

Episode # 92-016

FOREVER KNIGHT

"Only The Lonely"

written by

Susan Martin

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SHOOTING DRAFT
08/06/92

08/07/92 PINK - PAGES ONLY
08/10/92 BLUE - PAGES ONLY
08/10/92 YELLOW - PAGES ONLY
08/11/92 GREEN - PAGES ONLY
08/17/92 GOLDENROD - PAGES ONLY

"ONLY THE LONELY"

CAST LIST

NICK KNIGHT.....Geraint Wyn Davies
SCHANKE.....John Kapelos
NATALIE.....Catherine Disher
STONETREE.....Gary Farmer
JANETTE.....Deborah Duchene
LACROIX.....Nigel Bennett
ROGER (LEE, MAN)
ELSA BURTON
GRACE
LAURA FISCHER
BOMFREY
TECHNICIAN
REPORTER
NORMAN

SETS

EXT. CONDO - FRONT DOOR
INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT
INT. CORONER'S LAB
INT. NICK'S CADDIE
INT. CORONER'S LAB - 2 YEARS EARLIER
INT. SINGULAR INTERESTS CLUB
INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT
EXT. STREET - FLOWER KIOSK
EXT. CITY PARK
INT. NICK'S LOFT
INT. NICK'S KITCHEN
INT. STONETREE'S OFFICE
EXT. CITY
EXT. AN ALLEY
EXT. A WALL
EXT. OTHER SIDE OF WALL
INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY
INT. NATALIE'S KITCHEN

INT. PRECINCT

INT. PARKING LOT (OR ANYWHERE) - FLASHBACK
INT. NATALIE'S CAR
EXT. NURSERY (i.e. GARDEN CENTRE)
INT. NURSERY
EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE
INT. PRECINCT INTERVIEW ROOM

92-016

ONLY THE LONELY

PAGE HISTORY

August 6, 1992 - WHITE - SHOOTING DRAFT

August 7, 1992 - PINK - PAGES:

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37, 57

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27A, 28, 28A, 33, 34

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43, 43A, 44, 45, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51, 57

August 13, 1992 - GREEN - PAGES:

20, 25, 25A, 32, 32A, 33, 35, 40, 57

August 17, 1992 - GOLDENROD - PAGE:

33

↑ Tr... A + 67
U.S. of A.

ONLY THE LONELYTEASE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CONDO - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 1

The SOUNDS of A CAR DOOR CLOSING. FOOTSTEPS. A soft WOMAN'S GIGGLE.

A WOMAN'S HAND withdraws keys from her purse. A man's hand intercepts, inserting the key in the lock for her.

MAN'S VOICE

Allow me.

She places her hand on the knob and he covers it with his. TILT UP along their arms to find them kissing - Pretty, 35ish, LAURA and her date (whose face we never see). They pull slowly apart.

LAURA

I had a good time tonight, Lee.

LEE'S VOICE

Me too.

There's an awkward beat.

LAURA

Well-

LEE'S VOICE

I'd love a cup of coffee.
(off her surprised look)
Oops - You were going to say
'goodnight', weren't you-

LAURA

(apologetic)

It is kinda late... I've got this
early meeting tomorrow. Otherwise-

Suddenly, an electronic BEEP BEEP. She stops. A potentially awkward moment avoided 'by the bell'.

LEE'S VOICE

The hospital. I'm sorry - Would it
be possible to just quickly use
your phone?

LAURA

Sure. Come on in.

2 INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

2

ON THE PHONE in the FOREGROUND, as Laura and Lee come in (We will not see his face at all). LOW ANGLES of Laura approaching - her hand reaching INTO FRAME to turn on the lamp beside it. She steps back. Beat. Lee does not approach the phone. Instead we see his hands go to her waist. WE TILT UP SLOWLY to find them kissing... SWIVEL until she is facing us. She pulls away.

LAURA
(a little awkward;
lightly)
Sure somebody isn't dying at the hospital without your call?

LEE'S VOICE
They can wait.

He muffles her soft laugh with his mouth. They kiss again....

ANGLE ON Lee's hands as they move up her back, caressing her hair... then move to the zipper of her dress - ZZZIP.

LAURA
Hey -

LEE'S VOICE
What?

LAURA
...I don't know... Maybe we're going a little too fast...

Beat.

LEE'S VOICE
Too fast, huh?

In one violent move - he pulls at her blouse. We hear a RIP. She GASPS.

LEE'S VOICE
Like this?

But he stifles her protests with a smothering kiss, holding her tightly as she struggles against him in shock.

THE LAMP is knocked off the table - WE TILT UP to the ceiling where their shadows struggle, the sound of TEARING CLOTHES and MUFFLED CRIES.

LAURA
No! Stop - please!

Their shadows fall out of sight.

3 EXT. CONDO - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

3

Deadly SILENCE... then LAURA'S SCREAM... Beat, as WE TILT DOWN from the peephole... The door opens and we see Lee's legs hurrying out, leaving it ajar... we continue to TILT DOWN until we INCLUDE... LAURA'S lifeless bare arm, stretched out on the floor.

FADE OUT

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. CONDO - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 4

A REPORTER with a mike, his raincoat flashing alternately blue and red through the added glare of a camera light.

REPORTER

(into camera)

Another woman brutally murdered on the westside tonight. Here on the scene, police are trying to piece together the evidence...

His image suddenly coming from a TV SCREEN as we

5 INT. CONDO - CRIMESCENE - NIGHT 5

PULL BACK from the TV screen as:

REPORTER

(from the TV)

There is some speculation as to whether this will prove to be the most recent in a series involving sexual assault and murder. Residents are-

Two TECHNICIANS cross in front of the screen with the gurney and we TILT UP to include a grim Natalie reaching with gloved hands to tape a paper bag to the hand of the corpse.

NATALIE

(to the technicians)

Prep anything you can find for a DNA profile the minute you get back, okay guys?

Off their nod, she zips the bag. As they move out with the body, she turns to call to a cop offscreen. Behind her, Nick squeezes through the front door past the departing gurney.

NATALIE

Did the vapor give you any prints at all?

COP'S VOICE

No clear prints.

NICK

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

She turns to see him.

NATALIE

Hey.

(beat; as he looks around)
Victim number three.

NICK

You sure?

NATALIE

Not yet. But it looks that way.

NICK

Strangulation?

NATALIE

(nods)
Bare-handed. Plus signs of sexual
assault and no indication of forced
entry to the premises.

SCHANKE

Found something.

Nick and Natalie turn to see Schanke crouching by the TV,
pointing the remote at the Reporter still on the screen. He
ZAPS -- Laura, sitting in a chair next to a potted palm.

NATALIE

That's her. That's the victim.

Schanke hands the box to Nick. He looks at it.

NICK

(reading)
Singular Interests Introduction
Service. Client's copy. Laura
Fischer.

ON TV SCREEN

Laura Fischer is poised, if a little uncomfortable.
Schanke's hand blurs into the foreground with the remote as
he turns up the volume -

LAURA

I like skiing, horseback riding and
tennis... I don't cook much - not
for myself, anyway... Uh, but I do
like food, eating out and -

Nick and Schanke look at one another.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

NICK
A dating service.

Beside them Natalie stares at Laura's TV image, disturbed.

