

Episode #92-020

FOREVER KNIGHT

"If Looks Could Kill"

written by

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SHOOTING DRAFT  
September 14, 1992  
09/17/92 PINK - FULL SCRIPT  
09/21/92 BLUE - PAGES ONLY  
09/28/92 YELLOW - PAGES ONLY

"If Looks Could Kill"

CAST LIST

NICK KNIGHT.....Geraint Wyn Davies  
SCHANKE.....John Kapelos  
NATALIE.....Catherine Disher  
STONETREE.....Gary Farmer  
JANETTE.....Deborah Duchene  
LACROIX.....Nigel Bennett  
BERNICE  
BARONESS SOPHIA/DR. JURGEN  
CHERRY  
NORMA  
GEORGETTE  
KIKI  
AGNES  
ADONIS  
SECURITY GUARD  
YOUNG WOMAN  
MISTRESS  
PRISON GUARD  
COP #1  
COP #2

SETS

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE COSMETICS  
EXT. BALCONY - 1808 - GERMANY  
INT. CORONER'S VAN  
INT. MORGUE  
INT. DEPARTMENT STORE ENTRANCE  
INT. NORMA'S APARTMENT  
EXT. STREET  
INT. CADDIE  
INT. SPA  
INT. BEAUTY SPA/WEIGHTS ROOM  
INT. BERNICE'S OFFICE  
EXT. SPA  
INT. PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM  
INT. RAVEN  
EXT. BALCONY - GERMANY - 1808  
INT. NICK'S APARTMENT  
INT. PRISON CELL  
INT. HEALTH SPA - DR. JURGEN'S OFFICE  
INT. PRECINCT LOCKUP  
EXT. CITY STREET  
EXT. CITY PARK

"If Looks Could Kill"  
PAGE HISTORY

September 14, 1992 - WHITE - SHOOTING DRAFT

September 17, 1992 - Pink - FULL SCRIPT

September 21, 1992 - Blue - PAGES

1, 10, 15, 35, 41, 42

September 28, 1992 - Yellow - PAGES

35, 41, 41A, 42, 42A, 45, 45A, 47, 47A

IF LOOKS COULD KILL

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE/COSMETICS DEPARTMENT - DAY 1

A slick red bullet of lipstick glides out of its gold barrel. WE MOVE AWAY as the salesgirl bends to apply it to the puckered lips of a customer...WE GLIDE past displays of bottles, tubes and jars...sparkling palettes of eyeshadow...and the images of frozen smiles on the made-up faces of poster models. A low insistent THUMP of MUSIC follows us, tuning in an out like the soundtrack of a headache as WE SEARCH and then FIND a particularly appealing display.

The lettering on the counter card, under the Cleopatra eye, promises: "SWEETYOUTH by RADIANCE". A manicured hand lifts a little pot of pink colour and studies it. \*

CHERRY, a salesgirl, appears at the ready with a warm smile.

CHERRY

That's our Sweet youth basic blush - 'Virgin pink'. Would you like to try? \*

Our P.O.V., 25ish dark-haired NORMA DEAN, hesitates. Her lines of stress are apparent as she stares at the pot.

NORMA

It's pretty.

CHERRY

Mmmhmm. And look - there's a matching eyeshadow...

Cherry steps back, a pretty peach fingernail against her pretty peach lips as she appraises Norma.

CHERRY

(conspiratorial excitement)

How about a makeover?

Something dark passes over Norma's expression. Her hand moves to her forehead as if to block a little stab of pain.

NORMA

Makeover? -No, I don't...have time.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

CHERRY  
(pulling a chair close)  
Aw, come on.

She leans close, her voice ECHOING as if we are hearing it through the distorted filter of Norma's mind.

\*  
\*

CHERRY  
(between you and me)  
Time has a short temper. When we don't take enough of it to look our best - it can turn into an enemy - fast!

Norma's frown as Cherry, oblivious, signals to a second saleswoman, GEORGETTE, to come over.

CHERRY  
(to Georgette).  
Samples - the cleanser system.

Norma balks at this, turns as if looking for an escape route.

\*  
\*

NORMA  
- No...Really. Alright?...Just tell me how much for this-

CHERRY  
(taking her arm)  
Trust me. Truuust me.

\*

Georgette unloads a handful of little tubes on the counter.

NORMA  
No.

NORMA'S DISTORTED POV

of Cherry and Georgette, their wickedly cheerful faces looming.

Norma scrunches her eyes and turns away from them, protecting the pot from Cherry's gentle but persistent attempts to take it away from her.

NORMA  
(a confused whisper)  
I don't need anything else...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 2

1

CHERRY

(echoing)

Easy to say now...but now's gonna  
be gone in three seconds and then  
boom - old age.

At this Norma suddenly shakes her head and begins to move  
away, opening her purse and stuffing the pot of blush in as  
she goes. Cherry sees this and follows in alarm.

CHERRY

Hey - Where are you going?

Norma doesn't answer. Shaking, she keeps moving. Georgette  
looks around and waves to a SECURITY GUARD while Cherry  
reaches for Norma's arm.

CHERRY

Miss?

(beat;annoyed)

You do have to pay for that, you  
know.

Norma whips around, wrenching her arm free and throwing  
Cherry a look of absolute darkness and rage.

NORMA

I already have. In so many ways - I  
already have.

With that she pulls her hand out of her purse -

CLOSE ON a gun.

BOOM -

Cherry is flung backwards into a display. SCREAMING.  
Pandemonium.

A panicked SECURITY GUARD reaches for his gun -

SECURITY GUARD

Freeze!

INSTANT PULL FOCUS on Norma as she turns with her gun - BOOM  
- and goes down as the second shot rings out - from the  
Security Guard's gun. Store patrons scatter and salespeople  
duck behind counters as Georgette sinks to her knees in  
whimpering shock.

CLOSE ON NORMA Dead. Her face is even more beautiful with  
the mysterious agitation gone from her clear, staring  
eyes...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 3

1

FADE OUT

END TEASE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE/COSMETICS DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

2

THE CONTENTS of a large purse being dumped out on a counter: Brush, tons of makeup, etc. TILT UP to Nick as he puts the purse aside and begins sifting through.

Behind Nick, Schanke pockets his notebook as the coroner's Assistants hoist a stretcher. He indicates the black bag on it as he turns to Nick.

SCHANKE

Goodbye Norma Dean...Only the gorgeous die young, eh Nick? What do you think made her go crazy like that?

ON NICK, frowning, as he reaches for something.

NICK

From the looks of her purse, I'd say it could've been the sheer effort involved in staying gorgeous and young.

Schanke, unconcerned, lifts a small bottle from the pile while Nick flips through an address book.

SCHANKE

(reading)

Dyna-thin appetite suppressant capsules. Chocolate flavoured.

Schanke chucks them back on the pile.

NICK

Mirrors, combs, clips, wrist weights - Enough makeup for a six week run of the Mikado.

Beat, Schanke takes in Nick's slightly mystified expression. Places a hand on his shoulder.

SCHANKE

It's okay my friend. That first stroll through the contents of a woman's purse is no walk in the park. Just be glad it wasn't Myra's. I still have nightmares about the curling iron with spikes.

Nick shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)



2 CONTINUED:

2

NICK

Why do they do it to themselves?

SCHANKE

Myra says we do it to them.

(snorts)

Like it's fun sleeping with a woman in sauna pants and curlers - Like I enjoy eating a triple cheese pizza alone in the garage. Like I - Hey! That's Brigitta Schnieder!

