

Episode #92-017

FOREVER KNIGHT

"Unreality TV"

written by
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NICK KNIGHT PRODUCTIONS INC./PARAGON ENTERTAINMENT CORPORATION

SHOOTING DRAFT
August 12, 1992
08/19/92 PINK - FULL SCRIPT

Episode 92-017

"UNREALITY TV"

CAST LIST

NICK KNIGHT.....Geraint Wyn Davies
SCHANKE.....John Kapelos
NATALIE.....Catherine Disher
STONETREE.....Gary Farmer
JANETTE.....Deborah Duchene
LACROIX.....Nigel Bennett
BOBBY MATTEO
TAWNY TELLER
SULLIVAN
DANNY
CORPORAL
MANAGER
COP

SETS

EXT. STREET
EXT. CRIME SCENE
INT. PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM
INT. PRECINCT BULLPEN
INT. MORGUE
INT. BATTLEFIELD TENT HOSPITAL - 1868
INT. TV STUDIO EDIT BAY
INT. PRECINCT
INT. SULLIVAN'S DARKROOM TENT - 1868
INT. NICK'S LOFT
EXT. SEEDY MOTEL
EXT. ANOTHER SEEDY MOTEL
INT. MOTEL OFFICE
EXT. OUTSIDE MOTEL ROOM 213
INT. ROOM 213
EXT. PARKING LOT
EXT. STREET
EXT. TV STATION
INT. TV STUDIO HALLWAY
EXT. STREET
EXT. STREET (OUTSIDE THE TV STUDIO)
INT. TV STUDIO BUILDING
INT. SOUNDSTAGE
EXT. OUTSIDE THE SOUNDSTAGE
INT. OFFICE (STORAGE ROOM)

"UNREALITY TV"

Page History

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TEASE

UNDER BLACK

HEAR the white noise and chatter of a police radio over a pulsing, quasi-reggae soundtrack.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

1

VIDEO POV: from the back seat of Nick's open convertible. Neon storefronts and radiant marquees flicker by as we roll down a broad, city avenue. HEAR SCHANKE off-camera.

SCHANKE (O.S.)

It's like what they say about war...

PAN into the car and SEE NICK in the front seat, driving. Amused by his partner's commentary - but trying not to show it.

SCHANKE (cont'd)

Long periods of tedium broken by brief spells of complete terror.

And then to SCHANKE - holding court as he rides shotgun.

SUPERIMPOSE: a stylized TV-show logo in the lower right-hand corner:

COP WATCH.
TORONTO HOMICIDE
9:00 PM

VIDEO POV: PANNING PAST SKANK in the right seat to

TAWNY TELLER, gorgeous beauty contestant turned TV talking head, in the BACK SEAT. Hostess of the program. The logo still superimposed over her as she speaks into her microphone.

TAWNY

This week, we pound a different beat with the men who see perhaps the darkest side of the city at night. The officers charged with bringing killers to justice.

(beat)

Tonight, we ride with Metro Homicide officers Nick Knight and Don Schanke...

*
*

NON-VIDEO: ON SCHANKE as he speaks into the video camera:

*

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

SCHANKE

Yep, it's a dark and lonely jungle out there full of dangerous, wild animals masquerading as human beings.

(beat)

Ask Nick. He'll tell ya.

Nick wants to speak up but...

SCHANKE (cont'd)

When you're out here on the street at night, you're definitely up the river without an outboard. You're working without a net. Bungee jumping without a cord. It's like... like... Nick?

NICK

It's like being alone in an alien world.

SCHANKE

(beat - thinks)

You really think so?

REVERSE to reveal the BOBBY MATTEO - the video cameraman. He and Tawny trade a smile... then

A RADIO CALL breaks the mood. Kicks it into fifth gear.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

81-Kilo, 81-Kilo. Shots fired. Possible homicide in progress. Richmond and Duncan. You handle. Code three.

*

Nick and Skank swap looks of dread seriousness. Nick hits the sirens and lights and ACCELERATES HARD.

NICK

(on the hand mike)

81-Kilo. Roger that.

ON Skank. Draws his 38 snub-nose, theatrically snapping in a magazine, as he turns to Bobby and Tawny.

*

SCHANKE

Hold onto your diapers, folks. We're going into the free-fire zone.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 2

1

NICK
Please stay low and out of the way.
- And keep your lights down.

*

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 3

1

Nick speeds up. Wheels through traffic, against oncoming cars, through red lights. His siren screaming.

SCHANKE
(shouting above the din)
You smell that?
(to Bobby and Tawny)
That's adrenaline.

2 EXT. CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

2

A Mercedes sports coupe, trunk open. Bags of groceries scattered around. A MAN lying mortally wounded in a pool of blood and spilled milk, ILLUMINATED by the headlights of his car. The trunk hood is open.

Nick skids to a halt. Radios in.

NICK
Dispatch. 81-Kilo. We need
paramedics. Richmond and Duncan.

VIDEO HAND-HELD POV:

PANNING and swaying in confusion... ACROSS THE STREET on the sidewalk, a woman in a bathrobe. Registering shock. Yards away, another man POINTING DOWN THE STREET... MOVING behind NICK and SKANK as they hop out of the car and run to the fallen victim. Skank immediately kneels next to the man, checks him out. TAWNY crouches down beside him to assist...

SCHANKE
Gotta pulse.

He RIPS OPEN the man's shirt, starts administering CPR... Camera lingers a beat on Skank and the shooting victim. Then turns and FOLLOWS Nick as he races up the street in the direction the man was pointing.

NON-VIDEO: ON Nick. Pausing in the street. LISTENING. SCANNING. A beat.

From the dark of an alleyway: the sudden STACCATO CRACK of SEMI-AUTO fire. A whole clip being emptied in Nick's direction.

VIDEO POV: HOLDS ON NICK for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

ALL AROUND NICK, SLUGS IMPACT. Taking out the headlights of parked cars, popping windshields and tires. Nick DIVES for the nearest cover.

VIDEO POV THEN WHIPS to the source of the shots, to the MUZZLE-FLASHES in the dark... THEN HITS THE DECK as Bobby, the cameraman, instinctively CROUCHES down under fire.

*

NON-VIDEO CLOSE ON NICK: rising into frame to RETURN FIRE. VAMP YELLOW EYES. ON the ALLEY: shadowy figure fleeing into the dark. Turns to Bobby.

*

NICK
Stay here! Don't move!

NICK CHASES... just as
TAWNY arrives. Shouts to Bobby.

TAWNY
Follow him!

And they do.

THE VIDEO POV: gallops after Nick. Hustling to keep up.

REVERSE to SEE Nick. A heartbeat short of VAMPING to nail the shooter as

BEHIND HIM, Bobby catches up with his camera.

A SPLIT-SECOND of HESITATION: Nick wanting to FLY but frustrated by the presence of the all-seeing camera.

O.S. the sound of car engine churning and the getaway SQUEAL of rubber on pavement.

SEE TAWNY as she jogs into the scene, catching up to the action.

VIDEO POV : CLOSE ON Nick. A cold stare into the lens. He's PISSED and he's not concealing it.

He holsters his pistol as he strides into the camera.

END TEASE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

3*

Through the glass partitions, OUTSIDE in the bustling precinct bullpen, SEE BOBBY with his camera and TAWNY focused on Skanky who's busy on the phone.

Nick and the Captain, mid-argument.

NICK

(angry)

...I was against it from the start. They're in the way. They should be on a lower profile case. This is our "Follow Home Killer"...

STONETREE

I know what the case is...

NICK

It's dangerous.

STONETREE

Where do you want me to put 'em? Traffic? Parking violations don't make good television.

NICK

They were in the line of fire--

STONETREE

And they were in Vietnam. In the Persian Gulf. In L.A. during the riots.