6 EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

6

Nick, Natalie and Schanke walk towards their cars as the scene dismantles and the coroner's car pulls away from the curb. *

SCHANKE
Could it be - could it actually
be we finally have a lead? 'Cause
the Captain's not the only one
being catapulted into insanity by
those 'take back the night' rallies
outside the precinct -

NICK
Tomorrow we hit Singular Interests.
See if any of the other victims
were members.

They arrive at Natalie's car.

NATALIE
A dating service killer. I think
I'm getting a case of 'what's this
world coming to' nausea.

SCHANKE
'What's this world coming to' is
right - When someone 'not bad and
not broke', like Laura Fischer, has
to resort to a dating service in
the first place.

NATALIE
(weary)
Schanke, it's the nineties. Dating
services, like frozen dinners, have
their place - It's not necessarily
a case of 'resorting' to them.

Nick and Schanke look at her funny. Beat. She rolls her eyes.

NATALIE
No. I haven't.
(beat)
But I've thought about it...

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

SCHANKE

(stops; aghast)

You? That's ridiculous. You've got much more going for you than-

NATALIE

(interrupting)

Please - It wasn't my intention to get into a discussion of my dating life or lack thereof -

She gets into her car. Schanke leans in.

SCHANKE

Well, for crying out loud, if I'd known, I mean, Myra lives for this stuff.

Natalie tries to roll up her window.

NATALIE

(wincing)

Nick, help! He's gonna sick Myra the matchmaker on me. I'll end up married to his cousin in Moosehead.

Nick laughs. Schanke looks bewildered.

NATALIE (cont'd)

Don't you worry about me, Schanke. I'll be just fine and besides, who has the time for dating anyway?

SCHANKE

(re: Nick)

He does. What the hell's wrong with him?

Something flickers in her expression though her answer is teasing.

NATALIE

Beats me. You'll have to ask him.

She fires the ENGINE.

NATALIE (cont'd)

See ya.

As she drives off, Schanke turns to Nick. Beat.

SCHANKE

What is wrong with you, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

NICK
You heard the lady... Who has the
time?

Nick watches Natalie's car disappear around a corner.

7 INT. CORONER'S LAB - NEXT NIGHT

7

AN UN-ICED POUND CAKE overloaded with candles, is carried
towards Natalie. A raucous discordant version of "HAPPY
BIRTHDAY" is SUNG over as we

WIDEN to see Natalie look up from her microscope in
surprise.

NATALIE
Happy what to whom?

Her assistant, GRACE, a pretty black woman in her late
thirties, places the cake on the desk in front of her as the
OTHERS gather around. *

GRACE
Uh-uh. We're not letting you off
that easy.

NATALIE
No escaping the Creature from the
Birthday Lagoon around here, huh?
(re: the cake; joking)
What's this, a twinkie with
candles?

They all laugh.

NATALIE
Let's see...one, two three, four,
thirty. They're all there...

ALL
Make a wish!

She considers.

GRACE
And don't say it out loud or it
won't come true.

NATALIE
Don't worry. I don't think you
could handle it.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Off a chorus of "OOOHs" she closes her eyes, takes a deep breath and blows. CLAPPING. She looks up, touched.

NATALIE

Thanks, you guys.

Grace pulls a package from behind her back.

GRACE

From all of us. Happy three-o.

Natalie rips it open and blushes to her roots. The group howls with laughter as she holds up a very racy, lacy bit of black lingerie.

8 INT. NICK'S CADDIE - NIGHT

8

At the precinct. Schanke gets in holding a blob of something.

NICK

You got the address?

SCHANKE

(mouth full)

Right here in my pocket.

Nick looks at him.

SCHANKE

I would've saved you a piece but I didn't think birthday cake'd be on that spartan warrior macrobiotic diet of yours.

NICK

Whose birthday?

SCHANKE

Nat's. Forensics threw her a bash.

NICK

(struck)

Natalie's? - Oh no. I completely forgot.

SCHANKE

Don't sweat it. The only reason I found out is I went down to get test results.

Nick winces.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

NICK

(groan)

They called me last week - No. This isn't good. I didn't even get her a card!

SCHANKE

It isn't too late. Do what I do with Myra. Only I do it on purpose - I make her think she's not getting anything, until the very last minute - by then she's so desperate, no matter what I got her - big hit. Works every time.

Off Nick's look -

9 INT. CORONER'S LAB - NIGHT

9

The last paper plate is pitched into the "INFECTIOUS WASTE" bin. Natalie brushes off her hands, widens to give Grace a hug.

GRACE

Happy Birthday.

NATALIE

You're very sweet. Thank you.

They're the last ones there. Grace goes to the door. Turns back when she sees Natalie lagging behind.

GRACE

Don't tell me you're working late tonight.

NATALIE

Don't worry - I took the night off.

GRACE

Good.

(conspiratorially)

I hope you'll get a chance to wear your new present.

Natalie grins.

NATALIE

Yeah. Who knows... maybe some other night...

As the door swings shut behind Grace, Natalie turns away and we see by her face - fat chance. A quiet moment as her eyes fall on the empty exam table - WE MOVE IN...

10 INT. CORNONER'S LAB - TWO YEARS EARLIER - DAY (FLASHBACK) 10

BOOM the doors burst inward with a body bag on a gurney...
TILT UP to the TECHNICIAN as he steps back - a little pale,
wipes at his upper lip.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Natalie looks up from her microscope, sees his expression.

NATALIE
What is it, Eddie?

TECHNICIAN
Not good. You're gonna wish you'd
celebrated your twenty-eighth
birthday at Pizza Palace or
something.

Natalie helps him transfer the bag to the exam table. They
both see, left behind from the bag -

The BLOOD on the stainless steel surface of the gurney.

NATALIE
(grim)
Who is it and what happened?

TECHNICIAN
They couldn't find any I.D. But
people who saw him before the
explosion said-

NATALIE
-Explosion?

TECHNICIAN
(nods)
He was trying to stop a gang
robbery - Someone tossed him a
pipe bomb for his trouble...

Nat looks at the bag, steeling herself.

TECHNICIAN
It's a real mess... At least there
isn't much of a face to look at.

She nods her grim 'thanks' for the warning. He leaves. This
isn't going to be pleasant. Beat. Deep breath. She begins
pulling on her latex gloves - The PHONE RINGS. Relief - an
excuse to put this off. She peels off the gloves and goes to
answer the phone.

NATALIE
Forensics. Dr. Lambert here... Yes.
Yes I did. Eddie just brought him
in... no, not yet... (etc. AD
LIBBED)

As we PULL FOCUS to the FOREGROUND and TILT DOWN to the
blood on the surface of the gurney... and MOVE IN...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 2

10

as the droplets begin to VIBRATE... more and more... then one SLIDES towards another, joining it... and another does the same -

The pool of blood, larger now as the droplets pool together, slides OUT OF FRAME -

Drips of blood sliding down one steel leg of the gurney...

Drips of blood being drawn up the side of the examining table - as if pulled by some invisible force...

Soaking into the body bag on the table...

WE HEAR Natalie's phone call end. TILT UP to see her standing there. Steels herself, and pulls on a glove.

11 INT. CORONER'S LAB - NIGHT (PRESENT)

11

Natalie comes to her senses. Beat. Shakes it off and clicks off the light.

11A OMITTED

11A*

12 INT. SINGULAR INTERESTS CLUB - NIGHT 12

Nick and Schanke in an elegant office. Across from them sits ELSA BURTON, smiling, elegantly chignonned. The walls are lined with posters of couples playing tennis, clinking wine glasses and walking hand in hand through woods. *

ELSA
(looking up from a computer screen)
Laura Fischer was one of our clients but...
(shaking her head)
My records show she hadn't had a date in six months.

