping on white rubber gloves.

NATALIE

A little messy but traditional: two in the chest, one in the head. Large caliber--

She bends down and gingerly rolls the stiff over for Nick to see.

NATALIE (cont'd)

--hollow-points, judging by the exit wounds.

MICK

(reacting to the wounds)  
Whoa! Two-car garage!

\*

NATALIE

In like a sports car. Out like a semi.

NICK

Wheel gun, most likely. Didn't leave any casings.

MICK

And no witnesses.  
(to Natalie)  
Another one for the 'Unsolved Dumpster'.

\*

ON NICK: Distracted by something he is sensing.

NICK'S POV: using his acute vampire senses to scan the area. Hearing the SOUND of a child whimpering. Zeroing-in like radar acquiring target.

Nick moves away from Natalie and Dell, following the 'sound' up the alley to

\*

THE DOORWAY to the storage room. Nick tries the door - it doesn't open.

CLOSE ON NICK: Employing his vampire strength.

6 INT. STORAGE ROOM

6

Lisa terrified. Watching as the piece of wood holding the door shut creaks, splinters, and breaks! The door yanked open - by NICK, revealed in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)



6 CONTINUED:

6

Behind Nick, Natalie comes into frame. She and Nick staring down at Lisa.

NICK  
(smiling, gentle, to  
Lisa)  
It's all right, sweetheart. You  
can come out now.

7 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT- LATER

7

SEE the CRIME SCENE, draped in YELLOW TAPE and buzzing with cops FROM A DISTANT, BINOCULAR POV. The POV shifting from LISA to Nick to NATALIE... ZOOMING IN and HOLDING for a beat on her.

INTERCUTTING:

8 EXT. CAR - NIGHT

8

Parked at a vantage point where Mick and Sam can view the crime scene activity in the mouth of the alley. Sam has the binoculars. (opera glasses?)

Watching Lisa get into the front seat of Nick's caddy with Natalie.

KILLER B  
(watching; muses)  
That caddy is no precinct car...  
get the plate number.

BINOC POV - Tightens on the licence plate of Nick's cadillac.

9 EXT. CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

9

Nick and Dell. In BG: the body being loaded into the meat wagon.

MICK  
Lousy deal for a little kid, having  
to face all this murder crap!

NICK  
Yeah... children are resilient, but  
there is a limit.

MICK  
It ain't easy bringing up kids,  
Nick. You should try it.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

NICK

I want to.  
(defensive; to Dell's  
skeptical glance)  
I do think about it...  
(wistfully)  
sometimes...

\*

He trails off.

Nick watching Lisa and Natalie in the car as Natalie smooths the hair away from Lisa's eyes. Natalie pulls out a small MIRRORED COMPACT, a make-up kit, and lets Lisa look at herself. Lisa admires the compact; Natalie folds it closed and GIVES IT TO HER. A gift. Nick watches, reminiscing...

FLASH BACK TO:

10 INT. CASA LOMA HALLWAY - NIGHT

10

LONDON - 1940s - WWII

O.S. the sound of a window pane breaking. Beat... and a boy, DANIEL, 10-11 years old, in short pants and a torn sweater, his face as grimy as his clothes, sneaks into frame.

The boy looking around furtively for something to steal. Laughter from O.S. sends him scurrying to cover.

A GANG OF EXTRAS; men and women, some in uniform, some civvies, enters the grand hall from a room O.S. LACROIX is with them, the vampire wearing the uniform of a major in the Free French forces.

Nick and Janette enter from the main doors. Nick also in uniform; a lieutenant in the British army. Janette in civilian clothes, carrying a purse. They wave a greeting to Lacroix and the others.

Daniel watches as Nick and Janette walk past his hiding place on their way to join the others. The boy's eye fixed on Janette's purse.

Daniel darts out - snatches Janette's purse - and makes a run for it, through the crowd of startled extras.

The boy almost free and clear.

When suddenly his way is blocked by Nick! Who twists Daniel up by the scruff - and retrieves the purse. The boy has a cockney accent.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

DANIEL

(struggling)  
Let me down!

Nick laughing at his captive as Janette comes to get her purse. Daniel twists around in Nick's grip to get a better look at the lovely woman.

DANIEL

(to Janette)  
Please, miss. Make him let go.

JANETTE

(icey)  
Certainly. As soon as we find a policeman.

From O.S. the distant wail of air-raid sirens.

DANIEL

(grins)  
Air raid warning, miss. Won't find no 'bobbies' out tonight. Why don't we just call it quits and I'll be on me way? \*

NICK

(chuckles)  
Cheeky little tyke, isn't he?  
(puts Daniel down)

Lacroix coming to join them.

LACROIX

(pleasantly)  
I say we roast him over the fire.

JANETTE

(to Daniel)  
How does that sound to you, boy?

DANIEL

Name's Daniel, miss. What's yours?  
Princess somethin'? ...You're no commoner, I can tell. \*

Nick and Janette laughing, warming to the little urchin. Lacroix looking on, smiling dangerously.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

JANETTE  
(opening her purse)  
That's worth a shilling.  
(offers the coin)  
Here you are, Daniel-of-the-  
silver-tongue.

But Daniel ignores the coin and kisses her outstretched hand instead.

DANIEL  
(re: the kiss)  
And that's worth more'n money  
t'me. Thanks, miss.

LACROIX  
(smiling)  
Get going now, boy, while you still  
can.

Janette gestures 'wait' to Lacroix.

JANETTE  
Where do you live, Daniel?

DANIEL  
Wherever I lay me 'ead... The  
gutter most nights.

Janette looks pointedly to Lacroix. Her expression says  
'don't you dare harm him'.

JANETTE  
(to Nick)  
Couldn't we at least give him a  
meal?

OFF Nick's wary reaction

FLASH TO:

11 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT - PRESENT

11

Stonetree and Nick coming out of Stonetree's office. Nick  
looking reflective, still lost in his memories.

STONETREE  
...And I want you to handle it,  
okay?  
(Nick doesn't respond)  
Are you listening, Knight?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

NICK  
(snaps out of it)  
Sorry, what?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Stonetree indicates the BG action where Schanke, Lisa, and CARMELLA DIMARCO, Lisa's landlady and sometime babysitter, are MOS. Carmella fussing with Lisa's hair, etc.

A POLICEWOMAN comes to take Lisa away. Schanke ushers Carmella into a room O.S.

STONETREE  
(to Nick)  
The child, Lisa Cooper, she's your baby till the father shows up.

NICK  
(taken aback)  
What about her relatives?

STONETREE  
None in town. Her dad's an oil rigger. He works the platforms off-shore. Goes away a month at a time. We'll get him here soonest. Meanwhile...  
(cut off by)

NICK  
Captain, Natalie would be a better choice here. She's...  
(cut off by)

STONETREE  
(tough)  
Not a cop. You do it. The Prime Minister's in town and I'll be jammed up all day. Schanke brought in the babysitter, a Mrs. DiMarco - talk to her.  
(exiting frame)  
And keep that child under wraps.

OUT ON Nick's consternation.

11A INT. PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM

11A

Schanke and Carmella DiMarco. She is nervous and defensive.

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED:

11A

CARMELLA

I don't got eyes in the back of my head! What could I do?

Nick enters.

SCHANKE

(soothing - to Carmella)  
It's okay, Mrs. DiMarco. No one thinks it's your fault... This is Detective Knight.