Stonetree MOVES TO his office door. OPENS IT and pauses in the doorway. The office buzz and peal of ringing phones leaks in.

STONETREE (cont'd)

This comes from the Commissioner - It's not my decision.

(beat)

He wants the public and the budget-slashers in city council see what we're up against. This is good PR.

NICK

This is bad police work.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

STONETREE

Adjust.

(beat)

It's you against the world on this one, Nick. And that's that.

They head into

4 THE BULL PEN

4

Bobby has set his camera on Skank's desk. He's rocking the videotape back and forth, as Tawny peers through the viewfinder, Schanke just over her shoulder.

BOBBY

See him?

TAWNY

Not bad.

SCHANKE

Lemme look.

He looks in.

SCHANKE

(unimpressed)

It's too dark. I can barely make out the guy.

(to Nick and Stonetree)

They got the shooter on tape.

TAWNY

Doesn't look like much, now... but after we run it through the board and do a little enhancing, the computer'll give us a picture good enough for his high school yearbook.

Stonetree and Nick step in. Stonetree takes his turn at the eyepiece. Straightens up and motions for Nick to take a look.

STONETREE

(to Nick)

I think your argument just crashed and burned.

OFF Nick to:

5 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

5

Tonight's victim on Natalie's slab. Nick is there. Bobby AND HIS CAMERA taping over Natalie's shoulder. Tawny stands by Nat as she dissects.

NATALIE

(as she works)

We've got two entrance wounds and one barn door out the back. Could still be some lead in there somewhere.

Natalie picks up a sharp scalpel. Natalie makes a deft incision. A large, quick cut.

ON Tawny watching as Natalie slices. SEE SHOCK in Tawny's eyes. Her face goes instantly PALE in reaction to what she sees.

NATALIE

(to Tawny)

You're okay with this, huh?

TAWNY

(gulp)

Hey. Not a problem. I've seen some pretty gory things in my--

Her knees suddenly buckle. She folds back into Nick's arms.

TAWNY (cont'd)

(recovering)

I'm fine. I'm fine. I'm just a little... woozy is all. I... I missed dinner tonight and I--
(nauseous beat)

Oh, God. I need some air.

Tawny STAGGERS AWAY suppressing a sudden, uncontrollable "chunky chuckle." Seasick himself, BOBBY clicks off his camera, SMILES SHEEPISHLY at Natalie and Nick. And FOLLOWS Tawny's lead out.

NICK

(dead-pan to Natalie;
echoing Stonetree)

"They were in Vietnam. The Persian Gulf..."

(beat)

And now they're in the bathroom.

Natalie probing in the corpse.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

NATALIE
The sight of blood does things to
some people, Nick.

NICK
Tell me about it.

Natalie FINDS THE BULLET. Holds it up with forceps for
Nick's inspection.

NATALIE
M-sixteen.

CLOSE ON the BULLET IN THE FORCEPS as Natalie passes it to
Nick and

MATCH CUT:

FLASHBACK:

6 INT. BATTLEFIELD TENT HOSPITAL - NIGHT (PAST)

6

It becomes SHRAPNEL clenched in a pair of forceps.

PULL BACK to REVEAL the surgeon: NICK. In 1862. Operating in
the open tent of the crude field hospital of a CIVIL WAR
BATTLEGROUND. FLASHES OF EXPLOSIONS and SMOKE loom on the
horizon. Distant LOUD BOOMS.

The patient is an unconscious skirmish casualty. Nick plinks
the metal shard into a porcelain dish. Then he leans over
his patient, takes his face in his hands, PEELS BACK his
eyelids and STARES HARD INTO THEM.

NICK
(hypnotizing)
Corporal Miller? Can you hear me?

Soldier answers groggily.

CORPORAL
I... I'm here.

NICK
You don't feel the pain, do you?

CORPORAL
I... don't... feel.

Nick puts an anesthetic whammy on the wounded grunt.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

NICK
You will sleep now. For days. You
will rest and feel nothing.

CORPORAL
(fading into a trance)
Nothing...

A MAN ENTERS the ward. Pulling apart the white-sheet
partition that separates this patient from the other
casualties. The man is SULLIVAN, a pioneer PHOTOGRAPHER ala
Matthew Brady. He lugs a fairly cumbersome BELLOWS CAMERA
and a BLACK POWDER FLASH WAND.

SULLIVAN
Evenin', Doctor Knight.
(beat; re: his camera)
General wants me to photograph as
many of the dead as I can.
(beat)
For records.

NICK
(kindly)
There's no dead in here, Sullivan.
This man's going to make it.

SULLIVAN
You sure, Doc? Maybe I should get
his picture anyway seein' as I'm
here. Fellows shot up like he is
don't usually pull through.

NICK
(bandaging his patient)
He'll be fine.

SULLIVAN
Doc? When you're done here, I'd
like you to come over to my tent.

NICK
Something ailing you, Sullivan?

SULLIVAN
Yeah, as a matter of fact.
(beat; disturbed)
I mean, I'm fine. But I got some
pictures I need you to look at.
Something damned strange...

Off Nick's reaction, to:

7 INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT) 7

Nick coming back from his memory as Nat completes her post-mortem.

NICK

The camera was right there.

(beat)

I could've nailed him.

NATALIE

The killer?

NICK

But I couldn't let them see... the vampire. Bobby would have got it all on tape.

NATALIE

Sometimes being a vampire is a real disadvantage.

NICK

(beat; nods)

At least in these days of modern technology.

8 INT. TV STUDIO EDIT BAY - NIGHT

ON A VIDEO MONITOR: slightly blurred, flickering images of the shootout videotape. Running in stop-action, frame by frame.

PULL BACK and SEE everybody assembled to analyze the videotape. Bobby sits at a computer keyboard, manipulating images that play on a large TV MONITOR. Tawny leans over his shoulder. Nick and Skank watch.

TAWNY

(to Bobby)

Okay. There. This is it. Go back to 1:38:25 and let's digitize it.

(to Nick and Skank)

We're gonna put the tape into a form that the computer can work with. Then we can monkey with the images a million different ways.

SCHANKE

(to Nick)

Ain't technology wonderful?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

NICK

Not if you're a criminal.

(to Tawny)

Once we've got a pretty good picture of him, can we get a hard copy?

Tawny gestures to piece of electronic equipment.

TAWNY

This'll give us a snapshot of any frame we want.

BOBBY

Okay, we're ready for Show N' Tell.

(he rolls tape)

I chased you up the block here, Nick. And right here... he opened fire.

We SEE it on the tape in super-slow motion.

BOBBY (cont'd)

And here is where I hit the deck.

NICK

You did the right thing.

BOBBY

I panned to the sound of the shots and--

TAWNY

Okay, freeze that. Let's run it frame by frame.

SCHANKE

(looking at the monitor)

Would ya look at that?

NICK

He's in the shadows but you can see his face in the muzzle-flash.

TAWNY

Just like a photographer's flash. Every time he fires, it lights up his face.

ON SCREEN: strobing blasts of flame lick out of the gun barrel. It's quite dramatic in slow-motion.

TAWNY (cont'd)

Okay. Let's find the clearest shot.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 2

8

Bobby rewinds and plays back. The whole group is intensely focused on the monitor.

SCHANKE
That one looks good.

TAWNY
Freeze that.

Bobby stops the tape. Nick peers in close to the monitor.

NICK
I don't know. I still can't tell
the guy from Lee Harvey Oswald.

SCHANKE
Can you make it a little clearer?

Tawny smiles at Schanke.

TAWNY
Watch this. Bobby, let's try a
different pixel factor. Brighten it
up.

Bobby punches into his keyboard. The image on the tape brightens considerably.

BOBBY
Hell-ooo, Handsome!

TAWNY
Print that one, Bobby.
(to Nick and Skank)
This'll give you something to start
working with. I'll go back over the
tape and pull off whatever else I
can that might be helpful.