NICK
Why's that?

ELSA
Well... if I remember, she'd had to cancel a few times - dates we'd arranged - conflicts with work, I think - Then we just never heard from her again. Some of our clients come to us because they're too busy to meet people, and they end up being too busy to even date once they do!

SCHANKE
What about the other two victims? *

ELSA
Sorry. It would be in here if they were members.

Nick and Schanke look at one another. Dead end?

13 INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 13

CLICK - the light comes on and Natalie is standing there, just inside the door... *

NATALIE
(softly; almost a joke)
Hi honey, I'm home. *

Beat. She tosses her keys on the table and bends down to pick up her cat. Stares off into space for a long moment as she rubs his fur. *

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

NATALIE
(quietly)
...For you're-a-jolly-good-fellow
too, Sydney.

She looks at him. *

NATALIE
We're out of Kitty Vittles. I'm
afraid you're gonna have to take me
out to dinner for my birthday.

Sydney MEOWS.

13A INT. NICK'S CADDIE - NIGHT 13A*

ON AN EMPTY SEAT as we hear the door open and see Nick get
in. We see the words Night Owl Drugs on the bag he brings
with him. Beat. He opens the bag and pulls out a card. Looks
at it. Withdraws a pen. *

14 EXT. CORNER MARKET - NIGHT 14

One of those neighborhood establishments with boxes of
produce and fresh flowers outside. Inside, Natalie finishes
paying and hefts a grocery bag. She comes out the door and
goes WHAM - right into --

An attractive, casually-dressed MAN about her age, sending
her armload in twelve directions.

NATALIE
Whoops! Oh, I'm sorry. What a
complete klutz.

They both stoop to chase down the scattered tins. She GASPS,
seeing the trickle of blood from his nose.

NATALIE
Oh, your nose! I am so sorry!

Flustered, Natalie digs in her purse. She hurriedly reaches
up with something, dabbing -

MAN
(laughing it off)
No, no. Don't worry about it. You
had other things on your mind -
(re; a can of cat food)
A hungry cat who could be taking
revenge on your drapes as we speak.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

He holds the material to his nose, grinning.

NATALIE

Yes, I'd like to use Sydney as an
excuse but I should have been
watching where I was going-

She continues to gather her stuff while he looks at her
approvingly. They stand. Face each other. He looks at her
scarf. Blood.

MAN

Oh no - Your scarf-

NATALIE

Don't worry about it. I don't get
to ride with the top down very
often anyway.

Beat. He hands the scarf back. Smiles at her, truly
charming.

MAN

I'm sorry to hear that.

Off Natalie's reaction -

15 EXT. STREET - FLOWER KIOSK - NIGHT

15*

A yellow chrysanthemum. PULL BACK as Nick replaces it with a
larger bunch and pays the clerk for them. He heads away -

*

SC. 16 OMITTED

*

Sc. 15 CONTINUES:

*

As Nick walks away he makes a left past a bucket of red
roses and finds himself suddenly face to face with Natalie
and the Man, laughing as he hands her her brown bag.
Natalie looks at Nick in surprise.

*

*

NATALIE

Nick!

NICK

Natalie - This is a surprise -
(re; the flowers)
And I was on my way to surprise
you. Happy birthday.

He hands them to her and kisses Natalie on the cheek.

*

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

NATALIE

Thank you. They're beautiful...
Like big suns.

The Man shifts a little uncomfortably. Nick smiles at him and holds out his hand.

NICK

Hi.

NATALIE

Ah, Nick, this is -

MAN

Roger. Roger Jameson. *

NATALIE

Roger's the latest victim of my klutziness.

ROGER

Good to meet you.

NICK

Likewise. Well-

NATALIE

(to Nick; casually;
hopefully)

-Were you on your way over... to my place?

NICK

Yeah, yeah - but I was just dropping these off. Schanke's waiting for me, so -

Natalie hides her disappointment.

NATALIE

Oh. Well, thanks again. It was really nice of you to remember.

NICK

I just wish I'd been able to get away for the party.

It's a lie but it's better than hurting her feelings.

NICK

(to Roger)

It was nice meeting you - Oh- I almost forgot.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

He remembers the card in his jacket - Withdraws it and hands it to Natalie. With a final wave, he leaves to cross the street to his car. Roger turns to Natalie.

*
*

ROGER

Was that, by any chance... awkward?

She's already opening the card.

NATALIE

Wha -? Oh no... No. He's just...

She looks at the card.

NATALIE'S POV - THE CARD

It reads "Happy Birthday - With affection, Nick".

She looks in the direction of Nick's car and then at Roger, forced cheerfulness.

NATALIE

-A friend. Just a friend.

Roger smiles. Happy to hear it.

NATALIE

Well... I guess I better be getting home to rescue my drapes.

ROGER

It was nice to meet you, Natalie.
Happy birthday.

NATALIE

Nice to meet you too.

With a smile, she turns to walk away. Beat. He calls after her.

ROGER

Natalie?

She turns.

ROGER

...Maybe I could meet Sydney sometime too?

ON NATALIE as this registers. Beat. Her eyes involuntarily dart in the direction of Nick's departing car...

ROGER'S VOICE

...Maybe I could call him.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

She smiles. A decision. Why not?

NATALIE

He's in the book. Lambert. Sydney
Lambert.

We MOVE IN on her face...

*

16A INT. MORGUE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

16A*

The zipper. Rapid TILT UP to Natalie's face. Surprise. A
frown.

*

*

NATALIE

- This isn't so bad...

*

*

ON NICK

*

lying in the bag, dead but barely wounded - a long (not very
gory) gash on his forehead -

*

*

Natalie studies his face, mesmerized. Then impulsively,
hesitantly - she reaches up and touches his face.

*

*

NATALIE

...Not so bad at all...

*

*

16B EXT. MARKET - NIGHT

16B*

As Natalie watches Nick's car drive off - a strange look on
her face.

*

*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 INT. CORONER'S LAB - DAY

17

Natalie preps a specimen slide as Grace walks over studying some documents.

GRACE

Is this the genetic profile from the Fischer case?

NATALIE

Yeah. We have to do a PCR boost. The hair was dyed, cell structure pretty damaged... the DNA's just too weak.

GRACE

So we need volunteers for the control group.

SCHANKE

(from the door)

I never volunteer for anything.

They look up as Schanke comes in.

NATALIE

Perfect timing Schanke.

She slides off her stool and reaches for a razor. Schanke backs away. *

SCHANKE

Wait a minute, do I look like I eat cardboard and ride a treadmill? Do you see a tail? Spots?

Grace laughs.

GRACE

You're the only guinea pig we've got.

NATALIE

It won't hurt a bit.

He backs up against a counter and Grace holds him while Natalie nails him in the thumb. *

SCHANKE

Ow! *

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

As she withdraws the blade, he sucks on his thumb.

SCHANKE

(grumbling)

One day you're slicin' cake, the
next day you're slicin' me.

GRACE

(taking the syringe)

I'll take care of it.

NATALIE

Thanks, Grace.

As Grace leaves, she turns to Schanke.

NATALIE

Now. What can I help you with?

Beat. Resentful, he withdraws a piece of paper. Hands it to her.

NATALIE

What's this?

(beat; seeing it)

Oh no.