He drools over a counter display picture of a young model flaunting 'longer silkier lashes'.

SCHANKE

Man, that is one gorgeous woman. Too bad it's only a picture of her face - you should see the bod she's got - K I L L E R. I worship this woman.

NATALIE'S VOICE

That 'woman' happens to be fifteen years old.

They turn as Natalie approaches snapping off her sterile glove. Ignoring Schanke's look of shock, she turns to Nick.

NATALIE

The paramedics just called from the hospital. Looks like the salesgirl's gonna pull through. Slug shattered her collarbone. But she was healthy, she's in stable condition.

NICK

She was lucky.

He returns his attention to the counter and scattered purse contents.

NICK

(mumbling)

Very lucky.

SCHANKE

Fifteen?

Natalie looks at Schanke.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

2

NATALIE

What's with the big shock reaction?  
Everyone knows taking the credit  
away from pre-pubesence is the  
oldest trick in the cosmetics  
manufacturers' book.

(indicating the picture)

Buy this, look like that.

(sarcastic)

Thanks but I'll keep the cash and  
grow old gracefully.

Nick picks up the display and looks at it.

ON THE PICTURE of the young model as it becomes...

3 EXT. BALCONY - 1808 - GERMANY - NIGHT

3\*

TIGHT CLOSE ON: BARONESS SOPHIA's beautiful but tear-stained  
face. Her 35 years may have taken the blush off her beauty  
but the face is still striking. From within the house come  
the strains of MUSIC - Mozart's 'Eine Klein Nachtmuzik'.

BARONESS SOPHIA

(whispering)

Please, Nicolas. Don't let the  
weight of another day pull at me -  
at this face, this body...

Nick stares at her, unsure of what to say -

NICK

I think, Baroness...that the wine  
has perhaps -

BARONESS SOPHIA

(cutting him off)

Don't patronize me! I want an  
answer from you - I want you to  
tell me you'll do it.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

NICK

(after a beat; careful)

I don't know exactly what you are asking of me - You must be aware you're one of the most beautiful women in the country.

BARONESS SOPHIA

Was. Was.

(bitter)

Oh, Nicolas...I've barely had time to become acquainted with my youth -

(hoarse whisper)

I'm not ready to leave it behind so soon...I'm just not ready...

He opens his mouth to protest but her fingers fly to his lips to stop him. Beat. Slowly she presses a fingertip lightly, fleetingly, between his lips to expose his tooth - a normal tooth - but he pulls away gently.

BARONESS SOPHIA

(pleading)

Make me like you...Make me one of you...

Over Nick's startled expression we hear -

SCHANKE'S VOICE

So what's your secret of youth?

4 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE/COSMETICS COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

4

Natalie gives Nick a little smile as she walks away.

SCHANKE

What? What's with the look?

\*

5 INT. CORONER'S VAN - NIGHT

5

We hear the ENGINE REVVING UP as Natalie pulls open the rear door.

NATALIE

(calling to the driver)

Wait a sec, Eddie. The tag fell out.

She hits the light switch and climbs over to the bag with a yellow ID tag in her hand. She unzips the bag all the way and attaches the tag to one toe... She zips it up again - almost shut - then hesitates, a puzzled look on her face.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Leaning closer, she unzips the bag a little to reveal -  
Norma's face - around it her dark hair is streaked with  
GREY. Natalie's gloved hand lifts a strand.

She looks at it. Strange. Beat. As she puzzles over it...we  
HEAR OVER

KIKI'S VOICE

(sexy;thru phone)

Hi, this is Kiki. Norma and I  
aren't home.

As she rezips the bag we go to

6 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE ENTRANCE - PAYPHONE AREA - NIGHT

6\*

SCHANKE, payphone to his ear with Nick nearby.

KIKI'S VOICE

(message cont'd;thru  
phone)

We're probably at the beach,  
stretched out in the warm sun, our  
bodies covered in oil (giggles)  
Never mind. Just leave a message  
and we'll get back to you.

BEEP. He hangs up and hands the little address book back to  
Nick.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

NICK

No answer?

SCHANKE

Machine. Sounds like she lives with a roommate.

(re;address book)

Sure there's no family in there?

NICK

Not that I can find.

(beat;considering)

We better go over there.

SCHANKE

Come on, Knight. It's late. I've already done a full shift. Just because you feel weirdly sorry for her shouldn't mean I can't call her in the morning - or let a uniform notify her next of kin. Forget it. No way.

\*

\*

\*

7 INT. NORMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

7

KNOCK KNOCK. The door drifts open an inch or two.

NICK

Hello? Anybody home?

KIKI'S VOICE

(from beyond)

Come on in! I'll be there in a sec.

Nick and Schanke come in and look around the large space littered with mirrors, tossed clothing, a Stairmaster with a copy of GLAMOUR draped over the handrail, and a couple of very dated-looking oil landscapes in heavy frames.

SCHANKE

Nice decorating job. I don't know whether I'm in a sorority house, a gym or a museum.

NICK

It is rather 'ecclectic' -

SCHANKE

Yeah...reminds me of your place.

KIKI'S VOICE

Hi!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

They turn to see Norma's 22 year-old roommate, KIKI, backing in the door with a basket of laundry. She's wearing an oversized HAMMERTIME T-shirt and not much else.

KIKI  
Something tells me you aren't the Stairmaster repair men.

NICK  
I'm detective Knight and this is detective Schanke.

KIKI  
(Uh-oh)  
The party last night was too noisy, wasn't it? I knew we should have invited Mrs. Birch.

SCHANKE  
(hating this part)  
Ah...That's not why we're here.

NICK  
You're Norma Dean's roommate?

Kiki looks from one to the other. She can tell by their faces it's not good news.

KIKI  
Why?

8 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

8

The doors bump inward as an assistant enters, Natalie behind him, to transfer the body bag to the freezer. As he exits with the empty gurney, Natalie closes the freezer door with an ECHOING CLANK. She pauses. Beat. Looks up at a strand of her hair that hangs down in front of her face. She squints at her hair. Frowns. Is that a grey one? Turning, she reaches up to separate it from the rest and - Naaah.

\*

She walks out, annoyed with herself.

9 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

9

Nick's caddie cruises along.

10 INT. CADDIE - NIGHT

10

Schanke slouches down in the seat.

SCHANKE

Where to next? Yoseff's Garage to notify the mechanic who works on her Cabriolet? Why can't her roommate break the news to her employer?

NICK

Because it's our responsibility to notify the family and because, according to Kiki, her employer is the closest thing she has to family.

SCHANKE

Yeah, but it's something else, too. You're on a mission about something.

NICK

A mission?

SCHANKE

Yeah. Like that time when you wouldn't let Stonetree book the church hall for the policeman's raffle.

NICK

(sighs)

I guess I do feel a little sorry for Norma Dean...

SCHANKE

The question is why? She tried to kill an innocent person over a little thing of makeup.

NICK

Maybe it's just that there's something sad about it. Young girl like that, no prior convictions...

(beat; almost to himself)

She had a library card in her purse.

SCHANKE

(askance)

Now that's a wonderful reason for us to be driving all over town...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

SCHANKE (cont'd)

(beat)

Meanwhile, bad guys by the thousands are having a field day - tearing up the city, making a mockery of the concepts of law and order.

11 INT. SPA - NIGHT

11

A sea of curvaceous spandex and pumping limbs amongst the machinery.

REVERSE TO SEE Nick and Schanke standing by a pink neon sign - "THE SPA EXPERIENCE". The former's jaw hangs slack.

SCHANKE

I say we question every single one of them.