The video snapshot rolls out of the machine. Bobby hands it to Skank.

SCHANKE
This is great. Every cop on the
beat should have video with him.

BOBBY
It'll happen. Few more years.

Skanky and Bobby head for the door. Nick hangs back and talks to Tawny.

NICK
I think I owe you an apology.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 3

8

TAWNY

For taking me into the autopsy?
Hey, it was as much my idea as
anyone else's.

NICK

I wasn't referring to that.
Actually, I was dead set against
having you guys ride along with us
tonight. I was worried you'd be in
the way.

TAWNY

(smiling)

A lot of the officers we've
profiled on the show so far had the
same complaint. You don't have to
apologize.

NICK

When we catch this guy, you'll get
a commendation.

TAWNY

Are you kidding? When we catch this
guy, we're talkin' Emmy here.
Right, Bobby?

Bobby flashes thumbs up as he holds open the door for Skank.

Nick and Schanke EXIT. Nick PAUSES in the doorway for a
beat. A TECHNICIAN (DANNY) PASSES in the hall, carrying
boxes of tape, equipment. Doesn't make eye contact with Nick
but, as he goes by, NICK SENSES SOMETHING. Something
familiar about the guy? He watches as DANNY disappears
around a corner. Nick shrugs it off and continues on his
way.

9 INT. PRECINCT - EARLY A.M.

9

Nick alone at his desk. Going through mug shots, trying to
find a match for the video snapshot. He's tired and dawn's
coming. He riffles through the rogue's gallery. STOPS at
one.

CLOSE ON the mugshot: LACROIX! Grinning evilly from the
pages.

Nick blinks, rubs his eyes. An hallucination?

And it's gone. He RESUMES. Flipping through the pages and
stopping on another picture. And again, it's Lacroix. HOLD
on Nick - on Lacroix's image. PUSHING SLOWLY IN as we go to:

*

10 INT. SULLIVAN'S DARKROOM TENT - NIGHT (1862)

10

Sullivan and Nick going over the strange photographs. Sullivan hands them to Nick. One by one. And describes them.

SULLIVAN (V.O.)

Big skirmish down by the run last night. The whole field was on fire. There was plenty of light so I started taking pictures. Just to see what would come out...

CLOSE ON PHOTOS: A SOLDIER. A teenager, looking lost and scared. Separated from his advancing regiment in the battlefield confusion.

NEXT PICTURE: the soldier takes a stray round. FALLS, mortally wounded.

SULLIVAN (cont'd)

I couldn't believe what I was seein'. Just kept slappin' plates in and out of the camera. Fast as I could.

ON the THIRD PICTURE: the soldier splayed on the ground. AND A FLYING SHADOW FIGURE DESCENDING into the frame. Bat-like.

FOURTH PICTURE: the BLACK FIGURE is ON the stricken soldier. Bending over him. CLAMPED to the soldier's NECK.

LAST PICTURE: the black figure has raised his head. He's looking around. We SEE CLEARLY that it is

LACROIX.

ON NICK reacting to the picture. A shot of trouble rising up his spine.

NICK

Who else saw this?

SULLIVAN

Not a soul. I was the only one there by then. Rest of the outfit was way up ahead.

(beat)

What the hell is it, Doc?

(beat)

An angel?

NICK

(beat)

Yes.... The angel of death...

11 INT. STUDIO EDIT BAY - EARLY A.M. (PRESENT)

11

Tawny working over-overtime. Rerunning the tapes of the shootout.

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR: Nick caught in withering fire. Diving for cover. Tawny rocks the tape, back and forth.

SEE Nick. Super slow motion. Behind him, a CAR PARKED at the curb. Bullets SLAM into the car. Shattering the windshield. Perforating the fenders and door panels.

NICK LUNGES for cover. Tawny FREEZES the tape.

DIRECTLY BEHIND NICK... where he was standing not an instant before: a CAR WINDOW EXPLODES INTO FRAGMENTS.

ON TAWNY. Her curiosity suddenly piqued. She back the tape up. Sees:

THE CAR WINDOW - TAPE - intact as Nick MOVES INTO the frame. A millisecond beat. Nick jumps out of the way and BEHIND HIM, the CAR WINDOW POPCORN.

Tawny punches in some keystrokes. The tape REWINDS and plays FRAME BY FRAME... enhanced and clarified by computer processing.

ECU: on the MONITOR. Frame by frame, she watches as the spray of gunfire plays across the car.

A SLUG WHAMS into the quarter-panel, leaves a gaping hole in the metal. Another bullet SHATTERS the rearview mirror.

And a third IMPACTS NICK. We SEE a small eruption of debris where the bullet hits him.

TAWNY FREEZES the tape. Studies the image. Punches some buttons. BLOWS UP THE IMAGE. Enhances it.

She can't believe what she's seeing.

Nick UNMISTAKABLY TAKING A BULLET.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. TENT HOSPITAL - NIGHT (PAST)

12

Surgeon Nick making late, nightly rounds. Checking on his patients. He moves down the rows of cots, pulling aside the white-sheet partitions and looking in on the men. Gets to the end of the row. PULLS BACK a partition and

LACROIX is suddenly there, behind the sheet. HOLDING an unconscious soldier's wrist and taking his pulse. Like a good doctor.

Nick is startled.

LACROIX

This one is fading. He won't see another sunrise. Poor fellow.

(to Nick, inviting)

Shall we?

He lifts the man's wrist to his mouth illustrating the meaning of his "invitation" to Nick.

NICK

(coldly)

Get out of here.

Lacroix gently replaces the man's arm to his side.

LACROIX

Been a few years, Nicholas? Let's see... when was it? The Crimean? The War of 1812?

NICK

You follow carnage like a vulture.

LACROIX

I don't care for the conflict. It's gruesomely noisy, don't you think?

(beat; glancing down at the soldier)

But I like the free food.

NICK

You sicken me, Lacroix.

LACROIX

(cynical)

Then heal thyself... "Doctor". And tell me that you abstain amidst this... bounty.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Nick looks away. Shamed.

NICK
(defending)
I draw only what sustenance I need
so that I can work. I don't prey on
misery.

LACROIX
(mocking)
You warm my dead heart, Nicholas.
(to the point of his
visit)
The man with the camera? He
photographed me, didn't he?

Nick doesn't answer.

LACROIX (cont'd)
All these marvelous new inventions.
They're shrinking our domain,
Nicholas. Endangering our
"secrets". Science may yet reveal
us to the mortal world.

NICK
He doesn't know what he saw.

LACROIX
Nonetheless, he has evidence. He
suspects.

Lacroix leans in close to Nick.

LACROIX
You know what that means.

NICK
They aren't needed here. You can
tell them I've taken care of it.

LACROIX
Have you? Will you?
(beat)
You could never hide your thoughts
from me. I'm afraid I was a poor
teacher in that area.
(beat; diabolic)
Or, maybe, yes. We skipped those
lessons, didn't we?
(no more bullshit)
The photographer.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 2

12

LACROIX (cont'd)
You know our code in these
matters--
(beat)
Handle it, Nicholas. Because if you
won't-- the Enforcers will.

OFF Nick. Deeply troubled...

13 INT. NICK'S LOFT - DAYTIME (PRESENT)

13

ON the ELEVATOR DOOR... the lift WHIRRING as it rises in the
shaft along with SCHANKE'S VOICE. Talking loudly.

SCHANKE (O.S.)
...believe you me, Nick won't
mind. I mean, normally he would
- kinda fanatical about the ol'
privacy - But I'm tellin' ya: he's
thoroughly into this whole thing
now--

*
*
*

ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS to REVEAL:

Skank, Tawny and Bobby, TAPING with his camera.

REVERSE to CAMERA'S VIDEO POV.