SCHANKE

Keep an open mind, would ya? It's
Myra's friend's brother. Lionel -
I haven't actually met him, but all
Myra's friends think he's a
dreamboat or something.

Natalie closes her eyes and shakes her head. Schanke backs
towards the door.

SCHANKE

What - is it gonna a kill ya to
call the guy? Give it a shot, okay?

She finally manages to squeeze him out. Leaning on the door,
she opens her eyes and stares at the paper. The PHONE RINGS.

NATALIE

(answering; into phone)

Dr. Lambert here.

18 EXT. CITY PARK - DAY 18
Roger in a payphone.

ROGER
(into phone)
Natalie? It's Roger Jameson - The
person you decked last night? Your
machine said to call you at this
number. I was wondering if you're
available for a late lunch...

19 INTERCUT - NATALIE 19
On Natalie's surprised expression we go to

20 INT. NICK'S LOFT - DAY 20
He's asleep in bed. His eyes open.

20A IN THE KITCHEN 20A
He opens a bottle. Beat. He leans against the fridge...
Instead of drinking he holds the bottle up... stares at it.

20B INT. CORONER'S LAB - DAY (FLASHBACK) (formerly Sc. 27) 20B
Nick, lying on the table. In the background Natalie is on
the phone, turned away.

NATALIE
(into phone)
There's hardly anything wrong with
him. Are you sure you didn't make a
mistake?... I mean - this guy
barely nicked himself shaving this
morning-

CLOSER ON NICK as his eyelids flutter. His mouth moves
slightly. A slight gash on his face shrinks as it heals.

ON Natalie, oblivious as, behind her - he SITS UP.

She turns around - sees this and nearly jumps out of her
skin. The phone hits the ground.

She stands, unmoving, staring at the table.

(CONTINUED)

20B CONTINUED: 2

20B

Nick tries to sit up but is stopped by a stab of pain. He MOANS - his eyes glow green and his teeth flash.

Natalie jumps back in horror. Nick's head snaps around and he notices her for the first time.

They stare at one another.

NATALIE
(choked whisper)
What - what the hell -? You were dead a minute ago - Who are you?!

He looks down in confusion at his shredded clothes, then at her.

NATALIE
What are you?

NICK
You don't need to know.

NATALIE
Yes I do!

Her vehemence surprises him. Beat. He stares at her then slowly turns as his eye catches sight of the refrigerator. *

NICK
(darkly)
Something very different from you.

He goes to it, hauls the door open and pulls out a bag of blood. Tearing a hole in it, he lifts it to his mouth and gulps the contents while Natalie watches, almost fainting.

He stops drinking and poises himself for a moment while the blood takes effect. Beat... looks at her. A strange smile.

NICK
I... am a vampire.

Her eyes. Staring... believing. A PHONE RINGS -

20C INTERCUT - NICK'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

20C

Nick comes out of his reverie and answers.

NICK
Hello?

21 INT. PRECINCT - STONETREE'S OFFICE - DAY

21

Schanke, Stonetree and Elsa Burton stand around the speakerphone.

STONETREE

Sorry to wake you up Nick. We got Elsa Burton here.

NICK'S VOICE

From the dating service?

STONETREE

That's right. She came in to see you.

SCHANKE

You ready? She says the other two victims were members of the club. They weren't on her computer because their memberships had expired.

22 INTERCUT - LOFT - NICK

22

His reaction. Suddenly alert.

NICK

What about dates? Did they have any in common?

23 INTERCUT - PRECINCT - STONETREE'S OFFICE - ELSA

23*

She leans towards the speakerphone.

ELSA

No. I checked that out first. In fact, one of the girls hadn't even had one.

NICK'S VOICE

What about people who had access to the files?

Elsa thinks. Bingo.

ELSA

George Bomfrey.

SCHANKE

Who's that?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

ELSA

An ex-employee. Worked on the computers. He was fired a year ago for sexually harrassing one of our female employees.

Schanke and Stonetree look at one another.

23A INTERCUT - NICK'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

23A

Nick on the phone.

NICK

Schanke, get Norma to run a check on prior convictions -

He glances towards the closed shutters and then at a clock which reads "1:43 p.m." Beat. Conflicted.

*

NICK

Keep me posted.

He hangs up.

23B OMITTED

23B*

24 EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

24

Roger's hand peels back the plastic lid of a deli salad.

Natalie holds out her paper plate and Roger scoops some salad onto it. They're sitting on a bench under a tree, surrounded by take-out bags.

NATALIE

How's your nose?

ROGER

I can still smell things. The grass. Flowers. Your perfume.

NATALIE

Yes, today I think I'm wearing a formaldehyde-based scent.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

NATALIE (cont'd)

(beat)

I'm a little surprised you'd be up
for a picnic with me after I nearly
knocked you unconscious.

ROGER

I like a girl who packs a good
punch.

She looks at him askance.

NATALIE

Are you always this cheerful?

ROGER

What's not to be cheerful about?

She considers him.

NATALIE

(shaking her head)

Maybe I just work too hard.

Beat. Smiles. Roger smiles back at her.

24-1A INT. LAB - DAY

24-1A

The phone RINGS. Grace answers. (Shoot 24A dia. here also)

GRACE

Forensics.

24A INT, NICK'S LOFT - BEDROOM - DAY

24A

Nick's on the phone.

NICK

Grace? Nick Knight... Is Natalie
there?

GRACE'S VOICE

(thru phone)

Afraid you missed her, Detective.
Any message?

NICK

No. Just calling... to check in.

GRACE'S VOICE

Well, she shouldn't be too long.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24A CONTINUED:

24A

GRACE'S VOICE (cont'd)
(inuendo: nudge, nudge,
wink, wink)
She had a lunch date.

*
*
*

ON NICK as he reacts.

25 OMITTED 25*

26 EXT. PARK - DAY 26

Natalie and Roger dump their trash and begin to walk.

NATALIE
I usually get lunch from a dispensing machine and eat it by the glow of my computer screen.

ROGER
You do work too hard. You've got to get out more. That's what summer's for.

She looks around, enjoying it.

NATALIE
It's been a while, alright... A while since I've spent time in the sun...

Her expression changes subtly as she begins to think back...

27 OMITTED 27*

27A INT. MORGUE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 27A *

Nick standing there. An intense look on his face. Natalie stands opposite - staring. *

NATALIE
A vampire... *

She's horrified, fascinated and attracted all at once. *

NATALIE
How... how old are you? *

Faint surprise on his face. She steps towards him and reaches up. Slowly, she reaches up - he grasps her wrist to stop her - while he stares at her, confused. Then allows her to touch his cheek. She doesn't pull away. Stares at him in confusion and almost sympathy. *

NATALIE
...You're so cold. *

NICK
(a bitter whisper)
I'm dead. *

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED:

27A

Beat. She stares at him, his eyes. Falling in love.

NATALIE
No you're not.
(beat)
You're not dead.

NICK
What does it matter?
(turning to her)
You won't remember me anyway...

He holds her eyes with his. Penetrating, hypnotizing.

28 EXT. PARK - DAY

28

Natalie turns to him, startled.

NATALIE
I'm sorry. What was that?

ROGER
I said, we probably have a lot in
common.

She smiles at him.

NATALIE
That could very well be.

ROGER
So what do you say we find out just
how much.

NATALIE
Now?

ROGER
Why not? Something tells me you
could use the fresh air.

NATALIE
...It is supposed to be my day
off. *

ROGER
I say we go fly a kite.

NATALIE
The beach!

Roger grins.