A gorgeous YOUNG WOMAN in tight spa-issue aerobics togs, appears cheerfully in front of them.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hi boys. Here to pick up girlfriends? Wives? 'Cause we guarantee they'll look even better than when you dropped them off! Were they spa, personal training or mud wrap?

SCHANKE

Mud wrap?  
(to Nick)  
Myra in a mud wrap? Ahoy.

Schanke chuckles at his own joke as he reaches for a promo flyer. Just then, a musclebound ADONIS glides past with TRAINER written on his shirt. Schanke's smile fades. Nick grins.

NICK

Maybe Myra would like this place.

Beat. Schanke tears up the flyer.

SCHANKE

I love her just the way she is.

NICK

(to Young Woman)  
We're here on police business. Is there a manager we could see?

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED: 11

She points...

WE SEE A BOUNCING BODY

BERNICE APPLEBAUM, aerobics instructor, 24, leading a class.

Their reactions. Impressed.

12 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT 12

Natalie rewinds the tape in her microcassette. Stops it.  
Picks up the microphone and pushes record.

NATALIE  
Testing testing. Okay.

She replays it.

NATALIE'S VOICE  
(from machine)  
Testing testing.

CLICK. She turns to the body bag on her exam table and  
reaches for her gloves -

13 INTERCUT - BEAUTY SPA/WEIGHT ROOM - 'ADONIS' 13

appearing above us, upside down. LOUD MUSIC. The RHYTHMIC  
CLANK of nautilus...

Adonis leans, meaty hands on his knees, staring down at  
AGNES on a bench on her back under a barbell. She groans as  
she lowers the weight into its bracket.

AGNES  
Okay. I'm wiped. That's enough for  
today. \*  
\*

ADONIS  
(taunting)  
Oh, you wanna quit, huh? You wanna  
get fat and ugly too?

She slides out from under it, giving him a disgusted glare.

ADONIS  
Where do you think you're going? \*

She stops, looking in surprise at the meaty hand clamped on  
her arm. \*

14 INT. BERNICE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

14

Bernice comes in rubbing her hair with a towel. Nick and Schanke are waiting for her.

BERNICE

I'm Bernice Applebaum. Debbie said you wanted to see me.

She tosses the towel in a corner and shakes their hands.

SCHANKE

You had an employee by the name of Norma Dean?

The wording catches her. She looks at them.

BERNICE

Had?

15 INTERCUT - MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

15

Natalie approaches the bag, pulling on her gloves.

16 INTERCUT - BERNICE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

16

Bernice looks from one to the other in alarm.

BERNICE

Had?

NICK

...I'm afraid she's dead.

BERNICE

(shock;disbelief)

I - I beg your pardon?

SCHANKE

She was shot by a department store security guard.

BERNICE

What? Why?

NICK

...She shot at a saleswoman.

Bernice stands there, staring at them in numb shock.

17 INTERCUT - WEIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

17

Agnes looks up from the hand clamped on her arm to the hand's owner. A moment of frozen silence passes between them as she stares into his beefy face.

AGNES  
(controlled)  
Take your hand off me.

17A INTERCUT - BERNICE'S OFFICE

17A

Bernice stares at Nick and Schanke.

BERNICE  
She...killed someone?

SCHANKE  
Almost. Looks like the saleslady's going to be okay.

BERNICE  
Oh my god...She was like family to me...

She sinks to her chair, a sob in her throat. Nick frowns. This is hard.

17B INTERCUT - WEIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

17B

Agnes wrenches her arm free. She glares at him. Speaks in a low, even warning tone.

AGNES  
I said we're done. I don't feel like it any more, okay?

ADONIS  
(teasing; mock babytalk)  
What is it this time? A headache?...Come on - One more rep. Your hips'll thank me.

Beat. She stares at him, tense.

AGNES  
I said no, you stupid son-of-a--

But he doesn't give her time to finish. Getting inventive, he grabs her around the waist and lifts her.

The horror of humiliation on her face as he pushes her easily into the seat of a leg press. She tries to struggle away but he, smiling, chiding, holds her firmly in place.

(CONTINUED)

17B CONTINUED:

17B

ADONIS

Look at it this way - If I let go  
of you, Babe - you start sagging.

A strange look on her face. She stops struggling. A free  
weight comes INTO FOCUS in the foreground.

18 INTERCUT - BERNICE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

18

The stress of grief coming over her face, numbness.

BERNICE

Norma...dead....

19 INTERCUT - WEIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

19

Agnes' hand darts to grab the free weight and bring it  
smashing down -- Adonis takes the blow to his head and  
falls, crashing into the mirror behind him - shattering it.  
We MOVE IN ON his lifeless staring form as a small pool of  
blood gathers behind his head...

20 INTERCUT - MORGUE - NATALIE

20

as she zips down the length of the bag until we see the  
yellow tag with Norma Dean written on it - attached to her  
toe. She pulls apart the sides of the bag - and GASPS.

IN THE BAG is the body of an old woman.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21 INT. SPA - WEIGHT TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 21

Agnes, some blood spattered on her lycra, drops the barbell and backs away from the body of the trainer. The crowd around her is giving her a wide berth, moaning and turning away sickened. She breaks away from them and staggers for the door.

Nick and Schanke emerge from Bernice's office just in time to see the spa door swing shut behind her. Off Bernice's GASP of horror - they see the trainer.

Schanke draws his gun and Nick takes off after Agnes.

22 EXT. SPA - NIGHT 22

Agnes hurrying, erratic, through the parking lot. Disappears around a building.

Nick emerges from the spa, searching. He runs through the parking lot, stopping to listen for a HEARTBEAT - He HEARS one...

NICK'S VAMP POV

A building at the end of the lot. WE WALK TOWARDS IT, SLOWING...

Nick turns a corner and stops when he sees...

AGNES crouched down, rocking on her heels. A confused look on her face. She looks up at Nick.

AGNES

...I can't remember where I parked my car...It's the most ridiculous thing...

On Nick's reaction - as Schanke comes puffing up behind him. He indicates for Schanke to put away his gun. They both stare at her.

23 EXT. SPA - NIGHT 23

Ambulance. Flashing lights. Agnes is handcuffed and guided into the back of a cherrytop. In the FOREGROUND, Nick and Schanke with Stonetree.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

STONETREE

Any evidence of drugs? Some kinda steroids maybe?

NICK

Doesn't look like it so far. And her locker was clean. Witnesses say she just snapped.

STONETREE

Yeah, well...there's always a reason.

(beat)

What were you guys doing here?

SCHANKE

It's a long story.

STONETREE

I like long stories.

NICK

Norma Dean worked here. We came here to notify what I guess you'd call her 'surrogate family'.

\*  
\*

STONETREE

Norma Dean - The department store shooter?

Nick nods. Stonetree frowns.

STONETREE

Two unexplained reflex murders in one night. Some coincidence.

NICK

Maybe even too much of one.

STONETREE

What are you thinking, Knight?

NICK

I have absolutely no idea.

The squad car passing in front of them stops. The COP driving rolls down the window.

COP

(to Nick)

Detective Knight - Doctor Lambert's been trying to reach you. Says it's urgent. She wants you at the morgue A.S.A.P.

Off Nick's reaction we

24 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

24

ZIIIP. Natalie steps back for Nick to see.

NICK  
Who is it?

She gives him an intense look. SHE'S still visibly shaken.

NATALIE  
Norma Dean.

Nick frowns as he looks down again.

NICK'S POV/THE TABLE

A very OLD WOMAN.