*

Skank leads the charge of the video tourists into Nick's
loft.

SCHANKE
(to Tawny)
Besides - if there happens to be
the slightest problem, I'll tell
him it was my idea...
(sotto)
Even though it was your idea.
Personally, I think it's... what
did you call it?

*
*

TAWNY (O.C.)
"High Concept"

SCHANKE
Yeah, a "high concept" kind of
thing. That's what you call it in
show-biz, right? A slice of real
cops' life--

BOBBY
The man behind the badge.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Bobby exchanges a look with Tawny that Skank doesn't see.

TAWNY

It makes a nice balance with the
action stuff. Cops on the beat.
Cops at home. Just being human.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

SCHANKE

Right. That's great. The human side
of an unhuman job.

ON TAWNY as she wanders around Nick's living room, curious.

TAWNY

(brown-nosing)

Nicely put, Detective. We should
put that in the script, Bobby.

BOBBY

I'm takin' notes. Right in the
script.

TAWNY walks through a doorway into another area of the
darkened loft.

SUDDENLY WE SEE BEHIND HER: Nick suspended UPSIDE DOWN.
Rocking ever so gently in a "Gravity Boots" apparatus.
Wearing shorts and a tank top.

She doesn't see him right away. She slowly turns and almost
bumps right into him. Her shriek of surprise brings Bobby
and Skanky.

SCHANKE

Did I tell you this guy is a
character?

Nick's EYES POP OPEN.

HIS POV: upside down. He SEES the whole group staring at him
in wonder.

SCHANKE

(waving)

Morning, Nick? How's it goin'?

*

Nick quickly disentangles himself from the rig. Lets himself
down, casting a furious glance in Schanke's direction.

TAWNY

That's... very interesting,
Detective Knight.

NICK

(covering)

East Indian meditation technique.

You should try it some time.

(to Skank; pointedly)

It's good for the brain.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 3

13

NICK (cont'd)
(with edge to Skank)
So what brings you all down here so early in the day?

SCHANKE
It's called "video verite", Nick.. I hope you don't mind. I know I wasn't supposed to use the door code except in emergencies but...

Skanky holds up his hands. Makes a photo frame with them like a Hollywood director.

SCHANKE (cont'd)
(pitching)
We wanna get the man behind the uniform. Or, in this case, outta uniform. We want the reality of the man. Not just the cop on the beat.

NICK
A verite phone call might have been nice.

SCHANKE
But see... I knew you'd say that... It doesn't work that way. If I called you, you woulda been prepared. You woulda cleaned up the place. Like I do when I have company.

TAWNY
Actually, it's all my fault. I'm afraid I did a little convincing.

SCHANKE
She's very good at that.

BOBBY
Mind if I take a look around?

NICK
Be my guest. You're well on your way already...

BOBBY
Little dark in here...

He starts to open the blinds...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 4

13

NICK

But don't open the blinds.

SCHANKE

Nick's got a skin disease. Very sensitive to the light. Let me show you round...

He takes off with Bobby, leaving Tawny alone with Nick. She studies him.

TAWNY

A cop with a disability...

NICK

A small one.

TAWNY

Could be an angle.

(beat...)

You feeling a little sore this morning?

NICK

Sore... angry... embarrassed.

TAWNY

Physically.

NICK

Why do you ask?

TAWNY

I went back over the tapes last night. From what I saw, I could swear you took a hit.

Nick tightens. Just a hair - but she sees he's uncomfortable.

NICK

Looks like I'm in one piece, now.

An awkward beat... broken by

SCHANKE

Oh, Nick... See I knew there was another reason to drop by... Vancouver P.D. faxed over this artist's sketch. Hold it up to the picture of our shooter.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 5

13

Skank hands the FAX report to Nick. An artist's rendition. Nick holds it next to the photograph of the shooter gleaned from the videotape.

NICK

Looks pretty close. You figure our guy is a tourist?

SCHANKE

Here to paint the town red. We're circulating the pictures. I'm gonna go out and canvass the hotels and motels. See if anyone fitting this description checked in recently.

TAWNY

Sure you can't ride a day shift with us, Detective?

Nick starts herding the whole group to the door.

NICK

(re: Skanky)

I think one media star is enough for you guys today.

SCHANKE

What's that supposed to mean, huh? Hey... I'm just doin' my job...

14 EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - DAYTIME (PRESENT)

14

With Skank. Bobby and Tawny tagging along, filming. Getting out of the car.

SCHANKE

(to camera)

You know, being a cop isn't all chase-chase and shoot-shoot. For the most part, running down clues is fairly dull work. But you've gotta check every lead--

(beat)

Hold on a minute, Bobby.

Bobby stops taping. Looks at Schanke curiously.

BOBBY

What's up?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

SCHANKE
Can we take it from the top?
(beat)
I didn't say that right.

TAWNY
Detective, uh, this isn't supposed
to be a performance.

SCHANKE
(apologetically)
Sorry. You're right. I'll just
kinda play it loose and
freewheeling.

TAWNY
It might help if you didn't play it
at all, Detective.

They take a break while Bobby reloads his camera.

TAWNY
(prying)
Detective, how long have you known
Detective Knight?

SCHANKE
I dunno. Year maybe.

TAWNY
Does he seem a little...
"eccentric" to you?

SCHANKE
Nick? Eccentric?
(beat)
You mean, the skin condition thing?

TAWNY
That. Yes.

SCHANKE
The only-ever-working-night-shift
thing? The fact that he apparently
has no family, shies away from
social functions... like bowling
and stuff, with the other cops...
keeps a lot to himself, is very
protective of his privacy, still
hasn't bought me lunch once, and
never seems to eat himself, not
even donuts? Eccentric?
(beat)
Nahhh....

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 2

14

Skank straightens his loud tie in the rearview mirror of his cruiser.

TAWNY

(a beat)

I see.

(beat)

Detective, has Knight ever been shot in the line of duty?

SCHANKE

Not on this force. He never talked about it, but then Knight never brings up his past. He's not a "sharer", Knight.

TAWNY

(thinking)

I see...

SCHANKE

(beat)

Like me. I share.

(beat)

Okay, I'm ready.

(to Tawny)

So, you want me to kinda bring it down a little?

TAWNY

(nodding)

About 50,000 feet.

Bobby swings the reloaded camera up to his shoulder.
Resuming.

SCHANKE

Right. Right. Just wing it. Ad lib.

(beat)

Don't worry. I take direction really well.

Tawny shoots an exasperated look at Bobby.

BOBBY

(resuming)

Okay. We're rolling.

SCHANKE (cont'd)

(really intense)

This... is the city...

OFF Tawny's incredulous reaction, to:

15 INT. NICK'S LOFT - TWILIGHT

15

Nick leaving to start his shift. He straps on his shoulder-holster and pulls on his leather jacket. And pauses. Reaches under his arm and finds

A BULLET HOLE in the leather. Regards it with concern. How much has Tawny seen?

16 INT. PRECINCT BULLPEN - NIGHT

16*

Nick and the Captain.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

STONETREE

The picture went out all over town today. Gotta tip from a motel down by the lake... check it out.

NICK

With the camera crew?

STONETREE

With the camera crew.

A small commotion spills into the office: Skank, Tawny and Bobby.

TAWNY

(to Schanke)

Really, Detective. If your shift is up, you should probably go home.

SCHANKE

No sweat, really. I'll ride along for a few hours. I'm used to the overtime.

NICK

Just in time. C'mon, Skank. We've got a lead.

Tawny looks helplessly at Nick who just shrugs.

SCHANKE

(to Tawny)

See? What'd I tell ya? Legwork. *

The entourage heads for the door. Stonetree calls out a final caution to the crew.

STONETREE

Ms. Teller? I don't have to remind you and your cameraman about the danger. Nick, take them down and get 'em some vests. Let's play it safe.