NICK

Thanks for coming down, Mrs. DiMarco.

SCHANKE

Carmella takes care of Lisa when her Dad works.

CARMELLA

She can be a real handful, that kid! A good girl - don't misunderstand me - but when Lisa goes her own way... only one she ever listened to was her Momma, God rest her.

NICK

What happened to her mom?

CARMELLA

Drunk driver. Lisa run out on the road. Her mom went after her - to pull her back, y'know. It's a miracle they both weren't killed.

(beat)

Lisa... she's suffered ever since. She blames herself for her momma's death.

(shrugs helplessly)

That's too much guilt for a little girl to carry.

SCHANKE

Mrs. DiMarco, we've contacted Lisa's Dad. He's coming in on the first available chopper. Until we're certain she's out of danger, Lisa will be our responsibility.

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED:

11A

CARMELLA

(sighs)

He's gonna think I couldn't take care of his daughter... I try my best, but I can't keep up with a kid that age! You gotta watch Lisa every minute. She's always sneaking off, gettin' into trouble. It's all them comics she reads!

NICK

Belive me, Mrs. DiMarco. Nobody blames you. Kids are tough--

CARMELLA

She's a full-time job!  
(to Schanke)  
I'm not so young anymore.

Skank smiles at her reassuringly.

NICK

We'll see to it that you get home safely. I will assume protective custody of Lisa until we're certain that she's out of danger.

ON SCHANKE: reacting to Nick's line. Surprised.

CARMELLA

(sighs)

Whatever you think is best...

She RISES to leave; Schanke holds the door for her. As she EXITS

CARMELLA (cont'd)

(sotto to Nick)

Good luck to you, Mr. Knight.  
You'll need it.

She EXITS. Skank closes the door behind her.

NICK

(protesting immediately)

This was Stonetree's idea. I am not the right guy for this assignment.

SCHANKE

You don't like kids, Nick?

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED:

11A

NICK

(hassled)  
Yes! But...

SCHANKE

(amused)  
Your instincts will kick in, don't sweat it. A few hours with that little angel, and you'll get the biological urge to have some of your own. How old are you anyway?

NICK

A lot older than I was five minutes ago.

SCHANKE

The right age. You're ripe, man! You're ready!

Nick and Skank head for the door.

SCHANKE (cont'd)

C'mon, pops. This is an easy gig. Rent some Disney videos. Sit around and play Barbie until your mind is gone.

THEY EXIT.

12 INT. PRECINCT BULLPEN

12

LISA's finishing up a joke as Nick and Schanke ENTER.

LISA

--so the bartender sez, "We don't get many like you in here", an' the kangaroo sez "No wonder - the prices you charge!"

Big laugh. A few derisive cat-calls and groans. Skank turns to Nick.

SCHANKE

See, Nick? The kid's a charmer.

NICK

Let's go, Lisa. You're with me.

(CONTINUED)



12 CONTINUED:

12

LISA

(to Nick)  
Hey! We got the suspects!  
(to the artist)  
Show 'em.

The POLICE ARTIST shows her two sketches resembling the killers: Sam and Mick.

NICK

(re: the sketches, to  
uniform)  
Get these copied and circulated.  
(to another uniform)  
I'll need an unmarked precinct car.  
I can't take Lisa in the caddy,  
it's too open.  
(to Lisa)  
I want you safe and snug. C'mon,  
Lisa.

Nick and Lisa exit - Nick ignoring Schanke's smirk.

SMASH CUT TO:

13 EXT. STREETS - ND CAR - MINUTES LATER

13

NICK and LISA cruising home. She's clutching her comic books; seems not so much frightened anymore but jazzed by her unfolding adventure.

LISA

Let's hear the siren.

Nick SMILES at her. Obligingly gives a little BLAST on his siren. She GRINS.

Their car rolls by a BLACK SEDAN parked curbside. After a beat, Sam and Mick sit up in the front seat. Pull out and follow Nick's car.

LISA pokes curiously through the glovebox. Grating on Nick's nerves a little already. She pulls a box of spare ammo out and...

LISA (cont'd)

Hey... bullets.

NICK

Don't play with those!

LISA

Ever kill anybody?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

A pointed question... CLOSE ON Nick, reacting.

NICK

(evasive)  
Police work is not like what you  
see on TV.

LISA

Nothing is like what you see on TV.

NICK

Or what you read in comic books.  
(beat; re: her comic  
books)  
Read a lot of those?

LISA

Many as I can.

NICK

(shrugging)  
Maybe you should vary your literary  
diet a little.

LISA

(misunderstanding)  
I don't eat 'em.  
(beat)  
They keep me company. You know.  
When my Dad's gone.

NICK

You miss him, huh?

LISA

I wish he didn't have to go away so  
much.

NICK

He has to work. Maybe he likes his  
job.

LISA

Maybe he hates his daughter.  
(beat)  
Man, is he gonna kill me for  
this!

Nick looks at her reprovngly.

NICK

I doubt that.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

LISA

You don't know me. I... I mess up sometimes.

(re: comics)

Ever read 'Janey Jinx'?

NICK

No...

(distracted)

by something he notices in the rear-view mirror.

LISA

A true-blue crimefighter, but she is so unlucky.

(reading aloud)

"Trouble follows Janey like a grim shadow."

(to Nick)

What d'ya think?

NICK

(still checking the mirror)

She sounds like a lousy role model to me.

LISA

(defensive)

She's not real!

(beat)

Anyway, some people're born like that. Jinxed 'n' stuff.

NICK

(watching the mirror)

Lisa?

LISA

What?

NICK

Get on the floor.

(snaps)

Now!

Lisa HITS THE DECK as the CAR that's been TAILING THEM SPEEDS UP and PULLS ALONG SIDE Nick's CADDY. They race together and jockey for advantage. NICK REACHES to his shoulder-holster for his gun and

CRINGES as SHOTS RING OUT. Sam firing at Nick.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Nick SPEEDS UP. Gets ahead of the other car and BRAKES HARD, fishtailing the precinct car in an INTERSECTION.

The OTHER CAR SKIDS to a halt, yards away.

NICK HOPS OUT, semi-auto drawn, and CROUCHES BEHIND his open door for cover.

Sam leans out the window and pulls off four quick shots that RICOCHET OFF Nick's car. Popping headlights and PUNCTURING TIRES. The BLACK CAR SPEEDS AWAY, chased by Nick's return fire.

NICK

Are you okay?

LISA

(stoked)

OH WOW!

CLOSE ON Nick's SHOULDER: he feels around with his hand. Fingers go to a HOLE in his LEATHER COAT and FIND a small TRICKLE OF BLOOD. He "Caught One". Won't kill him but it stings mightily and it'll have to come out...

LISA

Can I come up for air?

NICK

Sure.

LISA

They get you?

(beat)

They must've got you, right? I mean you were right there--

NICK

I'm okay.

LISA

Someone doesn't like me very much...

NICK

(chides)

Hey, is that 'Janey Jinx' talking?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

LISA  
(frightened)  
Janey never had two bad-guys  
tryin' to kill her.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 OMITTED 14

15 INT. NICK'S LOFT - LATER 15

Nick heads straight for the phone. LISA checks the place out. She is now proudly wearing a bullet-proof vest.

LISA  
Is this your "Fortress of Solitude"?