NICK  
(confused)  
Can't be. She wasn't more than  
twenty seven - at the most.

NATALIE  
No she wasn't - when I put her in  
the bag, that is. Then I put her  
away for a couple of hours and this  
is what I found.  
(off his reaction)  
It's not a mistake, Nick. Believe  
me - I've checked every  
possibility.

NICK  
Someone didn't switch the bodies-?

NATALIE  
That's what I thought at first -  
then I compared this woman's blood  
and tissue samples with the  
original blood on the bullet - I  
tested with anti-sera for  
clumping, checked the white counts  
and did an antibody match. I've  
yet to run up a DNA - but I gotta  
tell you, Nick...this is her.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Nick stares at the body, trying to accept what Natalie is  
saying.

NICK  
Any idea at all what it could be?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

NATALIE

None. After I'd made sure the cooling system wasn't malfunctioning, confirmed the med students weren't playing any practical jokes - and given myself a breathalizer test -

She picks up a folder. Opens it for him.

NATALIE

I went back to the blood sample... and found this.

Nick looks at the folder.

NICK

(reading)

Unidentified virus.

He looks up.

NATALIE

At least it's a new one on me.

NICK

So it could be some kind of infection.

NATALIE

Except that the viruses I found had all been killed so I don't know how they could have had an effect.

They stare at the body, perplexed.

NICK

Unless they were injected already dead. Like a vaccine.

She looks at him in surprise.

NATALIE

Yes. A vaccine for something else.

Nick, thinking, hands her back the folder.

NICK

Something that causes violent erratic behavior...?

They look at each other. Natalie's got something else on her mind.

(CONTINUED)



24 CONTINUED: 2

24

NATALIE

Well, now that there's at least the potential for a medical explanation...

He knows instantly what she's about to say.

NICK

Rather than a supernatural one.

NATALIE

(she nods;hesitant)

That's why I called for you - I haven't told anyone else. I just didn't know what else to think -

NICK

Well one thing's for sure - If she were a vampire she wouldn't be dead of a gunshot.

NATALIE

I didn't think so. Besides...When vampires die, don't they just...

NICK

Disappear.

She nods.

NATALIE

You should know about something else...

She pulls something from a baggie and hands it to him.

NICK

What is it?

NATALIE

It was in her back pocket...

(beat)

Her social security check.

They look at one another, Nick now as concerned as Natalie.

25 INT. PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

25

Bernice is exhausted and confused. She's been crying. Nick watches, sympathy on his face.

BERNICE

I told you....I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

SCHANKE

(annoyed)

You didn't notice anything unusual about their behavior? Nothing at all?

BERNICE

No...They both seemed fine.

SCHANKE

I don't get it. They both seemed fine to someone who says she'd known each of them a long time - and then they both, in the same day, fly off the handle to accomplish one attempted and one successful murder - I mean - unless there's something coming through the pipes at the gym-

\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

Schanke...That's probably enough for one night.

Schanke gives him a look. Pulls him aside.

SCHANKE

She must know more, Nick.

NICK

Look, I've got a few questions for her myself...It's just that she's obviously at the end of her rope. Give it a rest, okay?

SCHANKE

(beat)

Alright, alright.

Schanke goes to the door. With a look to Nick, he leaves. Nick turns to Bernice.

BERNICE

I'm happy to answer questions - It's just that I don't know what more I can add-

NICK

It's okay. Really. There's time for that later.

(beat)

Come on. I'll give you a ride home.

She hesitates...

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 2

25

BERNICE

I...um...I don't really think I  
want to go home, actually. I don't  
know if I can be alone.

Beat. Nick looks at her.

NICK

(gently)

I understand. What about a friend -  
a relative? Somewhere you can  
recover a little -

She doesn't respond.

NICK

Let it out?

She looks up. Beat. Nods slowly.

BERNICE

Yes. That would be good. That would  
help a lot. Let it out...

26 INT. RAVEN - NIGHT

26

MUSIC so loud it's earsplitting. Strobing lights. Go-go  
cancers on platforms. A scene.

BERNICE

on the dance floor, moving hard to the music - on her face  
the ecstasy of oblivion, and sweat. Nick watches her from  
the bar. He's fascinated, somewhat puzzled by her. Janette  
appears beside him.

NICK

She certainly has a strange way of  
coping with tragedy.

JANETTE

We could outlast her any century,  
Nicolas.

NICK

What makes you so sure?

Janette smiles in surprise.

JANETTE

Feeling our age, are we?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

NICK

Sometimes it's hard not to.

She smiles.

JANETTE

Relax. Your mid-life crisis is at least a millenium away.

They watch as Bernice wears out another partner and exchanges him for another.

NICK

Someone should figure out how to bottle that. Youthful vitality.

JANETTE

It's not vitality, it's desperation. They all dance as if Father Time were shooting bullets at their feet.

(she smiles)

But then again, I suppose he is...

She takes a sip of 'wine'.

NICK

Sure you aren't just a little envious of them - I mean, you may still have youth - but they still have enthusiasm.

JANETTE

Their enthusiasm will fade soon enough, Nick...as they watch each younger generation arrive to cut in on their dance... turn their possessions into artifacts...store their pictures in dusty attics...

Nick turns away from this incredibly cynical observation and we follow his gaze...into the gyrating mass of bodies which become...

27 EXT. BALCONY - GERMANY 1808 - NIGHT

27

The reflection of candle flames within, flickering on the panes of french doors. Beyond them, beyond the curtains drifting in the breeze, a small gathering with a beautiful young MISTRESS seated in the center of an adoring court of men. We PULL AWAY from this scene to include BARONESS SOPHIA on the balcony...as she turns to Nick.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

BARONESS SOPHIA

(weary)

And so it goes...She's younger than the last.

NICK

The Baron is discreet, Baroness -

BARONESS SOPHIA

Unfortunately, it is not his discretion I want.

NICK

In that case, you are both powerful and wealthy - There is no reason for you not to take a lover.

She stares at him, smiles faintly.

BARONESS SOPHIA

Yes. I can buy one, can't I?  
(her smile fades)  
How desperately pathetic.

NICK

I didn't mean -

BARONESS SOPHIA

I know what you meant but forgive me if my expectations run somewhat above the norm.

(beat)

Do you think I'm still beautiful, Nicolas?

NICK

Beautiful and intelligent. Which is something youth never guarantees.

She gives him a strange look.

BARONESS SOPHIA

You're trying to make me believe you truly care about me.

NICK

I do truly care about you.

BARONESS SOPHIA

It isn't my library you care about - or my parties...or the smell...of the blood of my guests?...

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 2

27

Nick is startled by this but she moves closer, her fingers curl around the fabric of his lapels, to hold him there.

BARONESS SOPHIA

Don't try to protest. I've figured out what you are. I know why you decline my invitations to hunt in the afternoon - Because you hunt only at night!

Nick recoils from her but she holds tight.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 3

27

BARONESS SOPHIA

Don't. My intelligence is the only thing I'm sure of now and I've read enough of the world and things in it to know what I see before me.

NICK

(darkly)

Then you're intelligent enough to know when to leave something alone.

BARONESS SOPHIA

How can I when I know immortality and unperishable beauty are within a breath of your consent?

NICK

(slowly)

Drop this dangerous delusion-

BARONESS SOPHIA

Then tell me I'm more attractive than his latest mistress. Tell me my intelligence makes me so much more appealing. If you won't make me one of you - Tell me you'll make me your lover -

A VOICE behind them interrupts.

MISTRESS

Nicolas?