They EXIT.

STONETREE (cont'd)

(shaking his head)

Television.

17 EXT. ANOTHER SEEDY MOTEL - NIGHT 17

A run-down establishment in sleazier side of town. A fluorescent sign buzzing and blinking, "No Vacancy".

Nick's Caddy pulls up and the crew gets out. We see that Tawny and Bobby are now outfitted with police-issue, bulletproof vests. They head into the office.

18 INT. MOTEL OFFICE 18

The MANAGER, a bathrobed hausfrau, holding a nervous poodle, talks to Nick and Skanky while Bobby tapes.

MANAGER

(self-consciously into the camera; re: the picture of the wanted man)

I'm not sure it's him or not. He checked in about four days ago. Like I said, I wasn't suspicious or anything right away. He's been pretty quiet--

NICK

Can we see the register?

She spins the registration book around for them to see.

NICK (cont'd)

(reading)

"Maurice Peters?" *

SCHANKE

(pointing to the page)

From Vancouver, Nick.

NICK

Do you know if he's in now?

MANAGER

Don't know. Saw him earlier this afternoon.

Nick and Skanky head for the door. Bobby and Tawny taking up the rear.

NICK

What room is he in?

MANAGER

(calling after them)

213. The honeymoon suite.

(beat; after they exit)

But I don't think he's on his honeymoon.

19 EXT. OUTSIDE ROOM 213

19

VIDEO CAM POV: FOLLOWING Nick and Skank as they head for the room. They draw their pistols. Nick motions into the camera for Tawny and Bobby to hang back.

NICK
(as he pull his gun)
If this is our guy, we know he's a
shooter. Let's not take any
chances.

SCHANKE
I hear ya...

Skank and Nick walk AHEAD of the VIDEO POV. Each assumes a defensive position beside the door. Nick reaches over and KNOCKS on the door. A beat. No answer.

Nick KNOCKS again.

NICK
(calling into the room)
Mr. Peters? Metro Police. Open the
door.

No reply. A beat

And the SUSPECT INSIDE ANSWERS with his M-16. *

BULLETS BORE THROUGH the front door as Nick and Skank cower back out of the line of fire.

SCHANKE
You son of a--
(to Nick)
I think we found our guy.

VIDEO CAM POV: ON NICK *

NICK
(shouting at the
reporters)
Get back!

ANOTHER VOLLEY of gunshots tears through the door.

And Bobby FALLS, screaming and clutching his leg in pain.

Skanky crawls to him like a combat paramedic.

ON BOBBY, supine on the deck, grimacing in pain. Tawny is beside him.

BOBBY
Oh, god. My leg.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

TAWNY
Bobby!

*

ON NICK, at the door.

NICK
(to Skank; a hoarse
whisper)
Get him out of here. Get some
back-up.

Nick takes a beat. Clicks off his safety. LEAPS IN FRONT OF
THE DOOR and KICKS IT VIOLENTLY OPEN.

He ducks quickly to the other side of the door. (Note: he
doesn't fire blindly into the room.) No shots from inside.
Nick ENTERS.

ANGLE ON: Bobby, Tawny and Skank. Skanky hoists the wounded
cameraman over his shoulder and hustles him to safety. Tawny
is cowering by the railing. Dazed.

SCHANKE
(to Tawny)
Let's go! MOVE! We're outta here!

AS SKANKY lifts Bobby up, Bobby looks at Tawny, speaks to
her through his pain.

BOBBY
The camera...
(beat; he gestures after
Nick)
Follow him.

Tawny gathers up the camera, checks that it's still running
and, screwing her courage, SHE ENTERS THE ROOM with the
camera balanced on her shoulder.

20 INT. - ROOM 213 - CONTINUOUS

20

VIDEO CAM POV: Sweeping the room that's dimly illuminated by
a television set and small bedside lamp.

FIND an open patio door. She HEADS FOR IT.

Nick is there. For an instant. His back to the camera as
Tawny APPROACHES.

And then, HE'S GONE.

FLYING OFF THE BALCONY. LANDING about 50 yards away in a
parking lot.

ON TOP OF THE FLEEING SHOOTER.

21 EXT. PARKING LOT

21

The SHOOTER CRUMBLES UNDER NICK'S WEIGHT.

Nick hoists him roughly to his feet.

NICK

Sorry, Dave... your honeymoon just ended.

He whirls him around, CUFFS HIM and forces him to the pavement, face-down. Standard arrest procedure.

NICK

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say may be used against you in a court of law...

ON Nick: as he turns to look back at the motel balcony, his words drifting off as he sees:

22 TAWNY - HIS POV.

22

Standing on the balcony. Taping everything he's doing - everything he's just done. How much? The question is answered as

TAWNY - CLOSE - numbly pulls her eye away from the camera... the weight of the video unit sagging in her grasp. Her face says it all;

A picture of TOTAL DISBELIEF.

She looks, for all the world, like she just saw an alien spaceship land.

Off Nick's reaction...

As uniformed backup arrives, preventing any intervention... *

SLOWLY FADE

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

23

Nick and an assortment of uniformed policemen as Nick hustles the handcuffed suspect in the front door, down a crowded corridor. *

ON TAWNY, see she's holding the camera now, covering for Bobby. *

Nick pushes the suspect into a chair in front of the BOOKING SERGEANT.

NICK

Book him. Murder one. Then take him down to the lockup. We'll question him later.

Nick looks back at Tawny who's lurking on the fringe of the action. Their eyes meet. An uneasy beat. Tawny lifts the camera to her eye and resumes taping as SCHANKE ENTERS. He crosses to his partner and they exchange a high-five handshake. *

SCHANKE

That's one for the good guys.

NICK

Let's make it stick, too.

(beat)

How's Bobby?

Tawny JOINS THEM, anxious for news about her partner.

TAWNY

Is he okay?

SCHANKE

We hustled him over to Mercy General. He lost some blood and the bullet shattered his tibia. He'll make it. *

NICK

A few inches higher, he'd be in permanent "Post Production" right now.

SCHANKE

(shaking his head)

Or worse. He'd live and talk like Topo Gigio the rest of his life. *

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

TAWNY
I don't get it. He wasn't in the
line of fire.

*

SCHANKE
Ricochet, sweetheart.

NICK
(to Tawny)
Anybody who's around a gun when it
goes off is in the line of fire. I
told you it was dangerous.

*

Another moment between them. Someone has to say something,

NICK
We need to... talk.

But Schanke breaks the moment. Takes Tawny by the elbow.

SCHANKE
Now the fun stuff.
(beat)
Paperwork.

OFF Nick, watching helplessly as Tawny disappears with
Schanke into the precinct throng.

STONETREE
You okay, Nick?

Nick turns to find Stonetree at his side.

STONETREE
You look... distracted or
something.

NICK
No... I'm fine. Fine.

STONETREE
Well write this up and get it on my
desk, will ya? I'll call the D.A.
and tell him not to go to bed just
yet. I want an indictment in the
morning.

Nick nods and heads off. Stops by

A DESK surrounded by cops. On it a TV set they're clustered
around. Though we don't see the picture, we hear the promo
theme music for "COP WATCH". The show is ending; Nick
pauses, watching.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 2

23

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...next week, Cop Watch stalks a
killer on the homicide beat.
Reporter Tawny Teller promises some
spectacular footage and a show
unlike any we've seen so far...

CLOSE ON NICK: now very concerned. How spectacular is that
footage? A chill runs through his body as he remembers...

24 INT. SULLIVAN'S TENT - NIGHT (PAST)

24

CLOSE ON the PHOTO of Lacroix.

SULLIVAN holding it in his hand. Gazing at it mesmerized.
Sullivan glances up

STRAIGHT INTO NICK'S EYES and we SEE the same ABSENT STARE,
REALIZE that he's in the middle of a "hypno-therapy" session
with Nick.