28C CONTINUED:

28C

SCHANKE

Three prior convictions. Two for petty theft, one for rape, several misdemeanor charges - indecent exposure, lewd behaviour in public... it's a wonder this guy finds time to come in to work at all.

(beat)

What time did the owner say his shift started anyway?

Schanke looks at Nick. He's preoccupied.

SCHANKE (cont'd)

Hello?

NICK

I was listening.

SCHANKE

Yeah, from what remote satellite? And by the way, how's that hole in the ozone layer doing? I mean, if I'm boring you, just say so-

(stops; struck)

I sound like Myra.

Nick looks over at him, suddenly interested.

NICK

I don't think you ever told me - How did you and Myra meet anyway?

Schanke looks at him askance.

29 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

29

A furtive figure enters the alley and heads for the door.

Nick and Schanke glance at each other, then get out of the car.

NICK

George Bomfrey?

GEORGE BOMFREY, 35ish, nondescript, stops and looks at them.

SCHANKE

Metro Police --

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

Beat. Bomfrey does an about-face and tears off in the opposite direction.

Nick and Schanke take off after him.

29A IN ALLEY 29A

Bomfrey comes tearing around the corner through an archway. He closes the big iron gates and locks them with the padlock.

*
*
*

29B NICK AND SCHANKE 29B*

Come through the same archway to the locked gate. Schanke tries the lock.

*
*

SCHANKE

*
*

Damn!

NICK

*
*

Try and cut him off around the other side.

*

Schanke hustles down the alley. When he is out of view, Nick RIPS THE GATE off its hinges.

*
*

29C SIDE ALLEY

29C*

BOMFREY clambers for the fire escape but -

*

NICK leaps for him, eyes blazing, grabbing him and pulling him off. WE TILT DOWN to the face of GEORGE BOMFREY. He's about thirty five, jeans, a jacket - nondescript.

*

Nick pulls out his badge.

NICK

You're under arrest Bomfrey.

30 INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

30

As Natalie and Roger approach the door. Natalie is smiling broadly. She's had a great time. Roger looks pleased with himself. He pulls a tattered piece of kite tail out of his jacket.

NATALIE

Poor kite!

ROGER

Next time, we get one of those ten-year-olds to help us fly the thing.

They both laugh. Until he moves closer. She looks at him. Beat. They kiss. It's a real kiss. BEEP BEEP. They pull apart. Natalie rolls her eyes...

NATALIE

Sorry about that.

(off his surprised look)

My pager. It's a miracle it hasn't gone off until now.

(beat)

I'd better call, I guess...

He looks at her.

NATALIE

Wanna come in?

He smiles. Kisses her again.

31 INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

31

Natalie and Roger's silhouettes, still kissing as the door opens. She reaches for a light and CLICK.

NICK

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Natalie and Roger spring apart.

NATALIE

Nick!

Nick is standing there, the phone in one hand as if just hanging up. On his face the realization that this was not a good idea.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

31-1A INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 31-1A*

Nick hangs up the phone as Natalie and Roger come in. *

NICK *
Natalie - I just tried to page *
you - I really didn't mean to *
intrude - *

NATALIE *
(smiling stiffly) *
Well - What are you doing here? *

31A IN KITCHEN 31A*

Natalie turns to Nick. They speak in hushed whispers. *

NICK *
Is that where you've been all day - *
with him? *

NATALIE *
Nick! *

NICK *
Well I was worried! Grace said you *
left at lunchtime. *

NATALIE *
Don't look at me like that. It was *
a half-day holiday, okay? It was *
supposed to be my day off anyway. *

Beat. Her expression changes slightly. *

NATALIE *
I'm sorry if I worried you. *

NICK *
Well can you blame me? *

NATALIE *
What's that supposed to mean? *

ROGER *
(from the doorway) *
Ahem. *

They look up. *

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED:

31A

ROGER

Natalie, I think I should be hitting the road - It's late and-

NATALIE

Oh, no Roger, you don't have to go. This is work related...

ROGER

That's quite alright. I'll let you take care of it and - I'll call you?

Nick looks away to avoid her glance. She follows him out of the kitchen. WE HOLD on Nick as he hears their voices from the living room.

NATALIE'S VOICE

I'm sorry the day had to end this way. I had... a fantastic time.

ROGER'S VOICE

Me too. Next time...

KISSING NOISES.

NATALIE'S VOICE

I'd like that.

THE SOUND OF THE DOOR. Nick moves to tinker with the coffee pot as Natalie comes back in. They regard one another.

NICK

You don't think that's a little too familiar for a first date?

She just looks at him.

NATALIE

I'm a big girl, Nick - Something maybe you hadn't noticed.

In her defiant expression, a hopefulness Nick doesn't see.

NICK

I noticed.

(beat)

But that doesn't stop me from feeling...

They look at each other for a beat while Nick tries to find the words...

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED: 2

31A

NICK
Feeling... protective.

NATALIE
Protective?

Her disappointment is veiled. She nods. Looks away.

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED:

31A

NATALIE
(flatly)
Protective... like towards a
sister?

NICK
That's exactly right.

She absorbs this. Beat. Then turns.

NATALIE
(recovering)
Yes, well I suppose with everything
going on - these date murders and
the general state of the world... I
can cut you a little slack.

NICK
Speaking of that... We just might
have this thing wrapped up at last.
(off her look)
We've got a suspect in custody.

NATALIE
Oh, Nick - Thank god -

The phone rings. Natalie answers.

NATALIE
Hello?
(beat)
Just a minute, Captain, he's right
here.

Nick takes the phone from her.

NICK
(into phone)
Yes Captain...
(beat; listening;
frowning)
I'll be right in.

Nick hangs up the phone, and turns to Natalie. She sees his
expression.

NICK
They found another victim in the
woods behind the Bridgeport tennis
courts. They think she's been dead
over a week.

Off Natalie's reaction they both head for the door.

*

32 CONTINUED: 2

32

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Off Schanke's "huh?" -

33 INT. PRECINCT INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

33*

CLANK - The door opens and George Bomfrey is escorted in. He stands, glaring at Nick and Schanke, rubbing his wrists.

BOMFREY

I'm outta here, man. You got nothin' on me.

NICK

You haven't told us everything, George.

BOMFREY

(sneering)

I'll get my lawyer to call you.

Nick grabs his shirt front and slams him against a wall. He breathes very close to George's face, almost on the verge of vamping -

NICK

You're gonna play ball, you little worm or the next person you open your raincoat for'll be six-three with tears tatooed on his cheek.

Nick stares into George's eyes...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

NICK

(evenly; hypnotically)

The four victims were members of Singular Interests. You had access to intimate details in their files...

George is unable to tear his eyes away from Nick's riveting stare. Slowly, he nods.

SCHANKE

Accessory to the crime of murder, George. Hard time.

NICK

This is your last chance... Tell us what we should know.

Nick releases him suddenly - so that George almost drops. He staggers, dazed, rubbing his eyes. Schanke and Nick wait...

BOMFREY

So I sold some stupid lousy files.

SCHANKE

To who?

BOMFREY

I didn't check his I.D.

Nick catches him again in a glare.

NICK

To whom?

BOMFREY

Some creep with a fifty dollar bill. He was driving a white van. Picture of a flower or something on it.

Nick and Schanke trade looks.

34 INT. LAB - NIGHT

34

A KNIFE scrapes material from under one fingernail of a very white hand.