NICK  
(holding on the phone for Natalie)  
Solitude is a good word.

LISA  
(re: the vest)  
Can I keep this on?

NICK  
Absolutely.

Lisa pokes around. Finds and HEFTS an expensive object d'art.

NICK (cont'd)  
Hey! You break it, you bought it!

Lisa gingerly replaces the statuette as Nick gets NATALIE on the line.

INTERCUT:

16 INT. MORGUE 16

NATALIE  
(answering the phone)  
Natalie's Bed and Breakfast.

She cradles the phone on her shoulder, absently sorts through a handful of PLASTIC TOE TAGS.

NICK  
Hi, Nat. It's me.  
(sotto)  
I "caught one" again.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

NATALIE  
(sighing)  
How bad?

NICK  
You know... I'll live.  
(beat)  
Could you?

NATALIE  
I'm on my way. Got a few more  
customers to tuck in.

NICK  
Thanks.

He HANGS UP and DIALS SCHANKE.

ANGLE ON Lisa, super-curious, exploring Nick's apartment. In  
THE KITCHEN

LISA  
(calling out)  
What's to eat?

She opens the fridge, sees Nick's "red wine" bottles.

Opens the FREEZER next, and a PLASTIC BAG filled with FROZEN  
BLOOD, one of half a dozen inside, TUMBLES OUT and LANDS at  
her feet.

LISA (cont'd)  
Weird.  
(calling O.S. to Nick)  
Are you Italian or somethin'?

IN THE LIVING ROOM, Nick holds on the phone for his partner.

NICK  
(to Lisa)  
Uh. Do you mind?

In the KITCHEN, Lisa replaces the bag, never realizing what  
it is. She returns to the living room.

LISA  
You got a drinking problem?

NICK  
You ask a lot of questions.  
(beat)  
You should be a detective.

INTERCUT

17 INT. SCHANKE AT HOME

17

TIGHT ON SCHANKE in easy chair. Speaking with Nick on the phone. A bowl of pretzels and a beer within reach. O.S. MURMUR OF TV.

SCHANKE (V.O.)  
(off Nick's remark)  
...I am a detective.

While Nick speaks with Schanke, Lisa sorts idly through Nick's video collection.

NICK  
Skank?

SCHANKE  
Knight. What's shakin'? Diaper duty gettin you down already?

NICK  
Listen up: we've been made. Two perps. I called it in. Somebody took a little target practice at my head.

SCHANKE  
(sighing)  
Gotta be our boys. I'll check it out.  
(beat)  
Damn, Nick. I'm watchin' TV.

NICK  
Tape it. Get over here. I might have some... "ballistic evidence" for you.

Nick RUBS HIS SHOULDER, feeling for the SLUG embedded under his skin.

Lisa HOLDS UP A TAPE she's selected from his collection: some B-horror movie. She smiles and nods, "Okay?"

NICK (cont'd)  
And Skank? Bring me over some food.

SCHANKE  
Awww, Knight. You know, you're a real kick in the hemorrhoids--

NICK  
(to Lisa)  
Whatta you like?

Lisa rubs her stomach and mouths the word, "Piz-za".

(CONTINUED)



17 CONTINUED:

17

NICK (cont'd)

Pizza.

(beat)

And bring some other stuff... stuff  
kids like, okay?

SCHANKE

Should I bring a bib and  
"spoonfeed" her too?

CLICK. Schanke hangs up.

NICK

Make yourself at home.

LISA

Sure. Okay.

Lisa flops on the sofa. Exhales powerfully. GRABS the REMOTE  
CONTROL for Nick's VCR and rolls tape.

LISA (cont'd)

You're not married.

NICK

No.

LISA

Are you straight?

NICK

(smiling)

Yes.

LISA

And... there's nothing in your  
refrigerator.

NICK

I'm not home a lot.

LISA

(eyeing him suspiciously)

Can I call you Nick?

NICK

I'd like that.

LISA

Nick. I'm sorry about everything.  
But I'm... I'm glad you found me.

NICK

Maybe you found me.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

CLOSE ON Nick as he FLASHES BACK...

CUT TO:

18 INT. CASA LOMA DINING ROOM - NIGHT - LONDON 1940s WWII 18

CLOSE ON a fine china bowl. Brimming with REDDISH "SOUP". A silver spoon dips into the liquid and LACROIX brings it slowly to his lips. DRINKS.

PULL BACK and REVEAL a LARGE, DECORATED BANQUET TABLE. Crystal glasses gleam in candleabra light. Lacroix and Nick in uniform.

LACROIX sits at the head of the table. JANETTE is next to him. She's ignoring her "soup" gazing down the table to

the other end, where NICK sits beside DANIEL plying him with food. Nick SMILES AFFECTIONATELY as DANIEL bolts dinner.

ON JANETTE and LACROIX

JANETTE

(sotto)

Isn't it refreshing to have a little one about the house?

LACROIX

No.

JANETTE

(not listening to him)

Almost as if we were a real family. A sweet sensation...

(beat)

I rather like it.

LACROIX eyeing Janette as she smiles vacantly at Nick and Daniel, who are engaged in a conversation of their own.

NICK

Where are your parents, Daniel?

Daniel, reaching for more bread with one hand, stuffing more grub in his mouth with the other.

DANIEL

Me mum copped it in an air-raid last year. I dunno where me dad is. He run off when I were little.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

NICK  
(concerned)  
You have no family to go to?

DANIEL  
Only an auntie up north. Sheffield  
way. I've never met 'er, but she  
might take me in.  
(pointedly)  
I'd need the train fare though.  
Coupl'a quid would do me, Nik'las.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NICK  
(smiles)  
We'll see.  
(glances to Janette)

JANETTE  
You are a lucky boy, Daniel. Nick  
flew all over London to find a  
special treat for you. Close your  
eyes!

Daniel closes his eyes expectantly.

Lacroix uses the instant to bare his vampire fangs at the  
boy.

Janette glares at Lacroix - and pulls a brightly wrapped  
gift from under the table.

JANETTE  
(to Daniel)  
Ta ra!

Daniel opens his eyes and is excited by the gift. Eagerly,  
he rips off the wrapping. To reveal a period, wheeled  
toy, possibly clockwork: a military truck, car or jeep, or  
a train engine.

\*  
\*  
\*

DANIEL  
(kisses Janette)  
Ta, very much, princess!

He hugs her. Turns to hug the next benefactor. And shys  
nervously away from Lacroix's wolfish grin.

Lacroix's chilly eyes watch Daniel move to hug Nick.

DANIEL  
(sincerely)  
You're a real mate, Nicky!  
Bleedin' terrific you are!

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Janette smiles as Nick returns the hug and tousles Daniels hair.

Lacroix sips his 'soup' and thinks his own dark thoughts, while Nick and Janette play 'Happy Families'.

19 INT. NICK'S LOFT - PRESENT

19

CU on TV: a TERRORIZED WOMAN SCREAMS for her life as some monstrous creature O.S. descends on her.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: NICK STARING at Lisa next to him on the couch as a HORROR MOVIE PLAYS on the VCR. NICK snaps out of his momentary reverie, an unspeakably dark memory fading from his eyes.

Lisa CLICKS OFF the TV.

LISA

Where's our supper? I'm starved.

\*

NICK is HUNGRY and tired himself.

NICK

Skank'll be her any minute.

LISA

(eyeing Nick  
suspiciously)

Where's your girlfriend?