They turn to see the Mistress from inside standing at the door. She smiles at Nick and holds up a note.

MISTRESS

Your invitation for a walk in the garden. Shall we go now?

The Baroness throws a look of incredible pain and irony at Nick.

28 INT. RAVEN - NIGHT

28

WE PULL BACK from Nick's face as the strobing lights illuminate the pain of his memory.

JANETTE

She comes here often.

NICK

Bernice?

JANETTE

She and her friends - maybe twice a week. I give them free cover, free drinks. Doesn't hurt business to have beautiful young women in the place.

NICK

Her friends?

A thought occurs to him -

NICK

Norma? Agnes?

JANETTE

Yes. I believe those are their names, why?

But Nick is watching Bernice with a strange intensity.

29 INT. CADDIE - NIGHT

29

ANGLE THRU WINDSHIELD

At Nick as he drives. He glances over and we follow...to Bernice beside him. She stares ahead, unspeaking, lost in dull thoughts.

NICK

You're very quiet.

She doesn't look up.

BERNICE

Hmm?

NICK

How do you feel?

BERNICE

Oh...fine...

He stops the car at a building.

(CONTINUED)



29 CONTINUED:

29

NICK

Is this it?

She slowly moves her head to look out the window. Nods.  
She's a zombie - like someone who's had the plug pulled.

BERNICE

Thank you for taking care of me. I  
guess I need some sleep now.

He studies her, curiously.

NICK

You really knocked yourself out in  
there didn't you?

She nods slowly, not really listening.

NICK

The owner's a friend of mine. She  
says you and your friends are in  
there a couple of times a  
week...Would that have been Norma  
and Agnes?

BERNICE

Yes. Norma and Agnes...and some  
others...

NICK

I need to talk to you about  
Norma...Maybe tomorrow. Are you  
sure you're alright?

Bernice turns to look at him, study his face. She sees the  
concern in his eyes and smiles slowly. Places her hand on  
his arm. It's a strange gesture - like appreciation, but  
everything very slow...

BERNICE

Thank you very much for your  
kindness. For taking care of me  
tonight.

NICK

I know death is never easy to deal  
with.

Bernice considers this for a while.

BERNICE

It's the being left behind that's  
hard. Isn't it?...It's the being  
left behind...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 2

29

NICK

That's very true.

She looks away. Reflective.

BERNICE

Norma was Miss Calgary Stampede,  
you know...I can never remember  
which year...It always escapes me.

(beat)

It was just after the war...

She looks at him with the faintest hint of a sad smile. Then leans across and kisses him on the mouth. After a couple of seconds, she pulls away. Nick watches her as she pauses, staring out the window. Her smile fades. Beat. She turns to get out of the car.

BERNICE

Goodnight, detective.

Nick is left to watch her, a strange look on his face.

30 EXT. BERNICE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

30

Nick waits in the car as Bernice walks slowly to her front door. At the door, she pulls out her key and, turning to see Nick still there waiting, she holds it up - a signal for him to go. He drives off.

Bernice lifts the key to the lock - It slips out of her hand and falls between cracks in the porch. She gropes for it, to no avail. Standing, with a disgusted noise, she stares at the door. Beat. Reaches in her purse...

And with a gun, shoots off the doorknob.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

31 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

31

A brooding Nick sits at the piano, gently picking out the tune of Mozart's 'Eine Klein Nachtmuzik' (Or we could use the shot of him leaning against the window listening to his stereo playing this music) He is thinking of the Baroness. Bernice's words ECHO OVER:

BERNICE

(OVER)

It's the being left behind that's hard....

32 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

32

Nick comes in the door and bumps into Natalie who's on her way out.

NATALIE

Nick - I've been looking for you-

She steers him towards the privacy of the interview room, digging in her briefcase as she goes.

33 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

33

Natalie brings Nick in, checking to make sure they're alone, then turns to him. She stops, seeing instantly there's something wrong.

NATALIE

Hey what is it? What's wrong?

At first, he's a little caught off guard. Tries to shrug it off.

NATALIE

Come on. Tell me. I know when something's up with you.

NICK

I don't know -

(searching)

I'm worried for someone.

NATALIE

Who?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

He thinks about this question. Takes a long time to answer.

NICK

Someone I hardly know actually...

(beat;shakes his head)

It's strange. This whole case has had me feeling odd these last couple of days.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 2

33

NICK (cont'd)

(beat)

It's had me thinking of someone I once knew...Someone I'm afraid I let down a long time ago.

NATALIE

Do you want to talk about it?

NICK

There isn't really much to talk about. It's in the past - where it belongs, I guess...What is it you wanted to see me about?

Beat. She pulls a paper out of her briefcase and hands it to him.

NATALIE

A fax from the Center for Disease Control. I sent them an electron image of that wierd virus just to see if they maybe knew what it was.

NICK

And did they?

NATALIE

They sure did. It's been extinct for over three hundred years.

NICK

If it's been extinct, how were they able to identify it?

NATALIE

The most recent sample - besides ours - was found in Northern Europe - or should I say, exhumed in Europe...from the grave of a man buried three hundred years ago.

On Nick as he reacts. Thinks.

NICK

The most recent?

NATALIE

It was a strain of flu virus apparently quite common until it just burnt itself out around the end of the eighteenth century.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 3

33

NICK

I guess that puts a crimp in our vaccine theory.

NATALIE

(beat)

And adds weight to another one?

NICK

But we both know it can't be. If she'd been bitten by a vampire... she wouldn't be alive - Unless zombie's your definition of 'alive' - And if she was a vampire, she wouldn't be dead.

NATALIE

Couldn't there be something else out there - some kind of Dorian Gray thing. I mean, if you can exist -

Beat. He has no answer to this.

NICK

(skeptical)

Something I haven't encountered in eight hundred years and several continents?

(frustrated)

What about the diet pills?

NATALIE

Nothing. Just your average appetite suppressants.

(beat)

So...I should go ahead and file the autopsy report?

Nick thinks hard.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 4

33

NICK

Not yet.

She looks at him.

SCHANKE'S VOICE

Hey Knight!

They turn to see Schanke at the door.

34 INT. PRECINCT

34

As Nick and Natalie come out into the hallway.

SCHANKE

You know that social security check  
you had me look up?

NICK

What did you find?

SCHANKE

That it wasn't fake.

Nick frowns in surprise. Natalie looks at him.

SCHANKE

Must be some kind of scam she had  
going - Maybe happened into it  
somehow - computer error or  
something.

NATALIE

You mean - she has a government  
pension?

SCHANKE

Yep. Sweet deal, huh? Makes me a  
little nervous I'm gonna hit  
sixty-five, cruise down to the  
mailbox with visions of beachchairs  
bobbing in my head - only to  
discover an apology and a promisory  
note from some twenty six year-old  
hacker living the good life in  
Brazil.

NICK

Did we ever find a driver's  
license?

SCHANKE

Assumed she'd lost it.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

NICK

Check with Motor Vehicles. I'd be interested to see a copy.

A Cop from accross the room calls to Nick.

COP

Knight. Phone.

Nick picks up.

NICK

Knight here...

He nods, hangs up. Heads for the door -

NICK

Anyone asks for me, I'm down in lock-up.

(beat; stopping; to Nat)

Have you got a minute? You might be able to help out here.

35 INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

35

Agnes stands slowly at the sound of the door. She moves to the front of the cell, standing a little stooped, rubbing her hands as if they're very sore. She looks older, tired.

AGNES

Is that Dr.Jurgen?

Nick and Natalie come around the corner. She shies away.