NICK
(hypnotizing)
You must destroy these pictures
and forget what you have seen.

SULLIVAN
(spaced; repeating)
Forget... what... I...
(looks to photo)
No. I can't forget - I have
proof.

Nick's alarmed. The trance isn't taking. He's not sure what
to do. Tries again...

NICK
Destroy the photographs...

SULLIVAN
(hypnotic)
Destroy... the...
(snaps out)
Are you crazy? I can't. These
might be the single, most valuable
photographs I ever took. Whatta
you think the papers up North'd pay
for pictures like these--

Nick BEARS DOWN on Sullivan, redoubles his effort.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

NICK

Sullivan, trust me. Listen to me.
This is for your own good.

(hypnotically)

You must destroy the plates and
leave this camp... you must...

SULLIVAN

(slipping into trance
again)

I must... destroy... must leave...

NICK

Forget what you saw...

Sullivan GLANCES DOWN at the photograph again. Snaps out.

SULLIVAN

That's a man there: FLYIN'! How am
I supposed to forget that?

(beat)

I didn't do no tricks with the
camera, Doc. There's somethin'
real in these pictures and it
might even still be around here so
I aim to find out what it is!

(beat)

And I don't know why your tryin' so
hard to convince me otherwise.

OFF Nick: confused by his failure to hypnotize him. And
alarmed. Very alarmed.

24A INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

24A

Skanky waiting. Stonetree passes him in the hall.

STONETREE

Did you write up the interrogation
on the "Follow Home" guy?

SCHANKE

Interrogation?

STONETREE

You're not finished?

SCHANKE

Actually, Captain, I was waiting
for the "Cop Watch" crew. I
figured they'd wanna be in on it.

(CONTINUED)

24A CONTINUED:

24A

STONETREE

Oh really.

His COLD STARE says it all.

SCHANKE

(excusing himself)

I'm right on it.

He EXITS swiftly.

OFF Stonetree.

25 INT. TV STUDIO EDIT BAY - NIGHT (PRESENT)

25

CLOSE ON A WHIRLING VTR. It clicks to a stop.

Tawny's hand removes the tape. A copy. She places it in her leather bag and ZIPS it closed. She sits at the console and fires up the bank of equipment.

ON VIDEO MONITOR: a frozen image of Nick. At the first shootout. Staring into the camera. Ticked off...

Tawny stares at the image, eerily powerful. Who is he? What is he? Hold for a long moment... then A HAND gently touches her shoulder.

Tawny jumps... lets out a small shriek.. turning to see:

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

NICK

Sorry... I should've knocked. You just seemed so... involved...

(beat)

The guard downstairs just told me to come up. Said you haven't been here long.

TAWNY

I stopped in at the hospital to see Bobby.

NICK

How's he doing?

TAWNY

He's... a little slowed down.

NICK

A bullet will do that.

TAWNY

To most people.

The statement is pointed... and they both know it's time to talk.

NICK

Look... I don't know what you think you saw...

TAWNY

Saw? I have it on tape, Detective. Would you like to take a look?

NICK

(intense, hypnotic)

You cannot show those tapes.

TAWNY

I cannot... show....

(snaps out)

No. What are you trying to do to me? What in the name of god are you?

Nick takes Tawny's hands. Looks her in the eye. Still trying to hypnotize her.

*
*

NICK

...What I am is not important right now. Tawny... listen to me. What you saw through the camera... it didn't happen.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 2

25

Beat. She stares at him for a long time. Is it working? -

TAWNY

Tell it to my audience next week.

ON NICK: His frustration - why the hell isn't this working?

TAWNY

I know what I saw and the camera doesn't lie.

He shakes his head slowly, urgently.

NICK

The very existence of those tapes places you in grave danger.

TAWNY

(pulling away)

From what? This is too big to let it go by.

Nick pulls her back. FOCUSES ON HER with all-stops-out hypnotic stare.

NICK

You must destroy those tapes. You must forget what you saw.

Tawny swoons under his spell. But only briefly.

TAWNY

Forget... forget what I saw.

(beat; shaking it off)

No... you're doing something...

You're doing something to my mind!

She backs away from him. Horrified now. His hypnotism has failed.

TAWNY (cont'd)

Get away from me. I don't know what you are, Detective. But whatever you are, I've got evidence that you exist, that you are real. And it's my responsibility as a journalist to show it to the world...

She grabs her leather bag and EXITS. Slamming the door behind her.

OFF Nick. Frustrated... failed. Haunted by a memory...

26 INT. DARKROOM TENT - NIGHT (PAST)

26

Nick ENTERS and comes upon the SPRAWLED, BLEEDING BODY of SULLIVAN, the photographer. He kneels beside and desperately tries to resuscitate him to no avail.

NICK LOOKS UP as SUDDENLY

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

TWO MEN are there! Two OMINOUS FIGURES, VAMPIRES with vivid yellow eyes and cold, lifeless expressions. These vampires are older, larger and stronger than Nick. Their fangs, yellow and prehistoric - like saber teeth. They are the "ENFORCERS" and their sole purpose is to uphold the "code" that Lacroix spoke of before: to maintain the secrecy of their cult.

One of the Enforcers starts toward Nick. MENACING and MURDEROUS. He whips out a HARDWOOD DAGGER that he intends to use on Nick when a voice CALLS OUT in protest from behind the two, stoic Enforcers. It is Lacroix.

LACROIX

NO!

(beat)

He has no part in this.

(beat)

It was my error.

ON LACROIX: as the Enforcer steps aside. We see LACROIX crouched behind him, looking for all that's otherworldly like he's just had the CRAP BEATEN OUT OF HIM.

Lacroix GRINS WEAKLY at Nick.

LACROIX

The code, Nicholas. I told you.

(beat)

The code.

On Nick... his horror, his fear... watching as

THE ENFORCERS set fire to Sullivan's plates and equipment. The chemicals quickly catching... spreading the flames...

27 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (PRESENT)

27*

Nick and Janette come around a corner. She's in a state of supreme agitation. *

JANETTE

You must fix it, Nicholas. They won't allow the code to be broken. *

NICK

(frustrated)

I tried to control her. She won't submit. *

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

JANETTE

Well what do you expect - of course she won't submit - she has photographic evidence... worse - video tape.

He looks at her, confused.

NICK

Why does that matter?

She stares back, hesitates...

JANETTE

Well, all right - it may only be a rumour -

(defensive)

But even so - if you'd spent more time with your own kind this last century, you'd have heard it too!

NICK

Tell me.

JANETTE

It's her proof. The existence of empirical evidence.

(beat)

As long as she has the tape - as long as she has empirical evidence, it will be impossible to make her forget.

NICK

Evidence?

(realizing)

Photographs... now the tape...

JANETTE

(bitter smile)

Technology... Why do mortals always seek to complicate the world?

She looks out at the street.

JANETTE

Before television and movies people used to go to clubs. Now...

(sighs - back to business)

You must destroy the tape, Nicholas. It is your only hope.

(dry)

Certainly it's her only hope...

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 2

27

NICK
And can I make her forget then?

JANETTE
Yes... then you'll be able to make
her forget.
(beat)
But if you don't do it soon...

NICK
- The Enforcers... The Enforcers
will come.

She nods and seems to draw inward, a wind disturbing her
hair... nods.

JANETTE
They'll enforce the code. Whatever
it takes. You know, Nicholas...

NICK
Yes... I know....

27A INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

27A

Schanke at his desk. Eyeing the phone. He picks up and
dials. A beat. He hangs up the phone.

SCHANKE
(sotto)
I can't do this.

A beat.

SCHANKE (cont'd)
But then again, Don, only once in a
lifetime does a man have a moment
where fate takes his hand.
(beat)
I've gotta follow that dream
wherever that dream may lead me.
(beat)
Be all that I can be.