NICK

Girlfriend?

\*

\*

LISA

The lady doctor. You should marry her. She's got it bad for you, I can tell.

NICK

(amused)

You're nuts, Lisa.

LISA

(softly; in memory)

...my Mom used to say that.

A quiet, awkward beat. Then

LISA (cont'd)

Life's a beach.

NICK truly doesn't know what to say.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

LISA (cont'd)  
But it goes on, right? That's what  
they say.

NICK  
(if only she knew...)  
And on and on and on...

THE BUZZER rings, breaking the mood.

SEE SKANK arriving downstairs. On the VIDEO MONITOR that's  
hooked to the FOYER SECURITY CAMERA. He GRINS into the lens.

SCHANKE  
Pizza cop. Buzz me in, Knight.

Skank holds up PIZZAS to the camera. He has paper bags,  
six-packs tucked under his arm.

Nick buzzes him in. Seconds later, he steps off the  
elevator. Lisa runs to greet him.

SCHANKE  
(re: the vest)  
Hey, lookin' cool!

SKANK KNEELS down to Lisa's level. Addresses her with  
fatherly concern.

SCHANKE (cont'd)  
(sincere)  
You okay, Lisa?

Lisa dismisses him with a wave of her hand. She POINTS to  
his well-spotted tie.

LISA  
Spill something on your shirt?

SCHANKE  
Where?

He LOOKS DOWN and LISA FLICKS HER FINGER UP into his face.  
Classic "Three Stooges" move. GRABS the food from him.

LISA  
Gotcha.

She dances away with the food, laughing. Skank STANDS,  
looking foolish.

SCHANKE  
(miffed)  
Here's me tryin' to be nice.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

NICK  
Anything on the shooters?

SCHANKE  
We found the car. A rental. They  
used bogus I.D. Clean as a whip.  
Already in the shop.

Skank FOLLOWS Lisa. Scoops a slice of pizza from the box as  
Lisa opens it. They both "oooh" and "ahhh" over the pizza.

SCHANKE (cont'd)  
C'mon, Nick. Let's wolf.

He holds a piece up to Nick's face and Nick RECOILS as the  
aroma of GARLIC wafts up into his nose.

NICK  
Garlic.

SCHANKE  
(to Lisa)  
This guy has the weirdest taste of  
any cop I've ever known. Don't like  
donuts. Don't eat burgers. Come to  
think of it, Knight--

NICK  
(quickly changing the  
subject)  
Got anything else?

SCHANKE  
(through a greasy  
mouthful of food)  
Let's see. I got chips, ice cream,  
cookies. All the good junk.

NICK  
The case?

Playing for Lisa's benefit, Schanke picks off pieces of  
pepperoni - tossing them up and trying to catch them in his  
mouth. (He either succeeds or he doesn't.)

SCHANKE  
(through the action)  
Oh, that... Yeah. We're on it.  
Fax'd the ballistics reports and  
M.O. to the Feds for a crosscheck.  
A.P.B.s out to the edge of the  
galaxy. We turned up a mountain of  
paperwork at Angelo's pad.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

SCHANKE (cont'd)  
(playful, to Lisa)  
Hey, should I save some pepperoni  
for Nick?

Nick shakes his head.

Lisa eyes the meat chunks on the floor.

LISA  
(askance)  
Better him than the carpet!

SCHANKE  
(defensive, to Lisa)  
I'm out of practice, okay.  
(to Nick)  
Anybody who even remotely matches  
Lisa's I.D. will be sleepwalkin'  
through a line-up tomorrow morning.  
(to Lisa)  
How'd you like "Cincinatti Skank"  
to teach you how to play poker?

AS: With a flourish, Schanke produces a deck of cards.

Lisa looks the picture of innocence.

\*

LISA  
Poker? That's kinda hard, isn't  
it?

\*

\*

Which gets a patronizing wink from Schanke to Lisa.

\*

SCHANKE  
I'll go easy on ya, cutie, don't  
worry.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

20 OMITTED

20

21 EXT. STREET - PAY PHONE

21

Mick, articulate on the phone, calling his boss. Sam in the  
car nearby at kerbside.

MICK  
(into phone)  
...So now the kid is holed up with  
a cop.

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

MICK (cont'd)  
You still want her done, we'll have  
to whack him also... Yeah, well,  
that's not so simple anymore,  
Vincent. We took one bad pass at  
them already. That ups the ante -  
and our fee, know what I'm sayin'?

\*  
\*  
\*

Mick listens to Vincent's response. He mugs a satisfied 'We  
do it!' to Sam, watching from the car.

MICK (cont'd)  
Okay, sounds fair to me, Vin. And  
listen, trace the I.D. and address  
on a '62 caddy, licence number  
3-5-H M-V-6... Soon as we get that,  
your troubles are over.

\*  
\*

22  
THRU OMITTED  
25

22  
THRU  
25

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO



ACT THREE

FADE IN:

26 OMITTED

26

27 INT. LOFT - NIGHT

27

Schanke and Lisa are deep into their poker game. Lisa still wearing her bullet-proof vest. Nick sits by, having folded two hands ago. A pile of coins, plus 2-3 crumpled \$2-bills in front of Lisa. About \$6 - the pot centre-table. No money left in front of Schanke, who long-since stopped enjoying himself.

SCHANKE

(grits)  
I call...

Lisa flips over her hole-card to reveal a third King.

LISA

Three kings - read 'em and weep!

Schanke groans and throws his cards - as Lisa scoops up her winnings.

LISA

(to Schanke)  
Ante-up, pigeon. Lisa needs new shoes.

SCHANKE

New shoes? I just bought your college education!

NICK

(amused)  
Lisa's way out of your league, Skank.

SCHANKE

(seething)  
She's only a kid, for...!  
(to Nick)  
How about '10 till payday.

NICK

I'm tapped out, man. You should quit while you've still got your underwear!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

SCHANKE  
(pained smile, to Lisa)  
Lisa, honey...

LISA  
(wide-eyed)  
You wouldn't borrow money off a  
little kid, would you? \*  
\*  
\*

Natalie enters with her black bag, on Nick's burst of  
laughter.

NATALIE  
It's happy hour! Hi Lisa...  
(re: the vest)  
Hey, nice! Is that street fashion  
for the 90s?

SCHANKE  
(snuffs)  
Mmm... you smell sexy tonight,  
Doctor. What is that, 'Eau de  
formaldehyde'?

NATALIE  
(re: the cards, cash; to  
Schanke)  
Have you been corrupting this  
child?

Schanke scowling through Nick's and Lisa's amused reaction.  
Lisa yawns around her smile. Dr. Natalie peers closer at  
Lisa.

NATALIE  
(to Lisa)  
You look worn out. Shouldn't you  
be asleep?

LISA  
(fights another yawn)  
I'm cool... honest.  
(to Nat)  
I didn't know you made house calls.

NATALIE  
Only for dead people.  
(to Schanke)  
I guess that includes you. \*  
(to Nick)  
C'mon, Nick. Let me look at that  
shoulder.

(CONTINUED)



27 CONTINUED:

27

SCHANKE  
Why? What happened to it?

NICK  
Uh... a pulled muscle.

Lisa starts to count her winnings. \*

LISA  
(dramatically, as she counts)  
The perps riddled him with bullets.

SCHANKE  
(unimpressed)  
Yeah, right.