AGNES

No. I want Dr. Jurgen. - My hands, my shoulders hurt.

Nick and Natalie exchange looks.

NICK

(to Agnes)

Hasn't the prison doctor been in to see you?

AGNES

I need my doctor. I need my medication.

Nick reacts.

NATALIE

What kind of medication?

(CONTINUED)



35 CONTINUED:

35

She's not going to say. He pauses. Strategy.

NICK

Well, we can get the prison doctor back -

AGNES

No! The prison doctor's a psychiatrist, damn you! I need Dr. Jurgen.

She glares at Nick. He his slightly taken aback by her adamance.

NICK

Alright. I'll try to get Dr. Jurgen for you but you have to tell me where she is.

Agnes stares at him, momentarily puzzled.

AGNES

I'm not sure...She does consultations at the spa.

NATALIE

Consultations? - She's a sports medicine doctor?

AGNES

(distracted)

No. She's a plastic surgeon. \*

Off Nick's reaction...

36 INT. SPA - NIGHT

36

A blender filled with juice. A Spa Experience employee scoops in a variety of herbs, spirulina, protein powder - anything - then hits a switch and the contents blur. In the BACKGROUND, Nick and Natalie enter.

The place is packed and thumping as usual.

NATALIE

Somehow this doesn't strike me as the kind of place you'd expect to find a plastic surgery practice.

NICK

Funny, I was just thinking the opposite.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

NATALIE

You have a point. You think Norma Dean could have been a patient too?

NICK

Hopefully, we'll have an answer very soon. Shall we spread out?

NATALIE

I wouldn't use that expression in here, Nick.

37 INT. BERNICE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

37

Darkness. KNOCK KNOCK. The door opens to reveal Nick, Natalie behind him.

BERNICE'S VOICE

Shut the door and get out.

NICK

Bernice?

Bernice turns in her chair, surprised, apologetic.

BERNICE

Nick - I'm sorry -

She stops when she sees Natalie.

NICK

Bernice, this is Natalie Lambert -

Bernice swivels away, hiding her face.

BERNICE

I'm a mess. If you could come back later-

Nick turns on the light. Bernice scrambles for a desk drawer, finds a brush and starts dragging it frantically through her hair, cowering away from there sight.

Natalie gives Nick a strange look.

Beat. Nick walks around towards Bernice.

NICK'S POV

Bernice's hands tremble as she fumbles with a tube of lipstick.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

NICK

You really don't have to do that.

BERNICE

Yes I do. You have no idea how bad I look without makeup.

She's trying to sound light but there is a desperation in her voice.

NICK

Come on-

BERNICE

Stay away.

He stops. She continues to dig in her bag, crouching over a small mirror, her back defensively to Nick.

NICK

Bernice, I wanted to ask you about Doctor Jurgen.

The fumbling stops.

NICK

Agnes was desperate to see her. I promised to see what I could do about bringing her to the prison.

BERNICE

Did she say why she wanted to see her?

NICK

She wouldn't.

The fumbling begins again.

BERNICE

Doctor Jurgen's already left.

NICK

Do you know where her regular practice is?

He stares at her, perplexed. Takes a step closer.

NICK

Bernice, why are you doing this?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 2

37

BERNICE

Don't you dare come another step closer. I'm not ready. I'm not ready.

Something is very wrong with her. He reaches for her arm. She reacts instantly, flinging it to smash him across the face - but Nick moves away in time and grabs both her arms.  
ON NICK

his look of shock and concern.

NICK'S POV

Bernice as he holds her arms. Her hair is a matted mess. Her face is smeared grotesquely with make up - the way a child looks when she is trying to imitate maturity...the way an old woman looks when she is trying to imitate youth...

NICK

Bernice, what's happened to you?

BERNICE

(eerily)

You just don't realize what it takes to be beautiful.

38 EXT. BALCONY - GERMANY 1808 - NIGHT

38\*

ON NICK

As he turns slowly to face the billowing curtains.

BARONESS SOPHIA

Nicolas, I'm so happy to see you're still here!

The Baroness emerges from within, through the curtains. She stands smiling, radiant. Nick's expression changes from surprise to happiness as he sees the completely content expression on her face. \*

NICK

I was rather afraid you'd never be happy to see me again.

BARONESS SOPHIA

I'll never be anything but happy again.

A flicker across his face. Strange words.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Then JANETTE appears beside her, emerging through the curtains as well.

Nick's smile turns to a frown of dread. Janette places a possessive arm around the Baroness's waist and holds Nick's gaze with a triumphant one of her own. Slowly, she lifts her hand to the Baroness' chin and tilts it to one side for Nick to see --

The TWO PUNCTURE MARKS at her throat.

Nick's horror and sadness as he shakes his head slowly...

JANETTE

Sometimes it takes a woman,  
Nicolas, to understand another  
woman's plight.

From within, the MUSIC suddenly grows LOUDER. \*

39 INT. PRISON - NIGHT

39

HANDS banging on the bars.

Agnes pushes herself away and comes up hard against the wall. She is SOBBING. As she slides down the wall, her face passes through a stripe of light and we see -- grey hair and the beginnings signs of an ageing face. A Prison guard steps into view through the bars with keys JINGLING. A dark shape behind him, hangs back.

AGNES

(sobbing)

Why won't they bring me my doctor?  
I need her so badly -

PRISON GUARD

Okay. okay, that's enough. Your  
doctor is here, alright?

Agnes stops crying and looks up, standing slowly, hopeful as, from behind the Guard -

A FAMILIAR VOICE

Shhh, Agnes. I am here.  
Everything's alright now.

And as the Guard opens the cell, standing back to let her come forward into the light - we recognize the voice's owner - BARONESS SOPHIA.

AGNES

Oh, Doctor - thank God.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

And Baroness Sophia is DOCTOR JURGEN.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

40 INT. BERNICE'S OFFICE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

40

Nick goes to Bernice and crouches, taking her hands. He and Natalie exchange worried looks.

NICK

Bernice - Tell us what we can do to help. I know you're grieving for your friend -

She pulls away from him.

BERNICE

No! Leave me alone. I just want to be alone. I'm tired, alright? I'm tired of...trying.

YOUNG WOMAN

(thru intercom)

Bernice, there's a call for detective Knight on line three.

Nick and Natalie look at one another.

NICK

I'll take it outside.

She nods.

41 INT. SPA/RECEPTION AREA

41

Nick takes the phone from the Young Woman at the desk. She is getting ready to leave.

YOUNG WOMAN

Tell Bernice I'm outta here, okay?

NICK

(into phone)

Knight here.

Beat. As he listens, his face darkens with concern.

NICK

(into phone)

I'll be right there.

Behind him, Natalie comes out of Bernice's office, shutting the door behind her. She sees Nick's expression as he hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

NICK

Agnes Ferguson's escaped from lock up.

Off Natalie's surprise, he glances in the direction of Bernice's door.

NICK

I'm worried about her, Nat. Everyone's gone home and I don't want to leave her here.

NATALIE

We can't force her to come with us.  
(beat)  
You go. I'll stay here with her.

Thankful, he leaves. Natalie watches him go. Beat. She turns back to Bernice's office and reaches for the knob...Locked.

Off Natalie's expression -

42 INT. PRECINCT LOCK-UP - NIGHT

42

Schanke stands at the threshold of the empty cell with a GUARD who looks nervous and perplexed. He demonstrates the lock on the door.

SCHANKE

It works fine.

GUARD

I don't understand it myself.