Natalie, at work on the latest victim's corpse, transfers the material onto a sample card.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

NATALIE

Somewhere out there there's a guy walking around with some pretty heavy duty scratches.

She hands the card to Grace who is working nearby.

NATALIE

At least we finally got a strong cell sample for comparison in the DNA work-up.

(off Grace's look)

What?

GRACE

I forgot to get the fourth sample for the PCR boost you wanted for the Fischer DNA profile.

She sticks out her chin, shuts her eyes.

GRACE (cont'd)

Go ahead. Right between the eyes.

Natalie brightens.

NATALIE

Not a bad idea!

She reaches for her purse. Rummages - pulling out her scarf.

NATALIE

Use this. It's Roger. I meant to take it to the drycleaner. It probably won't come out anyway.

Grace sees the blood. There's plenty of it. As Grace is leaving, Nick is coming in. Natalie is suddenly awkward.

NICK

Hi Nat.

NATALIE

Hi. Get anywhere questioning Bomfrey?

NICK

Working on a possible lead. Schanke's going to check up on it tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 2

34

NATALIE
(very abrupt;
businesslike)
Good. We should have the DNA
analysis ready for you by then.

NICK
So - have you forgiven me for
ruining your evening?

She looks at him.

NATALIE
I accepted your apology last night.

NICK
(beat)
In letter only - or in spirit too?

She pushes on the gurney until the body disappears into the
freezer. *
*

NICK (cont'd)
I can't tell, by the way you're
acting.

She regards him.

NATALIE
I said, I forgive you.

NICK
Look. It was presumptuous of me to
break into your place like that - I
guess I took liberties with our
friendship I shouldn't have -

NATALIE
Please, Nick -

NICK
No, let me finish.
(beat)
I care about you Natalie... very
much.

She looks at him. A long moment passes between them. He
steps closer.

NICK
I want you to be happy and last
night I realized something.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

NATALIE

You did?

NICK

I realized if I wasn't careful, I could get in the way of your happiness.

(beat)

Look, I want you to know... I think it's good that you're beginning to see someone. I'm truly happy for you and I won't mess it up by interfering or doubting your judgement.

Wrong answer. Natalie stiffens and turns away.

NATALIE

I appreciate it. Thanks.

Now what did he say? Seeing the opposite of his desired effect, Nick is helpless.

NICK

Natalie -

NATALIE

(turning; coolly)

You've made yourself perfectly clear, Nick. I just have work to do, that's all.

Seeing there's nothing more he can do, Nick leaves. As the door closes, Natalie closes her eyes.

35 INT. PARKING LOT (OR ANYWHERE) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

35*

Natalie walks towards her car. There is a furtiveness about her as her eyes dart around, scanning the dark spaces. Yet she continues on with resolve. Then, suddenly, FOOTSTEPS. She slows as

From the shadows in front of her, Nick emerges, walking casually towards her and past, as though a stranger on his way to the elevator.

NATALIE

You came back to test me - see if I'd forgotten.

Nick stops, turns. Bores a mesmerizing look into her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

NICK
I see you haven't.

She turns and he approaches, holding her eyes with his.

NATALIE
Don't bother. It won't work. -
Maybe I'm one of those people they
say can't be hypnotized - or maybe
I just don't want to be...

NICK
You're not afraid?

NATALIE
Fear's based on ignorance. I'd
rather understand - Understand what
you are. Who you are.

NICK
You're a unique woman.

NATALIE
I'm a scientist.

He considers her.

NICK
Science isn't going to help you
understand what I am - or the hell
of an existence I've locked myself
into.

NATALIE
But maybe it can help you.

NICK
Help me? Are you serious?
(bitter laugh)
There's no help for me. My
immortality is a curse - a fall
from grace. Evil is a metaphysical
condition.

NATALIE
You're not evil. You ended up on my
examining table because you tried
to save lives.
(beat)
And your condition is also a
physical one.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 2

35

NICK

I see. Your specialty. And what on earth do you think you could do about this eight-hundred-year-old body - this incessant hunger for blood. This 'physical condition' of mine?

NATALIE

I don't know. Yet. But I'm willing to find out.

He stares at her, surprised by her unflinching steadiness.

NICK

(gently; coming closer)
And what's in it for you, Doctor?
What do you hope for in return?

NATALIE

Nothing. The chance to solve a puzzle is it's own reward for me.

NICK

Are you sure?

NATALIE

Yes.

36 INT. LAB - NIGHT

36

Natalie with a far away look in her eyes.

NATALIE

(under her breath)
....Liar.

She looks around at her surroundings. Beat. She picks up her purse. Digs for something, finds a piece of paper. Beat. Resolve. She picks up the phone and dials.

NATALIE

(into phone)
Hello... Roger? This is Natalie. -
I know it's late...
(beat; smiles)
...Tomorrow night sounds perfect.

*

37
THRU OMITTED
39

37
THRU
39

40 INT. NATALIE'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

40

Roger is smiling broadly as he drives. Beside him is Natalie with a sweater over her head. We hear her giggling from underneath it.

NATALIE

Can I look yet?

ROGER

Nope.

NATALIE

Come on! I'm gonna get car sick.

ROGER

You wouldn't do that in your own car.

NATALIE

Oh, so that's the real reason we took mine. - Just give me a hint where we're going.

ROGER

Okay. Let me put it this way... You know how I've been telling you you need a vacation?

NATALIE

Uh-huh...

ROGER

Well... What if I said I was taking you to the tropics?

NATALIE

The tropics?

He laughs.

ROGER

Don't worry. You'll be back in time for work tomorrow. Trust me.

ANGLE UNDER SWEATER

Natalie grows reflective.

NATALIE

Roger?

ROGER'S VOICE

What?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

NATALIE

I think you're good for me.

ON ROGER as he smiles. The car comes to a stop.

ROGER

I think you're good for me too,
Natalie.

He reaches over and pulls the sweater off her head. She looks around, wide-eyed with delight.

ROGER

Welcome to paradise.

NATALIE'S POV THRU WINDSHIELD

stretching out before them - an enormous nursery. "HUMBER
NURSERIES - CANADA'S LARGEST SELECTION OF TROPICAL PLANTS" *

41 EXT. NURSERY - EARLY EVENING

41

As Natalie gets out of the car and looks with awe.

ROGER

What did I tell you? Come on.

She smiles broadly at him and follows. As she leaves frame, we PULL FOCUS on several WHITE VANS parked at the entrance... they each have a tropical flower logo on the side...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

41A EXT. NICK'S LOFT - DUSK

41A

The sky is dark rose as the last sliver of the sun's orb extinguishes behind the skyline.

42 INT. NICK'S LOFT - DAY

42

ON NICK. Reddish light glides up his length as he stands staring out over the slowly revealing city, his hand on the shutter controls, listening to:

SCHANKE'S VOICE

(from ans. machine)

I'm on my way home to drop dead from exhaustion. I've had a very long, very allergenic day - Myra's going to be sorry to hear I hope to never set foot in another flower shop as long as we both shall live -

(beat)

Nada on the white van with the flower on the side - at least in Metro Toronto. I'll check outlying communities tomorrow. Hope you have better luck.

(a SNEEZE)

Chow.

*
*
*

CLICK. The light on the machine flashes as the call ends.

43 INT. LAB - NIGHT

43

Nick pokes his head in and looks around. No one here. He enters.

Nick's hand on the examining table. This is where he lay.

At Natalie's desk, he hesitates - pulls out a small ring binder.