Nick and Nat exchange a glance of concern.

LISA  
(to Schanke)  
Nick was wicked! You should'a seen him. He's not afraid of anything! \*

SCHANKE  
(cynically)  
'Cept marriage, maybe. Right, Nick? And kids. \*

NATALIE  
(interrupting)  
Nick? Shall we? I've got places to go, people to dissect-- \*

NICK and NATALIE adjourn to the bathroom; leaving Schanke to mope while Lisa goes back to her counting.

28 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

28

Nick sits on the toilet, peels off his sweater and shirt. Natalie sets her bag on the counter, goes to work.

NATALIE  
(peering into Nick's wound)  
That's strange... the wound, it's still open.

NICK  
It can't be.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Nick, tries to look for himself, then glances back to Natalie, bewildered.

NATALIE  
(growing smile)  
I wonder if...

NICK  
What?

NATALIE  
(re-checks the wound)  
Your metabolism must be changing.  
This should've healed and sealed  
within minutes, right?

NICK  
(nods)  
Usually, bullets go right through  
me.

NATALIE  
(pleased)  
An open wound is a definite  
improvement. You're not healing as  
fast as you did. Shades of  
mortality, Nick? The program must  
be working!

NICK  
(hardly daring to hope)  
You mean it?

NATALIE  
Yes! Did you try the artificial  
blood I gave you?

NICK  
The low-fat, zero-cholesterol,  
no-sodium, no-

NATALIE  
(amused)  
-Flavour? Don't knock it, Tiger,  
it's helping.

She probes inside the wound. Nick jumps.

NICK  
Ouch!... Wow!

And stares at her in astonishment.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

NATALIE

(delighted)  
You felt pain!

NICK

Not much, but...

NATALIE

(encouraging)  
Some. I hit a tiny, human  
nerve-end in there. Hold still.

She digs some more.

NATALIE (cont'd)

--GOT IT! Look at that.

She holds the slug up.

NICK

That's a .357.

NATALIE

Nasty.

She PLINKS the bullet into a stainless steel "bedpan" and starts to thread her needle, stitch Nick up.

NATALIE (cont'd)

You're still a medical marvel, but we're getting close, I think.

NICK

From your lips, to Ma Nature's ear.

NATALIE

Damn neat.

(beat)

So how's the babysitting detail going?

NICK

Enjoying it, but afraid of it... Who knows, if mortality is my future, maybe a family of my own is possible too.

Natalie gently rubbing the tension out of Nick's neck.

NATALIE

It must be strange for you, having a little kid around the house.

Nick's spacing out, remembering...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

NICK  
There was... another. Once...

FLASH BACK TO:

29 INT. CASA LOMA CONSERVATORY

29

Nick and Lacroix playing CHESS.

CLOSE ON LACROIX, studying the board, then making a decisive move.

LACROIX  
Keep him.

NICK  
You're serious?

LACROIX  
What our Janette wants, she must have.

NICK  
The boy would discover too much.  
There is danger for us if he stays.

LACROIX looks up at Nick. A wicked smile blooms on his face.

LACROIX  
He would never unmask... his own.

NICK  
(sickened, realizing what  
Lacroix means)  
A... child?

30 RESUME: NICK AND NATALIE

30

NICK  
(lost, remembering)  
His name was Daniel.

Natalie can see the pain in his face. She is afraid of the answer, but can't help but ask the question.

NATALIE  
Tell me about him.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

NICK  
(flat, bitter)  
It was the same old story. He  
looked to me for help - and he  
didn't get it.

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT BACK TO:

31 INT. CASA LOMA CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

31

LACROIX  
What do you imagine it would be  
like? Think of it, Nicholas. His  
body arrested at such a precious  
age. Youth eternal.

Lacroix stares at Nick. A penetrating look that makes Nick  
uncomfortable.

LACROIX (cont'd)  
It would be... an interesting  
"experiment", don't you think?

Lacroix laughs. Nick pushes back from the table and rises to  
leave.

NICK  
He is too young to choose.

LACROIX  
Choose?  
(laughing)  
Why, Nicholas. We offer him the  
rarest of gifts.

Lacroix STANDS, blocking Nick's path out of the room.

LACROIX (cont'd)  
(hoarse, evil whisper)  
We "choose" for him.

Nick brushes him aside.

NICK  
I want no part of this!

LACROIX  
Do you think Janette's motives  
are... entirely maternal?

Nick stops. Stunned. Lacroix's strategy is working. He's  
dividing and conquering.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

LACROIX (cont'd)  
Ask her yourself. She has plans for  
the boy.

NICK  
You are deranged.

LACROIX  
Yes. I know...

DISSOLVE TO:

32 OMITTED

32

33 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

33

OPEN ON: Lisa, sitting on the couch, trying to focus on the  
TV, but her eyes are droopy. She's more than ready for bed.

CUT TO:

Skank and Natalie at the elevator door with Nick. Pulling on  
coats.

NATALIE  
So you'll talk to her?

NICK  
(somewhat reluctant)  
I'll talk to her.

NATALIE  
She needs to talk. Sometimes  
there's a "delayed stress  
syndrome." A period of denial. They  
suppress their feelings.

NICK  
Nat, I'm not a professional.

NATALIE  
But you're a sympathetic ear. And  
see she gets some rest.

SCHANKE  
I'll bring her Dad by in the  
morning.

NICK  
Oh, Skank... here.

(CONTINUED)



33 CONTINUED:

33

Nick hands him the SLUG that Natalie plucked from his shoulder.

NICK (cont'd)  
...for ballistics. I, uh, dug it  
out of my upholstery.

SCHANKE  
You're a lucky cop, Knight.  
(calls)  
G'night, Lisa.

OUT ON LISA sound asleep on the couch. Her bullet-proof vest discarded on the floor.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. OUTSIDE NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT

34

Quiet. Empty street. Mick and Sam pull up and park where they can see the building.

INTERCUT:

34A THE KILLERS IN THEIR CAR

34A

Mick peering around and about, casing the layout of Nick's building.

Satisfied, Mick nods to Sam. Sam drives them out of frame.

35 OMITTED

35\*

36 INT. NICK'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

36

With Nick as he carries the sleeping Lisa upstairs - into the bedroom.

Gently, Nick lays Lisa down on the bed. He starts to pull a coverlet up over her, when her eyes flutter open. \*

A flicker of fear on her face as Lisa realizes she's in a strange, unfamiliar place. There her eyes rest on Nick and she smiles, small and reassured.

LISA  
...Hi. Is my dad here?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

NICK

(fondly)  
Soon, Lisa. You miss him, huh?

LISA

(yawns)  
Yeah... but I'm glad you're here,  
Nick.

NICK

What's he like, your dad?

LISA

He should be a cop. He's... he's  
made from the stuff of heroes.

NICK

(grins)  
Who said that, Janey Jinx?

LISA

(smiles, caught out)  
Naw... 'Silver Surfer', issue 26...  
But he did get a medal in the  
war. And once, a guy fell off the  
oil platform... and got jumped by  
sharks, and my dad dived in with  
his scuba knife and saved him. One  
time, he swam home 50 miles through  
a hurricane, 'cos it was my  
birthday an' he didn't want'a miss  
it.

\*  
\*

She stares up at Nick as if daring him to call her a liar.

NICK

(gently)  
You are one lucky little girl to  
have a daddy like that.