SCHANKE

(beat; shaking his head)  
No. We have to go over this again. You were guarding the lockup... Everything was fine - nothing out of the ordinary... You weren't sleepy or tired or anything... From where you were standing you could see Agnes Ferguson in her cell..

GUARD

She was right there.

SCHANKE

Door locked.

GUARD

Just like it was after her meal was taken away.

(CONTINUED)



42 CONTINUED:

42

SCHANKE

And then you...looked again...and she was - gone.

GUARD

...Yeah.

SCHANKE

(beat)

Nothing in-between happened?

The guard shakes his head, clearly upset that this is the story he has to tell but having no choice because -it's the truth.

SCHANKE

(frustrated)

There's no damage to the door. It was clearly your key that unlocked it for her.

GUARD

I'm telling you I didn't see her leave. And I'd remember if I'd opened the door for her.

With Nick as a uniformed officer leads him down into the lock-up.

SCHANKE

You're asking me to believe something impossible.

(to Nick)

He says he never saw anything yet he admits he never left. There's a computation error here.

As Nick approaches the empty cell, his expression registers something...Something strange, as if he senses something he can't explain. (EERIE VAMPIRE CO-RECOGNITION SOUND EFFECT)  
Beat.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 2

42

SCHANKE

(to Nick)

Unless you have some any idea- A  
conspiracy theory or something -  
Something we can all at least  
cling to -

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

But Nick is lost in his own thoughts.

\*

NICK

(under his breath; as if  
trying to come to grips  
with the suspicion)

...Another...

As Schanke frowns, Nick turns suddenly to the Guard. Looks  
hard at him.

NICK

Did she have any visitors?

GUARD

(suddenly confused)

I...I don't think so...No. I don't  
think so.

SCHANKE

The absent-minded prison guard.

Ignoring him, Nick locks eyes with the Guard.

NICK

(hypnotizing)

Tell me if Agnes Ferguson had any  
visitors.

The Guard stares back, transfixed.

GUARD

...Her doctor.

Commotion behind them. Nick doesn't let go.

NICK

Did her doctor help her escape?

GUARD

Yes.

NICK

How?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 3

42

GUARD

...Told me to unlock the door...  
told me to forget...

The Guard almost staggers as Nick releases his hypnotic hold. WE MOVE IN on the expression on Nick's face - a dreaded realization.

43 INT. BERNICE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

43

Bernice leans against the door, sobbing.

NATALIE'S VOICE

(thru the door)

Please open up, Bernice. You need  
to talk to someone - talk to me.

(beat;desperate)

I'm a doctor - Maybe there's  
something I can-

BERNICE

(suddenly furious)

No more doctors!

She reaches up and rips a mirror off the wall - Hurles it  
against the door -

44 EXT. SPA/OUTSIDE DOOR - NATALIE

44

Jumps back at the sound of GLASS SHATTERING against the  
door.

45 INTERCUT - BERNICE

45

She picks up a piece of the glass and studies it....Holds it  
up.

BERNICE

(quietly;pathetically)

No more doctors.

46 INTERCUT - NATALIE

46

She knows she has to get in but how? She backs away from the  
door, looking around. Everyone has gone. She sees the closed  
door marked "DR. JURGEN" and tries it. Locked. Beat. She  
pulls a bobby pin out of her hair and jabs it in. After a  
few seconds of manipulation, a CLICK.

47 INT. NICK'S CADDIE - NIGHT

47

Schanke rides shotgun, the cellphone in his hand.

SCHANKE

(into phone)

That's right, Norma Dean. D E A  
N....Uh-huh...Uh-huh...Thank you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

SCHANKE (cont'd)

(hanging up)

I can't believe you just let me  
make a long distance call on your  
car phone - You know how much that  
costs?

NICK

What year?

SCHANKE

Nineteen forty-five.  
(oblivious to Nick's  
frown)

I'll try again when we get to the  
spa. Librarian obviously didn't  
have her facts straight.

NICK

(tense)

Actually, Schanke...

(thinking fast)

- I've changed my mind about going  
there.

SCHANKE

Huh? What about Nat - Don't we have  
to pick her up?

NICK

(pulling over)

I have to go check on something -  
But I have to check it out by  
myself.

SCHANKE

Wha-?

But Nick is already out of the car.

NICK

Go back to the precinct. I'll meet  
you there.

And he's gone. Schanke shakes his head.

SCHANKE

I can't believe how often he does  
this to me.

\*

\*

He slides behind the wheel and shakes his head.

48 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

48

Nick rounds a corner and checks to see that no one is around before he springs into the air.

49 EXT. CITY - NIGHT 49  
AERIAL POV - the city below.

50 EXT. HEALTH SPA - NIGHT 50  
A car pulls up. Out gets Dr. Jurgen with Agnes. She tries to move her quickly to the door.

AGNES  
Please - Slower. I really hurt all over.

Dr. Jurgen turns to Agnes and gets a look at her face. Frowning with concern as she sees the deepening creases and greying hair, she cups it in her hands.

DR.JURGEN  
My poor child. We have to hurry.

She unlocks the door and draws Agnes in.

51 INT. HEALTH SPA - DR. JURGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 51  
Natalie stands at the cabinet in the sparsely furnished office, rifling for something to use to open Bernice's door when she hears a SOUND outside. Instinctively, she moves behind the changing curtain.

The door opens to admit Dr.Jurgen and Agnes.

52 EXT. HEALTH SPA - NIGHT 52  
As Nick touches down and hurries to the door. He twists it off like a piece of chewing gum and goes in.

53 INTERCUT - JURGEN'S OFFICE 53  
Dr.Jurgen draws Agnes in. She turns and closes the door behind them. When she turns again, Agnes clutches her arm.

AGNES  
What'shappening to me? Why does it hurt?

Dr.Jurgen looks at her for a long moment.

DR.JURGEN  
You've never gone this long without the treatment, Agnes. It's natural that you'd be feeling the effects.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

AGNES

I know, but what's happening to me? I feel like my energy is going away...or draining away or something. It feels so strange. I'm scared.

DR. JURGEN

It's withdrawl. Hush. That's all it is.

AGNES

Are you sure? Are you sure I'm not...catching up?

Her laugh is nervous and fearful. Dr. Jurgen turns away.

DR. JURGEN

You shouldn't worry. I'm telling you - I won't let you down. You're going to be alright -

As she speaks she goes to the cabinet. Behind her, Agnes raises her trembling hands to her face.

AGNES

(whimpering)

It just feels so different. Everything feels suddenly so different.

DR. JURGEN

It'll only be a moment. Just one moment -

REVERSE to see Dr. Jurgen withdraw and conceal an empty syringe as she pushes up her sleeve and jabs the needle into her arm.



54 INTERCUT - NICK

54

He moves silently through the rising mist, past the shadows of machines on the deck of the pool. Stalking. Honing in. Feeling the 'other's' presence...

54A INTERCUT - CLOSE ON THE SYRINGE

54A

As it fills with blood. RAPID TILT UP from Dr.Jurgen's arm to her face as something registers.(Cool eerie sound effect) Beat. She turns suddenly, forgetting the syringe.

DR.JURGEN

There's someone here.

AGNES

Someone - who?

ON NATALIE behind the curtain, holding her breath. She closes her eyes. Beat. Opens them as she hears THE DOOR. Cautiously, she looks around the curtain.

NATALIE'S POV

Empty room as the door swings slowly closed.

54B INTERCUT - NICK

54B

As he comes to a stop at one end of the pool. (EERIE SOUND EFFECT) He slowly turns -

To see Dr. Jurgen. They stare at one another for a long moment, each coming to terms with this surprise. Finally...