ON BINDER

"Recipes". He opens it. Slowly flips through... pages and pages of chemical equations and preparation notes...

"Simulates blood plasma. Aug.4, 1991. Subject was unable to inject... Note: Try increasing synthetic lipids." He's never seen this before.

*

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

It really affects him as he continues to page through two years of her efforts to make him human...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 2

43

GRACE'S VOICE
(suddenly; from behind)
Oh Detective, thank God!

He snaps around as Grace comes in, in a state of supreme anxiety.

NICK
Hi Grace. I was hoping to see
Natalie - What's wrong?

GRACE
I've been trying like crazy to
reach you - The DNA profile came
back - The guy who killed Laura
Fischer and the last victim - and
one of the guys in the blind for
the PCR - all have the same
genetic profile.

NICK'S VOICE
Who was in the blind?

GRACE
Schanke, Leroy from vice, the
janitor -
(beat; intense)
- and Natalie's new guy, Roger
Jameson.

ON NICK'S FACE as he reacts.

GRACE
She took the night off. I think
she's with him -

44 OMITTED

44

45 INT. NURSERY - DUSK

45

Roger and Natalie approach the door.

NATALIE
Oh, oh. I think it's closed.

ROGER
Ye of little faith.

He produces a key and inserts it in the lock. Opens the door
for her.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

NATALIE
What's an attorney doing with a
key to a nursery?

*
*

A funny look crosses Roger's face but he quickly sees that
Natalie is joking.

ROGER
- The place is owned by one of my
clients.

46 INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

46

They come in and look around. It's huge.

NATALIE
Wow.

ROGER
Incredible, huh?

She nods. He locks the door behind them. While she looks
around. He puts his arm around her and they go in.

47 EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

47

TRACKING with Nick as he comes out, Grace hurrying after
him.

NICK
Is there anyone - anyone - she
could have told where she was
going?

GRACE
(shaking her head)
I've been wracking my brain.

NICK
Tell me everything you know about
him - Did she say where he worked?

GRACE
She said he was a lawyer but I've
already called the provincial
bar - no Roger Jameson.

*
*
*

Nick arrives at his car, desperate.

NICK
How could she not tell anyone where
she was going?!

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Grace shrugs helplessly.

GRACE

She's been in such a strange mood
lately -

On Nick as this comment has it's effect. Beat. He's beside
himself.

NICK

I have to find her. *

48 INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

48

White wine poured into two glasses. Roger lifts one and
hands it to Natalie. They're standing in a tropical oasis
within the greenhouse. He's spread out a blanket with a
picnic amongst the palms and orchids.

NATALIE

Where exactly are we? Bora Bora?
Tahiti? Hawaii?

He moves closer.

ROGER

Anywhere you want to be.

He clinks glasses with her and they sip. Then a long kiss.

NATALIE

So. I can't wait to see what's in
the basket - From the man who's
full of surprises.

He grins and takes her hand... leads her to the blanket.
From behind a potted plant he produces two cushions. Places
one and sits her down.

ON A BOOM BOX

As Roger pushes 'play'. Taped Hawaiian MUSIC softy plays.

49 INT. NATALIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

49

Sydney MEOWS loudly as papers flutter to the floor. We PAN
QUICKLY to the window. Nick stands in the billowing drapes
at the open window, looking around desperately. *

NICK

(calling)
Natalie? *

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

He moves through the apartment, scanning. Nick dives for her appointment book and hunches over it, thumbing through.

NICK

Damn!

He sweeps it to the floor.

ON NICK as he scans the apartment - his eyes suddenly light on something -

NICK'S POV A small vase of orchids. Nick heads for the flowers... picks up the vase and searches - nothing.

49A IN KITCHEN/NICK'S HAND

49A

As it pulls brown paper out of the trash.

It's printed with "HUMBER NURSERIES" logos.

*

His head snaps up.

49B IN LIVING ROOM/THE YELLOW PAGES

49B

snapped shut. PULL BACK as Nick heads out the door.

50 INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

50

Roger and Natalie side by side, arms around each other, looking up at the eery light reflected on the greenhouse glass. The remains of a meal spread out in front of them. Natalie watches Roger as he leans forward to refill her glass...

51 INT. LAB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

51

ON NICK standing there, staring at Natalie, attracted to her as she withdraws her touch from his face.

NICK

I'm dead.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

NATALIE *
No... you're not dead. *
(beat) *
You're not dead. *

Something in his eyes. A change of expression - a softening *
or appreciation suddenly. *

52 INTERCUT - NURSERY - NATALIE 52

She steels herself against the memory by snuggling closer to Roger.

53 EXT. NATALIE'S ROOF - NIGHT 53

Nick comes out the rooftop door and heads for the edge of the roof in a dead run.

SWOOSH - in a flash he's gone. The rooftop is empty.

54 INT. NURSERY - NIGHT 54

Natalie stands and pulls her sweater around herself. Roger stands beside her.

ROGER
Going somewhere?

NATALIE
I'm afraid I'd get lost. Just how big is this place?

ROGER
You're right. You would get lost.

He pulls her close. Looks into her eyes.

ROGER
I think it would be safer for you if you stayed... as close to me as possible...

He kisses her. Passionately. She pulls away.

*
*
*

Beat. She looks at him. His intention is clear.

55 INTERCUT - LAB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 55

Natalie steps closer to Nick.

NICK
Don't. Don't get too close...

Her questioning, fascinated look.

NATALIE
You want to - hurt me? Kill me?

A dark look comes over his eyes. He shakes his head slowly.
She steps closer.

NICK
No.
(beat; tortured whisper)
But I might anyway...

55A INTERCUT - NURSERY - NATALIE 55A

She breaks her hesitation. Raises her hands to her shirt...
and staring at Roger with something akin to determination,
begins to unbutton.

56 EXT. CITY - NIGHT 56

NICK'S FLYING POV
as it swoops across the city... banking... turning...

57 OMITTED 57

58 INT. NURSERY - NIGHT 58

Roger has taken off his jacket and undoes his cuffs. He
slowly begins to slide Natalie's blouse off her shoulders. *

ROGER
You won't be sorry, Natalie. You
won't be sorry.

NATALIE
Why would I be sorry?

He pulls her down to the cushions, forgetting himself in his
passion.

ROGER
I'm going to make you feel so -
wanted.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

As he kisses her neck, we see her face register with the slight wierdness of this comment. Natalie makes a slightly nervous sound.

NATALIE
You sure no one's here?

ROGER
We're completely alone.

Natalie's hands travel up Roger's back. We SEE his arms enter frame as he caresses her hair... and we see the long red scratches on his forearms. Her fingers move past them, narrowly missing the feel of them...

ROGER
(oblivious)
I'm going to make you forget that ugly word 'rejection'. I'm going to make you surrender to me -

The subdued fierceness in his tone makes Natalie hesitate. She pulls away a little.

ROGER
What's wrong?

NATALIE
...I ...I don't know. Maybe we're moving too fast.

He stares at her, dumbstruck. Then - anger.

ROGER
What? What did you say? Moving too fast?

She recoils at the harshness in his voice. Stares at him.

ROGER
Just who the hell do you think you are? Half your clothes are off already - and now you want to slow down?

A sudden CLICK and they jump apart.

THE TAPE

Has come to an end.

Roger looks up at her. Grins.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 2

58

ROGER
It's only the tape.

Natalie is looking at him, horrified.

ROGER
Come on. I'm sorry. I didn't mean
that.