LISA

...Why does he go away so much,  
Nick?

(beat)

It... it wasn't so bad when my Mom  
was here. But after...

A pregnant moment. Something difficult to talk about is  
stuck in her throat.

LISA (cont'd)

It was all my fault. My Mom got  
killed 'cause of me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

LISA (cont'd) (cont'd)  
That guy tonight... if I hadn't  
bumped into him and slowed him  
down, maybe he woulda got away--  
(cut off by Nick)

\*

NICK

\*

Shhh!

\*

As Nick places his fingers on her lips, silencing her.

\*

NICK (cont'd)  
Lisa, you can't blame yourself for  
what happened tonight. Any more  
than you should take the blame for  
your mother's death.

\*

Lisa starts to WEEP SOFTLY. Nick lifts her up into his arms,  
rocking her, comforting her.

LISA  
(beat; then quietly)  
I'm really scared, Nick. Those  
killers are gonna get me, aren't  
they?

\*

\*

\*

Nick holding her close.

NICK  
No, Lisa. I will not let that  
happen.  
(beat)  
I promise you.

\*

Teary-eyed, Lisa settles back against the pillow.

LISA  
Stay with me till I fall asleep.

\*

ON Nick. He's remembering. A vague shadow of pain clouds  
his face.

NICK  
(softly)  
Sure I will. Close your eyes,  
sweetheart. I'll be right here...

\*

FLASH BACK TO:

37 INT. CASA LOMA CONSERVATORY

37

ON an antique GRANDFATHER CLOCK in a pool of sunlight.  
Chiming high noon.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

Daniel stands at a window, peering out at mid-day through the heavy velvet drapes that keep the sunlight out of this vampire lair.

NICK (O.S)

Close the curtains, Daniel.

Daniel looks up startled. CLOSES curtains and crosses to where Nick lurks in shadow.

DANIEL

You're usually asleep now.

NICK

(deadly serious)

You and I need to talk. You must leave this place.

DANIEL

(taken aback)

Why? What have I done wrong? I thought you liked me.

\*  
\*

NICK

I do like you, Daniel. Another time and place...

(helplessly)

- another life! You'd be welcome as a son to me, but I can't stand by and see you hurt. You have to go!

\*

DANIEL

No...! This is the best gaff I ever 'ad. Good grub, clean sheets - an' no bed bugs.

(pleading)

Don't boot me out, Nicky, please...

NICK

(impatiently)

Your life is in danger, Daniel! You don't understand.

DANIEL

(angrily)

It's you what don't understand! You try livin' rough like I done! This is a bleedin' paradise after that.

(re: the outside world)

There's nothin' out there for me, mate. Danger or not - I'm stayin' put!

\*

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

Leaving Nick with no choice but to use his vampire powers. He grips Daniel by the shoulders, staring deep into his eyes.

NICK

(hypnotising)

You will leave this house, Daniel.  
You will leave us now.

DANIEL

(as he reluctantly  
succumbs)

No... I don't want... I... I must  
leave. Yes. Leave...

Transfixing Daniel with his piercing stare, Nick puts a 10-pound (sterling) note into the boy's hand. \*

\*

NICK

You want to leave... Run, Daniel.  
Run for your life!

Nick releases him - and Daniel hesitates for a moment; confused and unsure. He looks at the money in his hand, then back to Nick. Nick points commandingly to the door. And \*

\*

Daniel dashes out of the room to O.S.

Nick moves to the curtains. Parting them slightly, wary of the sunlight. FROM O.S. THE NOISE OF DANIEL'S RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. THE STREET DOOR OPENING - AND SLAMMING SHUT. Nick peering through the curtains to watch the O.S. boy running away up the street. Satisfied and relieved, Nick turns away. To face

LACROIX AND JANETTE, watching from the doorway. Janette looks rather sad and disappointed. Lacroix hiding his fury behind a sneer of icy contempt.

CUT TO:

38 INT. NICK'S LOFT - PRESENT - DAYBREAK

38

Nick standing at the window, across the room. Drinking deep from a "wine bottle", gazing out at dawn breaking over the city. He takes a long pull as we go in CLOSE ON HIM. He's lost in some secret sadness.

After a beat, he closes the blinds, shutting out the deadly northern light.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. OUTSIDE NICK'S LOFT - DAWN

39

A panel truck with ladder on the roof, the sides lettered 'UGB Communications. TV Cable & Antenna Repair', pulls in to park. Two men in white coveralls and hard hats get out.

IN CLOSER - to see that it's Mick and Sam. 'UGB Communications' logo'd on the back of their coveralls.

They open up the back of the truck to reveal their equipment.

First, they open an aluminum case to remove two heavy-calibre automatics with spare ammo clips. They slip these into the shoulder holsters beneath their coveralls.

While Sam buckles on a lineman's climbing harness, Mick tests a length of thin steel wire; innocent-looking until he mimes the action of the 'garotte'.

CUT AWAY before they finish equipping themselves.

40 INT. NICK'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

40

Nick sleeping on the couch. Lying still as a vampire at dawn.

Lisa awake and coming down the stairs to see what's what.

LISA

(calls)  
Nick?

She sees that Nick isn't stirring, so Lisa makes for the kitchen and opens the fridge. And sighs: nothing to eat but a piece of cold, leftover pizza. She chews on it thoughtfully and

SEES Nick's "wine". She curiously takes out a bottle and studies it.

POURS some into a glass. Almost TASTES IT...

then takes it to the sink and POURS it into the drain.

CLOSE ON the sink: rich, red BLOOD staining the porcelain.

ON Lisa, looking at it. REALIZING...

LISA

GUH-ROSS!

She WALKS back to where Nick is napping. Looks at him. STUDIES HIM UP CLOSE

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

LISA

Nick?  
(beat)  
Up and at 'em.

She JOSTLES HIM ever so slightly and he doesn't stir from his deep, vampire sleep.

She SHAKES HIM, a bit harder than before. STILL NO REACTION. Nick's arms are folded across his chest, corpse-like. Lisa LIFTS ONE, lets it drop STIFFLY BACK.

LISA

C'mon, officer... wake up and smell the donuts.

She PLACES HER EAR on Nick's chest, listening. His breathing so slow, so shallow it's unnoticeable.

She TOUCHES HIS FOREHEAD and

STANDS, GOES TO THE WINDOW, feels around for a way to open the blinds. Finds the switch and flips it.

THE SHUTTERS OPEN. Daylight shafts in. Lisa back at Nick's "bedside", peering closer at him. From her pocket, she removes the

POCKET COMPACT that Natalie gave her. She opens it and holds the MIRROR up to NICK'S NOSE... looking for the mirror to FOG as Nick exhales. Nothing...

LISA (cont'd)

Jeez, you sleep like a stone.

The mirror catches the sun streaming in the window. A TINY spotlight/reflection of sunlight DANCES across Nick's face as Lisa jiggles the mirror in her hand.

The sensation of sun on his skin makes Nick STIR, ever so slightly in his sleep, until LISA FOCUSES the BEAM OF LIGHT DIRECTLY ON NICK'S EYES.

OVER NICK'S SHOULDER so we can't actually see his face. Favouring Lisa's growing horror as tendrils of smoke begin to plume up from Nick's eyes, O.S. Aghast, she pulls the mirror away, but it's too late, as

NICK LEAPS UP SCREAMING. Covering his eyes against the searing light, crying out in pain.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

LISA

(alarmed)  
Sorry, Nick! I didn't mean to--  
(cut off by)

NICK

The light! Close the blinds!