With new determination, he redials.

SCHANKE (cont'd)
(oozing charm into the
phone)
Hello?
(beat)
Is this the Star Search Talent
Agency?

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED:
OFF Schanke.

27A

*

28 INT. STUDIO EDIT BAY - NIGHT

28

Tawny reviewing tapes with a temp cutter who's filling in for Bobby. The editor is DANNY, the vid technician we passed in the hallway earlier. She's showing him the tape.

TAWNY

Look. There! You see that?

DANNY

(strangely unimpressed)

It looks like he's flying.

(beat)

But nobody's gonna believe that these weren't faked.

TAWNY

I swear to you, Danny. On my dead, Italian grandmother. I did not doctor these tapes one iota.

(beat)

That is a videotape of a man who can fly!

DANNY doesn't look amazed. He looks very worried.

DANNY

And this guy was in here tonight with you?

TAWNY

You're going to think I'm crazy... but he actually was trying to... hypnotize me or something. Something to make me forget about it.

DANNY

A cop? Just how long have you been awake, Tawny? Maybe you could use a few Z's.

TAWNY

I'm serious.

DANNY

(sees she is)

Then he might try something stronger than hypnotism next time. Did you make dupes of the tape?

TAWNY

(nods)

I've got the originals hidden.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

DANNY

Where?

TAWNY

In this building...

ON Danny. He looks really concerned now.

DANNY

Have the producers seen it?

TAWNY

No one but you. I've told them I have something big... but I'm gonna sit on it till the last moment.

DANNY

I don't know, Tawny... I'd be careful...

TAWNY

You're my back-up, Danny. That's why I'm showing you.

She looks at him. A moment between them, then Danny laughs nervously..

DANNY

I feel like Jack Ruby or somebody - like I know something I shouldn't.

TAWNY

I appreciate it, Dan... Just keep it quiet?

DANNY

Not breathing a word to anybody. Think I'd like to keep my neck and my job a little while longer.

TAWNY

Thanks...

DANNY

I'm on O.T. Gotta run.

(beat)

Careful, Tawn. All right?

She nods okay, and he's out the door.

29 EXT. TV STATION - NIGHT

29

Danny emerges from the building and scans the dark parking lot. No one in sight. His face is grim. Worried. And his eyes are strangely YELLOW.

Danny hisses softly, like an angry cat - his FANGS slightly showing... then

TAKES OFF... flying up into the inky blackness of the night sky.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29A INT. PRECINCT - LATE

29A

Schanke's still hanging around, lost without his new friend, the camera. Looks up and down the hall expectantly.

SCHANKE

(sotto)

Where the hell are they?

He checks his watch impatiently.

SCHANKE (cont'd)

She said she was coming back.

He flags down a passing cop.

SCHANKE (cont'd)

(to the cop)

Have you seen the "Cop Watch" crew around?

(beat; scared)

They're not out riding with anybody else, are they?

COP

(shrugs)

Don't know, Skank.

The cop continues on his way. Skank searches the floor in vain.

SCHANKE

Damn. She said she was coming back with a new camera man.

(impatient beat)

Where the hell are they?

OFF Schanke.

30 INT. TV STUDIO EDIT BAY - EARLY A.M.

30

ON the MONITOR: the image of NICK, frozen in the middle of the firefight.

Tawny has fallen asleep at the controls.

She WAKES WITH A START. As if from a bad dream.

Collects herself. Removes the tape from the VCR and shuts down all the electronic equipment.

Hurriedly turns out the lights and heads out.

31 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 31

Dark and deserted. She's the only one left in the building. She pulls her coat around her and walks toward the EXIT.

STOPS. Wary. Hears something. Or senses it.

And shrugs it off.

She gets on the elevator.

INTERCUT:

32 EXT. STREET 32

Nick in his Caddy. Top down. Night wind in his hair and dread in his eyes.

33 FLASHING BACK ON: 33

The IMAGE of SULLIVAN, the photographer. Dead in his arms.

The tragedy he couldn't prevent. And the IMAGE of the TWO, WICKED ENFORCER VAMPIRES looming over him. Admonishing.

34 BACK IN THE PRESENT: Nick ACCELERATING HARD, speeding down the freeway. 34

35 INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

35

Tawny steps off the elevator. Strides through the lobby. STOPS at a reception desk and chides the SLEEPING SECURITY GUARD.

TAWNY

Nelson! You bad boy. Sleepin' on the job.

(beat)

Nelson? Nelson?

She reaches to him to stir him from slumber and SENSES SOMETHING AGAIN.

She WHIRLS AROUND and SEES

The LOBBY DOOR. REVOLVING, seemingly on its own.

WHIRLING round and round.

She starts toward it. Walking tentatively.

She WHIPS AROUND and SEES

TWO, LARGE SHADOWY FIGURES. Half-lit in the shadows. Looming and menacing. They are

THE ENFORCERS

The same, two vampires from Nick's Civil War flashback.

She STOPS DEAD in her tracks then BACKS SLOWLY AWAY as they approach. They SMILE WICKEDLY AT HER.

She SEES their FLARING EYES and prehistoric FANGS.

36 EXT. STREET

36

Nick PULLS UP OUTSIDE the TV STUDIO.

Jumps out and races up the steps to the entrance.

37 INT. TV STUDIO BUILDING

37

Tawny backs away from the two Enforcers as they walk slowly toward her. She turns and dashes up a HALLWAY. PULLS OPEN A DOOR into a large, empty, darkened SOUNDSTAGE and closes the doors behind her, LOCKING THEM.

38 INT. SOUNDSTAGE

38

Frightened, she backs away slowly.
INTO NICK who has appeared behind her.
Tawny SHRIEKS.

NICK
Shhh. Do what I say or they'll kill
us both.

TAWNY
Who are they? What do they want?

NICK
They are... what I am. They are
sworn to protect our secret. To
keep the world from discovering our
existence.

TAWNY
They look like... vampires or
something.

A beat. She looks at Nick and realizes...

TAWNY (cont'd)
Oh my god - *
(beat) *
That's what you - *

NICK
(cutting her off) *
Come with me. Hurry. *

ON THE SOUNDSTAGE DOOR: it SHUDDERS in the jamb and
BLOWS OPEN to reveal the Enforcers. Standing in the doorway.
Silhouetted by the light pouring in behind them.

REVERSE to SEE that Nick and Tawny are gone.

39 EXT. OUTSIDE THE SOUNDSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

39

Nick hustles Tawny away.

NICK
The tape. Did you copy it?

Tawny hesitates. Nick insists.

NICK (cont'd)
Did you copy the tape?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

TAWNY
Yes. It's hidden.

NICK
We have to get it.

Tawny stops in her tracks. She looks around. Looking maybe to get away.

TAWNY
(beat)
It's locked in a safe. In an empty office we use for storage.

NICK
Who else saw it?

TAWNY
(confused)
No one.
(beat)
Danny. The night technician.

NICK
(shaking his head)
The night technician. A vampire.

TAWNY
(this is too much)
Danny?! He's so nice.

NICK
(pulling her along)
Let's go. We have to get the tape.

TAWNY
(sotto amazement)
You think you know somebody.

40 INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

40

In the semi-darkness, Tawny fumbles with the combination lock. She's nervous. Can't remember the combination.

TAWNY
Damn it.

Nick steps in.

NICK
Here. Let me.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

And HE RIPS the safe door off its hinges. Tawny stares at him, dumbfounded, for a beat. She reaches in and takes out the tape.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 2

40

She hesitates. Then digs in her leather bag and produces the other tape. Inspired by a sudden reluctance, she backs away from Nick as he reaches out his hand. *

TAWNY

I... I can't turn them over, Nick. *

(beat; pleading) *

This is my story, the biggest story of my career--

NICK

The only story here'll be about your murder. *

Tawny backs away toward the door. Nick watches her. He can stop her at any minute. *

TAWNY

I'm sorry, Nick. It's my journalistic responsibility.