(beat)
Can we start over?

She relaxes a little - but it's more out of fear than
confidence. She nods, unsure of what else to do.

ROGER
Good... I mean, we were having such
a good time. It's just that you...
you really turn me on Natalie. I
want you to feel the same way about
me.

Slowly she nods... not taking her eyes off him for a moment.

Reassured, he turns to restart the tape and - Natalie's eyes
go wide.

NATALIE'S POV

Roger's forearm is covered with long red scratches. *

Her hand flies to her mouth to stifle a scream. She
scrambles to get away.

Roger lunges for her, teeth gritted in fury. He grabs - but
she's too fast. By the time he's on his feet, she's long
gone.

WITH NATALIE/TRACKING As she races down the long aisles of
flats, searching for the exit.

THE DOOR - She hits it at top speed, claws at the handle -
Locked.

NATALIE
No.

Roger corners a short distance behind her. She tears off
through the foliage.

ON ROGER

As he carefully takes a pick axe from a garden tool display.

UNDER A TABLE OF PLANTS

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Natalie comes pounding down the aisle and dives under the table. Beat. Her chest heaves with panic as she tries to control her breathing... Roger's footsteps are coming nearer.

ROGER'S VOICE

Natalie?

She closes her eyes in a silent prayer. As his legs come INTO FRAME she sees a pick axe hanging from his grasp.

Beat.

ON ROGER

as he looks around. Sensing her near.

ROGER

You blew it, Natalie.

There is a rustle of leaves and a CRASH as she darts out the other side - Roger takes off after her.

CLOSE ON A HOSE

*

lying across the path - and Natalie's foot as she catches it - trips.

*

*

Natalie hits her head on a table edge as she goes down.

*

She's lying there motionless. TILT UP to Roger as he approaches to stand over her, some heinous garden tool dangling from his grip.

*

*

*

58A EXT. NURSERY - NIGHT

58A*

DISTANT AERIAL POV: approaching the dimly-lit glass of the greenhouse.

*

*

59 INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

59*

ROGER'S FEET backing up through FRAME... dragging Natalie behind him.

*

*

59A EXT. NURSERY - NIGHT (POV CONTINUOUS)

59A*

As Nick gets closer.

*

59B INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

59B*

A PICK AXE

*

(CONTINUED)

59B CONTINUED:

59B

CLATTERS to the wet pavement. Roger stops, allowing Natalie to slump. *

ROGER *

I wanted alot more for us than
this, Natalie. I really did. But
you didn't trust me. All I wanted
was a chance! *

He stoops to pull open - a bag of GARDENING LYME. *

59C EXT. NURSERY - NIGHT

59C*

The glass roof up ahead - then we CRASH through it. *

59D INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

59D*

Nick comes crashing in in a shower of glass. *

The dark figure of Nick flashes part the rows... *

ROGER *

Freezes. He raises the pick axe - *

WHUMP - *

NICK lands behind him, gun out. Roger whirls, grabbing the
axe. Nick jumps aside as it swoops past, narrowly missing
him but taking out his gun. Nick's eyes are glowing yellow.
He reaches for Roger's weapon and - *

- With a swipe of his hand, snaps off the head, leaving only
a jagged wooden splinter in its place. *

Roger recovers from his surprise, wields this now, waving it
threateningly at Nick. Nick stares at it. *

It looks a lot like a wooden stake. Beat. He hesitates. *

Roger sees Nick's apprehension towards the broken handle and
moves in closer. Nick backs away. *

ROGER *

Just who the hell are you? *

NICK *

Metro Homicide. Put that down. *

Roger lunges for him. Nick darts out of the way, flashes
around behind him... *

(CONTINUED)

59D CONTINUED: 59D

Roger hits the ground, tossing the stick away, and goes for the gun. *

NICK HISSES with rage. *

As Roger holds the gun on him. He begins to walk towards him... Roger FIRES the gun - one - two - three. Nick keeps approaching... *

Suddenly Roger turns and trains the gun on still-unconscious Natalie. *

ROGER
Take one more step and I'll shoot her. *

NICK'S FULL VAMP of outrage. *

A DARK FLASH strobes in front of us. *

Nick grabs Roger. *

Roger goes flying up and backwards. He crashes through the glass. *

59E EXT. NURSERY - NIGHT 59E*

Roger's body lands in a broken heap, his eyes staring into the night. In the distance, a SIREN'S WHINE draws nearer.

59F INT. NURSERY - NIGHT 59F*

Nick gathers Natalie up in his arms and rocks her. He sees the blood on her forehead and closes his eyes. Beat. She stirs. Her eyes open.

NATALIE
Nick -

NICK
(relief)
It's me. It's me. You're alright.
Everything's going to be alright.

Flashing light approaching from outside fills the greenhouse as he holds her close.

END OF ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

59F CONTINUED:

59F

TAG

FADE IN:

60 INT. PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

60*

Stonetree signs a form and stands. He speaks to Natalie who, still somewhat shaken, sits across from him. Nick stands behind her.

*
*
*

STONETREE

I think that should do it. Now I suggest you get home and get a head start on that vacation of yours. You've been through quite an ordeal.

*
*
*
*
*
*

NATALIE

(shrugs)

I'll be as good as new in no time.

*
*
*

Stonetree smiles.

STONETREE

You're a brave woman, Doctor. Once again, you have the appreciation of the entire department.

NICK

Not to mention a city full of people who have one less bump in the night to worry about.

NATALIE

Thank you Captain. I'm just glad Nick was able to get to me before I had a chance to prove what a simpering coward I really am.

Stonetree smiles and turns before going out the door.

*

STONETREE

(stopping)

Natalie?

NATALIE

Yes?

STONETREE

(awkward)

I hope you'll remember what they say... about one bad apple...

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

Natalie smiles.

NATALIE
I will, Captain.

STONETREE
Good.

NICK
I'll be right there.

He nods. Goes out. Nick turns to Natalie. She touches the bandage with a wince and gets up.

NATALIE
Well - I guess I'd better check on how that travel agent is doing finding the quintessential desert vacation funspot -

NICK
Natalie?

She turns. They look at each other. Beat. He doesn't know quite how to get this out.

NICK
...You have any idea how worried I was?

NATALIE
(quietly)
Yeah. I think I do.

She smiles. They look at each other.

NATALIE
(lightly)
You're the best 'big brother' a girl ever had...

Beat. He smiles. They embrace.

ON NATALIE

She holds him tight. Resigned.

ON NICK

Holding her... a strange look on his face - Beat.

(CONTINUED)

60A INT. PRECINCT BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

60A

As Nick and Natalie enter.

SCHANKE'S VOICE

Hey!

They pull apart as Schanke comes in.

SCHANKE

(to Natalie)

I'm so glad you're still here.
Listen it's probably not the best
time but... well... Lionel just
happens to be on his way to stop by
the station -

She reacts.

NATALIE

Oh no - That's my cue. Bye!

SCHANKE

What? No - wait. Just meet him
Nat! I promised Myra!

But his protests have no effect. With a wry look to Nick and
a wave, she's gone.

Schanke shakes his head "women". Nick LAUGHS.

MAN'S VOICE

(from the door)

Excuse me - I'm looking for
Detective Schanke.

An ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS GOD of a MAN is standing in the
doorway.

SCHANKE

I'm he.

MAN

Hi... I'm Lionel.

OFF NICK'S LOOK

FREEZE FRAME.

THE END