AS NICK RUNS away from her. Into the kitchen. Gingerly, he UNCOVERS his face and we SEE him VAMPED: fluorescent eyes, red-rimmed and yellow; FANGS UNSHEATHED. His back is to Lisa.

Lisa approaching Nick. Nick shielding his face from her. She thinks it's out of anger over what she has done.

LISA

I was only playin'. What's wrong?  
Are you okay?

As Nick runs from her to hide in the bathroom, leaving the door slightly ajar.

LISA

(coming after him)  
How was I to know? Do you need any  
help? Nick?

INTERCUTING

41 INT. NICK'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

41

Nick at the sink, holding a wet towel to his injured, vampire eyes. Suddenly aware that behind him

Lisa is timidly pushing the door open, paused on the threshold.

LISA

I didn't mean to hurt you, Nick...  
Can I...?  
(cut off by)

Nick, keeping his face averted from her, slams the door shut on Lisa.

Lisa outside: the slammed door like an angry rejection.

LISA

(shouts at door)  
All right, I screwed up! I'm  
sorry, all right?!

(CONTINUED)



41 CONTINUED:

41

Nick back at the sink, running water, bathing his yellow eyes. He opens them to stare into the mirror.

LISA (O.S.)

Nick? Open the door - please!

NICK

(shouts)

I'm blind!

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON LISA'S guilt and consternation. Crying, she runs out of frame.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INTERCUT:

42 EXT. ESTABLISHING - SAM - DAY 42

Whirling a grappling hook above his head. He heaves the hook up - and out of frame. The line paying-out, up and up to O.S., Sam watching it fly.

SFX: Clank! As hook catches-on O.S.

Sam pulls the line taught and braces to climb.

43 INT. NICK'S BATHROOM 43

Nick blind. Stumbling and fumbling as he tries to find the knob and open the door.

44 INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - DAY 44

The door bursts open - and Lisa runs in, sobbing. She throws herself down on the bed.

NICK (O.S.)

(shouts)

Lisa!

Lisa buries her head under the pillow as if to shut out her shame and guilt.

45 INT. NICK'S LOFT 45

Nick groping his way out of the bathroom. He bumps into the furniture.

NICK

(calls)

Lisa?

POV NICK - A diffuse golden fog, all about him.

ON NICK - Hands outstretched, groping to find the wall.

NICK

(calls)

Lisa, where are you?

Nick's head swivelling as he tries to locate the child. Suddenly, Nick glowers toward the fire door.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

CLOSE IN - On Nick, as we hear what his vampire-sharp ears hear.

SFX: The faint, but measured sound of heavy, rubber-soled boots ascending the stairs O.S.

CUT TO:

45A OMITTED 45A

46 INT. NICK'S LOFT - RESUMES 46

ON: NICK listening with his vamp hearing.

Nick wheels to face the fire-door and source of the sound. He flies up - and out of frame.

\*  
\*

47 ON THE 2ND-LEVEL DECK - NICK'S LOFT 47

As Lisa comes red-eyed and contrite out from the bedroom. She glances to find Nick - and freezes in open-mouthed disbelief.

POV LISA - Nick, either hovering or clinging like a spider on the wall - up and close to the ceiling above the elevator doors.

Nick's face, angling side to side as he tries to get an aural bearing on the approaching danger.

REVERSE ON:

LISA

(tremulous)

N... Nick?

Nick's face, turning to the sound of the voice. He lifts a finger to his lips, gesturing for quiet.

NICK

(whispers)

Don't be scared, Lisa. Just stay quiet... and absolutely still...

SFX: The ominous click-click of an automatic cocking O.S. behind the fire door.

\*  
\*

48 OMITTED 48

49 INT. CASA LOMA CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

49

The door opens and Nick enters from the streets. Still in his uniform. He is flushed and energised from a recent kill.

Two wing-backed chairs flank the fireplace. One with its back to us. Janette in the other, facing Nick's entrance. She smiles with the pleasure of seeing Nick and rises to greet him.

JANETTE

(fondly)  
A good hunt?

Nick's kiss is his reply. Janette takes his hat, gloves, and swagger stick.

NICK

Where's Lacroix?

The O.S. clatter of tiny, metallic wheels as Nick glances down to see.

The WHEELED TOY rolling into frame to bump against Nick's booted foot. \*

Amused, Nick stoops to pick up the toy and glances to the other wing-back chair. He still can't see the occupant, but a well-tailored arm is reaching out as if to demand the toy.

NICK

(mocking)  
Toys at your age, Lacroix.

As he moves to face the figure in the chair. And

CLOSE ON NICK'S sudden shock.

POV NICK: It is Daniel, who sits in the chair, perfectly still. Eyes closed. Pale face expressionless as a mannequin. He is dressed as a young gentleman.

Suddenly, Daniel smiles to reveal the fangs of the vampire. His yellow eyes aglow. Stares up at Nick.

DANIEL

'Allo, Nicky. Welcome 'ome.

Lacroix laughing uproariously from the doorway.

CLOSE ON Nick's horror and outrage.

SFX: FROM THE PRESENT - LISA SCREAMS

CUT BACK TO:

50 INT. NICK'S LOFT - RESUMES

50

INTERCUT:

Mick bursting into the room; combat stance, gun traversing ahead.

LISA looking down - to Mick O.S. She screams again.

Nick up near the ceiling.

NICK

(howls)  
Nooo!!

And swoops down - out of frame.

ON - NICK dives blindly into Mick. Knocking the thug off-balance just as he fires up - at Lisa O.S.

INTERCUT:

Lisa's reactions as her POV watches

THE FIGHT: Mick is vicious and tough. No match for Nick in full sight, but blind is something else again. Mick scrabbles for his fallen gun and finds it.

INTERCUTTING NICK'S POV

The golden fog, with Mick's soft-focus shape blurring in and out. Gun shots like orange flowers in the mist as

Mick firing point-blank at Nick.

Mick retreats in confusion as Nick blunders blindly on, regardless.

LISA WATCHING from the rail of the second level.

Mick throws away his empty, useless gun. And grabs a heavy iron poker from the fireplace. He home-run swings at Nick's head - knocking Nick down.

Looking up - to Lisa O.S. Mick steps over Nick and starts for the stairs, poker in hand.

Lisa watching the killer's advance. She screams.

Nick rolls blindly into Mick's legs, knocking him down. The thug whacks Nick again with the poker.

51 INT. PRECINCT - DAY

51

Schanke at his desk with CARL COOPER, Lisa's dad. Not quite as heroically proportioned as Lisa's description might have suggested.

CARL

...But is my daughter all right now? Are you sure she's safe?

SCHANKE

(expansively)

Absolutely! I've put her with one of my best men. She couldn't be in better hands - except yours of course, Mr. Cooper.

A uniform enters frame in a hurry.

17

Skank, we just got an all-units, code 3. Shots fired at 101 Gateway Lane. That's Nick's place. \*

Instantly, Schanke is up on his feet.

CARL

(alarmed)

What's wrong? Is it Lisa?

SCHANKE

(to Carl)

Nooo problem.

(yells)

Someone get Mr. Cooper a cuppa coffee!

(to Carl)

Don't go away, sir.