NICK

Baroness.

Agnes comes up behind her.

DR.JURGEN

I have a new title, Nicolas. One that befits my accomplishments. You may call me 'Doctor' Sophia Jurgen.

Her eyes glow a subtle yellow warning.

DR.JURGEN

This is one gathering to which you have not been invited.

But Nick is just as stubborn and just as pissed off as he slowly approaches.

(CONTINUED)

54B CONTINUED:

54B

NICK  
How many have you brought over?

(CONTINUED)

54B CONTINUED: 2

54B

She looks at him in surprise, then laughs.

DR.JURGEN

Brought over? Is that what you think's happened? No, Nicolas... What you and I have done, I now consider a last resort. What I do for my patients is what I wish you had thought of yourself.

(beat)

- A way to stay young without turning cold, without having to shy away from the sunlight....

She proudly holds up the full syringe.

ON AGNES as she eagerly thrusts out her arm.

ON NICK. His horror.

55 INTERCUT - BERNICE

55

in her office. Trashed. She's on the floor leaning over something.

BERNICE

So pretty. So young.

WE TILT DOWN to include: The reassembled mirror shards on the floor...Bernice's image fractured into nonsensical pieces.

She picks one up. Studies it. Frowns. Shakes her head.

BERNICE

It's too much work...being you.

56 INTERCUT - DR.JURGEN

56

She takes a step towards Nick. He holds his ground. \*

NICK

How many? \*

DR.JURGEN

Only the ones who wanted it the most. \*

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

NICK

Only the ones who wanted it the most?

(beat)

And did they know what it was you were offering? Did you tell them it was the blood of a vampire?

She has no answer.

NICK

You didn't.

They stare at each other a long tense moment.

NICK

You, at least, had a choice.

DR. JURGEN

Get out.

NICK

You, at least, knew what it was you were asking for.

DR. JURGEN

They aren't like us.

NICK

Then what, exactly are they? What exactly have you done to them?

DR. JURGEN

I said go!

He stares at her.

NICK

Your 'treatment' is brilliant, doctor...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

NICK (cont'd)

And it's miraculous that your  
'patients' don't share in this  
cursed existence of ours - but  
don't fool yourself that you  
haven't contaminated them with the  
the evil.

\*

DR. JURGEN

The evil is only passed when one is  
brought over.

NICK

Is that why your patients are going  
slowly insane? Violent? Why they  
are murdering?

A flicker of doubt in her eyes, then the resolve to deny.

DR. JURGEN

Assuage your guilt some other way,  
Nicolas. Your guilt on behalf of  
yourself - and all men who have  
ever spurned Athena in their quest  
for Venus.

\*

He stares at her.

NICK

You're blaming me for what you are?  
- For the tragic resolution of a  
mortal lifetime of vanity?

(beat)

No. I won't accept the blame.  
You're the one, ultimately, who  
devalued your less fleeting gifts -  
who devalued your soul.

Her resolve weakens for a moment.

DR. JURGEN

You were a trusted friend. I  
trusted your opinion of me.

NICK

You should have trusted your own  
more.

Her face twists with the agony of her self-betrayal...She  
shakes her head, unwilling to believe -

When suddenly, Natalie appears behind her.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 2

56

NATALIE

Nick?

NICK

Natalie, no!

Dr. Jurgen turns in surprise. In the next instant, she has Natalie in her vampire's grasp, the syringe poised to inject at her neck.

DR. JURGEN

(hissing at Nick)

Leave us alone. I said, leave us alone.

57 INTERCUT - BERNICE

57

Raising the jagged piece of mirror to her wrist.

\*

58 INTERCUT - NICK

58

The older vampire, faster. In a blur, he reaches them, wrenching the syringe from the doctor's grip.

Natalie stumbles free as he holds the syringe aloft, curls his fingers around it with a grimace of rage, and crushes it -

CLOSE ON the glass of the syringe as it buckles, the thick blood that runs over his fist.

Agnes stares, appalled.

AGNES

(hoarse whisper)

No...

With a GROAN of fury she reaches for a barbell and, undetected by Nick, heaves it towards his head. The last thing we hear after Natalie's SCREAM is BOOM - a GUNSHOT.

Agnes goes flying, her weapon off target and she to the floor in a crumpled heap.

ON SCHANKE, shaken, at the door as he lowers his gun.

SCHANKE

Oh my god.

Dr. Jurgen drops to her knees with a whimper and touches Agnes. ON AGNES

\*

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

As her face MORPHS from slightly aged, grey streaked hair - to the shrivelled face of an extremely old woman, hair white and sparse.

They all watch in horrified silence. Schanke tries to blink away his disbelief.

DR.JURGEN

What have I done?

Nick looks at her as she slowly withdraws herself from Agnes' frail corpse.

Beat. Bernice's door opens. She stands there, the tears have washed away most of the makeup and she looks strangely childish.

BERNICE

What happened?

Dr.Jurgen moves away.

DR.JURGEN

I'm so sorry....

She looks at Nick. Backs towards the doors.

BERNICE

Doctor - What happened - Where are you going?

FLASH. In a blur of motion she's gone. Bernice looks from one to the other in confusion. She takes another step forward and Nick tries to stop her from seeing - but she does see. She GASPS at the sight of her friend's withered form.

Nick folds his arms around her and holds her tight.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 2

58

TAG

FADE IN:

59 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

59

Stonetree and a group of other COPS in a huddle.

STONETREE

I don't get it. You say you were there...And you saw the whole thing, but you can't remember who shot the old woman?

ANOTHER COP #1

It doesn't make sense.

ANOTHER COP #2

It's ridiculous.

GUARD

(skeptical;relishing)

Sounds like a computation error to me.

The focus of their inquisition is SCHANKE, looking bewildered and harassed.

SCHANKE

I don't know what else to tell you - I know it sounds ridiculous - You think I'm enjoying the notion I have premature Alzheimers? I can't remember. For some reason I just can't remember.

ON NICK AND NATALIE

a short distance away. She turns to Nick with a quizzical look.

NATALIE

He can't remember?

NICK

Post-hypnotic suggestion.

NATALIE

Well, I don't mean to criticize, but couldn't you have been a little more thorough - planted an alternate memory - for his sake?

(CONTINUED)



59 CONTINUED:

59

NICK

Yes, I suppose I could have.  
(beat;grinning)  
And I will...eventually.

Off her look we -

60 EXT. CITY PARK - JUST BEFORE DAWN

60

Two figures walking hand in hand. Like lovers. We follow them.

NICK'S VOICE

The sun's almost up, Bernice. I'm afraid I've got to be getting back.

BERNICE'S VOICE

I wish we didn't have to go yet.  
It's just starting to warm up.

He draws his arm around her shoulders.

NICK'S VOICE

You should have a jacket. The weather's getting chillier now.

BERNICE'S VOICE

(sighs)  
I've always hated saying goodbye to the summer. Fall's only here about two weeks and then it's winter. Seems so sudden.

They stop. We MOVE CLOSER and see Nick turn to face her, smiling gently.

NICK

The eternal complaint.

They stand there, looking at one another for a long moment. We can't see her face yet but Nick is looking at it with deep affection. He kisses her gently.

NICK

Shall I walk you home?

NICK'S POV

Bernice...her OLD WOMAN'S FACE. She smiles, looks truly happy.

BERNICE

That would be awfully nice of you.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

They link arms and turn...walk back towards the night half  
of the horizon.

FREEZE FRAME.

THE END