(beat)

I just can't.

BANG! A HUGE, CLAW-LIKE HAND SPLINTERS through the door and GRABS Tawny. She SCREAMS and the TAPES FLY OUT of her grip, clattering across the linoleum floor.

The Enforcer who's holding her BEATS his way through the door with his other hand.

SHATTERING PANES of GLASS signal the arrival of the other Enforcer. He comes crashing through a glass partition.

In A BLUR, HE is on Nick. STRANGLING HIM FIERCELY.

Nick WRESTLES with his assailant. PUNCHES HIM as HARD AS HE CAN.

It doesn't even faze him. He SWATS NICK ACROSS the room with a violent backhand. Nick SLAMS INTO the wall and crumbles to the floor. Next to him, on the floor: THE TAPES. He picks the up.

The other Enforcer has TAWNY. He BARES his fangs, inches from her jugular.

NICK

NO!

Nick tosses the TAPES to the old vampire who lets go of Tawny to catch them.

Tawny races to Nick's side. Nick grabs her by the shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 3

40

The Enforcers advance on them.

NICK
Tell them. Those are the only
tapes. You can't lie to them.
They'll know.

TAWNY
(to the old vamps)
I... I swear. Those are the only
tapes.

The old vampires GLARE AT HER. Boring into her mind to
determine the truth.

Nick SPINS Tawny around.

NICK
Listen to me. You have to forget
everything you've seen.

TAWNY
How can I forget--

Nick STARES INTO HER EYES. Cranks up the vampire whammy.

NICK
Surrender your will to me. Submit.
You have to forget.

Tawny's staring to space. Her eyes glazing over.

TAWNY
I... I have to...

She trails off. Utterly dazed now.

ON NICK. His relief as he sees it's worked.

NICK
Now... sleep.

CLICK! The anesthesia kicks in and she's comatose. She sags
unconscious into his arms.

Nick looks at the Enforcers, expression hard.

NICK (cont'd)
It's done.

Maybe not quite. One of the old vampires WHIPS OUT a
HARDWOOD DAGGER, MOVES ON Nick menacingly. An unsettled
score? The other Enforcer catches him. Shakes his head,
"No" and indicates that they must leave... dawn is coming.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 4

40

The angry Enforcer smiles at Nick and NODS. "You lucky bastard. We'll meet again..." The two Enforcers turn

AND THEY'RE GONE so quickly they seem to melt through the splintered door.

CLOSE ON Nick. Holding unconscious Tawny in his arms.

He closes his eyes, relaxes his hold on her slightly in his relief.

41 INT. STUDIO EDIT BAY - MINUTES LATER

41

Nick ENTERS carrying sleeping Tawny in his arms. He deposits her in the chair at the control board. Gently rests her head against the console. Turns to leave.

And she wakes.

TAWNY

Nick, is that you?

(beat; groggy)

Geez, I'm sorry. You shouldn't have let me crash on you like that.

A flicker of amusement at her choice of words.

NICK

(gently)

You needed the sleep. It's been a long night.

Beat. She blinks herself a little more awake - then stops as something occurs.

TAWNY

God, I had the strangest nightmare. Somebody was chasing me. Trying to kill me.

NICK

(changing the subject)

How's the show coming?

TAWNY

The show?

(beat)

Oh, right! The show. It's, uh... jeez, I don't know. I forgot where I left off.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

NICK
(smiling)
Good.

Nick EXITS.

OFF Tawny's confused reaction.

42 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

42

Danny is LURKING THERE. He's come back to see if the Enforcers did their job.

Nick comes up behind him SUDDENLY. SEIZES HIM UP by his collar. Danny's taken by surprise. He looks sheepish and apologetic. A beat.

Nick smiles at him. Bares his fangs and hisses.

NICK
(towering over him)
Time to move on, 'Danny'.

TIGHT CLOSE on NICK, fangs and all - as he lunges, reaches for him, and heaves him towards the door.

Danny goes crashing out.

ON Nick

NICK
Don't forget to turn in your key.

And, pulling up his collar, NICK EXITS into the dawn.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

TAG

43 INT. NICK'S LOFT - NIGHT 43

CLOSE ON Bobby's LEG in a heavy cast.

With a theatrical flourish, SCHANKE scrawls in large letters across the plaster.

SCHANKE

Hold still, junior. You'll want to hold onto that. Might be worth something someday.

PULL BACK to reveal the whole group assembled in Nick's living room. A premiere party. Waiting for tonight's episode of "COP WATCH" to air.

ON STONETREE. Carrying a tray of canapes, passing them around to the guests. He comes to

NATALIE, who's chatting with TAWNY.

STONETREE

Hors d'oeuvres, ladies?

(beat; he gestures)

Try the midget wienies. They're pretty good. *

ANGLE ON Skanky and Bobby. Skanky's still writing on his leg.

BOBBY

OUCH! Damn, Skank! Don't press so hard.

(beat)

What are you writing, anyway? It's not a yearbook, for cryin' out loud.

SCHANKE

(finishing)

There. "Show business is my life... henceforth. Yours, in crime prevention. Detective Don Schanke. Metro Homicide"

(beat)

Oh, wait. I forgot the date.

He leans in to scribble the date.

BOBBY

OUCH! Don't press so hard!

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

STONETREE CROSSES with his tray to Nick, who's sitting off to the side, at the dining room table.

STONETREE
Got any more of those little pizza things? They're a big hit.
(beat)
Whatta ya got there?

NICK
A gift from Tawny. "A Hundred Years of Combat Photography."
(beat)
A little memento of our time spent together on the front lines.

CLOSE ON the book: a large, "COFFEE TABLE" COLLECTION. Nick flips through the pages.

A COMMOTION in the living room signals the start of the show. Clapping and cheering. The "Cop Watch" theme music swells and pumps.

STONETREE
C'mon. Show's starting.

Nick PAUSES. Absorbed in the book.

GO IN CLOSE on the page: to a PICTURE of ragged Confederate soldiers. Blank eyes, full of combat fatigue, staring from the page.

CLOSER to the upper corner of the page. To a picture of SULLIVAN, Nick's photographer friend from the Civil War.
ON Nick. Sadness. Remembering.

NATALIE (O.S.)
Come on, Nick! The show's on.

TAWNY
Bring the champagne.

SCHANKE
C'mon, Knight. You'll miss my fifteen minutes of fame.

Nick reverently closes the book. Gathers up glasses and a magnum of bubbly that's chilling in a bucket of ice.

He crosses to the living room and joins the party.

CHEERS GO UP from the assembly as

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 2

43

ON TV, Skanky's handsome visage fills the screen.

SCHANKE
Have I got a quality or what?

INSERT on TV: Skank in close-up.

SCHANKE
(on camera)
Yep. It's a jungle out there...

POP! The cork flies out of the bottle. Everyone cheers. Nick pours around. Hands a glass to Tawny.

Their eyes meet. She smiles shyly.

TAWNY
Thanks.
(beat)
For everything.

NICK
You're very welcome.

THE PHONE RINGS. Natalie answers.

NATALIE
Skank, it's for you.

Skank takes the phone.

SCHANKE
Hellooo?
(beat)
Nat, turn that down a minute.
(beat)
It's my agent.

A beat. A chorus of "Boo's" for Skanky. Bobby throws a pillow at him. STONETREE just shakes his head.

SCHANKE
Hey! What? C'mon.
(beat; into the phone)
Marty, baby! Talk to me.

On Natalie and Nick.

NATALIE
Do you believe that guy?

NICK
Mr. Show Business.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 3

43

OFF Nick, sipping his champagne.

FADE OUT

THE END