Schanke makes to follow the uniform.

CARL

(calls after Schanke)

But I thought we were going to get Lisa!

SCHANKE

(on his way out)

Absolutely!

OUT ON - Carl Cooper's bewilderment.

52 EXT. SECTION OF ROOF PARAPET - DAY

52

TIGHT ON - the grappling hook gripping the parapet. Here comes Sam, hauling himself up and over the edge of the roof.

53 INT. LOFT - RESUMES

53

Nick wrenches the poker out of Mick's hands and bends it like a pretzel.

Lisa cheers from the upper deck.

ON: NICK'S VAMPIRE SNARL

NICK'S POV - The fog a little thinner now. Mick's outline flickering faint as a ghost.

Mick throws a frantic flurry of punches, all of which connect.

LISA: the frightened spectator.

Mick sidesteps away from Nick.

Nick, hands groping blindly forward, tries vainly to locate the thug.

LISA

(shouts)

Duck left, Nick!

Nick does - and grapples with Mick. He hoists the man up above his head.

LISA

(shouts)

Long pass - right!

Nick angles to the right - and heaves Mick out of frame.

ON - the glass-block window by the fire door. Mick hurtles into frame - and smashes into the window. He hangs half-in and half-out. Finished.

LISA

(crows)

Touch down!

Nick, turning to the sound of her voice.

POV NICK - Seeing clearer now. The distinguishable shape of Lisa above him.

LISA

(awed)

What are you, Nick? Am I dreaming this?

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

NICK  
I'll explain later. There's  
another man out there somewhere.  
Lock yourself in the bedroom while  
I...

(cut off by)

The crash of glass and Sam's descent - as he drops through  
the skylight to land on Lisa's level.

Lisa dives into the bedroom as Sam opens fire.

Nick flies up to the second level. He hurls Sam down to the  
first floor.

54 EXT. OUTSIDE THE LOFT

54

Police cars converge on Nick's house. Sirens blaring.  
Lights flashing. UNIFORMED AND PLAINCLOTHES COPS leap out  
with guns drawn...

55 INT. NICK'S LOFT

55

Nick with Lisa. He has his hands on her shoulders. He's  
looking straight into her eyes. He can see clearly now, and  
his eyes are strong enough to hypnotise little Lisa, but  
she's not an easy subject.

NICK  
Lisa, you must listen to me.

\*

LISA  
(oblivious)  
It was like a movie! Like the  
comics came to life!... You are  
incredible, Nick. You're a  
(cut off by)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NICK  
(firmly)  
A man, that's all.

\*  
\*  
\*

LISA  
A hero!

\*  
\*

Through the dialogue, Nick's hypnotic focus on her never  
wavers. Steadily and patiently, he's trying to put her  
under.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED:

55

NICK

Then you are too. Because we did it together. You were strong and brave. Without Lisa Cooper, we couldn't have won.

But that splinter of guilt inside Lisa bites again and she snaps back to painful reality.

LISA

Without me, those guys wouldn't have come here. You could have been killed because of me. It was my fault.

NICK

No! Stop beating up on yourself, Lisa. It's not your fault those men were killers. You were here because you were doing the right thing!

LISA

I stole those comics, Nick. That's why I was running when I bumped that Marty guy. I started all of it!

NICK

Marty Angelo died because he was a thief stealing from thieves. His life killed him - not you. Like the drunk driver who killed your Mom. His fault - not yours...! You can't keep on hurting for what adults dump on you, Lisa.

Beat... Lisa staring into Nick's eyes. She reaches - and he hugs her close. They hold the moment, as

Behind them, cops pour into the room with weapons drawn.

SCHANKE (O.S.)

(shouts)

Nick, Lisa, you all right?

NICK

(to Lisa, softly)

Well?

LISA

(shouts to O.S.)

Yeah!

(smiles to Nick)

...Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

56  
THRU OMITTED  
66

56  
THRU  
66

END OF ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

TAG

67 INT. NICK'S LOFT - DAY - PRESENT

67

More cops on the scene. The HIT MEN, dazed and cuffed, are led away. A UNIFORM escorts Lisa's dad into the room.

Lisa sees him and runs into his arms.

LISA

Daddy!

CARL

Lisa! Sweetheart, are you okay?

LISA

I'm okay.

They HUG. A sweet reunion.

CARL

I'm sorry, baby. I should have been here for you.

LISA

You didn't know.

CARL

(rueful)  
That's no excuse.

ANGLE ON Skank: taking in the carnage. The smashed window, broken furniture, etc.

SCHANKE

(bemused, to himself)  
Kids...

Nick is sitting in a chair, in a FAR CORNER OF THE ROOM. In shadow, away from the light streaming in through the broken window. NATALIE is there tending to him, looking at his eyes, trying to irrigate them with first-aid solution. Nick brushes her aside politely.

NICK

You know I don't need that.

NATALIE

(re: everyone else in the room)  
Yes. But they don't! Just sit still and suffer. You've only yourself to blame.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

NICK  
(watching Lisa and Carl  
approach)  
Me 'n' Lisa, huh?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NATALIE  
She'll bounce back a lot better  
than you have over Daniel.

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK  
(flat)  
It's too late to change what  
happened with him.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NATALIE  
What did?

\*  
\*

And Nick is saved by the arrival of Lisa with her dad.

\*

LISA  
(proudly)  
Nick, Natalie, this is my dad.

\*  
\*  
\*

A smile to Natalie and Carl reaches to shake Nick's hand.

\*

NICK  
I've heard a lot about you, Mr.  
Cooper.

\*  
\*  
\*

LISA  
(to Carl)  
Me and Nick solved the case  
together.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Dad smiles indulgent adult disbelief to his child. And Lisa  
mugs her twinge of disappointment to Nick.

\*  
\*

LISA  
(to Carl)  
I'll go say goodbye to Skank.

\*  
\*  
\*

Lisa exits frame.

\*

NICK  
(seriously, to Carl)  
Lisa's right, you know. We  
couldn't have done it without her.  
She's a great kid.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CARL  
Who deserves better than she gets.  
I'm never around when I should be.  
(shrugs)  
My job...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

NICK  
It's not too late. She's still  
here - and she loves you.

NATALIE  
(to Carl)  
Ever think of finding work in town?

Carl glances to Natalie. Interrupted by Lisa's return.  
She's antsy to go.

LISA  
You ready, Dad?

Carl puts his arm around her.

LISA (cont'd)  
(to Nick)  
Well, Detective, let's get together  
and fight the 'Forces of Evil'  
again sometime.

Amused, Nick reaches for her - and Lisa hugs him farewell.  
A kiss on the cheek for Natalie

and Lisa starts off with Carl.

LISA  
Do you have to go back to work  
soon?

CARL  
(beat)  
...I think you and I should have a  
serious talk about that.

NICK (O.S.)  
(calls)  
Lisa!

Lisa and Carl glance back to

Nick holding Lisa's comics.

NICK  
(re: the comics)  
You forgot these!

LISA  
Naw, Janey Jinx is a dweeb!  
(to Carl)  
Know what I did forget? To pay  
for them. Let's go do it now.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

LISA (cont'd) \*  
I got my own money. This nice \*  
detective was teachin' me how to \*  
play poker... \*

AS: Lisa exits with her dad. \*

OUT OFF - Nick's smile. And we \*

FADE OUT \*

THE END \*